

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

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The University Community's Feature Paper

May 3, 1994

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Literary Supplement

Centerfold

REWIND

By Scott J. Lusby

The semester's finally over. Well, almost, anyway; there's still the small thing of finals ahead of us yet, but I digress. The point is, we're almost done, and, in conjunction with the semester's end, I think this would be a good time to look back at some of the music that's crossed our paths over the past few months or so.

The one certainty that we, as humans, can depend on in our lives is change. This holds true for any aspect of life; even our individual opinions and tastes concerning music. I have found myself a victim of such change more times than I care to think about. On more than one occasion, I have found my initial feelings about a certain album have changed after further listenings; sometimes, I have initially felt rather lukewarm towards a disk (say *Apple* by Mother Love Bone, for example), and, after a few weeks or so, found that it had "grown" on me. Unfortunately, this idea works both ways, and it is in this fashion that my opinion towards Alice in Chains' *Jar of Flies* has changed. No longer do I consider it a "decent effort." In fact, nothing on it holds any special thrill for me any longer. I now feel that *Jar of Flies* falls far short of the talents Chains presented on previous efforts (*Facelift*, *Sap*, *Dirt*) and, as a result, I basically deny its entire existence (at least in terms of my own personal playlist at home).

Pearl Jam's *Vs.* unfortunately falls under the same category. While I thought, through the first few playings, that it wasn't that bad, I do have numerous problems with it at this time. Pearl Jam obviously attempted to rewrite *Ten*, and, although a worth target (*Ten* was an outstanding debut, despite the overblown airplay), this was not the way to go. Whatever happened to trying something new? All we have on *Vs.* is a rehash of the same material that they had already recorded, only more politically inclined (too much so, in fact). I suppose this wouldn't be so bad if *Vs.* hadn't fallen so far short of *Ten* in terms of composition, lyrics and emotional power.

Luckily for us, things haven't been all bad over the

past few months. After all, we did get The Crash Test Dummies' *God Shuffled His Feet*. This album presented a fresh, intelligent change from the now-mainstream overly-politically/drug-influenced "Grunge" scene. *God Shuffled His Feet* is mellow and witty, apparently answering the question the title track asks ("Is that a parable or a very subtle joke?")—yes, it is a subtle joke. A joke that manifests itself in a couple of areas: 1) Who really wants to know the answers to all those questions CTD asks (like "How does a duck know which direction South is?"); 2) That a few Canadian philosophy majors can actually putout a reasonably successful album. This is perhaps the album's secret: the combination of tongue-in-cheek lyrics with a mellow (yet not overly depressing) composition. They combine to create an enjoyable experience for the listener each and every play.

Perhaps the semester's best release was *Superunknown* by Soundgarden. Chris Cornell and company continue to be one of music's under-appreciated talents. In order to truly gauge the quality of *Superunknown*, a listen to the entire album is needed; "Spoonman" and "Black Hole Sun," while good songs, do not paint a complete picture of the musical diversity and ambiguity present on the album. Besides, the radio never plays the best songs. Borrow a copy from a friend and listen to "Let Me Drown" or "My Wave" and decide for yourself. I bet many of you will find *Superunknown* quite appealing.

Unfortunately, there were several albums that I did not have the time to review, such as Tori Amos' *Under the Pink* and Urge Overkill's *Saturation*. And Sonic Youth (one of my personal favorites) has a release that isn't due out until finals week (May 10), so it doesn't look like I'll get to do that, either. But please, for those of you who actually read this stuff, feel free to write in and recommend new releases to me or even discuss a facet to an album I may have missed. After all, these reviews are nothing more than one man's opinion. If you agree with me, cool. If you don't, write me—I may have missed something. I can be as full of shit as anybody.

In case anyone is interested. . .
... Some of my favorites

- 1) Mother Love Bone - *Apple*
- 2) Soundgarden - *Louder Than Love*
- 3) Nirvana - *Bleach*
- 4) Queensrÿche - *Operation: Mindcrime*
- 5) Rolling Stones - *Let it Bleed*
- 6) Alice in Chains - *Facelift*
- 7) Nirvana - *Nevermind*
- 8) Pearl Jam - *Ten*
- 9) Liz Phair - *Exile in Guyville*
- 10) Black Sabbath - *Sabotage*
- 11) Beatles - *The White Album*
- 12) R.E.M. - *Life's Rich Pageant*
- 13) Rush - *Permanent Waves*
- 14) Living Colour - *Stain*
- 15) Led Zeppelin III
- 16) Temple of the Dog
- 17) Jimi Hendrix - *Are You Experienced?*
- 18) PJ Harvey - *Rid of Me*
- 19) Various artists - *The Grunge Years: A Sub-Pop Collection*
- 20) Metallica - *Ride the Lightning*

This list is not necessarily in any particular order or a complete one, although the first few are pretty much my favorite of my favorites.

—SJL

Top 10 Uses For a Dead Public Safety Officer.

10. Inner city decoy.
9. Punching bag.
8. Crash dummies for Yugos.
7. Dog food
6. Cheap labor
5. Roach repellent
4. Ashtray
3. Donut holder (fingers only)
2. Pothole filler
1. Audience for USB sports

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Haiti-South Africa: Same Struggle, Same Fight

By Robert V. Gilheany

Walking into the Uniti Cultural Center last Wednesday to check out a panel on Haiti and South Africa, eagerly awaiting the panelist. The program was featuring former USB-AFS Prof and ANC member Dr. Earnest (Fred) Dube, (who I have a lot of respect for), and two Haitian journalists, "a dangerous profession," said Professor Lesley Owens of the AFS Department, and the moderator of the event.

7:30 sharp, as the events poster indicated, things were running late. I talked with Barry Feldman, a comrade of the peace movement during the last war. The crowd was relatively small, considering the importance of the topic. There appears to be a split in the Haitian and/or black community on campus. At the peak of the event there were between 45 to 50 people at the event.

"Professor Dube was the victim of an attack on this campus," said Professor Owens and recounted the controversy that erupted at this university that Fred Dube was in the center of.

Dube is a native of South Africa and an active member of the ANC. He spent seven years in the infamous Robben Island Prison for his ANC activities. After he left he came to the United States and landed a position as an AFS and a psychology professor here at Stony Brook.

"The politics of race" was a course he taught dealing with race relations and the global political situation. The course discussed issues of racism, nazism et al. During an essay exam the question was asked "is

Zionism reactive racism, yes or no?"

A visiting Israeli professor objected, based on hearsay. The Professor never attended any of Dube's classes. Fred Dube was the target of slanders, lies and threats. The flip side was the tremendous student support for Dube. Some of these activities included written articles, public demonstrations, and occupations of administration and other campus buildings.

The negative campaign to get Dr. Dube denied tenure took effect. Two academic committees recommended Dr. Dube, but that wasn't good enough for President Jack Marburger and former SUNY Chancellor Clifford Warthon (a CIA agent); they dropped the ax and finished the academic lynching of Dr. Fred Dube.

Dube sued the university and came out of it with a nice chunk of cash. He is currently a professor at Evergreen College in Washington State.

South Africa was the topic Fred Dube was there to talk about. South Africa is now in the process of counting the votes in its first all-race elections. These elections will almost certainly elect the ANC and Nelson Mandela as president. Dube said "it's not a matter of Mandela winning, but by how much." He talked about benchmark events in South African history such as "Bloody Sunday," the massacre at Soweto. Dube said a lot of survivors want to join the military wing of the ANC. A lot of young people wanted to kill the whites for revenge. These people were not allowed to join the ANC army, Dube explained that the ANC army, "is not fight-

ing skin color, it's fighting a system of oppression... You have to be politically clear to join the military wing of the ANC."

Foreign interest tried to buy influence in the ANC. The Chinese government offered equal or more military aid to the ANC if it refused all aid from the former Soviet Union. The ANC told them "to go to hell." The AFL-CIO tried to buy out the South African labor unions, for the purpose of de-politicizing them. Again the ANC said "Go to hell." When the labor leaders heard what the ANC had done they said "good work." The ANC is not for sale, and are coming to power as a truly independent force that emanates from the South African people.

Someone asked about how the political rights of the Zulus are going to be guaranteed. Fred Dube looked him right in the eye and said, "I am a Zulu!" And so was his uncle, John Dube, one of the founding members of the ANC. Dube also said the vast majority of Zulus are ANC supporters. The Inkatha Freedom party wants to preserve a Zulu "homeland." Just to preserve an elitist Zulu monarchy that is just a vestige of Apartheid's homelands.

The two Haitian journalists, Jean Claude Mactino and Emile Pierre, spoke about the situation in Haiti. Haitians had their first democratically-elected president, Jean-Claude Aristide, ousted by the fascist Haitian military. A military that is a hold-over from the dictatorship of "Baby Doc" Duvalier, who was ousted in 1986. After much strife, Aristide, a liberation theologian whose goal is the benefit of the Haitian masses was

continued on page 8

RAs Are People Too

By Auke Piersma

Some people insist upon throwing couches out a window because it looks fun. Two large gentlemen, one blue two-seater foam couch, and a big black dumpster one story below might seem cool, but most folks can see the possible dangers in chucking large heavy objects out windows. "Aww come on, nobody will ever know. Besides, what is the big deal, anyway?" babbles one of the gentlemen.

The college student questions authority better than anyone. A student can justify almost any action and be confident that they are within their rights. Most believe that they are invincible, indestructible and immortal.

This immortality is what the Resident Assistant (RA) is wishing for when an intoxicated gentleman has him jacked up against a puke covered wall. The RA is the individual who can guide these misinformed students back to reality.

At the University at Stony Brook there are 156 RA's spread amongst 22 buildings. The average work week for a RA ranges from 5 to 40 hours a week and they don't receive paychecks. The RA does receive a bed waiver and a meal plan discount.

Most students see the RA as someone who gets the broken lamp fixed and then yells at them when their music is vibrating through the building. Or in the case of the couch throwing bandits, they see the RA as the reason they were writing a three page paper about community development.

However, there is a better definition. An RA is a friend, role model and leader who wants to help. The RA is here to improve your life at university. The RA balances the fine line between being a student and acting as an university official. Neither of these roles ever cease, because you can't turn off who you are or who you are employed by. "The RA has an next to impossible job, with rewards that you have look for. Few residents give a thanks or seem appreciative in the end," says Miulina Ng, a RA from Sanger College.

The RA attempts to create a community and a pleasant living environment within the hall by combining a hallway of 35 individual and unique students into a hallway of friends and neighbors. The RA teaches by fostering programs that bring a social and educational aspect to the resident. Students attend a university to learn, which includes social skills and general life skills.

An example of this is a program on Sexual Deviance, where 45 residents came to learn. They all left the program with more knowledge than before and a new outlook on sex. Someone asked the RA an interesting question at the program. It went something like "Do you practice deviant sex?"

The answer: "RAs are people too."

Join the Press

The Press congratulates Scott Mitchel for his prize-winning submission to a certain coloring contest that, for legal reasons won't be named Barney. Thank you to all of those who entered that made the decision-making process very difficult. Here is Scott's much debated 1/4 page of space:

My Graduation Present for Deb McKee

When I first met her, she was sitting in Linda's suite laughing and talking about the freedom she was discovering. Her hair was longer then, I guess she was a little bit more of a femme than she is now. At first I couldn't imagine that she was family, but in the months to come she made it quite clear who she was and where she belonged. We got to know each other a little better, but I left school the next semester and we kind of lost touch. At the beginning of this year I returned, and I met her again. It was her last year at SB and I knew that I was going to make the most of our friendship. She is a mentor, an idol, and someone to whom I gladly give my respect. She is the one who keeps my conscious in check as well as not letting me off the hook when I am wrong.

I want to thank you Deb for the strength, confidence and self esteem you help me hold onto.

With love and respect,
Scott

By the way everyone, if you haven't got anything nice to say about someone, come sit next to us.

Rites of Passage

It is interesting to watch how the passing of individuals, of groups, and even movements are observed in different cultures. Last week contained the fateful day in which Richard Nixon was taken from us into the next world. And last week was also the span in which the 100,000 mark was passed in the slaughter of minority Hutu tribesmen in Rwanda. The contrast is striking.

Let us set aside for a moment that one man died in this country and thousands in Rwanda, and take the two deaths as equal in that regard, and take the events as equivalent, and see the treatment that was meted out to the respective decedents, according to their deeds.

Richard Nixon had been a central figure in the United States federal government for four decades. He was a man of stately bearing and cultured manner. Nixon had distinguished himself in his fight against the enemies of his country, and had won the adulation of the people, coming close to snatching the presidency from no less a man than John F. Kennedy in 1960. He won the 1972 election by a landslide. However, he had his weaknesses, and even his malicious side.

In his tenure on the House Un-American Activities committee, he masterminded witch hunts that saw perfectly decent and upstanding Americans' thrown in jail, and their characters and careers assassinated. As president, his demeanor and activities were more reminiscent of a dictatorship than of a democracy. He tapped phones. He performed illegal and irrelevant investigations upon people who had done nothing but service to their country. He stood by J. Edgar Hoover's undermining of the freedoms guaranteed Americans in the Constitution. He

placed thugs in positions of power, and, upon the counsel of the estimable Henry Kissinger, bombed the hell out of innocent civilians in Cambodia and Laos. He turned the Cold War into an excuse for tapping the telephones of innocent people, falsely prosecuting his enemies, and generally using his office as a means of personal empowerment.

Finally, when the pressures of his office had taken his naturally malicious and vindictive mind to new lows, he stooped to the level of petty thievery in an attempt to sabotage the electoral progress that had brought him to power. The actions connected with this last crime, it was thought, gave him undying infamy in the annals of American government with a political toe-tag that read "Watergate."

Or so we thought. Following his presidential pardon, Nixon had plodded along in the marginal lecture and book circuit reserved for those criminals that American society considers too debased even for punishment, and sparing the society the trouble to have to feed them. No one troubled about him, as it was thought that he had sunk so low as to be forever unredeemable. Most people generously allowed those poor, deluded souls who felt that Nixon was worthy of something other than thorough daily beatings to maintain their fantasies, out of pity more than anything else.

And then he died. Less than a year after his (relatively classy and highly-regarded) wife, Pat, Tricky Dick kicked the bucket. In the mainstream media, there was a moment of shocked silence (during which, the trained ear could hear vestigial backbones disintegrating), after which came a flood of admiration for this American "elder statesman."

Nixon was the one, after all, who

opened the door for the totalitarians of Peking to take respectable roles in the world community. He was the one who presided over the ending of the Vietnam War. He wasn't such a bad guy. Just being the only United States President who had ever been forced to resign and who almost singlehandedly undermined the foundations of this country to their roots paled in comparison to the misty warm memories of his evil appeal.

Half a world away, 100,000 Rwandans were hacked to pieces, literally, in three weeks. Sources in the international relief community said that the situation there was the largest and fastest exodus on record. The Hutu tribe, 15% of the country's population, was marked for extinction by its Tutsi majority. Machetes were (and are) the extinguishers of choice, with the goal being to remove the head from the helplessly underarmed and outnumbered civilian victims.

The fact remains that, during the colonial hegemony of the Belgians, the Hutus had been favored over the Tutsi, and even now a sizable rebel Hutu army is positioning itself to take over the country. In the comparison, this could be equated to the good decisions that Nixon made, such as making cancer research a national priority. But the massacres of the last month have been carried out against innocent civilians, people without the wherewithal to defend themselves, and who were not given so much as notice to leave the country. This, we could liken to Watergate. While the one enjoys the full military honors of his country in his passing, the others will be remembered beyond their families for nothing so much as the cholera and other diseases their rotting corpses will cause.

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Letters

Barney Means Business

The Lyons Group
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RE: Infringement of Proprietary Rights Owned by Lyons Partnership, L.P.

Dear Sir:

We are the owner of a series of copyrighted children's videocassettes produced under the series name BARNEY AND THE BACKYARD GANG® and the present television series BARNEY & FRIENDS™. The copyrighted BARNEY®, BABY BOP™ and BJ™ characters are also the subject of a wide variety of products which have been sold through various retail channels throughout the United States. The BARNEY®, BABY BOP™ and BJ™ characters and the various products which incorporate the characters similarly are protected by the trademark laws of the United States.

We have been advised that you are promoting a coloring contest in your paper using a likeness of our Barney character and using the Barney name. Such activities on your part are in violation of our exclusive rights under both the United States Trademark Act and the United States Copyright Act. Indeed, your activities constitute an attempt to capitalize on our goodwill and reputation for commercial gain while, simultaneously, endangering the reputation we have developed.

Accordingly, we hereby demand that you immediately cease and desist any advertising and promotion activities.

Unless we are in receipt of your written confirmation that you will no longer engage in such infringing activities within seven days from the receipt of this letter, we shall have no alternative but to consider that an amicable resolution of this matter is impossible. Please be advised that in the event we are required to a more formal means to obtain relief, we shall seek not merely an injunction, restraining you unauthorized activities, but also will seek appropriate statutory and compensatory damages as provided under both federal statutes as well as attorney's fees as permitted by law.

Upon advise of counsel, we hereby reserve all of our rights and remedies in connection with this matter.

Very truly yours,

Nancy Jones

Infringement Coordinator

cc: Barry I Slotnick, Esq.

John H. Marburger, President

State University of New York at Stony Brook

Did someone say **lawsuit?**

Nancy Jones

Infringement Coordinator

RE: The Hitler Youth Barney Coloring Contest

Dear Ms. Jones:

It has come to our attention that you were not pleased with

our Barney coloring contest. The editors of The Stony Brook Press did not wish to undermine your company nor use the contest for commercial gain. The Stony Brook Press is a mere nonprofit student-run newspaper, free for the campus community and all who enter it. The prize we offered for the best poster submission was only a quarter page of space. In actuality, we were giving something away for free.

This contest was done in satire, in which case, anything goes. Also, Barney is a public figure and will suffer the same public scrutiny as President Clinton.

We apologize for any damage our contest has done to your company's reputation. At the same time, we hope that this poster will cause your company to rethink Barney's pedagogical strategies. The editors of The Stony Brook Press believe that we should raise our children to be critical thinkers, thus maintaining the democratic traditions of our nation's founding fathers. Children cannot be taught right from wrong without having a chance to ask why it is so.

Furthermore, while you were "advised" of the contest, you weren't advised as to who the letter should be addressed to. It is clearly stated in the masthead of every issue that the editor is a woman. Simple inquiry could have eliminated the chance of such a mistake.

Sincerely,
Rachel S. Wexelbaum
Arts Editor
Catherine Krupski
Executive Editor

Along the Color Line:

The Color of Prejudice

By Manning Marable

Last November, Khalid Abdul Muhammad, National Spokesman for the Nation of Islam, delivered a speech at Kean College in New Jersey. Over three hours, he presented an analysis which was blatantly anti-Semitic and filled with hatred.

Muhammad declared that Jews were "the blood suckers of the black nation"; that Jews "have our entertainers in their hip pocket" and "our athletes in the palm of their hand." Muhammad stated that Jews "call you Mr. Reubenstein, Mr. Goldstein, (and) Mr. Silverstein because you (have) been stealing rubies and gold and silver all over the earth." He even revived the controversial statement of Louis Farrakhan of a decade ago, that Adolf Hitler was "wickedly great." The Holocaust was attributed to the role of Jews, who had "undermined the very fabric of (German) society."

As the text of this speech was circulated, largely by the Anti-Defamation League, conservative Jewish leaders and journalists used the issue not only to condemn Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam, but the vast majority of African-American leaders and officials as well who had any relationship with the Muslim community. A.M. Rosenthal of the *New York Times*, for example, pompously and falsely asserted that "with few exceptions, black political and intellectual leadership has kept silent about...the surge of anti-Semitism and anti-Semitic propaganda among blacks, particularly among young and more educated blacks." Rosenthal attacked Ben Chavis of the NAACP, the Congressional Black Caucus and

Jesse Jackson for establishing a dialogue with Farrakhan, insisting that black mainstream leaders "are willing to ally themselves with the salesman for a new Holocaust."

In recent weeks, virtually every African-American national figure has criticized or denounced the anti-Semitic slurs and sentiments represented by Khalid Muhammad's talk. But the political impasse between large segments of the Jewish community and African-Americans, characterized previously by differences over affirmative action and Israel's relationship with the former apartheid government of South Africa, has become even worse.

Let us separate the key issues which are part of this growing political controversy. As much as I reject and oppose the political perspective of Muhammad, he had a right to speak at Kean College, or any other public institution. If Patrick Buchanan, Newt Gingrich and David Duke have a legal right to spew their respective political poison, and to advance an unconditional program of oppression for black people, Muhammad must be permitted that same freedom. To extend the right to speak only to those with whom we agree is a dangerous doctrine. "Freedom" is always and only for those who think differently.

We must be honest about the root factors in the debate about Khalid Muhammad, Louis Farrakhan and the charges of anti-Semitism in the black community. There is anti-Semitism in the black community, as well as racism and prejudice among some Jews towards black people. But anti-Semitism has never been a mass movement among African-Americans, and no national black leader is calling for anything which approaches a "new Holocaust."

There are real tensions and disagreements, to be sure, which separate key elements of the Jewish community and African-Americans. The tolerance and discrimination which Jews have experienced in this country never equaled the fierce oppression which African-American people suffered—and continue to experience. There are parallels between the bigotry of anti-Semitism and the exploitation of racism, but the two dynamics of discrimination are not identical. Jews as a group are middle and upper class, while an ever-growing number of African-Americans are trapped in a cycle of poverty, unemployment, drugs and violence. To say simplistically that the two groups have identical interests is simply not true. But it is equally false to assert that Jews are "turning against" black interests. Consistently, even in the recent mayoral election in New York City, Jewish voters are among the strongest white supporters for black candidates and issues.

Nothing can ever justify the articulation of hatred. The color of prejudice transcends the barriers of black and white. The great strength of the black freedom movement—from Frederick Douglass to Martin Luther King—has been the realization that our struggle for equality is for all humanity, not just for ourselves. When we surrender this moral and ethical principle, we sacrifice our greatest weapon for democracy for all people who experience discrimination.

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

Stop the Torture Make Fay Pay

Response to a Disgusting Stony Brook Press Editorial
By Robert V. Gilheany

For what ever reason, the Editorial Board of the *Stony Brook Press* took a bizarre turn and wrote a fascist editorial "Punishment Well Deserved." In this editorial, *The Press* supports the caning of an 18-year-old American youngster for the crime of vandalism. Caning is very painful, it puts people into shock and leaves permanent scars. This form of punishment is a violation of International Standards of Human Rights and is considered torture by Amnesty International. To this the editorial read "Finally! A punishment to fit the crime." Of all the commentary about this case, I have never heard anyone say that.

It's very disturbing to see how international standards of human rights and International Law is just dismissed in the editorial. The tone it takes is, "Oh, well. Torture goes on. Fuck it." This way of thinking renders international human rights standards meaningless. That will make the fight of human rights insurmountable.

Some sensitive and well-thinking people point out that the only reason we even know about this case is because the offender is an American. They also say nobody cares what happens in Singapore. They are right, but now that our eyes have been open to the activities of Singapore government people have an obligation to speak out against human rights abuses, against anyone, Asian or American. The same people point out that the people of Singapore should enforce their laws the way they see fit. The problem with that argument, aside from the human rights issue, is that Singapore is not a democracy. It is a totalitarian military dictatorship. They are kept in power by a steady supply of military aid from the United States. A lot of the Washington bullets that went to Singapore ended up in the hands of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. They murdered three million people in the 1970s, (that Khmer Rouge). The United States relationship with Singapore gives it leverage to spare Michael Fay of six lashes and focus on Singapore human rights violations. International incidents can focus attention on human rights violations in a particular country, Tianenmen Square in China is a prime example.

tive laws and low crime rates. There are many factors that go into a crime rate. These economic or sociological but if you look at the United States, the states like Florida, go into a crime rate. These economic or sociological but if you look at the United States, the states like Florida, that have punitive laws have some of the worst crime. Florida has a very high violent crime rate and has punitive laws and hanging judges.

The frustration in the personal lives of people lead to a desire to lash out at people. In Wilhelm Rich's "Mass Psychology of Fascism" he points out that sado-masochism transformed itself into a public policy with the running of concentration camps in Nazi Germany. The above mentioned Editorial went into a fascist sado-masochistic frenzy that called for the introduction of caning in the U.S. It also called for the use of amputation of body parts as judicial punishment. It is also very unfortunate that the last paragraph started off with an attack on foreigners. This editorial was the most offensive thing ever read since the Stony Brook Review was on campus.

The tone of the argument plays right into the hands of the Democrats and Republicans in Washington and Albany who have been working hard to construct a police state in the U.S. Right now FBI director William Freeh is seeking to have complete access to all phone conversation in the country. The death penalty is being expanded to 50 or 70 different crimes. Anti-gang legislation is going through Congress, under their definition the Earth Day Wall Street Action, of which I was a part, would be considered a gang. Even well before the "Crime Bill" started to go through Congress the U.S. was holding well over one million prisoners. The U.S. had one of the highest incarceration rates per population in the world. In fact only the former Soviet Union and soon to be former South Africa had a worse record than the U.S.!

At home in the U.S. we need to be on guard against the growing police state. The work in support of international human rights goes hand in hand with the struggle against the growing police state in the U.S. Just as the right wings work to implement corporate martial law in the U.S. hand in hand with the activities of the IMF, NAFTA, and the C.A.T.T. regime.

No Police State.

Reply:

Mr. Gilheany is quick to jump on to the international human rights bandwagon, as do most Americans, when an American needs "protection" in a foreign country, however the reality remains that the U.S. government itself is one of the biggest violators of human rights internationally, yet no one screams bloody murder over this. To advocate stricter punishments for criminals is not the crime that Mr. Gilheany purports it to be. What solutions does he propose—should we allow repeat rapists to walk the streets time and time again, raping women again and again? Should we allow child molesters and pedophiles to roam our streets abusing our children and setting up a vicious and unbreakable cycle of crime? (Most child molesters are shown to have been abused sexually as children, as do a majority of rapists). These questions he would rather not address, hiding behind the banner of human rights abuse, is it all right for citizens to violate the rights of other citizens and get off scott free? Would Mr. Gilheany advocate a system in which criminals would go unpunished so that their rights could be protected?

The central issue here, as Mr. Gilheany knows, is not a question of human rights but one of Americans' rights. Had this not been an American, no one would care. Singapore is a traditional society in which certain actions are not tolerated, and vandalism is one of them. The point that most American liberals seem to miss is that blanket Western standards do not apply to all regions of the Earth. Mr. Gilheany, having no knowledge of Eastern culture or Eastern values, has no place condemning the actions of another government. The reality remains, Mr. Gilheany, that the concept of international human rights is one invented by Western countries which could be used to condemn, attack, and eventually declare war on third world countries that choose not to toe their line. I can assure you that beneath all the hoopla and media blitzing of this case, lies a mere political agenda of US government and corporations. This is why The Press will not tow the line, for we, unlike you, see the agenda behind the scenes.

Final Reflections on the Occasion of the

Part three in a series of three
By Mitchel Cohen

Emergency Lives and the Culture Vultures

But it takes time to develop the honest and self-critical sensibility needed to overcome automatic, conditioned patterns of thought and behavior as well as our fear of consciously exploring them. It takes time to learn to apprehend the world in new ways and overcome the self-sabotaging quicksand of inculcated patterns of thought and behavior. It takes time to learn how to participate effectively in and help to strengthen and link radical movements. It takes time to re-unite in ourselves the fragments of what had been forcibly separated: the political and economic, the "consumer" and "worker," what can be fought for as revolutionaries in our communities and what is seen as legitimate to fight for on the job. It takes time to develop the capacity to unmask the hidden assumptions of our lives and reframe them, as standard operating procedure. Transforming our lives, trying to bring about, as Che Guevara put it, "a new socialist human being within all the harrowing competition and insanity of the old society," takes time. It requires nurturing each other, defending our liberated spaces—but who has the time? coughs the rabbit, scurrying down the rabbit hole to Wonderland, there's another emergency, I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date! And yet

without that precious Time we are lost. Radicals must learn to assiduously guard that vital "Time" from intrusion by the emissaries of The Truth, who come to recruit us or impose their undemocratic processes on us (all in the name of "democracy"), yet who never commit themselves to our open, loving processes.

Communities of resistance and nurturance, and the time needed to pull them together, are considered "luxuries," which are rarely

allowed. True, in the course of its "development" capitalism has destroyed or co-opted nearly all pre-existing communities which once could have served as bases for "liberated zones," but "the left" has done its share of destruction as well.

If my attitude towards the official left in the U.S. appears overly harsh, it is because, time and again, it has self-righteously undermined the consolidation of forms though which individuals can develop new ways of experiencing their lives, and consequently new relationships among themselves, other people and with the world, which would lead to a much stronger and more vibrant revolutionary movement. That is why the counterculture of the 1960s, in spite of all its problems, was so important.

But the official left continues to thwart all attempts to address the psychological and social conditions needed for people to collectively empower themselves. Instead, they play off of people's residual guilt feelings and run them ragged around some capitalist-provided "emergency," which always is quickly turned into a permanent condition. Despite some worthy efforts of its adherents, the old left—with its quick-fix lines and ever-present crises—exploits and over-runs our openness, democratic spirit, exploration of and engagement with complex issues; undermines our communities; and recruits newcomers to its style of counterproductive bickering over the correct line, trying to remold our (and others') activities in its image, around its agenda.

Just as imperialism squeezes every attempt at liberated space outside its borders (Nicaragua being a recent example), so too does the old left (although not with the same intention as the U.S. government) short-circuit that space within. And this is a terrible tragedy. It prevents the left from once again developing the ability to "unask" the questions (which allows us to transcend false dualities), reframe the possibilities (so that we can experience our lives in a different way), and strengthen and link direct action communities of resistance and nurturance (which would enable the left to become a force to be reckoned with). All of that requires time and a secure space in which to develop. Unask, Reframe, and Direct Act—the three poles around which the teepee of revolutionary strategy, as offered in Zen-Marxism, is wrapped.

During that time and in those spaces we need to explore how to go about consolidating and linking up permanent communities of resistance and nurturance based on direct action. What threads do we weave them from? Can this even be done? What's holding us back? Who are our

friends, who are enemies? Who will be making up the generic "we" that decides all of this? And how will those decisions be reached? Different choices and modes of acting are possible in different periods. How do we understand the transition from one period to another so that we know how to shift gears, strategize differently? Yesterday's revolutionary demands have often become today's apologia for capital. How can we tell ahead of time? What are the assumptions the left has been unable to challenge that keeps it impotent—worse, emboldens fascism? Can we influence what keeps us impotent, change it, or must it be over-

thrown? If so, how?

Clichés rationalizing the "need" to "raise consciousness" as the primary activity for leftists—which, at first encounter with the way Leninists from the mission of the left, seem straightforward and obvious—become lost in a maze of hidden assumptions. Our power lies in reexamining "the obvious." To do that, we'll find ourselves needing to reexamine all of our hidden assumptions which, having been "hidden" for good reason by the "cop in the head," are much harder to extirpate than this glib statement suggests. Such facile phrases as "History will absolve me" (sorry, Fidel), or other clarion calls to a higher authority don't make the task any easier, for "History" is not an objective moral force—that is one of capitalism's prime myths; it is no substitute god with the power to absolve or condemn; it is a framework

for understanding constructed by and for people in particular circumstances themselves. Perhaps people of the future will absolve, perhaps not. But if history itself proves anything, it's that people don't learn from it. (Oh? And have we learned that from it?) The future will be

what we the people struggle to make it.

Different organizational formats give rise to qualitatively different kinds of experience, just as different kinds of discussion require particular forms. A workshop on the dialectics of organization, for instance, must of necessity include real discussions of the workshop process itself, thereby making the "form" part of the content.

How else to really try to embody "the utopian moment"—the pulling from the future, from where we'd like to go—in the present? All too often, however, such workshops have little meaning because the form undermines the revolutionary potential of the content.

The question is not "anti-organization" vs. "organization," as both Leninists and

anarchists have tried to frame it, the former feeding into fears of chaos and the latter of hierarchy, bureaucracy and domination, but "What kind of organization?" How will it function? What is our vision, and how is that embodied in and facilitated by the particular forms? How will it help people to empower themselves and self-develop so that they will not fall victim to the "inevitable" faith promoted by old left parties and a vulgarized understanding of Marxism, the "absolutist" faith promoted by religions of the west, the "great nation/ we are all the greatest, number one" faith promoted by fascism among those with broken egos and shattered dreams, the kind of faith (again, distinct from a human spirituality) that relinquished vision in exchange for vicarious (and ultimately even more hurtful) pseudo connection to some larger-than-human transhistorical force?

What should be different organized forms' relationship to revolution? How do potential revolutionary social movement arise? What is the role in that process of people who try to become conscious of that whole process? What organizational forms and activities are required, if any, to catalyze, build, sustain, link and transmit ideas among revolutionary social movements that enable people in them to empower themselves and take control over all aspects of their own lives?

The format of any project is, ultimately, a concretization of a philosophy of organization in which the objective and subjective reflect off of and shape watch other and sometimes merge. Most leftist projects, as well as organizations, unfortunately show in practice just how hard it is to move beyond reflecting the existing world, even when one wants to create a new one.

One of reasons people get involved is not just because they're concerned with what's happening to others in the world, although this is an important part of it; nor is it because they are primarily concerned with their own economic situation. The fact is, most young people are bored silly by this mass-produced plastic society and, as with many of the high schoolers who were contemplating joining the military and others who were getting involved in fascist groups, they are

searching form meaning, a meaningful way to organize their experiences in a society that renders them objects and fodder. But many older leftists scoff at the "lack of seriousness" of young folks as they start getting involved; and them, when they stay away, refusing to be penned-in by "accepted"

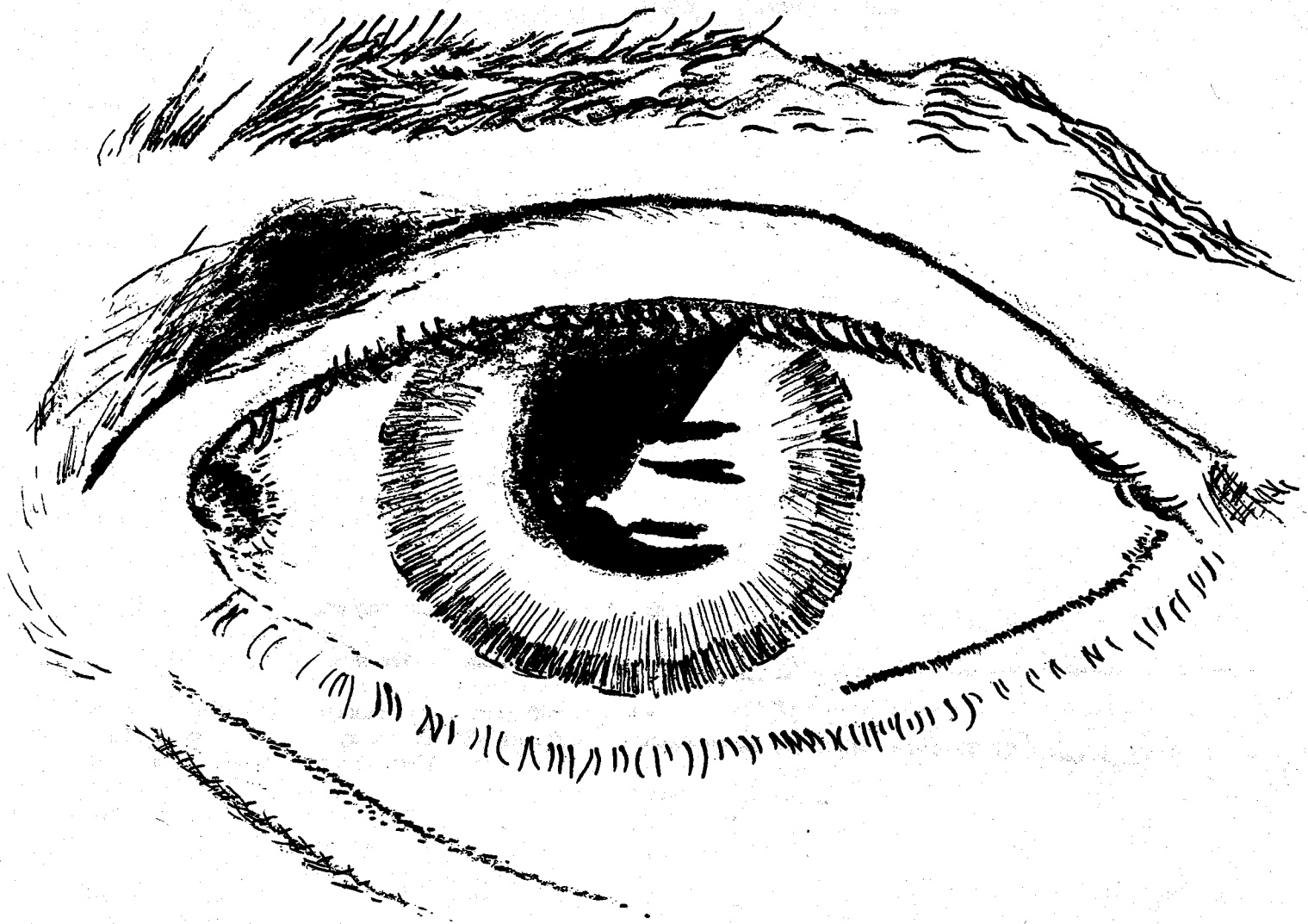
forms of protest, they scoff again. It becomes a self-fulfilling cycle. But far from being an "impure" reason for getting involved, boredom is, I believe, one of the best reasons—although it can't remain the main one or it will feed narcissism, not revolution. In a society that abolish-

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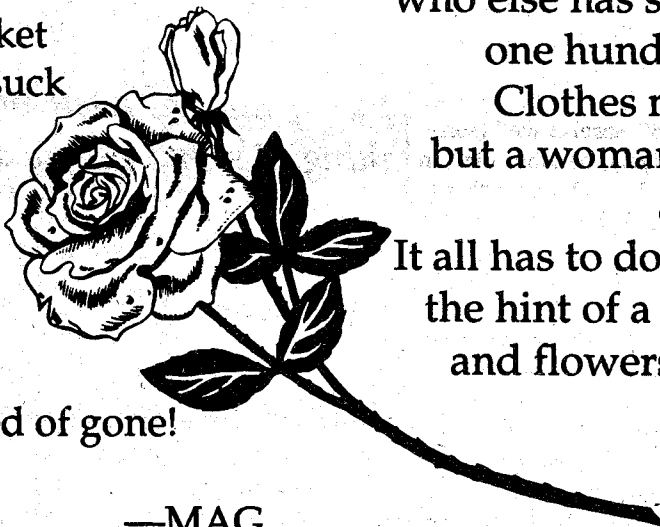
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But if history itself proves anything, it's that people don't learn from it. (Oh? And have we learned that from it?) The future will be what we the people struggle to make it.

*The Stony Brook Press
presents the
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Big Tears Big tears
They fall to the catchers mitt
Forever captured never lost
Swallowed up by the alligator
Bit Tears Big Tears
Why you cry, is it my eye?
Look out for your silk gown ooohhh?
nobody cares, if they fill up a bucket
nobody cares if you cry and you suck
Big Tears, Big Tears
Bis as the sea, Big as a Billboard
Big as a yard, Big as a placard
Big as a curtain, Big as a jewel
Big as T.V., Big as bubble gum!
Big Tears Huge Tears
They drip and drop with the speed of gone!



—MAG

WOMAN

It is no insult to be called a woman.
Healer, creator, protector of the young—
who else has such power, such strength,
one hundred per cent natural?

Clothes might make the man,
but a woman cannot buy her beauty
at any price.

It all has to do with a twinkle in her eye,
the hint of a smile as she walks away
and flowers grow in her footsteps.

—Rachel S. Wexelbaum

Showering

by D. Anthony Spinelli

I must have looked so tired. He immediately waved me in after I poked my head in. I knew I was already dead, and I gave it away as I stumbled in. I had no choice. I wasn't turning invisible. I couldn't just run. I couldn't just punch him in the mouth. So I just put on my blindfold, lit my cigarette and sat down.

He didn't hesitate. Closing his eyes, he took a breath and sitting up straight, he forced it down into his stomach, as if trying to release a huge belch. He sat up again and clutched the arms of his chair. Lowering his chin and opening his eyes wide with another push, he gulped again. Dissatisfied with his attempts, he sat back and shook his head, relaxing his stomach for a moment. Then he continued, propping himself up again and dropping his head forward. This time bracing himself on the desk, he got it! A few good heaves started the process. His tongue rose and fell in his mouth while little gurgles of spit started to appear. They started to run and drip right out and down off his chin. Then more came, this time with a frothy cough and bubbles. He leaned forward to help in the expulsion. Placing his hands flat upon his blotter, he rose from his chair, keeping his hands stuck to his blotter, he again hacked out some more foam with a few more good coughs. He breathed deeply, his back arching and flattening and his head hanging over my test. Then he paused.

There was a quick stillness before it came. With one single concerted push, he forced it up and out of his esophagus. I winced and leaned back in my chair, my hands instinctively rising as if ready to shield myself from fallout.

He forced his mouth open, as wide as it would go, and held it, like a long drippy yawn. Then I saw the very end of it emerge from beyond his teeth, poking out like a bullet in its chamber. Slowly, he tongued and gagged it further. It was very dark, but reflected a certain familiar wetness. He heaved and jerked it out—this was a long one, and thick, too! It was the same dark brown of his thinning hair. It slowly proceeded out of his mouth, and then stopped, just hanging there. He breathed in through his nose and waited. I squinted and squirmed. Then, with a slight nod of his head, he dropped the stool on to my test. With a nice sticky thud, it landed perfectly on its side, right on to my exam, and without getting a single bit on his blotter. He was good.

There was a last little bit (there always is) which he promptly coughed up and dropped beside the first log. He let out a final sigh of relief as he dropped back into his chair, pulled the hanky out of his pocket and wiped his mouth.

"Well, uh, thanks for your time," I said, getting up to leave.

"Not at all," he replied. I cautiously leaned over the desk, folded my test around the feces, wrapping it as best I could, and stuck it into the inside pocket of my jacket.

Walking out to the elevator, there was a thick fog, and the more I shook my head and tried to wave my way through it, the worse it got. I blinked and squinted, but it didn't help, so I felt my way along the wall and found the elevator. The other people in the elevator must have smelled what was in my pocket, because they all pressed themselves against the walls of the elevator and gave me silent stares of pity.

Stepping outside, I was met by some bright warm sunshine. I stopped and tilted my head back, and stuck out my tongue to taste it. It was great! Warm and sweet, but not rich. It was light, and very smooth. I hadn't tasted sunshine like that in a long time. The whole sky was blue. There wasn't a single splotch of gray anywhere.

I finally stumbled back, through all the puddles and piles of snow, to the Union, amidst all the crap dribbling from everyone's mouths and ears and eyes. People are so used to it now that no one even notices. It's practically a prerequisite.

Coming back into the room, I pulled my test from my pocket, unwrapped it and set it on my desk. Hugo noticed it immediately.

"Wo," he said. "That's terrible, man. I'm really sorry. Was it really rough?"

"Nah," I said. "I saw it coming."

"Yo," Hugo said. "Wanna go pinch some quarters?"

"Nah," I said. "I feel like crap."

"Come on man," Hugo insisted. "I'll spot you the 'backs. Come on, man. It'll cheer you up."

"Nah, man. Thanks, though. I need to take a shower."

"Alright, bro," Hugo said. "Catcha later."

"Later," I said.

So I folded my towel and hung it over my chair and sat down. It was nice and soft, and dry, too. I clicked on my computer and leaned back in my chair, pulling the keyboard down into my lap.

Ahhh, I thought as my fingers met the keys. They fit so well, like the familiar lips of a committed girlfriend. They were home, like a husband in the wonderful warm softness of his wife. So I turned on the water and let it warm up. I stripped down and stepped in. And with a few good gulps of air I was on my way, expelling through my fingertips, washing it away.

In Memory of Kurt Cobain

It's of value if I think and feel it is

an expression of finest intent
no matter how stupid or clumsy (I am referring to my own words)
is better than an unctuous stream of sparkling duplicity
that floats human or animal lives
in a river of sewage

this is because the consequences of words
must be looked at carefully
and if the sewers are made to serve a function
contrary to their purpose
which is to carry waste from the source
then you have drunk or it yourself (whoever you are) and filled your tissues

with poison

I say: that is retribution!
These suburbs may be a form of revenge
as yet unguessed at, sustained by wells that are fountains

of mysterious toxins that flow limpidly
from the voices of children who condemn others
to fates worse than their own:
although it's foggy, in my head, I have vague

intimations of horror

and then they vanish: I feel moments
when my existence is speared, and then
I feel great again: To deny the beauty of this place
is not my purpose: but
FUCK it, there is something mutant and callous
here, a smirking pleasure in torture, a smell
in spring, of the regeneration of an evil force,
mingling itself into the life that sings
at dawn, becoming
joyous like it, a seed
that will grow massive and happy,
squeezing what I love to dust.

I used to scream every night
because I thought my rage was precious
and fuck it, but I liked
to wrench the pure feeling from my lungs

\$

I wanted to pry everything into an upside-down shape
and here Oscar Wilde and Percy Bysshe Shelley

were my great allies

and Morrissey, and Robert Smith, and Siouxsie Sioux,

"there are some people born

to whom everything is UPSIDE DOWN"

and the melodious sum of all things was

to get it down on paper was better than salvation

It still is

and newspaper headlines are blank indicators
of the earth's molten core that doesn't know we

exist

I used to dream about breathing underwater

and my fourth-grade classmates swam with me in the

deep blue heaven

that was my childhood conception of Venus (a watery globe)

gotten from a book

"the one thing worth all the rest"

which was, to have the miracle happen
beneath the waves

and in Moon Valley children with strange powers

still go to the ice cream shop

and read each other's minds, and tell each other
what will happen tomorrow

and young as they are, are old enough
to reel under all that fucking responsibility

Route 347 stretches into reality's edge

and as I drive down it, into that horizon

that clings to every viewpoint, I see

porno shops and Waldbaum's, and human beings
moving in and out of cars, and stars blocked by my

roof,

and the radio blasts songs, and I remember the time

I first heard "Heart-Shaped Box", it came on

and I turned down a side-street, which I

rarely went down, to hear the whole song (I was
almost home);

it was a sound like an inert feeling

in my own soul, that things were always

wrong, a noise like a fitful hypochondria

and lust, there is nothing else to say

but it delayed my coming home because I wanted to

hear

the whole song.

—Jonathan Seewald

*The Press
would like
to thank
those who
contributed
to the
success
of the
supplement.*

CENTRAL PARK PSUEDO SONNET

(FOR B. C. AND HIS CANINE COMPANION)

OH SPIRITUAL ONE,
WITH BEAUTIFUL EYES,
AND A DARK COMPLEXION,
WHEN MYSTERIES ARISE
YOUR COUNTENANCE GIVES
AN IMPRESSION WHICH
HAUNTS ANYONE WHO LIVES
THAT'S WHY SOME CALL YOU "BITCH"
BECAUSE IF YOU COULD SPEAK
IN TONGUES WE'D UNDERSTAND
YOU'D SHOW US ALL HOW WEAK
LEGS OF OUR CONCEPTS STAND
AND HOW OMNISCIENT YOU ARE NEXT TO ALL OF US SUCKERS
'TIL THEN WE'LL HEAR YOU SPEAK AND WATCH AS YOUR ASSHOLE PUCKERS

—John Schindler

With A Little Help From My Friends

little
earthquakes the best of the art
of noise.
you turn me on abbey.
road for sale!
no time to kill
it's a sunshine
day safari.
get happy
this years model
live at el macambo!
the ghosts that
haunt me kiss me
kiss me
kiss me
de la soul is dead.
where you
been waiting
for the sun?
blood on the tracks?
(rumours)
nobody said it
was easy selling
england by the pound.
bring the family
ivana dont mind
im the man.
look, sharp madman,
across the water mama
said its a shame about ray shaved.
fish stinky
grooves vivid
stain dayglow legend.
horseshoes &
handgrenades kill em
all clean as
a broke dick dog
its too late to stop now!
st. dominics preview:
apple black
sheets of rain
piece of cake
broken bleach . . .
. . . nevermind otis.
horny
holidays nude
swirl slanted &
enchanted exile.
in guyville
doolittle
pop will eat itself.
cure for sanity:
frizzle-fry-pork-soda.
(murmur)
dont tell a soul tim
let it
bleed sticky fingers.
some girls fly by night
PRESTO!
"the queen is dead."
(daydream)
nation louder
than love.
dont say no katy
lied!
nothing like the sun
only girlfriend naked.
watching the dark
i want to see
the bright lights
tonight.
the fat skier
couldnt stand
the weather.
freedom freakout!
you cant do that
on stage anymore

—ted swedalla

Y not uze wurdz and leters that
R fonetic and breief withowt
Misleeding wurd spel sownd and
un nesasary leters to get the meening!?
The purpus uv riting is to cumunicate
not to confuze.

—MAG

D.U.C.

The advent of civilization may have been
a secondary adaptive instinct, fulfilled by
those persons who had the capacity to
adapt. Perhaps the PRIMARY STRONGER
NOMADIC HUMAN INSTINCT remained
intact and available, but supressed, in those
who had the capacity to yield to the sec-
ondary adaptive instinct. Historically the few
never adapted at all. They remained
housed, but unhoused, in a direct relation-
ship to the land. Secondary real property,
such as buildings, never concerned the pri-
mary historic medieval mythos or logic,
much less instinct, of early man whose
genes we are doomed to carry. When unfor-
tunate Political or Excnomic conditions
enmesh with DIMINISHED HUMAN
CAPACITY, the secondary adaptive instinct
yields to the Primary Priority Instinct
Operative. In other words, homelessness
will occur. The obvious remedy will emerge
from law, not social science. The Primary
Survival Instinct, which will always prevail,
must be affixed by Statutory State Law,
giving Reservation Land Rights to the
Homeless. The issue of Tenancy will
become moot—Dead—for it only served the
unreal selfish Minds of Modern Man.

—Kenneth Leogrande

An alcoholic Hobo named Kit
Had a dentist fill every pit.
Soon his teeth were all shiny
And white as his hiney
But the rest of him still looked like shit.

There once was a man from Bologne
Who's truss was make out of stone
When he told a snotty lass
"Kiss my hairy spotted ass."
She said "my, what a callous you've grown."

A Catholic Bishop was once found
jerking-off into Long Island Sound
he did it at the beach
so he could go and preach
not to spill your seed on the ground.

—John Schindler

LOST IN SPACE

Beamed back from our satellite, came these words on a sign,
"THIS SPACE FOR RENT",
thus dispelling the widely held belief
that only our galaxy's planets contained intelligent life.
So I used the satellite's microwave transmitter
to override the telecommunications network
of this so called Earth.
When an earthling answered I informed the being that,
although our planet's peoples didn't use monetary units
in their subsistence strategy,
we would trade something of value
for the advertisement which would read as follows:
"CONGRATULATIONS, EARTHLINGS!
YOU HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED BY ANOTHER CIVILIZATION!
WE ARE FROM THE PLANET 'NEBULOUS',
BUT OUR FRIENDS CALL US 'BOB'!"
I thought that the earthling who answered my call
would be delighted to place our ad.
However, the earthling said in a strident whine,
"I'm sorry, but we don't do public service announcements",
and the It had the nerve to disconnect me.
So next month, at the interplanetary council meeting,
I intend to motion that the Earth be obliterated
because their salesclerks are so incredibly rude.
And in the meantime I hope that earthling
chokes on the charge for the toll-free call.

—John Schindler

JAMAICA dedicated to my grandfather

The Island of sweet gourdeds fruits.
Unique dialect that sounds to others mute.

Big healthy Rivers that shivers with the strength and motivation
Like the black REVOLUTION.
Simple material made of cloth which hides the DARK bodies
that walk to the beat of the streets.

Trees shape like the arms of men in caves.
Houses built with the foundation like the great disciple MOSES
When Jesus changed him.

Ethnic background surrounded by the naturalness of AFRICA'S
breast.

Born Reggae Music and food so gooooooooooooooooooooo it can
Determine your mooooooooooooooooooooo.

The birth place of BOB

MARLEY

BOB

MARLEY

BOB

MARLEY

and

little

me.

Jah to Jamaical

—Julie-Ann Rodgers

TALE OF THE TOURNAMENT

Fellow-Traveler

The following is a fragment from an ancient text widely known as "Tales from the Journey". The "Tales" were rendered by an anonymous author in the Language of Colonies some time during the Fall of the Empire. (Many authoritative colleagues of mine have argued in the past that the "Tales" were written by different people at different times, and then assembled under a single cover to aid the Travelers in instruction of their young).

The only manuscript to reach us through the Age of Catastrophe, the "Tales" are corrupted by age, dust and weather. Despite their scarcity, surviving fragments capture the unique mood of the Journey, and thus seem worthy of our attention.

(From Interpreter of Symbols)

(beginning of the fragment)

...and the Winner
possesses
the Prizes.

He is stripped
of his prior clothing,
he is clad
in the robes
of honor—
fabric treated
with pigment
of envy.

Robes decay,
and become transparent,
And he marches
down the streets
naked,
throwing pieces
of the Game
in the air,

uttering
the nodes
of negation
and the verbs
of unmastered passion.

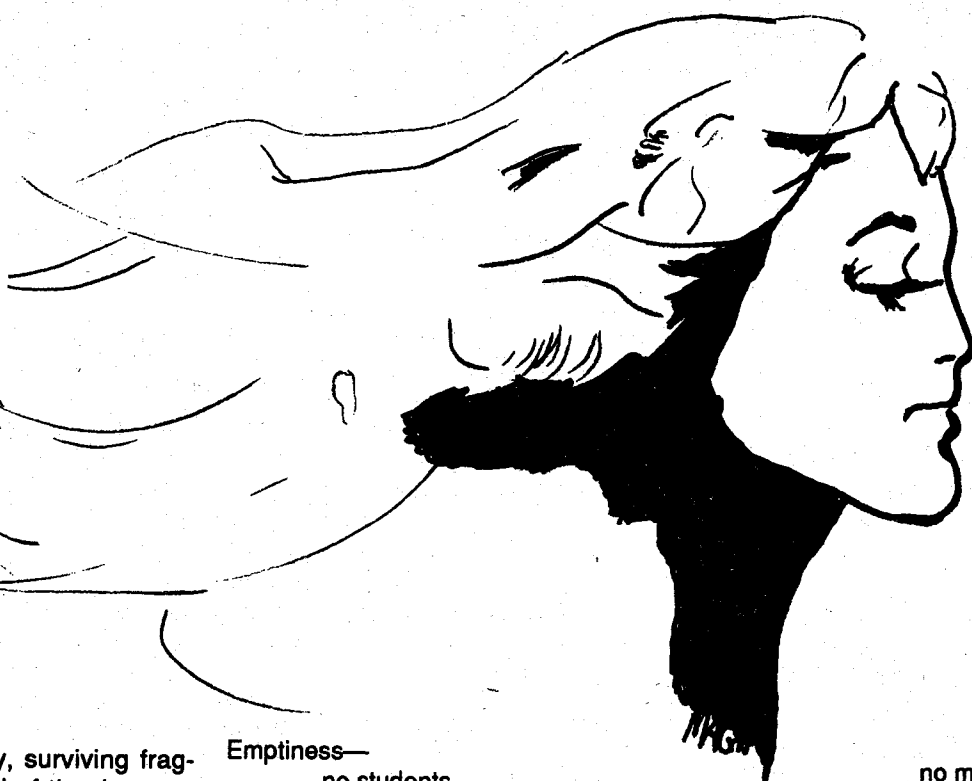
He is helped
through the Arches
of Triumph,
he is stung
by the bees of
attention,
he is washed
in the dung
of forgiveness,
Drops of sweat
are swept off
his forehead,
and the pictures of him
are taken.

Those magnesium-flashing
moments...

Brief and burning
moments of glory...

He is left alone
with his prizes.

He is searching
for missing pieces.



Emptiness—
no students
to master.

Solitude—
no teacher
to follow.

Oblivion—
the End of the Season.

Sleep prevails
in his thoughts
forever.

Snow swallows
his stiffening
body.

He is no longer
"the Winner".
And his name
we forgot
to mention.

A Loser is
no longer
with us.
His mind is
forever ordered.
His logic is
forever flawless.
He had justified
his existence.
He was stripped
of his robes
of honor.

He helped
to soak them
with envy,
He polished
the gems
and jewels,
He tightened
the belts and buckles.
He wrapped them
around
the Winner,
He watched them
dissolve
and vanish,

He listened
to the hiss of vapor,
As the poison
entered the pores
Of the Winner's
illustrious skin.
He watched
the Winner
perspire
With brilliant

drops
of glory.
He witnessed
the Winner
weaken,
He heard him
utter
negations
And the verbs
of unmastered passion.
Loser gathered
the scattered pieces,
Pieces
of the Game
from the sidewalk.
Victorious,
the Loser lessened.
Emptiness—
no students
to master.

Solitude—
no teacher to follow.
Oblivion—
no more Games
in the future.

His mind became
a maze
of mirrors.

Mirrors
that remembered
the flashes,
Images
of the Winner's
glory.

Those
magnesium-bright
distortions,
Brief and painful
flashes of envy...
Enemy in every
reflection.

Loser lost
his sense
of direction,
He wandered
off the Path
of Reason
onto the Angry Face
of the Desert.

Sands swallowed
his witless
body.

Suns shone
upon
this affair.

His last words
were the nodes
of negation
and the verbs
of unmastered passion.

The lesson
he learned
from the Winner.

We
shall call him
"the Loser",
For his name
must not be
forgotten.

The Meaning
of the Game
isn't
winning...

(end of the fragment)

Red Balloon Collective's 25th Anniversary

es all adventure, the only real adventure is the abolition of that society!

Maybe this was what triggered Ilze's involvement. Ilze, who lived next door to Marja and Yvette in the dorms at Stony Brook, had envisioned herself more of a Russian princess than a revolutionist. Who knows the exact processes that each person goes through in their mind as they begin to change their lives? It's different in all people, but there are several patterns of themes that weave their tender fingers through the mind, massaging the longing for a different way of living, some meaning to one's life, and the hope and opportunity to achieve it.

One morning, Ilze, wearing a red velvet dress, her long blonde hair making her look highly unlike the caricature of a "radical" that most non-rads imagine (in fact, almost no revolutionary looks like the Hollywood part), strode up to the U.S. Marine Corps recruiting table in the Fireside Lounge in the Student Union at Stony Brook. She hollered: "Get the fuck off my campus, you murderers!"

One of the recruiters chuckled: "Be a good girl and run along." Another said: "What about our freedom of speech!"

Now, for years activists have tried to come up with a fitting response. Almost always, they would devise complicated arguments in which most people soon lost interest. But Ilze, new to this sort of activity, cut right to the chase: "I can't go into your recruiting stations and set up my anti-war table, can I?" "No, of course not."

"Then don't talk to me about freedom of speech, you hypocrites. If I can't speak in your recruiting stations, then you can't speak on my campus!"

Ilze picked up one end of the Marine's table. Everything crashed to the floor: the movie projector (*sprang! crash! thwapp!*); the literature; the banner. No one knew what to do. Can't hit a woman, the old male-Marine ethic (unless it's in Vietnam, or Central America, or L.A.; then you can rape, torture, burn down houses).

A few people in one of the dogmatic leftist groups that plagued Stony Brook at the time came up to Ilze. "Come on, Ilze," one said, "we'll go upstairs and have a meeting about what to do."

"A meeting?!" Ilze screamed. "A fuckin' meeting? You people have more meetings. When're you going to do something? Like now! We need action!"

A handful of Ilze's friends and hall mates came by; Marja and Yvette from Red Balloon, a few others from the Women's Center. Some of the people had never had a conscious political thought in their lives. But when they saw Ilze dancing on the Marines' collapsed table (as soldiers scrambled on hands and knees trying to gather the scattered sprocket and reels), they joined her.

More and more danced in a giant hora around the Marines, singing, "I wanna kill. I wanna napalm babies. Join the Marines, learn to kill, see the world (from inside a coffin)!"

Someone had a kazoo and began buzzing, "From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli," at which point everyone, in unison, would stick out their tongues and, in supreme childish fashion ("oh, how un-serious," the dogmatic leftists moaned), razzed, "Phhhht, Phhhht."

"Where's Montezuma, anyway?" someone thought aloud. "And Tripoli, where's that? And what are the Marines doing there?"

Son, over sixty people joined the giant dance around the collapsed Marine table. The Marines themselves were exiting, stage right. Split. "Don't go," the crowd pleaded, "We haven't smashed all your equipment yet."

Ilze received an administrative reprimand. It was her first of many exciting moments in the sun. Was it boredom? Was it "political consciousness?" What was it exactly that drove Ilze, on that particular day, to choose her side and to act?

Why not the day before? Why not a few days later,

instead? Or why not the Moonies like Misa, the church like Marja, the Chancellor's mansion like Rosebud or the vanguard party like Laura? Did it all depend on what she ate for breakfast, or what side of the bed she got out of, or who she was sleeping with at the moment and how she felt about it? How come some days you feel very brave, the molecules are all just right, the colors slant at an invigorating angle, you feel invincible and full of humor, you appreciate the sunbeams doing an Irish jig in the sycamores and maples, while other days it's just the opposite, you just want to curl up in your little corner of the world like a snail, buried beneath the accumulated weight of a billion sighs?

A good poet describes these experiences, and has an intuitive sense about them. An organizer, more than the

poet, has to understand them, make it all conscious, figure it all out.

And, of course, act off of that knowledge.

For all the virtues of Ilze's exemplary action, there were also important shortcomings. Do we only want to kick the Marines off our campus? what about out of the rest of the world? Do we

only act when they appear, as though we are Pavlovian dogs salivating as the ruling class rings the bell, or sticks the Marines in front of our faces?

What type of activities should we plan? While Ilze was initiating her actions there was a strike going on at a nearby factory that no one felt the urge, or thrill, to fully support. What? Not get out there every day on the picket lines? Not support the striking proletariat? "They're working on defense contracts for missiles," one Balloonie reported. Another said, "They're making a lot more money than you and me already, why should we support them?"

At the time, a huge discussion tore through Red Balloon over this. Even when the body was willing, sort of, the enthusiasm just wasn't there. It was similar to what it felt like when the public school teachers went on strike and the students, en masse, refused to support them. "What, you want to support that prick who gave me a 75 in social studies because I just wasn't into ancient Egypt and memorizing the dates the different Pharaohs ruled? Let'm die."

Is there really any one way of deciding these kinds of questions? So much depends on feelings people in the collective have for each other, apart from any objective analysis. Both have to be present in any radical or revolutionary group. How much more fun is it to take part in events with someone you're in love with, or with your friends — and that is always treated as a sign of your lack of seriousness! You there, dogmatic leftist! Do you know what color eyes your closest comrades have? Do you touch during meetings? Are you tender with each other as the police storm in? Do you have long, deeply

romantic discussions about dialectical materialism while making love on the floor of the computer center, during demonstrations? I don't ask these frivolously. the objective and the subjective must no longer be allowed to remain split, like a watermelon. Boredom is as much a valid motivation for subversive activity as political analysis, but is it enough?

What is our theory — different than Lenin's to be sure — of the relationship of revolutionary organization to

mass-based movements? Is it a theory that can sustain revolutionary organizations of a new type and give priority (and be conducive) to us healing ourselves, of making ourselves whole, re-creating ourselves as new socialist human beings in the process — living our vision today, envisioning the future in the here and now?

Today it is little known that, in his own day, Lenin was considered an anarchist by many erstwhile marxists and social democrats. For all the criticism and condemnation offered of Lenin, his party (and those of the old left in the U.S.) offered a place for people to go when they were thrown into turmoil. In the parties members felt a sense of community and of collectively serving some larger purpose, which enabled them to involve themselves in progressive movements and take enormous risks, and which also tied them emotionally to authoritarian organizational forms and ways of doing things.

But in accepting bourgeois aspirations, values and definitions of themselves the old left failed to create and sustain new forms of empowerment through which people's subjective yearnings could be engaged, leading to mass direct action and a vision of a new socialist human being. In such conditions, the old left's verbal denunciations of "the objective conditions," including fascism, remained based on a bourgeois vision of subjectivity, rendering its listeners and readers helpless before the system's onslaught and fascism's appeal.

When communists offer no concrete revolutionary way for people to deal with their lives other than by appealing to the existing government to "intervene," David Duke does. Whether it's the crimes of the Nazis, the AIDS crisis, or some other horror of capitalism, by limiting its opposition to verbal exhortations, electoral maneuvering and sloganistic condemnation, Communist Parties around the world betray their own rank-and-file's initial enthusiastic clamor for direct action to, for instance, crush Nazism before it could become a mass movement, thereby exposing their own impotence.

For radicals, every demand, every analysis, every utterance must break with the system's hegemony by containing within it the means for people to act directly to empower themselves over the conditions of their lives, and not simply appeal to authority to act on their behalf. More than anything else, that failure on the part of the old left was the impetus behind the creation of the new left of the 1960s and 70s throughout the world.

In fact the whole area of "the subjective" was never considered a legitimate concern of marxism. As a result of their own repressed longings and the need for Moscow's or China's (or anyone's) approval, the leadership of the official communist parties could present only a more strident denunciation of imperialism and fascism

than did the liberal wing of capital. . . while at the same time laying the basis for the purges and, in the case of countries where the Party came to power, of outright murder.

Perhaps if Lenin had lived long enough for Stalin to have purged him, as Stalin managed with most of the old Bolsheviks, Lenin would have been confronted with prosecutorial evidence of his neurotic desire to cure his baldness, and hounded as to why he did keep forgetting to turn off the gas jets. We might have dis-

covered some hidden nuances in the personalities of the Russian revolutionary leadership that could have application for today. But that was Then, and this is Now. Hopefully, today, we realize the political need to create spaces to explore our deeper needs with people who care about each other, and find the political within the personal: The way in which capital is colonizing more and more

But the official left continues to thwart all attempts to address the psychological and social conditions needed for people to collectively empower themselves.

Cliches rationalizing the "need" to "raise consciousness" as the primary activity for leftists—which, at first encounter with the way Leninists from the mission of the left, seem straightforward and obvious—become lost in a maze of hidden assumptions.

continued on page 8

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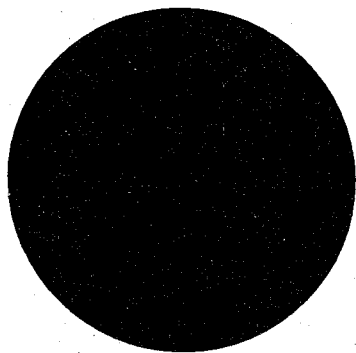
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Red Balloon continued from page 7

of our daily lives, the manufactured moments of capital within us, the ways in which we are kept from even asking the right questions, let alone figuring out what the answers might be, the ways we've internalized our oppression and reproduce it in all our social relationships and organizations.

Organizational forms, to a revolutionary must, in their very existence, reframe the questions we are facing, our ways of seeing the world around us. Yes, we need to "Question Authority" but, far more important, we need to Question Reality. Whose reality is it that is heralded as the dominant paradigm, within which we all sit going round and round and round and round unable to break the stranglehold of the old ways of doing things while calling, over and over again, for the need to do things differently? Hopefully, unlike Lenin (still encased against his own desire in his argon-filled transparent casket like a pheasant-under-glass — form a worker-pheasant alliance, do I hear?) — we won't forget this time to "turn off the gas," as we create new ways to turn up the heat.

Mitchel Cohen
2652 Cropsey Ave., #7H
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(718) 449-0037

Haiti-South Africa continued from page 3

elected in 1991. The military overthrew him seven months later.

Lesley Owens said "a lot of you voted for Bill Clinton because you thought things would be different, but they aren't." Candidate Clinton rightfully condemned the Bush Administration's activities using the U.S. military to kidnap Haitian refugees on the high seas and place them in a huge concentration camp on Guantanamo Bay. President-elect Clinton did a 180 on the concentration camp and still continues the intradiction policy.

Congressmen have recently been arrested protesting the intradiction policy as racist. The congressmen included Brooklyn Rep. Major Owens and Joseph Kennedy (D-Mass.). It was pointed out that the intradiction policy is against international law. It is against international law to return refugees to a country where they are likely to get killed. The Haitian military regime has murdered over seven thousand people since it took power.

Aristide had his arm twisted by the U.S. government and the U.N. in order to sign the Governors Island Accords that granted amnesty to the killers who are in charge of the coup. The target date for the military leaders to step down has come and gone and the butchers are still in power

Human rights groups and Haitian Activists put a lot of pressure to expand the boycott of Haiti until the military steps down. President Bush exempted American companies from the embargo, rendering it meaningless. It took a lot of pressure on Clinton to have a real embargo. The two Haitian journalists feel that Clinton does not care about the return of Aristide and the restoration of democracy in Haiti. Historically, U.S. foreign policy is hostile to self-determination of people in the Third World. As Henry Kissinger recently said, "I don't lose any sleep over Haitians."

Dube talked about the fate of South Africa. He said one of the first things the ANC is going to do is retire the leadership of the military and the police. Emile Pierre questioned how that was going to be pulled off, and how South Africa and the ANC is going to escape the same fate as Aristide and Haiti. Dube pointed out the difference between Mandela and the ANC in South Africa and Aristide in Haiti. Dube said, "the difference is we have an army," so the ANC won't be pushed out the same way Aristide was.

This event was co-sponsored by Concerned Haitians League, Uniti Cultural Center, the Student Action Coalition for Animals, the Africana Studies Department, the African American Students Association, and the African Students Union.

From the darkest reaches
of the infernal abyss,
The Stony Brook Press
presents...

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Azazel:

Everyone I know calls me a witch. Actually, they call me the "Wicked Witch of the West" and I like it.

I try to live up to the reputation on a daily basis. You know, the usual; ruining someone's life, "accidentally" losing their term paper, but sometimes I can't. I just end up feeling too bad about the consequences, like the time I pretended I was going to push this guy off the roof, and I slipped and he did fall off.

I feel like I have a dipolar brain—good and evil. I have a mental tug-of-war every time I have to make a decision. Sure I want to ruin someone's life, but I don't know how rewarded I will feel later on. I don't think this is schizophrenia, and feel that I should just pick one side of the coin.

I will be graduating and embarking on a career soon. I want to know two things: which side should I choose, and how should I go about it. I think you, the most all-knowing powerful being in the universe, can send me in the direction I should go in.

Sincerely,
Sitting on the fence

Dear Post-Crotch;

There is good and evil in all of us—yes even in me, I'm a sensitive 90's devil, I can admit it. The trick is to develop some sense of responsibility for one's actions. The rewards for ruining someone's life are not always readily apparent, but you can't do it just for them. Personally, I take great pleasure in the sheer existential joy of the chaos and havoc wrought both by myself and other kindred spirits.

You mentioned "pick[ing] one side of the coin," yet this is not a realistic option. There is good within all evil, and evil within good; each is inherent within the other. Your best bet is to just take the whole damn coin. While caught within your throes of anxiety, you may not realize it, but the issue of good and evil is not a choice to be made. Good and evil have been around since the dawn of time, and we don't keep score. There is no contest, in the sense that there will be no resolution. Armageddon has come and gone many times over and most people

just don't seem to notice.

As the existentialists say, "We are condemned to be free." Whatever you decide, remember: your life is your own, take pride in



all you do, and do it well.

-Hope your fence isn't
a picket one,

-Azazel

Dear Azazel,

I think you are an imbecile. I hope you rot in hell forever. I know that you are absolutely powerless and weak. You are the most pathetic thing next to President Quayle.

I'll be happy to have a showdown on earth. Pick a day and time, you puny-assed, frog-eyed, piss-wad of a decrepit debacle.

—The Messiah

Dear Godling;

My, my, what language the messiah uses these days. I am a bit unsure as to how to respond to you,

since I cannot precisely determine just which messiah you claim to be. Surely you don't mean to make a pretense of being "the" boundless buffoon of benevolence; if you do, I must confess that your scrawled note lacks the biblical jargon I would have expected.

Anyway, whatever brand of messianic moron you are, get real. I would welcome a showdown with you but you're a sore loser. When you're dead, stay dead. But not you, you get up after a few days and say, "See, I won!" I think this savior bit has gone to your head. You're incompetent, and man gets along just fine without you. It's taken us a long time to rebuild things after the Roman Empire and we don't need you mucking around where you're not wanted. Saving souls is bad for the cosmic economy. What we need is more action, and we're getting it. Sodom and Gomorra were penny-ante stuff. Today's cities are bigger, stronger, and have

more vice than an hour of prime-time news. If you're truly back, you had better be something more challenging than the son of a carpenter. Perhaps you could convince dear-old-dad to let you at least carry a side-arm, cause after I'm done with you, you won't have any cheeks left to turn.

-Azazel

Dear Azazel,

I have the worst imaginable problem, you wouldn't believe. OK, so like I have this big date next weekend. Oh my god, he is really hot. No doubt we will be in sin the whole time.

I bought new make up for this guy. I have the possibili-

Continued on page 10

Parent-Purchased Spring Unsprung Clothes: A Message to the Graduates What About The Children?!

By Catherine Krupski

The ivory dress had a floral print with small flowers. Not tiny flowers covering the material, just enough here and there so it wouldn't be tacky. The shoulder pads weren't over-dominating defects from the football team. The gold buttons down the front added elegance to it instead of hideous reflectors. Not bad, I thought.

Mom did a good job picking out a dress for me. Then I saw the empire waist, the latest fashion, and my least favorite; they look like maternity dresses.

"This looks like a maternity dress, Mom," I yelled from my room. I decided to at least try the dress on to prove that it was an atrocity.

As I put it on, I noticed it was two sizes too small. I couldn't button it for fear of a button popping off and blinding someone. My temper flared a little. Paranoid thoughts flooded my mind: What kind of cruel trick could this be on my mother's part? What did I forget to do for her to deserve this? Don't parents *only* want the best for their children—*especially* the youngest?

This wasn't the first time my mother had bought something for me that she thought I would like. There was that winter coat that made me look like the Michelin Tire Lady and that flashy brown angora sweater with a sequined flower pattern on the front and that bright red accordion skirt that is too short which makes me look like a tomato.

Parents always want their kids to have the best, because we can't afford it ourselves. We often fall prey to that tacky outfit that they think is just wonderful. As they glow over their wardrobe selection, we pray they still have the receipt.

Age has a lot to do with it. They try to follow the latest fashions with their own enthusiasm and suggestions. They "keep us up to date" each month with that new Vogue magazine as we try to find what suits us the best and stick with that.

Several years ago, I never had a problem with the clothes my mother picked out for me in my absence. We had the same taste. Now, she is looking at catalogues with the latest fashions on the tallest, thinnest models thinking it will suit me. At least she hasn't bought a pair of platform shoes yet.

Parents get touchy when you tell them you don't like something. "Take it BACK" is all I need to say to wash my hands of the sin of not liking what they bought for me. Sometimes it comes down to "Keep it in your closet because you may need it someday." So, into storage it goes until you can pass it off onto a niece or sister with no taste.

Sometimes there are other reasons why parents want us to look a certain way. Perhaps, they want us to fit the image they have made for us.

"You don't look feminine enough," my mother once told me. I was living at school and went home every other weekend, so she never saw the clothes I wore to class. She only saw what I wore when I went home—dirty, old jeans and sweatshirts. Of course there is a difference in the attire worn at home and the image presented at school. She didn't think her image of me was being satisfied, although I wore "feminine" clothes at school.

There could also be the factor that they are afraid of what kind of person we will become. They see our directions in our choices in fashion. If they think they can alter your personality through your closet, by God, they will.

I personally believe in the motto, "Don't dress for who you are, dress for who you want to be." Unless that includes being like my mother, I will continue dress the way I please, and will hold on to every receipt she has.

By Jeremy Blandston

Yup, its spring, the birds are singing, the bees are buzzing, and young Long Islanders are driving around in slightly battered Camaro's shouting, "Yo baby, yo baby, yo baby!" and quietly discussing the problems they've found with this babe-getting technique. Spring is here and our thoughts turn to, um, err, sex. But hold on, there Tiger, Spring is also a time of rebirth. No, I wasn't talking about contraception, but that time when things start anew and flourish only to die in the fall.

Before you seek some nubile yet top heavy nubbin to engage in the horizontal hokey-pokey with, shouldn't you be taking a look at where your life seems to be headed? You know, where you'll be ten years from now? Your future? What you'll do when you grow up? Those questions your parents kept screaming at you when you came home for the twenty-third semester without a degree?

You know, life isn't all cheese and crackers (or was that bowling balls and cherries). Important as carnal gratification is to a growing young stud such as yourself unless you want to end up like Cliff, the post office guy on Cheers, it might help at some point to get a life, or at least a clue.

You see, life gives you many opportunities, and its up to you to decide which one is for you, be it mafia don, or host of Dance Fever, of course all decisions have consequences be they dangerous or merely embarrassing. As we once learned from Charles Darwin, only the strong species survive, for humans this also means the rich and anemic, but not under the same conditions. The strong eventually break their backs, while the rich have nice cushy jobs and marry shrewish yet beautiful women who suck the life out of them and provide good excuses for having affairs. The point is that unless you are born rich, or just really lucky, you might benefit from contemplating what you'll be doing after school.

As Bob Dylan once wrote, "The times they are a-changin'" and this truth stays the same, or rather changes with time, or it changes while time is changing, but the fact that it changes is the same. You see, the future holds many things, but changes. Look around and see what fields are opening up for graduates in the future. While naysayers predict slim pickings for career openings in the 90's it can't be all that bad, just always remember the five words that are guaranteed to help your job prospects, "You want fries with that?" The trends show that you'll be paying for years to pick up

Azazel continued from page 9

ty of wearing two outfits. OK, so like here's the dilemma: Do I wear the floral short dress with the one zipper (it's short, easy access and has only one zipper, for moderately simple access) that really shows off my figure, but doesn't go so well with my new make-up, or do I wear the black dress, which is a little frilly on the bottom, goes with the make-up (slips off, for the easiest access), but is out of season because it is now spring.

Oh my God, I totally forgot about shoes. I am at a complete loss because I have like 23 pairs. Can you give me a suggestion that will match the dress?

—Candi

Dear Candi;

I've noticed over my last couple of years here at Stony Brook that there seem to be a lot of big-hair bimbos like you on the Island. Although I can appreciate it, I am ever amazed at the utter lack of awareness of everything and anything of any relative import displayed by your kind. Your igno-

the tab for S and L's, the deficit, and your parents medical bills. Hey who needs it, the best things in life are free, *really*. Unfortunately that's about all you'll be able to afford.

The world changes politically and economically, and these factors can help you in your job search, several years ago you might have benefitted from knowledge of Japanese, but thanks to NAFTA, Spanish and Canadian speaking students have an edge in the growing markets of round bacon and jumping beans. Future instability in the former Yugoslavia and other former Soviet republics have created a demand for maps which cartographers have capitalized on. As always the need for dedicated public servants to hold important elected positions is great, the salaries may not be equal to the private sector, but public officials are usually well paid, uh, off.

Surprisingly enough, you can still run off and join the media circus. Not only is truth stranger than fiction, it can make for a good living. Today's media is a clearing house for the peculiar or downright weird. Simply being the victim of a bizarre accident or perpetrating a strange or sordid crime can keep a roof over your head for life. Selling the rights to your local national network can give you notoriety and or fame along with enough money to pay for your defense lawyers or doctors bills and still allow you to indulge in the best life has to offer. Unfortunately, you might have some problems with the Writers Guild, but you can always keep one step ahead of them by buying their script. People with not so unusual problems can appear on talk shows and receive free travel and lodging to some of America's biggest cities and get to meet other people with the same inane problems.

While your mind may be preoccupied by promiscuity, remember that eventually your prurient perusals may lead you down the primrose path to prenuptials. In regard to sudden marriages, remember the weddings that last don't involve firearms in the ceremony. A marriage or long lasting relationship, be it straight or gay, will give your life that little extra something by making it meaningful to an otherwise happy complete stranger. Living on love is more than a metaphor, but should not be taken literally unless you have a good lawyer.

The future is wonderful, scary and less predictable than Hogans Heroes reruns. Look before you leap. Don't buy a house with a balloon mortgage, and remember, "If Woody had gone straight to the police, nothing would have changed because pigs don't listen to woodpeckers."

rance and apathy bears the mark of an evil genius the likes of which even I cannot begin to emulate. The Zen-like emptiness of your minds would astound the sages of antiquity. Even were I competent to advise you, I fear the seeds of my infinite wisdom would find no fertile soil in which to take root. Alas, after consulting the wisest of the wise, reading texts of ancient wisdom, and pondering your letter until my eyes bled, the best advice I can offer is: wear the frilly one.

—Azazel

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Dysfunctional Fables

A TAIL OF TWO LEMURS

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

for Kerry and Greg, who do extensive field research on intimate primate relationships

There is a tribe in Madagascar whose members dance with the dead. On festive holidays these tribespeople will dig up the skeletons of their ancestors and friends and invite them to join the celebration. They dance with the dead on these occasions to show that no one has forgotten them. In this way they will always be loved and will remain alive.

Sometimes such a tradition can be an emotionally painful experience. It does not allow one to forget a dead lover. Can you imagine having to plan for a party all year long just so you can have the first dance with your ex?

Mouse lemurs, also native to Madagascar, can only have sex three times a year. Ring-tailed lemurs, on the other hand, can have sexual intercourse all year long. Both species of lemur indulge in the same activities—eating of over-ripe fruit, soccer, dancing, tree-climbing and mass orgies—so they often intermingle with one another. Extremely social and gregarious, ring-tails and mouse lemurs do not go out alone. If they do, they fall victim to the vicious gossip cycle perpetuated by dominant co-dependent group leaders. Ring-tails and mouse lemurs who wish to have a private life must do so far, far away—at their own risk.

Mouse Lemur had her first period, and she was no longer a little girl. This meant that, on the first full moon of the month, the village shaman would initiate her into the world of womanhood. It would not be a private ceremony; Mousie could invite as many friends as she wanted.

The night before the ceremony Mousie could not sleep. She was all excited to become a woman, and she began to wonder what the shaman would do to her. She also began to think about boys. Once she reached womanhood Mousie would be allowed to play with them, and she wondered what they would be like.

Finally the initiation took place. The shaman sleepily emerged from his treehouse and gathered all of

the mouse lemurs into a circle. He invited Mousie into the middle of the circle and proceeded to tell her about the birds and the bees and safe sex. Then he tied a red ribbon around her neck and officially declared her a woman. After that the village came alive with song and dance, but Mousie felt very confused. She had expected magic!

All of the dead female warriors and healers had been dug up to join the celebration. Soon Mousie learned all about them, and she felt very proud to be a woman. At the same time, she still did not quite feel like a woman—but the evening wasn't over yet. Something had to happen soon, she thought.

Many young men asked her to dance with them, but Mousie was a little shy and refused. The elders began to worry about this—she had to dance with at least one man on this night, otherwise the passage into womanhood would not be complete!

Apparently it would take a very special man to break her shell, and they wondered who it would be.

A band of ring-tailed lemurs from the next village stormed the party, causing a grand ruckus. Their leader, a dashing young swashbuckler named Ringer, saw Mousie and stole her away. As he swung across the jungle on a vine with Mousie under his arm, the mouse lemurs chased and cursed him—but he got away. Ringer took Mousie up to his secret treetop hideaway and did not come down.

Mousie was afraid of this young man, and she backed into the corner of his treehouse with little squeaks. Ringer just laughed gently. "You didn't look like you were having a good time," he said. "That's why I brought you up here!"

She stared at him with wide brown eyes, and he winked at her. He was very handsome with his black mask and long ringtail, but he frightened her just the same. "Please take me back home," she begged. "They'll be very angry if I don't come home, and our king will declare war on your people if I am hurt."

Ringer thought about this a moment, then nodded.

"All right. I will let you go, but only if you promise to wait for me every night at your window."

Mousie promised, and Ringer delivered her back to the village. He rounded up his comrades and left as suddenly as he appeared. The village elders gathered around Mousie, checking to see if she was all right. Apparently she was not hurt, but they could tell by the stars in her eyes that the young ring-tail had bewitched her and the celebration continued.

Just as she had promised, Mousie would wait every night at her window for Ringer. He never missed an evening, and he would always bring her sweet flowers and fruit. They spent long hours talking together, and soon she never wanted him to leave. She wanted him to be the first one with whom she would make love, but he would have to wait four months. "I will never leave you," he promised, "and I will wait until you are ready."

The other mouse lemurs all knew who had bewitched Mousie. The elders were happy for her, but the young ones were extraordinarily jealous. They would fix him so that he would never come back.

The young men silently waited in the bushes under Mousie's window. When Ringer was about to make his dazzling entrance they grabbed him and cut off his tail. "Next time," they swore through gritted teeth, "it will be your head!"

This did not stop Ringer from coming back, and when Mousie saw him without his tail she began to cry. "I hate them!" she wept as she held him.

"I love you," he whispered as he gently kissed her cheek, "and I cannot live without you. Come with me, and we shall go to a place all our own."

The next morning Mousie and Ringer were gone. All that remained was Ringer's tail, hanging on the village signpost. Angered by this militant gesture, the elders decided to bury Ringer's tail in the ancestral burial ground in the hope that the lovers would return.

MORAL:

If another man steals your woman, he is worth more alive than dead—after all, you can learn from him!

MORE IMPORTANTLY:

Once she goes off on her own, she is then a woman.

The Afghan Whigs: Neither Afghan, Nor Whig— Nor Good

The Afghan Whigs
Gentlemen
Electra Records
By Scott J. Lusby

The Afghan Whigs are yet another one of those bands to sign a contract with a major record label from Seattle's independent Sub Pop Records. My first exposure to them was their track "Retarded," from *The Grunge Years: A Sub-Pop Collection*. "Retarded" was a muddled, rocking tune. Could the songs on *Gentlemen* match the power captured on "Retarded"?

The answer is *sometimes*. The singles "Gentlemen" and "Debonair," penned by vocalist/guitarist Greg Dulli, are above-average

works, composition-wise. Yet I found the lyrics, while somewhat interesting and personal, to be run-of-the-mill, boy-meets-girl stuff (with a bit of psychosis attached to them). The same can be said for the cuts "Fountain and Fairfax" and "My Curse." But I found myself wanting to look past this fact; after all, you can mosh without listening to the words as long as the music's of that "hurt your friend" quality.

Unfortunately, as in King's X's *Dogman*, any momentum established musically on *Gentlemen* is eventually broken. "When We Two Parted" is nothing more than an attempt to write a drippy ballad to appease the gods that are Electra Records, which makes me wish that the Whigs had never left Sub Pop. And their cover of "I Keep Coming Back" is

just plain *cheesy*—complete with wretched arrangement and Dulli's horrid singing voice. While attempting to try different styles is admirable, Dulli's voice makes this difficult at best; he should stay with what works for him.

The Afghan Whigs are at their best when they "turn the amps to 11" and just jam, as on "Gentlemen" and "Debonair." These works have "pit" written all over them with their syncopated drumwork and swirling, feedback-screaming guitar riffs. These songs literally *demand* bouncing off of walls, or the nearest convenient obstacle.

It's unfortunate that *Gentlemen* does not fulfill the promise expressed in its first few tracks. Had that been the case, *Gentlemen* would be receiving regular shifts in my disk player. But it doesn't. Some of the blame must go to Electra for this; don't they realize that ballads have no place in such a band's repertoire? So much for the ability of major labels to find the pulse of its market. Yet, the rest of the blame must be placed on The Afghan Whigs—after all, they were the ones who let this travesty happen.

As a result, I'll probably just tape the few good songs and listen to them on some assorted collection for my car. The album's just no good enough in its entirety to listen to straight through.

