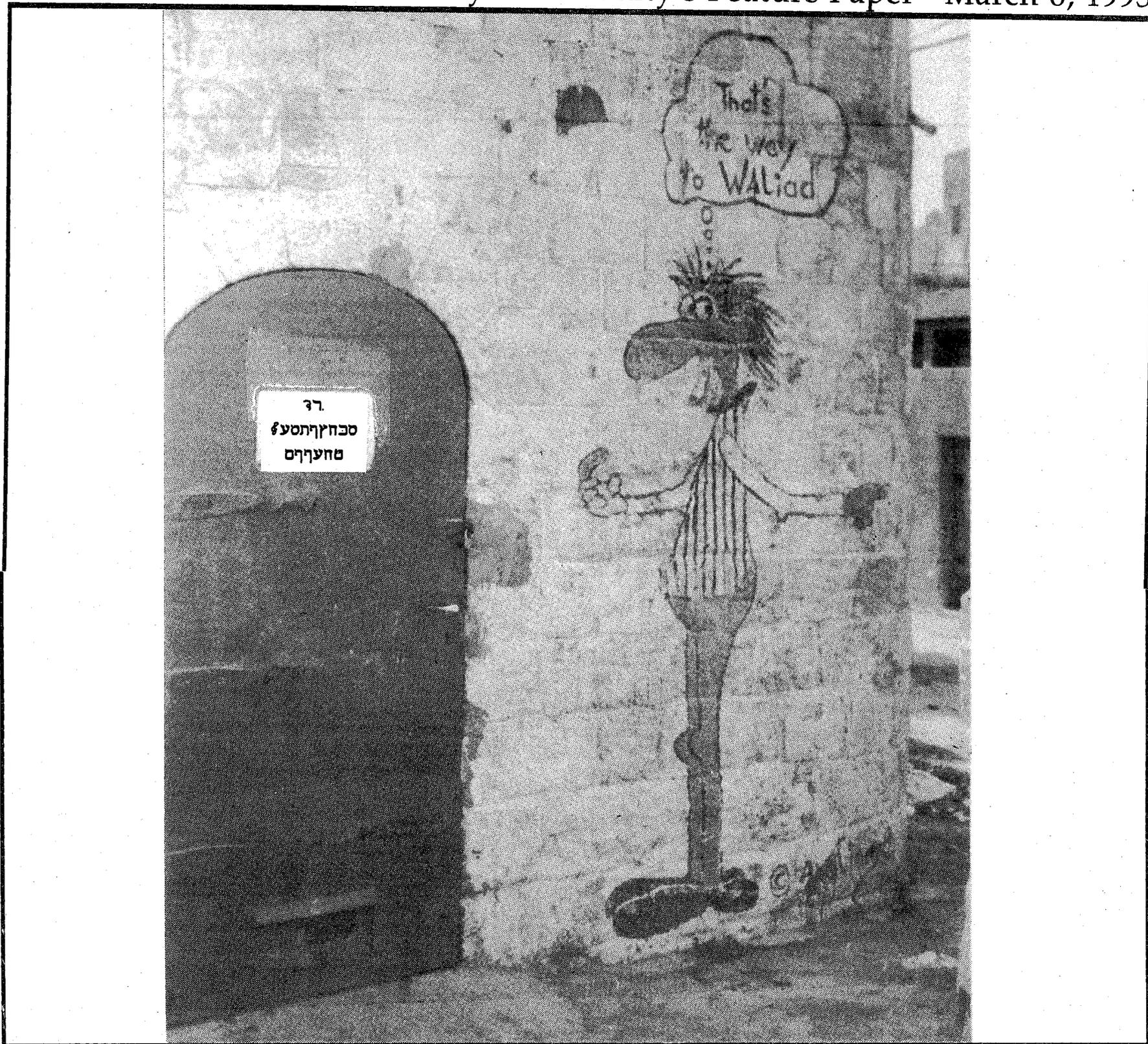


The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVI No.11 The University Community's Feature Paper March 6, 1995



On The Inside

Lots O'
Letters
page 4&5

Spring
Literary
Supplement

I love you Soni &
Tina, more than
Guinness ever
could!

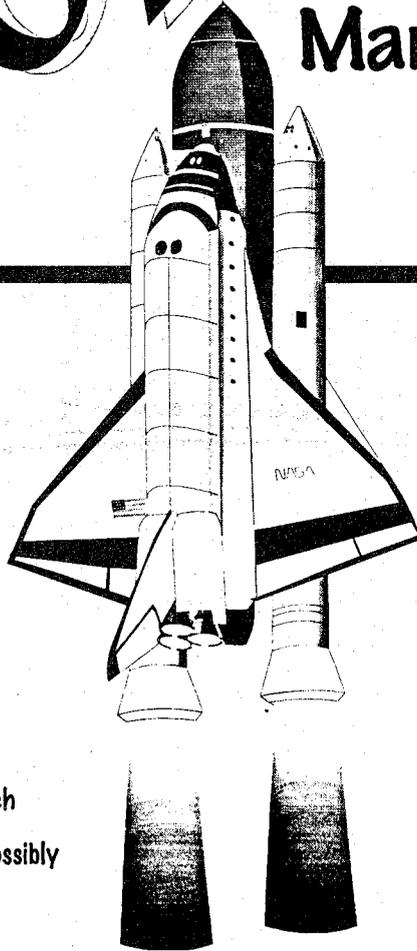
5...4...3...2...1...
BLAST OFF!
to:

I-CON XIV

March 31-April 2, 1995
Stony Brook
New York

Authors
Science & Technology
Huge Dealers' Room
Media Guests
Art Show
Anime
Comics
Films
Gaming
Masquerade
Filking

Amateur Film Festival
Stargazing & Model Rocket Launch
(weather permitting)
More fun things than you could possibly
do in one weekend!



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Nancy Kress

Artist Guest of Honor
Pat Morrisey

Super Guest
Julius Schwartz

Anime Guest of Honor
Yutaka Izubuchi
1995 Gallun Award Recipient
Forrest J Ackerman

"Dr. Bashir" on Star Trek: Deep Space 9
Siddig El Fadil

"Garak" on Star Trek: Deep Space 9
also "Box" on M.A.N.T.I.S. and star of many movies!
Andrew Robinson

"Garibaldi" on Babylon 5
Jerry Doyle

and "Dr. Who" Companion, **Sophie Aldred!**

I-CON (with a hyphen) is presented by I-CON Science Fiction Inc. (without a hyphen), a not-for-profit corporation which is a legal entity separate from New York State and the State University of New York at Stony Brook. All guests are tentative. All information is subject to change at any time without notice.

For more info, send SASE to I-CON, PO Box 550, Stony Brook, NY 11790-0550; or e-mail

Internet: icon@ic.sunysb.edu CompuServe 72223.3033 (Cync) WWW: <http://www.netusa.net/I-Con/>

If you want to read the latest police blotter, clip the latest coupons and pretend to be journalists, join the *Statesman*, but if you want to uncover the smelly underbelly of this campus and write about it, join *The Press*. Plus we allow contributing writers to consume adult beverages and enjoy nicotine. Try that in *Statesman's* offices. (The ball is back in your court now Tom.)

The Stony Brook Press has meetings at 1:00pm every Wednesday
room 060 of the Student Union.

(Unless you are our News Editor who is continually late for these meetings.)

You Voted For This Guy?

By Raoul Duke

We were nearing the end of our usual Wednesday staff meeting in the Press office when our literary revelries were interrupted by an untimely visitor. In through the door walked a short, dark-haired man, wearing a black suit and a clip-on American flag tie. All conversation in the room abruptly came to a stop. "Which one of you is Raoul Duke?" he asked, looking about the litter-strewn office.

"I am."

The diminutive fellow turned and fixed me with an icy glare. I couldn't help but grin; at six foot three I don't get a lot of midgets in cheap suits trying to stare me down. "What's the problem?" I asked.

"I find this paper offensive!" He waved aloft the last issue of *The Press*, which featured a parody of *The Statesman*.

"What exactly offended you?"

He pointed to my story on the lower half of the cover. "SENATE TRIES TO KILL PRESS," I read. "What's wrong with it?"

"This part here. I never said that!"

"I never said you did."

At this point, the other staff members began to ask questions. Our visitor, they soon learned, was none other than Dave Shashoua, Polity Secretary, Commuter Senator, and the enlightened fellow who had tried to kill our paper in the previous week's Senate meeting. In my article, I had written a satirical account of that senate meeting, wherein the senators ultimately got into a knife fight. It was, I had assumed, obviously made up. One of the characters, who suggested defunding The Press and using the money to burn all the back issues, was named 'Dave Shaloser'.

"Dave Shaloser! That's me!"

"Your name is Shaloser?" asked one of the staff members incredulously.

"No, it's Shashoua, but you're talking about me, and I never said that!"

Scott, the Managing Editor, jumped into the conversation. "We're not suggesting you did say that. It's satire- it's made up!"

"You can't just make stuff up and put it in a newspaper!"

"What about this black guy?"

"Sure we can! First of all, this isn't a newspaper, it's a feature paper. Nobody picks up *The Press* expecting to find hard news. That's what *The Statesman* is for."

Someone chuckled.

"And furthermore, that article is obviously satire. Look at the article above it- 'Students Kidnap Pataki'. If you believe the Senate article I guess you believe this one, too!"

As the discussion continued, it became clear Mr. Shashoua's problem lay not so much with my article but with our paper in general.

"What about this black guy?" he asked, spittle forming on the corners of his mouth.

"Black guy?" answered Scott. "You mean Manning Marable? What about him?"

"This article hasn't got a single fact in it!"

"It's on the op-ed page! It's his opinions!" I responded.

"It's garbage! There's not a single fact!"

"Manning Marable is a Professor at Columbia and over 275 newspapers carry his column. If you think he's garbage you're in the minority."

Our visitor fumed over this news and slowly returned to the subject of the cover article. He contended that we should have had a disclaimer saying the story was made up, and demanded an apology in our next issue.

"If we had a disclaimer, it wouldn't be satire any more!" Scott responded. "Have you ever read *Gulliver's Travels*? That's a piece of satire... pretty vicious stuff, too! You don't see Jonathan Swift writing, 'oh, by the way, there really isn't an island full of minuscule humans', do you?"

Shashoua, however, would not demure. Eventually, more to get rid of him than anything else, Scott agreed to place an apology in our next issue. [Ed. Note - Obviously Mr. Shashoua does not read our paper, he only reads what people tell him to read.]

So here, then, is your apology, Mr. Shashoua. For all of you readers out there who really thought that our Polity Secretary was named "Shaloser", I apologize. For all of you who thought we had a Student Senator named "Dick Cheese", and that he whipped out a switchblade during the Senate meeting, I apologize. And most importantly, for all of you out there like Dave Shashoua, who are too obtuse to recognize what's fact and what's fiction, I am truly, and deeply, sorry.

In Humanities

by Katherine Zafiris

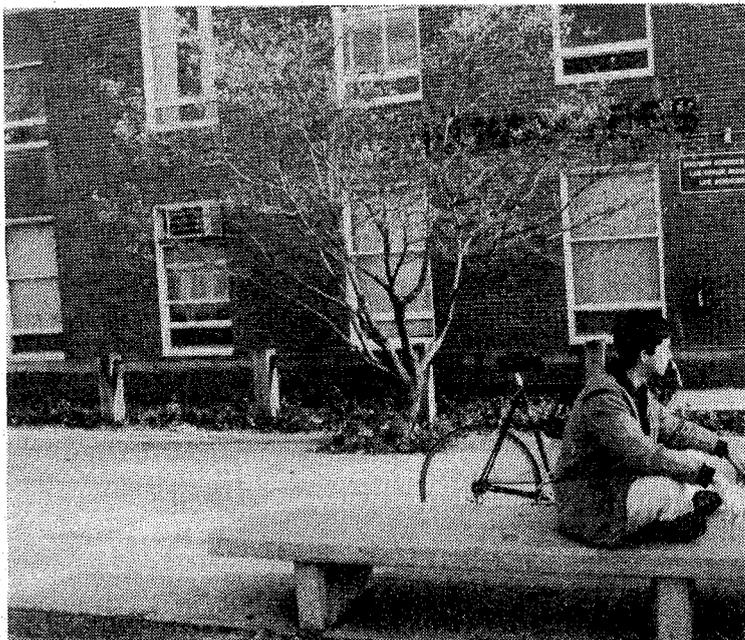
Why is it that every organization that is on campus seems to be against the students? No matter if it is the food, the health facilities, or a huge place such as the library; everything is against the student. Today was one of those days that I really became aware of how silly and unorganized the food facilities at Stony Brook really are.

It began like any other Tuesday. I had a break between class, so I decided to take advantage of it and go to the Humanities Cafe for a little lunch. Now, I always knew that Humanities had its fair share of problems, but today their true colors really showed.

First off, there was a line going out the door. Not so strange, right? Well after further investigation, I became aware that the line was due to the fact that the women behind the sandwich counters were totally engrossed in some story about God knows what. Why should their story be interrupted by a line of hungry customers? Then I finally got my sandwich, only to be charged extra by some obnoxious little woman, because I wanted an extra slice of cheese. Then, I moved over to get a soda. Lo and behold there is a sign that says that the covers to the drinks are outside near the seats due to the fact that a lot of theft has been reported. Stealing drinks?

What do the thieves do, put it in their pocket and walk away?

I found this sign interesting because you have steaming hot coffee and the line at the cafe is long, and



since the space is very narrow and people are always pushing and shoving you, your coffee most likely gets spilled. Great, but don't think for a minute that they would give you another coffee to replace the spilled one. No, that's theft. You have to pay for the spilled coffee and the extra coffee (as well as the doctor bills

for your third degree burns).

Humanities is not known for their kindness and consideration towards their customers. I saw the manager of the cafe chase someone who stole one piece of candy back into the place and have him weigh it and pay the 2¢ for the candy. Is it worth to hold up a whole entire line of people, just so you could get 2¢? I asked the cashier if I could have change of a dollar to make a phone call, and she looked directly at me and said, "No, I can't". So much for the needs of the customer coming first.

I understand that this is a business and they have costs to pay for. But charging people double for sips of drinks they take while filling their cups or charging them extra for eating their food on line or asking for extra cheese seems ridiculous.

Yet, this is not my major gripe. It's with the people who work there. They are rude and obnoxious women who seem not to take in account that they're working and should serve the customer. They will hold up lines in any part of the cafe just so their gossip won't be interrupted. I go to Humanities about three times a day and I always see them having snacks and gossiping with their co-workers. Is this really professional? I have seen more professionalism from sixteen year olds working in McDonald's than I do here.

You Mindless Sheep

This is a guest editorial written by the mindless sheep of this campus. And much like any editorial, this one also took a week to write. So here it is in its entirety.

.....i hate mon-
days.....
.....
.....maybe i'll take notes today in
class.....nah i won't even go to class
i'm too tired

.....hey baywatch
is on.....

.....hey tues-
day.....

.....i went to a class
today and slept through it....

.....today's
called hump day, you said hump
man that's cool

.....hey i got a 2 out of 25 on
a quiz today.....

.....thursday
man lets drink

.....glug
glug glug glug glug glug.....

.....vomit vomit vomit

.....friday
i'm not going home this weekend cool more
drinking.....

.....glug glug shot
shot glug glug glug shothey baby ... slap.....

.....glug glug
pass

.....out.....

.....saturday..... hey man i got
lucky last night.....

.....cool cartoons

.....lets
play quarters now

.....shot shot glug glug glug shot
toke toke

.....black out

.....wake up
with bologna on face

.....sunday

.....wow what a great weekend so far

The staff of the *Press* would like to thank the mindless sheep for their editorial. It was enlightening and really brought out the true spirit of the school, what a shame.

The
Stony
Brook
PRESS

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Letters ✉

Dear Editors,

Thank you for using my painting of the nude woman and the atomic explosion for the cover of the February 6 issue. I am sure that it increased the attendance at the MFA Exhibition at the Staller Gallery. The review of my artwork by Bruce Baldwin was well-written and sparked discussion with my students in *Intermediate Life Painting and Drawing*. We were able to use it as an example of the variety of responses, validated by intelligent thoughtful analysis, which art can provoke.

My intentions in the studio may be quite different from what an art critic or another member of the art audience may interpret as essential to the work. Their responses bring the solitary work of the artist into the public sphere. These can illuminate or make accessible or transform the art for other viewers. The artist is a catalyst but then must let the art take on a life of its own.

Artists may feel that a critic's words reveal more about him than about

themselves. We all have recesses that we want to reveal and conceal simultaneously. Someday I may agree that this series of paintings is about sexual power relationships instead of about politically provoked autobiography. Symbolism of philosophical, political, psychological, religious and, yes, sexual conditions can all be read into the images I make.

Please feel free to engage in this journey of associations, to read as you will what I write without words. Maintain at all costs your ability to respond, to feel your visceral as well as intellectual feelings. But remember that they are yours and should not be used to prohibit others the opportunity to express themselves. Censorship ultimately causes a death of the spirit in all involved. (This work could not have been possible without the body-and-mind collaboration with my model. Her bravery in this repressed cultural atmosphere should be respected. Thank you, M.P.)

I congratulate the *Stony Brook Press* for its stimulating and often humorous coverage. Wit, irony,

pastiche and plain old provocation have been on the wane and need reviving.

Sincerely,
Pamela Sienna
MFA Graduate Student,
and Instructor in the Dept. of Art

Dear *Stony Brook Press*,

First, I wish to thank and commend you for your support for the Arts and the right to say any damn thing you please! Your passion and humor are needed at a university where it's difficult to get together enough people to have a decent party. [Never mind the frustration of the few poor committed souls who try to whip up some enthusiasm for a worth-while cause]. Censorship is fear not courage. If the Defunders of Liberty succeed, go underground and continue to skewer them from a venue that cannot be replied to by simply putting thought to paper and paper in the mail. I suggest a strong course of physics for those narrow and repressed souls. Thank you for

Commute Naked

being interesting, funny and provocative. While you sit stunned by praise I gather you are unaccustomed to, I will address a few other points raised by previous issues.

Did you get any complaints about the nuclear explosions in the reproduced paintings? I doubt it. Death by the mega-ton isn't considered immoral or obscene. The female anatomy however is a disgusting corrupter of all that's right. Women, are you sick of this yet? Haven't we gone past the apple, snake, downfall of mankind thing? I am disgusted that so many are **disgusted** by the appendages of their own or the opposite gender. Isn't this attitude a spawning ground for serial killers, rapists and batterers? A circle with a dot in the center is now enough to get an art work banned.

T o o letters continued on next page

breast-like. Yes, it has already happened, here on Long Island I believe. Men, sorry we can't discuss the vile grotesque of your anatomy. Had the *Press* used a photo of my wife's painting featuring the male nude, frontal, I suspect the peasants would have stormed the your office with torches blazing. A penis is so repellent no one should ever see one. [and certainly never touch one Dr. F.] Magazines will print a picture of a bloody corpse but if you had the misfortune to expire with your pants down will pixel out the genitals. [Check some back issues of TIME] Hack the damn thing off Michaelangelo's David. Not only will you have a better statue but schools will have one less reason to ban pictures [fact] of what otherwise is a pretty good piece of work. Pornography is in the mind of the beholder. This country has reached the point where parents are being arrested for taking a picture of little Nuttly or Wanda-June having their first bath. Warn your parents kids, the old family album is more than a source of embarrassment, it's a felony. [See Sunday NY Times 2-19-95] The fetish of decency is becoming a perversion.

Ms. Sienna was also confronted by morons, too dim to grasp the irony of their position, outraged by the cigarette in the painting *Rose of Memory*. Lets see, nude with cigarette or blistering shock wave and a massive dose of radiation. Wake up! Of course all this proves Ms. Sienna's point that any diversion from real issues is a good diversion. A frenzy of bile about sin and morality is the best diversion.

Bad words. Bad words? Do you know anyone who doesn't swear? Even my saintly gray haired mother to whom "shut-up" was harsh years ago says "shit" when she gets mad. Who cares. Obviously your staff is intelligent enough to string together words to form a coherent sentence. This increasingly rare ability should be nurtured, not suppressed. The words that make your point are the right words.

Forbidden words and topics are the thin edge of the Orwellian thought-crime wedge. If you can't discuss or describe it, the act or thought is no longer is possible. Please don't apologize [unless you lie or libel]. The masturbation article for example. If more people stuck their hands in their pants once in a while maybe Apathy wouldn't be the most frequently used word in the *Press* and the *Statesman*. When you begin to censor yourself half of their work is done.

A brief note to John Giuffo and all suffering students; Here's a little ammo for the next time some slack jawed old creep starts in on how "I worked two jobs, etc.". Twenty years ago my tuition at Massachusetts College of Art was three hundred dollars a year, the minimum wage was \$1.60 per hour. \$300.00 could be earned in approximately 5 weeks. Ten years ago, tuition at SUNY was

\$1050.00, a job paying \$3.50 made that in about seven weeks. This year at \$2650.00 you would need to be earning \$9.50 per hour to save that money in seven weeks. Anyone hiring? With the impending \$1800.00 tuition hike one of the many fine jobs available at the usual \$5.00 per hour will pay your tuition in **twenty-two weeks!** If you had a great job that could put you through school why would you need to be here? It's obvious to me that the proportions have changed from the good old days. [Well some of it was good]. It was good for the people trying to make you feel bad for not working hard enough. That topic usually segues into how these are the best years of your life. Tell them to kiss your ass. You will probably never work this hard, be under more stress or get less respect than in your college years. I hope that cheers you up.

Finally let us not forget this is a university, allegedly a place to test, listen, argue, exchange ideas, grow and maybe learn. There's more than enough repression in the world. It is especially inappropriate here.

Well good luck. The struggle against the narrow, fearful, apathetic, bureaucratic and dim is a formidable one. The *Press* staff seems to be up to the job. You have my unqualified support. Thank you for this opportunity to vent my spleen.

I may disagree with what you say but will defend to the death your right to say it. Never, never Almost Free Speech.

George Kougeas

SUNY STONY BROOK: APATHY TOWARDS INJUSTICE

The first page of the February 6th edition of the *Press* was the painting of a nude. In my 4 years here at Stony Brook I have rarely, if ever, seen such a strong reaction to *any* news article in *any* of the University's papers. I find it unfortunate however that no one made any comment related to the article on the other side of the nude, about Mumia Abu-Jamal.

The facts according to the author of the article, Mr. Robert V. Gilheany: "At 4am December 9th 1981 Bill Cook, Mumia's brother was pulled over by the police and a fight broke out. Mumia intervened and was shot in the stomach. The police officer was shot and killed and Mumia was found in a pool of his own blood. He was beaten by the police and taken to the hospital where he was charged with killing officer Faulkner...4 witnesses who don't know Mumia or his brother saw the man who fired the shots run away and the gun that was used was not found on the scene."

He was brought to a judge, Albert Sabo, "who has the distinction of sending more people to death row than another judge in America. He

was also an under sheriff for 16 years and a member of the Fraternal Order of Police."

Sabo 'first granted Mumia his right to represent himself but rescinded that right during jury selection because he felt the Mumia was too gifted a speaker and it was unfair to the prosecution...[He] saddled Mumia with an inexperienced unprepared counsel, who was later disbarred from practicing law." The jury "had a man who said he had already convicted Mumia before the trial began, a woman who was the wife of a Philadelphia cop, and a guy whose best friend was a cop shot on duty."

"The Pennsylvania Supreme Court...refused to over turn Mumia's death sentence in spite of the...use of Mumia's association with the [Philadelphia Black Panther Party] which were disbanded twenty years before. That same court over turned a death sentence of David Dawson because the prosecution used his membership in the White Supremacist Aryan Brotherhood [which] prejudiced the jury."

A biased judge, a non-impartial jury, the denial of the right to defend himself and a Supreme Court double-standard. Where are all the pre-law majors? Doesn't anyone have anything to say on this subject?! Personally I was outraged and I was fairly surprised that hardly anyone I knew had read the article. I guess people are too busy looking at the pictures instead of reading! What an unfortunate state of affairs!

It is ironic to verify that what Pamela Sienna's work (author of the nude) depicts, in my opinion, is still alive and well at SUNY Stony Brook: apathy towards injustice.

As for the nude itself, grow up everybody, learn to appreciate art and stop equating nudity to sex and pornography.

Mariana Pereira

Cover-up by the Higher-ups

I spoke to George Myers, (the President's Assistant) about how they stole my money, and he agreed with me about it, yet he tends to sink his head in the sand/look the other way because the reputation of Stony Brook comes before the disadvantage of single mothers with children(like myself)inflicted on me by these thieves at Chapin like Malaku Mekonnen, Tom Arcuri, thieves in Campus Residences, Al Dervries and Bill Kuzmack in Student Accounts. These people stole over two thousand dollars from me and Myers who may be deaf but not dumb refuses to reprimand them or boot them out of their positions, and he along with the Strum Kelly administration has not come to my defense as of this day.

There has been no action taken to reimburse me for my money that I am borrowing, that these sickos

think that they have a right to, and I am not the only one being taken advantage of. As I write this, Bill Kuzmack is targeting new students on his computer, he highlights their name. He bragged about how he is wallpapering his little girl's room and how he took a trip. I said to myself (My money paid for your luxuries, not your own.) The greedy demented thieves are allowed to get away with murder, because the Strum Kenny Administration do not want to let Stony Brook look bad in any shape, form, or fashion.

The thieves got over on George Myers by telling him that they charged \$27 per hour for overtime, yet they failed to tell him what they told me and that is they had started a second shift, so they would not have to pay overtime! This is concerning fires at Chapin. When it is all over the papers and TV station, I wonder what they will be thinking of their precious school's reputation.

The whole world will know how they stole my money, and how the Strum Kenny Administration showed no backbone, but instead let them continually steal from students. Thieves run Stony Brook. Strum Kenny is apathetic, she for the sake of Stony Brook's reputation continues to let them get away with it. Welcome to the University of Stony Brook!!!

JUDAH
DOWN WITH RACISM
DOWN WITH CLASSISM

Date: Tue, 21 Feb 1995 19:48:09 -0500
From: Richard Resnick
<resnick@ic.sunysb.edu>
To: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu
Subject: response to the stony brook garbage

Dear communist scum,
you tell Raoul Dick(Duke) never to refer to me as Resdick again. If he does I will notify immigration and naturalization and I will have him deported. Also tell Colleen M. Skadl that pres. Bill also proposed cutting the Perkins loan program but I don't ever recall hearing her complain about it.

Rick Resnick

All letters should be sent to the **Stony Brook Press Room 060 Stony Brook Union** or e-mailed to **SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU** and be between 250-500 words, rantings and articles should be between 500-1000 words and doctoral theses should be a minimum of 15,000 words.

Along the Color Line:

Martin, Malcolm and the Meaning of Black Leadership

by Manning Marable
part two of two

In the 1950's, Malcolm X made his public reputation as the articulate representative of Elijah Muhammad and the Nation of Islam. But the Nation of Islam could not adequately speak to the sense of militancy and political urgency rising up from the American ghettos in the early 1960's. Reluctantly at first, Malcolm was pressured to speak less on strictly religious topics and increasingly on political matters which addressed the concerns of many blacks who were not members of the Nation of Islam. As Malcolm grew in popularity within the more radical wing of the desegregation movement, his critics within his own organization grew. By late 1962, *Muhammad Speaks* had largely ceased to cover Malcolm's public activities and speeches. As Malcolm broke from the Nation in March, 1964, he sought to articulate a program of action which would mobilize a whole spectrum within the black community.

Establishing the Organization of Afro-American Unity, Malcolm broke from his conservative black nationalism to advocate a political strategy which was progressive and internationalist. He no longer defined all whites uncritically as the categorical enemies of black people. Malcolm X now understood that the struggle to uproot racial discrimination was structurally linked to worldwide patterns of poverty and colonialism. He denounced the early stages of America's involvement in southeast Asia, and prepared to submit to the United Nations a list of human rights violations which the



United States government had committed against black people. Malcolm X denounced the tendency of reform-minded integrationists to invest their energies and efforts solely within the electoral political system, and deplored the 1964 presidential campaign of Lyndon Johnson vs. Barry Goldwater as a contest between the "fox" vs. the "wolf." But the essential point was made by Malcolm, in his writings and speeches, was that black Americans would never gain equality or empowerment by integrating themselves within an unfair, unjust system. "It is not a case of (dark mankind) wanting integration or separation," Malcolm declared, "it is a case of wanting freedom, justice, and equality. It is not integration that Negroes in America want, it is human dignity."

Similarly, Martin Luther King, Jr., had moved along a parallel political path. From the early days of the Montgomery Bus Boycott in 1955 through the Selma March a decade later, Martin had been at the heart of the struggle to desegregate American society. He successfully led the battle for the landmark passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Equally importantly, he had become the political conscious for millions of Americans, who were committed to the realization of social reforms which would eliminate the second class status of Negroes. But the political climate changed, with the stunning Republican Congressional victories in November, 1966, and the steep military escalation of the Johnson administration in Vietnam. Urban racial uprisings from Watts to Detroit marked a new degree of impatience and dissatisfaction with the modest pace of liberal programs. Martin was forced to rethink his whole approach to politics, and was challenged to reexamine his basic assumptions about strategies for social change.

During the staff meeting of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in late August, 1967, Martin systematically linked the crisis of Vietnam with the necessity to reorder national priorities. According to historian Vincent Harding, Martin had come to the conclusion that "Negroes must therefore not only formulate a program; they must fashion new tactics which do not count of government goodwill but serve, instead, to compel unwilling authorities to yield to the mandates of justice." Martin now understood the structural limits of liberal reform, even in the context of political democracy. What was necessary was to connect the struggle for civil rights with the democratic restructuring of America's economic system. "The dispossessed of this nation—the poor, both white and Negro—live in a cruelly unjust society," Martin insisted. "They must organize a revolution against that injustice, not against the lives of the persons who are their fellow citizens, but against the structures through which the society is refusing to...lift the load of poverty."

If there are the foundations of a social theory which can provide real leadership for African Americans, they begin by taking theoretically and conceptually what is common to both Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr. By learning from their examples, we may begin to challenge ourselves toward new models of leadership for black freedom.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Director, Institute for Research in African-American studies, Columbia University, New York. "Along The Color Line" is featured in over 275 publications and is broadcast by 80 radio stations across the U.S. and internationally.

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The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean...they cannot move you, man, no one tries...no one knows a mind as expansive as mine (nor an ego as deserving.) It is from this vantage I give you

OCEANSIZE

Dear Oceansize,

I have no sense of humor and no ability to discern satire. Also my social life is doo-doo. It doesn't help that I'm Republican. What can I do?

-Dan Shaloser

Dear Loser,

You have taken the first step, which is very important, to realize you are a dork. Now you have two things in your favor, one you obviously read the Press, that will help you 'get' satire. The other thing you have going for you is the fact that you aren't a Democrat. Recently being a Republican was bad, true enough, but now that Republicans make the rules they will look favorably down on you and your sorry existence. Uncle Newt is good to those who stuck it out this past 40 years. Things are looking up for you. To help you in your endeavors I will adjust your tidal gravity so do not be alarmed if your toilet water begins to drain the wrong way.

Dear Oceanbaby,

At what point do you become a 'slut'? Is there a number of guys you have to sleep with in a certain period of time, like a guy a week for two months, or is it more of after you have slept with 10 guys, in no matter what time period, that you become a 'slut.' This is really getting to me because I have slept with 11 guys in my life, but 9 of them within

the last 18 months. Am I a slut?

-Just Wonderin'

Dear Wonderin',

Yup. Have you considered that being a slut is not all that bad? Being a slut is a great way to gain popularity, friends and be the object of jealousy all rolled into one title. If you engage in multi-partner sex you are probably towards the bad connotation of the word slut, but even then only because you may become a Typhoid Mary of AIDS and you know how uptight we all are about that. The Hoyle Guide To Slutism states clearly that the ways you know you are a slut are as follows: Performing fellatio while being anally penetrated (Do Not Pass Go, Do Not Collect \$200, Go Directly To Slut), Have sex three times in one day with three different people, be a woman who is sexually active, cheat on me.

Dear Oceansize,

I seek immorality and the ability to control my entire body. I am certain that I could do a better job than my central nervous system.

-Disestablishmentarist

Dear...Hi,

Distrusting big government, beu-racracies, and administrative processes is one thing but the inability to trust your own central

nervous system is wholly another!

Your central nervous system tells you when to defecate, get a beer, turn the channel, pet the cat, recline the chair, turn on the windshield wipers, brake, kiss, stroke the thigh, shoot the puck, and countless other bodily functions. Your central nervous system is controlled by the granddaddy of all computers, the brain. In modern techno terms a brain is the equivalent of an Intel Pentium running at 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Mhz (or a PowerBook by Apple).

Just look at your hand move sometime. Imagine all the commands necessary to move your hand! Imagine all the parameters involved in not crushing everything you pick up. Imagine there's no Heaven, it's easy if you try.... Think of how complicated the eye is. Hearing, understanding, there's a lot of number crunching right there.

I do not think it prudent for me to tell you the secret to total body control, but this is an advice column and I give advice. So here goes, circular breathing and bran.

All Letters should be sent to:

Oceansize

The Stony Brook Press
Room 060 Student Union
or e-mailed to

Oceansize

SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

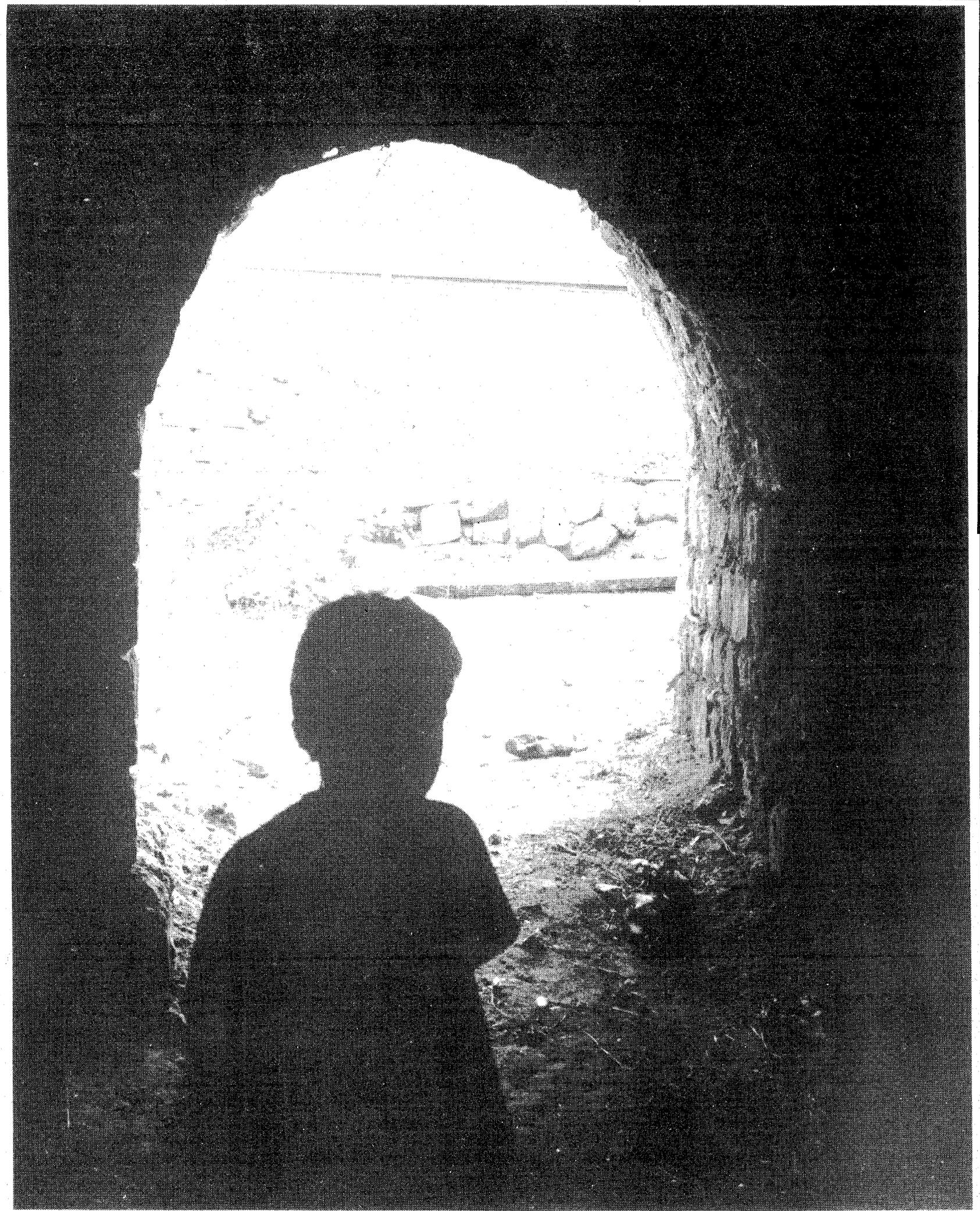
Due to a freak of nature, the editor lost his voice this weekend, so he could not yell at the other staff members. So instead we devised a code for him to sign to show his displeasure. Please feel free to use these numbers where ever you go.

Official Press Editor Stock Comments

10. I really don't care, you're an idiot
9. Hello (fill in your name)
8. I have no fuckin' clue
7. Please do that [very rarely used]
6. Fuck you Bruce
5. Bite me
4. I don't know [used often]
3. Stop hogging the damn computer
2. Shut up
1. Go pound salt up your ass

Hand written submissions will be forced down the throats of milk-fed veal cows, which will then be slaughtered for your convenience, then served in the Roth Quad dining room at outrageous prices.

*The 1995 Spring
Literary Supplement*



M A I N T E N A N C E M A N

by Alex Weiner

Cleanse, tone, and moisturize — you'd think simple skin care would be easier to keep up. But what with opening the shop, surveying the day's repairs, calling people in to fetch their cars, and then really the rest of the day unfolding in the bay between the tools and the tuneups and the worried faces, the hours amble. Once is better than nothing; into the garage bathroom you go. First, since you're what the woman at the makeover counter calls "t-zone oily" — a sheen high on the cheeks and above the eyes — it's a gentle, rich-foaming, oil-free gel cleanser freeing the skin to breathe. People don't realize the filmy build-up from the oil fumes. Then a natural mineral astringent with alum, a pH balanced toner to close the pores and purify the complexion. The main event is the infusion of moisture into the skin, the words on the label nuzzling the contents, the fluoride hydratant non gras, leaving your skin puffed and healthy; no runs, no creases, no errors.

At two-thirty today, Friday, the fat chef from the inn across the river brings his Lincoln for a look at the heater. He's on his way to Stowe, two hours' drive, to meet his dairy salesman and ski badly. You raise the Lincoln on the lift to inspect the heater hose, where the problem probably lies. A cushy, immense ride, Lincolns are generally solid automobiles, loved by those addicted to comfort, but remain vehicles striding a set of Achilles heels: substandard rubber and feverish running temperatures. An engine thermostat sleeps late on a cold-hearted Vermont morning, and the hoses have a tendency to boil themselves, dishing up an aneurysm.

Once again, you're right. The recirculating hose is distended and spewing greeny antifreeze; sweet smoke rises from the manifold. Road crud coats the underside of the engine. The salt spray has rotted the CV boots and the tie-rod ends. Lovely. This car hasn't had an underside wash in years, most likely since Chunky Boy made the purchase. Quite the neglected mess; a rotting two-ton sofa. You picture a commercial from fifteen years back, one with ex-test pilot Chuck Yeager hawking for Firestone. Chuck repeats your favorite maintenance mantra, solemnly intoning that if you "Wait for trouble... you've got it."

Off the lift, on a hunch, you check the oil. The dipstick confirms it: what little is left is sludge. The air filter is like a chocolate bundt cake. Dear ol' Chuck. He'd have loved this display. The Lincoln has maybe five hundred miles in it before breakdown. A look in the interior reveals wine bottles and hurricanes of takeout debris. The leather seats are cracked and brittle.

The chef scratches his crotch in your office. He turns to hear the verdict as you open the door.

"She blew her heater hose. I can get to it in about an hour, from now. Be about forty bucks, plus parts, total near sixty," you say. The veins in your neck tighten. What does he give a shit? "You can pick it up before closing. That's at six."

The wind is taken from the chef's sails. He pictured himself quaffing rum drinks by six o'clock, at the base lodge, running a robust tab on his dairy rep's Visa. This mechanic with the ethereal, glowing complexion stood directly in fun's path.

The chef inspects his pink palms. "Howzabout I toss in an extra fifty bucks and you have it ready by four — plus lunch on the inn next week, whenever you want. I'm cooking pesto

fusilli on Thursday. Local basil and all. Say I put your name on a plate?"

"Nah, well, you know... pesto makes me break out faster'n anything. Except the triple chocolate tort you serve over there. That's pretty much hives on a plate," you say.

"I kinda had plans for the weekend."

"Yeah. Make it a hundred and you're on your way in a half hour."

The chef considers. A hundred dollars probably buys enough cord wood to heat this kook's shack till June. He should've offered that much to begin with. "Done," he says.

"There's a couple other things wrong, though. With that model tranny, I'd recommend fresh clutch plates, springs. The suspension looks rusted through. I'd like to check that out. Your front wheel bearings could stand repacking. You definitely need an oil change, plus new filters and fluids. And a coolant flush isn't a bad idea." This guy could stand a flushing, too, you imagine.

"I need all that right now?"

"Ain't the safest thing afloat."

"Yeah, well... if you could fix the heater I'll come back for that stuff next week. Promise. It's just, ah... I'm trying to get to the mountains straightaway."

You stare. "You are in the mountains."

"Upstate. Skiing mountains."

You recall your plans to cross-country ski — locally — over the weekend. The stir of litter in the parking lot says the weather is turning. You make a mental note to bring a vial of Double Performance Anti-Wrinkle and Firmness Treatment along.

When he leaves, you drive to the supermarket. You buy a few bananas, oranges, grapes, and a kiwi fruit. This is expensive; it's winter and fruit in wintertime New England is not cheap. You also buy a styrofoam platter of veal chops. On the way back you stop for mint and cider at the farmer's co-op.

Back in the garage, working on the sedan, you remove the radiator cap and start the car. You let it idle for ten minutes to bring it to operating temperature, in the meantime unpacking the groceries and tossing the veal in a pan with olive oil and the mint. The pan goes over a welding rig doubling as a stove in the office. Then you shut the engine and use needlenose pliers to loosen the petcock at the bottom of the radiator. You loosen it the rest of the way by hand and the antifreeze drains out, nearly scalding you. You run a few gallons of water through for a healthy purge, watching the water run from rust to clear. After retightening the petcock, you make an attractive fruit compote with the bananas, oranges, and the rest of the fruit, slicing the kiwi thinly.

You fill the radiator with half the fruit compote and top it off with cider. Then you pull the caps off the battery and siphon away all the acid, replacing it with the rest of the fruit. The veal smell from the office wafts in. Wiping your hands, you pull the meat from the pan and place it on a genuine artificial bone china plate you got from your sister-in-law in Albany. You eat two of the three chops with your fingers, and take the remaining one back into the garage. The hood is still up, and you rub the alternator and fan belts with the veal until

they shine, greasing them up slick.

Maintenance: service, repair, sustenance; without it every person and machine sooner or later collapses and dies. People don't get the message, neglecting basic upkeep until some straining part just can't hack it any more and gives up. Could be a heater hose or your descending aorta. Then they go out and waste money on a whole new whatever it is, if it isn't too late. And it takes so little to keep things running tip-top, only a little time and attention. Anyway. Exfoliating takes longer than you expected that night, your weekly upkeep session, scrubbing the dead skin cells from your features with Triple-Action Formula to instantly refine your skin texture for a fresh, new radiance — without irritation. It's after nine p.m. when you ease your tow truck onto the highway, headed north for Stowe. You take I-89 past Quechee Gorge, past Randolph, and Barre, past the capitol in Montpelier, the state house barely larger than the Hospital in Norwich. But it looks much better.

You visualize the cooling system of the chef's Lincoln slowly losing the ability to keep the engine from overheating. The grease on the belts will cause them to slip with impotence, the alternator stymied from its mission of replenishing the battery. The lights and heater and whatever else the chef is running will leech all the juice. Seven miles after the turnoff onto Route 100, a tight and lonely two-laner, you spot it on the shoulder.

The fat chef's Lincoln has its hazard lights barely blinking, the few electrons left cruising the circuits lamely. Steam cascades from the hood. The chef springs out of the driver's seat when you pull up behind and set the brake.

What are you doing all the way up here, he asks, seeing you. I'm glad somebody made it, the crabs on. I was starting to freeze to death; damn stateys better be enjoying their donuts; oughta be a law says they patrol these back roads.

You shut off your headlights and get the crowbar from the long toolbox in back. You ever hear of Chuck Yeager, you inquire, as you stand outside your body and watch the first swing, an assured, complete arc, a ballplayer going for the fence, a fisherman hurling out his nets.

The crowbar catches the chef flush on the hip, snapping the pelvic bone and dropping him headlong into the ditch. The crowbar vibrates in your hands like a divining rod. Your second, third and forth blows effectively turn his spine into a crunchy but unstable walking surface. Curiously, the chef makes little sound, save for a steady, phlegmy sighing. It takes five minutes of holding his head under the snow to stop his breathing.

Back in your truck, you consider — then discard — the idea of a mud pack for later that night. A full facial after the earlier exfoliant scrub would be redundant, after all. There're only so many impurities to shed. Plus home is a good distance down the road. Your eyes feel particularly tired. You know the skin surrounding them is only a third as thick as on the rest of your face, so you open the glovebox to find a tube of Vivifiance, a hydrating gel that eases fine dry lines and — if applied daily — maintains complete moisture balance

D:XII

in the middle of a dormroom
snowcone fight
herrobe becomes
slightly undone
releasing partofher
as a target for
the icydelight

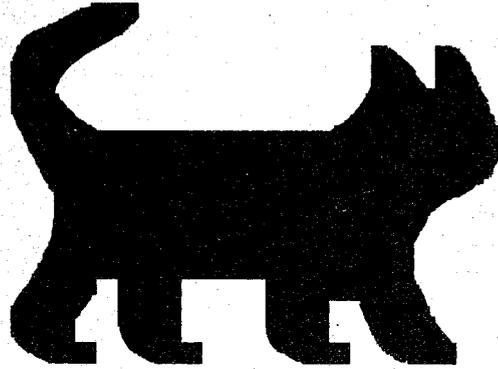
shcomes to me
and i clean
the stickygrape
juice from herbody

20 hours later
her father interrupts
and gives me a
sternlecture on
libido valor
& shavingtips

as he tortures me
w/ his words
i can only think
of his daughter
fresh from a shower
smilin - just out of his sight -
as shesees me feign
interest in his words

shewants to tease me
but sheknows how easy
it would be
for me to explode
and trample over him
& into her
so shewaits for her
fathers
meetthenewboyfriendspeech
to end
so we can begin again

- ted swedalla



Irresistible

When I slept with you,
I slept with millions:
a world of
exploding orgasms
and organisms;
caught
in a web,
surrounded
by empty shells
of men & women
wrapped like larvae,
entombed in their
positions of ecstasy.

-Vic Alfieri



His face is encrusted with dirt, his white
Hair is unkempt. he shuffles down the street
Carrying one old suitcase and his plight.
He has nowhere to go, no one to meet.

After 25 years, the company
Folded; just in time to take his pension.
the house that belonged to his family
For decades received little attention

From the highway planning board. Stripped of all,
but his pride, he walks through the playground where
His grandchildren play. They laugh, jeer and call
Him names. They don't recognize him this year.

-Deborah Hauser



In Memory of a Friend Not Yet Dead
by Anastacia Serro-Boim

I was recovering from a set when the thought really crossed my mind. A fifty set of crunches that is. My blood was pumping through my veins and I just thought how easy it would be. I just kept saying, "It's so easy." The blood would be messy but my arms, burning eager, were almost asking, begging for a blade to slice my wrist. "It's so easy."

"Easy." But I decided not to. Too many things to do, people to be with, and petty crimes to commit. I wouldn't be able to just lay there while my so-called beloved's cried.

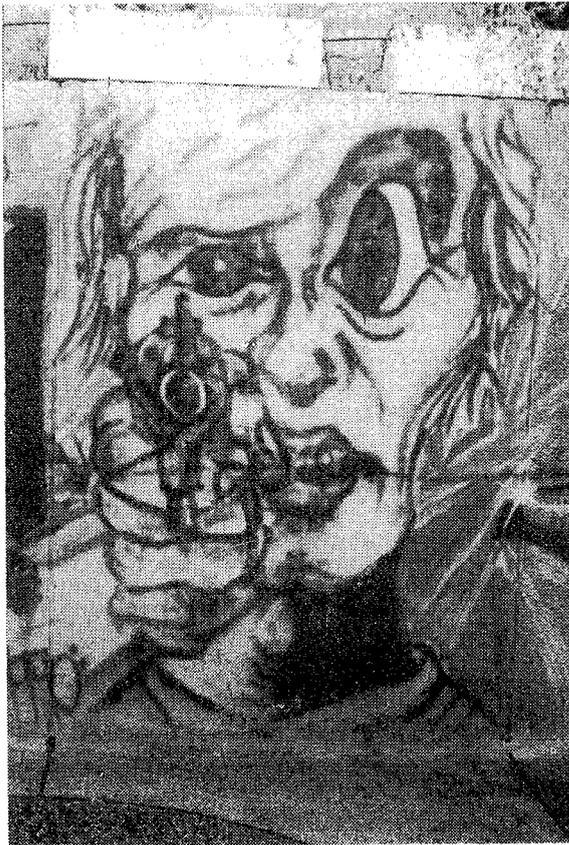
I met someone a few years ago. a really great guy. A poet with so much love that I couldn't help but reciprocate it. We spent some "quality" time together. You know how it goes. I showed him the sights of the city and he showed me his poetry.

We talked about all those things that newly acquired friendships permit. Then suicide came up. I told him that I'd do it painlessly but since someone is always going to get hurt I'd never do it.

That conversation was before my crunches, at least the set that I mentioned before.

It's been some several weeks now. I visited him in the hospital today. He didn't, couldn't talk. They said he'd be like that for a while.

"It's so easy" that I couldn't believe he hadn't done it right. I finished it for him. There, in that hospital room with the window open wide open to let the fresh breeze of the hot and molten summer in, I finished it.



I imagined the blood would have wanted to come out more than it did. I watched. I wanted to say good-bye, painless and easy for him.

Watching, I remembered something about him. A story he'd told me about his past slipped into one of our beginner conversations that was then elaborated on but never further discussed.

He'd gone home and parked the car in the garage. Locked all the doors, left the motor running so the fumes could fill the room, and sat waiting. It made no difference to him then; he was willing with any choice made for him.

His brother came home and found him unconscious. They went to the hospital and then, for the first of many times, to counseling. That was four years ago. He'd since left his family and we, well we were just beginner friends anyway.

Censor

Get off. It's done.
The body's hung.
Lunge
without delay
to that frozen vindicated place
of judgmental retaliation.
Whose sin is sung?

Sexless nothing is.
And you cannot bear it.
You see cracks everywhere.
Your dreams float in the fluids of life
yet you demand aridity.
With every breath you suck,
then shiver at your own
organic devilry.

(curse) It's done again.
Lunge
to stop the next
peace of honest oblivion, to kill
what you want.

-Pamela Sienna, MFA '95

I woke up in front of the TV
Again.
In the hazy twilight of morning,
For a moment,
I forgot
That everything had changed.

Reality, bright and harsh,
Streamed through my window
Shining on the ruins of my life.

It was time to wake up;
Stop hoping
You would come back;
Stop believing
If you did,
Everything would be okay.

Put on my armor,
Trudged through another day
Searching for a reason
Why..
Fleeting moments of laughter only
Sharpened my pain..

Charade's over.
At home, I curl up
In front of the TV
Again.
Hug the pillow,
Remember when
It was you.

-Deborah Hauser

A m e r i c a

Thoughts of you America, hope for our nation, stickball in the noon-day sun, cats, bats, mothers nervous behind living room windows peering out onto torrid streets of eternity

Men with briefcases and women too, rushing towards monotony with necktie bleary eyed hysteria

We can have sunny afternoons as children hold balloons in bunches with lunches in brown paper bags

Picnics in the park, movies in the dark, patriotism, nostalgia, mindless praise for the old days

Shoplifters, punks, hunks, porno theaters and evangelists preaching against the former delight

Presidents with hangovers, University kids, beer pseudo-alcoholics. real junkies and sex freaks who run the local church functions

High school kids making out or necking or whatever they call it these days in vacant playgrounds but it is too dark and something gets stuck

A windy day, a dog barks, a football flies by a withered flag at half mast, bombs, rakes and leaves us at dusk

Summer heat, a basketball hits a rusty ravaged rim the city crying, its streets dry and oozing, charmed furrows broken within the mind now only cement and lament and wishes

Oh, and farms and farmers and their young daughters pretty frolicking in their Sunday best, starving at the Monday morning breakfast table

Citizens upset because they were robbed by sexism while looking for humanism who was forced out of town

Melting pots churning on the hot stove, I mean microwave melting and burning a hole in our daily routine

Radiation, eradication, brothers and sisters at each other's throats beating each other down in the dirt beguiling

The welfare state, abandoned babies, shanty towns, beguiling bus, hobos, winos, and housewives drowsy in vacant volume routines hiding in the pantry

Crack, smack, beach balls, babes, baseball and barbells, all the superficial addictions which gets us through the day

Flowers, birds, mountains, lakes and forests, all and everything which is beautiful under the moonlight

Aspiring mobsters killing only to be killed, thrilled neatly, escaping for now, terrified multiplied and running towards neglect

All for the sake of respect, mountain bikes, sneakers, baseball caps, and the stock market anything, squalid, ignored and lied to all in the name of progress senseless solitude listless bored...

Sickness, blackness, that's it, madness, rise up and expose this, why are we nameless, who is in charge?

Little tiny dolls and candy canes, big vicious monsters inducing pains, dark snowy evenings and midnight trains, blowing in the north between us

II

What has become of you America? Suffering naked, exposed under blue skies

Crime filled androgynous master suspended between two oceans floating in tired limbo waiting for a saintly sign

Waiting for mystery, severed from history, built for eternity, running out of fuel and starving like a fuzzy headed savior borne into morning

Waiting for you America, stringent autonomous creature sick with debt and dead set on the verge of implosion

What gave you the notion? Did you think you could keep us apart, oppressed, regressed, retreating into cold places and searching blindly for the answers which are dancing all around us?

Land of the free, land of the sad, mad indignant, repugnant spitting towards the sky and crying

Land of the lost, looking among dead skin and bones and eviction notices floating down the plastic river towards polluted waters spoiling

What has become of your children? lost souls looking for sanctity in a matchbox, in the treetops, in a bottle, purged full throttle head long into absurdity

Servile victims arduous sick and groping through the streets for revelations in the tyrannical gun smoke of fright

Hoping if only once to touch your oceans rolling, sleeping waking and toiling, growing weary and slipping, failing safely into the haggard jaws of the American night.

-Michael Oliva

Cry Shallow

Cry shallow.
Cry foul.

A man of silences chatters,
"It is a refuge from my crime."

Beat up
on

Cry foul
a jealous dog
a bone to pick

Shallow graves
Shallow waters
Shallow minds

inflated by power.
Come from manipulation
and no core

Beat up on this dome
Dong deep drum
Dug of/in depression

Hole in the ground.
Cry rising from earth dung.

Unheard at the surface
called the reality, the powers

muffled; silenced. Blank stare.
Teeth bare
and chatter
"Foul."

-Pamela Sienna, MFA '95

Mimbo

He waits at her side
like a dog waiting
for scraps
under the kitchen table.
He bounces on his toes,
looking for any left
over
piece
of attention.
He only speaks when
spoken to,
but never mind in full sentences
and he can smile on command.
When fully trained,
he'll actually be left off
the leash
to get her a drink.

-Vic Alfieri

Untitled

On walking I am reminded
Of wars I've fought
On two-hundred feet of ice
Over a decade that's seem me grow
Into a mature and aching male.
What a shot I had in my day
Baffling goalies with a blast
But spraining both wrists has assured me
That good things aren't meant to last
My stride was fluid after years of work
Not fast, but smooth as a wall
Severe pounding on me knees has rendered me with
Barely able to walk at all.
Then there is my cranky back
Its pops bring grimaces to my face
Beatings for screening the other team's goalie
Makes it hard to get my spine in place.
I haven't eaten an apple or an ear of corn
Because my two front teeth are fake
It was from the stick that connected with my mouth
I guess something had to break.
And so time passes and I'm out of bed
Stretching my legs, ready to face the day
It's a good thing I never played pro hockey
For I wouldn't have lasted long anyway.

-Louis Megna

What If?

What if the world stopped?
And I was to disappear.
Never to have been in your life.
Never to have passed
through your arms late at night.

What if our midnights were gone?
Our time together sacrificed.
Would I still be in your life?
Would I ever get to be your wife?

What if our names were gone?
Our faces, our bodies different?
And we were to meet one day.
Would it all be the same?
Would our romance stay?

What if the moon was made of cheese?
And all time was stopped?
Would the beach we shared still be ours?
Would the bed we shared remember our hours?
And would the sands erode with the tides patience hold?
Would I ever repeat what I was told?

And so my love,
What if our lives don't come out how we imagined?
And the night just couldn't hold our passion?
Would the song still sound the same,
or would we simply forget its name?

-Katherine Zafiris

The Adventures OF Z-Man

by Tim Comerford

ANNOUNCER: Hello compatriots! welcome once again to the adventures of Z-man. Rusty Nicholas an aspiring post office mailman found the magical bomber jacket that transformed him into Z-man. Z-man, the defender of the United States against the terrible Nazi regime. So join us once more for the action packed episodes of Z-man.

(Quickly) Brought to you by K brand products, the fling with a zing!

(Whispered) When we last left Z-man he, as Rusty Nicholas with his fiancée Linda Clark was trapped in castle Bergstagg by the evil Colonel Stien.

STIEN: Vell, mine fruende. It zeems zat it is to be torture for du.

RUSTY: Torture, huh? Well I can handle that.

STIEN: Gute. I would hate to sink you would not pe enchoying yourselv. But vor now. I vill haf my men escort du to one of our finest "Rooms". (He claps his hands and boots are heard). Unt zo you don't veel too uncomfortable your girlfreund vil haf an achoyning cell!

LINDA: Oh, Rusty, what are we going to do?!

RUSTY: You dirty, kraut bastard. You can't do this to us.

STIEN: Oh, but I can my boy, I can. Men take zem to ze dunchon. Unt no monopoly, or bret unt vater. Unt if zey mess ze floor make zem clean it oop. (Laughs maniacally)

(Sounds of boots walking down a corridor)

LINDA: Oh, Rusty, how will we get out of here?

RUSTY: Linda, we'll find a way. (Thinks) If only I could get to my bomber jacket... if I was Z-man these nazis would be no problem.

(Sound of a door hinge creaking)

GUARD 1: Americanishen "Rusty", Macht schnell!

RUSTY: Don't worry Linda, I'll get us out of this!

LINDA: Oh, Rusty!

(Sound of Rusty being thrown in a cell)

RUSTY: What do I do now? (Thinks) I have to get my bomber jacket. If I can get the guards' attention... (Yells) HEY Klause, German boy!

GUARD 2: Ya, vas ist das?

RUSTY: My... my stomach. Oh!!! Bad sauerbraten! Ohhhh!

GUARD 2: Ya, zo?

RUSTY: Colonel Stien... wants me... in good health... when he tortures me.

GUARD 2: Ya.

(Sound of door opening)

RUSTY: Aha! (Punching sound) Ow! My nose! Fell for it, them krauts always do. Hey! What's this? A luger, my day is looking up. Now all I have to do is take his uniform and find my bomber jacket.

ANNOUNCER: Parents, are your children too active, can't get them to stand still? Well, no longer. Try new Fudgie-Lax.

MOM: Timmy, Timmy! Here have a brownie, I just made them. (Thinks) Little does Timmy know, I put a special ingredient in.

TIMMY: Thanks, Mom!

ANNOUNCER: One hour later.

(Knocking sound)

MOM: Timmy you still in there?

TIMMY: I can't stop going mom.

MOM: Now I know where Timmy is all the time, thank you Fudgie-Lax!

CHORUS: MAKE EM GO NOW SO YOU CAN RELAX, FUDGIE-LAX!!

ANNOUNCER: From K brand products.

ANNOUNCER: Loyal Americans, remember that in these times of peace that you must be most aware of the threat of communism. Remember a commie could be under your house, looking in your keyhole, or hiding under your bed. He may be with your wife or your dog. They could be anywhere. So next time you go out bring your I AM A U.S. PATRIOT CARD with you. With that, no commie will dare bother you. The cost is only \$2.50 so send it now to: The Department of Internal External Affairs; A231; Washington, D.C., Nevada. Thank you.

ANNOUNCER: And now we return to Z-man.

Guard 3: Vie geht, es dir?

RUSTY: Ya.

GUARD 3: Vas?

RUSTY: Ya!

GUARD 3: Acht! Americanishen, Rusty!

RUSTY: Oh, that's it. Have a taste of the lead white and blue, kraut!

(Sound of gun shooting)

GUARD 3: Aacht!

RUSTY: Now lets see where this door takes me. (Squeal of hinge) Hey! a storage room. Wait! There's my bomber jacket!

ANNOUNCER: As Rusty dons his bomber jacket a miraculous change comes over him. He is no longer Rusty Nicholas, But Z-man defender of U.S. morals.

RUSTY:(Thinks) First rescue Linda. Then I'll take care of Colonel Stien.

ANNOUNCER: With a burst of speed Rusty flashes down the corridor into the dungeon.

(Sound of metal ripping)

LINDA: Oh! Why it's Z-man! The super hero who always comes to my rescue, who looks amazingly like Rusty, But I digress. (Tittering laugh)

RUSTY: Yes, I have come to save you!

LINDA: OH, thank you, Z-man.

STIEN: Hold it, just a minute zere Z-man.

RUSTY AND LINDA: Colonel Stien!!

STIEN: Yes. You expected maybe, ze fuhrrer? I make funny, you no laugh? Ah, well it zeems I am to be well rewarded. I have captured Z-man even if Rusty Nicholas has escaped.

RUSTY: Ha! You can't hurt me with that submachine-gun you have there.

STIEN: No maybe I can't but I can use it on her!

LINDA (SCREAMS)

RUSTY: Let her go you despicable nazi!

STIEN: Now you Z-man must lick my boots.(Laughs)

ANNOUNCER: Here ends this weeks' episode of the adventures of Z-man. Tune in next week when Z-man defeats Colonel Stien, Escapes from Castle Bergstagg, and goes to fight the nazis in Jamaica.

ANNOUNCER: This weeks episode in the adventures Z-MAN, he tries to fight Colonel Stien Jr., and the all mighty Colonel Stien as the two double up to capture Z-MAN, and locate all his Nazi followers and to unite and land in Jamaica.

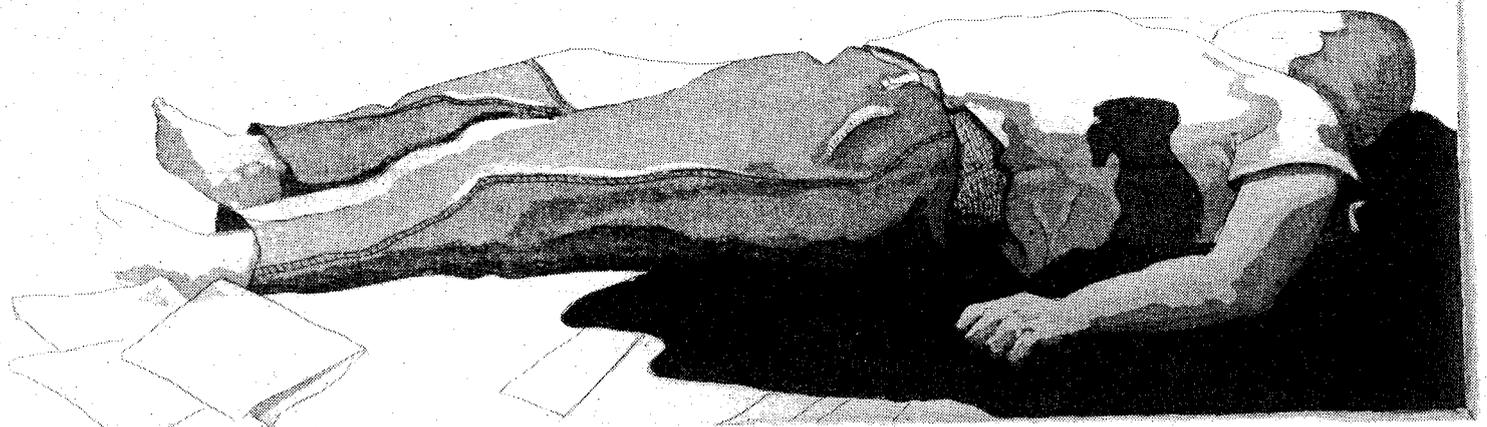
Radio: ATTENTION, THERE HAS BEEN AN JAIL BREAK IN CASTLE BERGSTAGG!!!! BE VERY CAREFUL IN ANY ATTEMPTS TO GO OUTSIDE. GOING ANYPLACE ANY TIME SOON IS NOT RECOMMENDED!!!! Now back to your regularly scheduled program.

RUSTY: This is just great just when we thought we put away that stupid kraut !@#%&^ he escapes from a maximum security prison that we all thought, and hoped that it would hold him!

LINDA: Rusty there is a call on the inter-com for you, you better come and get it.

RUSTY: Who is it, I can't even sit down and watch the telecom for a few minutes without one interruption after an other!! I think—

LINDA: Just shut up and pick up the phone, the person won't tell me who it is, but I'll give you one hint: he has a German accent.



SEARCHING FOR THE BEST ERASER
 THE CENSOR NEXT TRIES USING BLOOD
 TO DAM THOSE THINGS HE CANNOT FACE
 GROWN FROM A TRICKLE TO A FLOOD

Jeremy's Window

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "but I'm afraid there is some bad news."

The doctor explained to Helen that her baby was born autistic. He went on to explain the severity of Jeremy's autism.

"We do not fully understand autistic people even today," said the doctor. "Today's science believes that Jeremy will function normally, however, he will not be able to communicate his thoughts."

"His body will battle his mind?" Helen asked.

"Not only his body, but his heart as well," said the doctor.

As time would pass, Jeremy would also find this to be true. Every word he tries to speak, every action his body would make, would be like vines in a forest.

"Jeremy, Jeremy, wake up, it's time to start your day," called Helen.

Jeremy had been awake for hours, only his body and mother didn't know it. Jeremy's mother lifted her son from his bed to his wheelchair. When Jeremy's body had woken, it pushed him to his window. It was 8:00am and time for Jeremy's daily lesson. Throughout the morning, Jeremy's mother read to him as she had always done. First she would read Shakespeare for English, civil war for History and finish up with Math. All the while Jeremy was at his window. By noon Helen had finished the day's lesson and went to prepare lunch. Jeremy would be alone with his thoughts once again.

As the morning's lessons went through his mind, he saw a large bird hovering in the meadow behind his window. He knew this bird from the pictures his mother had shown him.

"A falcon, it must be a falcon," he thought.

The falcon soared high above searching for food. Jeremy watched as the falcon descended to catch a chipmunk, but the falcon would fail on his first attempt. Once again the bird would hover waiting for the right moment. Suddenly, the falcon descended, this time chasing a mourning

dove. The dove would swerve and flutter to escape, but capture was imminent. Jeremy watched as the falcon picked the feathers from its lunch.

Soon an hour would pass and the falcon was picking at the gizzards of the dove. Jeremy was fixated on the bird eating its prey. The bird, however, was not fixated on his meal, for the falcon knew he was not alone. In the treetops above, crows had also been watching the falcon. Just as the falcon began eating the meat of the dove, the crows descended on him. Scavengers at heart, three large black crows attacked the falcon for his food. A fierce battle would rage over the dove's body, until the falcon flew away with only the dove's head to show for his work. As Jeremy watched the crows pick away, he felt pain, yet elation. The powerful falcon hadn't lost, for he had eaten and flown away.

The day's events gnawed at Jeremy's mind. Pain was all that he could feel being trapped inside his twisted body. His pain would grow to anger, his anger to a silent rage. He grabbed the wheels of his chair and smashed the chair against the window. He backed the chair up to his bed and with all the strength he had, again drove toward the window.

"Well at least it's a beautiful day," said the doctor.

"Yes, Jeremy would have liked today," Helen replied.

The priest began his sermon over Jeremy's casket. Friends and relatives tried to comfort Helen that Jeremy 'was in a better place.' The did little to comfort Helen who believed there was somebody inside. The priest finished, the last tears were shed, and the people departed. After all had left, Helen said her final goodbyes with prayer. As Helen walked to the car, she was startled by noises behind her. She turned around and atop Jeremy's casket were three black crows. She hurriedly walked back to scare them away. Her walk back would stop when she saw a falcon coming from above. She did not understand why, but she felt pain as well as elation.

-William Grillo

Untitled

hello how are you today
did you know that i lust after a man
i want to love him
i want him with me now
i want to experience love with him
does that sound possible?
where is my dog!
he is late as usual
i lie in wait for him
ready and waiting
but where is he
could there be another woman
or man?
i miss MY PUPPY
where is he?
i'm waiting
what no answer
where have you been
watching football!
i'm sorry officer i didn't mean to shoot him
but he kept me waiting for dinner
he was in the living room
i was in the kitchen

CUFF THE BITCH!!!!

and that was the end of the happy house wife

-Patricia Hyland

That Little One

that little one
standing outstanding

in her painted wisdom
she wishes to come
faster than before
hoping to untangle
undercover

unrelenting
she hopes
for an armorless beast
to join her feast

again body & mind uncreased
she rejoins the parade
cutting balloon strings
to acquire better seats
until shes left
standing outstanding

-ted swedalla

Summer Rain

I stood there on the freshly mowed lawn, waiting for the rain. The air swelled with it, and the wind carried in its warm, sweet breath the promise of a gentile storm. Deep gray clouds hung low in the sky, caressing the tops of trees with their heavy touch. Still I waited. Warm, moist air filled my lungs as I breathed deeply the sweet scent of the coming rain.

Finally it came. It was not cold or stinging, nor was it fine and misty. It was heavy warm rain, the kind that won't blow sideways with the breeze. The huge drops fell on leaves and grass, on the roofs of houses and on the street. Their soft, almost gurgling sound wove a lazy melody in the air, rhythmic and soothing.

I forced myself to pull away from it all, going back into the house. Grass clippings clung to my sneakers, and water ran its smooth fingers through my hair until I was inside, out of reach. I settled into a soft chair, wrapped in a warm old quilt, and watched raindrops chase each other down my window until their gentile song lulled me to sleep.

-Karen Greenberg

The Stony Brook Press would like to thank all the people who contributed to this year's Spring Literary Supplement. Without your help, we would have printed 12 pages of nothing, so thank you again.

-The Editorial Board of The Stony Brook Press

Poem 732

still salty
w/ hair dripping foam

she leaps
from shell to shore

she cares little
about the muses

w/ a smile
that melts wax

w/ the perfection
of a white bull

w/ a body
to sink 1000 ships

id steal fire
to dive w/ you

-ted swedalla

Love

See someone passing by
Get enough courage to go and say hi
Talk for a while
Impressed by their style
And until the next day you must say goodbye
Soon after that you give them a call
Decide in your heart that in love you did fall
Ask for a date
For a quarter past eight
"I'll pick you up, and we'll go to the mall."
Awhile after that you begin to get bored
Or perhaps they have found someone else to adore
With you heart you will pay
But hey, either way
One of you gets booted out the door.
She's yelling all day about how she hates men
He says about women "To hell with them all."
Think that you're dead
Someone turns your head
And you start the damn thing all over again.

-Sheena Jade Otto

Methuselah

Time is but a strand on which
One man's life is but a spot;
To this end, will time,
(in its infinite wisdom),
Remember me? I think not.

'Tis precisely why I write
This verse. While it may be true
That I am more imbecile than intellectual,
more punk than poet,
more wanna-be than writer,
If this be man's only measure
Of gaining Methuselah's prize,
So be it! I fear not death,
But I am paralyzed by the prospect
Of obscurity.

-Scott J. Lusby

The Muted

The quiet engulfs the room.
Your eyes are darts,
Shooting at the moon.
I lay upon the floor
my body torn apart.

If you should love me,
love me full.
If you should hate me,
it's my heart you pull.

Rob me
with no strings
tie me,
but let me go.

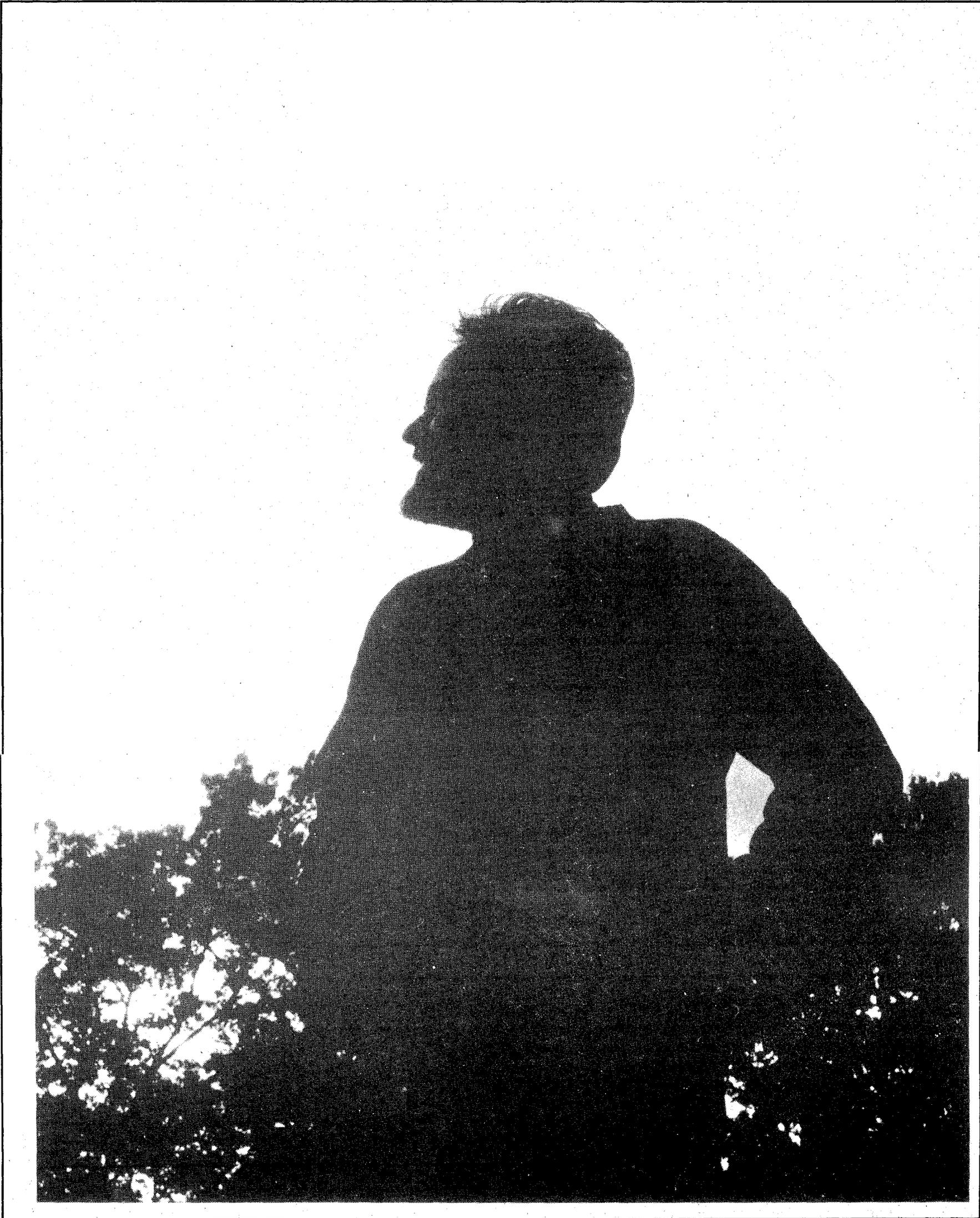
These thoughts of Venus
I do not know.

I come to you
naked and free.
Our love is hidden
in places
buried way down
too deep to see.

No words between us
need ever be said.
No promises between us
need ever be met.

Through our actions
our hearts are fed.
Through our reactions
our minds are led.

-Katherine Zafiris



All photos by Garrison Hoffman

His bones were breaking-again. More or less, he was falling apart at the seams. What was once the epitome of a strapping young man, is now what I have lying in front of me on our bed. It saddens me to look through old photo albums. So I hid them one night when I was drunk, and have not been able to locate them since. I truthfully must say that I have not looked long and hard for them. I'd rather remember him, as when we first met. Tragedy comes in many forms, and this particular face has visited many of our friends' homes.

At first, I found a Bible. I know that I didn't buy one, does anyone ever buy a Bible? I find it funny, the things that I know and do not know. I believe that he is getting better, I do. But, I then realized that God, Jesus or any of the people in that place of literature could not help my present situation. I do not believe in God. I know that if Jesus himself were here today, he'd accept me- us as normal human beings. It's not all true what some may say, or believe. Many, many people are not what they are corralled into, and direction of the soul is the same no matter who you are.

It's gotten to the point that I cannot tolerate to go outside. The sun which was once my companion is like an unwanted nuisance that will not leave my side. I believe that he is getting better, I really do, but I cannot replace the look on his face with dreams of happiness that will go unfilled. I do leave his side though, not to eat, not to shower, not to work... to get him flowers. Everyday I buy him a dozen roses or dozen irises, sunflowers or daisies. I place them around our bed, and never remove the dying ones.

He stopped taking his medication. He says that it makes him sicker. I have not tried persuade him back on. We both know the truths about this game, but I'd still wish he'd play it. I will not take the medicine either, but I feel fine in that sense. In definition of the word fine, I would also call this dying. The virus has yet to eat me alive- no it leaves my heart to accomplish that. Each day passed has ripped the hole a little deeper, a little unreplaceable. I guess I should start buying myself flowers too, but I always forgot while I'm buying his. Besides he is getting better, I'm getting better.

I remember the time we bought all those vitamin supplements together. I really believed that those would at least keep us going longer. It seems that maybe we should have saved the money and gotten a new Bible. I don't mean to sound cynical, or that I have lost hope. Except it's hard to find points of light when everything has a haze of grey concealing it. I guess that if I were a composer, I'd be writing his requiem, our requiem. But I think he looks better today, I wish that he would comment on today's roses.

I really should call an ambulance, but he would want it this way. I'd rather have them carry us out from a bed of flowers, than a bed with slipsheets that has had uncountable passings claimed to it already, yet willing to die. Crisp memories of every detail of past occurrences refuse to lie down and rest. Those, I cannot hide like I did with the photographs. I've reached a point in life that I cannot turn away from, no books can superimpose hope.

Ninety seventy-two was the year of my birth, seventy-one was his. Not many years on this earth, some may say. In terms of aging, we surpass most forty year olds. My heart feels even older. It is important to have goals. I've been told that my whole life, although they're destructive to the soul when you know that they'll never be fulfilled.

I realized the end was near, when the October wind seared my sullen cheeks on the way to the florist. Scents of floral arrangements sung towards my fading ears, people glowed like angels awaiting monumental occurrences. Voices sang like the works of master composers, blankets of leaves covered my every step. I stopped cold, and cried for the first time in weeks. I knew that while I returned to find death, I had swum through the rivers of life.

-Peter Lifari



LEHMAN



ONE... TWO... THREE...
FOUR... FIVE... SIX...
SEVEN... EIGHT...

IT'S THE THOUGHT
THAT COUNTS.

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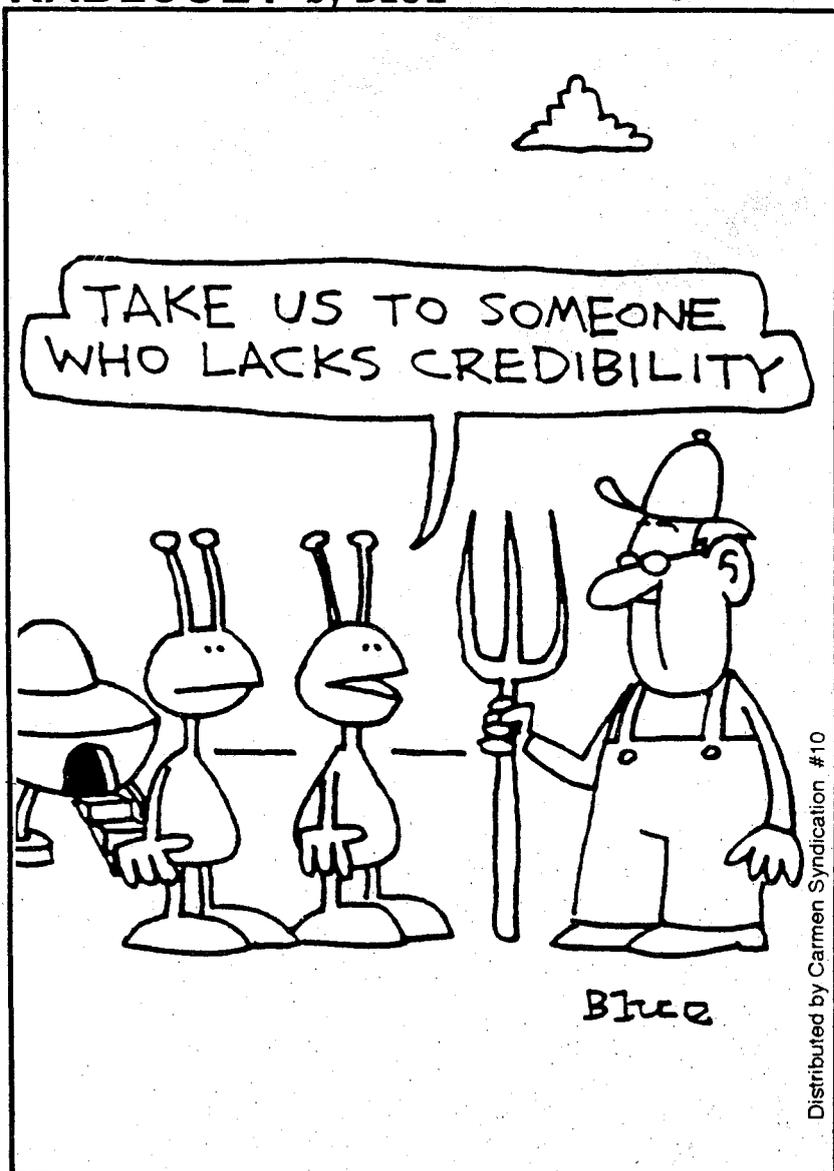
KABLOOEY by BLUE



Distributed by Carmen Syndication #18

MY FATHER HAD THE KIND OF
SENSE OF HUMOR THAT TAKES
YEARS OF THERAPY TO APPRECIATE

KABLOOEY by BLUE



Distributed by Carmen Syndication #10

WUSB 90.1 FM Spring Program Guide

Friday

Mid-3 am	Club USB Pete Kang/Tony White
3-6:30 am	Dangerous Kitchen/ Ill Sounds Joseph Evering
6:30-7 am	Pacifica News
7-9 am	Rich Koch
9-10 am	Blues With A Feeling
10-11 am	Blues from the Red Rooster
11-2 pm	Classical Music Mark Lederway/ Andy Rivera
2-2:30 pm	Taking Care of Yourself
2:30-5:30 pm	The Drive-In Scott Warmuth Steve Miller
5:30-6 pm	Pacifica News
6-7 pm	Natural Alternatives
7-9 pm	Rockin' Iration EZ Dread & Kibret Neguse
9-11:30 pm	Ed Oliveau/ Kevin Kovarik
11:30-Mid	Destinies

Club USB Dance Party- House, soul, and hip-hop mixes from New York's hottest club DJ's. Host: *Tony White*. Alternating 12-3am.

Hip-Hop Show- No one spins a beat better than Pete. Host: *Pete Kang*. Alternating 12-3am.

Ill Sounds - The best in underground hip-hop brought to you by the ILL SOUNDS crew. Host: *Joseph Evering*. Alternating 3-6:30am.

Dangerous Kitchen - Anything goes, everything from industrial, tramps, '70s disco, polka, and a whole mess of stuff that you have never heard before...and the phone lines are open. Host: *Curt Rotterdam*. Alternating 3-6:30am.

Blues With A Feeling- An hour of blues on a specific theme or topic, sometimes serious, sometimes silly, sometimes off the wall-but always the blues! Host: *Ed Davis*. 9-10 am.

Blues From the Red Rooster - Winner of the W.C. Handy Award for "Keeping the Blues Alive in Radio", this program is a humorous and entertaining hour of hard-driving, soulful rhythm and blues. 10-11am.

Kevin Kovarik - an eclectic mess...music to massage your auditory ossicles. 9-11:30pm.

Destinies - STILL the voice of Science Fiction. 11:30-Mid.

Read the Press or burn in the eternal hellfire that is a line in Admin

Mid-3 am	Joe Evangelista/ Mutant Radio Rob Rothenburg
3-6:30 am	Mr. Edison/ The Free For All
6:30-7 am	Pacifica News
7-9 am	Gordon Healey/ Bob Duffy
9-11 am	Gerry Riemer/ Jim Caligiuri
11 am-Mid	Clann na nGael
Mid-3 pm	Saturday's A Party
3-5:30 pm	Onda Nueva
5:30-7 pm	Emison Kouzin
7-10 pm	Classical Team/ Music For Modern Ears
10 pm-Mid	Psychadelicatessen

Tune in Tune out Drop out and read the Press

Saturday

Mutant Radio - A stew of noise, spontaneous mixes, 7" singles, long jazz cuts and progressive or regressive monstrosities, even more noise, exploring the cultural mutations in the peak of night. Host: *Rob Rothenburg*. Alternating 12-3am.

No Apologies - No agendas. No rules. No formats. No useless dogmas. No alternative police. No aging dopers. No time-wasting nostalgia. No time to waste at all. Just explorations of a unified field theory of pop semiotics on WUSB's longest-running overnight sensation. Host: *Mr. Edison*. Alternating 3-6:30am.

The Free for All - a late night talk program where fanatics and others can call to speak to the Big Guy...music also included, no extra charge. Alternating 3-6:30am.

Modern Ears - the former listening post for non-centralized pigeon flight patterns, recent developments in para-military sound have enabled the procurement of free forums for the bed-ridden. Also live improvisation and interviews. Host: *Gary Pecorino*. Third Saturday of the month, 7-10 pm.

Psychadelicatessen - Host: *Kevin Novotny*. 10-mid.

Mid-2 am	The Furthest Sense/ A Skin on the Wall
3-6 am	One Step Beyond
6:30-7 am	Michael Bertrand
7-9 am	Kevin Powell/Bill Darling
9-11:30 am	Charlie Backfish/ Jim Wiener
11:30 am-12:30 pm	Down Home Country
12:30-2:30 pm	Bob Longman/ The Hoedown From Hell
2:30-4:30 pm	Jazz On The Air
4:30-5:30 pm	India/Pakistan Hour
5:30-7 pm	Polka Country USA
7-8 pm	Voice of China
8-9 pm	Korean Life
9-10 pm	Stony Brook After Dark
10 pm-Mid	Sports Section

gospel, a cappella, jazz. Different, not weird. Alternating 12:30-2:30pm.

Jazz On The Air - With interviews, ticket giveaways, and best releases both old and new, our four hosts bring you the broadest spectrum of jazz music. Hosts: *Mr. Edison, Ed Oliveau, Rob Franza, Jim Wiener*. 2:30-4:30pm.

Polka Country USA - Full-tilt Polka without the funny little bubbles. Host: *Teresa Zapolska*. 5:30-7pm.

Sunday

The Furthest Sense - Pure shoegazing satisfaction. Host: *Kenyon*. Alternating 12-3am.

A Skin on the Wall - Constant inconsistencies revolving around squarely derelict service industry rest rooms. Host: *Gary Pecorino*. 3rd Sun of the month. Mid-3am.

Shades Of Blue - Blues, R&B, and early rock & roll and the their relationship in the musical cosmos. Host: *Bill Darling*. Alternating 7-9am

The Brain Sandwich - Indescribably delicious...a heapin' helpin' of wake up music and toasted humor served up hot and stupid and ready. Alternating 7-9am.

Charlie Backfish - An eclectic mix of new folk, old folk, rock, and blues. Alternating 9-11:30 am.

Down Home Country - C&W, Rockabilly, Western Swing from the '20s through the '90s, from the popular to the obscure. 11:30am-12:30pm.

Hoedown from Hell - The full spectrum of music from around the world with news and sports commentary, as needed. Host: *Ted Schreiber*. Alternating 12:30-2:30pm.

Robert Longman Songwriters, folk, soul,

Why Bother

By Sara Weiss

Are music award shows truly a farce? After witnessing last Wednesday's Grammy Awards, the answer is yes. Myself, like many other people, tuned in last night rooting for our favorites and praying Ace of Base wouldn't win. The one big similarity between the Grammys and other awards shows is that the person hosting clearly didn't have a clue. I don't what was worse; Paul Reiser's job as a host, or the fact that Megadeth lost for nearly the tenth year in a row.

The moment they started handing out the awards I was reminded of the *American Music Awards* a few months back. For those of you that don't remember, on that awards show Janet Jackson won for Best Female Rock Vocalist. Janet Jackson rock vocalist? C'mon R & B okay, pop maybe but, rock. No way. I'm not going to run down who all the winners were since it seems rather pointless.

Soundgarden won not one, but two awards. One for their "grunge ballad" *Black Hole Sun* and another for Best Metal. At least they admitted they weren't Metal and strangely enough berated the show for not giving the award to Rollins Band.

Counting Crows lost for Best New Artist but won Best Alternative on the American Music Awards. Just answer me one question. Since when were the Counting Crows ever an alternative band? Having two guitarists and a keyboard player doesn't make them alternative, it makes them Bon Jovi. I'll give the Grammys one thing; at least they knew more when it came to which artists belonged in what category than the other shows. Pearl Jam, for those of you who haven't figured it out by now, lost! And if the mighty P. J. vocalist Eddie Vedder would get out the dream world he has been living in for the past three years and made videos for some of the songs off *Vs.* maybe they would have won. As it is they were beaten by Aerosmith and the Rolling Stones.

The high light of the evening, if you could stomach all that country music, was the Rollins Band who played a great version of their song *Liar*. Of course, this part came just after the stupidest part of the evening. This occurred when the shows host Paul Reiser who, as I already mentioned clearly didn't have a clue, made a horrendous attempt at introducing the band. He began discussing the career of the band's vocalists and Best Spoken Word winner Henry Rollins. Reiser, who clearly

knew nothing about Rollins or his previous band the late great Black Flag except what was written on the cue cards in front of him, ended up making a poor allusion to the Black Flag bug spray company.

In all honesty the only reason I watched the Grammys last night was to see who they were going to screw. The answer of course was everyone deserving. My father, a real blues fanatic, screamed at the t.v. when Eric Clapton won Best Traditional Blues Album and I in turn did the same when Megadeth and Pearl Jam lost.

In this day and age with so many musicians rejecting their "star" status, award shows aren't only becoming *passe* but also ridiculous. The problem is there are still many out there who care more about what the industry has to say about them than their fans. It is because of them that these shows still exist. As far as I'm concerned they should stop giving these shows specific names and just call them The Next Music Award Show Where We Screw Everyone Deserving or simply The We Screw Everyone Music Awards. I don't know picks the winners of these shows but whoever does, I have some advice for you. Get a clue!!

K I L L E M A I I

by Doug Vescuso

Perhaps it's just me, but has anyone else noticed that the emperor's genitalia is flapping around in plain sight. Which is to say that the emperor isn't wearing any fucking clothes. What am I talking about? I'm talking about taxes and social security and baby boomers and myself and the miserable old fucks running this country screwing us, the miserable young fucks. I honestly hate taxes. I realize that taxes are a necessary evil, but social security withholdings, also known as F.I.C.A. on your pay stub, isn't necessary. What's more social security is fucking up our country and eventually will fuck up my wretched little existence. While I will spend most of my adult life paying into social security, I know that when and if I get to the ripe old age of 65 I won't see one thin fucking dime from social security. Anyone in their twenties who believes that social security will be there to take care of them in their old age is the victim of some major fucking delusions, and are destined to have wretched retirements.

Currently social security is being over funded. What that means is that for years social security, via F.I.C.A. payroll deductions, has been raking in hundreds of billions of dollars more than they were spending. This year alone the over funding was about 70 billion dollars. All of this revenue is supposed to be going into some sort of fund. This is to insure social security's solvency for when the glut of baby boomers hits retirement age. The problem is not a penny has been put aside to withstand the boomer onslaught. Our naked and fearful leaders have been spending this over funding in a vain attempt to hide the true size of the budget deficit. There's supposed to be something in the range of half a trillion dollars in this fund.

As if this wasn't bad enough the rate of growth in social security outlays is far outpacing the growth of the rest of the federal budget. Being the geek that I am, I looked at some budget figures from years past. I'll admit that I'm not very good with numbers; so I had my roommate double check my calculations. He came up with the same numbers. Unfortunately he's worse with numbers than I am. So we got drunk and ran the numbers again, and we still got the same results, which means we're probably wrong. Assuming that my calculations were correct, I came to some inescapable conclusions; first of which was that around the year 2020 the entire budget of the United States would be made up of just two things; servicing the debt and social security. Secondly social security will be as broke as I am a good two decades before I'd be eligible to receive a cent. This is sad. It doesn't make me violent though. What makes me violent is that every one of our esteemed leaders knows that this is the case, and that something must be done to address the problem now while there is still time. But instead of trying to make the difficult choices our leaders are falling over themselves trying to out do each other with promises not to lay a finger on social security.

The way I see it we have two options. One is to bring back the guillotine and lop off the heads of a few politicians. Then maybe we could get them (the survivors, not the dead ones) to make some real changes to the social security system. One change would be to stop making twenty some-things and younger pay social security withholdings. The people who don't pay into social security could then be allowed to put that money towards a private retirement fund. Even the poorest performing retirement fund has given a vastly superior return for the dollar than social security

anyway. The people who have been investing in the social security system longer would remain there and simply be on a pay as you go system instead of over funding. Eventually the government would be done with social security. The second option involves waiting until the boomers reach the age where they can receive social security and then euthanize them.

For the 53rd year in a row the staff of **The Press** has been named *Cooldest Paper on the Face of the Earth* by the majority of other papers.

You too can join **The Press** and be among the coolest people in the galaxy.

We meet every Wednesday in room 060 of the Student Union at 1:00 pm.

Be there or be square!
Dude.

I Am Not A Femi-Nazi

By Heather Rosenow

Having just recently been possessed with the desire to join the ranks of the critically acclaimed Stony Brook Press, I decided to start with a topic which rings fear into the heart of virile men and sends some women running to their boudoirs. The topic I have chosen has been somewhat overlooked in the past issues: Feminism. This word, used so often by Pat Buchanan to incite grotesque pictures of radical socialism, possesses a unique characteristic vouch saved only a few other expressions. It is a word surrounded by strong opinions, and books written by both advocates and adversaries, and has well over a century of activists behind it.

For centuries people have either written or had their opinion recorded regarding women and feminism. Through time immortal from Plato to Margaret Thatcher this has been a controversial issue. In *Hamlet* Shakespeare wrote, "Frailty thy name is women." In the *Declaration of Sentiments* (1848) Elizabeth Cady Stanton wrote, "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men and women are created equal." They held differing opinions no doubt. My curiosity this week took me to the present, not the past. I was curious to hear my contemporaries' definitions and opinions of feminism. My colleague Doug Vescuso said, "it's really very hard to define. I think that it is an attempt to redress problems in society that have existed, well, forever." I feel it necessary to address one of Doug's statements. It is a common

misconception that feminism and the issues surrounding it have only been around since the 1960's or 1970's. Henrik Ibsen wrote *A Dolls House* in 1879 and a women's right's group hailed his attention to their cause. His main character, Nora, stated that she was first and foremost an individual. The popular belief of the time was that women were first and foremost wives and mothers. The Women's Rights Convention of 1848 should also prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that this has been an issue for much longer than two decades. Now that I have finished pummeling the statement dear Doug gave me, I shall continue. Carson Nicklaus, a freshman at Siena College, stated that "A feminist is someone who believes in equal social, economic, and political rights for women. It has been around for ever. The stereotype of the femi-nazi popularized by Rush Limbaugh is just that, a stereotype. Every group has its extremists, but that should not be made to overshadow the good a group can affect. I call myself a feminist and I believe that all people deserve equal rights."

Gloria Steinem wrote, "Gender is the remaining caste system that still cuts deep enough, and spreads wide enough, to be confused with the laws of nature" in her book *Moving Beyond Words*. As I sat and read this, I realized the extent to which this is true. Case in point, (also brought up in *Moving Beyond Words*) why do we only hear of women productive to the establishment of true equality between the sexes. One problem is acknowledgment. Many people have to their own personal

conclusion that the 'war' has been won. The fact is that is you are a woman and plan on entering the work-force, obstacles still lie in your way. Statistics have shown that in an overwhelming number cases, men still receive salaries higher than women while performing the same tasks.

Unfortunately the popular conception of many is that feminists are men hating and unreasonable, results in some people scoffing at the mere word 'feminism.' This is not only insulting, but degrading as well. Where there is a movement to address a problem in society, supported by such a large percentage of people, usually the problem is not a delusion.

The fact still remains that equality has not been achieved. One comment that I have heard from many men, is that feminism is a threat to them. They feel it is a threat to their established role in society and a threat to their rights as men. This could be taken as an admission to a control complex, but I see it in a different light. I see their aversion to the feminist goal as a fear of fundamental societal change. Somehow, the prehistoric idea that one sex is better than the another has persisted and still resides in many a modern consciousness. Let us move on, shall we? Throughout history, many minorities have had to be very outspoken and sometimes even militant to get the attention of the general public. The feminist movement is not women's attempt to gain control of society, but instead to gain the respect and equality that women deserve.

I Don't Get It

by Ron T. Renterz

I don't quite understand the rationale behind the food delivery service on campus. I know this issue is of little importance to commuters, who comprise a wide portion of this campus' reading population (small though it may be), but bear with me, because one day it may affect you as well.

Many students, finding the cafeteria food to be intolerable, have opted to go with the "full declining balance" plan, where they are given something close to a thousand dollars in "points" which can then be used for food. These students, who often live on campus and have many classes during the day, return to their rooms and don't feel like walking all the way across campus to either the Union or Roth Cafeteria, the two "declining balance hot spots." So they use the delivery service. This is where the problem starts.

Last year, everything was fine. Some Saint managed to procure a deal with Subway, and you could order from them and have the price taken right off of your card. The prices weren't fantastic, but Subway is decent food, with variety and good service.

Then, some fat-cat in Central Administration must have discovered the concept of "monopoly," because the '94 - '95 school year began with the dismantling of the Subway-SB contract and the introduction of Seawolves Sub Shop, featuring tasteless food, long lines, and a crappy little tin of macaroni salad (incapable of satisfying a newborn kitten, let alone a hungry college student) as a side salad. Items are almost all more expensive than their Subway equivalents.

Subway was replaced with Pudge's, another disaster altogether. The chicken is extremely greasy

and very fatty, nothing more than crust and gooey skin [*Copy Ed. Note - "Pudgies has no skin."*]— which is good for some people, but I understand the majority of the thinking public enjoys a little meat on their chicken. Also, the food is extremely expensive. Sure, they have those wonderful "package" deals, but how much chicken and cole slaw can one human being eat?

Domino's Pizza is almost tolerable, but the issue is size and efficiency. The smallest pie is almost too much for one person to eat, and they clearly don't have their act together. After failing to provide a friend of mine with a soda which he ordered (and paid for), he called back and angrily demanded a refund. They agreed to send him a soda, which he agreed to — and then, after dropping it off, a different fellow came back with another soda and a Twisty Bread... obviously someone ELSE's order, which explains how the soda disappeared in the first place.

But hey, if you don't like those off-campus places, you've got the food service. Having nowhere else to turn, I use it quite often, but the problems become apparent to even a first-timer. The average amount of time between dialing and getting a response is around half an hour, during which time one is forced to endure silence, broken by the occasional message from someone who sounds about as excited and happy as Eeyore the Donkey. The menu's posted around campus should come with a copy of the Suicide Hotline number, in the event that this message pushes a chronic depressive over the edge. Then, when someone finally DOES get on the phone, they NEVER get the information right. My social security number isn't a particularly tricky stream of digits, but they manage to mess it up time and time again.

And then there's the offerings (which take well over an hour to arrive at your room). You could either go with the rubbery chicken parmesan, which is nothing more than oven-fired (read: burned) bread, lots of stale tomato sauce, unmelted cheese, and something that might be chicken, I'm not sure; or you could try one of their delicious "sandwiches," like the absurdly-named Paesano, which despite my insistence that it remain "sauce and dressing-free" arrived looking like someone jizzed all over it. The other options are pizza (if you live in a single or your roommate isn't hungry and you aren't up to the challenge of eating a pizza roughly the size of a carriage wheel, you're shit outta luck) and Chinese food. The latter fills me with wonder... it's a wonder that the Chinese purists on campus who actually know how to cook this kind of food haven't risen up in horrified rebellion. I haven't gone past the wonton soup, an extremely common staple of Cantonese cuisine which they've managed to botch beyond all repair. The won tons literally dissolve the instant your spoon hits them, along with the soggy cardboard cup the tasteless broth comes in, leaving you with a big, sloppy wet mess to clean up.

I'd say boycott, but that's impossible, because you have to eat. The entire arrangement sucks to holy Heaven, and if you're a resident, you really are capital-F Fucked. Hopefully, Albany's inevitable budget cuts will eliminate the possibility of this delivery service lasting another semester, and they'll be forced to fall back on Subway. But until then, liquidate your declining balance into cash and support Lan Wo, the best off-campus Chinese food out there.

Short Attention Span Venting

by Vic Alfieri

That's right, boys and girls, venting for the focus impaired. They say that the average attention span of a fraternity brother is approximately 20 - 30 seconds. So in the event that they got some freshmen to read to them, this ought to be right up their alley. Here's how it works. I get pissed. I tell you about it. You don't like it, tough shit.

Let's start off with the commuter parking lot. They did a brilliant job with that shelter of theirs. The metal bars are in straight lines and everything. Only now, with the new doorway, the wind whips through there like a hurricane. You'd think that they would close off some of that front wall so it wouldn't be so bad, but that would be too logical.

Each student has to pay \$55 per year to park in the North P-lot and take the bus. One would think that they could fix the potholes out there. There are some holes big enough that entire cars disappear from sight when driving through them.

What about the hellhole we have in the middle of our campus? The beautiful new union that lost its funding due to the idiot in Albany (that's Governor Pataki for those of you who are a little slow). So that is going to stay the way it is until somebody has the balls to kick his ass.

Meanwhile, the funding for our glorious new football stadium did get through the cuts. How does that happen? A building that is in the middle of construction will be left a shithole symbolizing our campus while that stadium gets built. At the rate this is going, there won't be any students or players left to fill that thing when its built.

Nobody likes these cuts. Everybody is complaining. Great. Show some life. That rally that was held a couple of weeks ago isn't enough. No, scratch that. It was pathetic. Out of twenty thousand students,

more than 19,000 showed how much they cared by not showing up. It shows the state of this country. Everybody is a rebel and can stand up for themselves when they're sitting in their La-Z-Boys, but when physical support is needed, nobody wants to get involved.

That same day, Rutgers University had their own rally for other reasons. They did it right. They received nation coverage from the media and made the most of it. They didn't do it during "Campus Lifetime" and they didn't rush back to their classes, either. The people on this campus want to make a stand when its convenient. If you believe in something then you should stand by it all the time, not until chemistry class starts.

If the student senate were smart, they would set up a demonstration that coincides with the other campuses in this state. This effects every single student in the SUNY system. If there were walk-outs on every state campus at the same time, then Albany might just take notice. God knows the media will.

In the brochure that this school sends to potential students, it states that our English program is one of the top programs in the nation. If that is true, then I'd like to see a shitty one because this one sucks. Basic courses that all English majors need, such as EGL 205, are only being offered at one time. There are only four sections to the class. This is a class that most non-majors take to fill a D.E.C. requirement. That means that majors have to fight with non-majors for very limited spots. In each of my English courses, there were over 100 students trying to sign in. This is before the "big cuts."

Furthermore, the scheduling of the classes are insensitive to the needs of the students. That EGL 205 class is held from 6:30 - 7:25 on Monday and Wednesday evenings but the recitations are held in

the early afternoon. This erratic scheduling makes it hard for two reasons: a) scheduling other classes to fit around the single recitation is almost impossible unless you plan on being on campus from 8 AM until 9 PM every night; and b) people who have to work to pay for school cannot find the time to work when their classes are spaced all over the place.

Wait, it gets better. The English Department now wants to change the curriculum and add a creative writing element to the major. They say that you won't have to take extra classes, just substitute a literature class. I'll be the first one to tell you that I would rather take a creative writing course over a literature course. I even signed the petition being passed through the classes, but if we can't get enough of the existing classes, how are we supposed to add classes to the schedule? Maybe we should straighten out what we have before we add to the mess. That's funny, my mother used to tell me that same thing about my room. Oh my God! I'm becoming my parents!

On a lighter note, I think if Lawrence Taylor is bored in his retirement, he should take up baseball, not wrestling. I hear they're taking anybody who's ever seen a game. Him walking into the ring to wrestle is like Deion Sanders rapping. It just shouldn't happen.

Let's take bets. How many days will Colin Ferguson be in jail before he's killed? I give him less than six months. [*Ed. Note - The Press has a pool, anyone who would like to get involved should stop by our offices.*] Since the death penalty isn't in effect yet, it is a beautiful thing that the inmates of New York State give the victims of that train their justice. Dahmer got his and so should Ferguson.

In closing, every problem can be solved if you put your mind to it. So open your mind and follow your heart and there will be your answer. In the meantime, PEACE!

Musical Shorts

by Bill Amutis
WUSB Jazz Director

Dave Brubeck (*Just You, Just Me*) -Brubeck's been around for so long that his familiarity might breed some serious contempt on your part by now. Which is why this solo endeavor is such a revelation. Mostly contemplative without lapsing into New Age-ism, it reveals a strikingly original mind worth exploring.

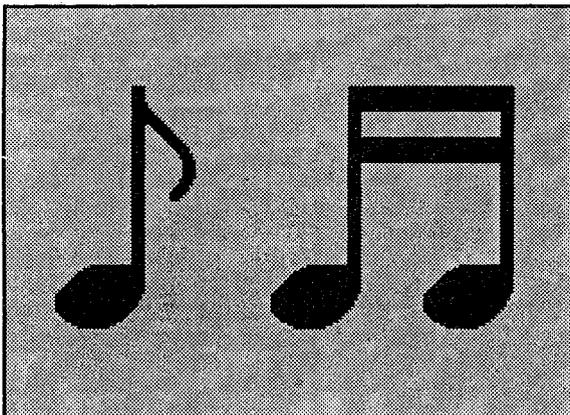
John Goldsby (*Tale Of The Fingers*) -But, of course, if you need some bass in your life you could do worse than this release. Goldsby works closely here with Bill Myers, an underrated pianist who has a fine duo recording out with Ed Bickert. These are inventive, charming pieces with all thorns removed.

Red Sun/Hamui Nori (*Then Comes The White Tiger*) -So what has Jamaaladeen Tecumseh been up to for the last couple of years? Well, one of the things he's been doing has been playing bass for this unlikely assemblage of musicians which includes a troupe of Korean percussionists as well as Linda Sharrock on vocals. Just like other ECM meldings of late ("Officium" immediately comes to mind, although this percussive heavy release is far removed from the contemplation's of that release) this appears ridiculous on paper but takes on a life of its own when heard.

Dizzy Gillespie (*The Complete RCA Sessions*) - Chano Pozo, "Cubana Be," "Cubana Bop," THE Big Band. Do you really have to ask?

Various Artists (*Jazz Tribunes - The "Indispensable" Series*) -Originally assembled in France, some of

these titles have now been released stateside and some we actually have. They include discs by Johnny Hodges, Wild Bill Davis, Fats Waller, Louis Armstrong, Django Reinhardt, etc.... They look kind of non-descript and low budget but the music is nothing but top notch. "Indispensable" sounds about right.



Various Artists (*Jazz Ltd. Volume 1*) -Back in the late 1940's a certain Bill and Ruth Reinhardt decided that what Chicago really needed was a traditional, New Orleans jazz club. Apparently they were right. These are recordings made at the club, "Jazz Ltd." and features the likes of Sidney Bechet, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, etc. Funny how these little treasures keep showing up, isn't it?

Jacky Terrasson (*Jacky Terrasson*) - The latest hot young piano player to come down the pike displays a strong percussive bent and a commendable exuberance in his attack. (A healthy sign when everybody this side (That side? Yikes!!) of thirty is so busy wrapping themselves in the heavy cloak of

tradition that there's no room to move. And jazz is supposed to move, isn't it?) He's still a question mark as far as his composing goes, but as a player he can go in any direction he wants. Let's pray he chooses the road less traveled. (And avoids Stanley Crouch.)

Joe Lovano (*Rush Hour*) - Everybody walks away from this with their reputations enhanced to a certain degree. Not bad considering that both Lovano and his main conspirator here (and the 'hook' of this release), Gunther Schuller, both had pretty good reputations to begin with. True, both have a penchant for skimping on passion in favor of a more colder, analytical approach; but here they push each other into more expressive realms, be it the lushness of "Angel Eyes" or the hubbub and squeals of "Rush Hour On 23rd Street." And if there's is any doubt that this is Lovano's disc he proves it by overdubbing himself into a one man band on several tracks and makes it sound loose and natural.

John Hicks/Elise Wood (*Single Petal Of A Rose*) - Gorgeous ballads for piano/flute/bass with Jack Walrath waxing lyrical for a few tunes. Woods manages to keep her flute playing soulful without lapsing into the sappiness that sometimes takes hold of flautists. And Hicks is Hicks. Perhaps it might be too pretty for you, who knows.

According to Bill these stores are the best locations to find these discs as he buys them there:
Digital Disc - Port Jeff Station
Tower Records - Carle Place
Soundtracks - Huntington
and *Jazz On The Air* appears on WUSB 90.1fm sun-days at 2:30 - 4:30



MOON RISING



by Tommy Crean

"I love you"
elektrtête:Logictrance2

"What the hell is wrong with you people!" I'm sorry I have to start out this installment this way but I am really pissed off. I was walking back to my dorm room in Kelly quad and I passed by Hamilton college. Right in front of the first floor second suite from the right balcony there were several bamboo trees strewn about. I kind of guessed from that they did not grow on the concrete, so they must have been from the bamboo forest. My blood immediately started to boil: these were healthy young trees. I glanced into the suite window and saw an all male suite (obviously because women would not be involved with such testosterone based idiocy.) I really wonder what the trash were thinking when they ripped these poor trees from the ground. It amazes me at the different kinds of moronic assholes that infest this school.

There was one time when I went to a hall social. Our R.A. made us go through the ice breaker where we had to attach an adjective to our first name to describe us (i.e. 'dumb' Debbie.) The turn came to this gumpy looking fuck which gave us the name 'gorgeous' Jeff. Well I didn't think anything of it, I just presumed that he was one of the many mindless cattle that goes to this school. Although later on he made a comment that was so obscene it made my jaw drop. He said "let's go trash the bam-

boo forest." He said this so enthusiastically I thought he had an orgasm. Now what's wrong with this picture. People like this make this school what it is. Last semester I placed a ward in front of the forest to guard against those who would come to harm, but these things fade with time. I am asking all of you out there to please respect Nature, without her we cannot live. As for all you beer guzzling, sports loving, proud American (or foreign) trash you have two choices, be kind to nature or DIE.

There was one more atrocity that I would like to address. recently I read Stateshit..., excuse me *Statesman* that there was found a skinned and mutilated cat in a Kelly quad garbage can. What type of humans are you to do this to a poor animal. You are filth and you will be paid in blood accordingly. It most probably was some sort of fraternity initiation rite. But we cannot assume that as of yet. The thing that bothered me most also about this was the reactions that people had to hearing about this. Their reactions ranged from apathy to mild grossness. People need to start caring.

One closing comment to all of you who degrade, mock and defile Nature. You have not One, but many enemies who will not sit passively by as you destroy our Mother. It is She too who will prevent you. You harm Her now and you will see how your pathetic little lives waste away. I promise you this.

Till next,
Blessed Be.

Anyone caught sending dirty e-mail to The Press will be hung out to fry on one of those sticky bug things. If you want to e-mail us nice things our address is
SBPRESS@IC.SUNY.EDU

continued from back page

least we won't have to worry about that any-more in a generation or two, they'll all be dead.

What would happen if there is a world wide plague, sweeping across the planet, what then? Too bad, go live in a forest. I say bring back cholera, small pox, and the black plague. Again, this is Nature wiping out the unwanted people.

Maybe after a generation or two without doctors, the population, which continues to grow exponentially, will be under control (hopefully about 2.5 billion). Then with all the new technologies these ex-doctors have invented we can introduce medicine back into the way of life, but only after we have built colonies on the moon and Mars and have cleaned up the planet. Then again will we let people take the Hippocratic Oath.

I profess in the sincerity of my heart that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my planet, by advancing knowledge of humans, cleaning our planet, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the middle class.

Down with doctors! Up with world crippling plagues! Lets head for the stars!

The Sculpture of Carol K. Brown and the Literature of Franz Kafka: The Often Overwhelming Monstrosity of Artistic Inspiration

by Bruce Baldwin

"How can we know the dancer from the dance?" —William B. Yeats, excerpt from the poem "Among School Children"

In the following essay I discuss the sculpture of Carol K. Brown and speculate on how its frequently monstrous character relates to the artist. By 'monstrous' I am not only referring to Brown's objects' playful grotesqueness, but also to the multitudinousness of the objects she creates and how the inspiration behind them is perhaps overwhelming and 'monstrous.' I characterize artistic inspiration as being somewhat of an autonomous psychic phenomenon which dichotomizes the 'self' of the artist. This is, of course, to be taken metaphorically and I also suggest how this phenomenon is indicative of the human propensity to impose schematizations upon otherwise complex and extremely integrated psychic phenomena such as artistic expression. The juxtapositioning of Kafka with Brown serves to illustrate my argument that the very intensity artistic inspiration can often metamorphose an artist's product into grotesque form perhaps analogous to what the artist's conscious and unconscious attitudes are towards art and of being "seized" by artist inspiration.

Brown's sculpture, not unlike the monstrous creatures found in Kafka's writing, gives birth to the theme of a monster personifying the artist's guilt for having given up his or her resistance to 'artistic inspiration.' The artist's guilt is also due to his or her pursuing a career which causes family and friends sympathetic grief. For example, in Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, Georg Samsa metamorphoses into a large hideous insect. In the Samsa home, Georg is the sole bread winner, and thus by his becoming a monster he betrays his family and the financial security of the household. He can no longer earn money at his 'legitimate' occupation and is forced to lead a reclusive existence which forces his aging father back to work and Georg's sister to care for the 'monstrosity' like an invalid. Brown's sculpture seems to rest upon this very theme. Her work 'metamorphoses' into other-worldly creatures before the viewer signaling an attitude that, like Kafka, she sees art and the pursuit art, as monstrous.

Artist producing monstrous-looking art perhaps undergo a kind of split between their self and their 'artist-self.' Carl Jung thought that "art is a kind of innate drive that seizes a human being and makes him its instrument. The artist is not a person endowed with free will who seeks his own ends, but one who allows art to realize its purposes through him."¹ Jung's suggestion that art "seizes" the artist and that the artist has no "free will," while idealizing and perhaps romanticizing the production of art, does, however, imply that there is a distinct conflict occurring within the artist over the production of the art object.

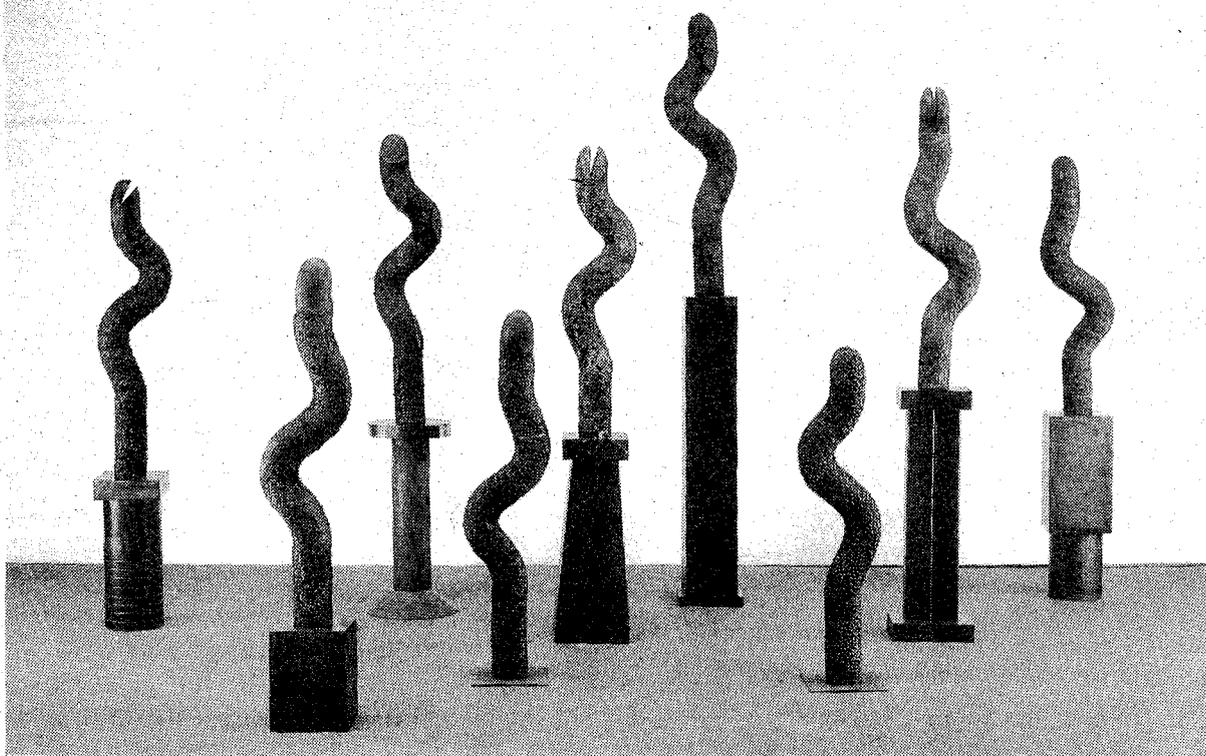
Furthermore, for art to be produced, 'artistic inspiration' must win this conflict. I should clarify that I have circumscribed two distinct conflicts. One is the battle over whether or not the artist will pursue art in spite of parental admonishments. The second is the obsessive production of art whereby the 'artist-self' conquers the 'non-artist-self' who then relinquishes its "free will." The individual who relinquishes his or her "free will" in the service of the tireless production

erwise normal family man, Dryfuss' character suddenly becomes consumed with the vision of Devil's Tower in Wyoming. The pivotal scene takes place when, while staring at his mashed potatoes on his dinner plate, he becomes obsessed with them and begins furiously sculpting them to resemble the geologic formation that haunts him. As the movie progresses, his obsession with reifying this vision drives his wife and children away and he turns his living room into diorama-like scene depicting Devil's Tower in huge scale. And this vision, like Kafka's and Brown's, is a monstrous one, overwhelming to the viewer as its 'inspiration' is to its maker. Like the hypothetical artist that Jung spoke of, Dryfuss relinquishes himself to the task of giving form to his vision and everything around him ceases to exist. Like the artist he becomes divided against himself and his artist-self triumphs over his non-artist-self.

Maurice Beebe sums up this art versus life theme well:

Because there is only so much life to be lived, that which is turned into art is unavailable for the living; the more kite-string in the air, the less in your hand, and one can not have it in both places at once. Hence the continual struggle between life and art.²

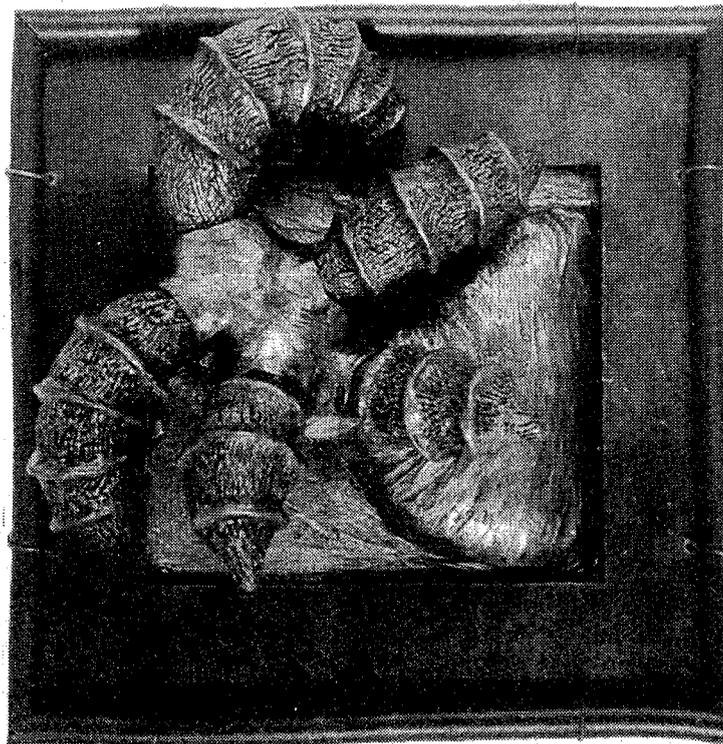
This aspect of the division of the artist is illustrated in Brown's *Tondos* and *Squares*. Brown produces hundreds of these small wieldy 'creatures' to be placed upon the gallery wall. Indeed, their multitudes overwhelm the viewer not unlike how art, or rather the monstrous, neurotic production of art, overwhelms the artist. Producing hundreds of sculptures for a single exhibition, Brown, like Kafka, relinquishes her 'non-artist-self' for the task, and, perhaps self-sacrificingly, ignores human needs such as food, comfort, and rest. Kafka's creature's maintenance of its "castle-keep" in *The Burrow* illustrates this phenomenon of the artist's contention with an all-consuming vision. Kafka's creature cannot relax in the burrow he has built and his stockpile of food, or so-called "castle-keep," goes to waste while he patrols his tunnels in fear of having his creation molested. Many artist will tell tales of working excruciatingly long, sleepless, and hungry hours to complete their work before an exhibition. This is surely not uncommon. However, Brown and Kafka's work manifests their attitude of having been 'vanquished' by the monstrosity of their 'artist inspiration.' However, viewing the production of art as the 'working-through' process of a psychic conflict, we see a conspicuous attempt on Brown's part to 'contain' the overwhelming inspiration behind her work. In her *Tondos* and *Squares*, she places her little monstrosities within frames from which they in turn attempt, visually at least, to escape. This illustrates a conflict between the artist and her intense artistic inspiration



Scars by Carol K. Brown

of objects of art, is like the creature in Kafka's *The Burrow*, who obsessively maintains his creation of a home. Kafka's creature becomes so obsessed with the protection and maintenance of his home and its "castle-keep" that he cannot even pause to enjoy it. The creature, who is, of course, Kafka, symbolizes the artist's neurotic energy during the production of art. More important for this discussion, however, is that the neurotic, or "artist-self" of the artist, is portrayed as a dirty, subterranean creature.

Its seems helpful, I believe, to imagine the type



Square One

of artist I am describing as being the character that Richard Dryfuss played in *Close Encounters of the Third kind*. An oth-

continued on next page.

Brown and Kafka continued

par excellence. In addition to 'containing' each polymorphic creature within its own frame, she arranges them in a strict grid pattern against the gallery wall. Indeed this arrangement has to do with Brown's aesthetic sensibilities; however, I posit it has also to do with her ordering and controlling the tremendous energy involved in the creative process. This ordering aspect of the work is as much a manifestation of the artist's psyche in the work as is their monstrous appearance.

The monstrous appearance of Brown's sculpture, then, perhaps has its roots in two distinct concepts. One, the artist feels that the very career she has chosen is at odds with following a path expected of her. And two, that artistic inspiration itself seizes the artist and "realizes its purpose through [her]." This phenomenon was perhaps intuited by Yeats who wrote:

I call to the mysterious one who yet
Shall walk the wet sands by the water's
edge
And look most like me, being indeed my
double,
And prove of all imaginable things
The most unlike, being my anti-self,
And, standing by these characters, disclose
All that I seek.³

That the artist regards his or her work, perhaps unconsciously, as being a monstrosity, is indicative of their being an artist-self, or as Yeats suggests, an "anti-self" lurking within the individual. This feeling of the artist that there is some kind of separate entity lurking within him can perhaps be understood by calling it a 'creative creature,' however, this mystification is deceiving and is only of limited, metaphorical, value. An artist is, like every individual, a complex *synthesis* of psychic phenomena.

As a whole, Brown's work can perhaps be viewed as what is referred to in literature as a *Künstlerroman*.

The *Künstlerroman*, literally "artist's novel," traces the development of an artist. Their patterns, usually quite similar, depict a sensitive young artist who struggles against the misunderstandings and bourgeois attitudes of his or her family, which is unsympathetic to creative desires. Attempting to preserve artistic 'integrity,' the artist leaves home at the first possible opportunity to fulfill his or her destiny as a creative artist much like James Joyce's Stephen



Franz Kafka

Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. This rift between the young artist and his or her family is, as I have alluded to, well illustrated by Kafka through his stories such as *The Judgment*.

For example, in *The Penal Colony*, the horrible machine he calls "the apparatus" is armed with thousands of needles which, when lowered upon its victim, inscribe upon his flesh the word naming his offense as they slowly tear his body to shreds. In other words, this machine, by means of its "pens," destroys the individual illustrating Kafka's fear that his art, which stood between him and his father's approval, would ultimately destroy him. Brown's series of standing sculptures she calls, appropriately enough, *Scars*, bear primitive, Maori-like tattoo marks, looking strangely similar to what one imagines the "apparatus's" victim's flesh to have appeared. The "apparatus" like Brown's *Scars*, are monuments to the ambivalence the artist perhaps feels towards her monstrous artistic inspiration. It is no coincidence that Kafka's character running the "apparatus" places himself into the machine voluntarily, allowing the machine which he loves to destroy him. In *The Penal Colony*, Kafka somewhat unambiguously declares that, to him, artistic inspiration operates to the detriment of the artist.

What I have attempted to achieve in this essay has inherent limitations due to the inadequacy of language's ability to demonstrate the ineffable subtleties regarding phenomena surrounding artistic expression. These limitations do not, however, preclude the essaying of ideas pertaining to the causality of plastic expression and its phenomenological effect upon both the artist and the viewer.

¹C.J. Jung, *Modern Man in search of a soul* (London: Kegan, Paul, Trubner and Company, 1945) pp. 194-195

²Maurice Beebe, *Ivory Towers and Sacred Founts* (New York University Press, 1964) p.17

³William Butler Yeats, (London: Macmillan, 1918) p.7

Alternative Cinema at Stony Brook: Spring 95

The Alternative Cinema at Stony Brook provides a focus for student, faculty and staff cultural and social life on campus, and a site for art and international film in the mid-Suffolk area. The Alternative Cinema, an activity of University Human Resources, is funded by Student Union and Activities, FSA, Human Resources and the Graduate Student Organization.

March 21

Clerks

Director: Kevin Smith

Cast: Brian O'Halloran and Jeff Anderson

1994, American, English, 90 minutes

In Kevin Smith's defiant and at times hilariously low-rent New Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. Smith focuses not only on his two hard-luck heroes and their dizzying debates about girls, drugs, death, lasagna, fellatio and hockey, but -by extension- on a segment of our society that normally escapes the notice of mainstream moviemakers. Smith documents the rationales and riffs, the fun and fury of these underachieving but extravagantly articulate working stiffs.

March 28

Bhaji On The Beach

Director: Guirner Chadma

1994, Great Britain, color, 100 minutes

This smart, sassy comedy-drama weaves ethnic and women's issues into a diverting tale of female camaraderie. A women's center in Birmingham, England, organizes an outing to Black pool, the British equivalent of Coney Island, but find that there are many things they can't escape in their search for fun. The film's stylistic boldness is matched by its political candor, which confronts the tensions between Asians and other people of color, and the difficulty of pursuing feminists goals without sacrificing ethnic identity.

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Photo: Man Ray, 1929

by Ms. Wexelbaum

too much of a good thing isn't good

Otters, as we know, love sliding on their bellies and rubbing themselves. It feels good, and serves as an outlet for their sexual frustrations. Fortunately, otters are friendly, sociable and attractive creatures, so most of them manage to satisfy themselves without going against the laws spelled out in the Old Testament.

In upstate New York there is a large otter colony near Woodstock, and they have a gay old time up there. As otters are extremely creative, spontaneous creatures, they find many ways to amuse themselves together as well as alone. "You've Got A Friend in Ottertown" is their motto, and they make all strangers

feel welcome. In fact, many strangers decide to stay and lead the hedonistic otter life instead of returning to the ordinary world.

Of course, there is always one member of a community who doesn't fit in with the others, who doesn't play the game and wants to take out their problems on other people. If people like this didn't exist then life would be terribly boring. We would live like Smurfs, and would not express our angst in art and literature (as I do in these fables). So now I will tell my story.

In Ottertown there was one otter who had five paws and a crooked tail. His mother swam in the

water which flowed from a nuclear reactor in New Jersey, and she joined the Woodstock otter colony to live closer to Nature. The other otters accepted her with open arms, but due to her secret past she shied away from them and had her child alone. She did not think it would be a problem giving the baby up for adoption, but once she saw that he was deformed she abandoned him right away and tried to re-assimilate back into the community.



Somehow, the community raised the little orphan. Unfortunately, the combination of kibbutz and African village child-rearing techniques did not benefit the pup because he had no individual authority figure to give him a sense of security and self-esteem. The other children taunted and teased him horribly, and he could go nowhere for protection as he had no home and no parents. As a result, his mind became twisted

and he began to hate other people. He wanted revenge on them (although he really wanted to get back at his mother) and he spent long lonely evenings plotting a way to destroy the town.

As an adolescent otter, his sex drive revved in full force. Hormones made it extremely difficult to concentrate for very long, and he often had to stop what he was doing to roll and slide. Boy, did it feel good. It almost persuaded him to terminate his plan to destroy Ottertown, but then playful squeals outside his burrow cruelly reminded him that he was alone, and his mind would start turning again with a red fury.

Frustrated, he could stand it no longer—he had to go for a swim. On his way to the lake he encountered a handsome otter smoking a cigarette. It was George...and everyone knew about George. "Hey Skinny, want a smoke?" George asked in a slow, feminine drawl.

"I don't smoke," Otter Boy barked coldly in reply. "Get lost."

George wrapped his tail around his toes. "I'll bet you're a great slider," he purred.

Otter Boy stopped in his tracks and turned to find the older otter winking at him. No one had ever commented on his sliding ability. "You really think so?"

"Let's see what you can do."

Otter Boy led George to a steep, snow-covered hill. They climbed up the steep slope together and had a sliding contest...

When he woke up the next morning, Otter Boy couldn't remember anything. All he knew was that someone had been kind to him and he didn't want to destroy the world anymore. He wanted to turn over a new leaf and try to make friends. He returned to Ottertown with hope and a renewed spirit.

As he walked through the town, he noticed that no one ran out to taunt him anymore. They just stared and stared, which made him feel more uncomfortable than he had ever felt in his life. The hair along the back of Otter Boy's neck began to prickle with anxiety. "W-w-what's wrong?" he stuttered. "Don't you want to tease me anymore?"

They never spoke to him ever again, and George was nowhere to be found. A world had been destroyed.

MORAL: Always use contraceptives...you never know when you'll get lucky

a M o D e s t p r o p o s a l

By P. Milare Ovis

with thanks to Jonathan Swift

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the bars and cabana-doors crowded with doctors, all in their green outfits, and importuning every passerby for a check-up. These doctors, instead of being able to work honestly for their livelihood, are forced to spend their time rolling in golf carts, or to beg nurses for 'sustenance' for their aching members.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of doctors, in the Caribbean, on the greens, or at their pompous gatherings, are the cause of the present deplorable state of the world; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these doctors sound and useful members of the community would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the world.

William Shakespeare once said kill all the lawyers, well we should kill all the doctors too. It's doctors that are causing this country to go down the toilet. We should outlaw medical practices, forcing these leeches into other areas of work. If they don't want to comply. Shoot 'em.

All doctors do is sit around hospitals all day hoping for sick people to come in, so they can show off what knowledge they have acquired. They make

sexual advances to nurses, drive fancy sports cars (which they got from ripping off old people on Medicare) and go on three-martini lunches.

This is a bunch of shit.

Why, just because they could once name every bone and muscle in the body and stand the sight of a cadaver? (Incidentally they lose this knowledge once they open their own practice and marry a tennis playing wife).

Most people who become doctors have some intelligence, and it should not be used to find more loopholes in the current medical plan. Their minds should be used in laboratories, not on golf courses. These minds could be better used as scientists, finding new technologies that'll let the human race fix the planet that it has so easily destroyed.

I say let the sick people die. It's Darwin's theory, 'survival of the fittest'. If you can't walk, too bad, you'll have no way to get out of the street when a bus comes, so sad. Have some disease that requires constant attention? Can't help ya. You shouldn't have even made it out of childhood with that disease. If we can't cure you on a collection of natural medicines (berries, roots and mushrooms), too bad, you'll have to suffer. But could you at least suffer far away from us so we won't have to hear you whine.

We waste inordinate amounts of power keeping hospitals lit and warm for the sick. Hey, we could build a hydroponic garden (no soil required) with that energy or open new labs to find ways to clean

this planet up. The chemicals they use to clean the hospitals? Well they are killing our planet, destroying trees and poisoning animals as they are illegally dumped into the ocean and ground. (Ever driven on Sunken Meadow Parkway and have seen the dead trees before exit 4, or smelled the feces of a rabbit whose eaten a carrot soaked with battery acid? Neither are pretty.)

Old people? Screw 'em. If you can't work to support yourself, too bad, we'll be by in a month to pick up your decaying body. Again, survival of the fittest. Once you become a burden to the society you should go out into the woods and offer yourself up to Gaia (Goddess of the Earth). That way you become plant food, or even food for some hungry animal, which the healthy people can then hunt and eat. (Isn't that a nice little circle?)

We won't miss you, this planet is too overcrowded as it is.

What about pediatricians you ask. NO DOCTORS! If your baby is always sick, sorry no dice, can't help ya. Let it die.

Not only are we getting rid of the high cost of medical treatment, we are also cutting a huge chunk out of the national budget, which now can be used to further the space program. We are also weeding out the weak so only the strong survive. Only the best humans deserve to be the ones who conquer the stars, not the frail and sickly. People with genetic disease, bye bye. At

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