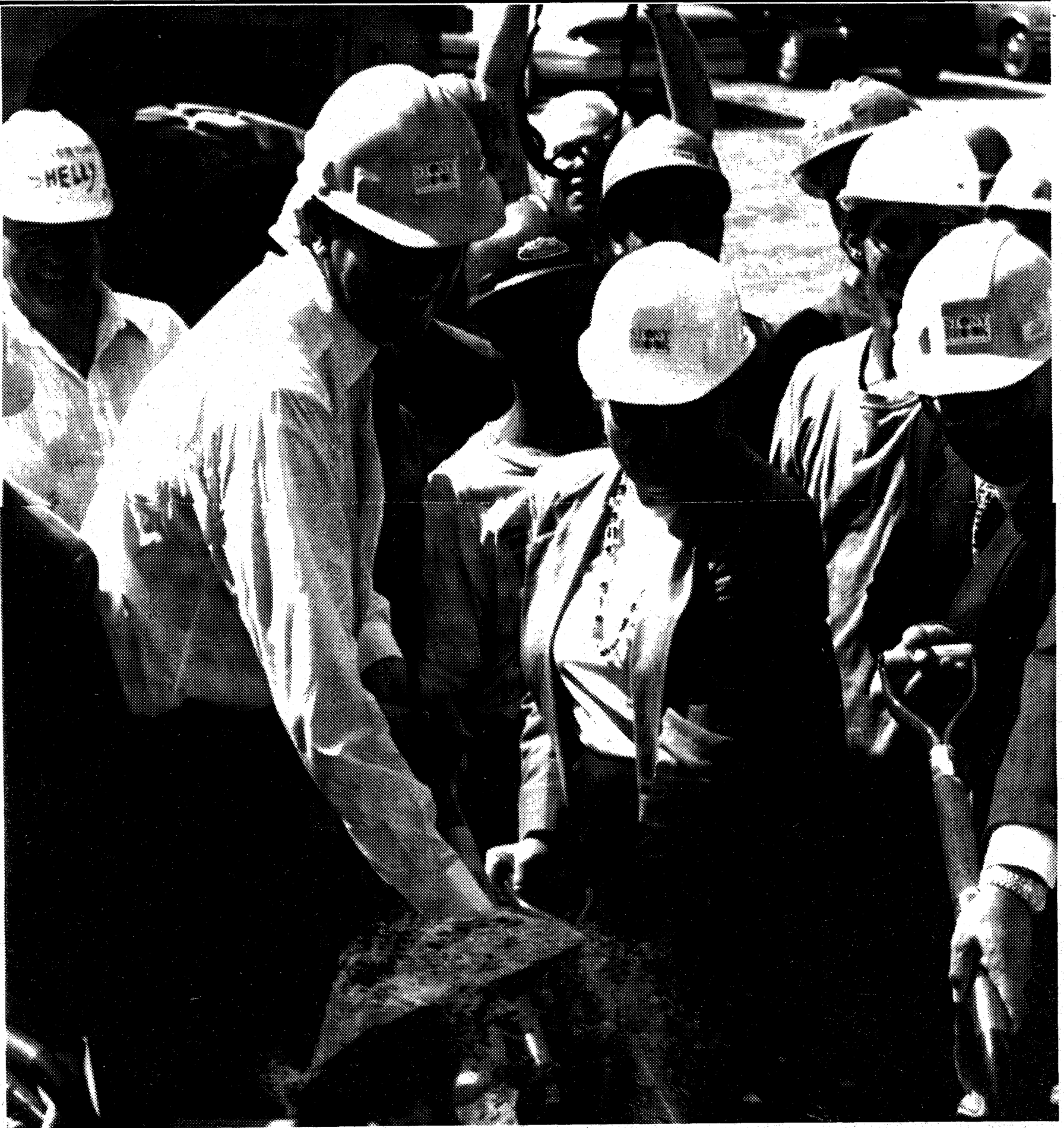


The
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PRESS

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INSIDE: GOVERNOR PATAKI BURIES USB

I Met With The Bomb

By Chris Sorochin

We arrived in Hiroshima at 11:30 on a Friday, and the rainy season I had been promised was just kicking in.

I have to confess that I had expected at least a palpable atmosphere; in reality I had sort of envisioned a city of peace activists, maybe even Buddhist monks directing traffic and streets named after Gandhi, the Berrigans and Martin Luther King. Nothing like that is in evidence as we leave the station. All I notice is a fountain shaped like two huge conjoined mushrooms raining water into a pool.

"Mushroom clouds?", I wonder.

"I sort of doubt it", opines Bill, my traveling companion and fellow pseudo-intellectual.

We locate our hotel and decide to venture into the night in search of food, drink and local color.

Unlike Tokyo, which stays open all night, Hiroshima seems to roll up the sidewalks early. We wander through darkened, industrial-looking streets that look like something out of a 1930s waterfront detective movie and finally locate a place festooned with the red lanterns that signify sustenance throughout Japan. The place has the ambiance of a small warehouse and has various mini-lunch counters offering different mysterious delicacies. The clientele is decidedly proletarian and they seem gladdened by our befuddled presence. A cigarette dangles from nearly every mouth in the place—of the woman cooking, the teenage couple across from us (whose male half informs us he's a "businessman") and the jolly middle-aged lady next to Bill, who, he later confides, kept touching his leg. It's not unlike being in a tiny hometown bar in the States.

We enjoy assorted fish, vegetable and rice dishes, washed down with copious mugs of Sapporo and in a combination of fractured Japanese, English and sign language discuss Bart Simpson and Shonen Knife. When the Topic surfaces, they tell us we can walk to the Peace Park and offer no extraneous comment. Was anyone killed or injured in the bombing related to any of them? Gradually it dawns on me that Hiroshima is, and was in 1945, mainly a working-class port city.

We're given quite a few dishes on the house (unusual in Japan) and the proprietor sends us home with complementary tomatoes for a midnight snack.

Next morning, it's still drizzling and, after our customary misadventures with the public transport system (streetcars!), we arrive at the Peace Park, whose entrance is guarded by the famous A-Bomb Dome, the shell of a huge exhibition hall that has been left as an exhibition of the destructive capabilities of atomic weapons. (And remember folks, the things they've got today make the original look like a cherry bomb.) The Dome is fenced off, so you can't get close. Artificial roses have been thrown inside the enclosure.

Throughout the park are numerous monuments covered with flowers and garlands, wreaths and even pictures made of origami cranes. These folded paper birds are traditionally presented to the sick and bereaved as a sign of consolation and are associated with the hibakusha (A-bomb victims).

I have with me several poems by Rich Sieber, a

Plowshare activist, comparing the bombings to the crucifixion and relating both to the children suffering and dying in Iraq today. I place them in front of what looks like a suitable memorial. After we move on, Bill says "Look" and I see that two young men, with the unmistakable hairstyles and bearing of US military personnel (off-duty) were reading the poems. We notice them later at the museum and several more at the snack bar. "Our boys", we snidely remark, but they don't appear to be behaving in any gloating or oafish manner and must have been there of their own volition. Maybe they'll be moved, and thus more likely to think more deeply about some of the things they may be ordered to do in the name of the United States.

We pass the Eternal Flame, which, I tell Bill, will only be extinguished when nuclear weapons are banished from the earth. "I hope they have lots of fuel," he quips.

Finally, the museum itself. A supposedly hip tour book dismisses it as emotionalistic, lacking historical context and failing to recognize the suffering of non-Japanese. I find all of these charges to be false. The most heart-rending images are not on public display and the material is presented in a very matter-of-fact way. Good thing, too, or I might've bawled right there. The first floor deals with the city's history as a naval base for Japanese imperialism and there is a cenotaph in honor of the Koreans who were doing forced labor there at the time. There is also unmistakable, though modest, acknowledgment of Japan's atrocities in Asia.

So I've written to the publishers of Insight guides demanding to know whether their other volumes criticize the Holocaust Museum for being emotionalistic, the Pearl Harbor Museum for lacking objective historical context or the Vietnam Memorial for omitting all those Vietnamese names.

Among the many chilling exhibits are scale models of Hiroshima "before" and "after", pictures of horribly burned victims, samples of radiated skin and triumphal crowings from Harry Truman. Entire walls are covered

with reproductions of letters: every time one of the five major nuclear powers tests a weapon, the mayor of Hiroshima writes a letter of protest.

In the middle is a book counter featuring all sorts of literature on the Bomb and related subjects. I gag to see that you can buy Newsweek's fiftieth anniversary issue, a pusillanimous regur-

gitation of official mythology and denial. How depressing to find that the Ministry of Truth has a toehold even here.

There is also that most Japanese of popular art forms—anime. You can rent videos of wide-eyed youngsters surviving the conflagration, a sobering reminder that 19% of the bomb's victims were children under the age of 10. Perhaps COCA or ICON could give some consideration to this sub-genre.

There are also videotapes of actual hibakusha relating their own memories of that day. One exhibit tells us that they say, "I met with the bomb", as if regular terminology is simply inadequate.

By this time, I'm pretty choked up and the feeling is not mitigated by my being from the nation that perpetrated the outrage. When we walk outside, it's still raining lightly and we observe that the weather is perfect for the day's activities.

"No", says Bill, "I wanted it to be sunny and see children playing and old people enjoying the warmth and couples strolling to fully appreciate the weight of the evil that happened here." Bill lives in Japan and teaches English at a university and says he often thinks of this as he walks around. How could we view these people (or any people) as insects worthy of extermination, as much wartime propaganda envisioned it?

Author E.B. White writes of sitting in a Manhattan coffee shop, shortly after the bombings and watching construction work on the building across the street and thinking just how pointless and insane it all was in light of the new capability for mass destruction.

About construction, Bill, who knows more about architecture than I do, notices that most of the buildings look hastily put up, as if to obliterate the bare wreckage (and its memories) as quickly as possible.

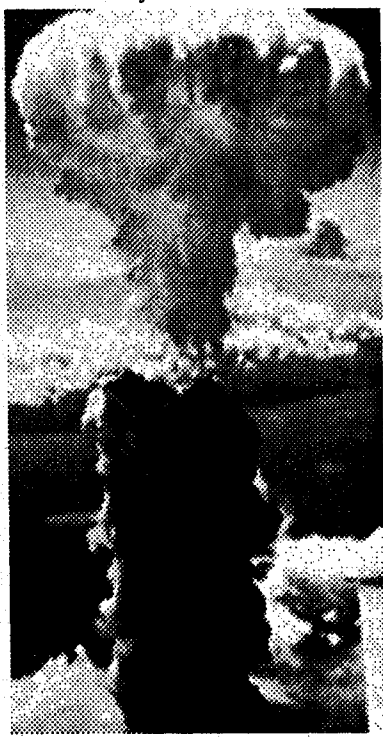
After a bracing machine-vented sake (Japanese ingenuity at its most convenient), we meander through the street market. I stop to buy a peace-symbol bracelet at a jewelry stand and notice that I can, if I choose, purchase a keychain featuring a cartoon character called "Atom Boy". Ironically, Japan has one of the world's most extensive nuclear programs and officials are busily trying to put distance between the memory of radiation sickness from the Bomb and that which would result from an accident in a densely-populated country prone to earthquakes.

The vendor speaks good English and tells us he lived in New York for some years. He gives me a free gold chain. And, indeed, we receive many more gifts from strangers that day—A lighter from a shopkeeper, a dish of kimchee from a cook at a tonkatsu counter and strangest of all, beers from a man in a karaoke bar who didn't hang out to practice his English on us.

I have read that to this day the bones of the dead wash up on the banks of the seven rivers that Hiroshima straddles. We could only come to the conclusion that the truly unique thing about the city is, like radioactivity, invisible to the naked eye, but destined to remain for a very long time.



The A-Bomb Dome in Hiroshima



WACKY PATAKI'S SURPRISE ATTACK

By Staff

"We're here to celebrate another investment in SUNY at Stony Brook."

With this comment, Governor George Pataki attempted to draw the crowd into his reality. Most of the crowd was only too willing to comply. This happened so easily because the approximately two-hundred people in attendance were not students.

If you are confused, fear not, soon, all will be clear. On Tuesday morning, while you were moving into your room and trying to figure out why your loan check had not yet arrived, Governor Pataki was headlining a groundbreaking ceremony at the Life Sciences Building. An annex is to be built there and it will be known as the Center for Molecular Medicine. It will be the first new building to be erected on campus in two decades. Also present at the VIP studded event were Senators LaValle and Lack, USB President Kenny and Vice Provost Richmond. Conspicuously absent from the ceremony were Stony Brook students. Before conspiracy theories start being aired, a synopsis is in order.

Governor Pataki heralded the construction workers that were set to begin their job as part of "The best work force in America." He lauded President Kenny for her work in raising some \$125 million from outside sources in the past year, and expressed his pleasure in being part of "this great university." The governor also expressed his commitment to the preservation of higher education.

After his address, President Kenny said a few words of thanks to the governor. She went on to explain that the funding Stony Brook was receiving, that she was so grateful for, would be used to enhance the University's current reputation as the 36th ranked research institution in the United States. After several other speakers took to the podium, the camera friendly ground-

breaking took place.

Afterward the governor conducted a short question and answer session with the local press. Nothing incredibly earthshaking was said. Finally, the governor, flanked on all sides

with secret service agents, approached a small group of protesters from the Graduate Student Employees Union (GSEU). He thanked them for being there and shook their hands in what probably made a very good clip for the evening news.

With that said, we can get down to business.

Now help me out here. The Governor of New York State is a pretty important guy. You would think that if he was going to be on campus, we, the student body, would be made aware of it. You would think preparations would be made and the event would be well publicized, especially in light of the fact that many USB's students parents would be on campus that day. What could be more impressive to onlookers than the governor of the state of New York giving a speech the day before classes begin? So why did none of this happen? Let us begin by clearing some things up.

The Press learned of the Governor's visit via an unsubstantiated rumor that came by way of a member of the GSEU. It was said that the Governor was to be in town on Tuesday, but no one knew exactly when. When members of The Press consulted with other members of the campus media, we found the same

uncertainty. One source said that the Office for Campus Publications was to distribute a press release, but as of Sunday night, no such release had materialized. Monday, Labor Day, would see that office closed. Some at The Press hypothesized that the governor's visit was

being deliberately kept under wraps, so as to prevent any students attending and picketing the governor. Upon our contacting him, the President of the GSEU was not aware of the governor's visit, nor was the head of the Graduate Student Organization (GSO). At this point in time, not even Polity President Keren Zolotov was aware of the Governor's visit. Luckily, we were tipped off that the arrival of

the governor would be at 11am. Monday afternoon we spoke to President Kenny at the New Student Convocation. When asked about the complete lack of media and student notification, she cited time constraints as the primary impediment. The governor's visit, she told us, was announced so soon before it took place, that there was no time to go about the conventional channels. It is worth noting, however, that programs bearing the spiffy new Stony Brook logo were handed out at the ceremony. It is difficult to believe that these could be made up, but student media couldn't even get a phone call.

At 8:40am on Tuesday morning, that call finally came... in the form of the telecommunications office sending a broadcast voice mail message. If we had not known about the event beforehand, this message - sent only two hours before the event - would scarcely have provided enough warning to cover the event.

At the ceremony, we found a small group of protesters that GSEU had managed to scrape together, and the other student leaders we had contacted, but otherwise not a single USB student. One of the GSEU demonstrators told us that he and his seemingly docile group of protesters had been unlawfully threatened with arrest just prior to the media's arrival. Student

Polity President Keren Zolotov's attempts to hand out literature highlighting Pataki's disservices to the SUNY system were somewhat frustrated by the spectators' unwillingness to

STONY
BROOK
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Ground Breaking Ceremony
Center for Molecular Medicine and
Biology Learning Laboratories

The school had time to print programs, but not to alert students, Polity, or campus media.

even accept a flyer from her hands. All in all, President Kenny was able to usher the governor in, shower him with praise and see him off without much more than a peep from the student body.

There's no way to tell just why nobody in the student body knew about this event, but it's quite tempting to blame it on a cover up. Consider what would happen if the governor came to campus in the middle of the semester, and we knew about it beforehand... Polity would have hundreds of students protest the ceremony, and graduate groups like GSEU would have been able to find many more picketers than they did. The alternative, that the administration was simply too incompetent to publicize a major event, is equally upsetting.



Members of the GSEU protest at Governor Pataki's appearance



Governor Pataki took a "pro-education" stance as he addressed reporters.

An Old Dog's New Tricks

"One morning, Gregor Samsa awoke to find himself transformed in his bed into a monstrous vermin."

-Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*

The art of journalism is a tricky and often treacherous endeavor. A newspaper has to set a distinct character for itself, a personality by which it will be judged and categorized.

In the early years of its existence, *The Press* was largely a political journal, a rallying call for campus and national activism. It reported alternative news stories you wouldn't find in more main-stream periodicals, and encouraged students to get involved. If newspapers were people, the *Press* would have been Abbie Hoffman.

Times, however, do change, and *The Press* has changed along with them. When I joined *The Press* two years ago, its personality was political, literary, and somewhat satirical; still retaining its original mission of alternative journalism, yet increasingly becoming a source of humor and art.

Since then, that source has grown from a spring to a geyser. Around half of our content is currently humor, reviews, and satire. *The Press* has grown as well; our first issue was eight pages, and now we run between twenty and twenty eight.

Last spring, *The Press* won a national journalism award for "Best Sense of Humor," and it caused me to realize just how much the *Press* had changed. It

seemed logical that since we were such a different paper in content, we should reflect it in design.

That's why this edition of *The Press* looks so different from previous incarnations. We're making a concerted effort to improve the way we look, as well as what we say. Marshall McLuhan said that "the medium is the message," so we're trying to make our medium a little less slapdash and more what you'd expect from the funniest paper in the country.

The challenge is to maintain *The Press'* original mission of alternative reporting while making all these changes. Fear not, *Press* purists. As this edition testifies, we're making a concerted effort to present you with both campus and national happenings. We've added extra editorials, and we're continuing to encourage activism on campus.

There's more to come, too, but I won't blow all the surprises this early in the semester.

But enough about us. What about you? How was your summer? Good? Excellent. Got your class schedule figured out? Take a look at it... see that open space Wednesdays from 1 to 2 pm? You've got nothing to do there! Well, as it happens we have our staff meetings during that time. Come on down and meet *The Press*, as it were. We're not as depraved as you might think, and you just may end up working with us. If you've got something to say (and know how to say it, hopefully) there's no better outlet on campus than right here.

Land of Liberty?

The bombing of Centennial Park during the Atlanta Olympic games came with no warning. Most of us still reeled from the decimation that ensued during the now notorious TWA flight 800. The country grieved for her lost sons and daughters and somewhere on a hilltop a begotten god Athena wept at the degeneration of her only bequest. More bad news was to come.

Watching the local news during this week would have afforded a peculiar sight to a random spectator. Americans, long the gatekeepers of the words "My country tis of thee/ Sweet land of Liberty" were only too happy to give up their rights. The re-opening night of Centennial Park saw metal detectors and random bag checks. When journalists asked the question, the masses responded. "I don't mind having my duffel bag checked if it means everyone will be safer." This phrase went through various iterations and the world heard.

Perhaps liberty is a concept too many take for granted. This would seem to be the case when most Americans deal with security in this reactive manner. It is indeed difficult to offer an alternate solution, but facing a dearth of options, must we react like sheep?

Privacy is a big part of liberty. When we give it up in such a docile manner we open the doors for other violations. The constitution guarantees us protection from "Unlawful search and seizure". It also protects us from having military personnel quartered in our homes. Would you give up that right just as easily? What if it was to ensure your safety? The leap from bag search to Colonel in your living room may seem like a long one but theoretically it lies just beyond the next step.

In an era of mass automation our privacy is something we must not willingly give away. As it is, traffic lights record your driving infractions and EZ Pass creates a somewhat coherent record of your travels in the tri-state area. Every time you enter a corporate lobby to deliver a pizza you become a video-byte for the closed circuit surveillance system. Not to mention the fact that credit cards offer those with clearance access into your psyche. The books you purchase could earn you a spot on the FBI's reconnaissance list.

Rights given up too easily will have to be fought for...again.

Undergraduates Need A Raise

Recently the President signed into law the newest minimum wage increase that can best be described as a 'day late and a dollar short'. The minimum wage had reached a forty year low as it relates to average wages and really the President and the Congress were shamed into signing the increase. Weeks before the increase was implemented the republicans presented a series of stipulations that would have seriously jeopardized the purpose and meaning of a fair wage, some would say they succeeded.

As it stands now the university's administrators are doing their best to stifle any gains that students would receive as result of the increase. For example, a student who started working for the university in the fall of 1995 received a starting salary of \$4.25. If that student worked through the summer of 1996 and got the normal wage increases he could expect to be making \$4.75 starting this fall. Similarly, an incoming freshman who begins work for

the university today will also make \$4.75, seems fair? Not really. The problem is that the university won't acknowledge the adjusted increase for students who have been on the payroll. Undergraduates who have worked for a semester or more are not only entitled to their normal increases but also an adjusted increase as it relates to the minimum wage. Students who are expecting their salary to be \$4.75 without the Federal increase should demand an additional \$0.50 an hour raise to even out the discrepancy created by the change.

For the most part we don't have reason to question the intelligence of our administrators. Therefore, we are forced to question the ethics of the people who write the rules as they pertain to student-administrator relations. Be fair, be just or we will be forced to demand it.



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The DisAdvantage Plan

New Meal Plan May Leave Students Hungry

By John Giuffo

This new semester brings a number of changes to Stony Brook. There's two newly renovated residence halls. There's some cool tables outside Humanities, and the new Student Activities Center is nearing completion. Some things however, seem to have changed, but are in reality the same old thing. Case in point, the new meal plan.

Aramark, fresh from a contract renewal, has implemented a new meal plan which takes the premise of last year's full declining balance plan and implements it in a new and rather ingenious way. Gone are the plans that feature a mixture of declining balance and meals, and in their stead is the much-ballyhooed *Advantage* dining plan.

The *Advantage* plan is different from the previous declining balance plans in that a seemingly arbitrary system of cost-related prices have been assigned to items which can only be bought at that price by owners of the *Advantage* dining plan.

The system is complicated, so try to stay with me (being complicated lends the plan the added advantage of making students less inclined to question prices or delve deeply into reasons for prices). First, every student living in a residence hall which does not allow for cooking must purchase one of the *Advantage* meal plans. Priced at \$900, \$1050 and \$1200 for the *Basic Advantage*, *Standard Advantage*, and *Ultra Advantage* plans, respectively, the new meal plans force every student on the plans to pay \$682 up front to cover overhead costs such as facility rental, packaging, labor, garbage removal etc.

Representatives from Aramark, when questioned recently at a presentation given to R.A.'s during the recent R.A. Summer Training period, explained to the angry group before them that the reason the overhead costs were the same for everyone was because no matter whether a student was a light eater or a heavy eater, he or she uses the same amount of overhead. The representative, in a bit of salesperson huckstering not seen since P.T. Barnum, told everyone gathered that the person who used Kelly Cafeteria once a week incurred the same costs, in terms of garbage removal and electricity, as the person who ate there every day. Yes, that makes sense.

Such twisted logic is no surprise: the whole event was a marvel of smoke-and-mirrors reasoning.

Take for example the repeated mantra of "The difference is *Buying Power*," pushed on the R.A.'s by the Aramark representative, whenever someone complained about the amount of money available to them under the new meal plan as opposed to last year's declining balance meal plan. You see, after the \$682 is taken out of the money you pay Aramark, you supposedly get the remainder, whether \$218, \$368 or \$518, to spend on food at *cost*. The idea is that students, seeing that a cup of soda is \$.50, should wet their pants in lemming-like conformity and see the new meal plan as an incredible bargain, as if it is

they who are getting the *Advantage*. (As an aside, this new meal plan was in part rationalized by saying that students were angry at having to pay \$1000 last year for full Declining Balance, and only receive \$850 in points. Aramark said that equity was their main concern in devising the new meal plan, but did not explain this discrepancy. Why were students paying \$150 extra in overhead charges, when the retail price should have covered all such expenses? The answer is simple: greed, and a policy enforced by the Division of Campus Residences that says that all students in non-cooking buildings must be on a meal plan, a policy which creates a system of indentured consumerism. Students have no choice but to pay whatever Aramark wish-

es, and Aramark, having an enforced monopoly, opens up for itself a slew of money-making opportunities.

But just *who* is getting the *Advantage*? Look at pricing under the retail scale versus the cost scale. Last year, whenever students needed to purchase something from the Union Deli, they all paid the same prices, Declining Balance or cash. The prices, it was universally felt, were inflated anyway, but at least they resembled normal retail prices, a fact which keeps Aramark's price-gouging capabilities in check. Think about it; if the Deli started charging \$1.50 for a can of soda, the students wouldn't have it, because *everyone knows how much the retail value of a can of soda is*. But with this new meal plan, Aramark has the freedom to more arbitrarily set prices, and claim that this is the product's actual cost. The only problem is that a *very small percentage of Aramark's indentured consumers actually know the cost value of anything*.

Aramark will refute this claim with a counter-claim of the ability to step into their offices and request information pertaining to the cost of certain food items. There are a number

Students have no choice but to pay whatever Aramark wishes, and Aramark, having an enforced monopoly, opens up for itself a slew of money-making opportunities.

Advantage Plan: Buying Power?	
Lunch at Kelly Cafeteria:	\$2.20
Dinner at Kelly:	\$2.75
Daily meal cost:	\$4.95
Weekly meal cost: (2 meals, 7 days a week)	34.65
Standard Plan available declining balance:	\$368.00
Number of weeks Standard Plan will last if you eat 2 meals a day, 7 days a week:	10.6 (\$368.00 ÷ 34.65 = 10.6)
Number of weeks in the semester:	15
Number of weeks you go hungry:	4.4 (a month!)

would you know the prices they give you are actual representations of what they paid for any given item? Aramark is a profit-driven organization: do you really expect them to be entirely, 100% up-front and accurate with you as to what they are paying for an item as opposed to what you are paying?

The bottom line is that this plan feeds on our ignorance as to the inner-workings of a retail business; if we do not know the exact price paid for a given item, prices can be set arbitrarily and identified as *cost*. Having already taken nearly \$700 from all students in the residence halls for overhead costs and profit, Aramark can hypothetically charge whatever they feel they can get away with calling *cost*, and further profit from a student body which must submit to the whims of the company. Don't be so naïve as to believe that Corporate America will not exploit certain opportunities to boost profits; a financially enslaved and ignorant student body is too good an opportunity to pass up.

In comparing last year's meal plan to this year's meal plan, a number of other discrepancies will appear. Contrary to Aramark's claims of increased "buying power" under the new meal plan, close inspection of the realities of this new plan reveal a different story.

The average student, having been encouraged to participate in the "Standard Advantage" plan, will have \$368 to spend over the course of the semester. This, on the surface, seems reasonable, when taking into consideration that dinner at Kelly Cafeteria is a mere \$2.75 for an *Advantage* dining customer, and a bagel is \$0.19. But look deeper. Remember the joy when that pizza finally came from Domino's Pizza at 11:45 at night, when the Deli had already closed, you had no cash, and you were cramming for that test? Kiss that good-bye.

Under the new plan, *only on-campus* dining facilities are participating in the *Advantage* dining plan. The two contracted off-campus delivery providers this year are Pudgies

and Station Pizza, (get used to those 3-hour Station Pizza waits, kids) and while both accept declining balance for purchases, *they charge full retail price*. This means that the \$12 or \$13 you spend on pizza and soda delivery have an *Advantage* dining value of around \$30. \$30 for pizza. That had better be some good pizza. The financial realities of off-campus dining on the meal plan make such late-night deliveries an unwise, irresponsible impulse purchase at best. You can't do

it too often, or you will run out of declining balance in October.

In addition to off-campus food being a financially irresponsible

splurge, anything not bought cooked and prepared in bulk by Aramark is inflated in price. A 20 ounce bottle of Coke is \$.65 while a 22 ounce cup of Coke from the fountain is \$.29.

If you are a person who prefers to eat in an all-you-can-eat facility (Kelly or H Quad), the news is no better. Remember that 15 meal plan you were happy to have around November 20 of last year after your Declining Balance ran out, assuring you that you would at least be able to eat through the end of the semester? No such promises of nutritional stability are being made this year.

I did the math. The *Advantage* price for lunch at Kelly or H is \$2.20, dinner is \$2.75. At \$5.00 *Advantage* a day for meals, that means you would have to spend \$35.00 *Advantage* a week to eat two meals a day, seven times a week. At this rate, you would run out of money somewhere in mid-November if you were on the *Standard Advantage* plan. Only the \$1200 *Ultra Advantage* plan would sustain you until the beginning of finals week, assuming you spent not one red cent anywhere other than Kelly or H for two meals a day (this amount of food cost \$1000 last year, under the 15 meal option, and that still left \$210 in declining balance. This is an approximate 400, or 40%, increase in meal plan costs from last year to this year for students who dine at Kelly or H regularly). At the above-mentioned Aramark presentation during R.A. Training, the Aramark representative advised recommending the *Ultra Advantage* meal plan only to those who she considered heavy eaters such as "football players or other such people". I didn't know two meals a day was considered heavy eating. Is three meals a day considered an eating disorder by Aramark?

Aramark tends to rationalize this lack of certainty as to whether or not students will have money for food at the end of the semester, claiming it is not unreasonable to consider college students responsible enough to budget their money. Thus, if a student runs out of money before the semester is up, (as I guarantee you, most of us will), we can be considered irresponsible with our money, rather than the victims of a well-planned and ingeniously executed campaign of greed on the part of those charged with providing necessary services for us.

Aramark claims students are responsible enough to risk nutritional bankruptcy but insists that a compulsory meal plan is necessary, ostensibly because students can't be trusted to provide food for themselves outside the confines of an enforced meal plan system. These notions are contradictory, and they get to the heart of what Aramark is all about: saying anything to the student body to keep them shoveling money into the gaping maw of the Aramark pocketbook.

Students should be outraged. The requirement for all non-cooking building residents to be on a meal plan fosters an environment for whatever company lowballs a contract enough to take students (and their parents) for all the money they have. Most of us will be forced to shovel more money into our *Advantage* dining plans by the end of the semester, giving even more money to those who are ripping us off. Aramark should be forced to answer these charges before a gathering of students, perhaps in front of the Polity Senate. The meal plan should be immediately overhauled, and students should have more of a say in how we are supplied food on campus. If we stand by and let Aramark get away with this, further violations against us are inevitable. Fight back and let those responsible know we are on to their game.

This means that the \$12 or \$13 you spend on pizza and soda delivery have an Advantage dining value of around \$30. \$30 for pizza. That had better be some good pizza.

It Does Take A Village

A Critique of Bob Dole's Acceptance Speech

By Boyd McCamish

In the coming months Americans will be asked to make a critical decision. Who will be our next President? Many have become weary of the process that is electoral politics and have looked into alternate parties to align themselves with. The Greens, Labor, Reform and Libertarians have all grown in membership in the last few years. This is due in part to an increasingly diverse electorate and the simple fact that many Americans rightfully feel that they are no longer represented by either of the two major parties. Part of the reason people have turned their backs on the Democrats and Republicans has been a concern over social issues. Both parties, realizing they have little to offer the common person resort to moral issues in order to draw lines through the population. Abortion, the death penalty, immigration, and welfare are all issues that don't directly effect the vast majority of our people yet politicians cleverly take sides and ask those who concur to vote for them. In his book *"Money Talks, Corporate PACS and Political Influence"* the author, Dan Clawson argues that one of the most important distinctions a voter can make is that there is no distinction between Democrats and Republicans. If that is indeed the case then what can we say about this batch of Presidential hopefuls, in particular Mr. Dole and President Clinton. The following is an attempt to dissect Bob Dole's acceptance speech to unearth his true intentions and his motivations.

"Thank you, President Ford and President Bush. And God bless you, Nancy Reagan for your moving tribute to President Reagan. By the way, I spoke to President Reagan this afternoon and I made him a promise that we would win one more for The Gipper."

"The Gipper", former President Ronald Reagan is often referred to by conservative politicians, especially this election year. Reagan, who championed modern conservatism and supply-side economics during the eighties has since been heralded as the savior of American business. This is due in large part to the massive spending plans he put through a silent Congress. As a result, the nation was plunged into debt, \$212 billion by the time the smoke cleared. Still he has many advocates, he was especially helpful in furthering many conservative social causes.

"I do not need the presidency to make or refresh my soul. That false hope I would gladly leave to others. For greatness lies not in what office you should hold but how honest you are in the face of adversity and in your willingness to stand fast in hard places."

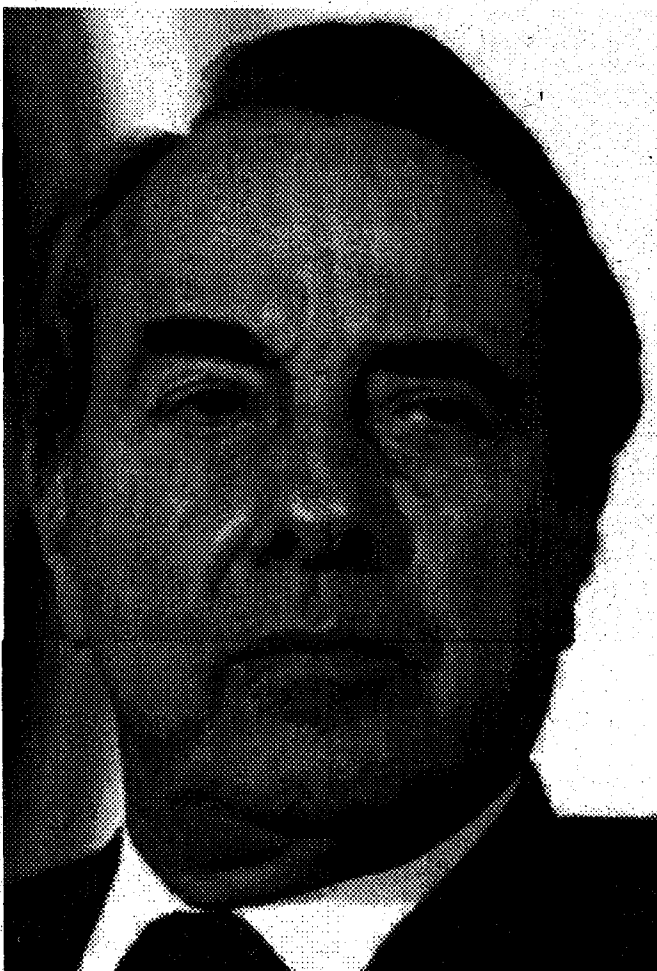
It is too bad Dole didn't feel this way during the tax increases of the eighties and nineties. Despite his rhetoric on reducing taxes for the wealthy and the middle class, Dole voted for every tax increase initiated by Reagan, Bush and Clinton. Here we see a Dole full of himself, self-righteousness is strewn throughout his speech. It is here where major party candidates make a dangerous mistake. America is full of very competent and productive leaders; these people feel disassociated from national politics because Dole and others portray themselves as the shepherds of our society.

He continues...*"Let me be the bridge to an America that only the unknown call myth. Let me be the bridge to a time of tranquillity, faith and confidence in action. And to those who say it was never so, that America's not been better, I say wrong. And I know because I was there. And I have seen it. And I remember."*

Said like a true Central American dictator. I'm

pretty sure the America Bob Dole grew up in is very different than the America most people do. I suspect that Russell, Kansas was probably a pretty good place for a middle class white guy after World War two. The America that Bob Dole wants to be a bridge to is not big enough for most of us. He is fully aware of that and so are the few powerful people this message is designed for. He continuously uses terms like faith, confidence, and noble. Look Bob, we're not interviewing for a king here, the people want someone who can address the issues important to them. Healthcare, wages, home ownership. Thirty five years in the Congress can do a lot to put one out of touch, especially when the only citizens you deal with are wealthy business owners.

"What we have in the opinions of millions of Americans



is crime and drugs, illegitimacy, abortion, the abdication of duty, and the abandonment of children."

This statement is rather telling, first look at the term "opinions". Dole has clearly manipulated the observations by the public through the media. He is using the perceived fears of rural and suburban whites to polarize their beliefs. Although the rates of these incidents are much higher then they should be Dole unfairly plays on these with premeditated skill. This has been a central theme of Dole campaign, cleaning up America. Yet most people, including those who support Dole don't want the government telling them what to do. How can Dole say we need less bureaucracy and then go off and tell everybody he is going to run the moral broom through Americas livingroom?

"And after the virtual devastation of the American family, the rock upon which this country was founded, we are told that it takes a village, that is the collective, and thus the state, to raise a child. The state is now more involved than it has been in the raising of children. And children are now more neglected, more abused and mistreated than they have been in our time. This is not coincidence. And with all due respect, I am here to tell you it does not take a village to raise a child. It takes a family to raise a child."

Based on the premise of the "opinions" stated ear-

lier, Dole continues on in classic republican style. Mis-identify the problem and then blame, blame, blame. Claiming that the American families are 'devastated' is incorrect and more importantly exactly what his older constituents want to here. In arguably the most disturbing portion of the speech Dole attacks the old African proverb "It takes a village to raise a child", Dole slashes and burns in his attack on minorities. The 'with all due respect' is a formality, a politician thirty years ago would not have been so charitable. Today's politics require a thin veil of of decency but it is all for naught. Dole could have easily used another example but he didn't, he was sending a message.

"And I'm here to say do not abandon the great traditions that stretch to the dawn of our history. Do not topple the pillars of those beliefs—God, family, honor, duty, country—that have brought us through time, and time, and time, and time again."

Although this would make great script for a b-grade war film, it is indicative of Dole's real beliefs and more importantly his real intentions. The time has passed when the people of nations can devote their full trust in governments. History has shown us that when we do, corruption and tyranny soon follow. Yet Dole asks us to put our faith in him, the only collateral we have are the memories of the glorious nineteen fifties, a time Dole refers to often. It is surprising, that now when our nation is in a transitional phase, that Dole finds it necessary to constantly beat out the "glories" of the past. After Dole has us relinquish our concern for the operations of government, he calls out to the oligarchy to come and get the goodies.

"I don't hold for a moment. No one can deny the importance of material well-being. And in this regard, it is time to recognize we have surrendered too much of our economic liberty. I do not appreciate the value of economic liberty nearly as much for what it has done in keeping us fed, as to what it's done in keeping us free."

The question is who is free? The wealthy. Furthermore Dole presents us with the idea that those who have economic liberty should enjoy it. The rights of average Americans' have been mortgaged for the benefit of the wealthy. Our increasingly divided society has come as a result of the polarization of capital into the hands of a few. Dole continues...

"The freedom of the marketplace is not merely the best guarantor of our prosperity. It is the chief guarantor of our rights, and a government that seizes control of the economy for the good of the people ends up seizing control of the people for the good of the economy."

Laissez faire economics at its best, Dole has sold his soul to industry. Even though we already knew this the dangerous thing is his belligerence when dealing with the matter. How many people, at the convention or otherwise could hear these words and feel as if they applied to them? A very small group. Dole is appealing not only to the wealthy but perhaps more importantly the protectors of the status quo, the entrepreneurs who beat out an average living with the illusion that they will acquire great wealth in the end. Most don't, yet they become the most vicious defenders of Dole's exclusionary policies.

"I trust the American people at work in the best interest of the people. And I believe that every family, wage earner and small business in America can do better—if only have the right policies in Washington D.C."

This cleverly disguised message has many results. Throughout Dole's campaign, he

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CHICAGO POLICE RAID ACTIVIST HEADQUARTERS AS PRESIDENT ADDRESSES CONVENTION

CHICAGO- As President Clinton took the stage at the Democratic National Convention tonight, Chicago police raided the site of Active Resistance, a counter-convention conference organized by the local activist group, Autonomous Zone. A press conference and demonstration will be held at 1:00pm on Friday, August 30 at the 14th District Police Station, 2150 N. California Ave.

At approximately 8:00pm tonight, numerous police vans gathered in the street and 5-8 uniformed officers forced their way into the building at 2010 W. Carroll, which has served as a central meeting site for the conference. Several conference participants were pepper-sprayed; two were

hospitalized. Officers reportedly searched through personal belongings and confiscated radio equipment and papers from the site. Conference participants report that when they asked to see a search warrant, officers told them a search warrant wasn't necessary. No arrests have been reported.

As officers entered from the back of the building, they ordered conference participants there to sit down. Those who did not sit down were pushed down. One officer threatened to push a woman down the back stairs of the building. Conference participant Lynn Harrington was kicked and, when she asked officers "what are you doing?," was pepper-sprayed in the face at

close range. Conference participants report that they repeatedly requested a search warrant and officers' badge numbers, but were not provided with either. Participants were told they were not being arrested or detained. But when one woman and her three year-old son asked if they could leave, officers denied them permission. On their way out, officers reportedly pepper-sprayed par-

ticipants indiscriminately. Conference participant Alex Berkman was sprayed repeatedly at close range and was hospitalized.

Police vans then proceeded to another Active Resistance meeting site at 343 N. Western. By the time officers arrived at the second site, counter-convention participants had already removed their belongings and evacuated the building.

Active Resistance has been host to over 700 activists from throughout North America and Europe who came to Chicago to attend workshops and discussion groups on issues ranging from community organizing to alternative economics. Conference participants also organized today's Festival of the Oppressed, a peaceful street-theater procession with costumes and colorful puppets made by participants during the week.

The police raids this evening come at the end of a day of 14 arrests of activists and independent media makers. Eight conference participants were arrested at the Festival of the Oppressed procession, including the parade's traffic safety coordinator. Six videographers working with CounterMedia, a coalition of alternative media makers, were arrested while covering the procession. Their cameras were confiscated and some of their film was destroyed by arresting officers.

Videographer Jeff Perlstein, who was arrested earlier in the week and participated in CounterMedia's press conference this morning addressing police harassment of independent media, was arrested again this afternoon. He reports witnessing an officer smash his camera on the ground. Charges have not yet been released.

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continued from page 6] has stated over and over again that he trusts the American people. Superficially, this might seem reasonable but the reality remains that Dole and the Republicans seek to return power to the states only to reinstate racist, sexist and discriminatory policies that have been erased only because of Federal laws and mandates (see civil rights movement).

"The notion that we are and should be one people rather than 'peoples' of the United States seems so self-evident and obvious that it's hard for me to imagine that I must defend it. When I was growing up in Russell, Kansas, it was clear to me that my pride and my home were in America, not in any faction, and not in any division."

An interesting contradiction worth observing. Suddenly Dole is concerned that we remain one people. Odd, considering that a few moments before he declared the proverb "It takes a village to raise a child." was inappropriate for America. This gives us insight into Dole's selectivity when dealing with his fellow countrymen. The point is clear, if you have wealth you're welcome, if you want or need wealth, get lost.

"The teachers union nominated Bill Clinton in 1992. They're funding his re-election now. And they, his most reliable supporters, know he will maintain the status quo. I say this not to the teachers, but to their unions. I say this, if education were at war, you would be losing it. If it were a business, you would be driving it into bankruptcy. If it were a patient, it would be dying. And to the teachers union, I say this, when I am president, I will disregard your political power for the sake of the parents, the children, the schools and the nation. I plan to enrich your vocabulary with those words of fear—school choice and competition and opportunity scholarships."

The teachers union supports Bill Clinton, that is undisputed. The idea of Dole attacking the union rather than the teachers makes absolutely no

sense. Teacher unions as organizations are compiled of teachers. In effect the teachers union, as a bureaucracy, is filled with teachers. That is what Dole is targeting. To suggest that the teachers union is to blame for lack of quality in education is of questionable merit, arguably the real problem lies in the turbulent economic patterns of the last twenty years and Dole can take at least partial credit for that.

"And I have been asked if I had a litmus tests for judges. I do. My litmus test for judges is that they be intolerant of outrage; that their passion is not to amend, but to interpret the constitution that they are restrained in regard to those who live within the law, and strict with those who break it. And those who say that I should not make President Clinton's liberal judicial appointments an issue in this campaign, I have a simple response. I have heard your argument. The motion is denied."

In so far as I've been told, the constitution is a 'work in progress'. That is to say that each generation will mold and decide upon it as they see fit, through interpretation and amendments. However this all seems very strange coming from a man who has pleaded with his colleagues for constitutional amendments with regard to abortion and a balanced budget.

"I am prepared to risk more political capital in defense of domestic tranquillity than any president you have ever known. The time for such is long overdue. And in defending our nation from external threats, the requirements of survival cannot merely be finessed. There is no room for margin of error. On this subject perhaps more than any other, a president must level with the people and be prepared to take political risks. And I would rather do what is called for in this regard and be unappreciated, than fail to do so and win universal acclaim. And it must be said because of misguided priorities there have been massive cuts in fund-

ing for our national security. I believe President Clinton has failed to adequately provide for our defense. And for whatever reason the neglect, it is irresponsible. I ask you to consider these crystal-clear differences. He believes that it is acceptable to ask our military to do more with less. I do not. He defends giving a green light to a terrorist state, Iran, to expand its influence in Europe. And he relies on the United Nations to punish Libyan terrorists who murdered American citizens. I will not. He believes that defending our people and our territory from missile attacks unnecessary. I do not. And on my first day in office, I will put on a course that we will end our vulnerability to missile attack and rebuild our armed forces."

Dole's insatiable desire for 'domestic tranquillity' should be a matter of genuine concern to anyone interested in preserving their individual liberties. To say Clinton has given the green light to Iran is malicious. Dole certainly gives the 'green light' to the military industrial complex in this excerpt and there are two reasons for this. One, Dole and anyone who wants to be president needs California, a large military industry state. Also, Dole has some old favors to pay back in terms of campaign financing from military corporations; he just signed the check.

All in all this speech required little interpretation, mainly because Dole has made no attempt to hide his bias tendencies. The contrasts in this election are stark, Dole has pulled out all the stops in the hope that Clinton will falter. Realistically, it is his only chance, thankfully. Whether or not you like Dole or Clinton is of little matter here, hopefully people will look to alternative means of political representation as our discontent for the transparent ideas of the past are brought to light.

A UNION SUMMER

By Boyd McCamish

This summer, in over twenty two cities, the AFL-CIO sought to reinvigorate the labor movement by placing young activist in the wilds of union organizing. From the strawberry fields of California to the garment factories of Boston over 1,000 activists participated in what has been described as the beginning of the next labor front. Most of the locations in the program were fixed. Students converged on a particular city and were then dispatched to local unions to provide support rallies, strikes and labor organizing. The southern bus tour was different in that we traveled through five cities in the southeast, visiting civil rights sights and helping the United Food and Commercial Workers (UFCW) locals 1529 (Memphis) and 1657 (Birmingham). For the last six months the UFCW has been engaged in what is called the "Care for the caregivers campaign", a national organizing drive in the nursing home industry. Our purpose was to assist the local organizers and provide a presence for the workers to see; a sign of solidarity and hope. In the mean time we learned the basic principles of labor organizing and the goals it seeks to reach.

"From this arises a dispute: whether it is better to be loved, or feared by men: that they are ungrateful, fickle, hypocrites and dissemblers, evaders of danger, lovers of gain, and while you do them good, they are wholly yours offering you blood, goods of life and sons...Men are cautious about offending one who has made himself feared." (From Machiavelli's "The Prince")

Indianola, Miss. July 25th, 1996. This small town sits just a few hours south of Memphis. Its large water tower stands proud, a sign of her relatively large population. The "aquafarms" that decorate the road leading to Indianola provide a constant reminder of who is boss.

The Delta Pride catfish plant is the largest employer in the area and a constant topic of discussion and debate. Delta Pride is a cooperative business owned by roughly 180 independent catfish farmers. Each raises his own fish in the massive man made lakes and then brings them to the plant where they are purchased collectively, processed and sold primarily to foodservice corporations. While the catfish farmers receive all the benefits of collective strength with fairness at the cooperative, the story for the employees was quite the opposite. Indianola, like many places in Mississippi, has an overabundance of labor, thus many local residents were transferred from the cotton fields to the catfish plants when cotton became less financially attractive. The picture of the area has become much more deceiving because of this. On paper the area has relatively low unemployment and an increased tax base yet the "plantation" mentality is still very much alive. The south still works this way even today, accommodating the pressures of the

Federal government while maintaining control by a few over the masses. Imagine then what the response must have been when the UFCW first came to Indianola in 1989. The Union received calls from workers at Delta Pride complaining about "medieval" working conditions, low pay



Whitney Young Jr., former head of the Urban League, understood the necessity for workplace equality

and most importantly, a lack of dignity and respect, a recurring theme today in the southern labor movement. Among the complaints, the constant use of the term "nigger" by managers, workers given 30 minutes of break time per work week, no doors in the bathroom stalls and constant harassment by managers who often watched the employees use the restroom. Because of the high speed in processing the fish many employees suffered from carpal-tunnel syndrome which forced them to leave work with no insurance and in many cases no job once they recovered. As a group the employees were quite anxious to join a union. After the union



The battle for justice began with pioneers like Rosa Parks: Today's battlefield is the workplace.

was voted in there was great excitement. The owners of Delta Pride were not used to this sort of insubordination and were generally belligerent in contract negotiations, and as a result a contract agreement could not be reached and the owners locked out the employees and quickly

hired new workers. The employees of Delta Pride showed incredible strength and determination, with nothing to lose they could only gain. Strike support was swift and powerful. Much to the amazement of the local workers other striking workers came from all over the country in solidarity. Even the most skeptical employees were stunned by the fact that although the union could have easily packed its tents and left, they instead provided them with emergency food, and a \$60 a week check, none of them had ever paid union dues. The strike lasted for sometime and to give you an idea of the level to which Delta Pride was willing to stoop to avoid recognizing the union we must look at the events of the fall of 1989. It had become quite clear that the owners had no intention at the time of doing business with the UFCW. They had hired "Union Buster" attorneys and as was mentioned, replacement workers.

They didn't like them "niggers actin' up". Although you might be hard pressed to find good catfish in New York, understand that it is a very large business throughout the U.S., particularly in the west. The farmers have huge ponds, some seven or eight acres in size. They employ massive machinery which they troll across ponds and scoop up fish, put them in a truck and bring them to the plant. Of course, this being the South, as you might expect, often times there are things other than just fish in the ponds. Birds, otters and snakes have been found in the metal nets and are usually discarded once they reach land. While striking workers picketed outside of Delta Pride, in total accordance with federal rules and laws some of the farmers had their own way of "Union bustin!". Using some of the replacement workers the owners filled the backs of large trucks with the unwanted snakes and drove alongside the strikers, showering them

with water moccasins, copperheads and other poisonous and deadly reptiles. Many were hurt, yet remarkably the guilty were never found. In the end the union was victorious. We toured the plant and spoke with management who seemed if nothing else, friendly. Their account of the events were third hand since most had been brought in after the strike. Despite a terror campaign by the company and threats that the plant would be forced to close if it was unionized, Delta Pride has recorded record profits in the years since unionization. Even though it now pays higher wages,

medical insurance, retirement and disability benefits.

Worker Exploitation, Japanese Style

Bridgestone/Firestone Railroads Workers at Bargaining Table

By Boyd McCamish

Unfortunately, the practice of major corporations bargaining unfairly with their employees is not unique to Japan. All nations that have adopted the "Anglo-American" ideology of capitalism have systematically abused this normally fragile relationship. Japan, The United Kingdom, Canada and the United States are the major players in the game. Supply-side economics rules the land and labor is to be considered a commodity, plentiful, cheap and most importantly, renewable.

The Case of B/F is similar to others. In 1988 Tokyo based Bridgestone, a major manufacturer of rubber products and auto supplies purchased Firestone Tire and Rubber for \$2.6 billion dollars. Like so many other buyouts of that time the Japanese overpaid. With amazing overhead and mediocre profits B/F reluctantly signed a collective bargaining agreement. In 1994, faced with a burdensome debt, attributable mainly to the original purchase price, B/F made unconscionable demands for the renewal of the contract. The United Rubber Workers (URW) were faced with a dilemma: take a slap in the face contract or retain their pride. They voted to strike. B/F took this decision to mean they no longer had to abide by US Federal Law

and began a string of unfair labor violations including, but not limited to; The unlawful replacement of 2,300 striking workers who were falsely told that they would be permanently replaced. On May 22, 1995 the United Rubber Workers offered to sit at the table again in order to find a more equitable middle ground, they were told to take a hike. To this day over 500 original workers have not been allowed to return to B/F as "uncontracted workers".

BRIDGESTONE/Firestone

Keeping the pressure on! The merger of the United Steel Workers of America (USWA) and The United Auto Workers (UAW) has provided more support for the locked out B/F workers. The contract between General Motors and the UAW calls for joint sourcing and purchasing decisions, leading the UAW local to successfully stop the use of B/F tires on all new Saturn automobiles. In addition, the city of Philadelphia passed resolution No. 960526: "Denouncing the

unfair labor practices of Bridgestone-Firestone, inc. and urging the citizens of Philadelphia not to purchase their products until they cease their anti-union and anti-worker policies."

Still there is much to be done. Incidents like this are numerous all around the country. Until big business realizes that "bargaining in good faith" means more than just sitting at the table, problems will persist. Undermining the well being of the striking workers at B/F has a ripple effect that we all must live with. It should be of

no surprise to anyone that while corporate profits go up, real wages for American workers are stagnant. This is due in part to corporate America's intolerance of organized labor. The well being of future generations of Americans rests with the continued vitality of labor unions.

Urge your city to adopt a similar resolution to that of Philadelphia's. Treat Bridgestone-Firestone with as much respect as they have for their employees and don't buy their products.

Contact for more information:

B/F Update
5 Gateway Center
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222

Or call the B/F hotline: 1-800-798-6489

POLLS GIVE NUMBERS, BUT TRUTH IS MORE ELUSIVE

By Norman Solomon / Creators Syndicate

Opinion polls are big news — especially during an election year. More than ever, this summer and fall, the polling industry will be in overdrive, constantly gauging what Americans think and how they intend to vote. But even the most accurate polls can be very deceiving.

Much has changed since a young man named George Gallup set out to prove that he could predict the results of the 1936 contest between incumbent President Franklin Roosevelt and challenger Alf Landon. In the past 60 years, polls have improved so much that we may be dazzled — and fooled — by their statistical precision.

The more we trust polls, the more likely they are to mislead us. Often, the fault is not in the pollsters but in ourselves: We're too eager to believe that the numbers add up to truth.

"Slight differences in question wording, or in the placement of the questions in the interview, can have profound consequences," says David Moore, vice president of the Gallup Poll. He points out that poll findings "are very much influenced by the polling process itself."

Consider, for instance, what researchers discovered in a 1985 national poll: Only 19 percent of the public agreed that the country wasn't spending enough money on "welfare." However, when the question contained the phrase "assistance to the poor" instead of "welfare," the affirmative responses jumped to 63 percent.

The fact that a wording change can cause a 44

percent shift explains how people can make opposite — and equally vehement — claims about what "polls show." The truth is that, at best, polls offer us flat snapshots of a three-dimensional world.

At worst, when they're funded by partisans, polls may be purposely deceptive. In those cases, faulty polling can come back to haunt those who initially seemed to benefit from it.

In autumn 1994, Republican pollster Frank Luntz declared that each provision of the 10-point "Contract With America" had overwhelming public support. Luntz failed to mention that he'd only surveyed responses to GOP slogans.

Last year, as details emerged about impacts of the "contract," public disapproval mounted — and congressional Republicans who took comfort in their own pollster's propaganda were brought up short. Six months ago, when Knight-Ridder reporter Frank Greve exposed the polling sleight-of-hand, he noted that "the House GOP's legislative agenda isn't just losing popularity; it's probably shedding popularity that was overrated."

An editor at Congressional Quarterly, Philip Duncan, added: "The revelation that there are gaps in the contract's appeal might have come sooner if the media had pressed Luntz during the 1994 campaign to document his claim of public support. But all too often, reporters simply pass along results of polls that were designed to influence voter sentiment, not merely measure it."

Regardless of their quality, polls that depict public opinion end up altering it. Poll data "influence perceptions, attitudes and decisions at every level

of our society," Gallup executive David Moore writes in his recent book, "The Superpollsters."

"Polling dictates virtually every aspect of election campaigns, from fund-raising to electoral strategy to news coverage," Moore comments. "And, after our representatives are elected, polling profoundly shapes the political context in which they make public policy."

Some polls are skewed by intensive efforts to sway the electorate. For example, in times of crisis, many presidents have been able to orchestrate publicity that spikes the poll numbers — which are then cited as proof that the White House is in sync with the popular will.

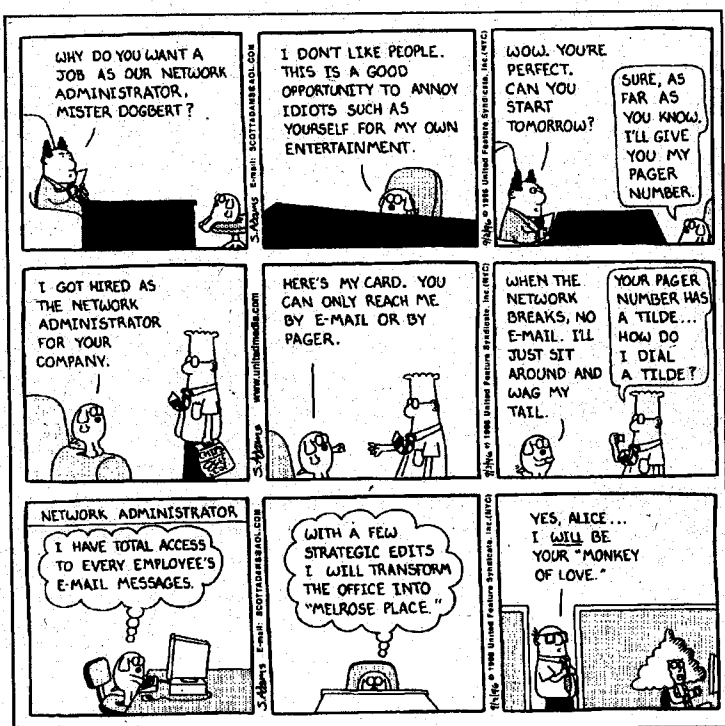
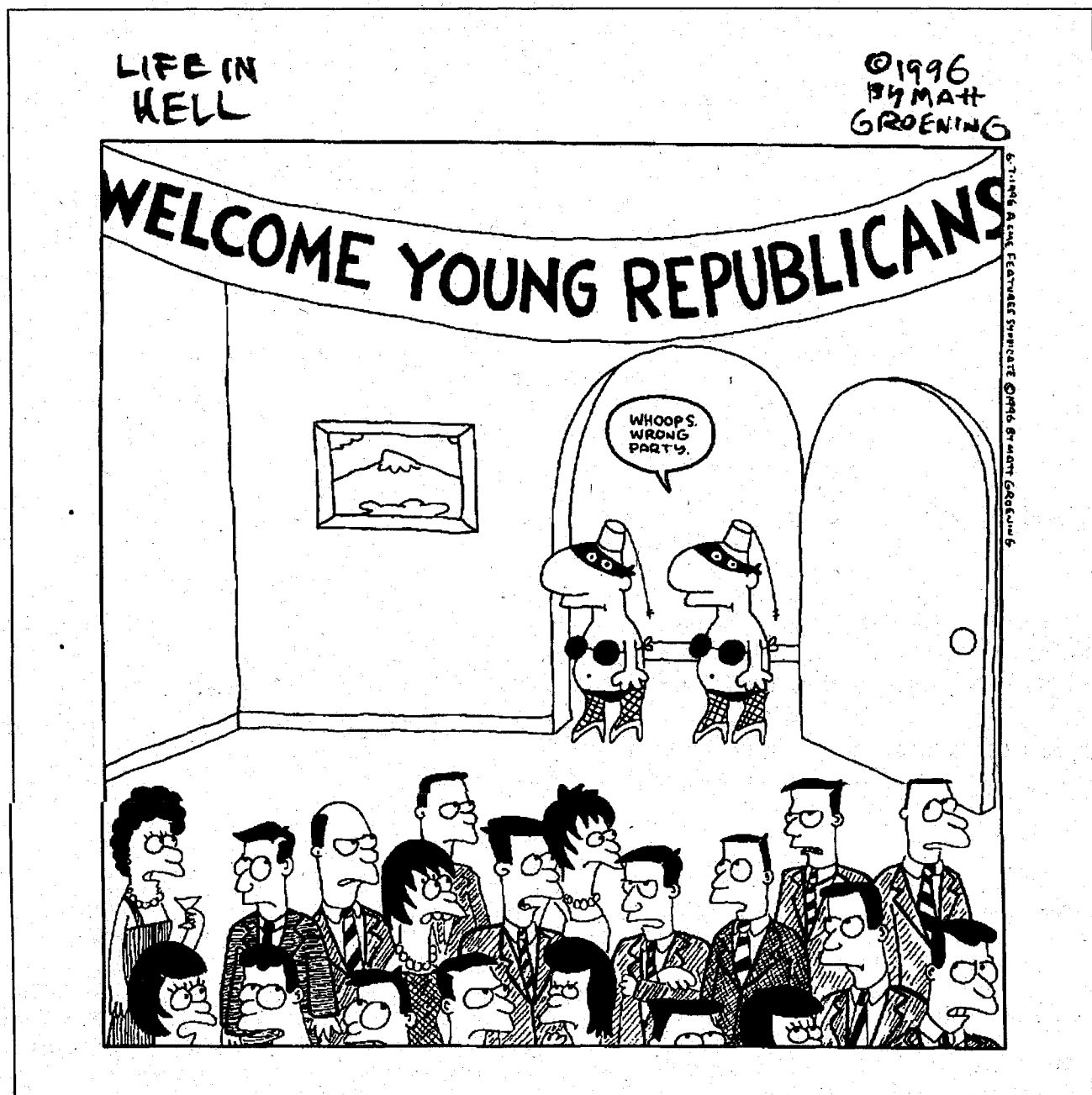
While polling seems to offer choices, it also limits them. Author Herbert Schiller says that opinion-polling is commonly "a choice-restricting mechanism." Why? "Because ordinary polls

reduce, and sometimes eliminate entirely, the...true spectrum of possible options." Schiller aptly describes poll responses as "guided" choices.

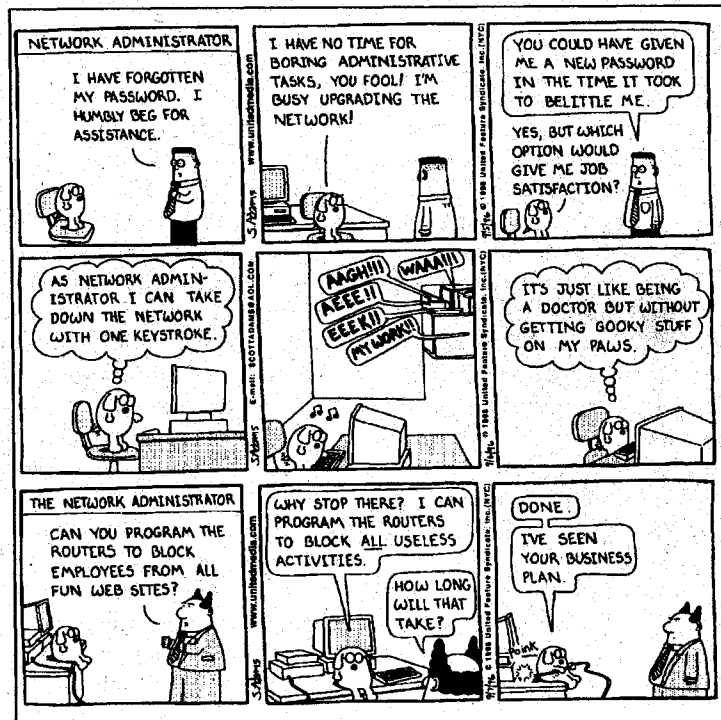
To make matters worse, the narrow range of options presented by pollsters is far from random. "Those who dominate governmental decision-making and private economic activity are the main supports of the pollsters," Schiller observes. "The vital needs of these groups determine, intentionally or not, the parameters within which polls are formulated."

We become overly impressed with polls when we pay too much attention to the answers and not enough to the questions.

COMICS



Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



Top Ten Highlights of Governor Pataki's Recent Speech at Stony Brook

10. Clock around Governor's neck during "Rapin' Mad Students" rap.
9. Endearing way he kept pinching President Kenny's ass.
8. The way he lied straight-faced about his concern for our education.
7. He had a stiffy during Senator LaValle's speech.
6. "And I've decided to offer a 10 million dollar endowment to USB to be divided equally between all departments... just kidding!"
5. The time he stopped, said "Line!", and Al D'Amato ran up and whispered in his ear.
4. Four words: No Loot Jam Breakfast
3. Offered to deal 3-card monty for next years TAP money.
2. Sweating under arms 'cause he works so hard for us.
1. Cute little Playschool shovel he brought to dig himself out of a pile of his own bullshit.

CARESS THE CURMUDGEON

Another *Press* contest... this time featuring touching!

The picture you see below is our only pictorial evidence of Chris Sorochin's existence. Chris has long contributed articles to *The Press*, and he's been a staff member for over a year, yet none of our editors have ever met or spoken to him. All of his articles arrive in nondescript envelopes via the U.S. Postal Service.

Chris's articles are funny; his news is informing; his wit is sharper than a nipple on a blustery November day. Unfortunately, we cannot meet him, because to do so would shatter the air of mystery which enshrouds his every action.

However, you can meet him. And better yet, you can touch him.

That's right. Inspired by *The Kids In The Hall's* "Touch Paul Bellini Contest," and the recent revelation (accompanied by the acquisition of this picture) that Chris bears an uncanny resemblance to Mssr. Bellini, we've devised the "Touch Chris Sorochin" contest.

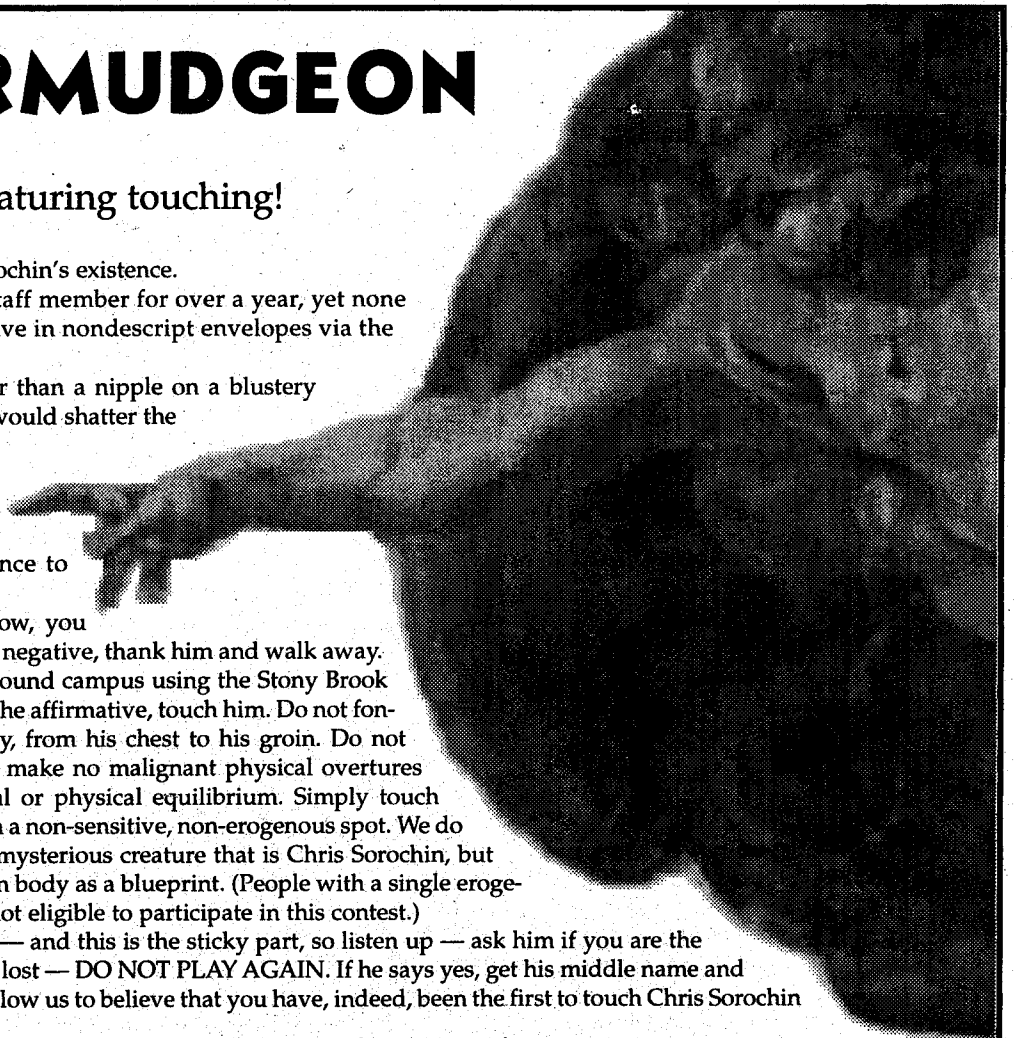
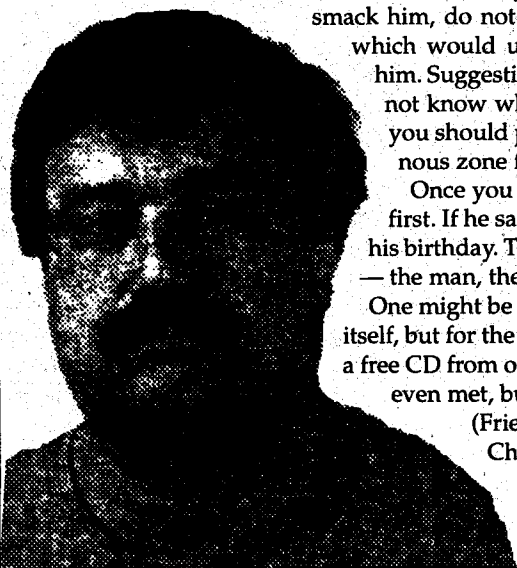
RULES: If you see a man on campus resembling the picture below, you approach him and ask, "Are you Chris Sorochin?" If he responds in the negative, thank him and walk away. We do NOT want to be responsible for psychotic molesters running around campus using the Stony Brook Press as a GET-OUT-OF-JAIL pass to touch strangers. If he responds in the affirmative, touch him. Do not fondle him. Do not slide your hand, seductively, from his chest to his groin. Do not smack him, do not punch him. In short, make no malignant physical overtures which would upset his psychological or physical equilibrium. Simply touch him. Suggestion: poke him lightly in a non-sensitive, non-erogenous spot. We do not know where these are on the mysterious creature that is Chris Sorochin, but you should probably use your own body as a blueprint. (People with a single erogenous zone from head-to-toe are not eligible to participate in this contest.)

Once you touch Chris Sorochin — and this is the sticky part, so listen up — ask him if you are the first. If he says no, sorry, you have lost — DO NOT PLAY AGAIN. If he says yes, get his middle name and his birthday. This information will allow us to believe that you have, indeed, been the first to touch Chris Sorochin — the man, the myth, the legend.

One might be tempted to ask, "What do I receive for my labors?" Normally, touching Chris Sorochin would be a gift in itself, but for the truly greedy, you may have a quarter of a page in our next edition to do with what you wish. In addition, you receive a free CD from our prize box. It doesn't get better than that, kids! Free CDs, quarter pages, and an excuse to touch a man we've never even met, but love dearly.

(Friends and family of members of the Press and members of the Press themselves are not eligible to win this contest. So, Chris, no touching yourself. Well, you can touch yourself, but you don't win the contest, and we don't want to know about it.)

The Stony Brook Press is not responsible for physical or psychological damage incurred upon either toucher or touchee in this contest.



M O V I E S

By Chris Cartusciello

John Grisham's latest drama: "A Time To Waste"

The latest courtroom drama to come out of the Grisham mill, *A Time To Kill*, should have remained on the printed page where I'm sure it was more exciting and dramatic; or at least interesting.

The story of a southern black man who kills the two white men who raped his daughter is an intriguing idea. Now, set it in a racially charged Mississippi town. Add an idealistic young lawyer and stir in a little Ku Klux Klan. Let it simmer in the summer sun and, as the pressure builds, it should explode onto the screen. Unfortunately, this mixture barely boils over the top.

The brunt of the blame has to fall on the shoulders of director Joel Schumacher. In a film like this, pacing is everything. The tension should build to an edge-of-your-seat frenzy. Schumacher, a veteran director of such films as *The Lost Boys*, *Falling Down*, *Batman Forever* and Grisham's *The Client*, is a capable storyteller. Here he just falls flat as it seems he was too concerned with showing the star power he had headlining his cast than with letting the story take center stage.

The cast is topped by newcomer Matthew McConaughey as Grisham's semi-autobiographical Jake Brigance, a young, white Mississippi lawyer who takes the case of Carl Lee Hailey (Samuel L. Jackson), the man accused of the killing. Jake is the kind of character we've seen a hundred times before. So full of morals that, even though he can't afford to pay his bills, he takes the case for almost nothing just to right a wrong. McConaughey does a fine job playing the good-natured Jake and after he tested for the lead and switched roles (he was originally supposed to have the part of the Klan leader eventually played by Kiefer Sutherland) he ended up winning the part over big names such as Val Kilmer and Woody Harrelson.

Jackson is excellent as a father who's passion and anger gets the best of him. His fire can be felt right through the screen. Jackson makes you feel his pain and you want him to supply his own justice. The problem here is the same as with Jake. We know this character. We know that he will make the big speech condemning all that is wrong in the world. We know that his emotion will overcome Jake and let him see his way and come to the great revelation. We know how this character will come out in the end.

The rest of the cast is rounded out by Kevin Spacey as Rufus Buckley, a D.A. who takes the big cases, reminiscent of Tommy Lee Jones' character from *The Client*. Sandra Bullock, showing why she is a star, takes a supporting role as Ellen Roark, a law student who agrees to help Jake and becomes his love interest even though he is married (his wife is played by Ashley Judd). Donald Sutherland plays Jake's alcoholic mentor, Lucien Wilbanks, a role that does little more than allow him to carry a bottle and spout insights about life and law. Jake's best friend is Harry Rex Vonner, a divorce lawyer played by Oliver Platt, who provides some comic relief.

All of the performers are competent and the story has potential, but they can't overcome the long, drawn out script and slow pace of the direction.

Grisham held onto his first book wanting to make sure it was done right. He should have held on a little longer and not given into Hollywood pressure to get the big stars and try to make it compete like a summer film. Because of this the film suffers severely. There is no tension, no suspense and no reason to care about what is happening. At a running time topping 2 1/2 hours, *A Time To Kill* seems like a slow river boat ride down the Mississippi, mosquitoes and all.

John Carpenter's *Escape From L.A.*



Fifteen years ago John Carpenter gave us one of the first looks at the post-apocalyptic world and what was to become of us. In *Escape From New York* we saw the future as it was never imagined before. Manhattan had been turned into a

maximum security prison where the worst criminals were dropped off and left to fend for themselves. Thrown into this mix was a renegade who was to work his way into the hearts of science fiction and action fans all over the world. Snake Plissken, that eye patch wearing, husky voiced loner, who did the jobs nobody wanted to, including himself. Kurt Russell embodied Snake and neither he or the world would let him go.

Now, a decade and a half later, Snake is back. This time the west coast has been rocked by earthquakes and Los Angeles has broken off and become an island of its own. This is where the undesirables of the country are deposited. On the mainland smoking is illegal, red meat is banned and free thinking is unheard of, but on the island of L.A. anything goes. Plissken is a career criminal who has eluded the United States' Police Force since his escapades in New York. Now he has been captured and is asked to perform another of his patented rescues. It seems that the daughter of the President For Life (Cliff Robertson) has stolen a device which can turn off the power to any area in the world through a series of satellites surrounding the planet. She has taken it to L.A. and given it to Cuervo Jones (George Corraface), the radical leader of the Los Angeles rebels, who she met through an on-line virtual reality chat zone. They want the device back, but not the girl. Plissken has 10 hours to complete the mission and he will be given the antidote to a deadly virus he has been implanted with.

Russell is superb as Snake, and there is no reason for him not to be. It was a part he was born to play and has wanted to recreate since the first film in 1981. Nobody can wear an eye patch like him and he saved the production money by still being able to fit into his original costume. He seems to be having fun with the part and letting us in on the joke at the same time.

The problem this film has is trying to live up to the expectations of people familiar with the first. Those who never saw the original may wonder what all the hype is about. Where the first film was dark and brooding, giving us a dreary look at a

future that could be, this one tries to stay on the light side, giving us characters that we can all say we know or at least we've seen on the street. Map To The Stars Eddie (Steve Buscemi) is a slick sniveling agent who is always looking for the best deal for himself. Pipeline (Peter Fonda) is an aging surfer who is always looking for the perfect wave. The president's sexpot daughter Utopia is played by A.J. Langer ("My So-Called Life") and is mesmerized by Jones' power. Even Hershe, played by Pam Grier with an artificially deepened voice, is familiar as a former buddy of Snake's who is now a woman. We've seen this on "Ricky Lake" twice this week already.

Cuervo Jones is a menacing villain who has his fun with Snake just as the Duke of New York did in the original. Instead of a gladiator fight to the death, this time Snake is forced to a literal game of sudden death basketball. Ten baskets in a row with a 10 second shot clock. The rules are simple: don't miss one and make sure the shots get off in time, because there is no overtime.

One scene which could have, and should have, been longer is when Snake gets captured by a group of social outcasts led by the Surgeon General of Beverly Hills (Bruce Campbell). They are people who, through too many plastic surgery procedures, have become deformed and exaggerated. Super high cheekbones and over inflated lips are commonplace and they kidnap people for a constant supply of fresh body parts.

As with the first film, *Escape From L.A.* gives us views of well known landmarks to give us that "oh my God, it's so real" feel. Instead of the Statue of Liberty and the World Trade Center we get a great underwater look at the remains of Universal Studios, complete with a working *Jaws* ride. We also get to see the "Happy Kingdom By The Sea," a direct spoof of Disneyland. As Eddie explains it they went bankrupt because, "that Paris thing killed them."



Director John Carpenter has had a career of highs and lows. From great early films such as *Halloween*, *Starman* and *Christine* to later trash like *In The Mouth Of Madness* and *Village Of The Damned*. Here he makes a comeback, style-wise. This is the best film he has done in years and you only hope there is better to come. I have been waiting for his remake of *The Creature From The Black Lagoon* for about five years now. If he can do with that what he did with *The Thing* than he will once again be one of the most sort after directors for sci-fi/horror. This isn't a bad start.

The catch phrase in New York was, "Snake Plissken? I thought you were dead." Now everyone seems to think he was taller. Russell proves that this character may not be taller but he is bigger than life. This new escape may not be up to the standards of the first film in originality and tension, but it is a fun, colorful trip through a land that may be yet to come.

Attention To All Young At Heart

This week saw the re-release of the film *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory*. It is the 25th anniversary of this classic piece of family fare. It may be your last chance to see it on the big screen, so grab your Golden Ticket, get in your Wonka-mobile and head to the theater. Don't forget to pick up a couple of Oompa Loompas along the way. They need a ride because they're too short to drive.

Carolina On My Mind

By P. Milare Ovis

When I first moved I knew it would be different. How different I didn't know. If you ask any Lon Gilander about what they know about North Carolina the story they most often tell involves a few rusty pickup trucks on blocks, a dozen flea-infested hound dogs sleeping under a porch and two toothless guys playing banjo. But if you ask any Carolinian what they think of the area they will mention the beauty of the scenery and the friendliness of the people.

I didn't have to go far to find both impressions. The toothless guy (he lives a few apartments down from ours) and the friendly people (they live next door).

But the major difference between the two areas is the language – not the accent – but the meaning of words.

Here in Cary we are 'near the beach.' Unfortunately that still means an hour and half drive. On Long Island, you could drive 20 minutes (without traffic) in any direction and be at a beach. Growing up on an island will do that to you. I'd see the Long Island Sound every day driving to school, granted it's not known for its fabulous beaches, but it is a beach and was about three minutes from my house. Now it'll take an hour and half to reach the ocean.

That's something you'd have to circle on your calendar. I can't just call up friends and say "Hey, let's go to the beach" anymore. The beach just went from a bike ride to a road trip for me.

Another misconception of language is the word

'barbeque.' On Long Island a barbeque was a propane tank hooked to a Coleman grill. Slap a few burgers and dogs on it and use a disproportionate amount of lighter fluid to get the coals hot.

In North Carolina a barbeque is a pig. You cook the whole pig (apparently for a day or so) slice it up into lots of little pork shreds (removing the bones and internal organs) put some mystery sauce on it and plop it on a plate. This 'feast' also includes boiled potatoes and something called the hushpuppy. Luckily North Carolina is north of the 'Grit Line' so they weren't included at the barbeque.

The hushpuppy is a wonder of southern cooking. Take some corn bread and throw it in a pot of boiling oil. Fry and eat. In restaurants they come with their own table-side cholesterol tester. Weee doogie.

Another tip. I've heard the word 'barbeque' changes even more after you go south of the 'Grit Line'. So be wary when someone from Georgia asks you if you want to go to a barbeque.

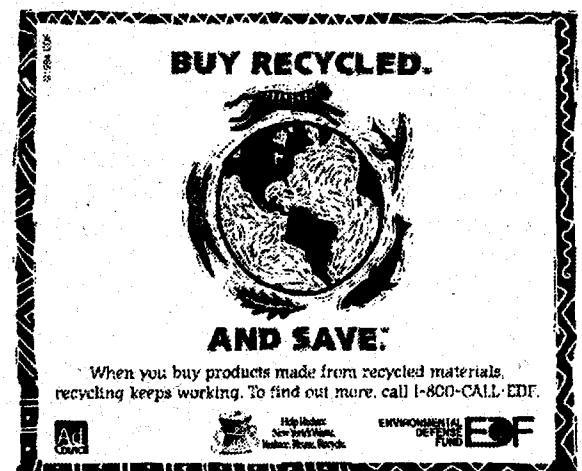
The word meaning differential isn't as bad as it is between New York and England, where a fag is a cigarette, lorry is a truck and a shagging is...well, you know.

So if you ever visit this part of the country, don't assume that words mean the same, they might not. You don't want to end up with mystery food on your plate. And what ever you do, stay away from places that have signs like "Livestock Exhibition" in huge white letters above them.

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Revisionist Gotti

by Marina Del Rey

In the Queens neighborhood in which I was raised, it was grand to be an outlaw. To a kid growing up in a working class immigrant neighborhood, these guys had it all. They had cars our daddies could not afford and a mystique our friends never had. They were revered. I went to high school with the Gotti offspring and various Gambinos. Collectively we feared and idolized them. I spoke to John Gotti on the phone once and at the time it held a value equivalent to me to having spoken to a head of state. Most of us grew out of this. Those who did not are currently spending their free time in various correctional facilities.

Perhaps these memories are what I found so disturbing while watching HBO's Gotti. In this somewhat entertaining piece of pseudo-documentary propaganda, we are led through the events of John Gotti's life, first as a soldier and later as the boss of New York's most notorious and flamboyant crime family. During the movie, we are privy to the every day goings on of the mob, arguably the most romanticized organized crime institution of our time. We get to hear racist jokes about "niggers and spics" as told by

the lesser members of the Gambino crime family while the ever idealized Gotti says things like "Hey we're all the same, what difference does it make where we come from." Hey, thanks John. We see Gotti feeding his dying cohort cream from a canoli in a scene that is to make us believe that this man, responsible for more deaths than we can make sense of, is a humanitarian. We hear about the anti-drug mandate, part of the Mafia's 'mission' since 1957, that is supposed to convince us that these are socially conscious criminals concerned with the decay of our society.

Gotti's neighbors and friends rallied for him throughout the trial and openly taunted the authorities as they tried to prosecute a known criminal. When John Gotti finally went to prison a local recording artist released a song entitled 'Free Gotti'; the proceeds went to his family. If we are to believe the movie script, John Gotti is just a regular guy persecuted by that damned federal government that will not give the regular working man a break. A poor man who tried to make something of his life and fell in to a bad way, John Gotti is nothing more than a product of the society in which he was raised. Okay, sure.

There are definitely parts of the history of the John Gotti prosecution that are not kosher. When the judge presiding in the case prohibited Bruce Cutler, Gotti's attorney, from defending Gotti, the court partially invalidated itself, opening the way for allegations that John Gotti had been denied due process. He was, in fact, denied the counsel of his choice. Also questionable are the RICO statutes. An acronym for Racketeering Influenced Criminal Organization, the statutes were created by an FBI man and have received a lot of heat for being the FBI's trump card in prosecuting a case where material evidence is at a minimum. Also interesting is the fact that in Federal Grand Jury Cases the presence of testimony of a criminal who exchanges aforementioned testimony for leniency in his own case is enough for the Grand Jury to make an indictment. This is not the convention in state cases. This may account for the incredibly high prosecution rate that Federal cases have.

All of this helps moviemakers lend the shadow of conspiracy to the Federal Case that eventually prosecuted John Gotti. But it does not mean he was not one of the most blood thirsty criminals of our time.

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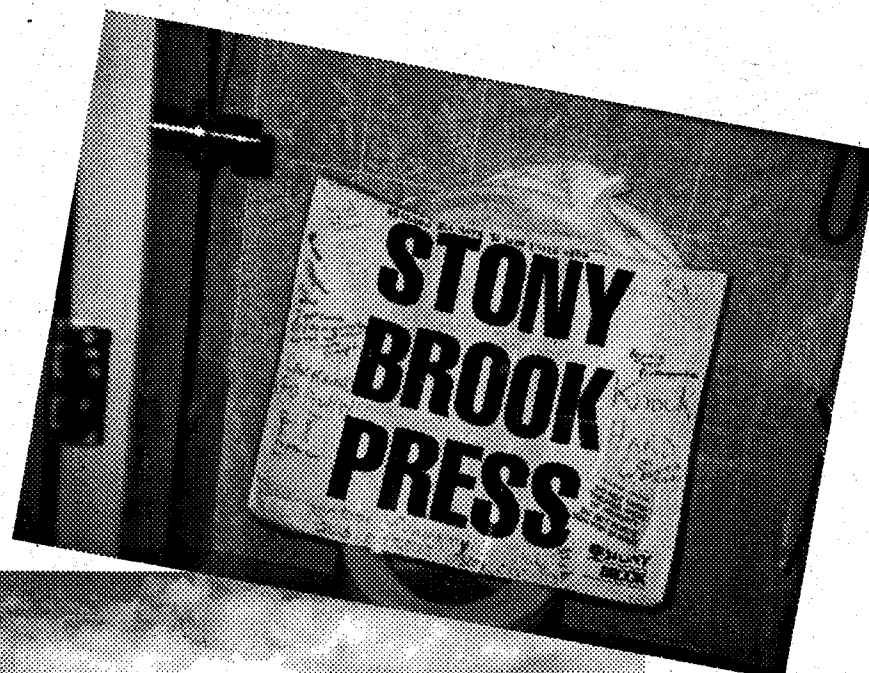
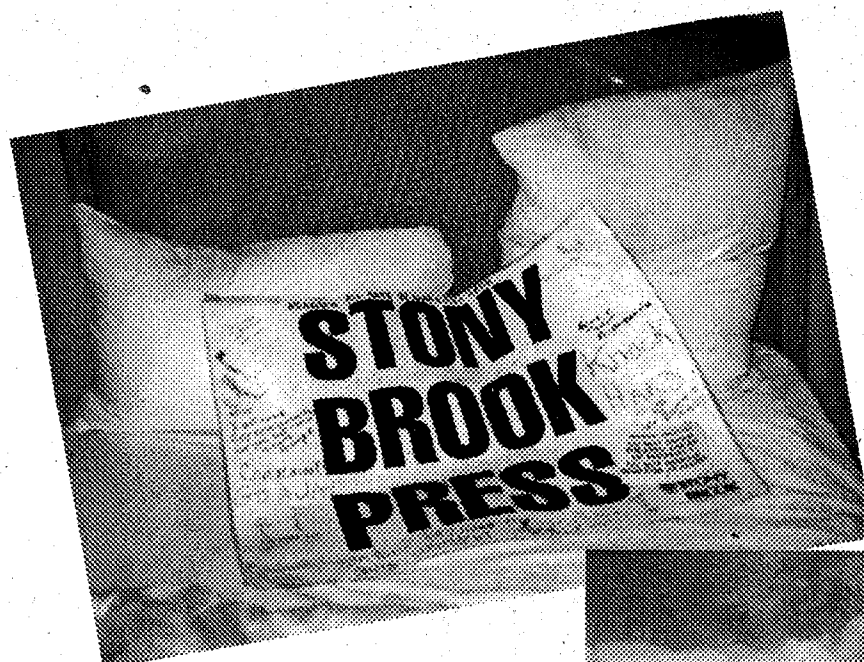
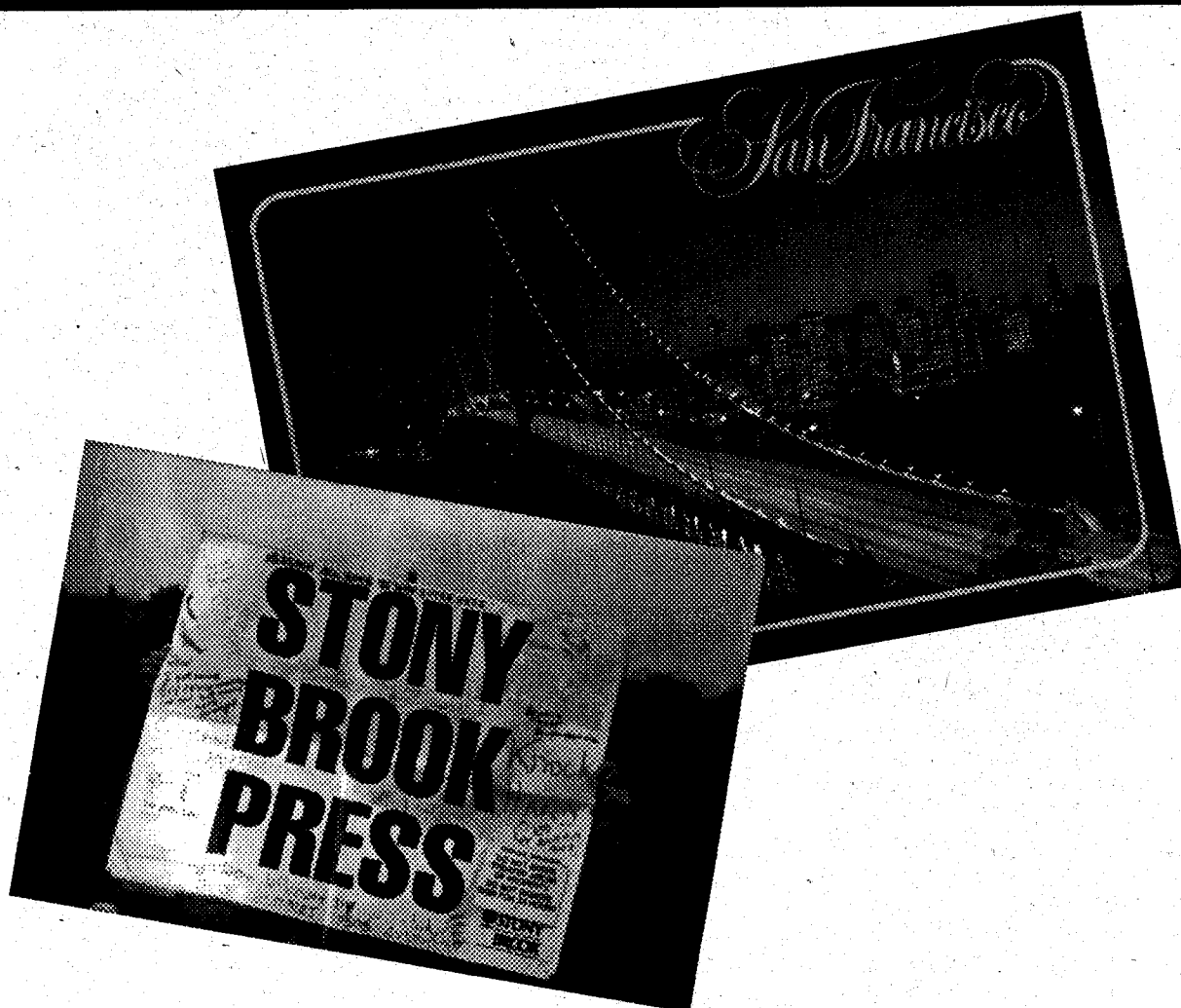
This spring, someone stole the "Stony Brook Press" sign from the door to our office. We figured that some disgruntled reader had snatched it just to annoy us, so we didn't give it a whole lot of thought.

As it turns out, we couldn't be more wrong. Apparently, some evil genius has taken our sign on a world tour, peppering our office with letters and photos of their travels.

This August, a letter arrived from San Francisco, inside which we found photos of our sign in the city by the bay. The card read:

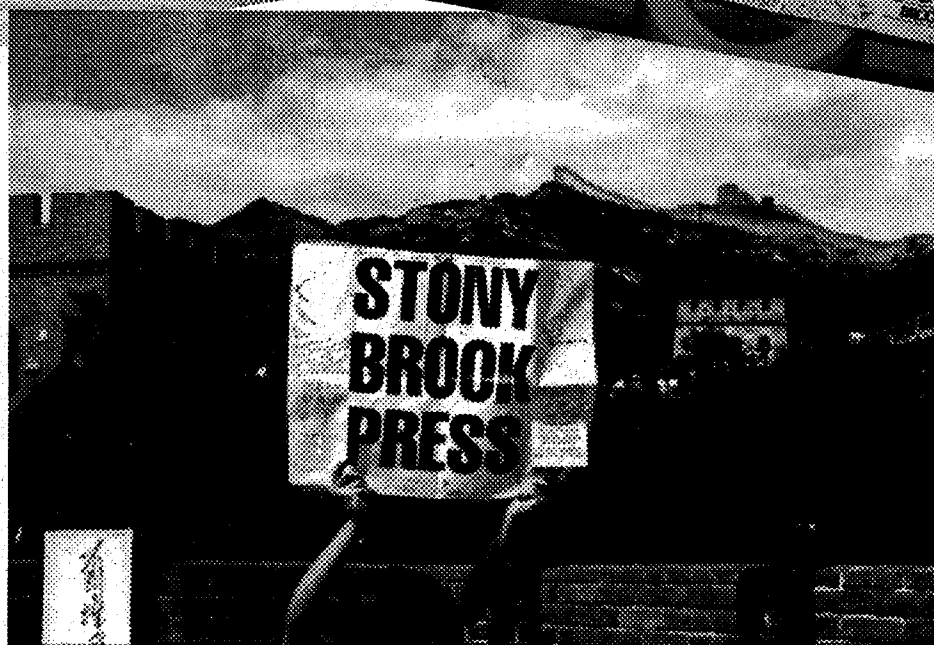
"Your sign is safe albeit slightly wrinkled. While here we'll make sure it will catch some rays and maybe get some (bay chicks are easy). Will update with ransom demands. Bye!"

As of this writing, we have no idea who the kidnapper of our sign is... but we thought we'd share their adventures with you here.



Our sign's second -and most recent- stop was none other than the Far East. Photos received just last week reveal that our sign has visited both the imperial palace in Beijing and the Great Wall of China... and a rather nice hotel room.

We find it more than slightly disturbing that our sign was visiting one of the wonders of the world while we were stuck in Long Island.



...more to come?

IN THE SPRINGTIME OF HER VOODOO

By Jessica Lamantia

Sunday, August 25th. Download versus Tori Amos. A choice had to be made. A victor had to emerge. It was destined that evening that I would drive to Jones Beach to see Miss Amos for the second time this summer for her Dew Drop Inn Tour. I would have to pass on industrial night and a plethora of crashes and booms. On the drive to the arena my friend, Laura, and I were wondering if we had made the right decision. After all, all of our friends had opted to go to Tramps that evening to see Evin Key and his newly formed band. But our love and adoration for the five-foot-two-inch red-head compelled us to look forward to the evening ahead of us with no regrets. And by the time the concert had come to a close we knew we had made the right decision.

Our seats gave us a great view of the stage as well as the water behind the arena and the moon hanging overhead. The outdoor elements added an atmosphere completely complimentary to the passion and power of the songwriter/pianist. It was the perfect setting for Amos' heady and spiritual brew of classical keyboards, occasional rock and world-beats riffs, fairies — lots of fairies — sex, myths, far reaching introspection, religion, interpersonal intrigues, a lot of inner personal pain, and her sometimes plain silly word play. She was in her glory that evening — smiling and joking with the audience more than usual and playing a set list that was fun, more than one that promoted her new album, *Boys For Pele* (Atlantic).

When the lights went out, the screams that rose up from her devoted fans were deafening. But those grew even louder in intensity when a recording of Dusty Springfield's "Son of a Preacher Man" blasted out of the sound system. After a few moments, the Queen of Quirkiness emerged, wav-

ing at the audience as she strolled across the stage and hopped on the piano bench to begin her nearly two-hour exhilarating and sympathetic performance that led us on an arduous journey with her.

She opened the show with the first song off her new album, "Beauty Queen," and went directly into the second song off *Pele*, "Horses". This is exactly how she began the show I saw earlier this summer at the Theater in Madison Square Garden. But with nearly every song she played on this Sunday night, she had additional piano riffs and even added some new lyrics. For example, her classic song, "Precious Things," off her debut album, *Little Earthquakes*, had approximately two minutes of extra playing time. Notes were extended, growls were dragged out and her chirps and moans were all lengthened. This was evident again when she executed a stunning rendition of "Father Lucifer". But what really stood out was her unusual beginning to "Cornflake Girl" — the popular hit off her second album, *Under the Pink*. With the drum machine in the background and her friend Caton accompanying her on guitar, Tori got up off the piano bench and began to prance about the stage and dance for a while before resuming her position in front of the piano. It was a mixture of feeling, exuberance, and soul that were revealed that evening than many of the other three performances I've seen her do.

As usual, one of the highlights of the show came when Tori turned away from the Bosendorfer and toward the thousands of sets of eyes that peered from her out of the moonlit arena. It was another installment of 'Storytime with Tori.' With a "So how are you all doing tonight?", she launched into one of her memorably bittersweet anecdotes about the pain and awkwardness of youth. She recounted a time when she was younger and in love with a boy named Keith Craig. One day in school he

passed a note to the "beautiful bitch" (Amos' own description) in the class, Peggy Shaw. The teacher intercepted the note and read it out loud for the entire class to hear. It read as follows —

"Dear Peggy,
I think Myra Ellen (Amos' actual name) is disgusting. And I think she sings like a frog."

When she finished telling us this she turned back to the piano and said, "Oh yeah, well this one's for you, baby!", and launched into a song that would make that boy swallow his words now, a b-side off the "Talula" CD single, "Frog On My Toe."

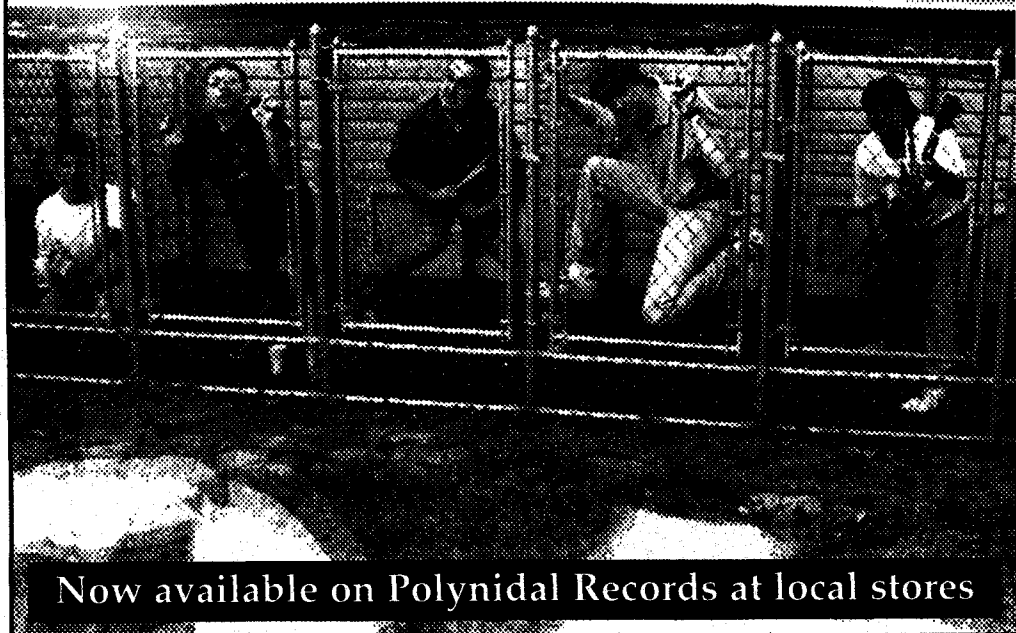
But this wasn't the only b-side Tori played. Miss Amos ended her show that evening by performing a cover of Prince's "Purple Rain" on the organ she had the stage hands wheel out for her. She rarely plays this song live and you're lucky if you can find it on a bootleg recording, but as she stated, "This girl doesn't come out to play much but she wants to come out tonight!" It was hauntingly beautiful and when she wailed during the chorus it was vaguely reminiscent of her moaning on her newest single, "Hey Jupiter."

Right before she played "Purple Rain" she whispered to the audience that she loved us and then murmured in a childlike, apologetic voice — "Please don't hate me if I didn't play your favorite song!" But after two bars of her unsettlingly honest music, I certainly couldn't be disappointed or upset that she didn't play the one other song I wanted to hear, a b-side entitled "Honey", and I'm positive no one else could walk away dissatisfied after riding an emotional roller-coaster of guilt, oppression and confusion with this pixie, poet, and minister's daughter.

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SUBCULTURE FOR SALE

By John Giuffo

So what if my subculture has been bought and sold and bought again? So what if punk is seen as a lucrative and fertile way to make money? So what if the Sex Pistols are back together again? Punk is still alive and well in the hearts and minds of those of us that know what the deal is, was, and will be. Many of the things that punk rock railed against at the beginning still exist, and if punk rock has become a part of that problem (read: corporate, bloated, profit-driven greed passed off as music) then that can be seen as a bit of learned saavy on the part of those promoting modern punk rock. Truthfully now, what would you rather hear on Z-100; Ace of Base or Rancid? Put aside the selfishness that inspires the "this is my scene, and I'm the only one who should be privvy to this music" attitude (an attitude I often hold myself), put aside worries of selling out, put aside knuckle-headed stubbornness lending itself to blind stupidity regarding good music (say what you will, Rancid is still a good band) and look at the music itself. Listen, baby, listen and you will have to admit, that at the very least, popular music is becoming more conscious of its role as music, and not programming, and that, in turn, represents a small advancement.

Still and all, fuck corporate music. Fuck sell out punk bands, and Fuck Vans. Just for emphasis: FUCK VANS. The host to this summer's Warped Tour, Vans put together an impressive array of punk rock bands, and created what is possibly the best festival-type summer tour to come along since the first Lollapalooza, and what had the possibility of being an incredible experience.

It wasn't. It should have been, but it wasn't.

I'm not going to lie to you, I looked forward to this show. I was more psyched for this tour than I was for any other show in a long time. Look at the lineup: Fishbone, NOFX, The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Pennywise, Rocket From The Crypt, etc. How could I not be excited? When you think about it, it must've taken an effort of Herculean proportions to ruin the day for me. So again, I say, FUCK VANS.

I had tickets for two different days. Both locations were in New Jersey, a fact which I will seize upon for my first bit of criticism. Was it so hard to find ONE FUCKING VENUE in one of the most populated states in the United States? Is New York too out of the way for Vans to grace us with their cheap-ass sneakered presence? I had to travel to Action Park in Vernon Valley for the Friday, August 2 show, and then to Asbury Park for the Sunday August 4 show.

First the Action Park show. We arrived at Action Park at around 1:00, encouraged by the punk rock drum beats wafting down Vernon Valley. My immediate task was to trade my ticket in for an Action Park wristband, then head over to Will Call, where my V.I.P. pass was to be waiting. You see,

having established something of a relationship with Fishbone's publicity agents at Suzan Crane Public Relations, I was lucky enough to be able to procure for myself what I thought would be the ability to drink beer with Fat Mike and pass a bong around with Angelo Moore.

Yeah, well, Vans fucked that up for me. I got there, and they had no guest list for Fishbone

Eyes". Good stuff, good times and good music. It was like a Gen X beer commercial.

I felt so good, I decided to take a while off and careen down that mountainside orgasm, The Alpine Slide. It's an interesting thing to be flying down the side of a mountain at 50 mph while a half mile down, Civ is performing "One Minute More".

When I got back down, storm clouds started forming as Rocket From The Crypt's set was closing, and I started worrying that Fishbone's scheduled closing set would be cancelled due to the rain. Luckily, it wasn't, and as Rocket finished up, it started drizzling.

When the 'Bone took the stage, the black clouds seemed all too ominous, and as if on cue, as Angelo sang the intro to "Swim": "Attention! The Pool...Is now...OPEN!!!", a downpour started, soaking all from head to toe, and cooling down what was a sweltering day, and making a formula for what could have been the best Fishbone show I've ever seen.

However, some people, apparently confused as to what show they were attending, (read: Woodstock '94) started pelting sod at each other and the band, forcing Fishbone to end the set after only four songs. If you are reading this, and if you were at that show throwing mud, I HOPE YOU ARE PRESENT AS YOUR MOTHER IS RAPED AND YOU ARE FORCED TO WATCH AND DRINK THE RAPIST'S SALTY/SWEET CUM. You ruined the day for me.

The following Sunday show was no better. Upon arrival, we found Asbury Park, New Jersey to be a Beirut wanna-be, and what must be the most depressing place on Earth right after the leper children's wing at Honolulu General. When we were getting frisked before the show, we found out that Vans was

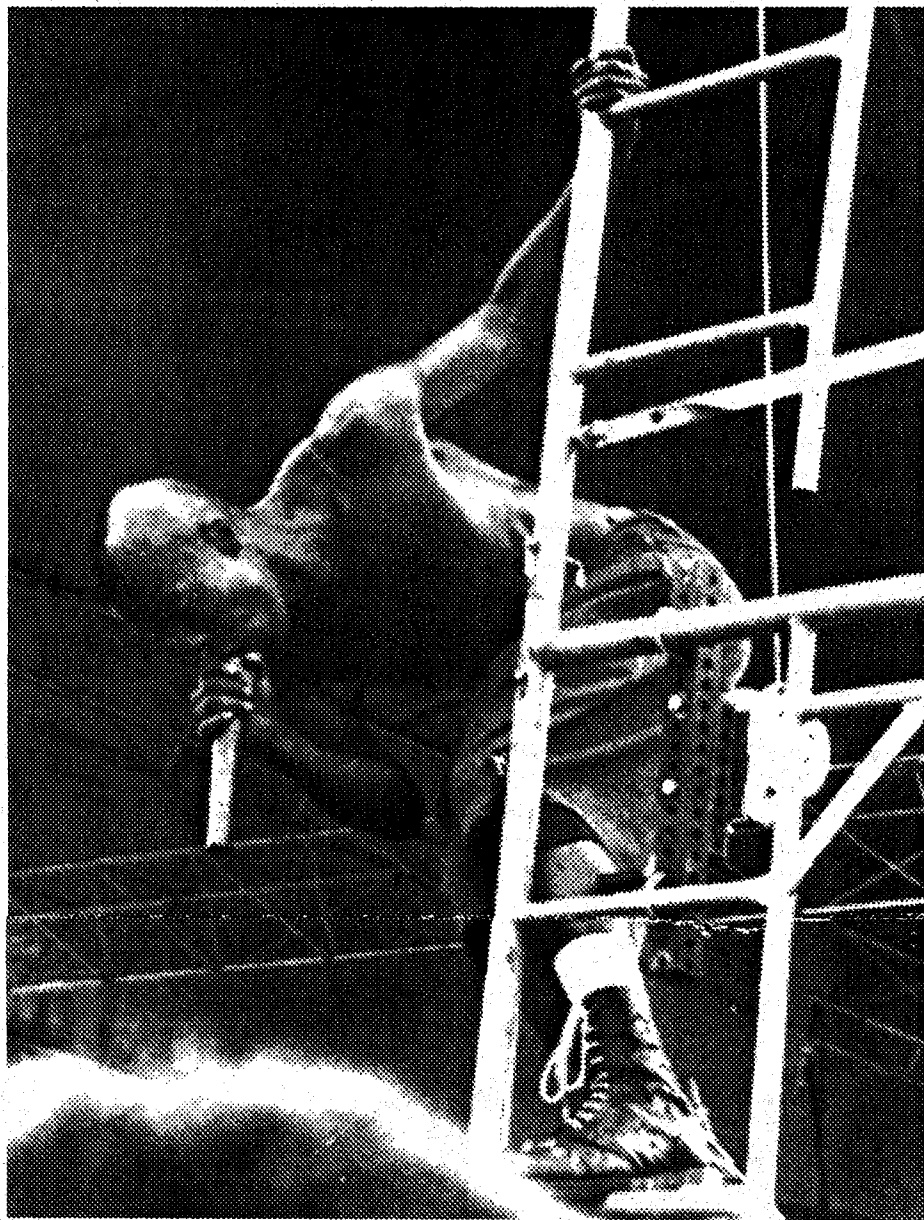
forcing all attendees to discard any water they had on their persons, forcing all ticket-holders to spend \$2 for a 16 oz. bottle of water if they got thirsty. Real fucking punk. Oh, yeah, FUCK VANS.

The setup was horrible, the show was way over-sold, and there was no way to quench a thirst without getting raped by a vendor selling water, that's water, for \$2.

Fishbone came on the main stage rather early, playing a full set (finally) featuring "VTT-LOTFDGF" and "Freddie's Dead". I don't know what to say about Fishbone live that hasn't been said already, so I'll let your imaginations run wild.

Sunday's show was different from Friday's show in that The Mighty Mighty Bosstones closed the show, which came as a surprise because I knew they had originally been slated for the tour, but had pulled out in the early summer. So I was looking forward to one of my favorite bands playing. Only problem is, that after Civ, I was way too thirsty, poor, and tired to be able to stay. I left before the Bosstones took the stage. I say again, I left before The Bosstones took the stage.

FUCK VANS.



Angelo Moore of Fishbone at the Warped Tour.

under Suzan Crane, and I was denied the ability to compare wallet chains with Civ. I decided not to stress, and just relax and enjoy the show. After a period of waiting through bands like Red 5 and Fluf, (neither here nor there for me), I was treated to the first of the day's "larger" bands, Epitaph favorite, Down By Law. To be blunt, I was never a huge fan of Down By Law's preachy, simplistic lyricism and pop hooks, but here, they seemed to perform well, and I actually found myself enjoying their cover of The Proclaimers' "500 miles". Go figure.

After Down By Law finished, the second stage hosted some random band or other (the way the show was set up at Action Park was a marvel of concert efficiency: when one band was finished, another picked up their instruments right away, and started playing. Leapfrogging, one after another, the day flew by, allowing around 14 different bands to play to the same crowd, each doing a half-hour set.) NOFX was next up, and after the requisite 5-minute stage conversation, they flew into Linoleum. I had fun. I danced. I sang along. Fun was had and the day was going well. They closed with "The Brews" followed by "Buggley

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

My column was getting disjointed and difficult to read, so I've changed the format a little. In addition to a separate news section, there will now also be individual sections for various albums, so you can skip to the review of your choice, since I know the few people who read my column suffer from an aggravated case of delayed gratification anxiety.

News

Tim "Herb" Alexander has left Primus under a bit of a cloud. While Les and Ler have vaguely stated that it was an amicable decision, there has been some question as to just how amicably Herb could leave such a successful outfit — and how such a successful outfit could let one of its integral parts go. We'll probably never know the whole story, but hopefully, Primus will recover from the break.

Pro-Pain, Contents Under Pressure (Energy)

I had initially planned to give Pro-Pain's Contents Under Pressure a brief, scathingly critical review, but upon a secondary listen, I have to say that there's a lot of comedy to be squeezed out of this record. Specifically, the comedy you will enjoy listening to me tear this "music" to pieces. This is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the worst CD I have ever been mailed for review. It's even worse than some of those aimless, jazzy Blues Crapular clones I get from time to time (the ones that inevitably find their way, scratched and lifeless, to the dartboard). This CD is not worth the paper this review is printed on.

But because I have to be professionally critical, I must go further into detail in regards to this album's characteristics. First of all, the music. This is a cross between Pantera-style growling, Pantera-style chops, and dumb knucklehead lyrics. The opening rant is relatively indicative as to how the rest of the album will sound: "25 bucks and a bottle of wine/The pressure's on but I feel fine/I crawl into a hole for a couple of days/This God sure works in mysterious ways." Holy shit, isn't that profound? Hey, save the applause for later, here's another one: "This court is in session, so stand erect/The case persecution, of Generation X." Well aren't you the voice of your generation, you dripping fuck? Sit down, Mr. Zimmerman. Speaking of the scintillating brilliance behind such tunes as "Gunya Down" and "Against the Grain," let's take a look at the morphadite's responsible for this piece of dim-witted garbage. All of these boys — and indeed they are boys — are bald, goateed, and have that glassy look in their eye that comes from years of late-night tour-bus circle-jerks. One of these pissants grew some hair on his testicles and thought metal was the next-step to becoming a man. The world doesn't need another Pantera, lads — some would say it doesn't need a single Pantera in the first place — which is exactly what these boys want to be.

I could say something nice about this CD ("uh, lovely plastic jewel case") but I'd be lying. In the event that one of you believes the old adage "bad press is still press," let me be perfectly blunt as to how I feel about this album: I WOULD RATHER BATHE IN THE URINE OF A 500 LB. CHILD MOLESTER THAN PAY MONEY FOR THIS AUDIOTURD. Pro-Pain is now playing the CMJ Music Marathon with Ugly Kid Joe, so maybe you can catch them tag-teaming on a version of "Cats in Duh Cradle."

Type O Negative, October Rust (Roadrunner)

On the flipside of knucklehead metal is Type O Negative, whose knowledge of self-parody is certainly greater than that of Pro-Pain's. Initially formed when Carnivore frontman Pete Steele decided that if you "play goth music, the goth chicks will come," Type O Negative has expanded from their less-than-glorious beginnings to a proficient metal band playing standard gothic tunes with heavy guitar crunch. The joke here is that the joke itself has now fused with the band's music — what was once a humorous slap

in the face of gothic music has become Type O Negative's whole schtick.

In the course of their career, Type O Negative has gotten more and more goth. Their first release, Slow, Deep & Hard, Type O was more of a hardcore band than anything else.

They discovered the keyboard on Bloody Kisses, and on October Rust, they've all but sold their souls to the instrument. Songs like "Red Water (Christmas Mourning)" and "Love You To Death" depend heavily on harmonics which guitars cannot produce. In fact, there are no guitar heavy songs here — the heavy guitar is there, but it's certainly not necessary.

In addition to the usual music, Pete Steele forces a good number of irritating self-indulgences down your throat, including a 38-second track of feedback entitled "Bad Ground," a less-than-innovative cover of Neil Young's "Cinnamon Girl," and the usual lyrics about death, misery, and suffering, three things I'm pretty sure Mr. Steele has no great experience with. Despite these annoyances, however, this is a good album, despite my difficulty in separating the schtick from decent atmospheric melodies.

The Reverend Horton Heat, It's Martini Time (Interscope)

The Reverend Horton Heat also seems like a schtick, but they're not — they really are a tight, professional rockabilly band. Their ability to blend punk rhythms and the occasional greasy jazz loop into the mix is one of the things that makes them "alternative" — that, and their unexplained signing to Sub Pop many years ago. (I mean, Sub Pop? That's like Cannibal Corpse leaving Metal Blade and signing to Matador.) But whatever was behind that move, it was a good thing, because Sub Pop gave them the exposure they needed and enough money to put out two excellent albums. Between the producers of their second and third albums — Gibby Haynes of the Butthole Surfers and Al Jourgensen of Ministry, respectively — the Reverend picked up a large working knowledge of distortion and began to very subtly blend metal in with the country twang.

Their fourth album, It's Martini Time, is very quietly one of the best albums of the year. They chose Thom Panunzio (who?) as producer, a man with absolutely no high-profile reputation a la Flood or Butch Vig, and stayed away from stylistic influences this time, perhaps to take everything they've learned in the past and solidify it into one great sound. While the opener, "Big Red Rocket of Love," is standard fare, the metal rhythms of "Slow" are unconventionally refreshing, reinforcing the edge on their last album with a professional gloss. Also of note are the jazzy "That's Showbiz," a rousing rendition of "Rock the Joint," and the sleazy, mid-1950s-esque "It's Martini Time," which sounds like it should be playing in some bar while men in polyester flirt with Marilyn Monroe lookalikes. Not only is the new album out, but they're also touring with the Lunachicks. You should go check them out, it's not every day that you see a bassist throw his cherry-red upright into the crowd and use it as a surfboard to swim to the back of the club.

KMFDM, Xtort (TVT/WaxTrax!)

This is starting to become a schtick situation. (Heh, that was pretty bad.) KMFDM is also a band with a gimmick, but unlike Type O Negative or the Reverend, they invented their schtick. Thankfully, I have the recipe, so for the curious who wish to cook KMFDM stew, here it is:

- 1 qt. disco beats
- 1 pt. keyboard harmonies
- 1 pt. heavy metal guitar
- 1 qt. samples
- 1 pt. soulful background female vocals
- a dash of German
- narcissism to taste
- stir heavily over slow boil
- feeds Nassau Coliseum (sooner or later)

You'd think KMFDM's tendency to repeat themselves one album after another would be a drawback, but in a world where Front 242 and Skinny Puppy have broken up, nine inch nails is a mainstream wunderkind, and Ministry's gone grindcore, I find KMFDM's lack of imagination a comfort. When I think about it, they really have become the Old Faithful of the torturetech scene.

Their newest album is no different. Despite the assistance of enough industrial superstars (Chris Connelly, William Rieflin, F.M. Einheit) to turn this into a virtual Pigface album, the KMFDM formula remains relatively intact. "Wrath" is a noisy exception, as well as the pretentious "Dogma," whose vocalist, a female spoken-word schmuck whose name eludes me and isn't important anyway, rants about disenfranchisement and modern world misery and in the end succeeds only in boring me half to death. Yeah, sweetie.

Life sucks, pass the heroin.

That's the valleys, though. The peaks on this album are way up there. "Apathy" is intense, "Son of a Gun" is classic KMFDM, and "Inane" pokes fun at KMFDM's absurd catch-phrases and tendency to sing their name repeatedly. Not the best album of the year — and certainly not the best release since NIN's The Downward Spiral, as Rolling Stone says (that guy clearly has his head so far up his ass that he can give his colon a blowjob) — but a decent buy and an excellent comeback from their last cumchunk-laden release, Nihil.



The Reverend Horton Heat



BUGTH BUNNY

An Analysis of Freudian Projection and the Animated Creations of Fritz Freling

By Lowell Yaeger

In the course of my intense scrutiny of children's entertainment, I have uncovered an unnerving tendency on the part of children's entertainers to project their psychological disorders upon their creations. I had previously seen this in the works of Jim Henson, and can now use it to explain the speech impediments so prevalent amongst the animated Looney Tunes characters. Put quite simply, Fritz Freling's anxiety over his own speech impediments manifested itself in the idiosyncrasies of his cel-luloid puppets.

There are numerous examples to support my theory, and in the course of the next page, I will cover them all. Keep in mind that there is no documented evidence of Fritz Freling's actual speech impediments; they were, quite possibly, heavily masqueraded under a harlequin-like pastiche of clever tongue tricks and years of semantic therapy. In addition, Mel Blanc, the man responsible for the actual voices, has not been implicated in this spoken subterfuge, for he may merely have been a puppet of Fritz Freling's deranged ideologies.

But enough of this verbal protection. On to the actual examples. Some of them are very simple. Marvin the Martian's only problem (besides his total lack of a face, a matter which indicates depths of psychological dysfunction which a mere 1200 words cannot convey) is a nasal voice devoid of inflection, indicating a man who feels

Others suffer from a "comically" handicapping accent. Yosemite Sam, Pepe LePew, and Foghorn Leghorn all speak in accents so thick as to be parodies of themselves, using these horribly thick inflections as defense mechanisms from the outside world. In addition, Foghorn Leghorn, the infinitely wise Jesus figure of the farm, suffers from a stutter, indicated by his frequent holler of "I say I say I say I SAY, boy."

Tweety Bird is possessed with a need to pervert every word (or nearly so), mutating simple messages like "I thought I saw a pussy cat" into "I tawt I taw a puddy tat." This is a manifestation of Fritz Freling's desire to regress into baby talk, a clear desire to return to the halcyon days of yore when his mother was there to protect him. Clearly, he is fully obsessed with his mother.

Michigan J. Frog suf-

fers from a case of terminal shyness, unable to perform his cross-species Vaudeville act when anyone except his owner is around. This is because Fritz Freling himself was victim to a case of extreme shyness — why else would he spend a lifetime hiding behind characters who are mere manifestations of himself?

The Tasmanian Devil? A victim of full-blown Tourette's Syndrome, condemned to a hyperactive existence of spitting and swearing, aphatically unable to express even a simple thought. Porky Pig stutters horribly, to the point of incoherence; the Road Runner's vocabulary is reduced to a simple nonsense term ("Meep-meep") which simultaneously conveys nothing and everything in a way only a complete schizophrenic can express a message buried deep in the code of insanity. And who can discuss the Road Runner without his Yin-Yang best friend, Wile E. Coyote? Wile speaks only when conveying a very important message, the voice of someone who considers himself to be highly important.

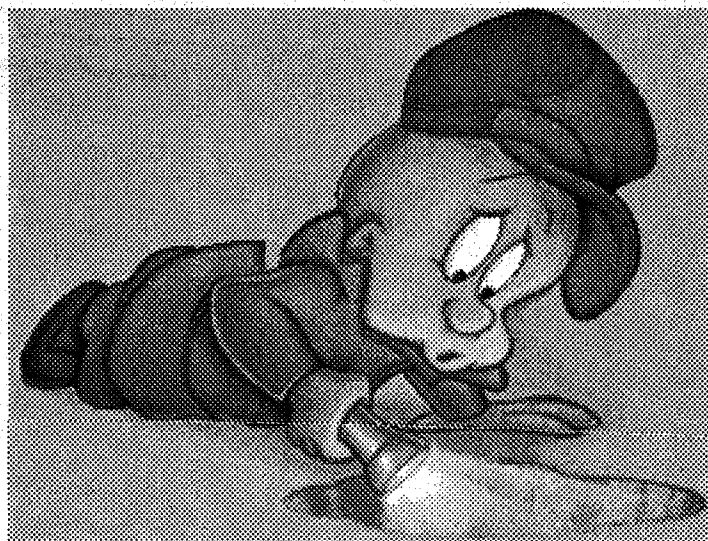
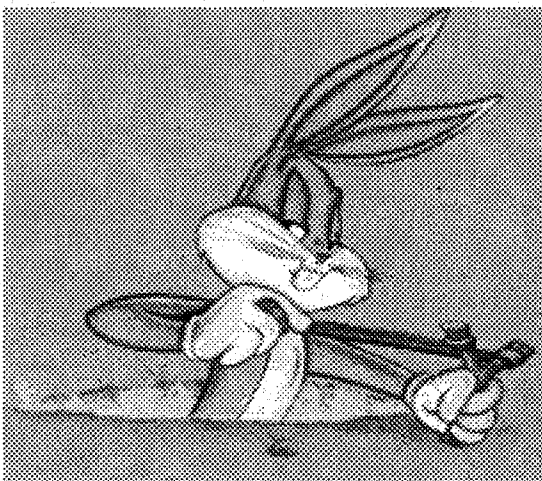
Last comes the vicious connection between Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd — the hunted and the hunter, and the continuous reversal of the two. What is their strongest bond? Neither can pronounce the letter "R" — Bugs replaces it with "oi" ("I shoulda taken the left toin at Albequoique") and Elmer replaces it with "w" ("I'm hunting wabbits"). Why is this? "R" is the second letter of Fritz's first and last name — second being an important year of a

child's life, when much psychological growth occurs. Clearly, something happened (something which probably explains the huge, hairy beast known only as Gossamer) to Fritz Freling during his second year of existence. We can only

guess at the true event, but I am sure it was traumatic.

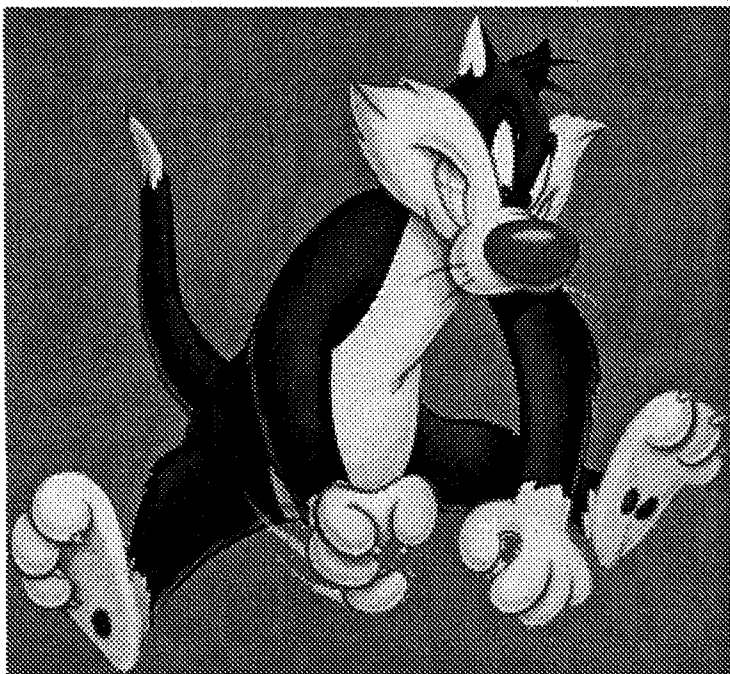
So let us make a list of his disorders. He feels faceless and expressionless, suffers from low-grade Tourette's Syndrome and a wide variety of stuttering, lisping, and aphasic syllable manipulation. At the same time, he is aloof and mildly schizophrenic, speaking only occasionally and then in the riddles of the mentally damned. Shy, or completely insane? With nothing else to go on, I cannot say. I can only assume that either way, his behavior is far from the norm, and borne of a truly miserable home life, one in which his speech was ridiculed and his only refuge was his mother.

It is also possible that Mr. Freling suffered from a severe drug disorder. Cocaine has been known to cause intense problems with speech, and his desire for the precious white powder might be manifested in his creations. However, this would not explain the constant desire for his mother seen in his works.



One might also be tempted to examine the recent work "Tiny Toons," which is a modern-day adaptation of the Loony Tunes characters. Focusing mainly on their children, the focus here is on the characteristics of the elders passed relentlessly on to the children, a focus on Fritz Freling's preoccupation with the Judeo-Christian ethic of "original sin." In addition to his psychological dysfunctions, Freling was also obsessed with having claimed the sins of his father, and his fathers before him.

I hope this has been enlightening, and I hope you can use this to examine other forms of children's entertainment. Believe me, Raffi is an academic playground of possibilities.



his personality is colorless and boring. And both Daffy Duck and Sylvester the Cat suffer from a similar disorder — namely, a severe lisp, accompanied by an excessive amount of saliva projection.

