

The
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Thank You, SATAN!!!!

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The Stony Brook Press' Tribute to Evil !!!



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TOTO, TOO?

By Filomena Duvy

For the first time in fifty years, they're having war crimes trials. This is so big that city buses have ads on their sides, placing genocide and ethnic cleansing in the same exalted league as Oprah-style talk shows, true-life cop programs and various other forms of entertainment that derive their allure from human misery and depravity.

True to form, the U.S. has once more sabotaged its own questionable peacemaking by taking sides. Real smart. Last I read, Bosnian Croats were doing some fairly reprehensible things in Mostar, but the Croats are our anointed good guys, like Israel, Kuwait and Britain, so our government will make some disapproving noises, but nothing will come of it.

The last War Crimes Tribunals, held in Nuremberg and Tokyo, were also interesting in their selectivity. Those fascists felt to be useful to the Allied powers, especially scientists like Werner von Braun, were declared rehabilitated. Many Nazis were spirited away by the CIA, with help from the pious men of the Vatican, to South America, where they found new lives as enforcers for right-wing regimes. Don't cry for me Argentina.

And of course, no one on the Allied side was charged with anything; Victors never commit war crimes. Paul Tibbets, the pilot who dropped the first atomic bomb on the undefended city of Hiroshima, is still creaking around, bragging that he never lost any sleep over what he did.

Winston Churchill is still portrayed as a sort of British W. C. Fields, even though he ordered the incendiary bombing of Dresden, a city with no military industry and filled with refugees. Thousands were literally melted.

Political analyst Noam Chomsky has stated that if the Nuremberg Principles were applied to the United States, every president from Truman on would have been hanged as a war criminal. Didn't happen. They all, even the disgraced Nixon, retired with hefty pensions.

Henry Kissinger, Machiavellian sycophant, chief henchman of the Nixon era, and architect of the deaths of countless innocents from Indochina to Chile to Iraq, is currently the head of a high-priced consulting firm and raking in loot by the wheelbarrow. Crime evidently does pay if you set your sights high enough.

It's unlikely we can do anything about Kissinger, Tibbets, George Bush, or any of the vile creatures made in their image. If there's a higher power of justice in the universe, these individuals will spend eternity basting in napalm.

But perhaps it's not too late to do something about Emmanuel "Toto" Constant, leader of the Front for the Advancement and Progress of Haiti (FRAPH), a paramilitary terror organization. They are responsible for inflicting a daily regimen of murder, mutilations, beatings and arson on the people of that country during the exile of Jean Bertrand Aristide, legally elected by an overwhelming majority of the Haitian people. Constant, it was revealed last year by Allan Nairn in *The Nation*, has been on the CIA payroll since 1992 and attended Bill "I feel your pain" Clinton's inaugural ball. After Aristide's return, Constant fled Haiti and has found asylum not in Paraguay, Zaire or Indonesia, but right here in New York! Toto's previous utility has been rewarded. And he most likely knows too much to be turned over to the Aristide government.

One of the first things U.S. troops did when they occupied Haiti to reinstate Aristide (who, don't forget,

the U.S. despises. He wants to do communistic things like raise wages from \$2 to \$4 a day) was to seize some thousands of pages of documents compiled by the coup government of Raoul Cedras. To date, they've refused to return these documents to Haiti's government. There must be quite a bit of incriminating information in them. Maybe they'll be declassified in fifty years, by which time it'll be too late.

Here we go again with another travesty in which our leaders aid bad guys and suppress information the American and Haitian people have every right to access. It's time we demanded much greater accountability from our government and not fall for the old routine that "national security" demands a shadowy secret government. This summer's bombings, and previous attacks, should drive home how secure we really are despite massive expenditures on "defense" and an ever-expanding security state in which police agencies will be given greater powers of surveillance and civil rights will be curtailed. I hear they're planning to start augmenting FBI operations overseas. Wonderful.

Real security will be achieved when we stop using our resources to bully the rest of the world and start concentrating on improving life for everyone here at home. More police and prisons while a million more children are cast into poverty ("ending welfare as we know it") is definitely not a move in the right direction.

One nice thing: our whorish leaders are susceptible to public opinion. If enough of us get pissed off enough and make enough noise so they can hear us, they'll sacrifice their buddy Toto (if he doesn't meet with an "accident" first). Then maybe justice will be done.

A GULF OF TROUBLES

By Heather Rosenow

President Clinton's policy regarding Iraq and the developing situation there has been under attack from two sides; The Republican Party and the media. The media's behavior can be attributed to the fact that whatever information they have managed to get out of the government in regard to this sensitive situation has been convoluted and clouded. A confused and unclear media is an unhappy and mean media. The information is clouded mainly because the lives of American troops are being put in danger and the main reason, oddly enough, is not the idealistic notion of rescuing and area of the world from unjust dictatorship. This makes the American public nervous and unsure. Unfortunately enough for the people in this region of the world, the only reason our troops are there is an economic one. The Republican Party's motives for criticism are cliched and political at best. (Something new.) They have gone out of their way to publicly criticize President Clinton's actions as being everything from premature to lacking enough force, but if they were to find one of their own in presidential office entangled in the same international mess jeopardizing nation oil interests, they would be handling it the exact same way.

American economic interests are in serious danger if Saddam Hussein manages to gain more substantial control, both militarily and intellectually, of this region in the middle east. Many people both at home and abroad don't agree with the United States' policy of man-handling various parts of the world when its economic interests are in danger. However, some of

the more liberal idealistic notions floating around would be satisfied if Saddam Hussein were to be defeated or substantially weakened by a joint effort of American and European military forces. Putting aside the fact that almost 90% of our oil comes from this region, other things are to be gained in forcing Saddam Hussein to stand down from his confrontational tendencies. The obvious feelings of hostility that many governments and peoples in this region of

the world have toward western culture is obvious. Often these feelings have translated themselves into actual acts of violence. If Saddam Hussein's violent tendencies are not "nipped in the bud", so to speak, who is to say that he wouldn't develop a campaign of terrorism and dictatorship with much larger goals in mind? Perhaps taking on the

"evil west" would be required in order to secure his hold on power.

Critics of the actions initiated by President Clinton's administration against Saddam Hussein, many of whom are other governments in the region who are not associated with his tactics, say that these military actions are in danger of making Hussein a hero in this region where so few people trust the west. If that were the case, we would not be "rescuing" an oppressed people from the grip of dictatorship, instead we would be creating new enemies and strengthening their ties to our adversary. This would be a counterproductive cycle

indeed if it were to play itself out that way. The fact remains that no matter how idealistic the notion that we should not interfere in middle eastern political circles with only economic interests in mind, our government really has no choice. If they were to ignore the circumstances developing in the middle east, it could create eminent disaster for the economy of the United States (in an election year I might add) and other nations worldwide that lay claim to interests in the middle east.

Saddam Hussein's tactics themselves are questionable in their motives. He is not bringing up problems he has with the United States in a peaceful productive forum; instead he is launching a series of antagonistic attacks obviously designed to incite the United States and its allies into acts of war. By doing this he is increasing his power over the area he now controls in the middle east, and is manipulating our governments, using the threat of virtual economic upheaval, into reacting the way he needs them to in order for him to secure his control and political weight in the region. If this situation is not handled delicately and cautiously by western governments, they are in real danger of becoming pawns in a madman's dreams of power.

The United States government especially has to beware of allowing their vision to become clouded in the middle of an election year battle of bureaucracy within an increasingly meaningless political forum. If they are not careful, they will walk their own troops and country into a dangerous international battle of wills and resources which could be avoided if they would only open their eyes before they slip into this carefully orchestrated worldwide economic "oil spill".



EAST TIMOR AWAITS INDEPENDENCE

By Joanna Wegielnik

"Big countries with powerful military machines should not be permitted to invade, occupy, and brutalize their peaceful neighbors." With these words former Secretary of State James Baker explained why the United States was going to war with Iraq. Yet some twenty years earlier, another big country, Indonesia invaded a much smaller East Timor, a former Portuguese colony which lies at the eastern end of the Indonesian archipelago.

Indonesia's invasion of Timor has resulted in one of the greatest genocides [relative to population] in the twentieth century. Over 270,000 Timorese, roughly a third of the population, have perished through a policy of direct military attack, forced starvation, and murder. And of course none of this would have been possible without crucial consent and support from the U.S. and other western allies.

East Timor was in the process of decolonization when the Indonesian army, under the dictates of General Suharto, invaded. Despite the fact that Indonesia never laid any moral or legal claim to East Timor, Suharto and his western allies (notably the U.S., Britain, and Australia) understood well that an independent Timor was economically unviable. Timor's southern coast, sits atop huge oil and gas reserves and a deep-water sea lane perfect for submarines to pass through. Acquiring the rights to exploit these resources would be more conveniently obtained from Indonesia than from an independent Timor. And so the stage was set.

On December 6, 1975, President Ford and Henry Kissinger arrived in Jakarta, the capitol of Indonesia, toasting Suharto on the eve of the invasion. "Our relationship involves a common concern for every nation to pursue its destiny on its own independent sovereign course. On behalf of Mrs. Ford and myself, I raise my glass and propose a toast..." Within hours of those words, Indonesia launched its attack on Timor.

According to a former senior CIA operations officer, Philip Liechty, who was based in Jakarta at the time of the 1975 invasion, "Suharto was given the green light by Kissinger to do what he did. There was a discussion in the [U.S.] embassy and in traffic with the state department about problems that would be created if the public and Congress became aware of the type of [American] military assistance that was going to Indonesia at that time. Rifles, ammunition mortars, grenades, helicopters...you name it... was going straight into Timor. It was covered under the justification that it was for 'training purposes only' [but] without heavy U.S. logistical support the Indonesians might not have been able to pull it off. [Instead] they were able to stay there at no real cost to them; it didn't put any pressure on their economy and on their military forces because American taxpayers were footing the bill for the killing of all those people and for the acquisition of that territory, to which they had no right whatsoever."

During the first months of the invasion in 1975, the U.S. supplied 90% of the weapons

the Indonesian army used to slaughter the Timorese. Strategic military support continued and in 1978, when the Indonesian army was actually running out of arms, the Carter administration stepped in and increased arms sales. As a direct consequence, the killing reached genocidal levels in 1978-79; the Catholic Church in E. Timor put the casualty figures at about two-hundred thousand people dead.

The United Nations reacted to the Indonesian invasion by passing 2 Security Council resolutions (similar to those the west



passed when Iraq invaded Kuwait, resolutions that were violently and vigorously upheld against Saddam Hussein) calling for Indonesia to withdraw from Timor. However, it became very apparent that the U.S. was not going to allow anything to progress, and worked feverishly to block any effective UN action. Then U.S. Ambassador to the UN, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, recalls these days in his memoirs:

"The United States wished things to turn out as they did and worked to bring this about. The Department of State desired that the United Nations prove utterly ineffective in whatever measures it undertook. This task was given to me, and I carried it forward with no inconsiderable success."

As for the American media, a virtual blackout was put into effect, with almost no coverage on East Timor, save the occasional report on killings when they became too obvious to ignore.

Investigative reporter Allan Nairn and his colleague Amy Goodman were nearly beaten to death in Dili, East Timor, on November 12, 1991, when Indonesian troops killed 271 peaceful demonstrators. A couple of years ago, Nairn and Goodman were awarded the R.F.K. and Alfred I. duPont awards for their coverage of the Santa Cruz massacre in East Timor. Here's what Nairn said to the American journalistic elite as he and Goodman accepted their silver batons:

"The 1975 invasion of Timor was approved by President Ford, and as Timorese were herded into death camps for mass execution, the U.S. stepped in to block the United Nations from taking effective action and kept sending in the fresh weapons which the Indonesian army used to do the job. The result has been a genocide which killed over 200,000 Timorese civilians - a third of the original population, the largest proportional

slaughter since the Nazis. And what have the U.S. networks done during this U.S.- sponsored genocide? During the fifteen-year, eleven-month period starting from the announcement of the '75 invasion and running up to the massacre we survived, the ABC, NBC, and CBS evening news shows did not run a single story on East Timor. Nightline and MacNeil/Lehrer have never mentioned it. U.S. radio and print, though occasionally mentioning the killings, have inaccurately omitted the U.S. role.

"If you want to understand what the United States is doing, think of this baton as an M-16 [takes award baton and points it at his head] It is pointed at the head of an innocent Timorese who has dared to stand up and ask for the end of the occupation. Washington pauses, considers, says, 'Don't forget human rights', and then hands the troops new ammo and says 'Go ahead, open fire'. Repeat this scenario 200,000 times and you'll begin to grasp the enormity of the crime."

The genocide and killing of the Timorese continues unabated to this day, as the Clinton administration continues to supply arms to Indonesia. Recently, the administration has been promoting the sale of 28F-16's, approving \$60 million dollars of weapons sales, and reinstatement of IMET training whereby Indonesian generals are trained at vari-

ous military schools throughout the U.S. This support is given despite the fact that human rights groups, Amnesty International, UN human rights investigators have documented widespread human rights violations - including arbitrary arrest, torture, and summary executions. (Incidentally, Suharto's military regime not only terrorizes East Timor, but Indonesia as well, where he is in the midst of a crackdown on an opposition party. When massive protests erupted in response in late July of this year in Jakarta and throughout the Indonesian archipelago, a military commander said "we have orders to shoot if there are any attempts to disturb order." Several hundred people have been arrested and are currently being detained).

At great personal risk, East Timorese young and old, are opposing Indonesia's illegal occupation. They are demanding that East Timorese be allowed to determine their own future, in a UN supervised referendum on self-determination. And given the U.S.'s shameful complicity in the turbulent history of East Timor, they deserve our active support.

For more information about East Timor/Indonesia contact the East Timor Action Network. ETAN is a network of grassroots groups and activists throughout the U.S. who work in support of East Timor independence.

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SADDAM WINS AFTER ALL

Few things are uglier than election year posturing. When Iraq invaded the Kurdish territories in its northern provinces earlier this month, you could tell President Clinton was going to show some muscle... launch a few missiles, send some troops, and make himself look good.

You can't blame the guy... few things raise a president's approval rating more than a quick military action. When President Bush attacked Iraq back in 1990, his popularity soared. Since this is an election year, those scores were even more important, and a good old fashioned mid-east beatdown was too attractive an opportunity for Clinton to ignore.

So when Saddam pushed his way back into the mountains, violating all sorts of sanctions and warnings, the U.S. acted.

Afraid to spoil a nice little war with American bloodshed, Clinton decided to rain death on the Iraqi people from a safe distance. The U.S. responded to Saddam's aggressions by firing cruise missiles at the Iraqi military-industrial machine. The target; military bases and factories in the southern region of the country.

But wait a minute. Wasn't the Kurdish conflict taking place in the north?

The U.S. bombed important sites in the south under the assumption that Saddam would demure upon seeing the damage done to his country. In a sense, this was correct; after the bombings, Iraq agreed to obey the no-fly zone and other sanctions. But by then,

Saddam had already obtained his objective; taking control of the Kurdish-occupied northern territories.

As this edition of *The Press* goes to print, the U.S. and Iraq have largely come to an agreement. Saddam won't launch any further aggressive actions, and the U.S. won't bomb him.

Who is the winner in this conflict? On one hand, Bill Clinton wins, since his already high approval ratings shot up even further during the conflict. When Iraq became an issue again, everyone forgot about Clinton's problems (when was the last time someone mentioned Dick Morris?), and cheered him on in the gulf. At this point, Bob Dole has a better chance of being elected Pope than President.

However, Saddam wins too, on several levels. At the most basic level, he wins because he achieved his primary goal; repossessing the northern territories. On more intangible levels, his victories are numerous. The reluctance of other middle-eastern countries to cooperate with the U.S. at once weakened American influences in the region and strengthened Iraq's.

And the losers? The Kurds... once again at Saddam's mercy. All western efforts to help them are finished; the U.S.'s "Operation Provide Comfort" and similar projects are effectively over. Those involved in humanitarian efforts are fleeing the area. Clinton wins... Hussein wins... and the hungry and destitute people of Northern Iraq continue to suffer.

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•BEST SENSE OF
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SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM

President Clinton recently signed legislation that will effectively make nicotine a regulated drug. The ramifications of this, both political and economic are yet to be determined but one thing is for sure, Clinton can forget the south. Would the last Democrat at the Mason-Dixon line please turn off the barn lights! We applaud the President on his relatively bold move. Although we are sure the President might have balked if the polls said 8% rather than 18%. This is a step in the right direction for the preservation of our health.

Here on campus steps have been taken to make it more difficult to smoke, namely prohibiting smoking in any and all buildings. We feel that this is also a step in the right direction although we are concerned with the University's inability to follow through. It should come as no surprise that if people can't smoke inside they will probably do it outside.

This campus is ridden with cigarette butts that are stamped out by smokers who simply don't have an appropriate place to put them. This causes even the most die-hard smokers to cough up an extra ball of phlegm in disgust. Every door on every building at Stony Brook should be flanked by clearly marked ashtrays that will provide smokers with a place to deposit their sin sticks.

Without them, smokers will continue to be unfairly accused of indiscriminate littering.

Washington has taken the proper steps to begin and finish a plan that will make us all better off; if they can do it, anybody can.

LETTERS

I'm writing in response to John Giuffo's revealing and timely article on the new "Advantage" meal plan. Being a savvy consumer, I know there's no such thing as a sale and everything you think you get a bargain for still ends up fattening corporate America's pockets. But I have to give the Rip-off award to Aramark and their new meal plan. I knew it was bad news the minute I heard about it last spring. Now I see that it's worse than I could've ever imagined. I myself am a foreign student who has to pay more than 14 grand per year to attend the university. Any increase in any part of my university expenses hurts me financially. And now I have to add an extra 100 bucks just to make it to November then spend even more money for food? THAT IS ABSURD!!! I'm wondering if you are organizing any protest or meetings to discuss this issue and I'd be more than happy to help organize or do whatever I can to help you with it. Give Mr.Giuffo my thanks on a job well done.

-Asif Sattar



The DisAdvantage Plan

Part 2: Of Math, The Deli, and Chocolate Cake

By John Giuffo

Last issue, I wrote part one of what I now realize will be a series on Aramark and FSA's practices regarding the student meal plan. The overwhelming response I received made me realize how important an issue the new meal plan is, and how hurting for input students are. We are being lied to about the fairness of the new meal plan, about the honesty of pricing policies, and about the interest Aramark has in meeting student needs.

As outlined in the September 5 issue of *The Press*, the new meal plan, misleadingly titled the *Advantage* dining plan, is a masterwork of deceit and monopolistic profiteering. After paying \$1050 for the *Standard Advantage* plan, \$682 is taken off the top for "overhead" costs: facility rental, packaging, labor, garbage removal, etc. The remaining \$368 is then labeled as *Advantage* dollars, and can be used at most food facilities on campus at a discount. This "discount" is said to represent cost: what the purchaser, in this case Aramark, actually paid for any given item. Students who are on one of the new *Advantage* plans are then able to purchase their food at what Aramark calls cost, and the allotted *Advantage* money is supposed to last throughout the semester.

However, this is not the case. Certain eating practices, normal and acceptable last year, such as ordering food from off campus, or dining in an all-you-can-eat facility twice a day, prove to be financially irresponsible and impossible to budget properly under the new *Advantage* plan. If you are the owner of the *Standard Advantage* plan, the meal plan budget chart tells us that you have \$23 in *Advantage* dollars to spend per week. That \$23 can be spent a myriad of ways, but if you break it down, you will always come short of what you need to sustain yourself.

Say your daily diet consisted of a muffin and coffee for breakfast (\$.97), a roast beef sandwich, bowl of chili, and Coke for lunch (\$2.66), and dinner at H Quad (\$2.75), you would be spending \$6.38 per day in *Advantage* dollars. At an estimated average of \$44 *Advantage* per week in food costs, the person with the *Standard Advantage* plan would start starving around November 4th.

I encourage everyone reading this to take a few minutes out and do your own math. Accurately record what your average daily *Advantage* expenditures have been, multiply that figure by the number of days in the week, and you have what your weekly food expenditure will be. Take that figure and multiply by 15 (the number of weeks in the semester). This is the amount of *Advantage* money needed to sustain yourself through the end of the semester at current spending rates. Take this figure and subtract it from 368 (the amount of money available to owners of the *Standard Advantage* plan). The resulting figure is how much extra money you will need to continue eating through the end of the semester. Take this number and divide by your original weekly expenditure figure. The resulting tally tells you how many weeks of gut-wrenching hunger you have to look forward to.

The Union Deli

No place exemplifies Aramark's excesses more than the Union Deli. As Aramark's most visible (and arguably busiest) facility, the Union Deli presents an all-too irresistible opportunity for cost misinformation and price gouging.

The fact of the Union Deli's placement, at the social center of campus, makes it intolerably packed at times with students blindly ecstatic about the ability to purchase an Egg Salad sandwich for \$1.05. There are times during the week when Aramark must post an employee at the entrance to the Deli to regulate the flow of customers in and out. Besides being a foreseeable facet of giving all students

declining balance, the crowds illustrate the lack of planning that went into the service aspect of the new meal plan: if a campus full of students with declining balance is going to file into the Student Union during Campus Lifetime, they are going to flock to either the Union Deli, Papa Joe's, or The Bleacher Club. Two registers at the Deli cannot possibly handle this volume. Lines at the above-mentioned facilities can reach up to half an hour waits. This fact does not escape student notice, however, and Aramark's practices as a whole are fast becoming a focus for student anger.

A sophomore identifying himself as "Bas," summed up Aramark's policies by saying, "They take more of our money, and they expect us to not realize what they want."

Another student claimed he was "starving myself, trying to even out at the end of the semester." Sheraz Ahmed, a sophomore, felt he was "not eating right," claiming he had "no breakfast or lunch" that day in an effort to stay on budget.

Asim Rizvi, another sophomore, feels the new meal plan "...sucks: we don't get *Advantage* price off campus." (Indeed, we don't get to use our meal cards at all off-campus: as of this writing, not one off-campus food service provider is supplying food to hungry students at hours when all on-campus facilities

are closed. No pizza, no Pudge's.)

Rich O'Reilly, a senior, feels that the new meal plan is "too confusing", stating that last year's meal plan was better if only because it was "easier to understand."

It is this complexity that opens up the doors for abuses to occur. If it is difficult for students to understand the idea behind the meal plan, then it is that much more difficult for the average student to effectively analyze the new meal plan. Aramark (and FSA as the organization responsible for contracting out to a food service provider) can rely on this complexity to mask actual cost prices as *Advantage* cost prices, and boost profits, which are supposed to be covered under the original \$682 overhead charge at the beginning of the semester. The difficulty in determining the difference between what an item actually costs Aramark and what they are charging for the *Advantage* price lies in the fact that this information must be provided to us by Aramark: the very same organization that stands to profit from any possible abuses.

In fact, the only telling cost analysis that can be done is between Union Deli *Advantage* price (which again, is supposed to be what Aramark pays for any given item) and local full retail price. Let's look at a simple 12 ounce can of Coke. Aramark's *Advantage* price for a 12 oz. can of Coke is \$.42. A short 5 minute trip

to Edward's however, will reveal just how inflated that price is. Edward's charges \$3.99 for a 12-pack case of Coke; that's \$.33 for a can. The Edward's \$.33 Coke has to also cover lighting, rent, facilities, labor, packaging etc. So Aramark can buy Coke at full retail and still charge less than what they are charging now. If they can inflate the price of a can of Coke, which is a very easily comparable item, think what can be done with more obscure prices, such as a serving of Manicotti, or the ever-elusive chocolate cake.

The Chocolate Cake

The chocolate cake saga begins on a foggy, oppressively humid Friday, last Friday to be exact. You see, I had been in the Union Deli buying my lunch when I noticed a rather plain, yet mysteriously attractive chocolate cake sitting in the lighted display case opposite the registers. I didn't think too much of the chocolate cake at first: I wasn't that hun-

gry, and I have to keep my girlish figure. Yet the \$.72 *Advantage* price stuck with me. When I later realized that I wanted to feature an actual cost analysis as part of this article, I returned to the Union Deli to confirm the price of the cake. I figured at what I remembered to be \$.72 for a slice of chocolate cake, an entire cake of 16 slices (an estimate; alas, the actual, mythical chocolate cake had disappeared, leaving me to question how many slices the cake was cut into) would cost \$11.52. I found \$11.52 an enormous amount of money to pay for the raw material needed to make a chocolate cake. Aha!, more ammunition for my in-depth analysis!

Upon returning, I found the cake sold-out and I asked the manager on duty if he knew the price of the chocolate cake. He told me he didn't, but that he would check for the book containing prices. He couldn't locate said book, so he referred me to the General Manager of the Union Deli, who he said would be there the following morning.

Upon arriving at The Deli the next day, I approached the General Manager, and asked if it was possible to obtain the price of a slice of chocolate cake. He was very accommodating, but as he went to get the price for me, he was called over to the side of the Deli and instructed by one of his higher-ups to direct any and all questions from *The Press* to John Rainey, Resident District Manager of Aramark. My quest for chocolate cake prices meets with yet more red tape.

Two phone calls and one visit to the Aramark office later, I finally speak with John Rainey, who seems not as interested in answering my chocolate cake inquiries as he was in laying responsibility for the meal plan on both FSA and the Division of Campus Residences.

As of this writing, I am still in the dark as to what the price of chocolate cake at the Deli was, could be, or should be. No one at Aramark seems to be able to remember the chocolate cake, and I could receive no comfort from Mr. Rainey that a standardized price guide for the chocolate cake exists anywhere. The chocolate cake, like the Roswell UFO landing, has been wiped from existence, and any attempt to get at the truth is met with a bureaucratic web so large, it would take a fully-funded, large-staffed chocolate-cake price-finding lobby to access the needed information.

This is the process a student must go through to get information from Aramark. Granted, my experience was probably an extraordinary one, but if it was that difficult to get the price of a simple slice of chocolate cake, a price provided by Aramark, imagine what it would be like to get untainted cost price information. Indeed, it may never be possible to obtain true cost for certain items: Aramark buys

certain things at bulk and makes the food themselves, then applying an estimated, and possibly inflated, cost price to the finished product.

In short, the *Advantage* plan, in assigning "cost" prices to all items, shows itself as a

vehicle for abuse and unchecked profit. Few people know what the "cost" value of any given item is, and even less can verify that price.

Even if Aramark is being 100% up front and honest about pricing (the probability of which you can judge for yourselves), the fact remains that the blaringly apparent possibility for unchecked abuse exists (a possibility so attractive, it should be called a *probability*), and this possibility exists because students are forced to shovel their money into a plan they have little control over. This is what I will address in the next installment, who is responsible, why the current plan exists, and what can be done to help change it. I'm also speaking with John Rainey in person, so we can get Aramark's take on the new meal plan, which should be, if nothing else, very interesting.

The Hunger Formula

Cost of food per week
x # of weeks in semester

A
Advantage plan- A=B (dollar
amount short)

B ÷ Cost per week =
of weeks of Hunger

The chocolate cake, like the Roswell UFO landing, has been wiped from existence...

THE PLATFORMS

Edited by Boyd McCamish

The following are excerpts from the Republican, Democratic and Green Party platforms. For the purposes of comparison the opening PREAMBLES and the section regarding the national deficit have been printed to allow the reader to compare the differences between those who have power and those who don't. The preamble in a parties "platform" is basically its mission statement, the way they see our country and its problems, both real and fabricated. The deficit has been highlighted because in many ways the debate surrounding it typifies the way we perceive national authority, its failures and abuses perpetrated on the people.

PREAMBLES- GREENS

The GREEN PLATFORM is an evolving document, a living work-in-progress that expresses our commitment to creating meaningful and enduring change in the political process. Our Party's first priority is to value-based politics, in contrast to the politics of exploitation, consumption, and non-sustainable competition. We believe in an alternative, independent politics, and active, responsible government. We believe in empowering citizens and communities. We offer hope and a call to action. In this platform we make our case — to change the way government operates — to change the quality of our everyday lives — to build a vision that brings new and lasting opportunities.

DEMOCRATS

Two hundred summers ago, this Democratic Party was founded by the man whose burning pen fired the spirit of the American Revolution — who once argued we should overthrow our own government every 20 years to renew our freedom and keep pace with a changing world. In 1992, the party Thomas Jefferson founded invokes his spirit of revolution anew. Our land reverberates with a battle cry of frustration that emanates from America's very soul — from the families in our bedrock neighborhoods, from the unsung, workaday heroes of the world's greatest democracy and economy. America is on the wrong track. The American people are hurting. The American Dream of expanding opportunity has faded. Middle class families are working hard, playing by the rules, but still falling behind. Poverty has exploded. Our people are torn by divisions.

REPUBLICANS

We meet to nominate a candidate and pass a platform at a moment of measureless national opportunity. A new century beckons, and Americans are more than equal to its challenges. But there is a problem. The Clinton administration has proven unequal to the heritage of our past, the promise of our times, and the character of the American people. They require more and demand better. With them, we raise our voices and raise our sights. We are the heirs of world leadership that was earned by bravery and sacrifice on half a thousand battlefields. We will soon nominate for the presidency a man who knew battle and so loves peace, a man who lives bravely and so walks humbly with his God and his fellow citizens. We walk with him now as he joins one more battle, every bit as crucial for our country's future as was the crusade in which he served. Just when America should be leading the world, we have an administration squandering the international respect it did not earn and does not value. Just when America should be demonstrating anew the dynamic power of economic freedom, we have an administration working against both history and public opinion to expand the reach and burden of government. Just when Americans are reasserting their deepest values, we have an administration locked into the counterculture battles of its youth.

THE GREENS ON THE DEFICIT

Every year the federal government borrows hundreds of billions of dollars more than it collects in taxes. Money that should be going into new business and jobs, research and development, roads and bridges, schools and the technologies of tomorrow, has been lost to servicing the national debt (which is currently over \$4 trillion dollars).

We cannot ignore the consequences of our nation's deficits and the related costs of debt service (currently around \$200 billion). Foreign holdings of our debt have increased greatly and money markets have seen a large percentage of available capital flow away from productive investments, primarily due to federal borrowing.

We agree that actions to reduce the debt and annual federal deficit are in order. We do not agree that working people and small business community should disproportionately shoulder the burden, when the incurrance of the federal debt was, to a large degree, the end product of those who were on watch during the Cold War and military-defense industry buildup. We do not agree that it is an obligation of working people to pay for the hundreds of billions lost in the savings and loan bailout; the billions upon billions being lost on loopholes, tax breaks, and trans-national/multinational corporate tax avoidance; or the hundreds of billions lost due to a failed tax code that has been, in effect, held prisoner to special-interests and has produced historic gross inequities between corporate America and working Americans. During the 1980's our national debt grew from approximately \$1 billion to its current size. During the remainder of the 1990's, we should move toward reducing the annual federal deficit to achieve a significant reduction in the national debt. We believe a comprehensive approach that forms a basis to a realistic DEFICIT PLAN would include: tax increases on those corporations and wealthy interests who benefited most in the 1980's; defense reductions to levels approximately \$100 billion below the current Administration's planned budget for the year 2000 (the current projected budget is [\$269 billion/3.1% of GAP] — a viable mix of major conventional forces and a substantial reduction in nuclear forces could bring the defense budget to between \$150 - \$200 billion); and entitlement reductions to those who can afford reductions most (entitlement spending is over 1/2 the federal budget; one way to reduce costs substantially would be by "means testing", i.e., by scaling back payments to the six million citizens in families with incomes over \$50,000 annually. In this way approximately \$80 - \$100 billion could be saved annually by the year 2000.) As our nation considers the hard choices needed to achieve DEBT and DEFICIT REDUCTION, we add our voice to the debate on the side of those who do not support or consider necessary any deep cuts in domestic and discretionary spending that benefits those most in need and hardest working. We oppose any cuts at all in the one-fifth of entitlement benefits, including food stamps, family assistance, Medicaid, and supplementary security income, that go to the low-income, aged, blind and disabled.

THE DEMOCRATS ON THE DEFICIT

Addressing the deficit requires fair and shared sacrifice of all Americans for the common good. In 12 Republican years a national debt that took 200 years to accumulate has been quadrupled. Rising interest on that debt now swallows one tax dollar in seven. In place of the Republican supply-side disaster, the Democratic investment, economic conversion and growth strategy will generate more revenues from a growing economy. We must also tackle spending, by putting everything on the table; eliminate nonproductive programs; achieve defense savings; reform entitlement programs to control soaring health care costs; cut federal administrative costs by 3 percent annually for

four years; limit increases in the "present budget" to the rate of growth in the average American's paycheck; apply a strict "pay as you go" rule to new non-investment spending; and make the rich pay their fair share in taxes. These choices will be made while protecting senior citizens and without further victimizing the poor. This deficit reduction effort will encourage private savings, eliminate the budget deficit over time, and permit fiscal policies that can restore America's economic health.

THE REPUBLICANS ON THE DEFICIT

"We didn't dig ourselves into a \$5 trillion debt because the American people are undertaxed. We got that \$5 trillion debt because government overspends."

"The budget deficit is a 'stealth tax' that pushes up interest rates and costs the typical family \$36,000 on an average home mortgage, \$1,400 on an ordinary student loan, and \$700 on a car loan."

Bob Dole

Raising tax rates is the wrong way to balance the budget. It enables the Clinton tax addicts to wastefully spend the public's money. Republicans support a Balanced Budget Amendment to the Constitution, phased in over a short period and with appropriate safeguards for national emergencies. We passed it in the House of Representatives, but Bill Clinton and his allies — especially the Senate's somersault six, who switched their long-standing position on the issue — blocked it by a single vote. As president, Bob Dole will lead the fight for that amendment, and in the States, Republicans will finish the fight for its speedy ratification. Once and for all, we declare: the budget deficit and high taxes are two halves of the vise that is producing the Clinton middle class squeeze; a balanced budget and lower taxes go hand in hand, not in separate directions; reducing the budget deficit by shrinking government produces a fiscal dividend in stronger growth and lower interest rates; ending that deficit will make possible a dramatic return of resources to the American people; tax relief is the only way to return the economy to the growth rates our country enjoyed from World War II to the coming of Bill Clinton; and we will not mortgage our children's future by incurring deficits. A president should be Commander-in-Chief in the nation's budget battle as well as in military conflicts. Bill Clinton has been AWOL - Absent Without Leadership. Congressional Republicans had to fight his Senate allies for over a year just to give him a line-item veto for appropriation bills. Instead of helping us strengthen the presidency in this way, he set an historic precedent: vetoing whole appropriation bills because they spent too little money! His vetoes essentially shut down much of the government. We make this promise: A Republican president will veto money bills that spend too much, not too little, and will use the line-item veto to lead the charge against wasteful spending. A Republican president will build on the achievements of our Republican Congress which has cut spending in excess of \$53 billion over the last two years. The Clinton Administration's tactic of using irresponsible monetary policy to hide the effects of their bad fiscal policies leads to: higher inflation; lower growth; fewer jobs; and scarcity of capital to fund small businesses. This is not only bad economics; it is a hidden ax against both income and savings. We pledge a non-political monetary policy to keep prices stable and maintain public confidence in the value of the dollar.

Note: Ralph Nader, a lifelong consumer advocate is the Green Party Candidate for President. The Green Party is on the New York ballot.

A n A p p e a l

By Anthony Barbera

Debate over candidates in the coming November elections has overshadowed a great problem that could undermine both the elections and the American political system. Before you get excited, let me make it clear that this isn't some tremendous revelation, yet to be reported on the all-knowing, all-seeing CNN, something that could spell disaster for us all. Actually, it's just a simple fact. Students do not vote. In fact, the sum of American youth, in school, at work or elsewhere, lays claim to an embarrassingly low voter turnout rate at the polls each year.

This consistently low level of participation is frightening, considering the impact the results of the elections will have on this nation's youth. Yet regardless of pathetic participation levels, the actions of leaders continue to provoke student criticism. Governor Pataki's education budget, President Clinton's foreign policy, Congress' blatantly partisan dichotomy over virtually every issue. I've heard complaints about each of these from several students, and even discussed some points in particular in class. But let's face facts. Few of the people criticizing the current institution actually made any effort to direct its formation into something more personally agreeable.

Of course, I'm not blaming anyone in particular for having done this, and I also realize that freshman haven't even had the opportunity to vote until this year. But the bottom line is that this college's

population probably isn't any more exceptional than another's as far as voting goes. We pride ourselves on being a diverse community, a true cross-section of the melting pot our society has become, but so long as we're this close a representation of common society, we must also bear the stigma of common students, i.e., we're in possession of a very low voting rate. This situation illustrates well the wise proverb "Wherever you go, there you are." At USB, like everywhere else, you have the same old story. Students just aren't voting.

Perhaps if it were only this problem, things could be remedied fairly easily. But there's another difficulty with voting. I realized this last week when the girl next to me in my early morning Political Science class told me that about half of her American Government class couldn't tell exactly how many Senators sat in Congress each year. Hence, a second point: how to make sure voters aren't misinformed. I don't know about you, but I question the validity of the political choices of people who haven't learned fundamental principles upon which the whole of U.S. legislature is structured.

This doesn't mean that I don't want certain people to vote. The point is that everyone should vote, but everyone should also be informed. This doesn't mean understanding the complexities of the politicking that goes on in Congress, the activities of special commissions, or even the names of all the Representatives. Just basic information; understanding your government is akin to understanding your basic rights under the constitution. If peo-

ple are making uninformed decisions about those who will lead our nations, states and local communities, we may as well let monkeys push the levers. If we bring bananas, at least we'll be sure they show up.

This may sound cynical; in fact, I'm sure it does. My point, though, isn't to depress, anger, or shock you. You've heard it all before, to begin with. I'm just trying to provide a reminder, a wake-up call before this year's elections roll around. Each and every one of you has the power to change the fate of a nation. Don't think that you're just one person and your vote won't change a thing. Because you're not one person. You're part of a nation, part of an ethnic group, part of an age category, and whether or not you choose to defy these typecasts, if you don't vote you're part of the group with the potential to wield the most political power, whether you like it or not. Many young people don't vote, as I've said repeatedly. A lot of us have the same ideas. If each individual casts his or her vote, if we as a generation can realize that we think alike for the most part, and that we can make effective change, then the votes will count for something bigger than each and every one of us. So get out there and vote. Vote for Clinton, vote for Dole, vote for Perot...vote to legalize hemp if you want to. But make sure you vote, and that you believe what you vote for is right. It's a way to make a difference, no matter who you are.

PEROT CHOOSES CHOATE

By Nancy B. Regula

On Tuesday, September 10th in Dallas, presidential nominee Ross Perot announced that his running mate on the Reform Party ticket will be Pat Choate, a well-known economist and leading opponent of free trade.

The announcement was made in usual Perot fashion. The Choate selection was revealed in a thirty-minute paid Perot commercial on CBS. This was followed by Choate's first appearance as a candidate on Perot's favorite political venue, the "Larry King Live" show on CNN. During the 1992 presidential campaign, Ross Perot's infomercials captured many viewers. But this year, viewers have been reluctant to watch the 30-minute broadcasts.

Pat Choate, a 55-year old bearded political novice who lives in the District, fails to give Ross Perot the high-profile running mate he had sought. In fact, a number of well known politicians turned him down. Included are Reps. Mary Kaptur (D-Ohio) and Linda Smith (R-Wash). Also asked was Democratic Senator David Boren of Oklahoma who declined because he didn't want to leave his post as president of the University of Oklahoma.

Although unlikely to give Perot a needed boost in the polls because of political obscurity, Choate does give Perot expert intellectual firepower. During the last election Perot won 19% of the popular vote but is only estimated at receiving 5% at this presidential election.

The Perot-Choate ticket is likely to place even more emphasis on foreign trade, the issue on which Perot and Choate firmly agree, and the issue on which the team most differs from the views of both Bob Dole and Bill Clinton.

Choate's most controversial work, "Agents of

Influence," was released in 1990 and charged that Japan was spending millions of dollars to influence United States policy through a network of well-connected lobbyists. Choate also helped Perot write a paperback entitled "Save Your Job, Save Our Country: Why NAFTA Must Be Stopped-Now!" This book predicted that the North American Free Trade Agreement would cause U.S. jobs to go overseas and require American employers to lower wages and benefits in order to remain competitive.

Despite his reputation as an outspoken critic of United States trade policies, Choate has studied and taken positions on an array of domestic and international issues. He and Perot both strongly identified campaign finance reform as the most pressing issue facing the nation. This issue was strongly stressed by Ross Perot during his 1992 Presidential bid and remains so in his current campaign.

During early Republican primaries this year G.O.P. candidate James Buchanan frequently cited Choate's views. As another NAFTA critic, Buchanan was supported by Choate for \$1000 each time he ran.

Dr. Choate said he would use his savings to support himself during his Vice-Presidential candidacy. He is not receiving any form of financial assistance from Mr. Perot or the Perot '96 campaign. Mr. Perot and Dr. Choate's nonprofit organization, United We Stand America, split the royalties from the book opposing ratification of NAFTA.

Pat Choate was born in Maypearl, Texas and received his PhD in economics from the University of Oklahoma. As a native of Texas, Choate is expected to spend a lot of time around Dallas. His campaign schedule will be filled with talk radio and television appearances and discussing of issues during Perot's thirty minute infomercials on single topics. Talk radio is familiar to Dr. Choate, who until

Tuesday Sept. 10, had a show on the United Broadcasting Network. He helped found the radio broadcasting system and was also an investor. However, he resigned his position with the radio and rescued his stock from all of the votes concerning the direction of the operation and agreed not to appear on any of the stations from now until the Presidential election on Nov. 5.

Political obscurity seems to be a recurring theme in vice-presidential candidates for Ross Perot. In 1992, Perot named as a running-mate retired Adm. James Stockdale. Stockdale had spent 37 years in the Navy and served 10 of those years in Vietnam. He took part in aerial combat and led the first bombing raid against North Vietnam. In Sept. 1965 his plane was shot down and he spent years being tortured. He became a leader of the POW's and in his later years turned into an academic. Despite his reputation, his lackluster performance in vice-presidential debates in 1992 failed to boost Perot's chances.



Pat Choate

Civil Rights 0-2 on Capital Hill

By Martha Chemas

This past week the U.S. Senate failed to pass a bill that would ban job discrimination against gays. The Senate also outlawed same sex marriages. The Senate's 85-14 vote on the marriage issue illustrates the bi-partisan support bigotry currently has on Capitol Hill. The 49-50 vote on the employment nondiscrimination bill is similarly indicting.

Sen Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) chief sponsor of the bill, contended that it was the next issue to be dealt with by a country that has been trying to outlaw discrimination for 200 years. Sen. Alfonse D'Amato (R-N.Y.) was one of only seven Republicans to vote in favor of the nondiscrimination act.

The news from the Hill is grim. It has been more than 200 years since a group of visionaries wrote the words "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal..." but that truth has still not sunk in. The Federal government, our elected representatives, continue to ignore or devalue the words that are allegedly the grounding for our current political regime.

Vice President Al Gore campaigned in New York and New Jersey while awaiting the results. In the event of a tie, the Vice President has the deciding vote. According to his spokeswoman, the V.P. planned to vote in favor of the bill. This is particularly melancholy news in light of the fact that one vote is what kept the bill from passing.

There are two issues to be dealt with here. First, there is the very simple issue regarding employment. Let me say it clearly so that everybody can hear: hire on merit. It is simple fact that homosexuals have been discriminated against in the workplace. It would seem logical to create some kind of legislation that would prevent this from happening. It would be logical to assume that the elected officials of a country that is supposed to be somewhat civilized would not be opposed to such legislation. There are major faults in this statement, but they lie with the officials and not the reasoning.

The next issue is marriage. I can see how this might not be as cut and dry as the employment issue. A flimsy excuse whose ideology states that legalizing homosexual marriage legitimizes homosexuality has gotten some play recently. Proponents of this blather cite the Bible as the source of their narrow-minded discontent. Maybe these individuals have not yet made any acquaintance with the Bill of Rights. It is not the place of the government to impose its moral ideas upon its population. I merely state the obvious.

Some people worry about the psychological effect on children raised in a home where they have two parents of the same gender. This would seem to be a valid claim for a sexist. It seems to imply that each parent of a respective gender has a certain role that he/she and only he/she can perform. This claim also implies that a homosexual union would for some reason be

more dysfunctional than a heterosexual one. This claim is pervasive, regardless of the lack of data to substantiate it. What has been substantiated, via demographic research, is that homosexuals today are often more educated and in a higher economic bracket than their heterosexual counterparts. This alone is not enough reason to justify homosexual matrimony, rather it again points out the reactive manner in which the subject is being treated. Why is it that sociologists and others search for reasons to justify homosexual marriage? Does it need more justification than a heterosexual marriage?

It is a shame to think that so much effort is being placed on the conviction of homosexual matrimony while the divorce rate in America continues to skyrocket. No one is trying to prevent convicted murderers from getting married and yet they and other such malcreants would seem to pose a more material threat to the offspring they might eventually produce. It is even insulting to think that this point has to be made.

Once again the Federal government has failed to adequately address civil rights. By waffling, the Senate has said that it does not care if you are discriminated against because you are gay. In fact we can perambulate from this point and say that the Senate has proclaimed that it does not care if you are discriminated against at all.

When The Nameless Shape The News

By Norman Solomon

Ever wonder who all those "Western diplomats" are? How about the "senior administration officials" and other sources "speaking on condition of anonymity"? If you found an unsigned letter in your mailbox, you'd probably have doubts about the contents. But news stories often include statements by people who dodge identification — yet manage to get quoted and paraphrased with utmost respect.

Those nameless sources are rarely whistleblowers trying to give suppressed facts to the public while avoiding retaliation from their bosses. No, the sources who routinely shape the news are officials eager to promote current policies — but unwilling to publicly stand behind their words.

Early this month, Newsweek reported on "what a senior U.S. official said was one of the largest Iraqi military buildup since 1991." And the magazine quoted "a U.S. official" who declared, "We have warned the Iraqis..." When spin doctors want to be anonymous, media outlets are glad to oblige.

As long as government policymakers can plant and slant news stories while hiding behind nameless facades, they'll do so. And as long as journalists play along, they can claim that it's the only way to get officials to speak on sensitive topics.

Sometimes, unnamed sources say the darnedest — and most outrageous — things. But, unlike you or me, they won't ever have to answer for what they say.

So, there's still no way to identify the "high-ranking Western diplomat" who made light of political murders supervised by Gen. Augusto Pinochet during the Chilean dictator's 16-year rule. Last February, a *New York Times* article

quoted the diplomat's comment about charges that Pinochet had ordered the assassination of a pro-democracy commander in Chile's army: "It's one thing to kill a civilian who you think is a Communist, but it's another to kill your own men."

News articles from foreign capitals often recite the views of "Western diplomats." The phrase drips with authority and objectivity, but it should set off alarm bells. When officials don such masks, they're usually trying to obscure the specific agendas they're pushing.

In fact, a "Western diplomat" cited in the American press is commonly a U.S. government official posted overseas — an embassy staffer or perhaps the ambassador. We'll never know. The reporter knows but has promised not to tell.

Meanwhile, journalists based in Washington are also in the habit of relying on anonymous sources. It was nothing out of the ordinary two weeks ago when the *New York Daily News* quoted "a senior U.S. official" who condemned Iraqi attacks on Kurdish areas as "a very bold and very aggressive move that cannot be overlooked or ignored."

The same American official supplied the last words in the article, proclaiming that Saddam Hussein "is as clever as he is ruthless." It would be difficult to quarrel with such an assertion. But why did it have to be made behind a nameless cloak?

One of the main problems with media reliance on official sources — named and unnamed — is what they don't say. "Western diplomats" and "senior U.S. officials" aren't likely to offer informa-

tion that contradicts the government line.

This month, hundreds of news stories have touted White House concern for the well-being of Kurds. Official sources are hardly inclined to remind reporters that President Clinton has been shrugging while the Turkish government repeatedly bombs Kurdish enclaves. With the help of massive U.S. military aid, Turkey's fierce attacks on Kurds occur on both sides of the Turkey-Iraq border.

News media are supposed to provide us with

a window on the world, but much too often it's tinted red, white and blue — as if faraway events matter mostly because of how they affect U.S. government strategists. That preoccupation was clear on PBS television the other night when "NewsHour"

anchor Jim Lehrer read his script:

"We focus next tonight on the Kurds," said Lehrer. "They are a people often forgotten by history but whose latest fighting is causing major problems for the United States in the Middle East."

No doubt, many Kurds would be interested to learn that their suffering has significance when it causes "major problems" for Washington.

That's how the world looks when journalists see it through the eyes of American officials.

Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist and co-author (with Jeff Cohen) of "Through the Media Looking Glass: Decoding Bias and Blather in the News."

LGBTA OPEN HOUSE

By Jessica Lamantia

Thursday, September 12, at 9:00, the LGBTA (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgendered Alliance) held their annual open house at H Quad, in the Fireside Lounge located in Langmuir College. Organized by Alana Samuels, the president of the association, along with the rest of her staff, the event had a huge turnout. By 9:15, when things had gotten underway, there were approximately 80 people milling about, introducing themselves to one another and socializing up a storm.

Most of the people present were students there to lend support to the group or students already involved with the LGBTA. But among the sea of faces, you could see some members of the faculty as well. Helen Lemay, a history professor here at SUNY Stony Brook, was sitting in the very front of the room anticipating an interesting event. Also present was the H Quad director, Gina Vanacour. Keren Zolotov, Polity President, was there as well. These faces were a welcomed sight, proving that it's not just members of the LGBTA who are concerned and aware of today's issues.

The night began with live entertainment. A young gay woman sang for about forty minutes while she played her acoustic guitar. After the first song she turned to all of us and talked for a little while about her experiences and hardships about living in a world where people of various sexual preferences are stigmatized in society. She said that in the entertainment business, it's very difficult because she is a lesbian. Sure, Melissa Etheridge and k.d. Lang have gained incredible popularity, but these are rare exceptions. Because her schtick isn't male bashing, which she said was expected of her in the music industry, the road to success has

been an extremely bumpy one. She ended her speech by stating that while at one time a gay woman had to look or act a certain way, that's no longer accurate. Today diversity is flourishing, and with this statement, the audience cheered.

During the rest of the performance I walked around the room, talked to many of the students, and got their feedback on the event. I spoke to a woman named Karen who said that she didn't want to tell her roommate where she was going that evening. Her roommate was devoutly religious, and would probably react negatively if she discovered Karen was going with some of her friends to support the LGBTA. And while this sort of ignorance upset Karen, she realized that not everyone is as open-minded as she is. It's precisely this kind of awareness the LGBTA wants to promote — that going to an event such as this doesn't label you gay or lesbian, etc... going to an event like the open house fosters understanding and tolerance, two things this world needs more of, and was a main goal stated over and over again by all the speakers.

Mitch, the first official speaker of the evening, told of his personal fight for equality being a gay man. He's tired of feeling like an outsider in his own country; it pisses him off that he must flee prejudice because of his sexual preference, and it frustrated him that people must hide in closets. It's horrifying that one-half of all teenage suicide is directly related to sexuality during adolescence. Furthermore, Mitch is sick and tired of being stared at every time he holds his boyfriend's hand in the Smithhaven Mall. All he wants, like so many there that evening, is equality and his civil rights not to be trampled upon by ultra-conservatives.

Another person I spoke to was John, a member of the LGBTA, who was responsible for organizing all

the speakers that evening — specifically the two politicians, Steve Englebright and Nora Bredes. He got the idea for them to speak from personally working on numerous campaigns. Both candidates like the exposure to various student groups and both have excellent records on student issues — especially those concerning the LGBTA. Since many students often don't take the initiative when it comes to politics, it was easier to bring the politics to the students. A prime example of this was the voter registration table that was set up by the door. This forum makes the candidates very accessible and fosters political responsibility and involvement.

One of the highlights of the event came when Steve Englebright spoke. He's an independent Democrat who ran for the NY Assembly because he thought he could do some real good. He said he was "committed to the dream and the promise of the State University system," while, incidentally, criticizing Governor Pataki and the rest of the Republican government for their lack of concern. Englebright fears for the human rights issues, the environment, higher education, and freedom of choice under the Republican regime. And all students, not just LGBTA members, need to take control of the power and assert their rights.

Overall, the open house was a huge success. It was informative and enlightening and a great time was had by all. If you have any questions or would like to join the LGBTA, their office is located in the basement of the Union and their phone number is 632-6469.

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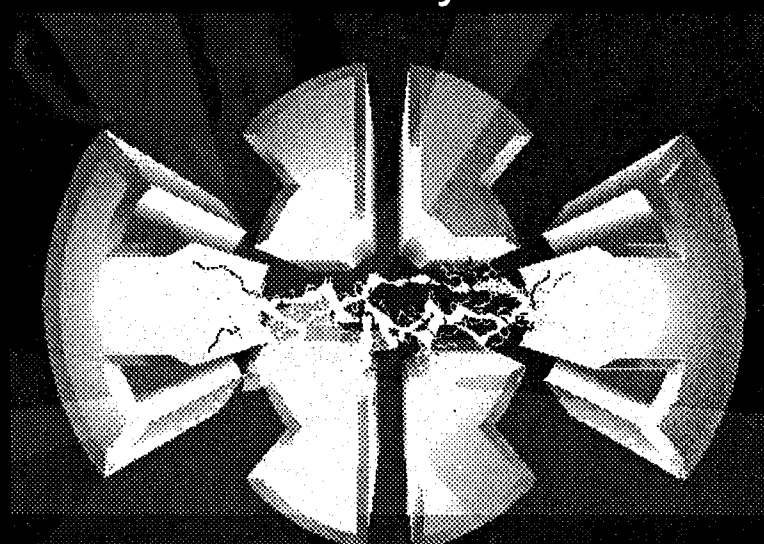
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ROCK THE WHAT?

By Anthony Barbera

Certain burdens keep rearing their ugly heads when I least expect it. The burden to wake myself up in time for class...to learn "effective time management" without paying someone with a name like Simon G. Wankelsuit three hundred dollars (payable in ten easy installments) for his twelve step seminar and supplementary breakfast drink...to carry assorted friends home from parties when their legs don't work anymore...and, now that I think of it, there's the burden of who will be the next U.S. president. While my other concerns are definitely more immediate, the last one certainly warrants some discussion.

So, what do I mean by "who will be the next U.S. president"? Surely, some divine authority hasn't granted me the power to choose who will win November's election. And don't call me...well, I'm sure you've heard that one before. But here's one that, especially if you're a freshman, you haven't ever heard before. It's time to vote. This is what I mean by choosing the next US president. The law, powerful in its own right, but certainly not divine by any standards, decrees that citizens of the age of eighteen may vote in U.S. elections. If you're currently awaiting the jury's verdict regarding the time you set your neighbor's house on fire, then perhaps this won't apply to you, but with the exception of convicted felons, for the most part, all American citizens over 18 have the right to vote.

So what does this mean? And, can I explain it without lapsing into some ridiculously patriotic reverie? Let's find out. Basically, we are no longer minors. And inherent in this are the facts, rules and duties of being full-fledged citizens. Though voting consists simply of pushing a lever, much like on those plastic Disney cash registers we played with as children, that single finger exercise wields an awful lot of power, and Goofy's head doesn't even pop up. But on some galactic counting mechanism, hidden deep within the core of the earth, the number next to some candidate's name increases by one.

So why should we vote? After all, the count will only go up by one, right? Elections are contested in

the realm of millions of votes. Makes you feel kind of small, doesn't it? Let me tell you a secret: the most powerful voting block out there is the one which doesn't vote. Voter turnout in the United States is especially low, and embarrassingly so for college age voters such as ourselves. The attitude that 'my vote doesn't count' is the source for a great deal of this political lethargy. But consider the size of the part of the population that does not vote despite eligibility. . seems like the size of a



pretty powerful contingent. But for all its potential, these people still don't find their way to the polls come November.

So, I'm telling you to get out there and vote. Who am I to tell you? No one, really. And what convincing reasons can I come up with? Few. By voting, you're letting your voice be heard, though it may not be recognizable in a sea of millions. But that's what this whole election process is about. Despite the growing number of parties and candidates available to choose from, American politics have remained more or less bipartisan. It doesn't leave much of a choice, and sometimes makes you feel like having to choose between the gas chamber and the electric chair. But, accepting things the way they're presented, you do have a choice to make.

What else? Voting also gives you the right to complain. When your candidate loses and the opposition stinks up the White House for the next four years, there's a certain pleasure you can take in

saying 'I didn't vote for him.' Of course, if you didn't vote at all, then it basically means you didn't care which of the candidates got elected. This takes away your right to complain. People should care about who gets elected, and most people do. But by not making a short trip to the booth on election day, it shows that you don't care enough.

There's not much else to say. Whatever reasons I've given are enough for me. I will vote for a candidate in November. All my life people have been ripping the American political system, complaining about everything and everyone. I have had my own complaints as well. Now I have the power to something about it. By not voting, I'd be abusing this power. That's simply wrong, when the newspapers are packed with stories of men and women in foreign countries giving their lives so that future generations may have the right to vote, never even knowing if they were successful. When confronted with the choice of either choosing between Dole, Clinton and Perot, or living under the dictatorship of someone with five first names who should only be addressed as 'General', I think it's clear that voting is a privilege not to be abused. Voting isn't the be-all and end-all of the democratic system. There's still the problem of informed voting. So do a little

homework...read the paper, watch the news, listen to the radio. How about even raising your hand in that early morning POL class you try to sleep through? There are lots of sources of information. All you have to do is listen to what your mind says it believes, and compare it to what the candidates profess. Then choose one that feels right. Even if your guy doesn't win, it doesn't mean you were wrong. In the simple fact of having voted, it means you were always right.

So get out there and vote. Vote for Dole, vote for Clinton, vote for good ol' big ears Perot. Vote for abortion, vote against abortion, hell, vote to legalize hemp or establish landing sites for UFOs (they'll be here any day now). But as an American (I can hear the Star Spangled Banner in the background) it's your right and duty to vote. Some are not so lucky as to have a choice.

CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS

CARESS THE CURMUDGEON Printed in Volume 18, Issue 1

As of yet, there has not been a winner in our "Touch Chris Sorochoin" contest. Why, we aren't quite sure; either our readers are horribly unobservant and can't find Chris, or he has some sort of mystical power that allows him to completely disappear into the ether. Whether it's a problem of observation or obsfucation we don't yet know.

The prize of a quarter page is still being offered. Don't miss your chance to rub the radical.

SPOT THE TED-HEADS An all new *Press* contest!

Our more observant readers may have noticed the floating visage of our former Executive Editor floating willy-nilly through this issue of *The Press*. Why? Because we're deeply, deeply disturbed. But let our psychoses be your pleasures! If you can find all the floating Ted-Heads in this issue, you can win... a quarter page to do with as you wish! Wow! Just send us your name, phone number, and the location of all the Teds in this issue! Good luck!

CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS CONTESTS

SKATEBOARDS, SCAPEGOATS AND SCOUNDRELS

By Chris Sorochin

Like the first crocus after a hard winter, any small sign of hope is always welcome. One such sign appeared right before Labor Day, when the local skateboarders of Port Jefferson, sick and fed up with being hassled for pursuing their pastime, put up flyers and circulated petitions urging the town to build them a skateboard run.

Port Jeff, as you may know, is a place where all Long Island comes to walk around, eat junk food, and buy trinkets in the little shops that trade on the town's faux fishing-village ambience. Part of the allure is that Port Jeff is one of the few places on the Island that looks like a real town, as opposed to a suburban nightmare of strip malls, 7-11s, and soulless, alienating residential developments.

The town loves the tourism revenues, but is none too keen on some of those who come and congest the place from the first warm weekend in March all the way through the Christmas season. There is perennial caterwauling about the crowds and commerce destroying the "character of the village", as if the character of the village weren't that of a high-rent tourist trap.

A couple of years ago, they were in an uproar that too many motorcyclists were converging on the place, giving it a downscale ethos. Even further back, village police would roam the main street instructing visitors to keep moving, but I think it backfired; folks spending tourist dollars don't care to feel like they're in a cattle pen.

And up until just recently, a sign at the village line informed neophytes of all the petty transgressions they'd love to ticket you for: alcohol, loud radios, even (men) going shirtless. It disappeared shortly after the State Supreme Court struck down laws against (women) sunbathing topless as unconstitutional. Now we all have the right to bare our torsos to Hyperion's soothing rays. Too bad the ozone is dissolving.

A major component of Port Jeff's paranoia has been the propensity for teenagers to hang out on the village streets, especially at night. Much ink in the local rags is wasted on the scourge of youth, wild and reckless, coming to do what everyone comes to places like Port Jeff to do — temporarily escape home. After all, they don't spend all that much money and they don't vote.

Skateboarding activity centers around an uninspiring statue of the town's namesake, Founding Father and slaveholder Thomas Jefferson. Ironically, of late the local "Code Enforcement" gendarmes have been issuing summons to the adolescent daredevils in an effort to discourage them.

To their credit, the cult of baggy shorts and multiple piercings didn't take this lying down. They congregated outside several sympathetic businesses and asked passersby to support them. They even got on News 12. It was extremely refreshing to see someone — anyone — standing up to the growing number of rules, controls and general lack of respect for the individual. They experienced grassroots democracy, something many who are older haven't.

They'll get another important civics lesson if, despite their admirable efforts, the town finds some pathetic excuse not to build them a run. Such a facility would serve as a magnet for more young people in oddly-fitting clothes. "Not the sort of image we want to encourage" and similar rot. They'll see that Power has many layers of protection and many ways of thwarting popular demands.

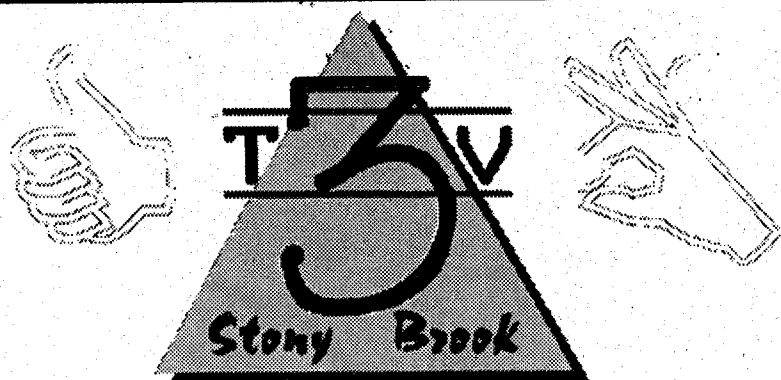
And, just maybe, they'll graduate to issues that are bigger than recreational facilities. I once saw a throng of Italian high school students lead a demonstration against racism through the streets of Parma. Locally, students at Ward Melville High School walked out of classes to protest the Gulf War. Most recently, Latino students in California took to the streets, and were threatened with pepper gas, in opposition to the racist Proposition 187.

None of this comes a moment too soon. Youth is the new target for scapegoating and repression. Good old pot-smokin', draft-dodgin' Bill Clinton is leading the attack, singing the praises of curfews, school uniforms and a campaign against (gasp!) teen smoking. Not to mention the push to try minors (as young as seven) as adults. At the same time, the shameful welfare "reform" he signed will push a million more children into poverty, all to steal right-wing thunder from the other Party of Big Business.

On the international front, Billy Boy just proved how tough he is by bombing Iraq. This after Bob "Walking Corpse" Dole accused him of being soft for loosening the murderous sanctions on that country. I wonder when we'll find out how many innocent folks gave their lives for Bubba's approval rating. Probably the same week we find out what really happened to TWA Flight 800.

The ostensible reason for the attack is to protect the Kurdish minority of northern Iraq. Well, Washington has a fascinating love-hate relationship with the Kurds. Twice before, in the 1970s and at the end of the war in 1991, the US encouraged and supported Kurdish separatist rebels. But the support was limited. The objective was not an independent Kurdistan — that would aggravate NATO ally and major arms customer Turkey, also known for ruthlessness towards its Kurdish population. The objective was to keep Saddam Hussein, who was, don't forget, a U.S. ally and customer, from overstepping the role scripted for him in containing Iran, also a U.S. customer, albeit secretly. Both Kurdish insurrections were crushed brutally and Uncle Sam lifted not a finger. The first time, Henry Kissinger made some remark about not being in the missionary business.

And it's all for control of fossil fuels, which are so bad for the environment in so many ways, from auto emissions to plastics. Maybe the world would be better off if there were more, not less, skateboarding.



**On the Edge.....
Up close and personal.....**

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
9 6pm CMV 7:00 Cheaper Than Porn 8:00 Girl6 10:00 Speed 12:00 Down Periscope	10 6pm Die Hard 8:30 Raiders of the Lost Ark 10:30 Eye For An Eye 12:30 Rumble In the Bronx	11 6pm CMV 7:00 TBA 8:00 Taxi Driver 10:00 Nick of Time 12:00 Bed of Roses	12 6pm Speed 8:00 Substitute 10:00 Predator 12:30 Broken Arrow	13 6pm Battle of the Commandos 8:00 Down Periscope 10:00 Die Hard 12:00 Eye For An Eye
16 6pm Burly Bear 7:00 Doom Room 8:00 Battle of Nevrate 10:00 Substitute 12:00 Nick of Time	17 6pm Space Shuttle Discovery 8:00 Bed of Roses 10:00 Rumble in the Bronx 12:00 Broken Arrow	18 6pm CMV 7:00 Jip-Joint Theater 8:00 Down Periscope 10:00 Broken Arrow 12:00 Predator	19 6pm Girl6 8:00 Eye For An Eye 10:00 Die Hard 12:30 Raiders of the Lost Ark	20 6pm Video Debris 7:00 After Hours 8:00 Nick of Time 10:00 Predator 12:00 TBA
23 6pm Into the Woods 8:00 Eye For An Eye 10:00 Bed of Roses 12:00 Broken Arrow	24 6pm Sanjuro 8:00 Substitute 10:00 Predator 12:00 Die Hard	25 6pm Burly Bear 7:00 The Infamous One 8:00 Usual Suspects 10:00 Speed 12:00 Girl6	26 6pm Predator 8:00 Raiders of the Lost Ark 10:00 Nick of Time 12:00 TBA	27 6pm Our Town 8:00 Julius Caesar 10:00 Down Periscope 12:00 Rumble In The Bronx

**Action/Adventure Month
September'96**

Schedule
is subject
to change

**Check out our line up for the
September Action/Adventure
Month**

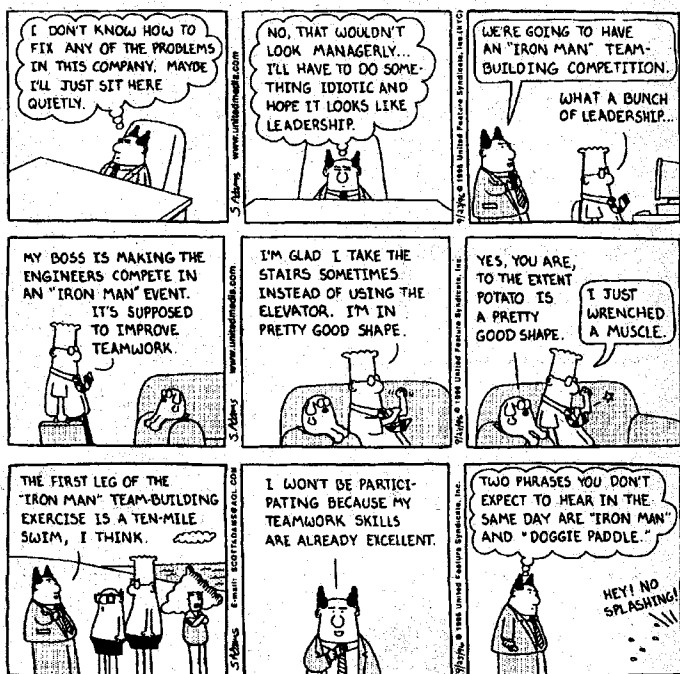
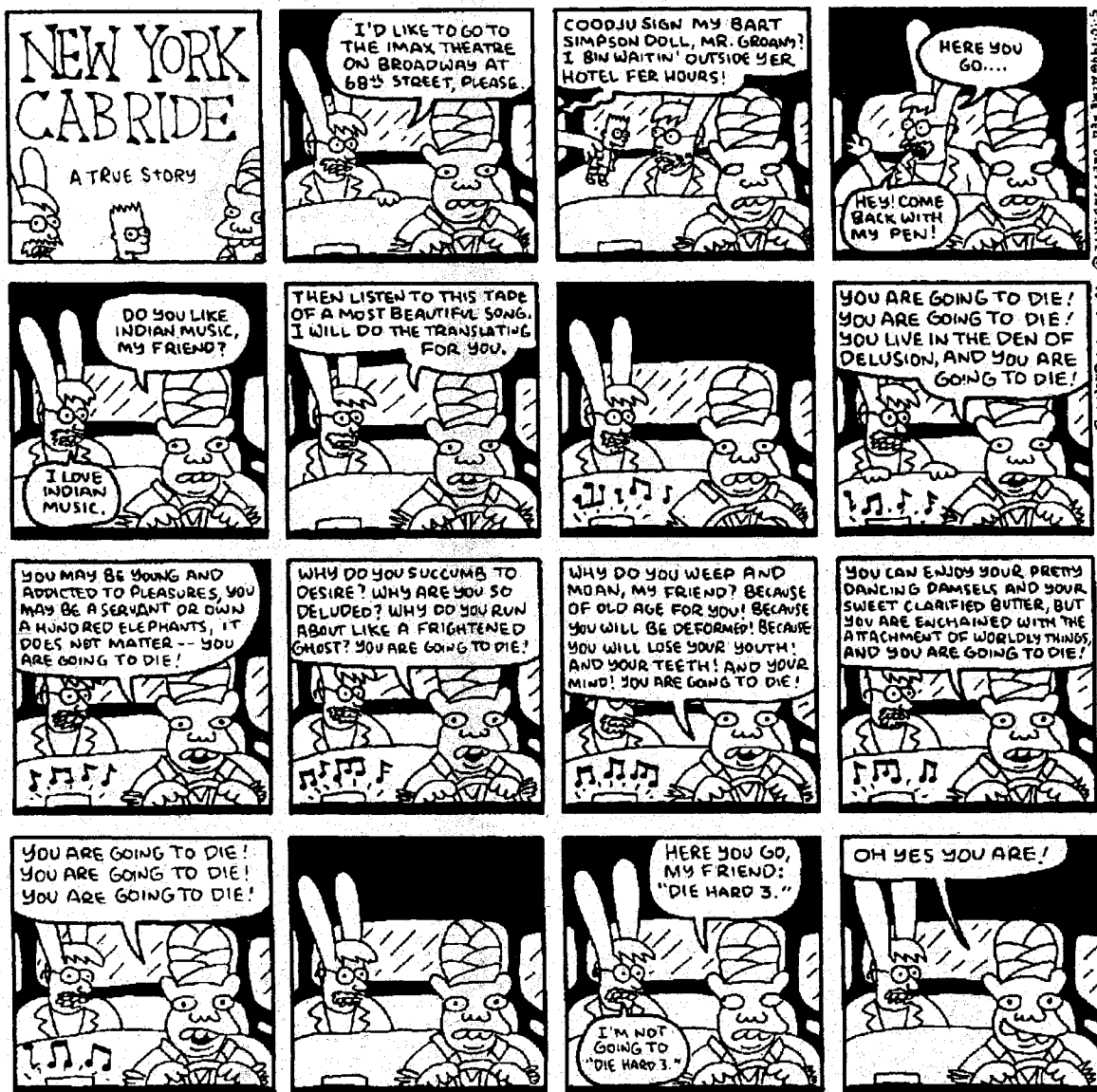
**Rumble in the Bronx
Broken Arrow
Down Periscope
Substitute
Speed
Bed of Roses
Nick of Time
Eye for an Eye
Raiders of the Lost Ark
Die Hard
Predator**

3TV wants you to be part of a growing medium. This student run station is looking for eager volunteers to get involved with productions, programming and operations. Come down to suite 059, call us at (516) 632-9379/9349, or fax us at 632-9378.

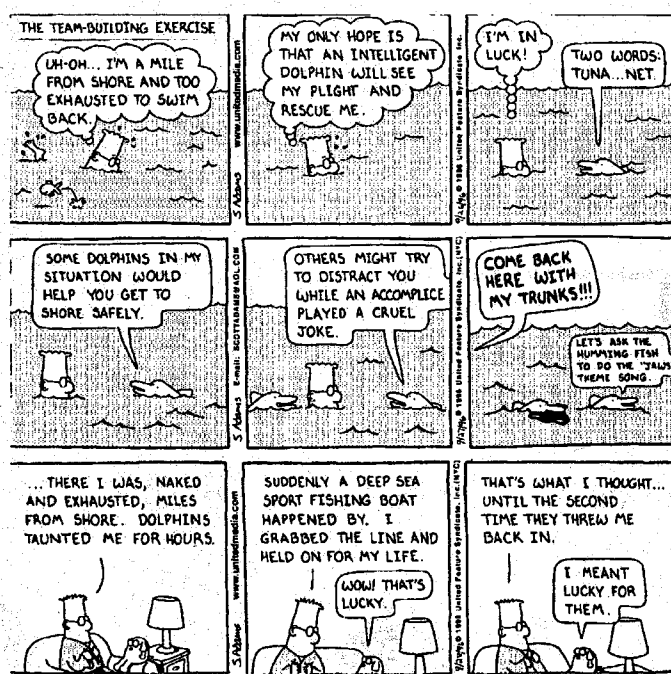
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

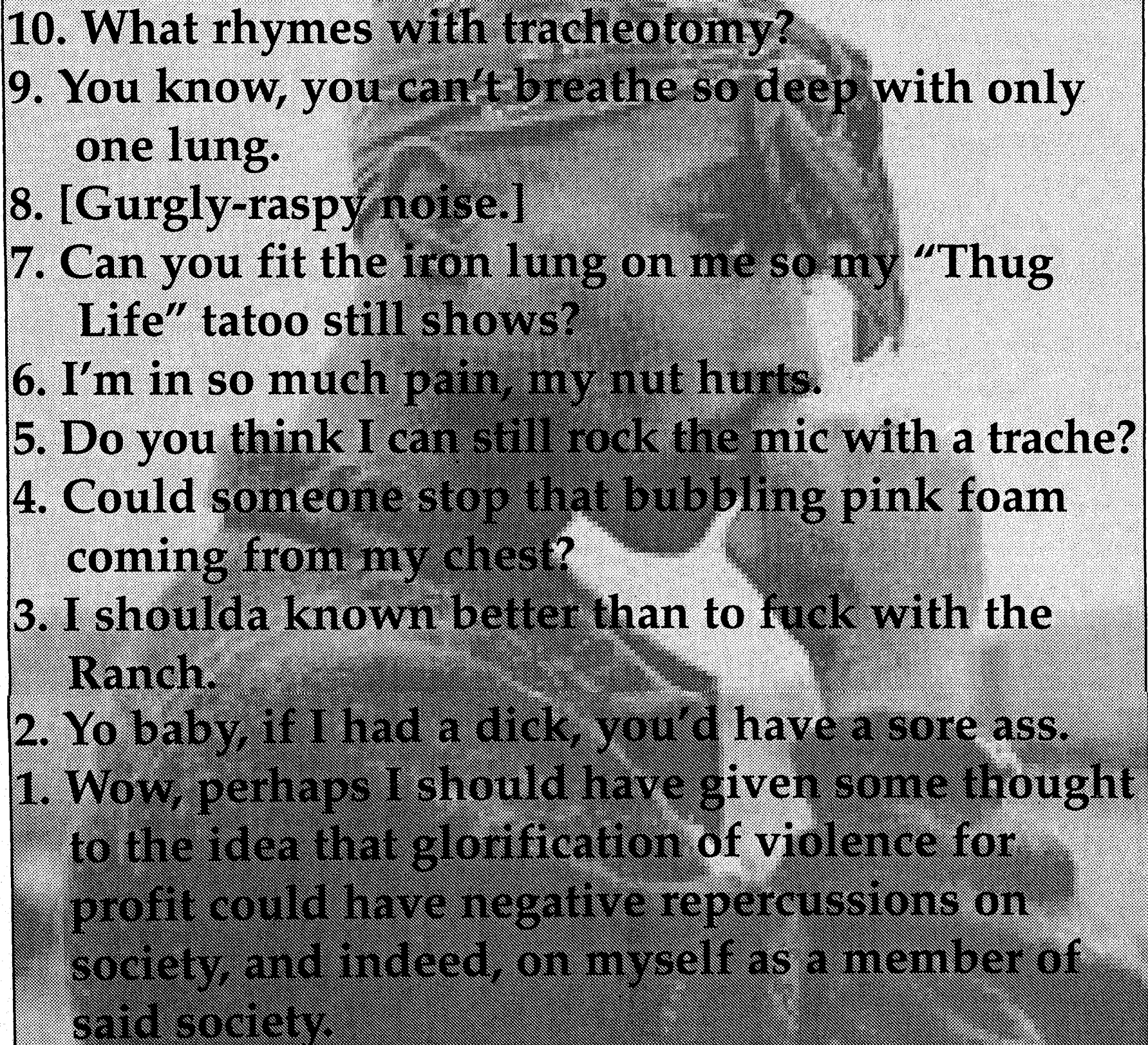
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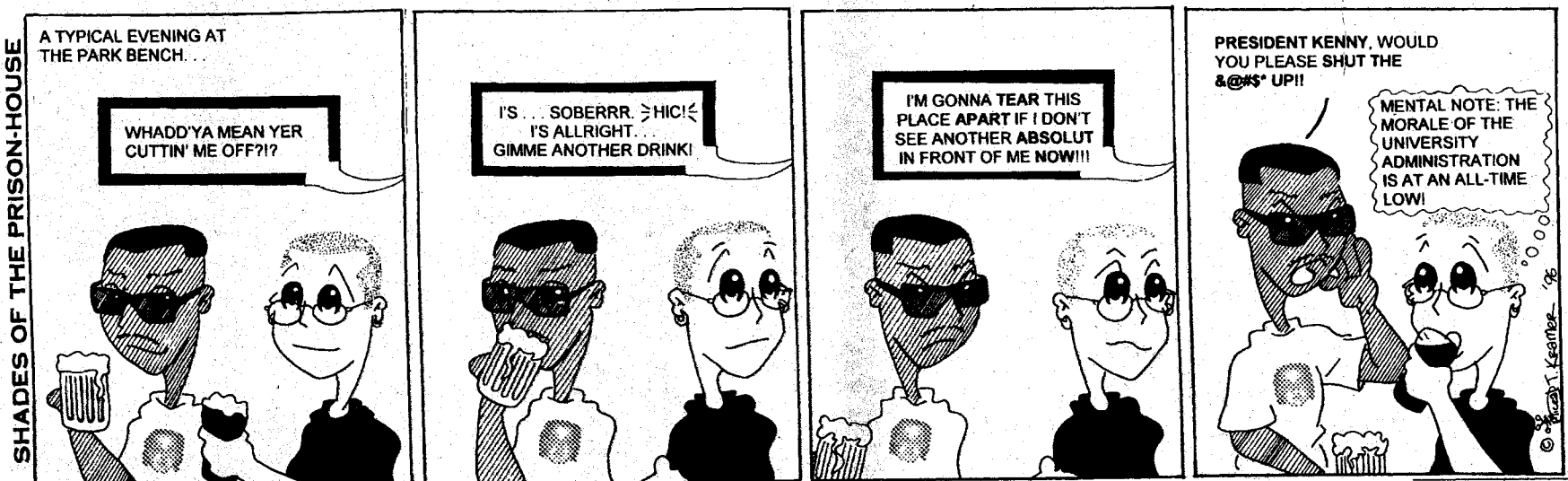


Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



Top Ten Things 2Pac Shakur Said On His Deathbed

- 
10. What rhymes with tracheotomy?
 9. You know, you can't breathe so deep with only one lung.
 8. [Gurgly-raspy noise.]
 7. Can you fit the iron lung on me so my "Thug Life" tatoo still shows?
 6. I'm in so much pain, my nut hurts.
 5. Do you think I can still rock the mic with a trache?
 4. Could someone stop that bubbling pink foam coming from my chest?
 3. I shoulda known better than to fuck with the Ranch.
 2. Yo baby, if I had a dick, you'd have a sore ass.
 1. Wow, perhaps I should have given some thought to the idea that glorification of violence for profit could have negative repercussions on society, and indeed, on myself as a member of said society.



Lauridin' With Carlos

By Carlos Chupame

In search of an education, I recently moved from southern California to Stony Brook. Needless to say, I'm suffering from severe culture shock. My palm trees have been replaced by Oaks and Maples. Places like El Cajon and La Jolla have been traded for Native American names like Comogue and Setauket, but worst of all I've been forced to find new bars to call home.

I arrived in August without a car, so I quickly bought a cheap bicycle, in order to check out my new environment. First stop, The Park Bench. After some giant Guido with a bad attitude treated me like an illegal alien here to steal his job, I was allowed in. I noticed the fifteen year old female in a half-shirt directly behind me, was allowed in with a wave and a smile. I later came to realize that this was part of the mating rituals of The Bench. By controlling the numbers of males present and allowing in only the youngest and most fertile females, The Bench was thus assured of generations of future Benchers.

I quickly headed for the bar, where I found some pretty good twoferone happy hour deals. I tipped the barmaid fifty cents and while she didn't spit directly at me, I was also pretty sure she wasn't just clearing her throat. I started to mix and mingle a bit, when I found out that outsiders are not supposed to just walk up to the natives. At first I thought I had something hanging out of my nose, but after a quick mirror check I discovered that boogers weren't my problem. Following closer examination I realized I wasn't dressed in the Park Bench uniform (some sort of khaki and baseball cap thing) and that my hair wasn't cut to Park Bench regulations. The males here would not interact with a stranger unless he looked just like them. I thought of "going native," but I

don't want to look like just another stupid white boy.

I then quietly observed the women. I say quietly because if I got too close, the local males would feel threatened and a grunting, beer bottle clanking ritual would soon follow. After close observation, I figured out that the regulations for women were slightly different than those for the men. The females that looked most like cast members from *Friends* received the most attention. Girls with belly button rings were also quite popular. One female exposed a nipple ring. This received loud grunts of approval from the males. I could only assume she was the Queen.

After the exposure of the nipple ring, the dominant males became highly agitated and fights began to break out. It was at this time that I got my ass out of there.

The next stop on my bicycle tour was the Tavern. These people appeared to be a sub-tribe to the Park Benchers. A little younger, a little smaller, but the same regulations and rituals still applied. The only real difference was that the Tavernites drank better beer. Several really good tap beers are available here, but for some reason they are only served in plastic cups. Perhaps because the leaders of the Tavernites are afraid of what the villagers might do to each other if glass was made available. I quickly pedaled away from The Tavern when I discovered that fire was made available to these people in the form of matches. I wasn't quite sure if the Tavernites were ready for such a heady responsibility.

Pedaling around with a few brewhas in my gut I quickly went off the beaten path and discovered The Checkmate Inn. I immediately came to think of this place as "The Land Of The Lost." I felt right at home. I found that the Maters were familiar with many of my California rituals, such as: bone rolling, naked dancing, naked bartending, and to my vast relief there were surf-

boards suspended from their ceiling like trophies from a big hunt. Some of the Maters even knew how to surf!

I drank here until I became hungry. I asked about food and the Maters laughed. They explained that food and The Check Mate were two things that did not go together. They sent me on my way up the road to a place with the pastoral name of Country Corner.

As I strolled into The Corner (this is how the locals refer to it) my first impression was cleanliness. Everything was immaculate, including the customers. I'm used to finding sand in my burgers, so this was a real treat. The bartenders, a knock-out red head and a big affable bear of a man, treated me with courtesy. Obviously, they were used to dealing with slightly crazed foreigners. I was quickly served something called an Armenian burger. I'm not sure where the hell Armenia is, but they make damn good burgers. I was also treated to some free happy hour Buffalo wings. I'm not sure where the hell Buffalo is either, but they make some damn good wings.

After I had filled myself I found that I was able to easily interact with the Corner People. They were very friendly, the only problem being that everyone kept challenging me to chess. Eventually I became scared for the Corner People. If the Bench People were ever to go to war against the Corner People, the Corner People would get their asses kicked. I warned the Corner People about the Bench People, and they said that it was not a problem because the two tribes never interacted. Thank God, the Corner People were such a friendly bunch I would hate to see any of them get hurt.

As I left I tipped the two bartenders the change I had left. I thought they would be upset, but they just smiled and waved as I headed out the door.

Pulppit

Is currently seeking submissions for its premiere issue, coming in mid-October to:

www.infinidyne.com/pulppit/

To submit essays, articles, or literary and visual art, please contact Garrison at (516) 474-0953 or Wilbur at (516) 331-7765.

OPEN POETRY READING

October 23rd 7pm-10pm

All are welcome...

Suffolk Community College
Ammerman Campus
Babylon Student Center
Study Lounge

Sponsored by *Lilith*

Now Hell is His 'Hood

By Marina Del Rey

I was first introduced to rap music while working in a small mom and pop record store. Before that my musical mainstay had treaded in the alternative vein and I had been basically indoctrinated into believing that anything outside the (extended) genre just sucked. This had been further cemented by repeated exposure to N.W.A. Despite some incredible beats their less than palatable lyrics caused me believe that rap could never be more than a novelty. While selling music, some customer/friends introduced me to Brand Nubian and I joined the ranks of the converted.

One of the things that intrigued me most about the music was the dialogue that surrounded it. There was the rivalry between the east and west, the activist rappers, the hardcore rappers, the gangsta rappers and the requisite local guy struggling to make it. I was fascinated by the interplay, the gossip, the scene in general.

The first song I remember hearing by 2Pac Shakur (then Tupac), the "gangsta" rapper who died on September 13th of complications from gunshot wounds

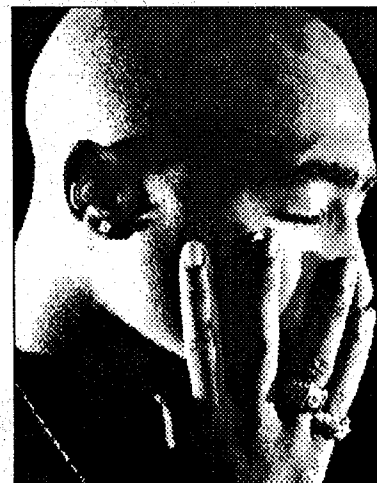
was "I Get Around." I tried not to like it because, after all, the guy was an L.A. rapper and it would be traitorous for a New Yorker to like an L.A. rapper. As it turns out, his subsequent releases did not do anything for me and my interest in him waned. When he was convicted of sodomy I was particularly pleased that I

had never paid money for any of his releases. I also felt a little let down because I thought he was a somewhat talented guy and as he had reached commercial success he had lived up to the stereotype that critics often have of rappers.

I am not going to say anything as trite as 'He died the way he lived.' I will leave that to Kurt Loder. I do want to point out that as he was

dying, rumors were flying. Some thought Suge Knight had a hand in it while others mentioned 2Pac's long standing rivalry with The Notorious B.I.G. and Puff Daddy. Still others say it was simply revenge for one of 2Pac's many lesser publicized heinous acts.

The conclusion is two-fold. 2Pac's death means one less sex offender in the world and that is a good thing. However, it also gives hip hop's critics one more reason to snicker.



Adventures in Éire, Part I

By Anne Ruggiero

When I was a child and had nothing to do on a rainy Saturday afternoon, I would whine to my mother and complain that my life was galactically dull and she had to entertain me. Being that Saturday was Mom's only day off, she didn't take kindly to the idea of playing with an eight year old. And so, she would delve into her seemingly endless stash of motherly clichés and say something along the lines of "if you're bored why don't you clean your room" or, "if you used your imagination a little you wouldn't have so much free time", or the best, "don't you ever have any homework?" To make a long story short, I soon learned to find new ways of making life interesting on my own. Unfortunately, as a direct result, I now become incredibly bored with a project halfway through it. College is no exception. In two years I have enrolled in just as many schools, and, in keeping with this practice, a new semester brings a new school. But not only have I tired myself of the school, I have become bored with the country as well. Not to worry. I'll just choose a new one.

Of course, traveling alone wouldn't be any fun, so my esteemed colleague Heather will be braving the unknown with me. Now, where to go? Somehow we (or should I say Heather) chose the great green lump in the Atlantic, none other than the nation o' leprechauns, Ireland. Heather says it's romantic. I say it's wet. She says it's picturesque. I say it's wet. She says it's historically rich and chock full of national pride. I still say that it's wet. So

what is the land of a thousand welcomes to her is the land of the many raincoats to me. We're talking about a country whose main export is peat. Peat. What is peat, may you ask? Well, peat, in plainest terms, is fermented cow shit. So, in addition to a whole lot of rain, Ireland obviously has no shortage of shitting cows.

And speaking of shit, they can't say it right. ("They" being the Irish and "it" being shit.) In our outstanding wisdom and foresight, Heather and I spent this past summer working in Montauk, where, for some unknown reason, the Irish flock to for the summer. After submerging ourselves in Irish culture for three months, I can safely say with some authority, that they don't speak English. I don't know exactly what it is that they speak, and maybe at one long lost point in time their language may have resembled English, but it certainly is not English now.

Getting back to the shit thing. "Shit" in Ireland is "shite" for starters. But they rarely use it as a swear word. To the Irish, "shit", quite frankly, is shit. It is not used as an adjective. Instead, where we Americans would use the word "shit", they use "fuck". In fact, "fuck" is a prefix to just about everything in that foreign Irish language. Just watch *The Commitments*. And I know that the Irish are an extremely devout people, just from the way that they all seem to talk about Christ as if they knew Him personally. Even Jesus isn't Jesus to them. It's Jay-sez.

The Irish are also a much cruder breed than our own refined American style. They don't seem to believe in euphemisms. For example, the bathroom

is simply the toilet. Descriptive phraseology is completely different as well. To an American, being pissed is being angry. To an Irishman, being pissed is being drunk. To an American, being wrecked is being tired. To an Irishman, being wrecked is being drunk. Actually, come to think of it, everything to an Irishman is being drunk. And let me tell you, they can drink.

And smoke. Not a very healthy lot. Nor do they believe in fat free anything. Cholesterol is like a state of being to them. (They put butter on their ham sandwiches. Need I say more?) As one of my Irish friends once told me, "It is best to eat like a pig, drink like a fish and live like a king." Not a bad philosophy of life.

I wouldn't have thought that a country so involved with our own history would be so ethnically different. But that will only make the trip more interesting and keep me from being bored. In addition to being the most inebriated ethnic group, they were also the most open, warm-hearted and friendly people I have ever met. I think that we are in for a great time. And never fear, I shall keep the reading public abreast of our travels. So join us as Heather and I storm Blarney Castle. Read along as we find a flat in Dublin. Hear about our adventures as we wander across the Irish countryside in search of the legendary peat. I leave on Sunday the fifteenth of September, and so by the time this goes to print I will be flying the friendly skies. In any case, I am off to the land where the little people reign and the Guinness flows freely. Aer Lingus here I come!

Sad-Ass Ted and His Sad-Ass Life

By P. Milare Ovis

I live amongst a diseased people.

I can't figure out the source of their ailment. But I know the effect that it has on me. My blood pressure elevates and usually I scream something like "You're an asshole" or "Do you think I have E.S. fuckin' P" as loud as I can out the window.

What drives a former Lawn Guylander to such extremes in the home of the country's newest Federal Disaster Area?

Turn signals.

Apparently the red clay, or the constant rain (I haven't decided yet), brainwashes southern drivers to ignore the turn signal until the turn has already begun. Who the fuck drives like this?

In Long Island I was used to people signaling before a turn. And if they weren't courteous enough to signal far before the turn, they ignored that small piece of plastic connected to the steering wheel altogether.

Which I came to expect from the mongol-like drivers on Long Island's major roadways.

But when you signal the turn 10 feet in front of the corner, that's being totally inconsiderate. Even more so than not using the signal at all.

Why do southern people drive like this? Well, I have a few theories (you really can't do much with no power during a hurricane when you're with your roommates, so we discussed this) about the new southern scourge.

These dixie-folk know that Northerners are moving down here by the U-Haul load so they're trying to make it as uncomfortable as possible. Most Northerners spend inordinate amounts of time in their car (ie. the Long Island Expressway

a t



rush hour) and have fallen

in love with driving. (I'm example one.) So if they make what we love as painful as possible we'll move again. Preferably to Wisconsin. Or so the theory goes.

They want us out of here. I guess it's a Civil War thing, something about getting back at us because we kicked their ass or something. I know I have no plans to burn Richmond or Atlanta (yet).

Another theory is that they simply can't remember things like 'which block is the mall' or 'is this my driveway' because of all the inbreeding.

This seems the most likely.

The lack of memory capacity, due to having more than 10 toes, and the fact that there is some bizarre state law that makes road signs illegal causes turn signals to be an afterthought. Drivers are simply too busy trying to keep the coondog-laden pickup truck on all four wheels for the turn. Well, that and making sure the shotguns don't come loose from the gun rack. When those things go off in the cab of a truck, it's not a pretty sight.

That's right. There are no signs on the side of the road that say "Nicholls Road 1000 Feet." So unless you've been somewhere a thousand times, you're never sure if it's the correct turn. People drive exactly at the speed limit (another annoying southern trait) until they are close enough to read the small street signs at the corner. Then they decide to signal.

Since every corner is either wooded or has an apartment complex of some kind, it makes it tough to know where you're going. God knows if you've seen one trailer park, you've seen them all.

M O V I E S

HOW WELL DID SUMMER TAKE THE HEAT? by Chris Cartusciello

Well, the temperature may not have been too hot this past season (except for this month, what's the deal with that?), but many of the summer films felt the heat as big blockbusters took over the multiplexes, leaving smaller films to fry.

The hands down winner of the season is an obvious one. *Independence Day* invaded theaters on July 3rd, decided it was a nice place to visit and stayed for an extended vacation. With a gross of \$290 million to date, and a guarantee of over \$300 million before all is said and done, *ID4* effectively took over the summer. With great special effects, a patriotic story line, and more hype than a Tyson fight, the film took off fast, looking to break every box-office record in the books. But after such a fast start it couldn't maintain the pace and will fall short of becoming the highest grossing movie of all time, most likely landing in third place behind *Jurassic Park* and *E. T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. Its early video release, this coming November, will make a great Christmas present but will ultimately hurt its total theatrical take.

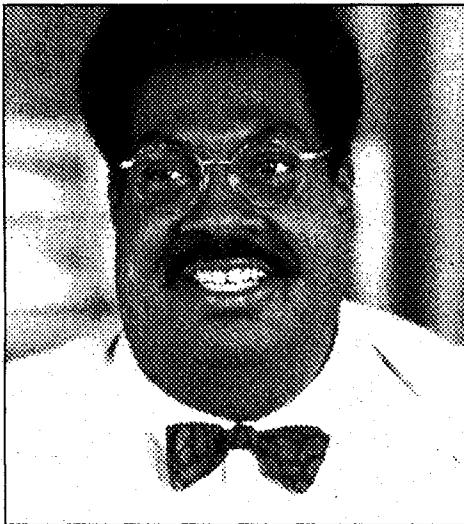
The movies that got a jump on the alien invasion were the smartest of the bunch. Opening in mid-May, *Twister* picked up speed and blew away the competition. The Spielberg-produced flick, with a script from Michael Crichton and direction from *Speed*'s Jan De Bont, destroyed everything in its path, making its way to a \$240 million gross. Theater-goers chose to accept their mission and brought *Mission: Impossible* to a take of \$180 million. This dollar amount is due to a big build-up and the widest release of any film in history. The producers of this ill-conceived claptrap bombarded American theaters with over 4000 prints making it virtually impossible to see anything else at the time. Bad word of mouth spread quickly and, after a strong start,

M.I. lost its audience and received no repeat business. The best film of the summer, *The Rock*, came in a strong fourth. Solid performances from the winning team of Sean Connery and Nicolas Cage and a tight/tense storyline brought enough viewers to propel this to a gross of \$135 million, almost doubling its \$70 million budget. With more hype this could have easily shot past the inferior Tom Cruise effort.

Eddie Murphy went back to the drawing board and gave us what he does best, obscure, outrageous and multiple characters, with *The Nutty Professor*. It paid off as his remake of the Jerry Lewis film grossed a fat \$125 million and put him back on top in Hollywood. John Grisham gave us another blockbuster courtroom drama as his *A Time To Kill* was guilty of taking in \$105 million to date. Driven more by star power (Sandra Bullock, Samuel L. Jackson, Kevin Spacey) than story (a black man is put on trial for killing the two men who raped his daughter), this proves that names do sell films. His next movie, *The Chamber*, is about a young lawyer (what a surprise) who defends his grandfather and tries to keep him off death row. Maybe Chris O'Donnell and Gene Hackman can give us the tension *Kill* was lacking.

John Travolta proved that his comeback was no

fluke with the touching *Phenomenon*. The fact that this little story of a man who finds that he is suddenly a genius could top \$100 million in an effects-driven movie season is a testament to Travolta's star power as well as the point that audiences like a sentimental film every now and then. Hot on the heels of this one is Schwarzenegger, wiping clean everything in front of it him in *Eraser*. It may have just beat the \$100 million mark, but that only equals its budget. The muscled one needed something bigger than this to control the summer. Rounding out the list of \$100 million grossers is Disney's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. It is a pity that this film got pushed to the side so quickly. It is one of the best of the lot, coming very close to beating *The Lion King* as the greatest of the new era of Disney animation. Hopefully it will get the recognition it deserves on video.



Eddie Murphy in *The Nutty Professor*

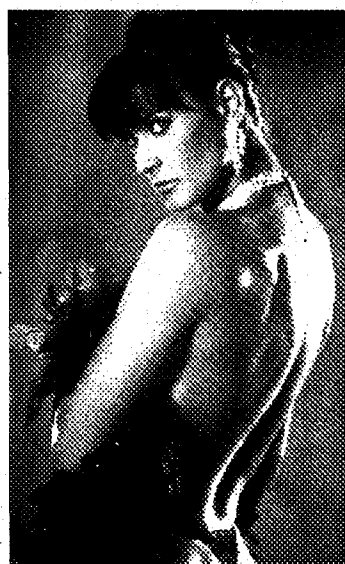
Some films that were expected to be blockbusters didn't fare as well as expected. *The Cable Guy* showed that Jim Carrey's touch doesn't make everything turn to gold. Its \$62 million gross is a far cry from what Sony had hoped for. The Gulf War flick *Courage Under Fire* only took in \$57 million despite glowing reviews and a stand-out performance from Denzel Washington. Robin Williams' name above the title couldn't save *Jack* from faltering at \$45 million so far. Audiences also showed that they didn't want to see Whoopie Goldberg coaching the Knicks, leaving *Eddie* with just a \$30 million take.

Other films may not have made very much, but compared to their budgets the results make the studios very happy. The kiddie flick *Harriet the Spy* was the first feature film from Nickelodeon and with its success they are sure to make more. Its \$28 million gross more than made up for its \$13 budget. The Leslie Nielsen spoof *Spy Hard* was considered a dud by many, but it turned a profit with \$27 million, passing its \$18 million cost. *A Very Brady Sequel* has just broken even with its \$15 million budget, but it is estimated it will eventually take in \$25 million. A far cry from the original film, but it is sure to make a

mint on video and probably spawn a final film to make a trilogy. The teen witch flick *The Craft* put a spell on movie-goers and conjured up \$2 million to bypass its \$15 million budget. Maybe the biggest winner in this category is *Supercop*. The Jackie Chan actioner has already made a mint in Hong Kong and was purchased for distribution in this country for just over \$1 million. Its \$15 million gross has made some producers very happy. It is hard to say whether the film *Emma* lost some steam from the release of last year's takeoff *Clueless* or if it gained some popularity from it. In any case, the winning Gweneth Paltrow took the Jane Austen character to a gross of \$15 million to date from a

budget of just \$6 million. Miramax purchased the American distribution rights to the Scottish film *Trainspotting* for \$3.5 million and it has paid off nicely for them, bringing in \$14 million to date.

For every hit there are losers just as big. This summer had more than its share of flops, some deserving and some just overlooked. The medieval epic *Dragonheart* couldn't make effects overcome a poor story and took in \$52 million, \$5 million shy of its budget. The Danny DeVito film *Matilda* took in a respectable \$35 million but couldn't overtake its \$45 million budget. Why anyone thought a family movie aimed at pre-teens was worth this kind of a budget is beyond comprehension. Demi Moore naked. A sure thing, right? Not so in the fickle world of film. Demi took it all off for *Striptease* but a marketing campaign unsure of how to promote this comedy-drama-erotic thriller confused audiences and made it unclear as to who the target audience was. The result, a \$35 million gross that doesn't surpass its \$40 million budget. *Kingpin* just goes to show you that bowling isn't funny. The promising comedy threw a gutter ball and could only grab \$27 million. *Multiplicity* proved that four Michael Keaton's aren't necessarily better than one. Keaton is a gifted comic actor and this film had its moments, but the whole was ultimately less than the sum of its parts. This misfire grabbed just \$25 million, half its estimated budget. Snake came back but the audience didn't. Kurt Russell brought back one of his most popular characters in John Carpenter's *Escape From L.A.* but 15 years proved too long to wait for a sequel. This \$50 million movie grossed only half its cost. *Chain Reaction* could describe the way Keanu Reeves' career has been faltering lately. With a string of flops he had hoped to come back in the action movie vein. This one blew up in his face with a gross of just \$21 million, less than half of its \$55 million budget. Maybe he should reconsider and actually do *Speed 2*.



Demi Moore in *Striptease*

Robert DeNiro as a psychopath is usually a sure thing, but this summer proved that even he has his limits. *The Fan* had very few of its own and could only muster up \$20 million to date. *Flipper* showed that he was all wet with a gross of just \$20 million. Superheroes were made for summertime films, or so it seemed. *The Phantom* shot that theory down as it fell with an \$18 million take. Michael J. Fox is coming back to television, and not too soon according to movie-goers. His ghostly flick *The Frighteners* scared away audiences and took in only \$17 million. This is despite fantastic reviews and good word of mouth. It is a film that should have been held off until October. *Fled* is exactly what viewers did from this film, leaving it with just \$17 million.

Even Pamela Lee's enhanced body couldn't keep people watching. *Barb Wire* grabbed just \$4 million. Maybe the unrated video version with longer shots of her dancing around in little more than a smile will bring in a profit.

All in all the summer started out strong but ended up being one of the most disappointing in recent memory. Maybe next year with the coming *The Lost World* (the *Jurassic Park* sequel), *Batman and Robin* (with George Clooney taking over the cowl), *Speed 2* (with Sandra Bullock and Jason Patric), *Alien 4: Resurrection* (with a cloned Ripley) and James Cameron's waterlogged epic *Titanic* will bring them back to the theaters.

TALES FROM THE CRYPTIC DINER

By Chrysa Pikramenos

The date was Sept. 4th, a dreadful day that changed my life and the lives of my five friends. It was the day we entered the alien diner. It was the first day of classes at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and my friends and I decided to go out and grab a bite to eat. After sorting through the many dining choices available to us in the Stony Brook area, we finally narrowed it down to a diner.

My friend Jessica naively pointed out, "Let's go to the Lake Grove diner, it's the closest," which everybody then agreed to. I was quite reluctant in this decision.

You see, in the past, during the darkest days of my life, I have dined at Lake Grove diner, but these memories are quite blurred. Psychologists say the reason vague recollections are as they are is due to the brain's choice to shut out horrid and traumatic memories, such as this place, which haunts me to this day.

I didn't want to show this fear to my friends because they'd think that I was a dork, so I agreed and thought to myself "you stupid, stupid fools, you'll never be the same when you leave that diner."

As we drove into the parking lot, I noticed the many cars lining the front of the diner. From experience I knew that these were just car decoys, put there to get people to think that it's a happening place. When we walked in, we saw that my decoy theory was right: not a customer in the joint, no

clattering of plates, no bus-boys, waiters or waitresses in sight. I wouldn't have been surprised if a tumbleweed would have just rolled by.

Just then the waitress shot through the kitchen door and looked at us in awe. She approached us and smiled at us as her fang-like teeth ripped out of her mouth, and said "smoking or non-smoking."

She then led us to the very back of the large dining area, where everything in sight was pink. Pink chairs, pink tablecloths, the pink. I felt like I was about to eat in a bottle of Pepto-Bismol.

When we sat down I asked the waitress for coffee and she sternly told me that I would have to wait for that. Usually, in the non-alien world of diners, the waitress will ask the customer for drinks before the order is taken. But instead of complaining, I let it slide and I allowed this waitress/alien to have her way.

When the waitress left we began to whisper amongst ourselves about our very strange surroundings.

We first noticed the walls which were covered with mirrors. Our theory was that they were two-way mirrors, where the heads of the alien organization observe and listen to the people as they eat — a perfect way to pick up on the language and the behaviors of earthlings.

The second strange occurrence was the very loud and piercing buzz-like sound which penetrated through the large and unstable chandelier directly above our table. Our theory: large aircraft hovering above the diner, preparing to land these mother-

ships and take over diners worldwide. Of course, they are covered with invisible barriers to shield their presence from the drivers on Rte. 347.

The waitress returned with our food and we all kind of forgot about our theories and yelled "FOOD!" After our first bite, though, we looked at each other and asked the same question: "Does yours taste bitter?" Our theory: arsenic. Well, we didn't die or anything, but most of us did feel kind of sick afterwards.

I then tried to hunt down the waitress for the check so we could get the hell out of there, but I couldn't find her. She always seemed to be hanging out in the kitchen with "the cook." He was probably banging her on the stove while he was making our cheese omelettes. Maybe it wasn't the arsenic that made the omelettes so bitter after all. She did "come" after all (that is, to our table) to give us the check.

After we paid the check, the waitress turned to us and with that damned grin of hers, said "Thank you. We enjoyed having you and we hope to see you in the near future." I'm not exactly sure what she meant by this, but I didn't stick around to find out. Instead, I quickly turned and caught up with my friends, who had sprinted out of the diner.

If you don't believe what you read, then go see for yourself. The Alien Diner is located on Rte. 347, across from Friendly's in Stony Brook, and it goes under the name of the Lake Grove Diner.

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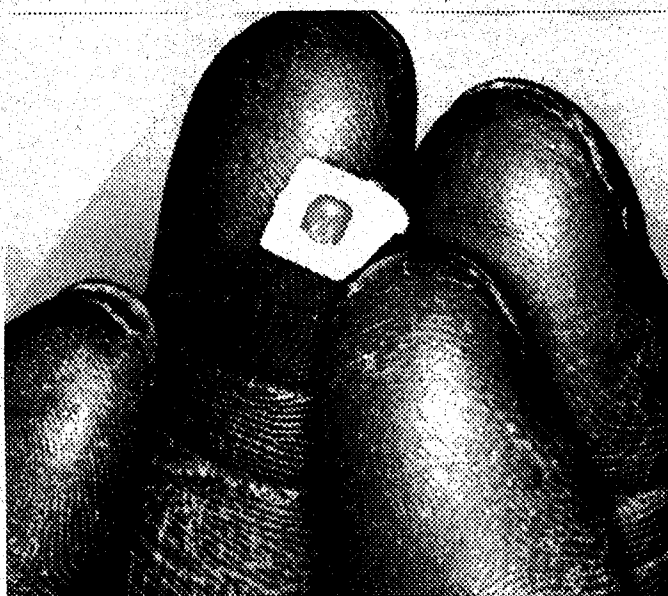
By Jeanne Nolan

Almost every three years the media decides to announce that America's youth is using drugs. Right on schedule, the headlines ran, USA Today, Time and Newsday; 10.8% of 17-21 year olds have consumed illegal substances within the past two months. Is it true that these same children who were part of Nancy Reagan's pet anti-drug project would slip through the cracks? The fact is that a certain percentage of the population will always use drugs. The question is not whether they are using drugs, but what they're using. In the eighties it was cocaine, early-nineties it was ecstasy, and now, the drug of choice, survey says... LSD. People are returning to their roots, psychedelic drugs are back in a major way. The former first lady had great intentions, that "Just Say No" motto was cute, but not as appealing as Dick Van Dyke's "Stop, Drop and Roll." The odds were stacked against her; we were The Great Space Coaster generation—destined for mind altering experiences.

It was our Saturday morning cartoon rituals that initiated us into the world of psychedelics. Waking up at six AM, mom and dad still in bed, an hour and half to eat as much junk food as possible. I swear the boy just blew up! We had heard the stories, yet continued to mix the deadly combo of Pop Rocks and Coca Cola. We liked the surge of sugar rushing through our veins as the vivid images of our animated friends flashed against our eyes. Do you think any child gave a damn about five guys with afros and bell bottoms? Hell no!! But after 47 Pixie Sticks, 3 packs of Fun Dipp and a whole lot of Hawaiian Punch we could really groove on the funky psychedelics

of The Jackson Five. So the prescriptions for Ritalin poured onto the pre-pubesence of the early eighties.

For Saturdays to come our adrenaline was censored as we plopped in front of the TV with a bowl of Lucky Charms, just in time for Q-Bert. What the hell was Q-Bert anyway? In 1978 a certain animator, who will remain nameless, dropped two tabs of acid, and upon having a craving for a cheese sandwich, he encountered this fuzzy little guy



hopping around his kitchen turning the tiles Technicolor. The video game captivated America and the cartoon was soon to follow. This introduced thousands of kids across the country to their first LSD enhanced hallucination.

Personally, the most influential force in my childhood was Scooby Doo(pre-Scrappy days). I'd

never miss an episode of the adventures of those five crime stoppers. I have to admit I had a thing for Shaggy. That scruffy, crackley-voiced epitome of slackerhood won a place in my six year old heart(so did Gopher from The Love Boat, but let's not get into that). Ever notice that as soon as Scooby and Shaggy got out of the Mystery Machine they would eat everything in sight? Can anyone say MUNCHIES? Then they'd wander around bugging out on ghosts and shit. Yikes! I don't know what was in those Scooby Snacks, but I'd sure like to find out. So if anyone has information about obtaining these special treats, please contact me at the Press office.

One person I'd like to meet is Gargamel, the Smurf menacing man we all so greatly detested as children. We never questioned why there were so many beakers filled with chemicals around his cabin. Hmmm... Let's assess the situation. This man lives alone in the woods with his cat (his sole friend) and he spends his day chasing little blue men who live in MUSHROOMS! If this guy wasn't producing some high quality dilysyrgic acid in that little ramshackle cabin in the woods, then just call me Smurfette, and sacrifice me to one hundred little blue men.

These drug innuendoes mere coincidences? I think not! They only prove how manipulating Hannah and Barbera can be. What is the future of drug consumption? The Banana in Pajamas generation will one day be baking and smoking the skins of their animated childhood friends with hopes of seeing purple dinosaurs. The future is bleak, instead of entering alternative realities, they'll be battling nausea. As for me I'm going have some tea and watch the Cartoon Network.

Evil
says:

Handwritten
Submissions
Will Be
Smeared
In The
Gelatinous
Sludge That Runs



Ted

Down The
Chasm Of
Evil Ted's
Gaping Maw
REPENT!!!
(room 060 of The
Student Union)

GOING TO CONCERTS IN THE NYC AREA:

A GUIDE FOR THE NON-MOSHER

(A CHIN SLINKY PRESENTATION)

By The Ranch

I've gone to a lot of concerts over the last few years — everything from the controlled chaos of Mr. Bungle to the drumpad-till-you-drop insanity of Download. In going to all of these concerts, I've accumulated a vast body of utterly useless knowledge, which I will now share for one of the smallest segments of the population: the overly anal non-moshing NYC concertgoer. Those of you who do enjoy moshing should also give this a once-over, especially if you're one of those people who finds themselves forking out \$50 - \$100 for scalped tickets before the show.

Step 1 (purchasing tickets).

Before you can buy tickets, you have to find out about the concert. This isn't always so easy. You can rely on word-of-mouth, the radio, or the Internet, but all of these methods require luck and the uncontrollable ability to be in the right place at the right time. The only foolproof method for finding out about upcoming shows is the *Village Voice*.

I hate to turn to the *Village Voice*, because after years of reading it, I've found I really don't like it. If they're not using excessively verbose reviews to trash a movie or album you really love, then they're cramming their ideology down your throat. Unfortunately, they're the only paper with an ad for nearly every venue in New York; both *Time Out!* and *The Island Ear* leave out ads, for whatever reason, and make for a potentially missed concert.

You're also going to have to get the *Voice* when it comes out — out here, on Wednesday night. It's at all 7-11s, including the one right off-campus near the train station, and the Borders Books on Rte. 347 gets it, too. In Borders, you can sit and read it without paying for it; if Crusty Carl the Cop is hanging out at 7-11 and upholding the NY State drinking law, he may force you to buy it. Whatever you do, you can't wait for the university to get free copies on Friday, because tickets sometimes go on sale on Thursday, and those are usually the shows that sell out in 17 seconds.

Anyway, when you get the *Voice*, turn to the front page and find out, under the Table of Contents, what span of pages holds the Music section. Then check this section. Advertisements for extremely large shows are usually consigned to this area, with no other mention made of them in the club listings. So if Jane's Addiction is reuniting and playing the Garden, it's going to be listed here. The same goes for festivals and bands like Metallica.

Once you're done scouring the Music pages, find the 7-8 page floating spread which lists advertisements for all of the local, NYC clubs. This area is usually buried in the "Choices" pull-out, and is pretty visible on sight: that is, you can pretty much flip through the paper and come across it without too much work. Here, clubs like Roseland, Irving Plaza, CBGBs, Wetlands, etc., post their upcoming events, along with all of the information you'll need to obtain tickets — whether or not they use Ticketmaster, when the event is, how much the tickets cost, who the opening bands are, and so on.

A few miscellaneous notes. One, be sure to check the entire section, because sometimes there's a mix-up and a club gets its ad landed way in the back. Two, check both the border rimming the ad and the "coming soon" fine print. In these places, very important things some-

times get run. Rage Against the Machine was never formally announced, but there was a mention in the border of the Roseland ad. Furthermore, Coney Island High has a tendency to run a lot of interesting news in the fine print, including exciting upcoming shows which, despite the load of piping-hot bullshit they will eagerly feed you about not selling out of tickets, will sell out very quickly.

Step 2 (ordering tickets).

Before you can even begin ordering, you have to assess the concert's priority level. Will this concert sell out quickly? The Reverend Horton Heat

at Webster Hall probably won't sell out at all, but believe me, nine inch nails can fill up the Garden in one helluva hurry. Balance the band's popularity against the size of the place they'll be playing. A pretty big band (say, Bush) playing a relatively small venue (say, Roseland) will sell out in a hurry, but the Gin Blossoms playing the Coliseum won't sell out for a few days, if it ever does at all. "Rare" shows — that is, once-in-a-lifetime opportunities, like the Sex Pistols reunion — should always be considered high priority.

If the show isn't high priority, great, relax, call Ticketmaster or pick up the tickets in person when you get a chance.

If the show is high priority, you've got to find out when the tickets go on-sale. Usually, the *Voice* ad will make a point of telling you by posting a note ("On Sale Sat 10 AM" for example). If you want those tickets, it is your duty to hustle your ass at the listed time. When that time comes, you have two choices:

In person. This method is inconvenient but safe. All Tower Records stores have a Ticketmaster outlet, as do most Marshall's. In addition to these places, American

Video on 25A has a quiet little Ticketmaster counter in the corner. The first thing you need to do upon discovering a band will be playing is call Tower and find out if they'll be distributing bracelets the day beforehand. They don't usually do that for anything except the really big shows — Oasis would require bracelets, but Blur wouldn't. Bracelets is a silly means of allowing people to randomly be selected to buy tickets, thereby saving you the ankle-biting hierarchy of ticket-purchasing lines.

Anyway, make sure you show up a little early. Keep in mind how many Ticketmaster outlets surround the NYC area — New Jersey and Connecticut included — and remember that for a very popular show, there's going to be at least one person at each outlet. Assume 200 outlets (a very conservative figure). That means in the first 30 seconds following the moment tickets go on-sale, 200 tickets will be sold. If two people are at each outlet, 400 tickets have been sold in the first minute — and that doesn't include phone sales.

The safe part about getting tickets like this is that when you show up in person, you can't get a busy sig-

nal, which happens a lot when trying to call up and order tickets. In addition, the tickets can't get lost in the mail or misplaced at the box office — you get 'em in your grubby little hands as soon as you fork over the cash. Which brings me to my last point: the outlets are cash only, so don't get burned when you only bring the plastic. Hit the ATM ahead of time.

Via telephone. It's all about (516) 888-9000. It's also all about calling up ahead of time. Tickets go on sale at 10? Call up at 9:40. Their number only has

so many open lines to contact, and if 40 people want to see Ministry, and all 40 of those people call at the same time, some of them are going to get fucked. However, the problem with calling ahead of time is what to do with the extra time (assuming you get through). Your best bet is the Ticketmaster Entertainment Guide, that pointless little catalogue they try to ram down your maw every time you call up and order tickets. Ask them about it. Ask specific questions. How much does it cost? With or without tax? Is every band in there? What about small

clubs? How soon before the show will the Guide inform me of the concert? Oh, is it 10? I'll take two tickets for... Once you are in the process of ordering the tickets, obey certain rules of thumb. First of all, don't dawdle. You're keeping the line busy, and preventing other people from getting through. You may not care now that you have your tickets, but the asshole grumbling and listening to "please continue to hold; your call is very important to us" may be you next week. So keep the chit-chat to a minimum, and have your credit card out and ready — obviously you'll be using it, so don't act surprised when the person at the other end of the line asks for it. Finally, have a pen and some paper ready when they give you your confirmation number. DO NOT MOCK THIS NUMBER'S IMPORTANCE. Remember that in order to get you your ticket, the post office (the only organization more incompetent than Ticketmaster) has to get involved. You can ask for the tickets to be waiting for you at the box office, in which case the bored, uninterested club employees will be handling the symbolically-important cardboard square for you, and there's an even better chance the ticket will get lost. Anyway, don't lose that number. That number is what stands between your not-having-a-ticket the day before the show and "well, I'm sorry I can't help you, sir."

Next issue: Going to and enjoying the show?



Don't Be a Mosh Pit Casualty



I WANNA BE a HIPPIE

By Antony Lorenzo

An epiphany can be defined as a moment of great realization or insight reached either through outer experience or inner thought. Encountering one of conceptual worth can be a very rewarding experience, reaching one in your early twenties is an entirely different matter altogether. A true epiphany may take a while to sink in, and sometimes it is difficult to pinpoint exactly the precise moment of revelation. When one is realized after the moment or event has passed it is like a big slap in the face. A brisk cuff that reproaches you for ignoring its initial presence to begin with and for failing to embrace the idea at the moment you should have.

I believe that during this past summer I reached such a juncture. I was truly enlightened to the veritable meaning of pure and spirited existence. By positively co-existing with fellow human beings and incorporating a stupendous and awe inspiring environment, I began to think differently. I was subconsciously urged to enigmatically dispose of my hardened character. My once impenetrable shell had been punctured by the sheer vivacity and exuberance of others. I no longer found myself being angry or spiteful toward people, and more importantly, I finally shed the evil peculiarity that had been bestowed on me by the infamous New York 'state of mind'.

The location was a far off mystical land known as Veneta, Oregon. (pronounced Orygun by the way) The majority of its inhabitants are, for lack of a better word, hippies. Walking down the main strip of this town is like taking a trip to happy land. Naturally I compared the town and the state as a whole to the unique indifference of New York; Long Island specifically. For me at least, it is unbelievable to think that two places, so unlike from each other can even be found within the same country. Where nastiness and irritation dwell in one, love and happiness thrive in the other. Ask a New Yorker for the time and there is a good chance you will be ignored. Ask someone for the time in Oregon and they will probably loan you their watch for the day. Let me give you two quick examples of the countless niceties I encountered. At one point during my stay I dialed a number, hoping to connect with the local travel agency. I dialed incorrectly and was shocked to hear the person on the other end offer to look the correct number up for me. Another time I rushed back to my expired parking meter to find someone generously feeding it. I believe such a positive vibe is fueled by hippie subculture, an unrivaled profession which specializes in happiness and unblemished kindness.

About two hours south of the thriving metropolis of Portland is the town of Veneta. Veneta happens to be the site of the Oregon Country Fair, arguably the

world's most immense annual gathering of pot, patchouli and peace loving hippies. When most of people think of hippies, a few dominant and mainly negative images surface: body odor, vagrancy and of course, over indulgent marijuana use.

Until I was exposed to this legitimate crux of hippie subculture, I had similarly abrogated views. I remember a stage when the sight or smell of one of these fragrant characters would seriously irk me. I even had a personal vendetta against peace freaks during my high school days (this may have had something to do with Phish). You would imagine my apprehension at the prospect of

attending this immense hippie fest for three days and two nights, but the experience proved well worth it.

Apart from a costly entry fee, the Country Fair this year saw record numbers trudge through the gates. All three days were hot, but a mist of cool water fell from carefully arranged hoses hanging in the trees. The fair was divided into several small sections or communities. There were craft stalls, music and an abundance of naked folks embracing each other in circles of love. At first, the sight of complete strangers smiling and singing to each other did seem kind of strange. I then realized their sincerity and complete lack of perturbation and nervousness. Those who weren't getting quite as well acquainted were just as friendly. People were intensely interested in each other, a concept I was previously unaccustomed to. Everyone smiled at me. I got free hugs, free nugs and a kindly old lady's hash brownie recipe.

Several people at the adjacent campgrounds convinced me that the planning and organization of the fair is a year round task. With its own board of directors, the fair is represented in Veneta city council meetings as

well as in the local chamber of commerce. A designated Neighborhood Response team is put into action to deal with any problems that may arise among the masses of people. With a complete lack

of police presence, the thousands of campers remain relatively well behaved year after year. When is the last time hippies rioted anyway? During the off season, the 40 acre site is cared for by a land management team called the VegManEcs. Through their efforts, the fairgrounds paths are receded, trees are planted and native plant species are reintroduced. They ensure the visitors are greeted each year with a lush, earthy environment.

Long before the Oregon Country fair was even established, Veneta was a gathering place for the Kalapuya people, highly regarded natives who positively utilized the abundant resources in the surrounding Willamette

Valley. Before the typically disruptive European contact, the Kalapuya's had one of the oldest, most environmentally successful (and sustainable) cultures in existence. The fair is essentially a celebration of these inhabitants who are now of course far removed from the land. There is the exhausted notion of irony involved in the whole situation but at least the celebrants are honoring and extolling their surroundings. The majority of people who visit the fair seem to acknowledge the ancestors of the land. There is an intense aura of appreciation projected, which successfully unifies everyone and relates existence to Emersonian concepts of nature. Such relationships are all too often disregarded in our age of technological appreciation. Unfortunately, many people still believe the life of a hippie to be some sort of sad joke, a vastly unproductive life hindered by a failure to embrace modern day disciplines. The fact of the matter is those we classify as 'hippies' are usually the most productive members of society. Not in the sense of your average city dwelling, non-recycling, air polluting member though. They are usually intensely concerned with the abysmal state of our earth and a good majority of them involve themselves in various environmental organizations such as the Sierra Club and Earth First. The realizations I reached was that for an entire weekend I was, in fact, a hippie. I slept in a tent amongst mass congregations of pacifists, stopped taking showers (there was no running water) and made many crusty new friends. I highly recommend a similar excursion to the cold, zombified 'community' of New York as a whole. Take a camping trip, watch the stars and acknowledge natural splendor. Be a hippie for week, you may end up enjoying the experience.

