

Along the Color Line

By Dr. Manning Marable

Beyond the O.J. Decision: Black Vs. White Justice

This is not a column about O.J. Simpson's personal tragedy. It is not an examination of his 1996 criminal trial, which found him not guilty, or his recent civil trial, which established his responsibility for the deaths of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman. Neither is it about the merits or weaknesses of the prosecution's case, nor the sudden establishment of Johnny Cochran last year as a popular political icon among segments of the black community.

Over the past two and one-half years, a virtual industry has been constructed around the trials and tribulations of former Heisman award-winner O.J. Simpson. Only days after his initial arrest, t-shirts flooded black communities emblazoned with the slogan "Free OJ!" Sleazy pseudo-journalists like Geraldo Rivera used the controversy to resurrect their faltering careers. Prosecutors who had failed to convince a jury of O.J.'s guilt in the criminal trial nevertheless succeeded in raking in millions of dollars from book contracts. All the central protagonists in the case seemed to be "making a killing."

Our standard of justice in criminal trials requires the prosecution to convince a jury of the defendant's guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt." This standard was not met in the first trial, with too much evidence tainted and probably planted. Conversely, it now seems highly probable that Simpson planned and committed these murders.

But let us go beyond the narrow facts of the case to



examine its larger political significance. Why was the entire nation deluged with this bad legal soap opera? Who gained and who lost from the media circus?

Before his arrest, O.J. Simpson had little connection with the African-American community. He was apparently mesmerized with the symbols of white power, prestige and sexuality. O.J. was quite skillful in running through airports for Hertz rental car commercials, but seemed at a loss when trying to locate black neighborhoods or organizations. O.J.'s racial awareness and political consciousness were virtually nonexistent. Unlike some socially-conscious black athletes, O.J. stood outside the struggles of black America. So given his obvious racial self-hatred and alienation, how did O.J. Simpson become the "poster boy" for black fairness in the criminal justice system?

The Simpson trial came along at a time when the political assaults against black America were steadily escalating. In the universities, minority scholarships were being eliminated. In academic circles, pseudoscientific books such as *The Bell Curve* advocated the cultural and genetic superiority of whites over blacks. In the courts, minority economic set-asides and majority-minority legislative districts were under attack. Inside the civil rights movement, the media and conservative interests were waging a relentless campaign to remove the Reverend Benjamin Chavis as head of the NAACP. Virtually the same day it was announced that O.J. was the prime murder suspect, black leaders representing a wide spectrum

of ideologies and perspectives met at the NAACP headquarters in Baltimore, attempting to forge a black united front.

I am convinced that many in the media seized upon the O.J. Simpson case with two objectives in mind: to illustrate beyond a doubt that blacks had been given "too much," and that the legal system went too far in protecting black criminals. O.J. Simpson, once the darling of corporate America, had been given every possible perk and honor a Negro could ever expect. How dare he repudiate his patrons! The O.J. case symbolically told white America that affirmative action was no longer necessary, and that whites had become the innocent victims of black rage, crime and violence.

Logically, and not surprisingly, many African Americans felt it was necessary to rally behind O.J. Many of us privately thought that this ex-athlete was nothing less than a spouse-abusing slimeball. But larger issues were at stake. Thousands of our young black men were routinely railroaded in white courtrooms, as police destroyed or tainted evidence or coerced confessions from the accused. We know that Mark Fuhrman was no isolated case, but symptomatic of a deep-seated racism within police departments throughout the country. It was not for O.J.'s personal situation, but for our sons, brothers and husbands, that many African Americans questioned the criminal and civil prosecutions against him. White justice and black justice are still two different things.

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Celebrating Unity at the Black History Month Semi-Formal

By Michael Yeh

Unity among people of color is the first step to establishing racial equality, according to attorney and social activist Dr. Lauren Niles in her keynote address at the 9th Annual Black History Month Semi-Formal on Saturday, February 22.

The theme of the festivities was the idea of "Umoja", or Swahili for "unity". As one of the seven guiding principles of life in the Nguzo Saba celebrated in Kwanzaa, Umoja represents the need to maintain unity in the African-American family, community, nation, and race.

The celebration began with a prayer, poetry recitation, and a performance of the Black National Anthem. The highlight of the evening, however, was a speech by Dr. Lauren Niles, a prominent attorney who regularly conducts workshops on racial affairs. Niles is also the president and founder of the Niles Consulting Group, a management consulting firm that assists corporations in promoting cultural diversity among workers.

Despite many differences among ethnic minorities, people of color share a history of oppression. Niles' definition of people of color included African Americans, Latinos, Native Americans, and Asian Americans.

"People of color are targeted by an international hate industry," said Niles as she described recent activities of the Aryan Nation, the Ku Klux Klan, and other neo-Nazi groups on the internet. The key to fighting this massive distribution of racist propaganda is to foment constructive dialogue between all ethnic groups.



Jenya Meggs and Glyndun Sangster, the Queen and King of the Semiformal

Many factors contribute to the lack of unity among people of color, according to Niles. Oppression due to psychological conditioning causes many minorities to lack confidence in their abilities. For example, the cosmetics industry has prorogated a standard of beauty that gives preference to fair skin over dark skin and straight hair over short, curly hair. "Latinos with light skin are urged by their families to marry others with light skin," said Niles.

Violence within communities of color also contributes to this lack of trust and unity. Aside from physical violence, Niles believes that "emotional violence" caused by differences in color and class

within ethnic groups is a significant barrier to building relationships. Within the African-American community, there are differences in skin color and other physical characteristics. African-Americans often judge themselves by these differences within the community. In addition, differences in socioeconomic status

can segregate members within a group.

There are often many hidden barriers to success for aspiring young members of minority groups. People of color are under pressure to find secure jobs, and competition is fierce. Many people have the impression that their only hope for employment is to fill the "minority spot" allotted to them through affirmative action programs. A lot of back-stabbing is present, according to Niles, and employed minorities may feel obligated to turn against other people of color to prove their loyalty to the employers.

"We must stop comparing our oppressions," said Niles, "Instead, we must learn to listen." Comparing past histories and experiences is often counterproductive, with each ethnic group trying to claim that they suffered from the worst injustices. By facilitating communication within communities of color and among different ethnic groups, issues can be discussed frankly in order to create solutions racial inequalities. Niles said, "This is an issue that is growing more and more urgent each day."

Following the keynote address, the 1997 Nubian King and Queen were elected and crowned. Senior biochemistry major Glyndun Sangster was chosen as the Nubian King, and junior english major Jenya Meggs was selected as the Nubian Queen. After receiving their crowns, the King and Queen kicked off the party by starting the first dance of the night to music provided by D.J. Kul'cha.

"Students need to start talking to each other to address differences and find common elements," said Dr. Niles. It is difficult to achieve unity among students at Stony Brook, for academic schedules limit the amount of time one can dedicate to communal activities. Nevertheless, students like Jenya Meggs are working through groups such as the Delta Sigma Beta sorority to promote interaction among students.

"I don't think Black History Month should be focused on as one month of the year," said Meggs, who stressed the importance of appreciating and being aware of one's heritage.

Niles agreed with the need to trace one's roots and culture:

"Most importantly, we must learn to love ourselves, for it is only in beginning to love ourselves that we will be able to grow to love each other."

MEDIA ENCOURAGED CLINTON'S EMBRACE OF FATCATS

By Norman Solomon

After years of urging Bill Clinton to be a "New Democrat" and lie down with corporate dogs, the press is now marveling that his presidency is infested with scandalous fleas. Conventional media wisdom has always been that President Clinton should be "moderate" and "centrist" — catering to the economic establishment. Over the years, Clinton has drawn profuse media praise for doing just that.

Back in early 1993, top White House aides defended Clinton's first budget by boasting of its "pro-business slant." Since then, the dominant news media have demanded — and gotten — a president striving to satisfy the centers of financial power.

A natural outcome of corporate-friendly politics is that wealthy donors line up to buy influence. Many journalists pushed the White House to fix big-money omelets and now are wailing about all the ethical eggs that got cracked. Of course Clinton is going to seek large contributions from people who appreciate his eagerness to make them richer. What's he supposed to do — ask for dollar bills from the working-class Americans he has betrayed? Midway through his first term, Clinton set about raising millions to ward off any challenge to renomination in the Democratic primaries. When the strategy worked, media outlets widely applauded Clinton's maneuver as smart politics that helped to subdue his party's left wing.

Clinton's hardball zeal at playing the money game attracted many fans in the Washington press corps. And leading pundits cheered when Clinton

repeatedly portrayed the corporate agenda — NAFTA, "free trade" and so forth — as key to America's role in the world.

For several years, news media have lauded Clinton for putting the interests of U.S.-based corporations at the forefront of foreign policy. The president won accolades for his global vision. Many journalists voiced enthusiasm as the Commerce Department became immersed in high-rolling projects overseas.

Commerce Secretary William Daley — like his predecessors Mickey Kantor and the late Ron Brown — rose to prominence by matching big donors with political doers. When Daley got Clinton's nod last December, most of the press responded warmly. The Washington Post's influential commentator David Broder quickly told CNN viewers that the Daley appointment was "terrific."

Two months ago, Time magazine seemed positively lighthearted when it described Clinton's second-term economic team as a "firm" — "a bunch of investment bankers and lawyers, friendly to the stock market." The upbeat Time article reported that Robert Rubin "is thoroughly entrenched as treasury secretary and a kind of managing partner." One banking analyst explained that the new Clinton appointees "are exactly what Wall Street wants." The blatant transfer of government policy-making to elite financiers has become so routine that past arrogance hardly seems remarkable now. Barely four years ago, Rubin agreed to be the president's "chief economic adviser" after receiving \$17 million for his 1992 services as co-chair of Goldman, Sachs and Co.

As he was moving from Wall Street to Pennsylvania Avenue, Rubin sent a matter-of-fact note to his corporate clients, saying: "I look forward to continuing to work with you in my new capacity."

Clinton's shameless privatization of federal economic decisions did not set off warning bells in the news media. On the contrary, year after year, it enhanced the president's glowing credentials as a New Democrat — unburdened by old-fashioned allegiances to labor and the poor.

These days, outrage is all the rage as Clinton's sleazier fund-raising gambits come to light. But the media outcry is taking place largely because he was so brazen about trading White House access for big bucks.

At the White House in late February, the president proclaimed: "They were my friends and I was proud to have them here. I did not have any strangers here." In effect, Clinton was saying: *Any friend of the corporate system can be a friend of mine.*

Overall, the news media have welcomed those affinities in the past. The current uproar is due to the president's clumsy implementation.

The same journalists who have long admired Clinton's savvy, corporate-hugging centrism are now shaking their heads. They don't really fault Clinton for prostituting his presidency to corporate interests. The scandal is that he went about it in such a tacky way.

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."

REFLECTIONS ON BLACK HISTORY MONTH

There comes a point in every person's life when they start to look for heroes.

For me, this happened in the seventh grade. White, middle-class, and living in the suburbs, I knew little of the real world. My role models in years past had all been famous, non-controversial figures; astronauts, actors and people of that stripe. But when I reached the age of thirteen, these people stopped fulfilling my needs. Perhaps as a result of my mainstream, suburban upbringing, I started to look to people and places I had no contact with for inspiration.

For a while I flirted with the hippie icons of the 1960's. They were controversial and anti-establishment, both qualities I looked for in heroes. On the other hand, they had also sold out and become yuppies. They were better than nothing, though, so I read all they could about them.

Then I discovered Malcolm X.

This was long before Spike Lee brought Malcolm to the mainstream, so my first exposure to him was when I found a yellowed, dog-eared copy of his *Autobiography* in a used-book store. It was crammed into the same shelf as some of my hippie books, so I picked it up.

And it changed my life.

Up until that point I only had an inkling of what the civil rights movement was about, and about civil liberties in general. I knew slavery, segregation and racism were wrong, but only because my parents had told me so. I didn't know how they affected real people in the real world.

The Autobiography of Malcolm X taught me how it did. I began *understand* the era, not just remember the facts.

But perhaps more importantly, *The Autobiography* taught me about human dignity, dedication to a just cause and the importance of individual freedom.

Malcolm X was prepared to die for his cause, and he was prepared to achieve it "by any means necessary." This was a whole new world to me. My biggest struggle was getting to stay up late, and I sure as hell wasn't going to *die* for it. *The Autobiography* inspired me, and made me realize how lucky I was. More importantly, it made me realize how unfair it was that other people were denied those things I enjoyed.

So I learned from Malcolm X not just about history, but about humankind.

And that's what Black History Month is about. From studying Black history we learn not just about dates and events but about people... about the depths and heights which mankind can reach.

So now that Black History Month is over, don't stop reading and participating in seminars. Stony Brook's historical and African-American groups should continue holding discussions and vigils. February is a good time to begin learning, but that experience should be continued all year. By learning about Black history, we all learn about ourselves.

-David

POOR MANAGEMENT NO EXCUSE FOR STUDENT LAYOFFS AND CUTBACKS.

Last week, three students were laid off and many others experienced significant cutbacks in worktime as a result of what we feel is poor planning by the state. The so-called *computer dispatchers*, the people who ask you to sign in at the computer labs, are the latest victims in a controversy too utterly careless to pass by.

It seems that when the state was planning its budget for student personnel it forgot to adjust the amount for the new minimum wage increase. Also, rather than having a good understanding of just how many *work-study* students would be employed, it blindly threw that adjustment out the window too, not considering the consequences of too few *work study* employees. That money comes from the federal government. Thus some students find themselves without jobs, or perhaps with jobs that simply aren't adequate given the reduction in hours.

Most of the administrators we spoke to were as surprised as they were embarrassed. Their concerns lay mostly with the inability to get straight

answers from their superiors. A common problem in today's administrative hierarchy, from the Governor's mansion down. Although we are opposed to the neo-liberal economic solutions to this problem, we do feel that some cages need to be rattled.

Any administrator worth their salt would not have allowed this to happen. Students rely on these jobs for vital monies that can in some cases be the difference between going to college or not. We understand that from time to time unforeseen incidences require cutbacks and layoffs. However in this instance we find it a case of wholesale incompetency which cannot be tolerated. Perhaps most disturbing-we find this part and parcel of the governments total inability to understand the needs of the modern student. Most students here are working class-the sons and daughters of cab drivers, electricians and farmers. We can't afford these types of mistakes. We call for accountability.

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press, a student run and student funded non-profit organization. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516)632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm.

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SAVE THE STATESMAN

By David M. Ewalt and John Giuffo

Once upon a time, students at Stony Brook were well informed and politically active. The University was widely known as "Berkeley East," for its radical, dynamic student body. Students would hold a rally or take over a building at the drop of a hat.

Today, Stony Brook is facing some of the biggest --and potentially most damaging-- changes in its history. Tuition raises, tenure reductions and ever encroaching privatization loom forebodingly on the horizon.

So where are the protests?

Aside from the occasional Polity-organized failures, there are none. Today's student body is either apathetic or ignorant --and maybe both.

But why has the east coast's most active campus become so inert? Doubtless, there's many reasons for this dumbing-down of Stony Brook, but one of them is becoming increasingly obvious.

The Statesman.

Now, don't jump straight to the conclusion that we're reverting to our beloved old hobby of Statesman-bashing. Sure, there was a time when the staff of *The Press* would have beamed at the idea of an inactive and brain-dead *Statesman*. In the darker days of our relationship, hints of the death knell such as the one sounding from Stony Brook's most well-funded and poorly-staffed publication would have made all us smart-asses here at *The Press* downright gleeful with blood-thirsty revenge.

But not now.

Now demands that we recognize an emergency in the making. The only regular student news source is, for all intents and purposes, dead and ineffective, and Stony Brook needs a change.

Ironically, Stony Brook seems to otherwise be experiencing a journalistic renaissance. *Blackworld* is back on its feet and is regularly publishing issues again; Editor Curtis Morris is doing a great job there. Last week *Shelanu*, the newspaper of Stony Brook's Jewish community, printed their first issue in over a year. And as for *The Press*... well, if you'll pardon a bit of self-congratulation; we rock like Gibraltar.

But then there's *The Statesman*.

For varied reasons, *The Statesman* has been consistently spiraling into the depths of journalistic peril. At a time when the students of the University most need to be well-informed and connected, *The Statesman* is failing to do so entirely.

Take, for instance, their February 20th issue. Amongst the campus news of the week: A University task force recommends we switch to differential tuition (read: higher tuition), and SUNY student groups plan a protest in Albany against the pending \$400 tuition hike.

Those stories appeared on pages three and five, respectively. Both were just a few hundred words long. The protest story wasn't even written by *The Statesman* -- it was a press release.

And on the cover of the issue, the story which the editors of *The Statesman* placed highest importance on: "Star Wars Strikes Back."

With a big picture of Darth Vader, to boot.

These kinds of errors are inexcusable. When *The Statesman* makes twenty punctuation mistakes in an article, or spells "Michelangelo" as "Michael Angelo," we can all just laugh and look away. Those sorts of screw-ups are problematic, but not calamitous.

But *The Statesman* is not doing their job. They are

failing in their mission to inform the student body. And that is a serious problem.

So please excuse us if we put on our "journalistic watchdog" hat and try to make amends.

The Roots of the Problem

It can be argued that *The Statesman's* troubles began in 1994, when then-Editor-In-Chief Richard Cole took the helm and turned the paper into a vehicle for unchecked racist and sexist drivel. Cole had the backing of a large portion of the editorial staff, and the trouble he stirred up on campus would serve to permanently damage the paper's reputation.

In the three years since, *The Statesman's* troubles have been slowly piling on. When Tom Masse took over the editorial reins the next semester, he tried a half-hearted, half-assed apology to the student body for the insensitivity of the previous year's editorial board. A good try, if it weren't for the fact that Masse himself supported Cole during the whole defunding brouhaha. To a student population already wounded by the words and actions of the publication, Masse's words rang hollow.

Staff size dropped.

When Masse left the paper in the hands of Alexandra Cruz, staff size had dropped even further, and more importantly, staff quality was dropping. Already infamous for repeated and obvious typos, the paper started printing golf tips and horoscopes. *The Statesman* was hungry for filler.

Today's Situation, and How to Fix It

In the interest of fairness, we should probably point out that there are still some talented people working for *The Statesman*. Editor-In-Chief Alexandra Cruz is dedicated and hard-working, but there is only so much work one person can do. There are a couple of other people on staff who know what they're doing, but they've all resigned their editorial positions or gone on sabbatical, fed up with the paper's decline.

That situation is probably *The Statesman's* biggest problem; they've got a hard job to do and nobody to do it.

The solution: Recruit more aggressively. With Cruz leaving the paper at the end of the semester, a gaping hole will be left in their editorial board, one that can not conceivably be filled by anyone currently working at the paper. There are a few new faces that show promise, but none that have been there for anywhere near the amount of time necessary to take over when Cruz leaves.

Furthermore, we exhort the University community to join *The Statesman* and help bring about change themselves. Sure, we at *The Press* want talented people to join us, not them, but the truth is we want a functioning student newspaper even more. *The Statesman* is having a personnel crisis, and there's every opportunity for some ambitious, talented student to walk in and turn the paper around.

As it stands now, *The Statesman's* apparent publishing philosophy is, "if it fills space, it fills our needs." Most issues run twelve pages, maybe two or three of which are filled with student-written articles. The rest is advertising and syndicated pulp.

The solution: Choose filler more carefully. Every newspaper features parts that must be added at the last minute to fill space, but the trick is in choosing what will benefit student interests most. Cartoons

in lieu of editorials, horoscopes, Macarena dance tips, soap opera updates and half-page house ads every third page do more damage than good. Students don't need to be filled in on what has happened recently between Erica and Opal, and student newspapers have no place running such drivel. Better to run a four page newspaper with serious news than waste student's money printing twelve pages of filler.

Along those lines, there is the problem of excessive advertising. *The Statesman* employs a full-time Advertising Manager, Cheryl Perry. She's pretty good at her job (which appears to involve pursuing exploitative advertisers such as Hooters, the military and right-to-life organizations), because *The Statesman* is nothing if not a vehicle for advertising.

Furthermore, Ms. Perry has a history of attempting to influence editorial decisions at the paper; something a paid employee should not be doing. It was Perry who was pushed the editorial board of *The Statesman* to pursue litigation against *The Press* last year, when we ran a piece erroneously suggesting that a fax service they offered through their Classified section might have been improper. Not that we're bitter.

Ms. Perry exemplifies the type of bean-counting, money talks influence that student journalism can not stand to endure. *The Statesman* needs to de-emphasize advertising and re-emphasize content.

To that end, another solution: Diversify features. There are plenty of students on this campus that would love to write about their favorite band or a good movie they've just seen, they only need to know that *The Statesman* will print their opinions. Students have been malnourished on a steady diet of *According to Eve* and *Black Metal*.

We'd like to take this opportunity, as long as we are on the topic, to inform Marc Weisbaum, America's biggest black metal fan, that NO ONE listens to the music he regularly writes about. Metal died in the '80's, thankfully, and no one gives two Gorgoroth's asses what he has to say about Sweden's latest church-burning up and comers. Grow up, put away the LeVay books, and buy some jazz or something. At the very least, please stop spending student money on music reviews no one reads. It's really just sad at this point.

The Statesman has the opportunity to fill their pages with opinion and reviews that matter. They should encourage the student body to do so.

Students need avenues to express themselves. We need a viable student press to act as a check against the administrative structures on campus and in Albany. One of the most important features of a free society is an intelligent and informed media with the ability to inform the populace.

The student body of Stony Brook needs to think seriously about the situation we're finding ourselves in. We need to stand up for ourselves, and we need our newspaper to keep the troops informed.

For now, *The Statesman's* ability to do just that is dwindling. Their last hope, in the form of Alexandra Cruz, is leaving at the end of this semester, and the paper faces dark days indeed. At least Marc Weisbaum will be happy.

SAVE THE SBVAC

By Michael Yeh

"I don't WANNA go to the hospital," screamed the semiconscious drunken patient to the amusement of student volunteers practicing their emergency response skills at the Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps. As providers of pre-hospital emergency care for the campus community, these highly trained individuals are prepared to respond to calls 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

Rough times may be ahead, however, depending on the outcome of the upcoming Polity elections. Students will vote this semester on whether to continue funding for a volunteer ambulance service.

The Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps, established in 1970, is one of the leading campus-based emergency medical service providers in the nation. The SBVAC responds to more than 500 calls each year on campus and at the Long Island State Veterans Home free of charge. As one of the few college ambulance corps that provide advanced life support, sophisticated life-saving procedures such as manual defibrillation, endotracheal intubation, and intravenous drug therapy can be started upon arrival at the scene.

In cases of severe trauma or medical emergencies, survival often depends on swift response and transport. At least one full crew is "in-house", or on duty at the SBVAC base at all times. This makes it possible to arrive at the scene within four minutes after being dispatched.

"If the referendum is voted down, other ambulance corps end up coming," said SBVAC Treasurer Yoon Choi, "Since they don't always have in-house crews, it can take up to 30 minutes for them to get here."

In addition to routine emergency calls, ambulance crews may be on standby at special events to provide first aid and transportation if necessary.

Last semester, SBVAC personnel were present at rugby and football games, a national martial arts tournament, and First Lady Hillary Clinton's campaign rally.

Even when not on duty, SBVAC volunteers can serve as first responders at emergency scenes.



SBVAC maintains and operates their own ambulances

Since most members of the corps are students who spend much time on campus, there will often be an off-duty member in the vicinity of a call who can assess the scene and begin treatment before

the ambulance arrives.

Despite the dedication and expertise of the volunteers, the Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps is barely functional. "The current amount of money we're getting is just enough for us to make it through the year," Choi said.

Most of the problems faced by SBVAC are due to aging equipment. Except for a few weeks last semester, at least one of the two ambulances were out of service due to mechanical problems. "Our second ambulance has become very unreliable," said President Tanya Georges.

"It's hard to be an ambulance corps without an ambulance," said Jason Hellmann, Emergency Medical Technician-Critical Care.

"The scary thing is that we've been forced to do that on more than one occasion." Since a routine call usually takes twenty to thirty minutes to complete, SBVAC is currently unable to respond to second calls with one ambulance.

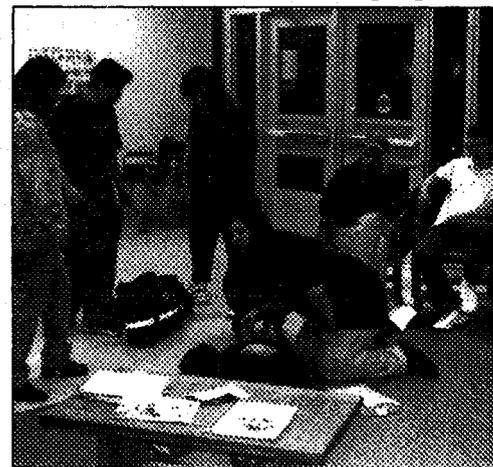
Keeping the ambulance stocked is no easy task either. "We constantly have to compensate for some items by not buying or being low on

certain supplies," said Deputy Chief of Operations Zoltan Antal. For example, many drugs have set expiration dates and must be replaced periodically. These problems, according to Personnel Officer Tim Truc, "reduce our capacity to provide emergency medical services effectively."

Unlike most other volunteer ambulance corps, SBVAC loses many members each year as students graduate. Training new volunteers is an essential part of keeping the corps running. Much of the training equipment, including CPR mannikins and splints, are very old and do not work properly.

Primarily the Corps subsists on funding from Polity. Most of the money is used to pay for insurance, leaving only a fraction for medical supplies, fuel, and training equipment. Running a certified ambulance service is significantly more expensive than most student organizations. In 1995, for example, the New York City EMS charged up to \$450 for an ambulance with advanced life support, without including the treatment or supplies used.

In order to continue providing free emergency care to the campus community, SBVAC has proposed a 25 cent increase per



SBVAC volunteers practice their technique

student from the Polity budget without affecting the Student Activities Fee. This money would be used to purchase a new ambulance, training equipment, and medical and office supplies. Unlike many other campus-based EMS organizations, SBVAC members pay for their training and personal supplies.

Also, they do not receive academic credit or room stipends for their work.

The loss of the Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps would take a very severe toll on the campus community. Please take the time to vote for the referenda in the Polity elections to preserve one of finest collegiate ambulance corps in the country.



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U.S. AND JAPANESE WORKERS: SOLIDARITY ACROSS THE PACIFIC

By Fred Gaboury

LOS ANGELES - Demonstrators on both sides of the Pacific protested the anti-union activity of the New Otani Hotel in Los Angeles last week as Local 11 of the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees Union stepped up its campaign to win union recognition for the hotel's 300 employees.

On Feb. 17 unionists in Tokyo picketed the headquarters of Kajima Corporation, a giant construction company that is the largest stockholder in the Los Angeles hotel. Two days later AFL-CIO President John Sweeney joined 2,000 trade unionists and their supporters in a demonstration at the 436-room hotel in Los Angeles' "Little Tokyo." The L.A. demonstration came on the third day of the annual mid-winter meeting of the AFL-CIO Executive Council. These meetings, held at a posh hotel in Bal Harbour, Fla., for the previous 71 years, made meetings of the council the subject of ridicule by friend and foe alike.

But this year things were different - and indicative of the changes that have taken place in the AFL-CIO since Sweeney led a team of Linda Chavez-Thompson and Richard Trumka into the federation's leadership in the fall of 1995. The 54-member council now meets in cities where major class battles are underway as part of the campaign to make the AFL-CIO relevant to working families, be they union families or not.

Sweeney, who has called the Otani campaign one of the nation's most important organizing campaigns involving a Japanese company, told protesters, "We're going to do everything in our power to make the fight with the New Otani Hotel a national, and yes, an international fight."

Maria Elena Durazo, president of HERE Local 11, said "The size of the crowd is proof that the labor movement of Los Angeles will stand with those who have the courage to fight for their rights." Durazo is a vice-president of the L.A. Labor Federation and a member of the executive board of her international union.

The campaign to bring union protections and conditions to the cooks, housekeepers and waiters began in 1993 when Local 11 was approached by Otani employees complaining about deteriorating working conditions; the cost of medical insurance up tenfold, wages that were inadequate to pay for basic necessities; widespread favoritism and unfair treatment.

In addition, Otani does not provide pensions or recognize seniority. Women workers are subject to harsh treatment, and minorities complain that they are subject to abuse and insult from managers. When workers complain, they are threatened with a stack of applications and the warning that "there are plenty of people who would like to work here."

When Local 11 moved into the picture, management struck back with a vengeance, firing three women for union activity in February 1985. Ana Alvarado, a housekeeper with 16 years seniority and a single parent with three young children, was one of them. "They thought they could make an example of us," she told the World.

Anna, now working for \$7.26 an hour preparing meals for airline passengers, said she had been given a promotion that made her responsible for preparing the suites for management personnel who came from Japan to check up on things. Although the NLRB has won a court decision that the discharge of Alvarado and the two others was illegal, the hotel has entered an appeal. "It may take years to get our back wages and our jobs back," she said.

Topping the agenda at this year's meeting was the challenge posed in the council's "Organizing for change, changing to organize," program meant to transform the AFL-CIO and its affiliates into what Sweeney calls a "lean, mean fighting machine."

Pointing to the fact that although AFL-CIO affiliates had gained some 12,000 members in 1996, Sweeney warned that the relative strength of the labor movement had continued to decline. "The problem with our political program is that there are far too few union members in the United

States," he said during a press conference. "Our problem is that America needs a raise, and one of the most effective solutions is a bigger and stronger labor movement, one capable of acting as a counterweight to the corporate forces now dominating our economy, a labor movement strong enough to speak out forcefully for working families in the political area."

Today unions represent about 15 percent of the work force, the lowest level since 1935, a year before the founding of the CIO and down from some 24 percent as recently as 1981. Part of the decline can be attributed to plant closings, globalization, downsizing and privatization which currently cost the AFL-CIO roughly 300,000 members a year. Add to that the growth of the work force, and unions would have approximately 400,000 new members annually to maintain their relative strength.

But Richard Bensinger, AFL-CIO director for organizing, says the labor movement must accept some of the blame. "Faced with a changing economy and a growing anti-union movement, the labor movement collectively chose the shortsighted strategy of trying to protect current contracts of members instead of organizing new members."

In 1970, almost 600,000 workers voted in workplace union election supervised by the NLRB. By 1994 that number had shrunk to about 160,000, not enough to counter losses brought about either by global competition or technology - or even to keep up with increases in the work force.

Sweeney said the AFL-CIO would commit 30 percent of this year's operating budget to organizing, and challenged local and international unions to meet that level by the year 2000. He said that more than \$2 million would be spent on two efforts - one a campaign to organize construction workers in Las Vegas, and a second to organize 20,000 strawberry workers in California.

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GRADUATE STUDENT NEWS

By Scott West

Stony Brook Parking: Problems NOT Solved

Campus Public Safety officers are continuing to ticket graduate student employees with valid parking stickers.

TA's and GA's are getting tickets for having "expired" parking stickers, yet most, if not all, of these parking stickers are completely valid.

Public Safety changed parking sticker policy on July 3, 1996, when current employee parking stickers became permanent and new employees in Fall 1996 were to purchase new stickers only once.

The administration agrees in Labor/Management meetings with GSEU staff and representatives that this new policy should apply to TA's and GA's. Yet within the administration bureaucracy, Human Resources and Campus Services continue to discriminate against graduate employees.

TA's and GA's were charged the Fall 1996 \$5 parking sticker renewal fee despite continued employment (and therefore holding a valid

sticker form the previous semester). Graduate employees who knew their rights were met with flat refusals from their fellow workers in the Bursar's Office. Now public safety officers are continuing to take money from Stony Brook's lowest paid employees because their superiors either cannot or will not behave responsibly.

GSEU is collecting the names of employees who have been wrongly ticketed. When individually confronted with claims, the bureaucracy has not responded, but through collective action the directors of Human Resources and Campus Services can be held accountable.

Contact the GSEU at 2-7729 or via campus mail c/o Sociology Department z=4356. Individual appeals can be sent to Garry Matthews, Assistant Vice-president for Campus Services in 474 Admin.

GSEU Contract Ratified in Landslide Vote

Graduate Student Employees Union/CWA local 1188 members have ratified their second contract with the state of New York in a land-

slide favorable vote. GSEU and the state had been in negotiations for almost two years.

Negotiations were concluded just after midnight on January 17 after a final marathon 16 hour bargaining session.

Almost 2000 ballots were mailed to Teaching and Graduate Assistants around the SUNY system on January 27. Voting ended with the last ballots received at the end of the day on Feb 21.

The final tally was 746 votes in favor of the contract and 3 opposing. Counters invalidated 11 ballots. Here at Stony Brook the proportion of ballots mailed to ballots returned exceeded that of the state. Although Stony Brook as only about one third of the GSEU membership signed and eligible to vote, about half of those who were eligible did vote. This proportion is exceeded perhaps only by SUNY Brooklyn Health Science Center, where fifty of the 85 potential members signed their membership cards and voted.

The new contract makes significant improvements over the former agreement. Health care will now permit a choice of gatekeeper, and improved total coverage.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By Evelyn Bonnen

On the north shore of eastern Long Island in the town of Setauket, a town not generally known for labor unrest, a picket line winds its way through a group of stores in a community shopping center. The ongoing conflict between King Kullen/Wild by Nature, its neighboring stores, and the members of union Local 1500 continues to unfold. As to date, there is a judgement against King Kullen in favor of the union. However, the case is under appeal pending a hearing scheduled for some time in late March. Until then, it's business as usual for the food store giant. However, the ramifications of this issue are being felt far beyond who are the winners and losers of this particular suit. The word on the street is that the people marching on the picket line are not the former employees of King Kullen, let go in the de-unionization of Wild By Nature. According to picket organizer Bill (last name withheld), "There are many people marching on the line that are not former employees of the store. This is not unusual however, for we are showing solidarity for our brothers and sisters in the Local 1500. Besides, many of those former employees have been forced to find new means to support themselves and their families." The issue at hand, according to Bill, is that their message of injustice must get across. King Kullen's position on the case and their basis for appeal was that there was no injustice done to their union employees and that Wild By Nature is a completely independent food store and should not be bound by a King Kullen contractual obligation to hire union employees.

There is another player in this drama. A natural food store that caters to the same clientele as Wild By Nature is located in the same shopping center only seven stores away. Village Natural Foods has been a

staple of this shopping center since 1990, providing natural food products to the community. Its founder, Eric Santiago, has felt that King Kullen's abrupt conversion to Wild By Nature was an unfair infringement on his ability to earn a living as a health food distributor. "We have been a mom and pop store since 1990, serving the community with quality natural products and personal attention which is what we believe the community wants." King Kullen's foray into the health food and natural products genre has had an adverse effect on Eric Santiago's store. "We have lost a substantial amount of business," he commented, "as well as several employees." Santiago claims that this is not sour grapes. "King Kullen has certain advantages that makes this competition unfair. They have a sweetheart deal for the land that they rent and they can also use their size to sell their products below cost, thereby



forcing local competition out business." What is most ironic, is that Village Natural Foods has a restricted covenant with the agency that leases the property where the stores are located, stating that no store selling a similar product line can set up shop in that complex. Wild By Nature's position on this issue is that as a King Kullen subsidiary, they have the right as a supermarket to sell any food product. According to Santiago, it is this type of predatory business practice and duplicity that is causing the animosity between King Kullen food stores and the residents of Setauket as well as the rest of Long Island. "They are claiming to be Wild By Nature to avoid meeting the terms of one contract, and then taking a 180 degree turn by claiming to be King Kullen, to avoid upholding another contract," said Santiago.

If all this sounds familiar, it should. Around the turn of the century some of the high profile business peo-

ple of that era (e.g. Rockefeller, Getty) would use their enormous wealth and power to acquire territory and businesses by underselling local businesses in a region where existing smaller businesses could not afford to operate at a loss for any extended period of time. The term "Robber Baron" later came to be applied to these types of business practices. A current example is how Cablevision invaded the Huntington area and drove the family business of Huntington Cable into the financial red zone, before buying them out at a severely deflated value. It seems that the anti-trust laws of the early 1900's have not stemmed the tide of big businesses using their accumulated financial wealth and backroom business-dealing to force smaller businesses into giving way. This is not Santiago's understanding of fair competition and capitalism. Santiago states, "It is the worst aspect of capitalism run amok!"

As picketing continues, the union strives to have its original victorious judgement upheld and Village Natural Foods tries to keep its head above water. King Kullen/Wild by Nature continues to operate, unaffected by that judgement or any other consideration, while waiting for a ruling on its appeal. Many attempts to contact King Kullen have met with either a disconnected line or the tired "no comment."

In an article by Courtney Kuisel in *The Village Times*, Dana Conklin, Wild By Nature's Vice President, responds to union claims that Wild By Nature is a subsidiary of King Kullen. Conklin states, "I'd sign a paper with my name on it that they are completely different. Wild By Nature is completely different from mainstream supermarkets."

If this is the case, then shouldn't Wild By Nature be obliged to abide by the restricted covenant of the shopping center which it inhabits? It seems that King Kullen, the store that claims to be "Long Island's own," intends to play both sides against the middle and everyone is coming out the loser.

HOW TO FIRE YOUR BOSS — PART TWO

**A Workers Continuing Guide to Direct Action
Courtesy of the Industrial Workers of the World, the
"Wobblies"**

Last issue, the Stony Brook Press began reprinting an Industrial Workers of the World pamphlet introducing the principles underlying direct action on the job. This issue we continue with discussions of specific actions.

The Slowdown

The Slowdown has a long and honorable history. In 1899, the organized dock workers of Glasgow, Scotland, demanded a 10% wage increase in wages, but met with refusal by the bosses and went on strike. Strike breakers were brought in from the agricultural worker, and the dockers had to acknowledge defeat and return to work under the old wages. But before they went back to work, they heard this from the secretary of their union:

"You are going back to work at the old wage. The employers have repeated time and again that they were delighted with the work of the agricultural laborers who have taken our place for several weeks during the strike. But we have seen them at work. We have seen that they could not even walk a vessel and that they dropped half the merchandise they carried; in short, that two of them could hardly do the work of one of us. Nevertheless, the employers have declared themselves enchanted with the work of these fellows. Well, then, there is nothing for us to do but the same. Work as the agricultural laborers worked."

This order was obeyed to the letter. After a few days the contractors sent for the union secretary and begged him to tell the dock workers to work as before, and that they were willing to grant the 10% pay increase.

At the turn of the century, a gang of section men working on a railroad in Indiana were notified of a cut in their wages. The workers immediately took

their shovels to the blacksmith shop and cut two inches from the scoops. Returning to work they told the boss "short pay, short shovels."

Or imagine this, BART [San Francisco Bay Area Regional Transport] train operators are allowed to ask for "10-501s" (bathroom breaks) anywhere along the mainline, and Central Control cannot deny them. In reality, this rarely happens. But what would management do if suddenly every train operator began taking extended 10-501s on each trip they made across the Bay?

Work to Rule

Almost every job is covered by a maze of rules, regulations, standing order and so on, many of them completely unworkable and generally ignored. Workers often violate orders, resort to their own techniques of doing things, and disregard lines of authority simply to meet the goals of the company. There is often a tacit understanding, even by the managers whose job it is to enforce the rules, that these shortcuts must be taken in order to meet production quotas on time.

But what would happen if each of these rules and regulations were followed to the letter? Confusion would result — production and morale would plummet. And best of all, the workers can't get in trouble with this tactic because they are, after all, "just following the rules."

Under nationalization, French railroad strikes were forbidden. Nonetheless, railroad workers found other ways of expressing their grievances. One French law requires the engineer to assure the safety of any bridge over which the train must pass. If after a personal examination he is still doubtful, then he must consult other members of the train crew. Of course, every bridge was so inspected, every crew was so consulted, and none of the trains ran on time.

In order to gain certain demands without losing their jobs, the Austrian postal workers strictly

observed the rule that all mail must be weighed to see if the proper postage was affixed. Formerly they had passed without weighing all those letters and parcels which were clearly underweight, thus living up to the spirit of the regulation but not to its exact wording. By taking each separate piece of mail to the scales, carefully weighing it, and then returning it to its proper place, the postal workers had the office congested with unweighed mail on the second day.

Good Work Strike

One of the biggest problems for service industry workers is that many forms of direct action, such as Slowdowns, end up hurting the consumer (mostly fellow workers) more than the boss. One way around this is to provide better or cheaper service — at the boss' expense of course.

Workers at Mercy Hospital in France, who were afraid that patients would go untreated if they went on strike, instead refused to file the billing slips for drugs, lab tests, treatments, and therapy. As a result, the patients got better care (since time was being spent caring for them instead of doing paperwork), for free. The hospitals income was cut in half, and panic stricken administrators gave in to all of the workers' demands after three days.

In 1968, Lisbon bus and train workers gave free rides to all passengers to protest a denial of wage increases. Conductors and drivers arrived for work as usual, but the conductors did not pick up their money satchels. Needless to say, public support was solidly behind these take-no-fare strikers.

In New York City, IWW restaurant workers, after losing a strike, won some of their demands by heeding the advice of IWW organizers to "pile up the plates, give 'em double helpings, and figure the checks on the low side."

What's It Got To Do With Us?

A Series on the Destruction of the Planet's Biodiversity

By Jessica Kupillas

Man has always depended on the Earth's natural resources to survive, but with the increase in human population, the demand for these resources is skyrocketing, causing the extinction of many planet and animal species all over the world. The need for land, food, and raw materials has led to the destruction of animal and plant habitats and the extinction of many plant and animal species all over the world. Many of the endangered species in the world today live in a small section of the world. These so-called "hot spots" make up approximately two percent of the world's landmass but house over half of the world's land species (both plants and animals). The "hot spots" are scattered around the world, in Central and South America, Asia, Africa, Madagascar and the Middle East. These are the areas richest in biodiversity, however they are also some of the poorest areas in the world. These nations tend to be densely populated with a very low standard of living. The struggle for a better life often causes the people in these areas to ignore the value of their natural environment. The main threats to biodiversity are hunting/poaching and habitat destruction (for farmland, industry, etc.). Efforts to save biodiversity have been ongoing since the early 1970s, but it is just recently that they have become a large scale global priority incorporating not only professionals, but the public as well.

Here at Stony Brook, there are many conservationists and conservation projects. These projects focus on many aspects of biodiversity including conservation of plant and animal species as well as bio-prospecting (the search for medicinal properties in plant species). This series will touch on all aspects of the struggle to retain biodiversity, as well as feature the work of the campus community.

Part I: The Illegal Capture and Sale of Endangered Species

The capture and sale of endangered species has been carefully regulated since the 1975 Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES). This agreement was signed by 130 nations with the hopes of protecting rare species and preserving the biodiversity of the planet. CITES established a list of endangered species and regulations as to trade in these species. If a plant or animal has achieved CITES status (Level I or II) movement of the species is carefully guarded and, in most cases, the species may only be removed from its natural habitat after much debate. The heavy regulations placed on these species have caused trade to move to the black market. Approximately between 10 and 20 billion dollars in rare plants and animals were illegally traded around the world last year. The largest buyer of endangered species on the black market was the United States, purchasing over 3 billion dollars in rare plants and animals.

The trade in endangered species begins in some of the poorest areas of the world. High populations, small land area and high unemployment cause many in these nations to look to their natural environment for income. People in many rural villages hunt forest animals and collect plants, sometimes selling them to natives but more often these rare species are bought by international dealers in exotic species. The items sold to other villagers are often considered very valuable among the natives. These

include plants and animals said to have magical or medicinal properties, as well as those considered delicacies. Use of endangered species by the hunters is, however, very limited. The majority of the species gathered by the villagers are sold to dealers for later trade on the international market.

For their role in this billion-dollar industry, the local hunters receive very little. At this early stage, each plant and animal is worth nothing in comparison to its international value. In Madagascar, where trade in exotic animals is among the highest in the world, exist many highly coveted reptiles (as well as hundreds of other endemic rare species). There are an estimate 400 to 1000 Plowshares Tortoise in existence today, yet these animals are collected and sold on the international market on a daily basis. The average amount received by the local hunters for these animals is 1000 Malagasy francs (only 30 US cents!) for each animal. Compare this to the between \$3,000 and \$20,000 a single Tortoise commands on the black market. Other animals can earn even larger sums for the dealers — a Hyacinth Macaw (only 3,000 remaining in the wild) is worth \$20,000, and our closest relatives, the primates, can demand prices upwards of \$50,000.

The smuggling of these rare species out of their natural habitats is by no means an easy task. The dealers have established a network, which includes highly calculated routes on travel as well as the falsification of documents and bribery of officials designated to protect the species. After being purchased from the local hunters, the plants and animals are then smuggled from the countries of origin into the United States and Europe. Security at airports is high; therefore, many species are smuggled by boat, as many nations, such as Madagascar, do not have coast

guards. The animals are shipped to countries without endangered species regulations and finally transported to their final destinations. Once in the United States or Europe, the animals are advertised for sale on the black market; however, the sales are often prearranged. Some animal dealers will obtain falsified documents for the animals, making them appear legal to the buyers. The deception of the buyers often goes as far as leading them to believe the animals are captive-bred and therefore not only legal for sale, but domesticated as well. Although many buyers of endangered species are led to believe it is legal, more often than not the buyer is well aware of the background of their animal and knowingly purchases the endangered species.

Plants and animals taken from the wild also await a number of other fates. Some plants and animals are used for their medicinal and magical purposes. Many rare species of plant life are believed to cure ailments or to increase the abilities of the human body. This is also true of animal parts. The horn of a certain species of rhinoceros is used to make an aphrodisiac and the blood of some snakes

is believed to increase strength when drunk. Insects and large game (butterflies and large cats especially) are killed and preserved for collectors to use as decorations. Some animals have their skin used for clothing (furs and some types of leather), and others are used in medical research or kept as pets.

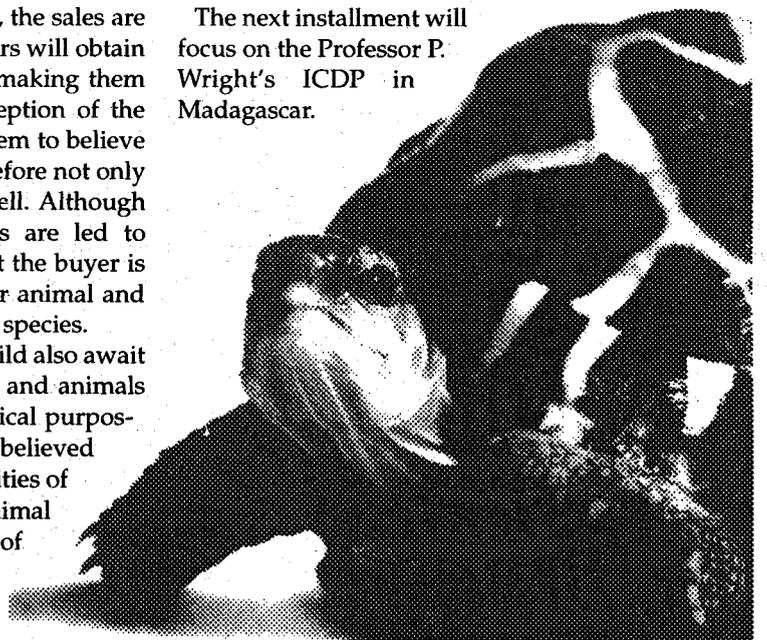
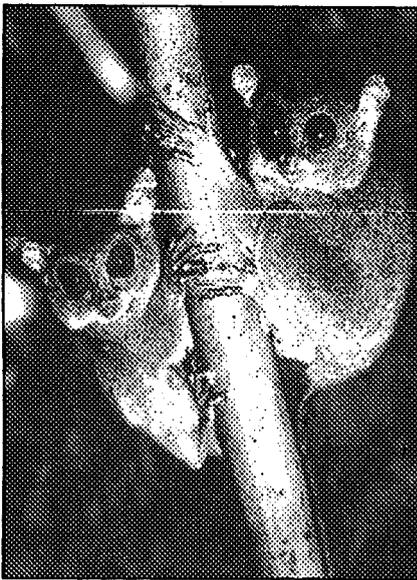
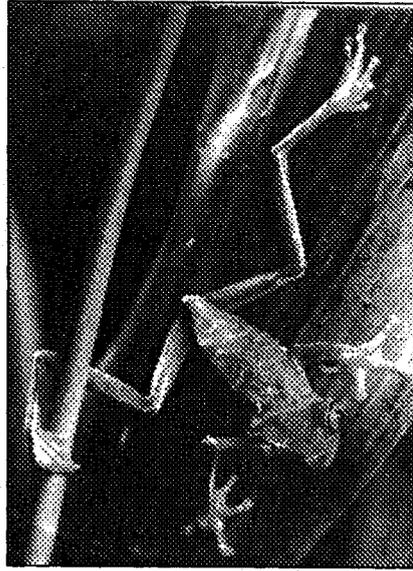
However, large majorities of the species taken from the wild never even make it to the black market. Over 90% of the birds and mammals taken from the wild perish in the journey to Europe and the States. There is a higher survival rate among reptiles that can go for long periods without food and water.

There are penalties for those caught hunting and smuggling these rare species, yet these are often slight or easily avoided despite the CITES regulations. If caught hunting by a local official, villagers are often able to bribe their way out of punishment if it is even threatened. The reason for the ease of escape

from penalty is the wariness of local police to laws imposed by foreign nations and agencies. Even caught by international officials (for example, the World Wildlife Federation), the poacher is often given only a short prison sentence, probation or fines totaling only a small percentage of the profits made by their sales. Many reasons exist for the lack of severity in punishment, but the prominent one is the fact that there are no established international guidelines for the enforcement of CITES and penalties for its violation. A nation has complete sovereignty when dealing with these criminals and may inflict punishments as severe or light as they see fit.

The debate on how to stop illegal trade in endangered species continues with little hope of a solution in the near future. Most agree that the preservation of the Earth's biodiversity is important; however, ever increasing domestic problems such as population growth, education and the economy, often cause nations to put environmental concerns on a back burner. One attempted solution is the Integrated Conservation and Development Program (ICDP). ICDPs combine conservation projects with projects that benefit the surrounding people. These include the building of schools and advances in agriculture among others. The ICDP is one of the ways Stony Brook is helping to preserve the world's biodiversity.

The next installment will focus on the Professor P. Wright's ICDP in Madagascar.



COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

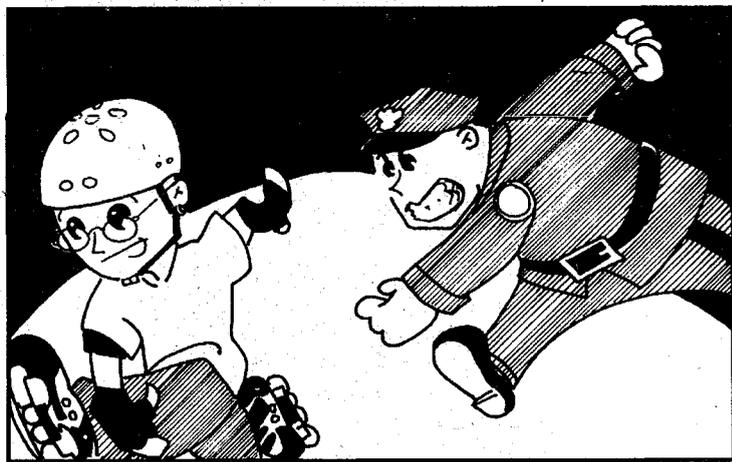
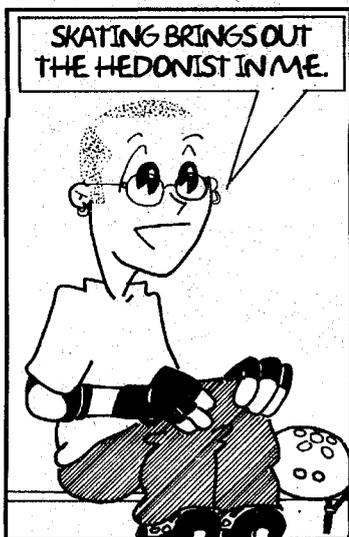
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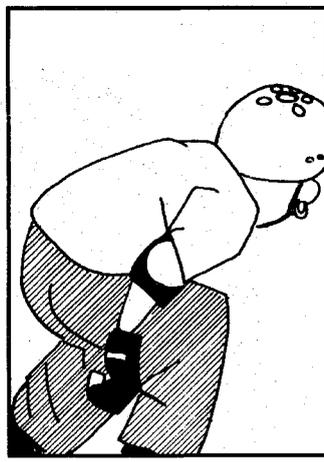
Dilbert © by Scott Adams

Top Ten Least Popular Ballpark Days

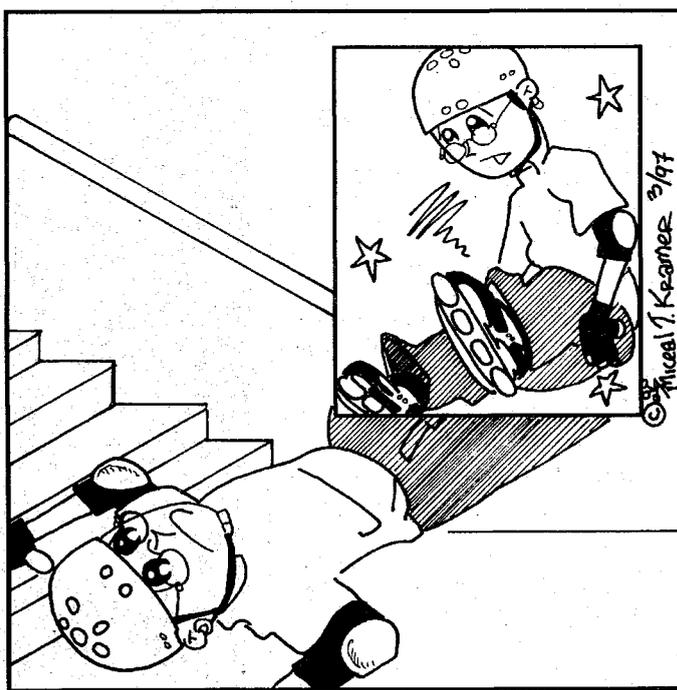
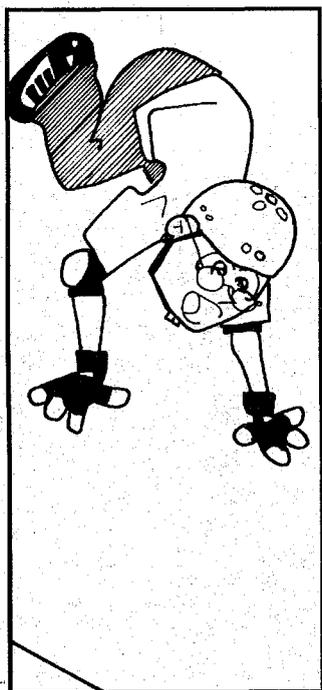
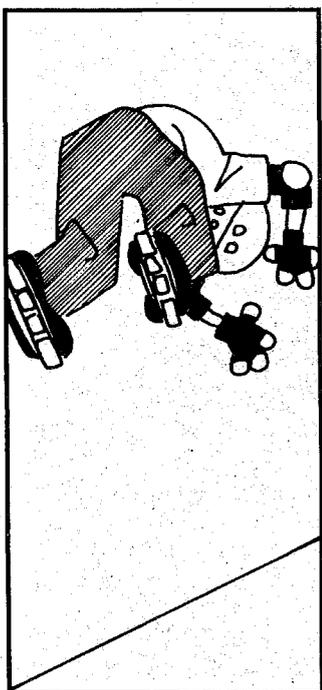
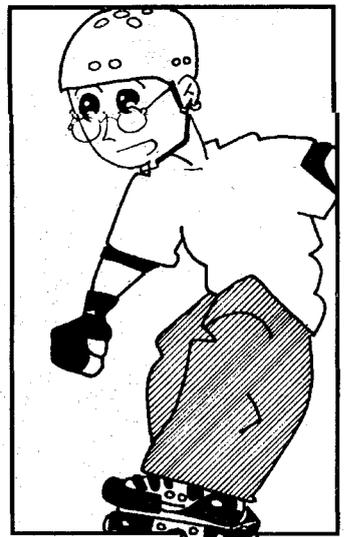
- 10) Birth Defect Day
- 9) Petroleum Jelly Day
- 8) Infectious Disease Day
- 7) Dr. Zizmor Day
- 6) Crack Day
- 5) SKOAL Mouth Cancer Day
- 4) Fontanelle Day
- 3) Fran Drescher Showtune Day
- 2) "Children of a Lesser God" Day
- 1) Yellow Froth Day



SHADES OF THE PRISON-HOUSE



BY MIKE KRAMER



THE HELL WE ENDURE

By Philip Russo Jr.

Let me tell you a little story. This is a story of a little boy named Jack. Jack is a very active five year old boy, but Jack has a problem, he has to go to kindergarten, and for five hours out of the day, Jack has to sit still and listen to what the teacher has to say. Now Jack loves to run and play and have fun, but even at the age of five Jack realizes that he needs an education, so he can be a productive part of society. So Jack begins to pay more attention in school. Soon Jack begins to learn how to read and he is enthralled by Dick, Jane and Spot books. Jack reads every Dick, Jane and Spot story he can get his hands on, and this makes Jack a happy boy.

One day Jack's teacher Ms. Kenny decides that instead of a half hour of reading a day like usual, the class will now read for only twenty minutes a day. For the other ten minutes the class will play on the newly constructed jungle gym that the principal Mr. Pataki generously donated. So okay, Jack likes jungle gyms, and so he reads and plays and all is good. Well a week goes by and soon the Teacher makes the announcement that the class will now only read for 10 minutes a day, and they are going to build a mini gym in the corner of the class room that will be used for the other twenty minutes. Also the Ms. Kenny sends a note home to Jack's parents. The note informs

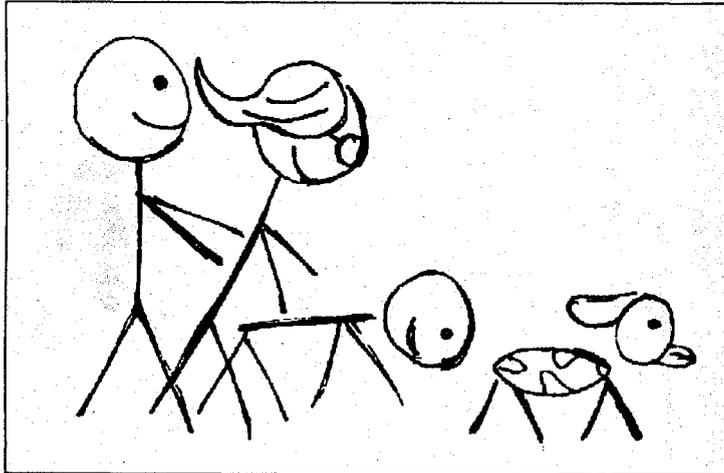
Jacks mom and dad that, because of the new Gym, the school is in a little financial trouble, and after weighing the options, the only viable solution is to raise Jacks' tuition \$400.00. Jacks parents are outraged but this kindergarten is still the cheapest and so Jacks parents pay the increase.

A week goes by, the gym isn't built, and Jack's class has to meet in the hallway, because there is

Ms. Kenny justifies this by saying that "The family should be responsible for the education of the students, and it's a shame if parents don't want to be a part of their childs learning." A week later, in his infinite wisdom the Principal deems it the parents responsibility to feed their children, and so he cancels school lunch. And then he sells the side of the school to an advertising firm, and a cigarette ad is put up in that space.

Jack is so devastated by the loss of his favorite books that he vows never to read again. A high school drop out at the age of seventeen, Jack is shot dead while stealing a car radio. The cop at the scene recalled that his final words were "Pataki and Kenny did this to me."

Jack didn't have go out this way, and neither do we. We must fight for our school and our education with all we have. We need to be prepared to go into the competitive world. Stony Brook is not preparing us correctly. We worry more about how we are going to pay our tuition then about our classes, and this need not be. Our education should be the first priority. Dr. Kenny plans to destroy our study lounge in the library and replace it with retail stores. The governor wants to raise our tuition, and cut our state aid. This shouldn't happen Wake up people, cause we're getting fucked up the ass by pros and were bending over and smiling.



Pataki, Kenny, Students, Spot.

exposed asbestos in the classroom. None of this matters to Jack, because he still has his Dick, Jane, and Spot books. But then Jacks happy little life is turned upside down. Ms. Kenny informs the class that due to budget cuts, the class will no longer read Dick, Jane, and Spot book. They are now to go out and by books to read at home.

ANGELS IN AMERICA
PART ONE: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES

written by **Tony Kushner** directed by **Martha Banta**

THEATRE ONE, STALLER CENTER FOR THE ARTS
Presented by the Department of Theatre Arts, State University of New York at Stony Brook
Millennium Approaches was first performed in a workshop production presented by Center Theatre Group/Mark Taper Forum, May 1990.

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STONY BROOK

The Spot

Photo: Man Ray, 1926

Graduate Student Lounge
Open Wednesday through Saturday with live music

March 5th Radio Free Wednesday
Featuring Oyo Bando

6th Voice of the Turtle

7th The Reckoning

8th Primary Colors

12th Radio Free Wednesday
Featuring Imperial Pints

13th Clocktower

14th Pumice

15th Electric Lounge

Located in the Fanny Brice Theater, Roosevelt Quad

Reflection

Already, the wave of the New Year has washed controversy ashore. Ebonics—is it truly a language? Is it the cause of the miseducation of inner-city youth. Like a beached whale, this topic remains inert at a stand still lingering in the minds of millions. Faced with many opposing perceptions, it has become a struggle for people to answer this inquisition. *To and fro, knowledge explodes swiftly into the air as intellectual beings battle in this war of wisdom.* I've had the opportunity to witness one of these intense battles in progress. I've named this battle *The Raucous at the Black Caucus* (Fri. 1/24/97, 8 p.m.).

At this meeting, some of Stony Brook's best intellectuals brought their entire arsenal of knowledge to the table. Numerous thoughtful insights were already launched as I sliced my way through the thick tension in the air. Finding a resting place, I calmly sat and absorbed an abundance of free flowing knowledge. One topic in particular that caught my attention was the S.A.T. exam.

Someone in the meeting stated the tests were ridiculous because they consisted of vocabulary and mathematical problems that he/she had never seen (experienced) in high school or to this present day in college. In response to this, another individual stated that *people have to go out and search for knowledge.* Both intellectuals were correct in their views, but I want to focus mainly on the concept of knowledge.

Intellect is "the power of the mind to understand and accept knowledge" (Webster's Dictionary). This idea of power is what corrupts the individual. Power is the essence of competition. Who ever possesses the most power will excel in life surpassing all competitors. Hence, who ever possesses the most intellect will surpass others.

Knowledge is experience. One must experience or become familiar with a subject before it becomes knowledgeable.

Intelligence is "the capacity to perceive and comprehend meaning" (Webster's).

Unfamiliar subjects may cause confusion, because they were never experienced, but with intellect people can gain understanding and increase their capacity to perceive. *The brain is more powerful than a computer. Learn how to stimulate it.* Humans are intellectual beings. An intellectual being is "a person who pursues and enjoys matters of the intellect" (Dictionary). Hence, we are predisposed to continuously search for knowledge.

The average individual can not sit still without a task to do. Picture yourself in an empty white room, with rubber walls, sitting aimlessly without a task. Deprived of any activity, you will soon discover why the walls were padded. You'll be furiously banging your head, because your insatiable craving for stimulation will be neglected.

The best stimulation for the mind is knowledge. When reading Psychology or Philosophy, I can feel surges of energy (power/intellect) flow through my brain as my *neurotransmitters build bridges of knowledge.* Once you dissolve and surpass the barriers of casual thought,

thinking then becomes critical. Critical in a sense where you are forced to use your entire arsenal of knowledge, unleashing your most powerful weapon (the brain), liberating your mind and your soul. This is the power all individuals yearn to control.

In regards to the Black Caucus, possible solutions for critical topics are always accepted. I've developed a philosophy to emphasize my solution for the "miseducation of inner-city youth".

The answer is in the hands of all individuals.

Take a look at your hand and tell me what you see. Look closer. Observe its physical features. Clear all thoughts from your mind. Prepare to break all barriers of casual thought. Focus on its spiritual essence.

*Your first speculation

should be from a **micro perspective.** The brain is like a fingertip. Both your brain and your fingertip are vital receptors of stimulation. The brain is protected by your skull and the fingertip is fortified by your nail (if grown long enough). If either receptor is destroyed, knowledge will be lost.

Ex: if nerves in the fingertip are depleted, you will have no sense or knowledge of what you are feeling. The same concept applies to the brain. If brain cells are damaged, knowledge will be lost.

Many people take the fingertip for granted, but blind people treasure its importance. For, it is their receptor of external knowledge. Therefore, the tip of your finger is an actual extension of the brain.

O.K. Now expand your realm of thought once more. Speculate the hand from a **macro perspective.** What you witness before your eyes is a blueprint of your central station for stimulation (Central Nervous System).

** The palm resembles your brain. Palm lines represent different divisions. Five other subdivisions are the fingers which represent the five senses. The five fingers are extensions of the hand such as the five senses are extensions of the brain.

Now that you have this basic understanding, it's time for an **experimental exercise.** Follow these steps:

1) Look at your hand again. Close it. Your fist is a unification of all five fingers and palm (this represents unity).

2) Open your fist. It's time to change your perception of the hand. It now resembles the world and all the

world's differences.

3) Make a fist once more. If the open hand resembles the world, what's the fist represent? - Unity - The family.

Observe your fist as you continuously clench it with all your might. What do you see? **Squeeze harder.** If you look closely, it resembles a pumping heart and a stimulated mind.

There's your answer!

The solution to the miseducation of inner-city youth is in your hand.

The pumping heart verifies a blood line or life line.

A stimulated mind is an educated mind.

Give a helping hand.

Share some time.

Circulate education along the blood line.

Like fingers on a hand we can overcome any obstacle if we all work together.

Knowledge, intellect, power, assassination. All of our great black leaders possessed these first four attributes. These intellectual beings possessed the motivation to acquire knowledge, the intellect to understand and accept knowledge, and the power to motivate and lead people to an uprising of the body, mind and soul.

Our most powerful leaders were assassinated because their intellect posed as a threat.



Skrus Words of Wisdom:
Be a creator not an excuse maker.

SKRU'S VIEW

BY JERMAINE

LAMONT

Eww! Veggies Are Icky!

By JLK

I don't know about you, but I can't survive without at least a little bit of meat in my diet, but an increasing number of friends are becoming vegetarians, so I thought I should learn a few veggie recipes. Here's a quick and easy meal that's almost completely vegetarian.

PASTA PRIMAVERA (easy, simple, and most people like it)

- 1 lb. pasta (of your choice)
- Vegetables (anything is good; I like snow peas, broccoli, corn and peppers; these can be fresh, frozen, or canned)
- A few tablespoons of olive oil
- If you're not vegetarian, three cans of chicken broth (it adds a lot of flavor, has few calories and very little fat)

Make pasta according to directions on package. If you are using the broth, substitute it for part of the water (use two cans).

Next, cook the vegetables according to the directions on the package if frozen or canned; if fresh, cut up the vegetables in similarly sized pieces, place in a pot, and cover with water. Bring to a boil and cook to desired tenderness. If using the chicken broth, substitute the last can for water when cooking the vegetables.

Mix the cooked pasta and the vegetables in a large bowl, adding olive oil to taste.

SATAN HOUSE

By Jessica LaMantia

Fear. The most debilitating emotion a child can experience. Usually manifested in nightmarish visions of boogie-men and goblins, a child's dreams can be devastating. In the far recesses of my imagination, I can remember being terrified of haunted houses — dank, dark, dreary structures — evoking terror in my very soul. I thought I had left this fear behind along with lunchboxes and pigtails, but I was wrong.

Recently, my friend Laura suggested that a mutual friend and myself go visit what she said was "the craziest house" she'd ever seen. She explained to us that the people who have seen the house regularly have given it the apt name "Satan House". Intrigued, we three hopped into the car and took off for a twenty-minute journey that would prove to us that nice, quiet suburbia isn't as quaint and conformed as it would like us to believe.

Laura told us that when she first went to see the aforementioned residence, she and her friend had gotten lost and needed to stop and ask for directions. Seeing a 7-11 along the road, they took a wild chance and stopped, hoping by some miracle they would know of Satan House. The cashier didn't, but the mysterious old man mopping the floor said, "Yeah, I know that place. You have to turn around..." and began to give them intricate

directions that would lead them to their destination.

That night we didn't need directions, though. They were already tattooed to Laura's memory.

So we drove to Massapequa through a normal Long Island residential area that evening. We passed ordinary, plain cape-cod and ranch-styled homes, painted white with picket fences surrounding the property. And then, looming above all the other homes around it, reaching into the sky and casting a moonlit shadow on the street before it was Satan House. Three stories high, made of some pseudo-brick material, with Gothic spires on either side of it, and an orange, glowing light beaming out of the third story window, it truly was the oddest thing I'd ever seen — a virtual 1313 Mockingbird Lane, if you will.



When our mutual friend saw it, we had to physically restrain him from jumping out of the car, running up to the house, and asking the residents what their problem was. We convinced him it would be dangerous, though. In order to reach

the door, he would have to scale the black, wrought-iron fence surrounding the property, run across the neglected lawn that was overgrown with weeds (and in need of a good watering), go past the covered car in the driveway that's believed to be a hearse, and ring the doorbell which I assumed would sound like a gong.

Other people have had equally as strong reactions. Our esteemed editor was finally convinced to go visit

Casanebra on our way to Manhattan one afternoon. We kept telling him all about it — how kids from all over the Island go and visit it, just to partake in the spectacle. He thought we must be embellishing, that we'd get there and it would be a house with an odd paint job and some eccentric lawn figurines. But boy, was he wrong. When we got halfway down the street it's located on, he was overheard to say "Oh my God — is that it?" And, in my recent quest to obtain the photographic evidence of Satan House for the paper, a friend (who shall remain anonymous) leaped out of the car and mooned the house — and, if they were watching, all its occupants as well.

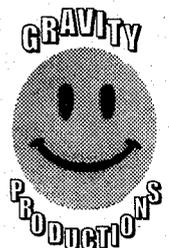
But the question still remains — who are these people and why does their house look like it's from Transylvania? I plan to go on a stakeout sometime soon and see just what sort of unstable individuals would be able to live in a place like that. I might have to wait outside in my car awhile, though, because from what I understand, the people who live there have never been seen leaving the house. They've never even been seen leaving the doorstep to get their mail.

But hopefully I'll be successful. Maybe I'll even obtain their phone number by running their license plate numbers through the DMV. Then I could call them up, and see what their answering machine message sounds like ("We're not able to come to the phone right now, it's still daylight and we are not capable of leaving our coffins as of yet. But please leave a message after the tone").

Until then, I'm leaving you with the adventure of figuring out exactly WHERE in Massapequa Satan House is. Once you're in the town it shouldn't be too difficult, because it has gained a notorious reputation. But if you go, remember this important advice: DON'T GO ALONE.

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... WHERE ALL THE HOT BABES FANG OUT

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Bitching and Moaning

By David Wiernicki

I'm quite happy right now. I possess a dislike for hip-hop music, in general: Not a dislike for any kind of culture; I merely don't have the cranial capability to both listen to hip-hop and be sane. About fifteen minutes ago my suitemates and their frat brothers started blasting some hip-hop rather loudly. As it turned out, it was an ad for "Hot 97" which lasted for quite a while. They were blasting an ad for a radio station! That's intolerable. At least get a DJ. At any rate, I had to do my article and I had to think clearly, so I obviously had to do something to negate the effects of the hip-hop.

I put on Nirvana.

Now, these are all perfectly nice people, and I don't know what's wrong with me; they're just sitting there minding their own business, blasting some music, when all the sudden, very loudly, very VERY loudly:

"A MULATTO!!!!!! AN ALBINO!!!!!!"

This is why I'm happy.

I've also discovered that rock is much easier to play loudly than techno, because techno has lots and lots of bass that has to be there and which requires very gummy speakers, not the old, tired kind I've got— but with a couple of 10" woofers and a little bass and a lot of treble, you can make Nirvana really *LOUD*. My ears hurt. My head hurts. Small animals are leaving the vicinity. But I'm happy. This campus needs a good dose of disenchantment, depressed alt-rock every now and then to offset the glaring preponderance of more refined musical means of expression, such as dance tunes played on big, DJ-brought speakers:

"YOU'VE GOT TO LICK IT!! BEFORE YOU KICK IT!!!!"

What the hell does that mean anyway?

I mean, you can't understand half of what Mr. Cobain's talking about anyway (blah, doused in mud, blah, bleach, blah) but you just know it's something really deep and depressed and something that just cries out, "In a couple of years, dude, I'm gonna blow my brains out or something."

"I DON'T HAVE A GUN, NO I DON'T HAVE A GU-UN!"

Yeah, sure, Kurt, whatever. I bet you really stink, too.

At any rate, in order to make this article even slightly worthy of a "news" paper, I'm going to attempt some Relavent Campus Commentary.

How 'bout all those assholes blasting Nirvana all the time in Hand college?

"I DON'T CARE I DON'T CARE I DON'T CARE, CARE.... I DON'T MIND I DON'T MIND...."

OK, forget the commentary, I honestly haven't got a clue in hell what's going on around this place, aside from what I read in *The Press*, and we all know how reliable they are.

Aside, though, from things that really mean anything to the campus itself, I've got some thoughts about parties here. What's with alcohol? I went to a party last Saturday, due mostly to the fact that their DJ could be heard all the way across the hall like the thumping of the tell-tale heart, which made it hard to sleep. This party seemed to involve mostly the pursuit of alcohol and inebriation, a secondary goal being finding somebody drunk enough to sleep with. That may answer part of my question. I, for one, would be way too bashful to just go and pick up a girl and walk off with her (I saw this happen multiple times), but I guess if you're sober enough and you're physically capable of carrying a girl at all, the alcohol you've got is enough to reduce the restraint of any otherwise troublesome social standards. When you think about it, though, nothing really happens at these parties. You're looked upon as if you don't DO anything if you don't go to them, but if you do—are you really doing much? You're sitting around guzzling mudslides, if you're lucky you carry off a girl for a 15-minute stand, but most likely you'll just go back to your room, puke in the trash can and sleep 'till 3pm the next day. Inebriation this extreme really prevents any kind of active conversation, too; at least when I'm out with friends in a sober state we can make stupid political jokes at passers-by and do stuff like pretending to be statues in front of a busy street. That's a lot more fun than just sitting around like a slug, drooling on women (or men) and waiting for the requisite fire drill at 2am.

This said, I can understand the attractiveness of the whole deal. The college atmosphere is built around large, loose social groups— this probably happens in most densely populated areas. If you come from the middle of nowhere, like yours truly,

your possible group of friends consists of maybe 200 people at most— the people within about a year or two of you age-wise. When you take out the stupid people, you're left with about thirty; remove the ones you just don't mix with and you've got 15. That's too small for a general group and too big for a tight circle of friends, so usually we end up hanging out with 5 or 6 people almost exclusively where I live. This, I think, is pretty nice— you go through the general thing of guzzling beer, maybe, but eventually you get to know everybody well enough that drinking -purely for the sake of drinking- or -purely for the sake of getting intimate with people- is just boring. When you know somebody really well it doesn't make any difference whether you're drunk or not— if you're going to hit on them it'll happen soon enough anyway. Believe me, I know this. So the conclusion I draw, in my elevated position of second-semester freshman knowledge, is that drinking may be fun, but it's the result of having so many people around and such a state of flux in your environment that you can't develop a really meaningful friendship with a few people. Is it better to try to get that, or to just party on and destroy sections of your liver? I don't know. But I know I've had more fun sober in a Friendly's than anyone here I've seen drunk off their asses in a dorm hallway. By the way, you might say to me that that's invalid because it's really FUN to drink, but that begs the question— why don't you all just sit around drinking 24/7 anyway? Because then you'd be DRUNKS! Sit around alone and you're an alcoholic. Sit around with 20 other flopping sots and you're social. Wow.

Well, I think I need to go eat now. Hopefully there won't be any "Two Free Gifts" guys in the Roth cafeteria this time. Do me a favor— if you see them, tell them, in a fake russian accent, "Capitalist bastard!" and walk on by. It's always the same two guys, and they know me already, so it will shock the hell out of them if other people start doing it. Fight the system. Power to the people. My other strategy was to just go up and take the "gifts" unsolicited, but that would be a bit too much even for me.

Go ahead and try it, though, if you've got the guts. After all, they're free, right?



Reverend Ewalt has madd skillz we don't know about.
Similarly, he has talents we are very much aware of:
Like running a paper, delegating authority, writing news, wrapping the Stars and Stripes around his nude body, fomenting riots, fencing, breaking up fights, spending time in a Tijuana prison, singing little ditties, and he's also the

**Winner of the 1997
Martin Buskin Award
For Campus Journalism.**

Dave, thanks for bringing the plaque back to The Press where it belongs.
You are more than our Executive Editor, you are our religious leader.

Pinched By The Man

By Ted Swedalla

I've just had my 1st Amendment Rights trampled on and I feel fine.

At work I run the store newsletter. While not the most exciting thing in the world, it keeps me sharp on Quark if in case I ever get a real job laying out a real newspaper.

Granted it's not as taxing as laying out the Press, it's only a page long (double-sided 8 1/2 X 11), takes about two hours, which includes writing all the stories and no one complains about what passes for editorials.

But after the latest issue of *Insolitus Castor*, I must now mind what I write.

You see, someone slipped a poem into my mailbox asking for it to be printed in the next newsletter. While not a good poem, hell its barely passable, it's the way that it was written that makes it a work of genius. The guilty party used Magnetic Poetry (collection of small magnets, each with a word on it) to write his/her masterwork. Considering that writing poems is the use for Magnetic Poetry, the fact that they used the Kids Expansion set (containing kiddy words obviously) and overall tone of the poem is what sets it apart from sub-genius work.

I didn't even flinch when re-typing the poem to be included in the sixth issue of the company newsletter. I read it and I thought it was fine. Silly me.

My GM, who just became the Regional Director, had a problem with it and asked me not to include 'things of that nature' in the newsletter any more because they might be construed as sexual harassment.

I agreed to his wishes and promised not to print things with off-color, slightly psychotic humor any more.

Why did I bend here when less than two years ago

I was laughing in the face of authority, going to Polity meetings to fight for *The Press'* right to pee on doors, to print FISTFUCK in sixty-point Wide Latin or to have a naked women garnish the cover of our 'Genitalia' issue?

First of all it has to do with where the complaint is coming from.

At the *Press* the complaints were coming from Polity, the *Statesman* and nameless school secretaries. All of these units are faceless, contemptible organizations that deserve the harsh words they have coming to them. And they deserve to be ignored because of their lack of power.

Numerous times Polity tried to defund us and they failed. Why? Mainly because they are a bunch of little brats who fight among themselves for a series of powerless jobs. Hoping that the time they served in a laughable excuse for a student government will fill out their lame resume (which was probably typed up by a Polity secretary) and land them a job in their daddy's company.

But at Borders, where I work now, I know the boss and I know where the complaint is coming from. He is not some nameless, faceless entity (although he is serving one), he's a nice guy. His desire to keep the newsletter free from controversy, which comes with the unspoken follow-up sentence "or you'll lose your job" carries more weight, and is more enforceable, than Polity's lame cries of "you should treat other newspapers with respect, or we'll defund you."

If Norm had ever told me that we had 'pushed the envelope too far' I might have listened. Norm knew what *The Press* was about, how they had been and what you could expect to see in print, which was anything.

The second, and more important, reason: The First Amendment.

If someone takes the poem the wrong way, they

could sue the store for sexual harassment, or some other load of shit. And it might be taken that the poem 'contributes to the general uneasiness of the work environment' or 'distributes materials that are looked upon as pornography' or any other lawyer-speak way of saying it was just plain rude and got someone's panties in a bunch.

I might not have a leg to stand on because it might be akin to yelling "Fire" in a crowded theater, which is one of the few cases where 'free speech' won't help you.

At *The Press*, our favorite defense was the First Amendment. It allowed us to print anything we wanted (short of Lowell's still unpublished manifesto against endangered species, sideshow freaks and mimes) and gave us the freedom to do anything we wanted. Whether that be pee on the *Statesman's* door or call student security force the 'orange clad minions of death.'

Stepping upon a newspaper's right to free speech and firing an employee because of a racy poem printed in the company newsletter, may seem the closely related, but they're not. If they fired me, they could claim any number of excuses why they fired me. But if a governing body shut down a newspaper, only an act of god would keep the case out of the Supreme court.

So, although I can't reprint Mr. Vescuso's first "Dr. Fistfuck" (beg *The Press* to have them re-run this, it's classic) in the company newsletter, I know where the line is. I'm not sure the keeping the newsletter free from smut and my job have a direct correlation on each other, they might, and I like my job and wouldn't want to lose it over a line like "she gets it like a dog in the end."

I pushed the envelope too far last time and won't do it again. Maybe.

CHECK OUT 3TV THIS MARCH!

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
3 5 pm Kansas City 7:30 Ruff-Kutt Reggae 8:00 Circle of Friends 10:00 Raising Arizona 12:00 Highlander	4 5 pm Big 7:00 U.K. Today 7:30 Last Man Standing 9:30 That Thing You Do 11:30 Courage Under Fire	5 5 pm CMV 6:00 Normal Life 7:30 Feeling Minnesota 10:00 Trees Lounge 12:00 Marked Man	6 5 pm Raising Arizona 7:00 Big 9:00 Highlander 11:00 Kansas City 1:00 Circle Of Friends	7 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Courage Under Fire 8:00 Trees Lounge 10:00 Raising Arizona 12:00 Last Man Standing
10 5 pm Normal Life 7:30 Ruff-Kut Reggae 8:00 Feeling Minnesota 10:00 Marked Man 12:00 That Thing	11 5 pm Trees Lounge 7:00 U.K Today 7:30 Circle of Friends 9:30 Big 11:30 Kansas City	12 5 pm CMV 6:00 Raising Arizona 8:00 Last Man Standing 10:00 Jip-Joint Theatre 11:00 Courage Under Fire	13 5 pm Kansas City 7:00 That Thing You Do 9:00 Highlander 11:00 Trees Lounge 1:00 Feeling Minnesota	14 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Marked Man 8:00 Normal Life 10:00 Circle of Friends 12:00 Big



This month's movies are:

- Kansas City
- Circle of Friends
- Raising Arizona
- Highlander
- Big
- Last Man Standing
- That Thing You Do
- Courage Under Fire
- Normal Life
- Feeling Minnesota
- Trees Lounge
- Marked Man

We're Your Station!

Good luck this semester from 3TV!

SOFTCORE ART-PORN

By The Ranch

I've never written a movie review before, so bear with me.

I just went to go see David Lynch's new flick, *Lost Highway*, a movie (some people might call it a "film") starring Bill Pullman, Patricia Arquette, Robert Loggia, Robert Blake, and Balthazar Getty. The plot starts off simply enough, with a jazz saxophonist (Pullman) and his wife (Arquette) living in a house with few windows and no decorations. Pullman believes Arquette is cheating on him. He can't get a straight answer, and his anxiety is compounded both by a series of doorstep videotapes portraying he and his wife sleeping, and an eyebrowless gnome (Blake) who can somehow be in two places at once. Lost yet? It gets better. After supposedly killing his wife, a scene steeped in quick and blurry "artsy" cuts, Pullman is sentenced to death. All fine and good, until his head explodes in his jail cell, and the next morning, a young malcontent/auto mechanic (Getty) is sitting in his place. Getty goes home and fucks his girlfriend. Getty then fucks the wife of a mob boss (Loggia), who is played by Patricia Arquette in a double role — maybe. It gets a lot more confusing, but I'll spare you the details.

There's a lot of things wrong with this film, and they're pretty serious. First of all, in a film full of gore and violence, all I can remember are nipples. There are some truly graphic images of blood and guts, but none of those things linger on my mind. The only things that linger on my mind are nipples. From now until the end of time, if someone

says *Lost Highway* — fuck it, if someone says "David Lynch" — I'm going to think of nipples. Robert Loggia's nipples. Bill Pullman's nipples. Balthazar Getty's nipples. Balthazar Getty's girlfriend's nipples. Patricia Arquette's nipples. Don't get me started on Patricia Arquette's nipples. After viewing this movie, I've seen Patricia Arquette's nipples more times than she has. The marquee should have read "*Lost Highway*, starring Patricia Arquette's nipples."

As a matter of fact, the marquee should have read "*Softcore Artfuck*, starring Patricia Arquette's nipples", because that's what this movie amounted to. Have you ever turned on Playboy, Cinemax, or Showtime, and seen an artsy film about disaffected Soho artists who fuck one another in blue-lit, undetailed scenes? One of those movies that, all in all, is nothing more than a porno movie without the sex? These films are for people too pussy to stroll down to Nectar Video and grab a copy of Colossal Combos Presents "*Anal Invasion*". David Lynch has apparently taken a crack at making one of these flicks, to disastrous results.

I feel so negatively about this movie because, from my standpoint, this movie has everything I could want to see for \$7.75. There's lesbian sex, a lot of death, Bill Pullman acting poorly, funny little gnomes with no eyebrows, a person who dies when his head slams into the rim of a glass table so hard that it cleaves through his skull, a pornographer who looks like Jean-Claude Van Damme(it) with a pussy tickler mustache, and at the end, Marilyn Manson dies! That's right, the odious lead singer of Marilyn Manson, with full torturetec

regalia, is killed during the filming of a porno movie. We are left to decide whether or not the porno movie was actually a snuff film, but I can have my fantasies, can't I?

Anyway. With all of those wonderful features, this film still sucked. The images were jumbled, there was absolutely no accessible means by which to understand what Lynch was doing — something the best "films", like *Jacob's Ladder*, are sure to have — and how many times can one man see Patricia Arquette's breasts before it just becomes passe? This movie was so confusing that according to a recent article in Entertainment Weekly, even the Sundance Film Festival crowd had a hard time figuring out what was going on, and those people are a bunch of tiny-dicked intellectual assholes whose only specialty in life is figuring out crap like this.

This movie was, in short, a porno flick in a theater with less sticky floors. And I might want to amend that statement, because according to the person I saw the movie with, the couple behind us was fingering and rubbing through the entire flick. If anyone can actually heavy-pet while watching Bill Pullman look confused, then I'm sorry, there's absolutely no help for them.

So I cannot recommend this film. To anybody. The only redeeming features of this film were so bogged down in David Lynch's pseudo-intellectual symbolic claptrap that they became meaningless and uninteresting. Spend your \$7.75 elsewhere. Buy pretzels, some uncooked chicken, a magazine, a buttplug, whatever. Just don't fork it over shortly after saying "two tickets to Artfuck, please."

MAD PLANETS:

JOURNEY INTO THE SPECTRUM OF THE GALAXY

By Chiang Fu

Mad Planets is a collection of three contemporary musicians. Tara Emelye plays vocals and bass guitar, Erik Robinson plays guitar and vocals, and John Kapp plays drums. They manifest their powerful talents in poetry, philosophy, drawing and fixing Volkswagens; to understand their enormous and incredible originality, we have to understand their desires, hopes and fears. Beneath the surface lies three steam engines whose determination form electric, thermal energy on-stage and in their sound.

The sweet, joyful voice is based on Tara's smoothness, on a process that determines a whole new dimension. The essential quality of Mad Planets' depth and abstraction enhances a quality that is so profound, it leads them to be on the forefront of Long Island's sound and image.

Two weeks back, I had the luxury to watch Mad Planets perform at Under ACME between Great Jones St. and Broadway. They played for a standing-room only crowd as they themselves twisted and turned to their listener's footsteps. The presence of Erik, John and Tara brought joy and happiness to all of their songs and performances. Their sound seemed to differ from opinion to opinion, but we all agreed that the night was special. *Your Version of Cool* blasted through the tiny space. The highlight of the night was Mad Planets' cover of a Kim Wilde song. The place was rocking to the beats and sounds.

I have the fortune to live with a fellow Mad Planet performer, Mister Erik Robinson, whose ravioli and Bobolis rival my pasta and spirited water. This interview is being conducted in our extravagant 70s-retro living room. Erik Robinson had the opportunity to be grilled by my huge softball questions about Mad Planets and their future.

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE HOUSEMATE?

Chiang, for coming up with the wackiest metaphors I ever heard — "huge softball questions"?

WHAT HAS MAD PLANETS BEEN DOING NOW?

Answering huge softball questions and trying to keep up with many opportunities to spread our mirth throughout the nation, such as playing some really good shows and making new batches of tapes and stuff which seem to go so quickly. It's a lot of work to keep up to date and on top of band business.

WHO CAME UP WITH THE IDEA TO START MAD PLANETS?

Ooh, I hate this one. It was obviously all of us. John and I met Tara through mutual friends when she transferred to Stony Brook and we all just had similar tastes and goals at the time. John and I had played together before and we have all been in various bands separately. The name is my idea. It's a very old video game by Gottlieb.

WILL YOU BE TOURING SOON?

We've been playing some shows in the area and in the city, including a future show at the Independent Music Fest, to be held at NYU. We've been discussing a West Coast blitz but we're all working full time, more or less, so it's difficult to plan something like this.

WHO DO YOU LISTEN TO ON A REGULAR BASIS?

Oh boy, this is very eclectic. Swirlies, Versus, Seely,

My Bloody Valentine, Sonic Youth, Michael Nyman, Palestrina, Rachel's, Stan Getz, Cocteau Twins, Dave Brubeck, Brahms, Low, Lois, Dubstar, The Smiths, Boo Radleys, you name it.

WILL ANYTHING NEW BE APPEARING SOON?

Well, that split 7" with Lois, Low, and the Receptionists just came out, but we sold them all so we need more. There's a tribute record coming out sometime for Shit For Brains, a classic Stony Brook band, for which we donated a song. I think we're going to record the new songs soon for something. I'm so vague, right?

PREFER VOLKSWAGEN BUS OR BUGGY?

I think you're obsessed with Volkswagens, but I'll answer your question anyway. I have always loved the bus — well, camper, actually — but since it's not running, and since I got the Karmann Ghia, I might prefer the Ghia. Hey, you said it's your favorite, too. I haven't had a Beetle in ten years.

PLEASE TELL YOUR ADORING READERS HOW THEY COULD ACQUIRE MAD PLANETS' MUSIC AND STUFF, BESIDES MUSIC DEN WHERE MATT WORKS IN PORT JEFF?

Try Music Den first. K Records should have the new 7", Papercut and Jigsaw Records distribution should have everything. Music Den can order from them so they're the best bet. If anyone has questions or comments they can email us at madplanets@geocities.com.

Thank you for your time and effort, Mr. Robinson. Please support Mad Planets, for they are your friends, schoolmates, and even neighbors on Long Island.

CHINSLINKY

By Lowell Yaeger



David Bowie has always been a sell-out.

That's part of the point. Much of Bowie's career has been based on taking what passed for "popular music" at the time and putting his own Bowie-esque spin on it. This can be a really good thing, as in the case of the Brian Eno triptych (*Low*, "Heroes", and *Lodger*) and a bad thing (remember Tin Machine?). In the first case, Bowie was matching the weird progressive rock posturing that was so prevalent towards the end of the 1970s; in the second case, Bowie wanted an 80s "rock" band. In the first case, Bowie put his own spin on it by making some truly personal music, from "Heroes" to instrumentals like "Warszawa". In the second case, well... let's just not talk about it.

After a string of unsuccessful works (*Never Let Me Down Again*, *Black Tie White Noise*), Bowie made a minor comeback with *Outside*, a Brian Eno-produced concept album that unsuccessfully attempt-

ed to graft post-modern pop music with a storyline that involved the end of the millennium and homicidal mutilation as art. If you think that sentence was a mouthful, try listening to the album. While there are a few truly good songs ("Hallo Spaceboy", "The Heart's Filthy Lesson"), the album was generally dense and unaccessible. Compounding this problem was Bowie's interest in alternative wunderkind Trent Reznor, which reached a head on an absurdity of a tour that found Nine Inch Nails responsible for at least half of the ticket sales.

Despite what he had said in previous interviews, Bowie declined to release a sequel to *Outside*, instead focusing his energy on an album of straight-forward songs steeped in the sound of jungle music. *Earthling* (Virgin) is one of Bowie's best albums, because it forsakes all sense of concept and structure in favor of a collection of songs. Rather than forcing a theme or concept into the music, an idea that backfired disastrously on *Outside*, Bowie has released what could literally be dubbed "a collection of potential singles", and come up with superb results.

Lifting Trent Reznor's heavy reliance on electronics and merging it with jungle's drum and bass rhythms and frenetic energy — David Bowie has welded a sound that bridges the gap between pop music and techno the way only the best artists (Tricky, The Chemical Brothers) can. Rather than idly mumbling unintelligible lyrics, as on many popular techno songs, Bowie adds his own personal touch. On "Little Wonder", the album's first single, he creates an arresting techno environment full of beeps and whirrs, all the while crooning a

hooky pop song over the mix. "Dead Man Walking" is an equally stunning track, and the less antic numbers, like "Looking For Satellites" and "Telling Lies", work well as mood enhancers — ambient music without the long, empty stretches of single-sound repetition. People have often wondered what Nine Inch Nails would sound like if Trent Reznor would just cheer the fuck up, and David Bowie's new album comes close to what I imagine the end result would be — without the Thin White Duke's graceful pipes, of course.

Some people are going to say that by taking both Trent's and jungle's sound, Bowie is hopping on the bandwagon as he has done so many times in the past, but in this case — as in the case of Bowie's other classic albums — he's not only riding the bandwagon, he's impatiently barking out orders and being everyone's favorite backseat driver.

* * * *

The Spot, that little bar just around the corner, has two new features that may interest you. Every other Saturday, you can catch The Electric Lounge, featuring a number of decent techno DJs for your dancing pleasure. And for those of you more interested in alternative rock and pop, Wednesday nights are Radio Free Wednesdays, produced in part with 90.1 WUSB. In addition to music by everyone from Nick Cave to Public Enemy, there will also be live acts. This Wednesday's act is Oyabando, so check them out and support the only organization interested in presenting good on-campus music. If you didn't already know, The Spot is located smack in the middle of Roosevelt Quad, on the second floor of the Fanny Brice complex.

eMPTYVee

By Antony Lorenzo

Let me begin by admitting one thing: yes, I do have a personal vendetta against MTV. Why, you ask? Well, when one lives in the radio-free foothills of Vermont for four years, one has to rely on some source of "new" music. Unfortunately, MTV was mine. I had no choice, it was either that or the AM country music station. I will admit that back then, say five to six years ago, 99% of the crap MTV showed made me physically ill. Nothing has changed in that sense. But MTV, now more than ever, is attempting to represent a majority of this country — not in the sense of race or ethnicity, but in the sense of commercialized pseudo-intellectualism. By specific methods, MTV engulfs its audience and portrays to them their self-serving ideal of a consumer-oriented lifestyle. This brand of existence is forced down young people's throats and strives to launch them into a daunted life of passe fashion, boring rock star theology and horrible, horrible music. It goes without saying that MTV in its entirety is an incredibly naive, out-of-touch industry. It is run by producers who don't know their asses from their elbows. It never ceases to amaze me how those who break into the media realm of the music industry are always the most incompetent and have the most frighteningly foul taste in music.

Countless artists MTV producers shamelessly promoted only a few years ago are now the subject of their pitiable attempts at retrospective humor. MTV essentially satirize themselves and their inability to legitimately cover what actually goes on in the music world.

For instance, an episode of "It Came From The

Eighties" recently satirized heavy metal. MTV is now officially acknowledging the death of this paltry and valueless genre about seven years after it actually waned into complete insignificance. "Alternative Nation" has now replaced "Head Banger's Ball". Same old shit, just now all the bands have shorter hair and sound like Nirvana. There are some survivors, but they are sad sell-outs. You see, if Metallica submitted a new video to MTV with them on-stage (or off) waving long locks of hair around, the video would never see the light of a 1997 MTV day. Hire Anton Corbijn to direct the video, get new hair cuts and presto!, alternative metal. MTV has also been stringently covering the David Lee Roth vs. Eddie Van Halen saga. Is anyone genuinely interested in this pair of bickering old farts and what they have to say about each other? I sincerely hope not.

I recently made the mistake of turning on MTV the day Michael Jackson's baby was born. All day his nauseating video clips were shown and an official-looking newsflash announced the birth at the bottom of the screen. In a perfect world, the scrolling banner would have read: "Michael Jackson is a child-molesting freak. MTV is devoting a whole day of videos to him and his newborn because if we don't, Sony Music will rip our nuts off."

Late at night, MTV proudly runs "Amp", visits "trendy" clubs and devotes more time to semi-underground dance music. Where were they five years ago? Caught somewhere between Marky Mark and Extreme, if I remember correctly. Besides, I swear there is only one episode of "Amp" and most of it consists of excerpts from the X-Mix video series put out three years ago.

Then there are the immensely popular "real life"

shows. "The Real World" and that other one that takes place on the tour bus are supposedly excerpts from real life situations. Sorry, but living in a massive, uppity apartment on London's west side with a fucking camera crew running around doesn't sound very real to me. It's called bad acting by people with absolutely no acting experience. The only Road Rules bus I want to see is the one that drives off a cliff in an episode "When Disaster Strikes". Then there's "Singled Out", which I forced myself to sit through the other day. Why must MTV represent America's youth through these tasteless, insipid contestants? Brainless bimbos and jockeyed-out jerks yelling and screaming like horny thirteen-year-olds, how quaint. Keep in mind that MTV producers actually reject contestants for this show beforehand. The rejects are probably people with half a brain, too much intelligence or individuality to compete. If I were ever a contestant on that show and Jenny McCarthy pulled my hair, poked me, shook me or punched me, I would instantaneously beat her head in and make sure camera two got a really good angle on the action.

"Love Lines", hmmm. Now if anyone out there either calls in, or simply watches this show, know that you are now a sad product of the MTV generation. You are convinced that this impertinent industry is legitimate. Taking love advice and being (mis)informed by this show is one step short of applying for the MTV internship and taking part in unleashing the never-ending barrage of profitable misinformation.

My TV is now for sale. Please make me an offer at alorenzo@ic.sunysb.edu.

FILASKI: A MAN FULL OF HATE

By Keith R. Filaski

For my first review this week, I need to refer back to something that I said last issue. If anyone actually reads my column on a regular basis instead of skipping it in favor of *Obscure Sub-Cultures* or *Chin Slinky*, you might recall a comment that I made about the industrial band *Project Pitchfork* — specifically, about their inability to make any songs that don't sound the same. Well, I recently acquired an advanced copy of their upcoming album, currently named *Chakra:Red* (on a label to be named later) and surprisingly, much of it not only doesn't get lost in a sea of sound-alike gothic-industrial tracks, but gives the impression that they are broadening their abilities to include currently popular music forms. Yes, an argument can be made that they are only jumping on the mainstream industrial bandwagon, what that means I am not entirely sure, but one of *Pitchfork's* major problems has been that, in the past, a majority of their albums have shown little growth from the previous one. I'm not saying that they are stagnant or that they haven't a single decent song, they have plenty, but innovation has never been one of their strong points.

The album contains the three tracks found on their last LP, "En Garde", "Alien Crossing", and "Celeste", which I believe is the best of the three, nothing truly new but good dance tune nevertheless. It is on tracks such as "2069 AD" where we begin to feel the changes. Complete with *Frontline*-esque guitars and a breakbeat, I almost wonder if singer Peter Spilles has been listening to *The Prodigy*. Granted, breakbeat is turning up everywhere now, and although it is most definitely another passing fad, it is dumb fun to dance to and if it is done well and not put in for the sake of putting it in to the song, then enjoy it while you can.

Another track worth mentioning is the final song "I'll Find My Way Home". Rather slow and upbeat, yet it nearly brings a tear to the eye

because of its beauty, something rare in an industrial song. A good ending track with lyrics such as "somehow we're going somewhere" and "somehow I'll find my way home". These are heartfelt lyrics from a band who have never impressed me in this area. To tell you the truth, some of their past lyrics have simply been dumb, but not here. I am quite impressed.

As a whole, this album is less somber than many of *Pitchfork's* others, but I think die-hard fans will still enjoy it. *Chakra:Red* isn't as much a direction change for the band as it is an incorporation of good ideas into a formula that has already proven itself. It is simply more innovative musically and lyrically. This is much more respectable a change than some that have occurred with other bands as of late. This is neither *Pitchfork* goes metal nor *Pitchfork* goes techno, it is simply an improvement from a band that continues to get better.

Another band who has surprised me with their new album is the *Cranes*, with *Population Four* (*Dedicated*). I am surprised because their musical style has changed drastically. I shouldn't be that bewildered because the *Cranes* are a band who have partially reinvented themselves for each album. However, whether they use an ethereal, industrial, or gothic texture to their always familiar sound, they have always been the *Cranes*.

With *Population Four* the band, led by vocalist Alison Slaw, has lost much of their distinctive sound, more so than on anything by them that I have heard, and the only thing familiar is *Shadow's* unbelievably high-pitched voice.

The track "Fourteen" is straight guitar rock, more comparable to the *Smashing Pumpkins* than any older *Cranes* songs. Completely void of any keyboards or samples, as is most of the album, "Fourteen" will have fans, if nothing else, confused.

"Stalk" is yet another track unreminiscent of old *Cranes*. Primarily because of a switch to male vocals, which is a rare thing for this band. Unfortunately, the album doesn't say who is singing and I haven't been able to find out.

As I listen to the album more, it is growing on me, but because I am a fan of the band, I think my judgment is biased. This album is quite a change, but I think fans can learn to love it with time. In any case, there are a few slower ballads such as "Tangled Up" and "To Be", which anyone who enjoys a nice slow song will be able to appreciate.

As a side note, the *Cranes* are playing at Irving Plaza on March 12th. They are pretty good live. I suggest you check them out.



Oh, if Marc Weisbaum were a romantic...

Cheap Car Buys Part 4

By The Rapper

In this installment of the driving adventure we take a look at how useful the dashboard-adhesive compass can be.

This story begins on the lovely suburban Stony Brook campus. Yours truly was headed to lovely downtown Astoria, which is located on the Northwest tip of Queens. A fellow staffer was headed via public transport to Woodhaven, located on a more central plot of the same county. As a gesture of camaraderie I offered my fellow staffer a lift.

From campus we reached the Queens county border in 35 minutes. As we merged onto the Interboro our E.T.A. was in the ten minute range and fate cruelly intervened. My traveling companion failed to mention that we had passed his exit. This transgression only became apparent when we reached the end of the Interboro Parkway. We deplaned the parkway and found ourselves hopelessly lost in some neighborhood known to us only as the gray zone place somewhere near the Brooklyn-Queens border.

Gray Zone is remarkable in its dingy

averageness. Streets are lined with greasy schlock shops and litter. The sound of the subway becomes a monotonous rumble that you eventually tune out. In short, there was precious little that differentiated this hood from most others in Queens or Brooklyn. As a result of this, *Traveling Companion* and I searched fruitlessly for a clue. We found a NYPD van double parked in front of a *Dunkin' Donuts* but were unable to locate the officers that may have once inhabited the vehicle.

Eventually and purely by happenstance we ended up in front of the *Peter Luger Steakhouse*. We got out and kissed the floor because we finally had a clear idea of where we were. The snooty doorman looked aghast.

In total, our detour lasted two hours and seriously depleted the dilithium supply my humble starship needs to run. On the upside, I learned a valuable lesson about keeping a compass on my dashboard (As in, "If Woody would have gone straight to the police this would have never happened").

As a footnote, I'd like to add that four wheeling feels incredible only when it appears in conjunction with a sedan.

WUSB 30

WUSB, Stony Brook
February 24th, 1997

90.1 FM
Mark Nimmer

Artist	Record	Label
1) David Bowie	Earthling	Virgin
2) Lunachicks	Pretty Ugly	Go Kart
3) Cul de Sac	I Dont Want To Go To Bed	Thirsty Ear
4) L7	The Beauty Process	Reprise
5) Antiflag	Die For The Government	New Red Archives
6) Hifives	And A Whole Lotta You	Lookout
7) Redd Kross	Show World	Mercury
8) The Scofflaws	Ska in Hi-Fi	Moon Records
9) The Jelly Bricks	Kinky Boot Beast	Primitive
10) The Business	Harry May- The Singles	Taang
11) Screaching Weasel	Bark Like A Dog	Fat
12) Bis	This is Teen-C Power	Grand Royal
13) Swindle	Kicking Your Face In	Superduper
14) Sex Pod	Goddess Blues	Slab
15) Rockateens	Cry	Daemon
16) US Bombs	Garibaldi Guard	Alive
17) Fitz of Depression	Eh?	K
18) Armchair Martians	S/T	Cargo
19) Apples In Stereo	Eat a Fat Man's Ass	SPINart
20) Number 1 Cup	Eat a Fat Woman's Ass	Smut
21) Nipper	Nimmer's Nipple	ITU
22) Screw 32	Under The Influence of Bad	Fat
23) Built To Spill	Perfect From Now On	Warner
24) Sneaker Pimps	Becoming X	Virgin
25) Spring Heeled Jack	68 Million Shades	Island
26) Squirrel Bait	Skag Heaven	Drag City
27) Silver Jet	Pull Me Up... Drag Me Down	Virgin
28) Eleventh Day Dream	Seventh Day Adventists Suck	Thrill Jockey
29) Hi Hats	Ska Got Soul	Titan
30) Humpers	Plastique Valentine	Epitaph

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1997 Spring

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