

*Stony Brook's* <sup>®</sup> **8**

PAGES

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JUNE 24, 1997

# And Now... We're in "Media Jeopardy!"

By Norman Solomon

To celebrate the arrival of summer, here's an all-new episode of "Media Jeopardy!"

You probably remember the rules: First, listen carefully to the answer. Then, try to come up with the correct question.

The first category is "Broadcast News."

\* On ABC, CBS and NBC, the amount of TV network time devoted to this coverage has fallen to half of what it was during the late 1980s.

*What is international news?*

\* A few months ago, in a nationwide survey of 100 local TV newscasts in 55 cities, the Denver-based Rocky Mountain Media Watch found that this topic was the lead story more often than all other subjects combined -- and took up one-third of the air time for news.

*What is crime?*

Now we move on to "Public Broadcasting."

\* This public TV network, already airing several weekly shows hosted by conservatives such as William F. Buckley, John McLaughlin and Ben Wattenberg, is about to launch a new one-hour program called "National Desk," which will feature a rotation of conservative hosts Fred Barnes, Larry Elder and Morton Kondracke.

*What is PBS?*

\* It's the notion that PBS is a bastion of liberalism, despite the fact that the network's weekly lineup doesn't include a single public-affairs program hosted by a political progressive.

*What is a media myth that will not die?*

Our next category is "New Frontiers of Media Money."

\* This daily satellite-TV feed has a captive audience of more than 8 million kids in classrooms. While it's touted as "a tool to educate and engage young adults in world happenings," the broadcast service sells commercials that go for nearly \$200,000 per half-minute -- pitched to advertisers as a way of gaining access to "the hardest to reach teen viewers."

*What is Channel One?*

\* During the 1995-96 election cycle, these corporate parents of major networks gave a total of \$3.2 million in "soft money" to the national Democratic and Republican parties.

*Who are Disney (ABC), Time Warner (CNN), News Corp. (Fox), General Electric (NBC) and Westinghouse (CBS)?*

\* In 1996, this owner of the Fox TV network also donated \$1 million, from his own pocket, to the California Republican Party.

*Who is Rupert Murdoch?*

\* Last winter, 18 months after the Walt Disney Co. bought the network where he's the main news anchor, this journalist cautiously told Parade magazine: "I feel, as any citizen, that more and more media in fewer hands, in the abstract, is reason to be concerned."

*Who is Peter Jennings?*

Now, it's on to "The End of Racism."

\* A recent study of nightly news programs on the big three TV networks found that barely 1 percent of the stories were about people with this ethnic background (though they account for close to 15 percent of the U.S. public), and four-fifths of those rare stories focused on negative topics like crime and illegal immigration.

*Who are Latinos?*

\* While they're about 25 percent of the U.S. population, a 1997 survey by the American Society of Newspaper Editors found that they comprise only 11.35 percent of the journalists in the newsrooms of this country's daily papers.

*What are racial minorities?*

We're moving into Media Double Jeopardy with our next category, "Fear and Favor."

\* While this California newspaper was co-sponsoring a local amateur sporting event with Nike last spring, top editors at the paper killed a staff columnist's article because it criticized Nike for rampant commercialism and use of overseas sweatshops.

*What is the San Francisco Examiner?*

\* This seasoned United Press International reporter, who has worked on the presidential beat since the days of John F. Kennedy, says: "As long as I've covered the White House, there's been managed news. Secrecy is endemic in government."

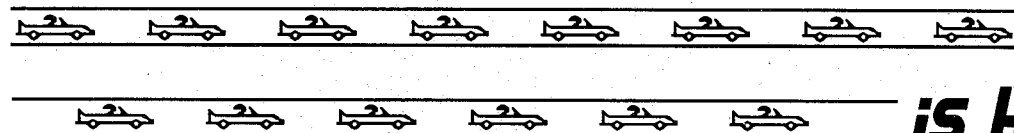
*Who is Helen Thomas?*

\* Back in 1983, when this book by journalist Ben Bagdikian first appeared, some critics called it "alarmist." Now hot off the press in its fifth edition, the book documents that today just 10 corporations control most of this nation's newspapers, magazines, radio, TV, books and movies.

*What is "The Media Monopoly"?*

By now, we're in Serious Media Jeopardy. No question about that.

*Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist. His book "Wizards of Media Oz" (co-authored with Jeff Cohen) will be published in July by Common Courage Press.*



## DEMOLITION DERBY IS HEAVEN ON THE ISLAND

By Scooter Poole

Just off the last exit of Highway 495, right in the groin of the North and South Forks, lies the Riverhead Raceway. The Riverhead Raceway is a shrine for racing enthusiasts on Eastern Long Island, and a vestige of the fun people invent for themselves when they are beyond the reach of Manhattan.

Most folks will go to see the traditional racing, the endless rounds of stock cars, the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat... or that is what they would have you believe. We know they are there to see fenders buckle and snap. Blood. Broken struts and bones.

A \$16 admission card is valid from 4pm to 11pm. Most of the early races consist of souped up ESPN-type "modified" cars so if you aren't up for a full day of racing show up at 7 PM. There is no discount for showing up late. The beer isn't cheap, and a \$2 hot dog has no toppings, but you didn't come for the service. If you're looking for food and ambiance, go to Big Barry's.

You'd probably find more blood in a restaurant, anyway. Although the track is only 1/4 mile around and the seats are right over the edge, the drivers are as skilful as those in any

Winston 500 event.

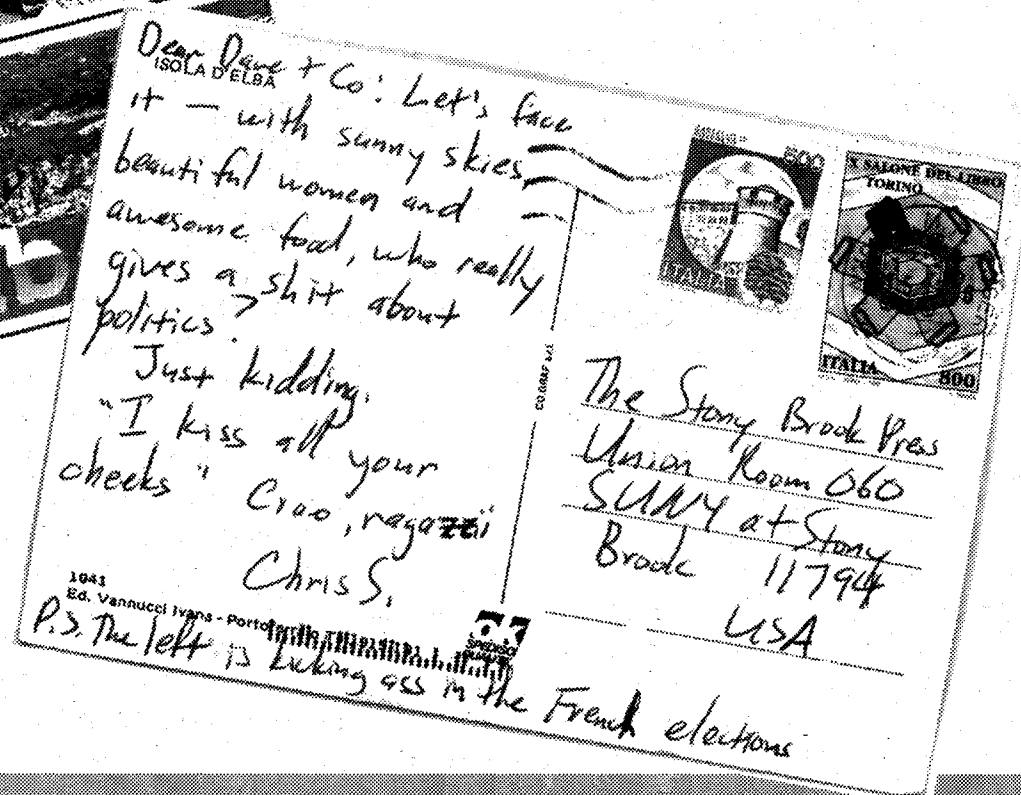
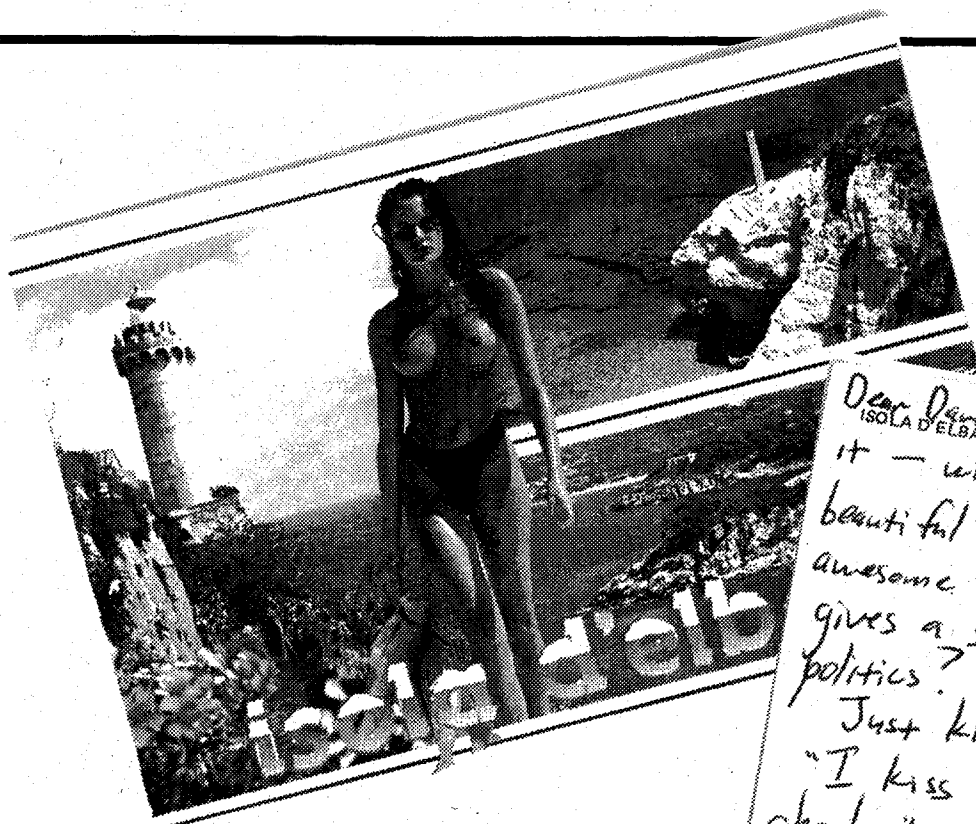
The size of the track is its most interesting feature. A quarter mile is the same size as a high school gym track - a small space to race 30 cars. There is virtually no straightaway. Since the cars are constantly in turns, there is at least the perception that they may spin out at any moment. But there is no escaping the track. It is smelly, it stinks. When the cars take a turn, it is like inhaling a Vantage Ultra-lite.

The non-demo highlight of the evening is the Blunderbuss division consisting of some beat-up old Monte-Carlos. The cars are virtually worthless except for their engines. The drivers are much less careful about protecting their cars than the modified drivers. The night I was there, the Blunderbuss winner ranted into the P.A. system about being disqualified for unsportsmanlike behavior three weeks before. Then the announcer compared him to Tiger Woods because, like Mr. Woods in the Masters, this was his first championship win.

Around 11:30, after the ground had been moistened and about half the crowd has left, about twenty stripped down pieces of junk drove in and took up positions facing outward around the rim of the track. The rules were reviewed over the P.A. "Stop when you see the black flag." And that was about

it. At the signal everybody drove backward at about 10 mph angling to hit somebody's radiator. Most of the cars were hit or disqualified in the first ten minutes. There was no checkered flag. The last mobile gladiator was declared winner.

Station wagons have a natural advantage in this area. Cars must be driven backwards because it is the only way the drivers can see with all the smoke coming from under the hood. They have a lot more rear end to lose before the rear axle goes. Two station wagons lasted until the final four. One had a Batman motif, but I was betting on a white station wagon which still had all its wheels and was moving pretty fast. However, the driver must have miscalculated because he threw himself against the other wagon while an 86 Buick maneuvered around a couple of bad-off losers. While the wagon was missing and smashing parked cars, the Ford deftly delivered blows to the back of the wagon, forcing it further into a mess of wreckage. The Ford won the trophy, but the wagon won \$400 based on crowd response. Now that is a great, democratic sport.



# AFRICA REFUGEE DAY

Provided By Amnesty International

## Africa Refugee Day Governments Must Take Action 20 Million Refugees in Search for Safety

ABIDJAN -- Governments in Africa and world-wide are failing to prevent the mass human rights abuses which are behind the refugee crisis in Africa, while at the same time shirking their obligations to protect those fleeing for their safety, Amnesty International said Thursday on Africa Refugee Day.

More than 20 million Africans have been forcibly displaced from their homes -- five million have sought asylum in other countries and around 16 million are internally displaced within their own country. The vast majority of them are women, children and elderly victims of the worsening armed conflict situations and ethnic-based violence throughout the continent.

"Time and time again the international community has refused to heed the warnings issued by non-governmental and inter-governmental organizations and failed to take action to halt the human rights abuses which are the root cause of the refugee crisis in Africa today," Amnesty International said.

"For example, during the recent crisis in the Great Lakes region, the standard government response has been to react only to emergencies, and not to address the underlying causes. There can be no long term solution to refugee flows until the underlying reason -- human rights abuses -- is tackled.

Launching a campaign to pressure governments to live up to their obligations to protect refugees and asylum seekers, Amnesty International highlighted how governments in the North have responded to the crisis by erecting barriers to prevent refugees travelling to their countries to seek asylum, by introducing unfair and discriminatory asylum procedures and by sending refugees back to situations where they would be at serious risk.

The organization also emphasized the growing reluctance amongst African governments -- who shelter the majority of the world's refugees and who have traditionally treated refugees generously -- to accept new refugees and recent examples of mass refoulement of refugees to dangerous situations.

"The international community has a shared responsibility to work together to solve the refugee crisis," Amnesty International said. "All states should share equitably the responsibility for hosting refugees and funding their support. States should not bear a disproportional share of this responsibility because of their geographical location."

"All governments should ensure that refugees are treated in accordance with international standards of human rights and refugee protection. No government should violate their international obligations by sending asylum-seekers back to dangerous situations. As well, UNHCR funding arrangements should be reviewed urgently to create an adequate mechanism to support states which bear the overwhelming responsibility for hosting refugees."

"While governments are erecting barriers to prevent the innocent victims of armed conflicts and human rights abuses seeking safety, they have shown no qualms about granting asylum to political leaders accused of being responsible for gross human rights violations," Amnesty International said. "Mengistu Haile-Mariam, Milton Obote, Hissein Habre[ ] and now Mobutu Sese-Seko have all been given protection by governments who regularly turn refugees away from their borders, or send them back to danger."

The past year has been marked by the refoulement of refugees in the Great Lakes region. In December 1996, the Tanzanian authorities and United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) issued a joint statement announcing that all Rwandese refugees should return by the end of the month. Those fearing return were not given an opportunity to have their individual cases assessed.

Thousands of Rwandese and Burundian refugees have been killed by combatants in Zaire, where fighters of President Laurent Kabila, supported by Rwandese troops, have attacked refugee camps since September 1996. Since the forcible return of more than 500,000 refugees from Zaire, increased insecurity has prevented UN human rights observers and UNHCR personnel from monitoring killings and other abuses of returnees and other Rwandese nationals.

There have been numerous massacres of refugees returning to Burundi, including at least 400 returnees from Zaire who were massacred by the Burundi security forces at Muramba Seventh Day Adventist Church, Cibitoke Province, in October 1996.

The internally displaced, who have been forced to flee their homes, fearing for their safety but have not crossed any international borders, are not recognized as refugees. Yet they face the same problem. More than two million people -- half the population -- of Sierra Leone were forced to leave their homes as the result of armed conflict.

There are at least four million internally displaced people in Sudan -- the majority of them women, children and elderly who have been deliberately targeted by rival armed groups and government forces. Thousands of women living in internally displaced people's camps have been raped or suffered other abuses, and many children abducted.

Amnesty International is calling on the international community, the OAU and individual governments to ensure that internally displaced people are given comprehensive protection, according to standards of human rights law and humanitarian law.

You may repost this message onto other sources provided the main text is not altered in any way and both the header crediting Amnesty International and this footer remain intact.



# WHAT THE HELL, IT'S SUMMER, RIGHT?

Astute readers of this fine periodical may note that this particular edition is not quite up to our usual standards. Less astute readers might say it's downright shameful.

Consider, in contrast, our last issue of the school year, and the most recent of our journalistic endeavors. Volume 18, Issue 15, marked several milestones in the history of *The Press*. Weighing in at a full 28 pages, it was our first paper of that length not to carry an insert or supplement. Most noticeable, however, was the beautiful gatefold cover, a two-color version of *Time's* "Man-Of-The-Year". This cover was not only one of our first uses of color, but the very first time we've explicitly displayed male nudity and gotten away with it.

Consider, in turn, our recent accolades from the College Alternative Journalism Project, a national program which recognizes excellence amongst the student press. This year, our august journal was a Runner Up for the "Best Alternative Publication", a distinction which clearly identifies us as being just as cool as we think we are. Confirming our egotistical assertions, we also won an Honorable Mention for Reporting, and

we won first place for "Sense of Humor" - for the second year in a row!

Needless to say, our bulbous heads were even more swollen than usual when we returned to our office this week to produce our first summer issue. Fresh from a highly successful school year and the greatest accolades any paper on campus has gotten in decades, we were ready and willing to work our magic once again.

But then something happened. Powerful rays of sloth and lethargy beamed into our office and scrubbed away our discipline and motivations, turning normally hellbent-for-leather whirlwinds of student newspapering into big sloppy puddles of rest and relaxation.

Summer has a funny way of doing that to people. Even those of us for whom life has essentially not changed, those who are still taking classes and living in the dorms, find that they can't get motivated, that our seasonal proximity to the sun has just drained them completely.

But that's okay. Summer is both a season and an excuse. At this time of year, people understand if you slack or if you let things go.

Or if you can't think of a decent editorial.

## WE WIN AGAIN!!!

Announcing the Winners of the Second Annual  
CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE JOURNALISM  
AWARDS

Contact: Sonya Huber, Campus Alternative Journalism Project/Center for Campus Organizing. Phone: 617-354-9363

The winners have been announced for the 1997 Campus Alternative Journalism Awards. The judges included In These Times Senior Editor Joel Bleifuss, author and syndicated columnist Norman Solomon, Campus Alternative Journalism Project coordinator Sonya Huber, and Denise Graab of the National Radio Project.

The Campus Alternative Journalism Awards were created to encourage alternative journalism on campus and recognize the contribution of student journalists to free thought in their campuses and communities. They were sponsored by the Campus Alternative Journalism Project/Center for Campus Organizing. Each contestant has an explicit commitment to political and economic

democracy, gender equality, anti-racism and multiculturalism, and the environment. Each publication is published by students, for a student or youth community.

Awards are given for Best Campus Alternative Publication of the Year, Reporting, Sense of Humor, Anti-Racist Reporting, Anti-Sexist Reporting, Opinion Writing, Hellraising, and Design.

And the winners include:

Best Campus Alternative Publication of the Year, Runner Up:  
The Stony Brook Press

Reporting, Honorable Mention:  
The Stony Brook Press

Sense of Humor, First Place:  
The Stony Brook Press  
(The Press wins this honor for the second year in a row.)

THE PRESS WILL RETURN  
TO YOUR NEWSSTANDS  
ON JULY 28TH

Submissions are due on July 25th

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Student Union

SUNY at Stony Brook

Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200

(516) 632-6451

e-mail: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

www.ic.sunysb.edu/Clubs/sbpress

# WINNER

1997 CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE  
JOURNALISM AWARDS

• RUNNER-UP:

BEST ALTERNATIVE  
PUBLICATION

• BEST SENSE OF HUMOR  
(SECOND CONSECUTIVE YEAR)

• HONORABLE MENTION:  
REPORTING

# Adventures in Eire, Part III

by Anne Ruggiero

Enjoy these years while they last, for before you know it you will wake up as a forty-seven year old with a job and a mortgage and three kids in college. That's what my dad says, anyway. In the midst of his middle-age angst and nostalgia, he often feels the need to impart these gems of wisdom to me. A little too often, I think. The truth is that I don't know whether it is an unavoidable consequence of getting older, or if I am actually beginning to listen to what my father is saying, but time does appear to be passing faster than it has in previous years. I transferred to Stony Brook two years ago and the following twenty months have passed in the blink of an eye. You know what I'm talking about—suddenly you're applying for grad school and buying suits for interviews, but wasn't it just yesterday that you were sweating over college application essays? (Christ, now I really sound like my father.) Looking at isolated accomplishments over the past two years, however, seems to halt the time warp, or at least put it into perspective. The average college student achieves a lot in the short duration of his or her academic career, and there is an incredible amount of growth and self-discovery which takes place. As I enter my senior year, I can say that at this point in my life, the pinnacle of self-discovery was moving to Ireland for ten months. Ten months is a brief period out of a lifetime, but the achievements that can be reached are enormous.

There is nothing on this earth that will sober you more from the frivolous immaturity of the undergraduate social scene than stepping out of the airport in a strange, foreign country with everything

you own in the suitcase at your feet and not a soul who knows you within three thousand miles. (Except maybe stepping out of an airport where you don't speak the language, so props to Martha and Joanna who schlepped off to Rome. You girls have balls.) If you have ever chosen to study abroad, you know exactly what I mean. I'm not talking about a European vacation with Daddy's credit card and your best friend (although that's exactly what study abroad is for some people). There's something oddly satisfying about wandering the streets of a strange city, completely alone and overwhelmed, and knowing that like it or not, this alien place will become your home. Starting from scratch for the first time, in something that was totally mine, a way of life that was completely my own, not something that my parents had started for me. It was a novelty. It was fun when people would ask about my accent, and it was exciting to discover new things about the city. Step by step, Dublin became home to me. Soon, I began to know the back streets, giving directions to native Irishmen. I began referring to my small city flat as "home" and before long the dialects were so blended in my mind that I couldn't tell whether a caller had an Irish or American accent. I knew exactly where the best pubs, shops, and nightspots were in town and the fastest way to get to them. I was able, along with my Irish friends, to pick out American tourists sipping Irish coffee in pubs and dashing for the top level of the double decker buses. And soon enough, I dressed, spoke, and acted like a Dubliner.

But I wasn't truly comfortable in my new home

until I had been there for at least four months. And once established in a new cultural surrounding, I saw for the first time the true differences in and value of various lifestyles. As George Bernard Shaw wrote, "I did not know what my own house was like, because I had never been outside it." By distancing myself from the life that I had known thus far, I was able to widen my field of view and gain a perspective that I hadn't seen before. I could see myself as more than the typical Stony Brook commuter student, dividing my time between the library and a job waiting tables. For the first time, I could merit myself as an adult. I knew that I was completely independent and could take care of myself. At the end of my year abroad, I found that returning to a life where everyone knew me as a virtual adolescent even more difficult than leaving in the first place. Time, as my father has said so many times, certainly does move quickly, but that doesn't limit one's accomplishments. College is designed to teach us, but it is not so much the academic curriculum that has importance. What we learn about ourselves in these crucial years as young twenty-somethings far outweighs the benefits of full knowledge of history, science and math.

As we end one academic year and begin another, take advantage of the time you have now, time when you can do strange things without question or abandon and be able to blame it on our youth. If you have the opportunity to study in another country, take it. Confusion and novelty can be the best teachers in the world. As for me, I will finally heed my father's advice, and with new eyes on the world, enjoy the remainder of my student life.

## NEW YORK, NEW YORK

By Phil Russo

The first pitch of the Subway Series between the N.Y. Mets and the N.Y. Yankees did not turn out to be an issue. Neither did the first game for that matter. As a matter of fact it turned out to be a third-game, last-pitch series, that was, in this reporter's opinion, a disappointment. With the Mets one full game behind the Yankees statistically coming into the final game of this monumental "road trip", they had a chance to redeem themselves from their 6-3 loss the day before. They also had a chance to wipe the cocky smirks off the reigning World Series champions' faces. On both counts, the Mets failed, proving to the world that their older brother is still the king of the hill (at least in New York.)

The long awaited Subway Series began with a bang for the New York Mets, who shut the Yankees out 6-0. Pitcher Dave Mlicki left Yankee Stadium on that day with not only the first complete game and shutout of his career, but also with a cup of dirt from the Pitcher's Mound. This celebration was short lived though. The very next day the Yankees out-gunned the Mets, driving in four runs in the first two innings, forcing pitcher Alfonso Reynoso out of the game with a knee injury, and securing their win early on. A brief spurt of runs later on in the game brought the Mets to within one run of their Bronx rivals. But that was all she wrote for them on that day. The Bombers proceeded to score two more runs that day, adding insult to injury and beating the Metropolitans 6-3. And so on to the third game the Mets did walk, holding their heads up high, and looking to the future—a future that was full of promise. That promise took a turn for the worse, when the obviously shaken

Mets tried to force a win on the 18th.

Game three was a pitcher's game. David Cone pitched a wonderful game for the Yankees, playing off the Mets' desire to kill the ball. Every one of the Mets who hit in Game Three looked as if he was trying to knock the stitching off the ball. This fact alone proved to be the Mets' major downfall. The pitches that the Met hitters were swinging at were comical at times, and if they would have just waited for their pitch, I think the game would have ended differently. The Yankees ended up beating the Mets 3-2 in the 10th inning, when relief pitcher John Franco gave up the game winning hit, sending the Mets packing back to Flushing on the good old number 7 train.

And so the series was officially over, and the Mets were still second-best. This fact may upset Mets fans all over New York, but I as a baseball fan see the silver lining on this dark cloud. It is no secret that baseball has been taking a back seat to fast paced sports like basketball or hockey, but this home-town series, and interleague play in general, have seemed to breathe new life into the Great American Pastime. With attendance in N.Y. up 18% from last year at this time, and Yankee Stadium hosting a sell-out crowd for all three interleague games, maybe we should find a way to have the Mets meet the Yankees on an annual basis, and not every three years as scheduled.

"You know that TV show 7th Heaven? The dad is played by the guy who played Decker in the first Star Trek movie, and the mom played the whale woman in Star Trek four. There are 2 numbers between 1 and 4, and 1 plus 4 equals 5, and 5 plus 2 equals 7. 7th Heaven; Star Trek through the heavens."

HE IS ON CRACK



# LIFE IN HELL

©1997  
BY MATT  
GROENING



## Top Ten Movies That Have Albums Written As Alternate Soundtracks

You've probably heard the rumor that's currently making the rounds about Pink Floyd and *The Wizard of Oz*. The rumor says that Floyd's musical masterpiece, "Dark Side Of The Moon," can serve as an alternative soundtrack to the movie. Apparently, if you play it from the beginning of the movie, it matches the rises and falls of the plot and action. As a public service, we at *The Press* have exhaustively researched several other musical-movie match-ups.

### MOVIE

*Behind The Green Door*  
*Mac & Me*  
*Encino Man*  
*Alive*  
*Agnes Of God*  
*Deliverance*  
*My Blue Heaven*  
*The Unbearable Lightness of Being*  
  
*Blue Velvet*  
*Forrest Gump*

### ALBUM

Barry Manilow's "Because It's Christmas"  
 Motorhead's "Ace Of Spades"  
 Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries"  
 Beastie Boys, "Licensed To Ill"  
 Ice Cube, "Bootlegs & B-Sides"  
 John Tesh, "Live At Red Rocks"  
 Morrissey, "Your Arsenal"  
 Butthole Surfers,  
 "Locust Abortion Technician"  
 Kermit, "Kermit Unpigged"  
 Various Artists, "Youth Gone Wild:  
 Heavy Metal Classix of the '80s"

# LIVE FROM OUTER SPACE

By John Giuffo

## The Scofflaws LIVE! VOL. 1 Moonska

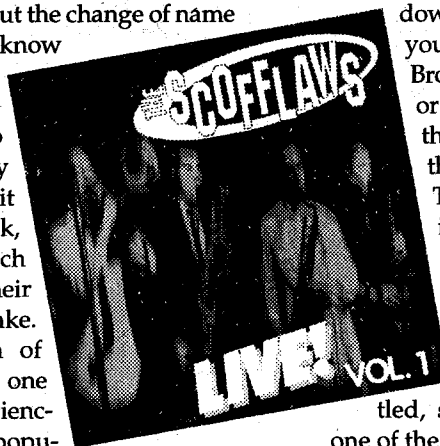
I think I'm getting old. No, really, I'm starting to scare myself with the way I spend my nights lately. See, I've been working a lot, trying to earn the money I need to buy a car so that I can have transportation should I get the internship that I'm going to try to get this year. I work, I come home, I read and generally work on things career related. I'm tired when I get home, and I complain about having to get up early. I haven't been to a good show since late April when I saw the Bosstones. It seems that in my zeal to provide a future for my post-college self, I've forgotten what's important.

Good thing I have the Scofflaws to remind me.

They've just released the first volume of a set of live CD's that are geared to give the listener a feel for what it is to see the Scofflaws live. It's appropriate that the hardest working band in ska would aim to release a series of live disks. I've seen them about thirty times, and each time has been a little different. The disc was recorded right after Christmas in Huntington last year, and I opted out of going. I was invited, I had the money, and I'm pretty sure I remember having the time to go, but I think I just decided to not go. I listen to this disk, a disk that tells me that the show I chose to miss was the best one they've ever played, and I get angry at myself for acting like the old(er) man I'm trying to turn myself into. I missed one of the best, most energetic, soul-liberating shows I might ever have seen, and The Scofflaws shame me with their release of the

event. More than just an intro to the Scofflaws live show, the disc serves to scold those sheep who have strayed from the flock. You gotta show and represent; I didn't, and I got the aural beatdown I deserve. I'm sorry Sammy, I'll never do it again.

In case you don't get the point, The Scofflaws kick ass live. That a band can stay together as long as they have, (Eddie Brickell decided she liked the name, and bought the rights to "New Bohemians" from them, bringing about the change of name to The Scofflaws I don't know how many years ago) play basically the same roots-loyal music, keep up they level of energy they are famous for, do it at least five times a week, and still pack shows each time is a testament to their ability make booties shake. They've taken a form of music they love (and one that happens to be experiencing the largest surge of popularity it's ever seen here in the states) and shown that it's possible to keep things fresh, interesting and relevant while staying true to what the form is about. The Scofflaws play ska for the rudest rude-boys, the most discriminating purists while staying accessible to even the greenest newjack and the most egregious of the uninitiated. They are one of the things Long Island should be most proud of, and they stand at the forefront of the East Coast scene. It's very simple: you don't know ska if you don't know The Scofflaws, so get hip or get lost.



Buy the disk, it can save you. It starts with the ska-groovy "Ska-La Parisian", an instrumental jam that serves as a warm up for the workout you're about to get. You can't sit still at a Scofflaws show, so it pays to stretch a little before dancing like a maniac. Let "Ska-La Parisian" do that for you. Now that you're all loose and groovy, they bring up the pace with such sing-alongs as "Back Door Open," "Paul Getty," and "Nude Beach." Keep your ass shakin', don't slow down, don't sit down, because sooner or later, you know it's coming. Lead singer Sammy Brooks will start his tirade about Horta this, or the Sexiest Skinhead In Space that, and the band will launch into what is arguably their best song, "William Shatner": an ode to TJ Hooker himself and to the coolness inherent in nurturing your inner nerd.

Finish it off with "Spider On My Bed": one of the best drinking songs ever recorded and throw in The Scofflaws version of Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made For Walking," (entitled, simply enough, "Boots") and you have one of the most accurate and enjoyable live albums ever released (Ministry's *In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up Live* tops the list.) It reminds us of what's important in life (drinking, music, sex and Star Trek) and can even serve to set us straight when we lose focus of the important things. Having to get up early for work is never a good excuse to put off a night of merry-making, and if I ever forget that again, all I have to do is play track 5, "Paul Getty," sing along and find my priorities all straightened out for me. The alternative is getting old, and nobody wants that.

# London Calling

By Jessica Lamantia

As of late, the popularity of Brit Pop has increased at a rate that's comparable to the speed of light. With bands such as Blur, Oasis and Elastica emerging on Top Forty Hit Lists, one band that has a huge cult following and has managed to retain its integrity by not striving to become the "next big thing" is the London Suede.

With three full length albums to their credit (the newest entitled *Coming Up*), the London Suede has stayed in the background of the recent influx of Anglomania sweeping the nation. You won't find them at the KROQ Dysfunctional Family Picnic or on Z100's nightly countdown. Their sound is too unique. Lead singer, Brett Anderson's voice is just too high-pitched and effeminate for mainstream American audiences. But this didn't stop the London Suede from performing to a sold out crowd at the Supper Club on May 15th to their small yet strong following in New York City.

When the band took the stage the packed crowd surged forward making those of us in the front feel like sardines. The music began and the crowd surfing commenced. People, let me explain something to you: IT'S BRIT POP NOT RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE! Geez, can't you just stand and watch? This wasn't the only thing that pissed me off that evening. Right before the band took the stage, an obnoxious girl with an ankh tattooed to the back of her neck pushed past me. My response was to grab her arm and bend her wrist back as far as possible without braking it, thereby forcing her to scream

and leave the floor area in front of the stage. Horrible people in the crowd aside, the performance was one of the London Suede's best.

The band, originally consisting of four musicians when their self titled debut album was released, has gone through numerous transformations to constitute the now five member musical force. The newest edition is Neil Codling, the



The London Suede

keyboardist brought aboard for the third album and subsequent '97 tour. All the lads worked well together - there was obviously a musical chemistry present as they performed. Playing new singles "Trash" and "Beautiful Ones" the new member's input could be heard. But stealing the spotlight as always was Brett.

Whether he's sashaying about on the stage and whipping the microphone in all directions or merely standing still, Brett commanded everyone's attention. During old favorites such as "Animal Nitrate" his whirling and swirling punctuated the notes while during the slower "2 of Us" his forlorn glances received numerous shouts of, "I love you Brett!"

Mat Osmond, Simon Gilbert and Richard Oakes weren't left out in the cold though. The bassist, drummer and guitarist worked their magic, too. Proving their talent isn't a result of studio tricks but actual hard work, these three provided the pulsing rhythms and etherealesque

sound that separates the London Suede from the majority of Brit Pop bands. They were strong from beginning to end.

To my surprise, they actually came back out and did an encore. Their standard operating procedure has always been to play the main set and nothing more, but I suppose the energy and frenzy of the crowd compelled them to give us one more song. For the encore they performed a song off *Coming Up* entitled "Saturday Night". And with that, the concert came to a close, but not the evening.

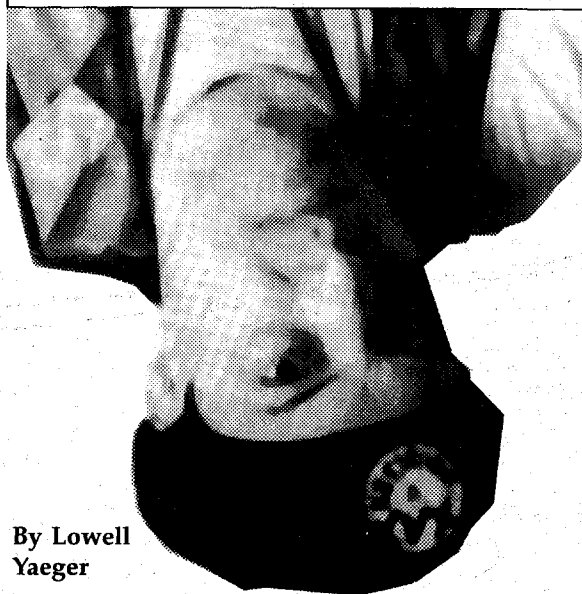
Afterwards my friends and I attended a post-concert party at a club called Opera on West 21st Street. Once we were inside we realized that the fans were all in the main room while the band and the VIP's were hidden away in the back room. Never missing an opportunity to meet-and-greet a band, my friend Laura used her supernatural sonar to sneak our way to the British boys. And let me tell you, it proved to be fun. I met and conversed with Neil and as a bonus, got a kiss. Mat and Brett spoke briefly with me but by far the most rewarding conversation I had was with Simon "The Nicest Man In The World" Gilbert. He spent a large portion of his time joking with Laura and then granted my special request that he sign the tennis ball I had in my bag. (I just thought it would be amusing to have him autograph a completely random item.)

This was the second time I've seen the London Suede live. And although they played one of my favorite songs the first time -- "Killing Of A Flashboy" -- and neglected it this time around, I couldn't be disappointed. After all, I'd met the band and spent a few hours with the hardest working lads in London.



# Chin Slinky

Please stop, those boots really hurt!



By Lowell Yaeger

## Lard PURE CHEWING SATISFACTION Alternative Tentacles

I'll give Jello Biafra, Al Jourgensen, and Paul Barker the benefit of the doubt, and not suggest that the decision to reawaken their Lard project was motivated by the sudden popularity of Germany's digital hardcore movement. (Whoops, I just did.)

I give them the benefit of the doubt because the three of them have never really catered to anyone but themselves; the release of Lard's newest album on Jello's indie label, Alternative Tentacles, is a clear case in point. The release, which went thoroughly unheralded by most media, is difficult to come by, and generally seems like the kind of thing you have to go out and look for. If you want to find it, you will, but don't expect to stroll into Tower and grab a copy.

In the event that you do find a copy, don't expect the scintillating genius of their previous release, *THE LAST TEMPTATION OF REID*. Perhaps it's because of the seven year waiting period between albums, and perhaps it's because of the extended recording of the album (some of the instrumental work dates back as far as 1992, when Ministry was recording *PSALM 69*), but whatever the reason, *PURE CHEWING SATISFACTION* lacks the cheeky insolence of its predecessor.

The music is pretty standard -- it's Ministry. If you've heard *PSALM 69*, you'll have a pretty good idea of what to expect here. Nothing quite as bruising (except for the unfortunately titled "Generation Execute", which recalls Jourgensen & Barker at their crunchiest), though.

The lyrics have the usual sharp wit that's expected from Biafra. But many of the issues he chooses to strike out at, such as the death penalty, have lost their popular urgency and are simply confusing political conundrums that America has grown used to.

What's next, Jello, a spoken word r a n t against

"For the last time, NO, Ozzy, I don't have any coke."

the dangers of an anti-abortion stance? The topic's been covered. Why hasn't he focused on something more compelling, more urgent, more NOW? We lost Nixon in the years since the last album -- surely Biafra could seize an entire song's worth of lyrics on that topic alone.

To his credit, the lyrics are pretty funny, especially his references to Blockbuster Video ("I went to Blockbuster Video/To rent a tape of people making love/Couldn't find no loving here/It's a family store, see here") and a bizarre ditty he penned with Jourgensen entitled "Mangoat". But in other spots, he approaches his subject with uncharacteristic blatancy -- especially on "Faith Hope & Treachery", which, as one can see by the title, doesn't even try.

This isn't a bad album. It's a decent listen, it has a few fantastic moments, and is sure to satisfy any fan of Biafra or Ministry. But for a band who waited seven years to release a follow-up to a truly memorable album, *PURE CHEWING SATISFACTION* isn't.

(Ugh... I feel so dirty.)

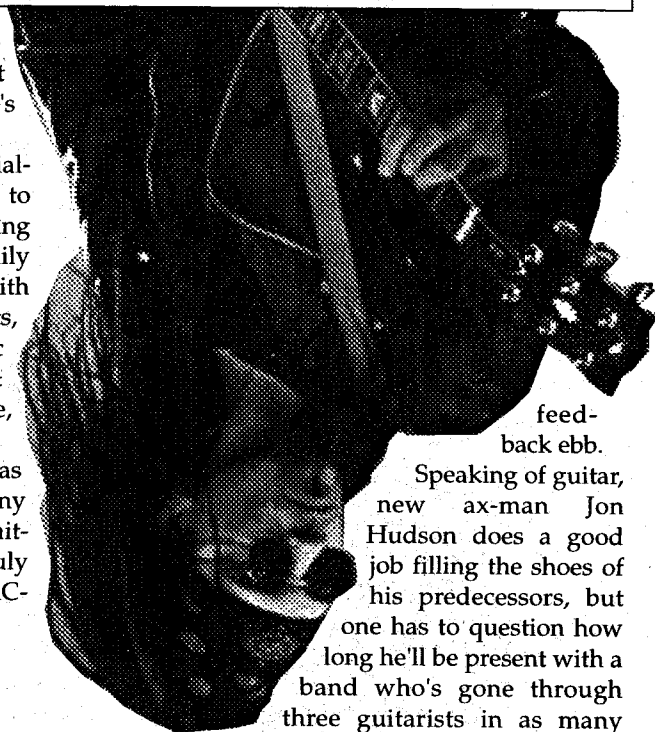
## Faith No More ALBUM OF THE YEAR Slash/Warner Bros.

Faith No More's mission has always been refreshingly hostile: disturb, confuse, and destroy, but never lose the audience's interest. Apart from their core band, the individual members do everything in their power to gnaw a bite out of musical stability: keyboardist Roddy Bottum's expectation-busting pop band, Imperial Teen; bassist Billy Gould's work with the Spanish grindcore band Brujeria, who perform masked and refer to Gould as "the white man without faith"; Mike Patton's bizarre vocal arrangements which sound like a cross between mating demons and a 500-lb. retarded woman giving birth to a box of nails -- sans the box; and the numerous original projects of Faith No More's numerous guitarists, including (but not limited to) Mr. Bungle, which is where Mike Patton initially came from, and Duh, the band that brought you a light-speed punk cover of the "Three's Company" theme song.

But when these disparate elements come together, the result is always a lot more subtle. The band members do their best to keep one another in check, using their own particular brand of inter-group tension and curious recording practices -- this album was recorded on a member-by-member basis -- to produce a whole that satisfies as good music on top while manipulating your psyche like a bisexual vampire with prosthetic fingers macking a schwanz.

A good case in point would be the album's lightest track, "She Loves Me Not". Faith No More has always had a flair for fluffily sinister ballads whose purpose was not so much to inspire a crowd of lighter-bearing sing-a-longs, but to mask evil with pop cheekiness. They did it on "Edge Of The World," a cover of The Commodores' "Easy", and "Evidence", but nowhere has it been done to greater effect than here. In between treacly lyrics of love and affection, Patton occasionally stops the Romeo act and murmurs "you'll be on your knees", only to return again seconds later with "lite radio" romantic crooning. The rest of the band does a fantastic job of keeping up with their lunatic frontman, crafting a pop song that blends toothache sugar-content (I'm also forcibly reminded of some of the music recorded for the Charlie Brown cartoons) with the desolate sound of

Mmm... bile beer!



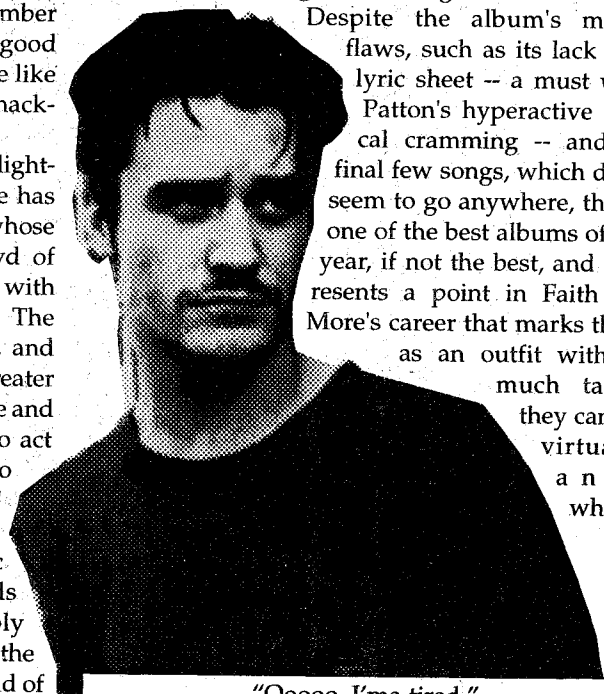
feed-back ebb.

Speaking of guitar, new ax-man Jon Hudson does a good job filling the shoes of his predecessors, but one has to question how long he'll be present with a band who's gone through three guitarists in as many years. The other members

remain, at the very least, respectably competent, if not downright fantastic. Mike Bordin's drumming is steady and reliable, but also busy enough to entertain without being overwhelming; Billy Gould is one of the best bassists I've ever heard, without ever clouding the rest of the band out with showy self-indulgence; and Roddy Bottum's keyboards continue to produce sounds that most standard rock keyboardists wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole.

None of them have lost the hard edge that makes Faith No More such a pleasure to listen to in the first place. Unlike most other bands I've heard, Faith No More has the ability to dodge between genres without conveying even the slightest sense of disparity. Within the first five songs alone, Faith No More manages to enjoy car crashes, crunchy metal guitar, industrial-lounge keyboard work (really), rock-pop a la "Midlife Crisis" on their new single, "Last Cup Of Sorrow", stop-start punk, and Polynesian xylophone playing. I could go on and on about the highlights here, but I'd wind up talking about the whole album. No matter where you go, someone's doing something jaw-dropping. Of exceptional note is "Mouth To Mouth", the best song Mr. Bungle never wrote.

Despite the album's minor flaws, such as its lack of a lyric sheet -- a must with Patton's hyperactive lyrical cramming -- and its final few songs, which don't seem to go anywhere, this is one of the best albums of the year, if not the best, and represents a point in Faith No More's career that marks them as an outfit with so much talent they can go virtually anywhere.



"Ooooo, I'ma tired."