

THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 10, No. 11 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Mar. 30, 1989



centerfold

Singular Travels

back page

TERMINATED

Now that we've got a brand new President running this great big country, and the Republican juggernaut has a lease on four more years of business-first politicking, that old chestnut, abortion, is back in the limelight. The Supreme Court's decision to review *Roe v. Wade* is living proof that ol' George wasn't just whistling dixie when he said he'd do his damndest to give legalized abortions the boot when he came into office.

Of course, it isn't entirely up to him. There are a few formalities to be weathered—like the judicial proceedings of the Supreme Court. But with the political wind in his favor (not to mention the ideological biases of most of the justices), things could get mighty sticky over the next few years.

With this in mind, the National Organization of Women (or, for you revisionists, "Wimmin") has organized a gigantic pro-choice march on the Capitol for April 9. Their contention is that the state has no right to deny the option of terminating a pregnancy, and they're inviting all their friends to come and support that position. Not a bad idea, when it comes right down to it.

It has always been the delusion of any well-established government that it can legislate the morality of its citizens. This, as a recent example like Prohibition reminds us, is not always a good idea. When a desired commodity is made illegal, criminals will assume the task of supplying it. This intriguing causality has occurred with every substance ever controlled, including alcohol, marijuana, and LSD. Abortions,

though a service rather than a substance, are no exception to the rule. Back-alley abortions have been around as long as there have been alleys. The coat-hanger is a recent innovation.

In a society where sexual activity is portrayed as the ultimate spare-time activity by every element of the mass-media, pre- and extra-marital sex will remain popular. Similarly, in a society where birth control devices are still widely kept behind drugstore counters and off prime-time television (even in this age of AIDS fun'n'games), accidental pregnancies will continue to occur. When one society harbors both these tendencies (like, say, ours), people will inevitably seek to terminate pregnancies neither sought-after nor expected.

The legal battle that has so incensed Americans revolves (and revolves and revolves) around the question: when is a fetus a human being? When is it murder to perform an abortion? A tricky question, to say the least, and one that can only be answered through impassive, arbitrary legislation. A fetus is a human being when the state says it is. Period.

Of course, that's the problem. Everybody and his Uncle Frank has an opinion on the matter and won't be satisfied until the state adopts it and turns it into law. Hence, theology enters the legislative process. The separation of church and state crumbles away, and we have a running, unresolvable argument on when a fertilized egg becomes a citizen of the United States and not just a big tadpole sleeping in someone's uterus.

Generally speaking, it seems anti-abortion activists are more concerned with the rights of a child before it is born, than they are when it finally plants its feet on terra firma. Social welfare programs remain seriously underfunded and undermanned in this post-Reagan era, and an unwanted non-white child has about a snowball's chance in hell of finding a willing foster family to raise it from infancy. That, however, is not a hot issue. Fetuses are cute and helpless and fraught with mystical implications, but orphans aren't. Once you're out of that womb, kid, you're on your own, but until then, nothing but the best from the religious right.

An abortion is the last resort of a desperate woman. If that resort is removed, she has no choice: she either finds a back-alley or goes through with the pregnancy—and don't kid yourself that back-alleys won't come back into vogue if *Roe v. Wade* is repealed. Abortion is unpleasant and unnatural; pregnancies were designed by biology to produce children. Nobody likes the idea of a half-sentient fetus slopping around in a bucket of placental slime after surgical removal, but until birth control methods are propagated as widely and with as much enthusiasm as sexually-oriented media (from jeans commercials to Jessica Hahn), abortions will continue to be a part of American life—with or without governmental approval.

(For more information on the NOW March, see Footnotes, page 5.)

— Letters —

I Puked

Dear The Press:

Let me begin by saying that I was appalled; no revolted; no, to be absolutely honest, I puked, when I saw the Six and Violence disgrace your pages again. I know some of your reporters definitely fraternize with these talentless, overrated jerks, but you can even forget their pretense of friendship—all they want to do is bum a beer off you if at all possible, I'm sure. All they are good at is pretense—they prove themselves to be exactly what they are: a bunch of guys who hang out in the Union with their backs turned to everyone.

Aside from their bad and completely sophomoric attitudes, how dare they call their noise music? Next they'll be doing some new chaos that will probably sound like eighteen percussion tracks, some guy screaming and some cheesy sound effect like a cow mooing in the background. What ever happened to art? And people buy this stuff—these morons from outer space have a five record contract (which they will blather about incessantly if you even ask them the time of day). No justice.

Yes, I confess I was there on February 24th, only because I forgot what day it was. I knew right away the Six and Violence was in town, though—I was at the bar one minute, I heard a girl scream, I

looked—when I turned back, my beer was gone, my wallet was gone, and my shoelaces were tied to the barstool. Fuck those guys.

Father Kurt Stenzel
A Concerned Student

Get Laid

To the Editor:

In its February 16th edition, *The Press* published an article entitled "Sign Here, Please" by the noted scientist, Dr. Roy U. Schenk. While I wholeheartedly agree with the urgent need to develop the basic principles of scientific dating—unlike the harsh and opinionated female young lady who would not let Dr. Schenk buy her a dinner (according to the March 9th issue of *The Press*)—I would like to question one aspect of Dr. Schenk's excellent, in-depth analysis, and I also would like to offer an important suggestion of my own. I have to admit, I'm not a bona-fide scientist (a B.A. plus an M.A. still separates me from a Ph. or any other D.), but I did my share of field research in this area and still do it whenever I get a chance. As an amateur, this is my first organized attempt to turn my practical insights into a higher level of universal consciousness on this utterly serious subject.

In his treatise, Dr. Schenk suggested equal financial contribution to dating expenses as a way

to optionalize the "150th step," especially as far as the female partner is concerned. I would like to argue (respectfully) against this egalitarian view of treating virtual equals equally when their actual equality is unequal (Aristotle, improved). Let me expand on this very important aspect—maybe the cornerstone of my argument—for slower thinkers and enemies of dateology. While it is true that usually the male partner bears financial responsibility for mutual dating activities, one has to take into consideration the preparational effort expended by the female counterpart. The high cost of purchasing make-up materials and the extended time-period of skillfully applying same put a considerable financial as well as physical burden on the female subject. Periodical visits to the hair-dresser, the beautician and the gynecologist also have to be taken into consideration as inevitable costs of dating activity. Hair-trimming services for men are much less costly and guys see a doctor only if their pecker is just about ready to fall off.

The last statement of the preceding paragraph is regrettably very unscientific. It can easily cast an unfavorable light on the emerging new field of dateology—a mistake deplored and promised not to be repeated in the rest of this short report.

Equitable distribution of burdens and responsibilities of dating expenses is what dateology is all about. Preparation for unforeseen occurrences—unless dating insurance

continued on page 11

The Stony Brook Press

Editor-in-Chief Kyle Silber
Managing Editor Karin Falcone
Business Manager John Dunn
Editor Emeritus Craig Goldsmith

News and Feature: David Alistair, Robert V. Gilheany, Lee Gundel, Diane Schutz

Arts: Quentin Busterkeys, Robert Rothenberg

Graphics: Allain Atienza, Ed Bridges, Arlene Donnelly, Rachel Elkind, Sanford Lee, Joseph Sterinbach, Aaron Zimmerman

Production: Donna Greene, Alexandra Odulak, Erika Votruba

The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly on Thursdays (barring recesses) during the academic year and irregularly during the summer session by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded not-for-profit corporation. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. Ad copy due by 8PM on the Monday prior to publication. For more information on advertising, call 632-6451.

Staff meetings are held weekly in the Press offices at approximately 7:30PM Monday.

The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of our staff.

Phone: 632-6451

Office:

Suite 020 Central Hall
S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-2790

Riding on Borrowed Time

by John Dunn

Stony Brook's bus system, which serves 140,000 riders a year on three commuter runs and two locals, is falling apart. The volume of use puts a tremendous strain both on the fleet—whose newest bus was built 15 years ago—and on the people who drive the buses.

The heart of the system is the depot in South P-Lot. Here, the buses are stored and maintained between runs. Each morning, every bus is fueled, cleaned, and has a pre-run trip before going out into service. No bus that fails inspection enters service, and this sometimes creates a shortage leading to rental of outside coaches.

A number of buses in the depot are out of service permanently. Buses numbered 1, 3, and 6 are for sale or scrap, while others—the Sunrise buses—are used for parts to keep the existing fleet running (not always an easy task, given the age of the vehicles and the repair facilities). The newest chassis dates from 1974, the oldest from 1962. Although all the buses have been refurbished more recently, their frames are still old.

The past practice has been to save money by buying used buses and repairing them, rather than buying new ones. That policy is going to change, according to Hugh Mulligan, Director of Auxiliary Services—the department which took over operation of the bus service last summer. Stony Brook is spending at least double what other schools with new fleets spend, in order to keep a dilapidated system operational. Currently, the University spends \$6 per mile to operate a single bus. Mulligan would like to see a gradual fleet replacement, starting with the purchase of one or two new buses by September, with two new buses being purchased each academic year until the fleet is entirely replaced. New buses would be assigned to the local runs at first, rather than the Engineering loop, to avoid being worn out quickly.

During Spring Break, a representative from Stony Brook attended a national conference on college auxiliary services, where, according to Mulligan, some interesting things were learned. Most schools, for instance, have bus and parking fees, although that does not mean Stony Brook students are in for more fees. The conference, Mulligan said, "confirmed that we have a disastrous situation on our hands." For example, while the University of Virginia retires a campus bus when it reaches 12 years from the date of manufacture—no matter the condition—the newest bus Stony Brook has was built 15 years ago. Information from the conference, along with other studies, will help decide what type of buses will be purchased. On-campus studies will determine which routes will be

changed for next year to better serve the campus. Another related improvement will be the rehabilitation or replacement of bus shelters.



Image: Rachel Elkind

A normal bus fleet should be in service 70% of the time. The average Stony Brook bus is in service 50% of the time, which means more buses than normal are needed to maintain schedules. Ideally, five to six buses are required for commuter runs, with one to two for the locals. Keeping enough buses in service is a challenge with a few jokers thrown in the deck. For example, two weeks ago, two drivers were involved in a car accident on their lunch hour and ended up in University Hospital, thus causing another driver to work overtime. In the meantime, a bus had to be taken out of service due to problems with the directional signals. Business as usual for the bus service.

The repair facilities used to be a seven-bay shop by the hospital. It was forced out last year, due to a concern about fumes being sucked into the Health Sciences Center. The present facility is a makeshift one-bay facility in the garage next to the Physical Plant. The small size can be a hindrance if too many buses go out of service—which occasionally happens. In mid-March, two buses were receiving their regular Department of Transportation inspection, when two more buses had to be taken out of service. With the bay tied up for inspections, the other buses had to be sent to off-campus repair sites at an increased expense. In addition, the lack of buses meant that coach buses had to be rented from Coram Bus Service, allowing students to ride the "Casino Special."

Aggravating problems, the fuel tank at

the South P depot will have to be replaced by 1990. The state-funded replacement is due to tougher state regulations concerning fuel tanks, not a leakage problem.

The fleet is driven by eleven year-round employees who are supplemented by three hired for the school year only. They receive a 15-minute break in addition to lunch and are rotated around the routes to lighten the monotony that occurs in driving a bus back and forth. For many students, these are the Stony Brook employees they see most in their years at the Brook. Graduates, said Mulligan, have written letters describing how good a driver was during their time as a student. This is, of course, appreciated by the drivers who have to put up with a number of problems, not the least of which being the physical condition of the campus itself.

The poor state of campus roads, combined with some intriguing ticketing practices by Public Safety, are wreaking havoc on the buses. Turning locations in South P-Lot have been pulverized to gravel due to constant bus passage. Illegally parked cars force the buses onto curbs which, too, are being obliterated. The situation is similar elsewhere on campus. Road repairs to South P and other trouble spots are due to take place this summer.

The other major problem involves the location of cars and the ignorance of drivers on campus. The safety of riders is, in many cases, jeopardized, and delays caused by

which are unmanned, park in the loop anyway. With the cars there, it becomes almost impossible to get a bus through. This delays one or both of the locals for up to 15 minutes at a time, which, in turn, causes system-wide delays.

The little impromptu parking lot in front of the Union marked "Don't Even Think Of Parking Here" is actually for campus buses. Under ideal conditions (i.e. no vehicles in the area), the bus would pull into that cutoff. This hasn't occurred for ages for obvious reasons.

The other major problem facing the buses and their riders is vehicles passing stopped buses. Just about every type of vehicle, including those of Public Safety, have been spotted passing stopped campus buses even though campus regulations forbid the passing of a stopped bus, no matter what the location. This includes the Engineering loop and the South Campus stop where cars whip by at 50 mph with no thought of stopping. The current fine for passing a stopped bus is \$7.50. Mulligan would like to see it raised to \$50 to make it more of a deterrent. One student has already been hit by a car passing a stopped bus—though not seriously injured.

One complaint from drivers is that they don't know they are supposed to stop. The committee is open to answers on how to get people to do so. One suggestion from a 1983 task force report was to post signs on all buses and bus stops announcing that

**"...we have a disastrous situation on our hands."
—Hugh Mulligan**

illegal parking. The problems occur just about everywhere on campus. A few examples:

Snowfencing had to be installed in front of the Chapin bus shelter to prevent cars from parking in front of it and blocking access. Despite the fencing, cars still pull up on the curb beside it.

Illegally parked cars in the hospital loop are a disaster. Despite signs saying "No Parking, Fire Zone," cars and taxis, many of

vehicles must stop for buses. One student suggested installing flashing red lights to make USB buses look like a public school bus.

A committee on campus parking has been formed to solve the crises present at Stony Brook, and, says Mulligan, as part of that solution, "bus service has to be improved to deal with the parking situation." Hopefully, it will also be improved to deal with the situation of commuters.

Fifteen Years of GALA

by Robert V. Gilheany

The Gay and Lesbian Alliance (GALA) celebrated its 15th anniversary at Stony Brook during March 6-9. For the past decade-and-a-half, gays, lesbians, and bisexuals have had a space on campus to struggle for freedom—freedom from sexual repression in the form of negative social pressure from a larger, homophobic community.

The 1960s saw a rebirth of the feminist movement and the sexual revolution was peaking. Radical feminist and lesbian activists saw themselves as oppressed—just as a hundred years earlier, women in the abolitionist movement saw women as oppressed—and lesbians and gays started to organize to get "the man" off their backs.

People started talking and expressing themselves, and spaces were created in the form of clubs and organizations. A spark in the gay and lesbian movement occurred in 1969, when police started harassing people at the Stonewall, a gay

bar in New York city. Angry patrons took to the streets immediately. The heat was on. This event became known as the Stonewall Rebellion, and became a catalyst for gay, lesbian, and bisexual activities and for organizing in communities and on campuses. In 1973, the Gay and Lesbian Student Alliance came to Stony Brook.

To mark its 15th year at USB, GALA produced Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week. The week included cultural events: Jewelle Gomez, a lesbian author/poet/activist spoke; there was music by gay composer/songwriter Joe Brecco; a panel discussion was held on the religious question; also, a play and discussion on bias-related violence, a workshop on bi-sexuality, and a dance—the Spring Fling. GALA vice president Glenn Magpantay said, "The week's events were aimed at the straight, homophobic community." He went on to say that the events would bring

continued on page 5

March 30, 1989 page 3

Petitions Are Available for the Following Polity Positions:

President, Vice President,
Secretary, Sophomore Rep,
Junior Rep, Senior Rep,
Judiciary, SASU, and Stony
Brook Council

*Come to Rm 258 Union Build- Election Date is 4/17, Run-Off
ing. Ask for Barbara. Petitions 4/27. Sign Up Sheet for poll-
must be turned in by 5:00PM watchers in Polity Office.
April 10.*

SKYDIVING

Sponsored by the SPA

Fast Fun for Curing the SB Weekend Blues

- ☐ absolutely NO experience needed
- ☐ transportation/equipment/lodgings provided
- ☐ learn with the MOST experienced man in the USA
- ☐ lowest price available in area
- ☐ FUN

Union Building 223

Tuesday 9PM



Original Reproductions

by Alexandra Odulak

From March 13th to 17th, the Student Union Art Gallery exhibited the photocopy works of Canadian artist Sarah Jackson. As a copy artist, Jackson creates art by utilizing—you guessed it—photocopy machines (a Sharp Digital CX5000, in case anyone is curious). She begins the process by photocopying an original sketch in various forms. That is,

"Color densities, the transparent depths of luminous tones, digital textures, spatial scales—all are the raw process from which I 'paint' or 'model'..."

The majority of Jackson's works are laden with feminist themes—most notably in the mural (about 3' by 3') "Hail Margaret Mead." The collage-like piece includes a representation of Ms. Mead clad in Pocahontas-like garb, two women interacting



Image: Steve Schmitz

shifting the work while it is copied to produce distorted, contorted, striated versions of the original. Brilliant colors are copied on to the piece and, *voilà*, a work of art! Rest assured, the technique may sound relatively simple, but Jackson's creations certainly are not. The pieces emerge with brilliant color, depth, texture, and meaning—or as the artist explains more appropriately:

with a child, clusters of flowers, locks of hair, as well as a spacecraft and photograph of the Earth. The contrasting symbols illustrate women as a feminine force attempting to liberate itself from power constraints. In short—"...to boldly go where no man has gone before!"

Other murals, also in collage form, illus-

continued on page 11

Awareness

continued from page 3

GALA into the public light and people would get to know them.

On March 9, Jewelle Gomez talked of the New Left feminist idea that the "personal" is political. "If the personal wasn't political," she said, "then no one would care about the gay and lesbian issue, and there wouldn't be laws against the homosexual act in states." Though a lesbian in her forties, she spoke of the fact that she attends rallies for pro-choice abortion, a similar issue. "Why should I care about pro-choice...? I'll be there because my sisters' rights are at stake."

The night before, a panel discussion was held on homosexuality in God's eye. The panel included a Catholic chaplain, Rev. William Koenig; a Presbyterian minister (an associate pastor on gay and lesbian issues), Rev. Kenneth Wells; Jewish chaplain Joseph S. Topek; and Unitarian chaplain Katherine Lehman-Becker of the University Interfaith Center.

Said Topek: "You want to know—the bottom line—is homosexuality against Jewish law? The answer is yes." He pointed to passages in the Bible's Book of Leviticus: "For man to lie down with his fellow man is an abomination." Nobody, however, is perfect, he said, and God judges the whole person. On gay and lesbian synagogues, he commented, "Though they may violate Jewish law in one area, in all others they are like other synagogues."

Koenig said the Catholic church has gotten a "bad rap" on the issue of homosexuality. He spoke of how the church has sensitized itself to it through discussion groups. Christ, he said, never condemned homosexuality. He condemned righteousness, and the only person guaranteed a place in heaven was a prostitute.

Wells referred the audience to a bibliography of works on the church and homosexuality and stressed the importance of social research.

In the Unitarian denomination, Lehman-Becker said, gays and lesbians can rise to

the highest positions in the church. An audience member said that if he were to advise a homosexual person on religion, he would send them to the Unitarians, because other doctrines foster self-hatred and guilt.

A workshop by Robert O. Hawkins dealt with bisexuality. Hawkins said bisexuals have no support groups. The straight community is not it and the gay and lesbian community sees them as traitors. Hawkins was glad to see that "GALA is a support group for gays, lesbians, and bisexuals."

Someday, he said, the idea of someone being totally heterosexual or totally homosexual will be thought of as unusual. He cited the Kinsey scale of relative sexual orientation, but said that people move within the scale during their lives and the six-category scale is too general.

Hawkins also criticized the idea of trying to cure homosexuality. He described experiments going on in Germany to alter hormone levels, and said that such work is an example of a country trying to change its citizens to fit desired roles.

David Wertheimer, executive director of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, spoke on the political edge to bias-related violence. When asked where homophobia comes from, he replied: "Our Judeo-Christian background." Wertheimer said most of the attackers in bias-related crime are young men.

He described an anti-bias bill in the New York State Legislature that would enforce stiffer penalties for bias crimes. The bill includes statutes on crimes against people for religion, race, nationality, gender, and sexual orientation. For the last two years, the bill died in the Republican-controlled Senate. This year, he said, it seems to have a good chance of passing, but it's being held in the Senate as a bargaining chip. The Republicans told the Black and Puerto Rican caucus that if they drop the sexual orientation from the bill, it would pass.

The caucus said, "Screw you."

Footnotes

ON CAMPUS

More Goddamn Poetry

No, just kidding. We love the stuff around here. Honest. And if you want to hear some out loud, the Poetry Center is offering another in its series of double-header readings April 5 at 7:30PM in Humanities 239, this time with Tulani Davis and Michael Waters in the spotlight. As if that weren't enough, American/Irish poet John Montague will stop by the following evening (same place, same time) to read a few of his favorites, too. Hell, you know *we'll* be there, so stop by and say howdy.

Back to the Bates Motel

The latest in USB's Topics in Art lecture series is "Hitchcock's *Psycho*, a Glimpse Behind the Shower Curtain," offered by resident cineast, Michael Edelson. The date: Monday, April 10. The time: 8-10:30PM. The location: Staller Fine Arts Gallery. The price: free as the air you breathe. What else do you need to know?

Lady Oracle

Margaret Atwood, activist, critic, and bestselling author (most recently *The Handmaid's Tale* and *Cat's Eye*) joins the Distinguished Lecture Series roster with an evening of reading from (and commentary on) her works. Mark this one on your calendar, kids, because the woman can write. The festivities start at 8PM, April 13, in the Staller Center Main Stage, and, like other priceless things in life, it's free.

I-Con VIII

It's back. "The east coast's largest convention of science fiction, fact, and fantasy." And, just like the previous seven years, it's right here at Stony Brook, commandeering the Javits Lecture Center for its own nefarious purposes. It's too late to get advance tickets, but passes are available at reasonable rates right at the door. Guests include (among many, many others) Frank Kelly Freas, E. Gary Gyax, Michael (Lt. Worf) Dorn, Terry Nation, Barry Longyear, Joan D. Vinge, James Morrow, Fred Hembeck and Bernie Wrightson. All the action (including endless films, panels, lectures, and a roomful of dealers just dying to lighten your wallet) starts Friday, March 31, and continues throughout the weekend. Info: 632-6460.

For Mature Audiences Only

Last Summer At Bluefish Cove is "a witty and loving portrait...of eight women at a summer colony." Sounds innocuous enough, but, as it turns out, writer Jane Chambers is a "premier lesbian playwright" and the performance is restricted to **Mature Audiences**. If that gets your attention, this Student Theatre production is March 31 & April 1 and April 7 & 8 at 8PM in Staller Center Theatre Three. Tickets are \$2 at the door, \$1 with ID.

Space Is the Place

Dig it. Another ESS Astronomy Open Night. April 7 at 8PM in Harriman 137. Topic: "The Universe Around Us: Who are the Great Attractions?" Lecturer: Amos Yahil. The usual post-lecture telescope viewing ceremony will take place, and the ESS museum and library will both be open free of charge all evening. For further information, seek out the one they call Dolores Rohrbach (632-8221). You won't be sorry.

Middle East Teach-In

There may not be any seats left, but the USB B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation is sponsoring a day-long teach-in on the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict on Sunday, April 9. Advance registration is actively encouraged due to limited space, but if you can get in, the agenda includes current and political/military analyses of the conflict, a tasty kosher lunch, and consideration of "a two-state solution." Rates are \$7 for students and \$10 for non-students, and registration forms are available from B'nai B'rith at the Interfaith Center (632-6565).

OFF CAMPUS

The Time Is NOW

Well, it's happening. Our fledgling President has made good on his pledge to do his level best to take away the right of American women to terminate their pregnancies. Hey, it's the prerogative of the state, right? Women have no claim on their biological functions, only morally upright bureaucrats do. Well, like we said, it's happening: the U.S. Supreme Court is set to review the constitutionality of *Roe v. Wade*, and, in response, the National Organization of Women has organized a gigantic march for Women's Equality/Women's Lives in Washington, D.C. The march, scheduled for April 9, has the following timeline: assemble at 10AM on the Mall, march begins at 12 noon, and a concluding rally starts at 1:30PM on the west side of the Capitol. "Participants are urged to wear white." Joining delegations from campuses nationwide, buses from USB sponsored by Polity and the GSO leave before the crack of dawn on the day of the march. Call for details.

“Everyone Has Lived Here Sometime or Another”

Correspondence from Afar

Letter-writing has become one of the fine lost arts of civilization. The introduction of the telephone and television to modern society has resulted in swiftly declining rates of both literacy and patience, thus turning the personal letter into an outdated communications medium. Here, however, is your big chance to relive those thrilling days of yesteryear: a real, live letter from a fellow student residing in Paris via the Office of International Programs. What's it like there? How can you get involved? Why, it's all right here in this rambling account. Since the odds are you won't get one in the mail anytime soon, The Press has brought you a letter from afar in another declining medium: the newspaper.

by Karla Goren

I'll tell you of my stay in Paris only if I can be truthful. I say this because accounts of Paris always turn unreal, turn into romanticized tales (Calgon, take me away!). I will not speak to you seductively while squatting over a bidet. And if you look past my big grin you will not see my Frenchman crouched over a typewriter getting these words down.

Too many American assholes write about the time that they spent in Paris. In fact, there are several flyers here devoted solely to American scribbblings. Yeah, yeah: “I don't miss Manhattan at all; Fauchon's is better than Balducci's; I don't give a damn who won the Super Bowl; And no, I didn't vote!” Right, and these brilliant types were interviewed live from Harry's Bar after the American elections. SCARY.

Am I another one of these sphincters about to embark on a tender treatise on the heavenly nature of the baguette? Not if I can help it: I'll eat it before I'll tell you of its essence. My approach will not ride on the assumption that I'm trying to be objective or that I'm a real writer.

The best writing about Paris is perhaps in **The Tropic of Cancer**. Henry Miller has no pretenses. By the second page, he's clear about his efforts falling more under the category of insult (“gob of spit in the face of Art, a kick in the pants of God...”) than of literature. Come to Paris, read Henry, and let him pervert your sensibility.

One should also come here to write. Meet people who consider themselves to be real writers. Some are genuine, or at least their trauma is genuine. Go to Shakespeare and Co. (bookstore and meat market) on Sunday afternoons for tea and social intercourse. Someone once started up a conversation at tea by alerting me to the fact that he'd been published in **Rolling Stone**. I suppose the expected response was that I drop my pants. But this guy *did* have talent: gallery-hopping. Sometimes eight openings in a row (screw the artists), where there's more red wine than a body can take in.

There are also poetry readings at Shakespeare on Monday nights. The published and the un. Two dudes from our program did a hot reading with guitar accompaniment. It wasn't difficult to get a gig, they just asked. After their reading, an old beat crept out, speaking of the old days (those better days) as he passed his porkpie hat for money, metro tickets, meal tickets, and “Oh you girls, now don't be shy, give your phone numbers, too.” Wink, wink. Give money to get the stinky old goat out of your face, thinking: “Oh Christ, please don't even think of giving us young whippersnappers a thrill by reciting poems by your old pal Ginsey.” An old goat and a lamprey eel.

So if your young flesh is willing, all sorts of abuses can easily be found chez Shakespeare. Just think of the possibilities. Launder a poet's shirt, be the nameless face in the kitchen during tea, or if you're lucky, the lamprey eel sucker will tie you up while he turns you on with his flaccid, self-absorbed rap. Yes, he's been published. But, for some, to be published is to have been given an institutional OK to have a wank.

Needless to say, not frequenting the teas, unless for an argument, or good game of castrating women, is no loss, since the discussions have no real thrust. However, I did meet one honest person, who was a divorcee from Pompano



Snapshots of Paris by the Author

Beach. She'd accumulated enough mileage coupons to fly for free, and had decided to come to Paris for 24 hours. Knowing absolutely no French, she'd wandered around all day and ended up at Shakespeare's in a catatonic state. She warmed up and became talkative after some tea. Amidst the usual vacuous, “Who do you know?”, “Where are you going?”, and “How's your opera coming along?”, her desperation blew them out of the water. No, she didn't contribute to the discussion on Joyce, but this distressed woman from Florida was more eloquent than the entire educated herd.

There are many sad and insane people here. And Paris is a good place to be depressed or to lose your mind (it is, of course, a given that it's a great place to be happy as well). But melancholia, cold wetness, and a gnawing stomach are Parisian images. I've been told that these states are character-enhancing. Right. So when I leave this city I will be a big character. (Okay, this isn't exactly a sugar-coated invitation to come and study in Paris, but the winter rains have really sunk down into my bones, I've been reading too much Miller, and talking to too many homeless people. There's a comedic couple that lives at the Luxembourg metro stop. They know how to live: they make fun of people and read when they're not too busy starving.)

Miller's got his priorities straight. The hunt for food and coupling. Vaguely reminiscent of Schopenhauer's horrified realization that the creature, the creator of logos, is driven solely by his search for food and nookie. Love is absurd, is meaningless, because it exists only in its service to the continuation of the species. But Miller's language of genitalia is certainly not a horrified one. The power of this language, and Miller's gnawing stomach, hits me the hardest. I feel my own, and it's never satisfied (too much coffee as well). Many of my parts are having the time of their lives, but not my stomach.

Stan, from NYC, visited and indulged me in an outrageous lunch of French onion soup, fruits de mer, and wine, wine, wine. The soup was practically pure beef stock (my eyes roll back in their sockets, head's thrown back, it's too good). Now a platter of raw everything (oysters, mussels, clams, snails, periwinkles, crabs), which gave me a ridiculously big grin that froze on my face throughout the entire saga. I didn't even pay attention to their screams as I plucked them from their shells and swallowed. Sure, I was drunk, and my senses had overloaded. Delirium and then the paycheck.

A few hours later I began to realize that I had been poisoned. I was sick for three days and I wanted to die.

The appetite has returned now, and to serve it I've taken on a second job. Hunger and the quest for food is much more of a reality—is certainly more tangible—than scholarly preoccupations (take the paper I'm currently writing on Heidegger's concept of TIME, for example). This city is a wonderful place to walk in when one is hungry and in search of food. Open-air markets with big, hairy boars hanging by their hooves.

To feed myself, I teach English. My pupil, a young French businessman, pays me 90F/\$15 p.h. to listen to him read and to correct him. The entire transaction has turned absurd, as he has chosen to read a Harlequin romance entitled, **Joy** (jouir?). He'd refused to read my choice, **The Origins of Totalitarianism** because it lacked interesting colloquial expressions. Great. I get to explain and mime out what “throes of passion” means. (MONA LOOKED AT TOM, AND HIS LOINS QUIVERED. “What is zis quivering?” he asks with a stone face. “Oh Jesus, read on.” I start to crack.)

Practice all aspects of your French, and if you care, you might take a look at John Ardagh's **France in the 1980s**, but don't anticipate anti-American sentiments. Keep in mind that Parisians aren't particularly nasty to Americans, they're just nasty to everyone. In fact, a closer, more careful look reveals that American culture has been mythologized (forged into the French consciousness) by decades of American cinema (not to mention fashion, rock and roll, jazz, and even detective novels). It's gone way beyond canonization to a level of mania.

Packed into a subway car I was, surrounded by young natives. They were singing and making the car bounce. Not five minutes into the New Year, they discovered my origin and insisted, demanded, that I autograph their cheeks (press my lipstick-covered lips on them). They could have just as easily overpowered and eaten me if they had wanted to. After all, this is no time to be anti-American, with the promise of 8000 jobs and untold sums of profit, all due to the EuroDisney that's in the process of becoming. Stiff competition to land a job as a GOOFY.

On the other hand, a rally was held for the institution of the death penalty. It was headed by arch-villan LePen, with strong vocal support by the infamous Doc-Martin-wearing contingent without hair. I feel ill when I think of them stomping down the street afterward, chanting anti-semitic and racist slogans. Meanwhile the CRS (SS), the leather-clad special forces (milk-fed, beefy, red-faced mugs), standing by to save the day, to protect (?) us, made me wonder if my gut impression of them as Vichy troops was on

the mark.

Aside from having students who are more politically concerned, Paris also has the best-dressed, most style-conscious students in the world. Heard about tough French punks kicking homeless people to death? (Incidentally Doc-Martin sales are up, even though one has to go all the way to England to get steel-toes.) But there's another class of revolutionaries who have placed the same philosophical weight upon image and culture. Dapper young boys in Italian wool/linen suits, their protruding-lipped frowns barely holding onto cigarettes. Too much Edward G. Robinson, Brando, Bogart. In my Schopenhauer/Nietzsche course, one finds Elvis/Roy Orbison impersonators. Tight black jeans, lizard skin cowboy boots, mutton-chop sideburns, and perfect pompadours.

Perhaps NYC does move too quickly. Fickle yuppie appetites floating around, delighting in dives, fake Mexican food, and Bukowski. The French sensibility seems to be geared more toward a savoring of things that aren't disposable (let's not mention the McDonald's on St. Germain—probably the only one in the world that has a bust of Leibniz). But seriously, I once watched a native go through a torturous, elaborate mating ritual (of gazing and sniffing) before the consummation, which was the ingestion of a single truffle. If you've seen the movie, **Tampopo**, and you recall the eating (sex) scenes—although this is a Japanese example—it exemplifies the sensuality that I'm speaking of. I'm telling you that these people are sensual!!!

A thing like FUNK is definitely not disposable. One has only to turn on the radio to discover the shocking truth that James Brown and Barry White are *overplayed*. But funk and rock and roll aren't the only realms idolized. I swear that I heard on the radio a soft, danceable cover of Pete Frampton's “Oooo baby I love your way” that used lyrics from “Free Bird” as its refrain. **EGAD!** [Bad pop travels east—Ed.]

It's an obvious point that life in Paris is distinctly different from that of life (?) on Long Island. However, I wish to emphasize that being a student here is especially different. In fact, one has a status/identity that American institutions consistently deny their students. Here humanities students (especially philosophy students) are as common as pigeons, but are nonetheless respected, even honored. Also, in a more practical vein, students (and also ordinary poor people) can eat a meal in a student restaurant (there are many throughout the city) for about \$1.75! True, even these great deal meals can be monotonous and even downright disgusting at times (compared with the insanely tasty things that there are to eat here), but the bottom line is that it cannot be beat when one hasn't any money.

When I'm not hunting for something to eat, or spending all my money and time hanging in movie houses, I readily can be found in class.

Stony Brook's program has official connections with two of Paris' Universities (the Sorbonne-Paris IV, and Nanterre-X). Although I am only officially enrolled in courses at the Sorbonne, other universities are not necessarily out of bounds. If a special interest/skill is exhibited and focused on at another school (Paris VII-Jussieu, for example, which is where Julia Kristeva teaches), allowances are possible. Of course, anything is possible but it is most certainly dependent upon one's knowledge of French, one's willingness to work, and especially one's ability at salesmanship. You've got to be willing to work now to improve your French before the Fall '89 program begins, and also be willing to continue scaling the veritable *zugspitze* of work, only to never feel any goddamn progression, to struggle ever day, perhaps to feel that you've got a grip, but then it's already May. (Am I complaining?)

I cannot stress strongly enough the high caliber of a great number of instructors/thinkers here. The fields that they cover are incredibly diverse. Linguistics, the problematics of translation, political science, feminism, sociology, literature, history, psychology/psychoanalysis, philosophy, etc. To name only a few thinkers: Milan Kundera, Jacques Derrida, Helene Cixous, Jean Baudrillard, Luce Irigaray, Sarah Kofman, Luc Ferry, Cornelius Castoriadis, and Claude LeFort *all* teach here in Paris.

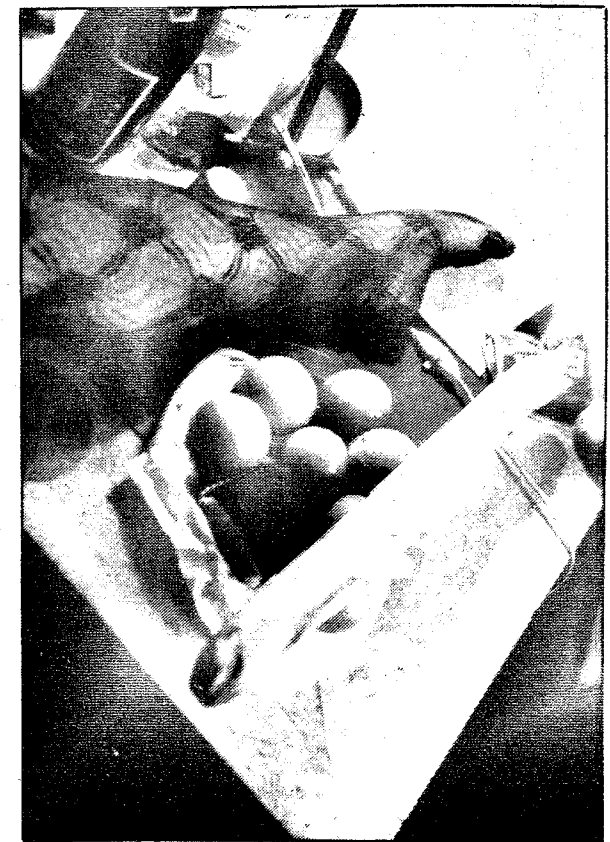
Auditing is not always possible, since there's limited space—due to the fact that these people are celebrities. (So

you've got to go early and squeeze in.) But there are courses in which auditing is not only permitted, but if you discard your anonymous student mask and show that you have a thoughtful voice, your input will be encouraged and even counted upon.

One seminar that I'm auditing is entitled “Exile,” given by the feminist writer, Helene Cixous. We are reading contemporary authors/poets (Brodski and Mandelstam, for example). Cixous is both a disciplined writer (she's written novels, plays, and philosophical writings), and a careful reader. She's sensitive to the problems of translation, and to the power involved in rewriting/translating. This sensitivity, the great selection of readings, the fact that the students are multilingual, and the fact that the class runs from 9:30AM to 4:00PM, combine smoothly and allow her to critique and create on many levels.

The structure of the course is like that of the content. It searches for what is just. By this I mean that the seminar becomes a senate. Cixous humbly shrugs off power and asks that *we* speak to her. Ideas erupt all around the room. She is either still with concentration or writing notes feverishly. True, this is not the archetypal French university course format (in that it's rare to experience this much freedom), nor is it like most courses at Stony Brook. But the point is that incredible situations like this exist, and that those who care should find out and take advantage of them. And there really are people here that simply *must* be experienced (take Jacques Derrida, for example; he's a stunning orator—I cannot think of a speaker/writer more careful or gentler with words).

I've mentioned people who are key to my academic experience in Paris. But there are also bodies...texts. It goes without saying (but I must say it to remind you, to persuade you) that a great deal of French texts are taught here (take your pick—Moliere, Descartes, DeSade, Artaud, Lacan). They make being here absolutely maddening in terms of all the things that one needs to read. Of course, if your interests lie in texts from other cultures, that is certainly not a problem. The French are ever preoccupied with the Germans, for example (Goethe, Trakl, Hegel, Heidegger, Humboldt). There's an unbelievable variety of courses,



ranging from Soufi poetry to the history of sacrifice. Keep in mind that the limiting factor with regard to the level of the courses is, of course, your aptitude in French.

Think about moving yourself. But only an idiot would not expect the negative along with the positive. Think of all the wonderful new problems that you'll encounter. Even I was incredibly awkward when faced with using a Turkish toilet for the first time. But hell, now my thighs are strong enough

to break a man's neck.

If a problem cannot be resolved by your own perseverance and courage, there exists a wonder woman whose good humor, common sense and generosity always exceed that of her job-function. Matilda Sitbon is the SUNY program coordinator/angel here in Paris. If care is taken not to abuse her, she is most extravagant with her help and encouragement. She's a true Yiddish mama, who will be honest with you if you are making an ass of yourself, or if you are being lazy. She is an invaluable asset to the program.

It is true that to study abroad there are qualifications that must be met. For specifics, please get in touch with either Mary-Lou Giron, of the Office of International Programs (located in Central Hall), or with Prof. David B. Allison in the Department of Philosophy (Harriman Hall/Old Metaphysics). I'm happy for you if you qualify, but if you do not, don't despair, simply find out exactly what you need to do to become qualified.

Do I need to say that there are, of course, more things to be gained here than bloody credits? As students, we believe them to have value. Value in that they can be cashed in for the B.A., which is in turn cashed in on the job market for a 9-5 anyjob, which is only important in its relation to payments on student loans and that new Camaro. Unfortunately, I cannot deny them some value. They ultimately represent papers to (hopefully) be proud of, or ideas that one could be obsessed with indefinitely.

I implore you. At least allow yourself a last chance at getting in touch with your less-practical, more perverse, chaotic side. (Sounds inviting, *non?*) Come to Paris and take all kinds of magnificently rich things into your mind and body. There will be plenty of time to be practical (if not too much). This program is A-1, and it's also damn cheap. The practical side: the good student with his eyes on an income will not be killed off here. That is, not unless it's a willful execution. On the contrary, the practical side can be polished and sophisticated (by strong effort amidst truly stimulating themes, not to mention becoming powerful due to mastery of another language).

Most importantly, the *other* part will thrive. And it is this part that you will always carry with you, not your transcript. The existence and maintenance of this spirit is perhaps the only thing that might allow you to keep your sanity in a dehumanizing work world.

If I need to conclude by speaking of gains, then perhaps this adventure is not for you. Think of your expectations, then come here and easily surpass them, if only to realize that there's no way to take in all that surrounds you. Might as well open wide and try to swallow the sea.

Unfortunately, the reality is that you aren't even allowed the peace of a good drowning. Your mouth splits open either way, whether you can control yourself (and consequently fracture yourself) enough to become an educated waitress at the International House of Pancakes.

If you want frozen, glamorous images of Paris, then consult the **NY Times** Travel section. If not, then plunge into your darkness with Miller.

“IT IS NO ACCIDENT THAT PROPELS PEOPLE LIKE US TO PARIS. PARIS IS SIMPLY AN ARTIFICIAL STAGE, A REVOLVING STAGE THAT PERMITS THE SPECTATOR TO GLIMPSE ALL PHASES OF THE CONFLICT OF ITSELF. PARIS INITIATES NO DRAMAS. THEY ARE BEGUN ELSEWHERE. PARIS IS SIMPLY AN OBSTETRICAL INSTRUMENT THAT TEARS THE LIVING EMBRYO FROM THE WOMB AND PUTS IT IN THE INCUBATOR. PARIS IS THE CRADLE OF ARTIFICIAL BIRTHS. ROCKING HERE IN THE CRADLE, EACH ONE SLIPS BACK INTO HIS SOIL. ONE DREAMS BACK TO BERLIN, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, VIENNA, MINSK. VIENNA IS NEVER MORE VIENNA THAN IN PARIS. EVERYTHING IS RAISED TO APOTHEOSIS. THE CRADLE GIVES UP ITS BABIES AND NEW ONES TAKE THEIR PLACES. YOU CAN READ HERE ON THE WALLS WHERE ZOLA LIVED AND BALZAC AND DANTE AND STRINDBERG AND EVERYBODY WHO WAS EVER ANYTHING. EVERYONE HAS LIVED HERE SOMETIME OR ANOTHER. NOBODY EVER DIES HERE...”

—Tropic of Cancer

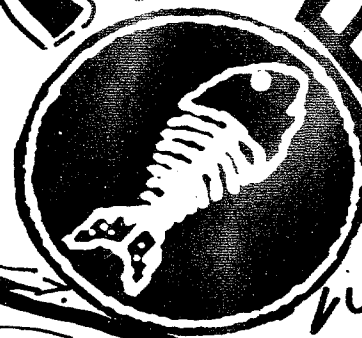
SAB CONCERTS

present

SPRINGFEST WEEKEND

FISHBONE

FRIDAY APRIL 14



\$8

TICKETS ARE
EXTREMELY LIMITED!
BUY IN ADVANCE

RAMONES

FUNDED BY SPAC (NICE BUNCH OF FOLKS)

SATURDAY
APRIL 15
\$10 student
\$15 public
TICKETS ON SALE
MARCH 28 AT
THE BOX OFFICE

RUSH for TIX NOW

CLUB CALENDAR

Thursday, Mar. 30

Circus of Power
Hilfire
Blitzspeer
at Downton

Dirty Dozens Brass Band
at the Bottom Line

Friday, Mar. 31

A.C. Reed
at the Village Gate
—and Apr. 1

Celtic Frost
Hades
Mucky Pup
at Sundance

Christmas
at CBGB's

Murphy's Law
Underdog
Sick of It All
Lost Cause
at the Ritz

Roomful of Blues
at the Lone Star Cafe

Silos
Ordinaires
at the Bottom Line

Wynton Marsalis
at the Joyce Theatre
—and Apr. 1

Saturday, Apr. 1

Dark Angel
Death
at Sundance

Live Skull
at CBGB's

Michele Shocked
at the Ritz

Sunday, Apr. 2

Taj Mahal
at the Bottom Line

Voice of the Beehive
at the Palladium

Tuesday, Apr. 4

Legendary Pink Dots
at the Pyramid

Wednesday, Apr. 5

Mike and the Mechanics
Escape Club
at the Beacon Theatre

Simply Red
at the Bottom Line
—and Apr. 6-7

Throwing Muses
at the Palladium

Thursday, Apr. 6

Terrance Simien
& the Mallet Playboys
at Stephen Talkhouse

Dogs D'Amour
at Downton

Radiators
Jeff Healy
Thieves
at the New Ritz

Friday, Apr. 7

Al Green
at the Beacon Theatre

Bill Evans
at Fat Tuesday's
—and Apr. 8

Dr. John
at the Lone Star Roadhouse
—and Apr. 8

The Fixx
at Baystreet

The Ramones
at the Beacon Theatre

Sunday, Apr. 9

David Crosby
at Westbury Music Fair

Neville Brothers
at the New Ritz

Otis Rush
at the Village Gate
—and Apr. 8

Saturday, Apr. 8

Allen Ginsberg
False Prophets
at the Pyramid

Dave Brubeck
at the Tilles Center

Escape Club
at Baystreet

The Fixx
at the Palladium

Compiled from the WUSB Concert Billboard

TOP 35

WUSB 90.1 FM

1. De La Soul
2. Robyn Hitchcock
3. Love Tractor
4. Hypnoticwheel
5. Shamen
6. Les Thugs
7. The Brood
8. Ambassadors of Funk
9. Unknown Gender
10. Rainy Day
11. Fine Young Cannibals
12. Leeway
13. Apple
14. Bevis Frond
15. Klaus Fluoride
16. Pinetop Perkins
17. Proclaimers
18. Mudhoney
19. XTC
20. The Clean
21. Fugazi
22. Lyle Lovett
23. Flaming Lips (CD)
24. Too Much Joy
25. Smash Mac Mac
26. Keith LeBlanc
27. Live Skull
28. Loop
29. Washington Squares
30. NWA
31. Pay It All Back
32. Black Sun Ensemble
33. Clock DVA
34. Connells
35. Red Temple Spints

AS OF MAR. 27

Information

□ Bay Street (516) 725-2297
Long Wharf, Sag Harbor
□ Beacon Theatre (212) 496-7070
74th & Broadway
□ The Blue Note (212) 475-8592
181 W. 3rd Street
□ The Bottom Line (212) 228-7880
15 W. 4th & Mercer
□ Bradley's (212) 473-9700
70 University Pl.
□ Carnegie Hall (212) 247-7800
57 St. & 7th Ave.
□ Cat Club (212) 505-0090
76 E. 13th St.
□ CBGB's (212) 982-4052
315 Bowery & Bleecker
□ Eagle Tavern (212) 924-0275
355 W. 14th St.
□ Fat Tuesday's (212) 533-7902
190 3rd Ave.
□ Felt Forum (212) 563-8300
@ Penn Station
□ IMAC (516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave.
□ Irving Plaza (212) 279-1984
17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St.
□ Knitting Factory (212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston
□ Lone Star Cafe (212) 242-1664
5th Ave. & 13th St.
□ Lone Star Roadhouse (212) 245-2950
240 W. 52nd St.

□ The Meadowlands (201) 778-2888
East Rutherford, NJ
□ The Palladium (212) 307-7171
126 E. 14th St.
□ The Puck Building (212) 431-0987
299 Lafayette
□ The Ritz (212) 529-5295
11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave.
□ Radio City Music Hall (212) 757-3100
□ Rock-n-Roll Cafe (212) 677-7630
149 Bleecker St.
□ Roseland (212) 247-0200
239 W. 52nd St.
□ SOB's (212) 243-4940
204 Varick St.
□ Sundance (516) 665-2121
217 E. Main St., Bayshore
□ Sweet Basil (212) 242-1785
88 7th Ave. South
□ Town Hall (212) 840-2824
217 E. Main St., Bayshore
□ Tramps (212) 777-5077
125 E. 15th St.
□ U.S. Blues (212) 777-5000
666 Broadway
□ Village Gate (212) 982-9292
Bleecker & Thompson
□ Village Vanguard (212) 349-8400
7th Ave. South
□ Westbury Music Fair (516) 333-0533
Brush Hollow Road, Westbury
West End (212) 666-9160
2911 Broadway

Dear EROS

Dear EROS,

I'm nineteen years old and have never had a gynecological exam. Should I be concerned?

—Wondering

Dear Wondering,

There are no concrete rules on when a woman should have a gynecological (GYN) exam. It is recommended that a woman should have her first exam at age eighteen. Any woman who is sexually active before age 18 should have a GYN exam. Any woman who plans to use prescription birth control (pill, diaphragm, or cervical cap), has a sexually transmitted disease, vaginal infections or any abnormalities, or is pregnant should have a GYN exam.

If you would like to know more about GYN exams, the counselors at EROS will be happy to explain the procedures and answer any questions.

Myths and Facts

Myth: The withdrawal method of birth control (when the man pulls out of the vagina before ejaculating) is highly effective.

Fact: The drops of fluid that come out of the penis just after erection but before ejaculation contain enough sperm to cause pregnancy. This method is only 40% effective.

For more information, contact EROS. EROS is a confidential peer counseling organization located in room 119 Infirmary (632-6450). Letters to DEAR EROS can be dropped off or sent through interoffice mail to 119 Infirmary, or placed in our mail box in the Polity Suite in the Union.

HARDCORE SOFTWARE

Stop fooling around. It's time to get hardcore about software. With Microsoft.

We'll give you all the resources you want. Tens of millions in R&D funding. Along with one of the most elementary tools for thinking — a door, which leads to your own private office. All backed by management that truly *does* speak your language, because they probably helped write it.

We're serious about software design. If you are too, then apply right now for one of these positions.

Software Design Engineers

We're working on everything from object-oriented methodology, compilers, operating systems, and networking to sophisticated graphics, powerful applications software and more. In fact, we're working on some truly visionary ideas we can't even reveal yet. You could be too, if you have programming experience and a background that includes micro's, "C" or Pascal, 8086, 68000, UNIX™/XENIX®, Macintosh® Toolbox, or MS-DOS®.

Program Managers

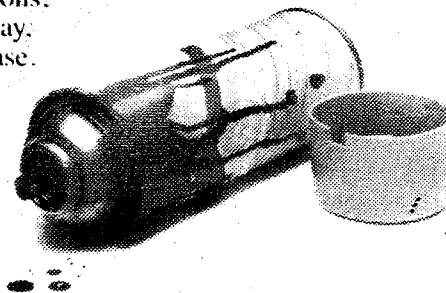
Instant responsibility. You select the features, you shape the product, you design the user interface for new generations of software. Guide product development from programming through documentation and testing. Keep your product at the forefront of technology by knowing your competition and product trends.

There are full-time and summer opportunities to work with our teams in applications, systems, languages, or CD-ROM. If you're about to graduate or are working towards a B.S. or B.A. in computer science, math, physics, or related field, we want to talk to you.

Microsoft offers you an opportunity to live and work where the quality of life is high and the cost of living is low — the beautiful Pacific Northwest. Along with amenities such as a health club membership, workout facilities and parcourse, plus an array of benefits.

Begin by sending your resume TODAY to College Relations,
Dept. JW, MICROSOFT CORPORATION, 16011 NE 36th Way,
Box 97017, Redmond, WA 98073-9717. No phone calls, please.

We are an equal opportunity employer.



Microsoft®

Trademarks are registered to their respective companies.

COPY

continued from page 5

trate Jackson's anti-war settlement ("Growing Up with the Bomb") and anti-business sentiment ("Monkey Business"—the satirical work, appropriately titled, features a chimp attired in a business suit with a futuristic version of a man's face in the surroundings). Another striking work, an illuminated manuscript entitled "Finding Herself," traces the metamorphosis of a woman's mind from confusion to fulfillment. The first segment, "My Mask Stretching," illustrates a sketch of a silhouette which eventually separates, divides, and re-emerges to the final, harmonious state—"Flowering, I Am Found." The colors in "Finding Herself" contrast in chaotic phases and blend in the final, conciliatory segment.

The major characteristic in all of the pieces is the vibrant color and pattern developed in the copying process. "Listening" captures the back of someone's head such that the hair design resembles the bark of a tree. In "Scream In Time," one aspect of the work (a leaping man's eye) is enlarged 400 times on to the piece itself. The unique results at Jackson's exhibition reveal the inventiveness of the artist as she utilizes copy machines to create beautiful works of art.

RESEARCH PAPERS

16,278 to choose from—all subjects
Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD
Toll Free Hot Line **800-351-0222**
in Calif. (213) 477-8226
Or, rush \$2.00 to: **Research Assistance**
11322 Idaho Ave. #206-SN, Los Angeles, CA 90025
Custom research also available—all levels

LET DOWN

continued from back page

desire to perform civil disobedience, and, despite governmental decrees to the contrary, flings open the city gates to discover the Turk vanquished and the city saved, just like in the Baron's story. Moral: Dreams Conquer All.

(Yeah, right.)

Despite all the baloney plaguing this movie, there are a few moments of significant worth. The whole Vulcan sequence is more-or-less amazing, largely thanks to Oliver Reed's performance (his jealousy-fueled, Neanderthal attempt at dancing is perhaps the hilarious high point of the whole damn film), but besides a few good jokes and a few good performances (neither of which, by the way, are supplied by Gilliam's Python cohort Eric Idle as one of Munchausen's four servants), the only item of any sustained merit is the pursuit of the Baron by the Angel of Death, a symbolic representation of entropy and physical corruption that is perpetually ready to suck up our hero's soul whenever his will falters (which is with some frequency). The subtextual gobbledegook and saccharine overtones of the storyline, however, emasculate and overshadow the good stuff. Supposedly the conclusion to a thematically-linked trilogy of films (begun with *Time Bandits* and *Brazil*), *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* is one hell of a let-down.

DOPE

continued from back page

outdoors.

A word to marijuana consumers: Dangerous pesticides are sprayed on marijuana crops by some commercial growers and the US government. You may well be smoking chemicals far more harmful, dangerous, and carcinogenic than THC when you buy from a dealer. These pesticides are potentially lethal poisons which are perfectly legal. In buying every dime bag, you support organized crime: you probably have no idea who deals to your dealer. Growing is a responsible option for those potheads who wish to avoid these evils, and are willing to accept an element of fear as well as the "happy oblivion" of their own green harvest.

The Marijuana Grower's Insider's Guide by Mel Frank is available for \$19.95 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling (less than the cost of an eighth these days), from Red Eye Press, P.O. Box 876274, Los Angeles, CA 90087.

continued from page 2

ance is available in your area—seems highly desirable. Let me explain. Active dating, however scientifically done, runs the risk of unwanted pregnancy. More often than not, the financial and emotional weight of such a threatening accident rests on the weak shoulders of women. Therefore, I respectfully suggest to Dr. Schenk to amend his dating contract to include a fractional monetary contribution from each male dating partner before the first date is beginning, to commence towards the establishment of an

STUDENT SUMMER AIR FARES

| | |
|------------------|--------------|
| Amsterdam | \$275 |
| Athens | 305 |
| Frankfurt | 219 |
| London | 189 |
| Madrid | 245 |
| Paris | 235 |
| Rome | 269 |

Some restrictions apply. Fares based on 1/2 RT. Slightly higher for one-way fares. Call for information.

CouncilTravel

205 E. 42nd St.
NY, NY 10017
212-661-1450

35 W. 8th St.
NY, NY 10011
212-254-2525

abortion fund. This emergency slush-fund should be safely invested at prevailing interest rates at a reputable banking institution approved by FDIC. If no pregnancy occurs during the beneficiary's dating career, a prompt rebate is due to all previous contributors, including interest compounded daily, minus administrative and legal expenses.

The writer sincerely hopes that his modest contribution will assist the evolution of the promising, if still infant, science of dateology.

Alex Varsany
Returning Student

Break the Chains of Oppression April 3-6 Keep the Dream Alive

Mon., April 3: Solidarity Day
Sponsored fast for solidarity begins
Solidarity ribbons distributed—Union Lobby, Javits Lecture Center

Tues., April 4: Dream Day
12:30 "I Have a Dream"—Union Lobby
2:30 Solomon Abraham—Fireside Lounge
3:00 Moment of Silence for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and others slain in movement—Fireside Lounge
3:45 Movie: "Mandela"—Union Room 236

Wed., April 5: Persecution Day
Letter Writing—Union Lobby
2:00 Soap Box Forum—Student Union
3:00 Racism Workshop—Fireside Lounge (DC Student Coalition Against Apartheid and Racism)
5:00 Film: "Bound to Strike Back"—Union 236

Thurs., April 6: Unity Day
Letter Writing—Union Lobby
5:00 Unity Gathering—Fireside Lounge
6:00 Fred Dube—Fireside Lounge
9:00 Party—Fireside Lounge

Sponsored by the Stony Brook Anti-Apartheid Coalition: NYPIRG, GALA, HOLA, African Student Alliance, Graduate Student Organization, NAACP, Polity, FSA

Voyages Imaginaires

by Kyle Silfer

The latest film from Monthly Python alumnus Terry Gilliam is a remarkably ordinary fantasy epic that suffers not only on its own terms, but by comparison to the director's previous efforts. A far cry from his transcendently brilliant *Brazil* (not to be confused with the bowdlerized version recently seen on national television) and coming on like *Time Bandits* warmed over, Gilliam's *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* is a crushing disappointment from a creator who—previously, at least—seemed to become more innovative with each successive work.

Loosely based on the tall tales of R.E. Raspe and anonymous Others, *Munchausen* relates the final excursion of an aging adventurer whose exploits have become half-observed legend in his own lifetime. At the beginning of the film, in a city under siege by the Turks, a gnarled and senile Baron (John Neville) stumbles upon a chintzy theatrical presentation of his life and travels. Angered by the inaccuracy and poor quality of the script, he disrupts the performance with brandished sword, taking the stage himself to set the record straight. The theatrical troupe, desperate to make the best of a bad situation, backs him up all the way, improvising to act out the Baron's reminiscences as he relates them to the confused and hostile crowd. The film then fades discreetly from staged dramatization to cinematic recreation—a flashback, that is—using the same actors to double for the real McCoy in Munchausen's memory: a neat and effective trick.



Had the filmmakers stuck with this tale-telling conceit, something interesting might have developed, but it's dropped like a hot potato as soon as it has been properly established. This sort of thing, in fact, happens repeatedly: the movie seems to kick off to a good start about half a dozen times before it finally gets rolling, and once it does get rolling, the damn thing stops at random intervals and changes direction for



no perceptible reason. Like fidgety children, Gilliam and co-screenwriter Charles McKeown seem to have neither the presence of mind nor the attention span to maintain a decent continuity, and *Munchausen* suffers immeasurably as a result.

What eventually evolves from this wandering, stop-and-start mess is a quest by the doddering old Baron and a little

squirt of a girl to find the former's four super-powered servants and effect an end to the Turkish siege. The body of the film deals with this search, allowing a series of loosely-related guest-star vignettes to substitute for a plot. Once *Munchausen* gets this far, however, it at least begins to offer variety: the Baron and his young charge travel to the moon (a surreal encounter with the schizoid lunar king, played with routine gusto by Robin Williams), the Forge of Vulcan (featuring Oliver Reed in a marvelous display of grunting, sweaty macho), and the cavernous belly of a sea monster (shades of Jonah and Pinnochio). Throughout, the Baron collects his decrepit, antiquated gang of four, growing strangely younger (and occasionally older) as the quest proceeds. When at last the final servant has been snagged, however (conveniently close to the besieged city), the rescue party proves to be less than potent. Disgusted, the Baron turns himself over to the enemy, discovering, in the process, that the siege is the result (*WARNING: Social Commentary!*) of the evil machinations of soulless bureaucrats, including one supposedly on the side of the besieged (Jonathan Pryce, in an inspired demonstration of aristocratic sliminess).

Ultimately, of course, the old farts rally to kick butt and save their honorable master, but the real conclusion to *Munchausen* occurs in a *Brazil*-like reality jump back to the stage where, as it turns out, the whole movie was just another "cinematic recreation" of the Baron's yarn-spinning. Suddenly, though, the crowd is gripped with the

continued on page 11

—Ink—

by Karin Falcone

The *Marijuana Grower's Insiders Guide* is a textbook which provides a wealth of information, with rich illustration, on every aspect of growing your own dope—from the moment of curious consideration to actually enjoying the product of your labors. This is not a casual lesson in how to roll a joint, but an in-depth guide to self-sufficiently producing potent homegrown.

To list all of the information presented in this book, or even try to fairly summarize its contents is impossible. Author Mel Frank begins by providing general information for the curious—presenting a terse historical perspective of the species of plant known as *Cannabis sativa*. He then briefly introduces the reader to the plant's life cycle, growth factors, and the risks involved in the individual's choice to grow. Though the author explicitly states that he doesn't endorse breaking the law, he does not take security lightly. Methods of subterfuge saturate the text—a thoroughly researched, clearly written, paranoid labor of love.

For example, Chapters Two and Three offer a detailed look at indoor lighting systems: forty-odd pages examining different types—their use, efficiency and safety—employing graphs, photos, illustration and text. Included are all the nifty gadgets used by "professionals," giving you a good idea of how advanced modern botanical technology actually is. Frank lists suppliers and brand names so you can find this stuff in plain brown wrappers.

As anyone who has managed to grow smokable dope knows it is a lot of work. Most people would be out of their minds to invest the time and energy suggested by Frank to grow their own. Many smokers dismiss homegrown as a nasty excuse for

Gardening at Night Grow Your Own



Thai weed. To the converted, however, there are definitely sublime motivations—similar to those of the backyard gardener who suffers through winter for want of last summer's tomatoes. If you have ever grown a successful or unsuccessful vegetable, flower, or "herb" garden, you will likely be pleased to discover both your errors and your good guesses confirmed.

If you doubt Frank's credibility, just flip through and view the awe-inspiring photos in this high-quality, professionally produced volume. Those who share the author's passion for the simple beauty of the plant

will find the abundant illustration illicitly thrilling: breathtaking fields, meticulously-hidden window gardens, a plant so large it has "taken over" a cozy backyard, and an impressive crop of the towering plants, captioned "Day of the Triffids." The photographs prove that the author and others have seen fine results from the methods described.

Frank tells you himself that if, after reading the beginning, and flipping through the rest, you wish to grow marijuana for the first time, or are ready to try it again, to read the book carefully. The fact that he doesn't

purport to have some miracle method to instant results is refreshing. It takes time and energy and, at this point, it is against the law. In the first chapter he warns: "...if your property can be shown to have been purchased with funds from illicit drug sales, it can be confiscated; a vehicle used to transport illegal drugs or to transport materials used in an illegal garden is also subject to confiscation." (Emphasis his.) In other words, if your documented income does not add up to the wealth of your property, and you also happen to be growing, you may have a substantial amount at stake.

Besides the basic how-to, which includes hydroponics, varieties, breeding, and even cloning, the author blows a few myths with some general, proven advice: seeds *do* matter tremendously in the results you get; a resinous mass of buds—a "cola"—does not necessarily provide a more potent smoke; one large plant with room to grow is better than three crowded (and ultimately straggly) ones; outdoor plants bear much larger harvests than indoor plants—which are more easily hidden—and shoots pinched from the top of an immature plant can be as potent as the flowered buds of a mature female plant (the most potent of which is *sensimilla*). He also explains how to accurately identify plant sex with light manipulation, and goes into detail of how "female seeds" can be created—an unfeasibly rare event for a small grower's practical concerns.

This is a text which presents a large amount of information lavishly—I dare say comprehensively—but the author refers the reader several times to his previous book, *The Marijuana Grower's Guide Deluxe* (with 51 color plates) for more information on topics like "guerrilla growing"

continued on page 11