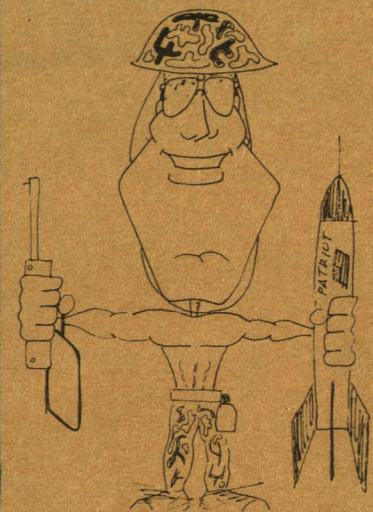




stuff

MAGAZINE



VOL. 2

ISSUE 1

**Stony Brook's Only Entertainment
Publication**

SPRING BREAK '91 Daytona Sizzles



Kingsland: A Band Grows In Brooklyn



INSIDE:

Slow Joe says,
"I don't want to do it with
farm animals!"
Moshing into the 90's
Stuff Magazine's movie guide
Special poetry section
Demo and record reviews
The best party pictures around

King's X



THE ONGOING QUEST OF SLOW JOE

by Ima Dewd

Joe, in a daze, sits stiffly within the musty car of an uptown D train. Thoughts of how winter vacation could have been lament within his mind. He wanted to fulfill his ultimate desire; to take a trip across the land responsible for three of his greatest pleasures, skate boarding, The Simpsons and The Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue. Unfortunately, he wasn't able to carry out his fantasy but thanks to the speculative capacity of the human brain, Joe, for a moment, was witnessing America via the freedom of its roads.

Joe envisioned his wish vividly. He and Gebby traveling at semi-wild speeds in their super-rigged, queen size luxury pleasure van. It had a large, shiny fin and an impressive, multi-colored stripe. You know, the kind that you drove in the A-Team. And they were themselves speeding through their beloved homeland with an endless supply of funds, a multitude of tunes and the highly experimental, extremely confidential, recently issued Jack Daniel's charge card. It was all happening, their dreams were coming true without having to win one of those lame beer contests to do it.

Modest smiles painted their expressions as they drove towards the setting sun and the next unsuspecting town. All was perfect. In their own warped minds, this trip, a quest to sample at least one babe from each state was their idea of culture. It was as good a reason as any.

The two delerlicts had confidence in their mission. This was thanks to their recent visit to Iowa and their rendezvous with blonde twins. They were farm girls that seemed to belong on an x-rated version of the Wrigley's Doublemint commercials. Joe and Gebby's memories of a steamy night in the stable were constantly on their minds. Since their departure their eyes sparkled and their smiles remained persistent, an obvious sign of happiness.

Gebby, now fed up with the redundancy of the top-forty hip-hop that emitted from the radio, attempted to locate a station that at least resembled something of a rock structure. Finally he found the tail end of an unidentified blues tunes. Then their seemingly flawless adventure ran into an unexpected gliche.

The blues jams ended and the next song blurted from the speakers. "Girl You Know It's True," sang a fruity pair of voices. Quickly the infection took hold.

"My spine, my spine," screamed a terrified Joe. "It's all twisted like."

"Euthanasia," yelled a terrified Gebby. "We're out of control."

The ominous van swerved and swayed just missing the many cacti that lined the Arizona road. As the poison penetrated their ears Joe dove for the dial. Luckily, in a desperate leap for survival, Joe caught hold of the knob, terminated the power and nervously wiped the sweat off of his brow. Both let out sighs of relief as Gebby regained

control and pulled off to the side of the road.

"Dude, unpleasurable was that moment," coughed a shaking Gebby.

"Yes, most minute was our escape," replied Joe.

Gebby then reached into the back of the van and retrieved a Tesla cassette from his jacket and said, "Yo, let's forget about Silly Vanilli and listen to some Tes-a-la."

Joe, still shocked from the near fatality, stared straight ahead, put his arm around his buddy's shoulder and in a Dan Rather like fashion said, "What a blemish upon the morality and musicianship of our fine nation." "Bravo," added Gebby, and they proceeded to sing a Jimi Hendrix version of the Star Spangled Banner.

Somehow they viewed their experience with the infamous lip-synch malignancies as a triumphant battle and celebrated victory with one of those funny smelling, hand rolled cigarettes,

cloudy state of his mind, giggled to himself and almost gave himself whiplash when a red jeep with a barely clothed brunette pulled along side of the van. He was too shocked to speak.

"Excuse me," said the beauty. "Are those Bugle Boy jeans?" Her burning eyes waited for an answer.

Joe, remembering the fate of the dude on television, alertly replied "uh, nah, they're Levi's."

Gebby, confused by Joe's sudden statement inquired. "Que"

Joe then turned from the smiling girl, looked at Gebby with bewilderment and returned to the window. All he saw was sand, nothing but sand.

"Dude," spoke Gebby. "What did you say?"

"Nada, just gimme another cig." Joe took the stogie, placed it between his lips and lit the end. He let out his first puff and leaned back into the seat.

"Dude mon," whispered Gebby. His words were accompanied by a cloud of

He wondered why Gebby would mention his girlfriend in such a state of bliss. Even in his dreams his pal said the wrong things. Despite this they were best buds and the closest thing to brothers. Brothers are allowed to annoy each other. This is how he rationalized Gebby's flaws.

During this realization Joe had found his way to the school where his art class was held. He needed an additional two credits to graduate and this was the perfect opportunity to gain them. He found his way to the room and into the seat nearest the window.

Joe had heard that this class was jammed with assignments that involved the nakedness of females and the drawing of their bodily parts. He knew this class was for him. Then a girl that dressed something like a 60's leftover slammed into the seat to his left. Joe smiled, noticed her peculiar beauty and wondered if she was in the right class. After all there were going to be women without garb present. He then noticed the other female students and sung a brief metal riff, something he does when he's confused.

The two began to chat and found each other mildly friendly. He still didn't discover her name and because of her appearance decided to dub her Janis Joplin.

"Hello class," said a peppy, middle-aged woman as she entered the room. "Let me first hand out today's assignment."

Joe was ecstatic. He looked forward to the time when an assignment forced him to stare at the naked body of a female model. The rexos were passed out and the sheets made their way to Joe.

As the class read, Joe's face fell. Janis, his new-found friend, spoke in approval.

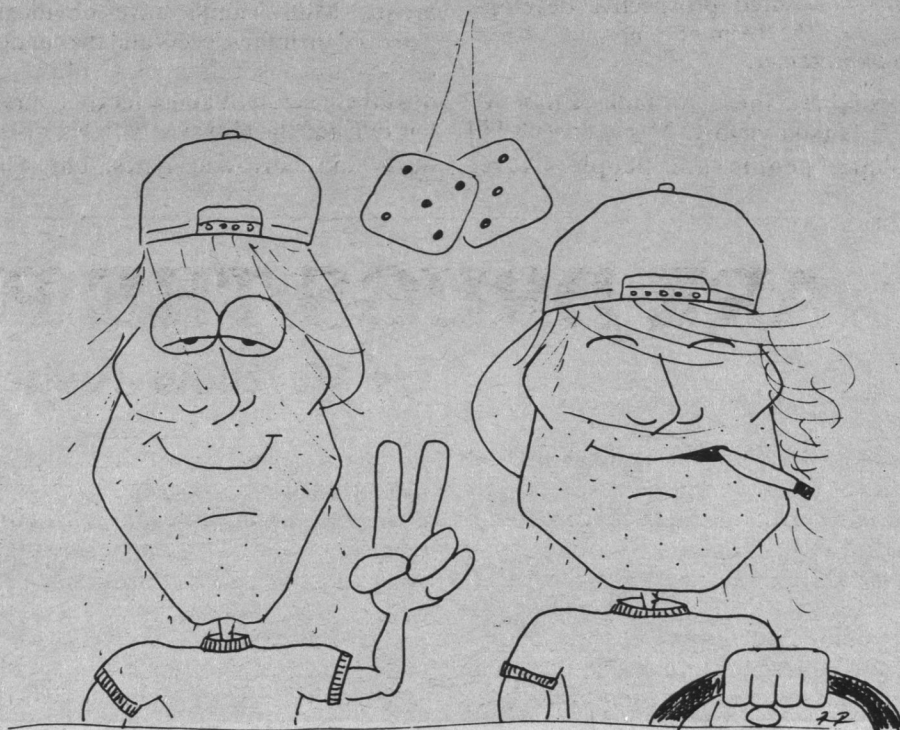
"Hey, this ain't too bad," she declared. "All we have to do is draw a few ducks, cows and horses."

Joe's jaw dropped. He expected something a little more sexy than a bunch of cattle. He looked at the flower child and sadly screamed.

"I don't wanna do it with farm animals."

The rest of the class and the teacher suddenly looked in Joe's direction. They connected the comment with the two of them. Janis blushed and Joe reread the assignment glumly. He knew that he had been given false information and plotted the informant's slow, torture led death.

Joe did survive the rest of the class and finally accepted the situation as it was. He found himself sitting at a local bar with Ms. Joplin. He still did not know her name. It didn't matter, he had no intimate intentions. After his minor alcoholic snack he made his way home and called Leah. He had told her about his day and felt closer to her than ever. He didn't know why, he just knew she was real. Check out Joe next time when Gebby asks Leah, "oral or anal?" ■



something else they picked up in Iowa. To say the least they were soon relaxed. Life was suddenly grand. The sky was blue, the sun was golden and the trip was still young.

Joe now had red eyes. He began to see and hear things that weren't really there. At first he thought he saw a dragon fly through the air. This didn't bother him because he understood why he saw it and knew that dragons did not exist. This was confirmed when Gebby grabbed the dragon and slammed it against the inner windshield. Joe's eyes were playing tricks on him and he enjoyed it. He laughed at a now squashed fly as it clung to the glass.

The boys remained parked. Joe's sight ventured out his window and into the arid beaches of dessert glory. This was great, thought Joe. All alone on the adventure of a life time. No one was around...so he thought. He enjoyed the

smoke.

"Yo," laughed a chuckling Joe.

"Are you gonna tell Leah about the fabulous female farmers?"

With that comment the ground shook, terror echoed within the skull of a once mellow Joe and reality slowly kicked in.

Suddenly his eyes began to focus on what turned out to be a drooling two-year old with snot hanging from his nostrils and his finger in his ear. Joe screamed, "aaauuggghhh!" and soon realized that he was still on the train.

"59th street," yelled the conductor's loudspeaker and Joe quickly understood that he was back on the train thousands of miles from the nearest desert road and the freedom he loved so dearly. Joe knew that this was his stop. He got up, shook his head at the salivating child and left the subway car. He began to think about his dream.

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The views expressed in the articles are not necessarily the views of Stuff Magazine.

Welcome one and all to this issue of Stuff Magazine. This publication has been created for hard working people everywhere. Whether you are a student, a professional, or a domestic engineer, this magazine is for you. We are dedicated individuals that have committed ourselves to express your dreams, inquiries and desires in an enjoyable, entertaining manner. With the help of some kick-ass, bitchin' vibes we hope to replenish your soul and alleviate the stress that our troubled planet can apply. Be mellow and enjoy, life is not all that bad.

J. Gregory, Editor-in-chief

THE GOOD AND BAD OF A YEAR GONE BY

by J. Gregory

The conclusion of 1990 hails assorted memories. The world has witnessed many upsetting and cheerful occasions that greatly contribute to the character of a beginning decade. The entertainment arena in particular has generated its share of conflicts and achievements that detail the entrance of an exciting new era and add to the traits of our time.

Specific individuals should be praised for their desire and aspirations while others deserve slaps upon their moral wrists for the shame they have brought upon themselves and the societies of which they live.

We begin with the accomplishments and the remarkable goals that certain entertainers reached. These people created opportunities and opened doors that either remained closed or never existed prior to their involvement. The foremost of these artists is **M.C. Hammer**. This superman attained what at one point was considered unobtainable for the rap industry. His millions of album sales not only brought him fame and fortune but pioneered a fad into a stable style of acceptable music. He also assured prospective developments for this form of expression. Keep at em Hammer.

Congratulations to **Judas Priest** for their lawsuit victory. Music doesn't kill people, people kill people. Never

compromise. Another great achievement was the status that Funk/Metal band **Faith No More** received. Similar to Hammer, this group acted as the entrepreneurs for a musical style that's sure to obtain amazing recognition.

For all of the comeback artists, hats off. Endurance is the key in order to be a true and celebrated musician. Many of bands and soloists have been able to revive their talents in 1990. In fact we may be able to label last year as "the year of the comeback." We salute these bands with the highest respect. Some of these awesome re-appearances include **The Allman Brothers, Styx, Judas Priest, Asia, AC-DC, The Outfield, Deep Purple** and **Zebra**.

Bravo to **2 Live Crew** for sticking to their guns and making it clear that the American people will in no way surrender the right to fully and freely express their views and opinions. Keep it up, we're behind you. Finally, our thanks to **Living Colour** for assuring us that, yes, **ELVIS IS DEAD!**

Other than the beneficial achievements of certain performers we would also like to voice our disapproval of the actions of some recently disgraceful artists. **Milli Vanilli** have obviously betrayed their fans, peers and the candor of the music institution. None of us will miss these actors. **Vanilla Ice**, of course, has infected the airwaves with his stolen beats and borrowed lyrics, but who

cares, it's only business, right? Wrong! Thanks for nothing Ice. Another disgrace was the horrible yelping of **Roseanne Barr's** warped patriotism. Please lady, keep it to yourself. Oh, and how about the lack of respect that **Sinead O'Conner** displayed at one of her concerts when she refused the Star Spangled Banner. It was a government owned building nonetheless. Nice going!

Our next discussion begins with a lame accusation from **Cardinal O'Connor**. **Ozzy** a Satan preacher? Please, and **Jethro Tull** is the world's best heavy metal band. A mild chuckle to **Modern English** for destroying the only decent song they ever had. I have a feeling it was the record company that told them to re-record "Melt With You" bit whoever did it, I laugh in your general direction.

Recently this planet has experienced two tremendous losses that call for a pain in the hearts of anyone who cherished the magic of **Stevie Ray Vaughn** and **Def Leppard**. To one of the greatest blues musicians that ever played a chord and to **Steve Clark**, the center of Def Leppard's instrumental prowess, we remember.

Well there you have it. 1990, the good and the ugly. Let us hope that this year and every one after brings us more of the good and less of the bad. But then again who would I make fun of? ■

ARE DRUGS THE PROBLEM?

by Matthew Justice

The "Drug War" is an issue that has plagued the American society for decades. Dating back to prohibition there have been attempts at curbing Americans pleasures. Yet we must ask a question of ourselves, why is it that in country claiming to be the most free country in the world an adult cannot make a decision about using or not using drugs?

This so called war against drugs is not working, although our government would have us believe otherwise. In New York state the present government spends over forty percent of law enforcement funds on prosecuting and jailing people for drug offenses. The results of this fact are tearing apart our system with overcrowded prisons, over burdened court dockets and a law enforcement system that no longer protects its citizens lives and property.

When alcohol prohibition was enforced by cracking down on the production of beer and wine it encouraged the production of bathtub gin and moonshine. Today this same situation is occurring, law enforcement agents are cracking down on the sale and consumption of marijuana. This crack down has led to a huge increase in the trade of cocaine.

The main problem is that the Amer-

ican government views drug use and drug addiction as a crime and not as a medical or social problem. In Amsterdam, Holland the government understands that drug use, drug sales, and drug trafficking are indeed a social problem as well as a medical problem and not a crime. Here we have a country where most drug use and drug sales are legalized. The government provides clean hypodermic needles for I.V. drug users. The government also gives those that are arrested a choice, they can either go to jail or they can enter into maintenance programs like methadone maintenance for those on heroine. As I see it the United States could learn a few important lessons from the people

of Holland in the compassion for other human beings.

There is a man who will be running for governor of New York in 1992 against Mario Cuomo. Cuomo has plans to spend over a billion dollars on new prison space and law enforcement. W. Gary Johnson has other plans. He envisions not a "drug-free" society but a free and peaceful country where one's rights and choices are protected. His first step would be if elected to repeal all of the penalties against the cultivation, possession, and sale of marijuana. This is a radical step but something must be done since our governments goals of zero-tolerance and of a drug-free America are not being achieved. ■

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THE BOXED SET INVASION

by Linda Abrams

Within the last year or so record stores have stocked their shelves with the recently conceived "boxed set." These collections have currently bombarded the public with an abundance of expensive products that supply the listener with a generous amount of their favorite artist's songs. Suspiciously most of these sets arrived just before the 1990 Christmas shopping spurt began.

Conveniently these audio libraries contain not only the music but informative in-depth biographies as well. From Atlantic to Polydor, many record companies have introduced these collections which feature some of their best musicians. For the most part these are celebrities; legends of the music realm, that have been saluted in a fantastic array of their best, and in most cases, some mediocre, tunes. This phenomenon has engulfed the most prominent of recording favorites. Greats like John Lennon, Jimi Hendrix and Rod Stewart are just a few of the individuals that these sets focus on.

Of course one question lingers in the mind of the prospective customer. "Why should I buy this?" Here's why. Aside from the flashy packaging and attractive artist history, there are the many conveniences of these archives.

For starters they are economically practical. It is true that they are somewhat expensive but are practical due to the amount of music presented within these kits. They usually contain

excellent portions of songs per buck and makes even more sense if you intend to replace your old albums with CDs.

Other incentives include the numerous unreleased songs, new tracks and special versions that make up the set's appeal. For instance "Downtown Train" is the new track on Rod Stewart's Storyteller collection. Don't get me wrong, it is a pain to buy a large, money consuming set for one song but if a concise representation of your favorite rockers is what you need, these are for you.

Currently there are three superb collections that deserve some looking into. They are Dreams, from The Allman Brothers Band, The Layla Sessions, from Derek and the Dominoes and Led Zeppelin, the self-titled band compilation.

By far, The Layla Sessions is the most compelling of the three. This package consists not only of several, never-released versions of Clapton's hits but certain special instrumental recordings as well. This seventy-minute program contains five impassioned blues jams from the impressive combination of Derek and the Dominoes and The Allman Brothers. This rarity alone makes this purchase a must. Then there's the assorted versions of hits like "Bell Bottom Blues," and the immortal "Layla." There's even a bunch of studio

(Continued on Page 17)

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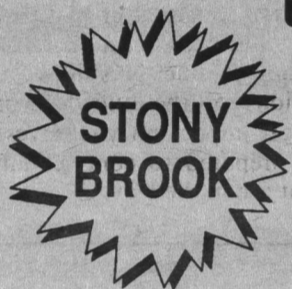


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AN ECONOMIC OVERVIEW

by Sam "The Fish" Malone

As the class of 1991 throughout American colleges and universities prepare for their last semester of undergraduate studies, many tough decisions await. For those continuing their education, the process of filling applications and anxiously waiting to hear from their school of choice brings back memories faced during senior year in high school. The majority of students, however, will enjoy the experience of academic life for only one more semester. The long process of education which started in kindergarten will come to an abrupt conclusion with the "real world" no longer on the horizon. As each individual decides on their career path, resumes and interviewing skills must be sharpened for prospective job offers. This article will delve into how the economic situation in our area affects the students of this campus as well as how schools, such as Stony Brook, can aid its students in regard to employment opportunities.

As the Gulf War clearly shows how our world, ie. Long Island, is entrenched in a global environment. The invasion of Kuwait and subsequent involvement of the U.S. affects our lives not only mentally in terms of the well-being of American soldiers in the area but has a direct economic impact. Since the tri-state area is not oil-rich no mutual benefit of higher oil prices is possible. The fluctuations of crude prices such as the drop of nearly \$10 per barrel and

the increase of the NYSE of nearly 115 pts after the first day of Operation Desert Storm indicates not only how investors view the situation but how one area has such a dramatic affect on the world markets. A chain effect occurs since oil is critical for items ranging from plastics to everyday means of gasoline and heat. Although a short conflict with no disruption of oil could reduce the recession economy, since prices on many items would stabilize and consumer spending would increase, a long war could send our country into a worsen state.

The Northeast has been experiencing a "recession" for the past few years. Long Island's Grumman and Computer Associates exemplify the state of instability in the business sector. Large financial institutions such as Citicorp, Chase Manhattan and the now bankrupt Bank of New England have such a large amount of non-performing loans that massive reduction in staff and other reorganizing efforts have occurred. Firms that have registered record profits such as Dean Witter have implemented hiring freezes to "cut the fat" in its operations. Industries such as public relations, accounting and even corporate lawyers and economists have seen their safe niches slowly disappear due to the competitive markets these areas work for.

How does this grim state affect students, for example, at Stony Brook?

The answer is simple, JOBS. Three years ago a person with a strong academic record or even satisfactory GPA could easily find jobs close to their original objectives. As it exists today, job applicants are not just recent college grads but individuals who have been displaced from the workforce. The competition is heightened consequently since the company can choose potential employees from a large pool of candidates.

In spite of all the gloomy news there is a silver lining in that there are jobs. One must realize their immediate career goal, ie. first preference in assignments may not come to be as well as the starting salary demands not be possible but one must work for future improvement. If one wants to be an investment banker positions in related financial fields can lead to the same aim although in a more convoluted manner. Graduate degrees such as MBA's may be less glamorous but are essential to reach higher management positions and subsequently view your first job as a "stepping stone". The resume is the key to the door with your interviewing abilities as your secret weapon. At Stony Brook consult Career Development for the workshops in regards to these areas. Don't procrastinate since there aren't many opportunities to lose.

Besides student involvement each college and university must aid its students in obtaining employment for

the undergraduate body. Stony Brook, although one of the finest universities in the tri-state area, has clearly fallen short of the this objective. For example, the fall semester of 1990, although not the main term for hirings, offered little for those of liberal arts backgrounds. The majority of opportunities for business and economics majors fell under sales and other commission based jobs. As one who works on Wall St. the recognition of Stony Brook on its academic stature is lacking. Schools such as Nortr Dame, Villanova, and even Hofstra have publicized their school achievements to the level that companies are aware of these institutions. Of course, one can argue these are private colleges but when articles in national magazines rate other Suny schools such as Potsdam ahead of Stony Brook it is glaring this university has failed in enlightening the country of the undergraduate curriculum present at the school. As an A-school in fields such as computers this author feels that those not immediate in the area are not aware of the academic achievements at the school. This article has tried to emphasize, in times of tight employment opportunities that public perception of each university is crucial in differentiating between candidates and that although one is still a student, the actions of the outside world have a direct impact on your lives. One must be prepared to conquer any obstacles that are in the way. ■



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THE PARK BENCH AND STOLICHNAYA: MAKING THURSDAYS SPECIAL

As everyone knows Thursday night is traditionally the most festive day of the week. We look forward to the long "happy hours" and numerous drink specials that highlight a prosperous evening of social activity. Students and professionals alike relish the idea of "letting loose" with a hope to ease the pressures of the work place.

Of course, for any of this to happen, there first must be a place to find all of this fun, a place that offers the excitement and the specials that satiate our celebratory moods. Long Island is saturated with bars and clubs that promise these good times. Unfortunately, as most of us have discovered, the majority of these claims are false; mirages used to con our business.

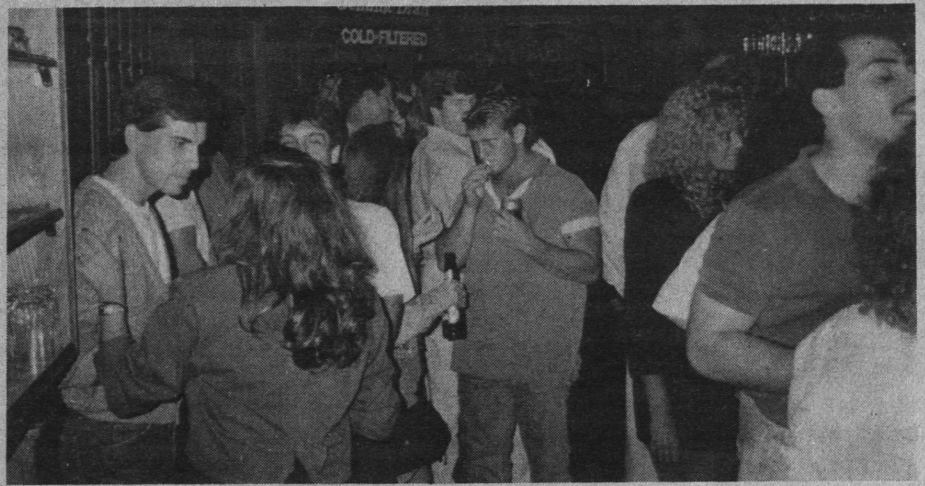
Luckily not all of these bars send out these delusive messages. The Park Bench, Stony Brook's own hot spot, assures the best in Thursday night bashes. With the help of Stolichnaya Vodka and Miller Lite, the Bench's "happy hour" consists of great specials. From nine to ten both Miller Lites and Stoli drinks are only one dollar. There are free Stoli t-shirts & sunglasses. Not

bad, huh?

The Park Bench is also proud to announce that its Thursday night parties are "Spring Break Headquarters." Thanks to the generosity of Student Travels Services, The Bench will be giving away a spring break trip every Thursday. It's always a party down in the sunshine state so come in and try your luck. Anyone interested in purchasing a trip can contact one of the many Student Travel Services representatives on the campus of S.U.N.Y. Stony Brook.

Aside from the Thursday trip giveaways and the free Stoli t-shirts, The Bench also features awesome deals on your favorite Stolichnaya mixes. While you're there try Stoli's New Ultra Premium Cristal Vodka. Cristal is only available in limited quantities and is packaged in attractive boxes that make for perfect gifts. Approximately twice the price of Absolut, Cristal is distilled specially for the smoothest possible flavor.

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dollar Miller Lites while you compete or watch one of the many pool tournaments that The Park Bench features. Either way you can't lose. Other incentives include the free unlimited champagne for the ladies and a late evening buffet for all. Specials all night accompanied by the best in prizes and events, make The Park Bench a must for all of your Thursday night celebra-

tions. Remember, whatever your plans call for, party responsibly. Designate a driver and be considerate of others.

February 4th is extremely special. This specific Thursday evening The Park Bench features The 1st Annual Stuff Magazine Bash. Come down and enjoy yourself as we celebrate the creation of Stony Brook's only entertainment magazine. ■

THE STUFF MOVIE GUIDE

by Matthew Justice

1990 was the year people went back to the movies. Mainly women as we saw with the success of **Ghost** and **Pretty Woman**. Yet these films though successful were not some of the best 1990 had to offer the general public.

Here are my choices for 1990's best films. The list is not in order of preference.

1. **Goodfellas**: One of the best mafia films ever made. Directed by Martin Scorsese and stars Robert DiNero and Joe Pesci, follows three decades of family life in the mafia. A stylish, provocative, and passionate film.

2. **Reversal of Fortune**: The Claus von Bullow story has made the jump from the small screen of T.V. news reports to the big screen of box office sales. Starring Glenn Close as the comatose wife Sonny, and the superb Jeremy Irons. Expect Academy nominations.

3. **The Grifters**: A modern day film

noir directed by Stephen Frears. Frears is able to capture all of the twists within the novel by Jim Thompson and put them on the screen. Starring John Cusack and Angelica Huston. If you are a fan of Ms. Huston this film is a must see.

4. **STD2Edward Scissorhands**: A haunting fairy tale from the director of **Batman** and **Beetlejuice**, Tim Burton. Highly original, with a child like vision and magic. Starring **21 Jumpstreet** star Jonny Depp and fiancée, **STD2 Mermaids** Winona Ryder,

5. **Awakenings**: A heart warming film based on a true story. Directed by Penny Marshall best known for her work on **Big**. Starring Robin Williams as a doctor and Robert DiNero as his patient. With both actors delivering Oscar winning performances, it will be a race to the finish to see who wins.

6. **Dances With Wolves**: By far the



Kathy Bates and James Caan in Stephen King's Misery.

boldest film of 1990. A tale of cavalry and indians in post-Civil War America. With Kevin Costner at the helm both as director and star, he had his hands full. Though lengthy, coming in at almost three hours, the sweeping cinematography pulls you in and you never want to return. Expect a Best Picture nomination.

7. **Hamlet**: This modern interpretation from the director of **Romeo and Juliet**, and **Othello**, Franco Zeffiralli is Oscar bound. Starring the ever incredible Mel Gibson as the emotionally disturbed Prince of Denmark, and Glenn Close as his mother, Gertrude. This is an emotional, and intensely dramatic film. Gibson is a modern day Hamlet.

8. **The Godfather Part III**: The final chapter in Mario Puzo and Francis Ford Coppola's American epic of the Corleone family. Starring Al Pacino as the aging Don and Andy Garcia as his protege. Though this film closes up this epic the feel of the first two chapters had, the power that pulled you into the

story is missing.

9. **Home Alone**: This comedy of errors was the smash of the year. Starring a ten year old kid who's parents in a rush to get to the airport for the holiday vacation forget their youngest son at home. During his time alone two burglars, Joe Pesci and Daniel Stern, continually attempt to brake into the house. They are thwarted by ingenious traps set up by the kid. A must see for a hilarious evening.

10. **Misery**: The latest in a long series of Stephen King novels being turned into movies. This by far is one of the best interpretations. Starring James Caan as a novelist and Kathy Bates as a psychotic fan who brings him back to health after a serious car accident. The transfer from book to film is a difficult task, but Caan and Bates achieve their goal. A spine tingler that will keep you on the edge of your seat for an enthralling two hours.

So there it is, my 1990 list. If you don't agree that's your opinion, but give these films a chance they deserve it. ■



The creations of Scissorhands.



DEMO REVIEWS

STAVIN' CHAIN

What's this band's name, Stavin' Chain? I think "staving" means to break off into sections, but it still doesn't make much sense. True, it wouldn't be fair to judge a band by its name especially in the case of this group. Their drums thunder, the guitars pierce and the lyrics are catchy. In sum, they have all the proper ingredients to compete and reign over the pop-metal bands of today. In "First Surrender," the ballad of the album, the lead singer sounds a lot like Jon Bon Jovi. However, the music of Stavin' Chain is much harder, hungrier and driving. On other cuts like "Only In It For The Money," the singer reaches for a raspy Sammy Hagar-like sound that works well with the rest of the band.

The lyrics aren't original - women, sex and drugs are the varying topics of discussion. Basically, they seem to have what it takes to make it. The members of Stavin' Chain are more talented musically than those of MTV favorites such as Poison, Slaughter, etc. If they make the right contacts, we should expect to see them competing soon. Good Luck! For further information contact Mike Appel at (212) 644-8878.

- M. Tepedino

DAMAGED GOODS

It's difficult to comment negatively on local acts. Their dedication and effort usually are commendable enough to warrant a more than slightly euphemistic review, often describing them as sounding better than they really do, for encouragement. Unfortunately, Damaged Goods makes even this good deed difficult.

These boys (Chris Stepan, lead vocals; Larry Tangemann, lead guitar; Mark Trojanoski, rhythm guitar; Al Feliciano, bass; Danny Heyder, drums, sound like a bunch of bratty kids messing around on their big brothers' unattended expensive toys. The most blatant flaw on this tape is Stepan's voice. It is about as engaging as a garden slug, and equally as melodic. Some of the playing, however, is actually pretty good, like on the second half of "Slick Bitch," but for the most part, the songs are very, well, un-special. The tunes are predictable, exhibiting a misdirected, immature songwriting style.

There doesn't seem to be much of a future for Damaged Goods. Unless, of course, they got a new singer, wrote all new songs, but then there's the matter of the lyrics... To contact Damaged Goods: C. Stepan, (516) 581-8381; L. Tangemann, (516) 666-5359. ■

- Aviva Levy

GUILT

Guilt's demo package is exceptional, from the intro of "Long Road," through "Moonshine Rhapsody," to the closing of the third cut, "Your Family." The production job is commendable but what is most important are the skillfully-crafted tunes presented here, as well as the musicians themselves.

The vocals of Tommy McRae are reminiscent of Ian Astbury of The Cult, with an added dose of Glenn Danzig's sinister flavor which permeates through the gloom-and-doom aura created by the songs. The rest of Guilt--Chuck Allen, guitars; Skot Nelson, bass; and Paulie Simmons, drums--are all solid players, executing the music like true professionals.

As far as commercial marketability goes, Guilt's style is slightly left-of-center, in relation to what's "in" at the present time. This could mean that this outfit will go completely unnoticed by the public, but, then again, being different has made certain bands make the entire world stand up, take notice and even create new trends. Take, for example, Guns N' Roses. You might have heard of them... ■

- Aviva Levy

BABY JANE

I don't know about you but when I hear of a band called Baby Jane either visions of a top forty hip-hop group or a Poison wanna-be-glamorous bunch become accurate assumptions. Well, whatever they do look like their music confirms none of the above.

Though the talents of Baby Jane do seem a little raw, if not premature, they present four songs that can be said to have possibilities. Unfortunately the quality of the demo is a little muffled and therefore hinders an otherwise compact performance. Baby Jane's style of metal attempts a Scorpions similarity. From the first cut called "Bangin' Down The Gates," it's easy to see that the vocalist has listened to the yelps of Klaus Meine and/or Tora Tora's Anthony Corder. It even seems that he consciously imitates the two.

Other than just a Scorpion's vocal influence there is an overall sense that Baby Jane has thoroughly concentrated on them as mentors. In the semi-ballad-like sounds of "Once In My Life" both the guitarist and vocalist display a tremendous amount of likeness towards the German legends. In fact, I would go as far as saying that Baby Jane does a good Scorpions representation.

Though three of the four tracks do not display anything incredible, the guitar work on "Somebody Save Me" avoids mediocrity. Here the playing seems a little more ferocious and can be seen as the high point of the band's sample. As said before, Baby Jane needs some time and a demo of some quality in order to establish a thorough product, but the thought of a Scorpions meets Tora Tora sound is certainly admirable.

- Linda Abrams

Does your band have the right Stuff? Send demo, photos and band information to Stuff Magazine, P.O. Box 1579, Stony Brook, New York 11790.

KINGSLAND:

A BAND GROWS IN BROOKLYN by Jose Mendez

Since its introduction in the early seventies, heavy metal has created a healthy role for itself. Bands that specialize in this style are consistently emerging from every corner of the world. Lately an impressive metal outfit called Kingsland has developed out of Brooklyn. Kingsland has been busy promoting themselves in hope for a well-deserved record contract. Triumphant they played in front of 1500 people at Queens College's outdoor Octoberfest. There the crowd quickly accepted the electricity of Kingsland's intense set of driving beats and raging vocals.

Even more current was their latest gig on January 26th at Nobody's in Bayside, Queens. The band strutted their stuff in a fierce display of emotion and determination. Their set, which included the three tracks on their impressive demo, was supported by the steamy guitar work of Tommy Colletti. Their performances of "Prisoner Of Love," "Stuck In The Middle" and "I'm Not Just Waiting For Love," confirmed the capabilities of the three musicians.

Tommy and his cousin Guy D'Angelo of White Lion were recently the focus of a WSOU metal program. Together

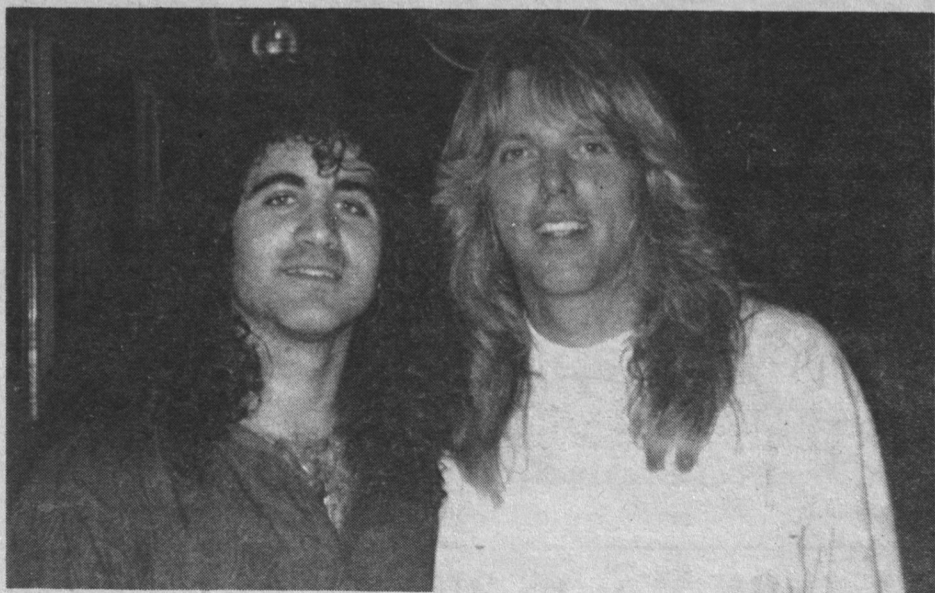
on Stacy X's Street Patrol Show, the two artists spoke about the music of the two outfits. This opportunity allowed Tommy to publicly display some of the demo tracks while discussing the future plans of Kingsland.

Despite the replacement of drummer Dino Castano, Kingsland has maintained their forceful metal assault. Thanks to a reference from Bobby Rondinelli, ex-Rainbow drummer and good friend of the band, they have met up with Bill Fernandez, an excellent talent with an uncanny knack for pounding the skins.

Of course no trio can be successful without the dual talents of specific band members. Bassist Chris Romanelli, who once played for The Plasmatics and Ziggy Marley, supplies the vocals and strums his instrument with the same versatility of other trio wizards. Chris uses a five-string ESP bass that combines perfectly with Tommy's eclectic solos and solid power chords. Tommy's influences are evident in his playing technique. The style of Gary Moore, Leslie West and Thin Lizzy are combined to form a unique sound of progressive metal.

For now the band will focus on the promotion of the three demo cuts but other songs are still in the transitional stages. Tunes called "Stranded" and "Love Ain't Easy" are future prospects for Kingsland recordings. As far as three men metal groups are concerned, Kingsland represents the finest. Joe

Lynn Turner agrees. Like myself he seemed to enjoy their performance at an opening gig for T.S.O.L. at Woody's. Keep a sharp ear out, Kingsland promises a successful fate. For further information on the band, purchasing a demo and upcoming events contact manager Phil Colella at (718) 646-4857.



Tommy Colletti of Kingsland and 21 Guns guitarist Scott Gorham at the Cat Club.



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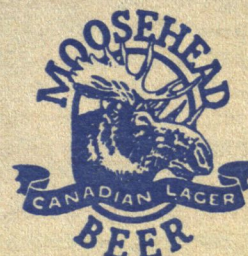
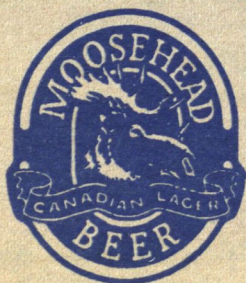
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MUSIC STUFF

KEEPING THE DEAD ALIVE

by Kim Haynes

Music, in its evolution, has always thrived on what has come before, sort of a musical domino theory that states whatever precedes has an impact on the next in line. Today's music draws its influences from a vast array of artists and styles that have existed earlier. Whether ten or a hundred years before makes no difference. Elvis and his 50's counterparts were influenced by Robert Johnson and Sonny Boy Williamson, the great Delta Blues musicians of the 30's and 40's. Similarly the bands of the 60's and 70's, Beck and Clapton for example, have also used these sources for inspiration. The Beatles, who eventually stood poised on the brink of a new style of rock 'n' roll, and subsequently had a far-reaching impact on the music world, were heavily influenced by Buddy Holly, Little Richard and Elvis, while Led Zeppelin, who in the early 70's originated the term "heavy-metal", still, almost 25 years later, influences many of the bands that exist in rock and roll today.

Since music relies so heavily on the creative endeavors of predecessors, it seems only natural that many artists and groups do remakes of their favorite

songs. They usually do this on their first albums while trying to get the proverbial foot in the door for a successful musical career. Although there will always be musicians who blatantly steal melodies and lyrics, a present epidemic, most artists do remakes as a tribute, a way to show thanks for the musical resources they have created.

In 1990, many musicians, despite their diverse styles, agreed upon one thing; that musicians who have already died, leaving only their musical legacies, deserve to be heard again. From Cole Porter to Jimi Hendrix, musicians have banded together, or remained solo, to remake a song or entire album that pays tribute to the great influences of an earlier musical era.

One of the great albums of 1990 was the Red, Hot and Blue album, which is a very exciting remake of Cole Porter's tunes. This was done by a diverse group of artists to benefit charity programs for AIDS and to create awareness of this mystifying disease. Among the contributing artists were U2, Sinéad O'Connor, Neneh Cherry, Fine Young Cannibals, David Byrne, K.D. Lang and others. The album also became

an ABC television special that aired December 1st on International AIDS Day. Hosted by Richard Gere, Kyle MacLachlan and Carrie Fisher, the special featured videos of songs from the album's artists, as well as interviews with AIDS activists and musicians. Although Cole Porter had no idea that his music would be used to benefit the fight against a deadly plague, the album reinforces the fact that music is now a socially redeemable force in today's world.

Another great tribute album of 1990 was done by various musicians saluting Jimi Hendrix, the incredible, innovative master of the electric guitar. Titled If 6 was 9: A Tribute to Jimi Hendrix, the album features interpretations of his songs by both British and American bands. The tunes include "Third Stone From The Sun," "Voodoo Child," "The Wind Cries Mary" and "Spanish Castle Magic," but the performers work mainly under assumed names for contractual reasons. Despite Hendrix's mastery of the electric guitar, the album isn't just a rehashing of riffs and feedback. All of the artists use originality and a lot

of energy to help celebrate Hendrix's diversity and musical intelligence. Of the sixteen tracks, some remain true to the original, while others use an innovative quality reminiscent of Hendrix's own style.

Other bands in 1990 who drew from the well of earlier artists are The Black Crowes and, surprise, Led Zeppelin. The Crowes do an excellent remake of Otis Redding's old ditty, "Hard To Handle," giving a new edge on sexy energy. Led Zeppelin meanwhile released a version of a Robert Johnson song titled "Tavellin' riverside Blues." It is on their new CD Box set. Although the song was recorded in '69, Zeppelin fans never had the opportunity to hear the song until it was released last October. A smokin' version of the original, it retains its blues while adding the heavy tone Zeppelin became so famous for.

These artists all salute their musical influences and pay tribute by remaking and redoing. Since music is the only thing that remains after an artist dies, these bands help to keep the dead masters and their music touching generations to come. ■

MELTDOWN FOR VANILLA ICE

by Maria Tepedino

The latest version of "Ice Ice Baby" heard over the airwaves, features the voices of Freddie Mercury of Queen and David Bowie. You rock-n-rollers know that this song by Vanilla Ice is a cheapened version of "Uner Pressure," but did you know that Vanilla Ice would be stupid enough to claim there to be no relation between the songs? Now that he's catching some heat, does the problem become dissolved by dubbing in the voices of Mercury and Bowie? Sorry self-proclaimed "white boy," once you're caught stealing you can't just give it back. Still, he denies it. On an MTV interview, Vanilla Ice claimed that the bass line of "his song" was different by one click of a cymbal. He smiled widely and smugly as the interview ended.

What can be done? A lawsuit? A bunch of wealthy managers buying the "best" lawyers ends up in year long battles where no one walks away a loser. Even if Vanilla Ice gives written credits on his albums and a percentage of his royalties to the original musicians, his popularity cannot be taken away. In fact, such a scandal may prove to be good for publicity - the longer one remains in the public eye, the better the business. SBK, the name of the record label, even declared that the time of the album's release was more important than worrying about artist credits.

Ice's next victim was Wild Cherry. In the same MTV interview, Vanilla Ice toothily told us that his song was "Play That Funky Music" not Wild Cherry's "Play That Funky Music White Boy." I guess if you get away with something once, and it proves to be profitable, keep doing it until someone tells you to stop. That is, if you have no morals.

The latest claim of the infamous Ice, is that he plans on working with The Rolling Stones. He says that they are working on a combined project that may include a remake of a specific song. This is doubtful. Just remember his other lies. For instance he stated that he is from Florida and went to the same high school as Luke Campbell of 2 Live Crew. Then his record company said

that he's from Texas. Not! He's from New Jersey. Basically he's no better than Milli Vanilli, they both can dance but have no consideration for the integrity of the music industry.

We have the power to keep these pseudo-musicians from polluting the airwaves and shamelessly stealing other artists work. Screw the lawyers, the televised trials and the musicians

wearing ties, just don't buy the albums! It's a simple economic principle: If there's no market for the product it will disappear as fast as it came. Thievery aside, Vanilla Ice still deserves no respect. There's no need to promote one's "whiteness" or any color of skin to sell a rap album. The idea is not to be a good rapper for a white boy but a good rapper, right? ■

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RECORDS

PRINCE GRAFFITI BRIDGE

The first time Prince embarked on the money making, movie/soundtrack journey with Purple Rain, the album became his saving grace. Without seeing Graffiti Bridge but listening to the soundtrack it's safe to say that the flick is on its own. However, what he does establish is his unquenchable ability to make the listener dance. Prince has the talent for making bodies move so in the least he must be credited with that. This is an excellent album for a party but my advice is to turn the volume up enough so that the words become indistinguishable.

Prince and Morris Day and The Time are together again in a "new" adventure portraying the unending battle of good vs. evil. The concepts behind the music are hardly new for Prince. Songs like "We Can Funk" sound too familiar to be innovative. In fact there is a resemblance to Purple Rain's "Erotic City". Maybe I'm expecting too much but when an artist with the caliber of Prince, puts out new material we expect just that, new material. The bottom line is that artists who redistribute old material for money should be ashamed. Prince's cut "The Joy In Repitition" is a blatant suggestion that this album is just that. ■

- M. Tepedino

THE OUTFIELD — DIAMOND DAYS

The Outfield has again reached the airwaves with another solid recording. There's something about The Outfield that is original yet reminiscent. Musically this duo doesn't stand out from your basic pop-rock standards. Despite this, one instrument, the voice of Tony Lewis, remains unmatched in the industry. His high pitched, yet powerful voice, is comparable only to Steve Perry's early Journey days.

The hit single "For You" is currently all over the airwaves. Why? Because the music is for the most part repetitive. There are no driving beats or exceptionally masterful guitar playing which makes the voice the key. Lewis' consistently high tone and resonant quality is what carries this tune to the top. There's also a welcomed tribute to John Lennon whose name is also the title. The lyrics tell the story of a man - a real person as opposed to the highly exalted prophet that we are sometimes presented with. The music reflects the familiar Beatle sounds most memorable to the fans. Overall, this tune is tastefully



The Outfield: A subtle sound and high lyric quality.

done by both Lewis and John Spinks. There is much respect for Lennon as a man as well as a musician.

It's amazing that these two men are the only components needed to create the subtle sound and high lyric quality

of the group known as The Outfield. Over the years it seems that they have gotten more serious both musically and lyrically. Diamond Days, their third album, succeeds in satisfying the ear while stimulating the mind. If there need be any one goal in music, that would be it. ■
- M. Tepedino

KILL FOR THRILLS DYNAMITE FROM NIGHTMARELAND

Screaming guitars and gritty lyrics - not an original format but almost always a successful combination. Jason Nesmith, (relation to Mike?), wails on the guitar. He injects an occasional riff to lift just about every tune out of the dust. If lead singer Gilby Clarke would keep his lyrics to himself the group might increase its popularity as an instrumental band. Nesmith displays his mastery on the electric as well as the

acoustic guitar in the tune "Brother's Eyes." Instrumentally, the tune is excellent. The lyrics and the way in which they are presented are what brings this and every other song to its downfall. So, if you can appreciate a dominating electric guitar rhythmically backed by solid bass and drums, check out this recording. However, if you expect the lyrics to mirror the intensity of the music, save your money. - M. Tepedino

TOP TEN PARTY MOVIES

1. Fast Times at Ridgemont High
2. Animal House
3. Caddy Shack
4. Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure
5. History of the World, Part I
6. Stripes
7. Revenge of the Nerds
8. Meatballs
9. Spaceballs
10. Airplane

THE UNIQUE SOUND OF KING'S X

by J. Gregory

The entertainment district currently finds itself in a state of developmental transition. More specifically, musical composition has expanded into a multitude of genres and an abundance of varied technique. The latest competitors at recording enthusiasm includes a trio of dedicated performers and the sounds they so efficiently produce. Their name is King's X and a concoction of musical obscurity is what they have developed.

Unlike most bands, the combination of Ty Tabor, Doug Pinnick and Jerry Gashill, provide an elegant form of instrumental and vocal expression. Some people choose to classify the music of these artists as heavy metal while others seem content with a psychedelic label but whatever it is called, it is nothing short of masterful.

The band's quest began in 1988 with a Megaforce/Atlantic release titled Out Of The Silent Planet. This debut was a solid example of melodic vocals supported by carefully constructed patterns of distorted guitars and palpitating drums. Together with a bizarre sense of lyrical phrasing, these inventors spin a magnificent web of obscure,

harmonious meaning. The meaning within their songs touches upon an existential feeling that allows for the emergence of an ambiguous sound and a ponderous sense of mind. Unfortunately, their heavy presentation and unfamiliar technique forced the conventional airwaves to alienate the threesome.

Some success followed with their next album, Gretchen Goes To Nebraska. This 1989 release allowed Doug's bass, Ty's guitars and Jerry's drums to play their way towards a taste of FM success. "Over My Head" their first bid at mainstream acceptance surprised many individuals. It woke certain people to the original style of King's X, but despite this, they still weren't gaining major acclaim.

In 1990 they were at it again. Faith, Hope, Love was released and this time they shattered the barriers. This album continued their philosophical journey with some of the most intriguing music the world has ever heard. Somehow they managed to add more instrumental finesse and intellectual mystique that blossomed into a perfect sample of modern composition. "It's Love" has

gained the affection of the radio as well as extensive appearances on MTV. More magazines are recognizing their talents and some disc jockeys are beginning to call King's X the hottest prospect in years. There's no doubt that they are.

Cleverly, Faith, Hope, Love, integrates modern inquiry with a euphoric quality that at times relies on abstruse undertones of history, opinion and emotion. One of their songs even remembers Plato but all of the tunes seem to be the closest thing to religious sentiment.

The band's extravagance is constantly escalated by the use of cellos, french horns, pipe organs and plenty of vocal harmonies. Of course the use of a twelve-string bass boosts the appeal of Doug's opulent pound but it is a flair of tenderness that excels each song into its own perspective. A relaxing acoustic touch can be heard in the mellowness of "Legal Kill" while the flow of love within "I'll Never Get Tired Of You" touches the heart of any listener.

In general, King's X may be the best development since the electric guitar.



King's X: A concoction of musical obscurity.

Every song, on each of their three albums, holds a particular personality and a life of its own. They are definitely onto something big. Look for Faith, Hope, Love, it quite possibly is the best release in years. ■

FEATURE STUFF

SPRING BREAK IN DAYTONA

by Ima Dewd

As yet another Spring semester begins, the topics of student discussion will gradually sway towards Spring Break. After evaluating the many possibilities some will choose their place of vacationing bliss. Some will decide to visit Mexico while others will venture to some far away exotic island but still the majority will inevitably vote for the Daytona experience.

Daytona Beach, Florida, a favorite college eden, will undoubtedly be swarmed with a multitude of horny, sun worshipping men and women. After choosing their method of travel the soon-to-be vacationers will pack for their adventure. Other than an array of sexy of sexy beach attire and common party garb, these students will stock up on their favorite necessities.

Common items include more tanning creams than the average drug store stocks, a frisbee and volleyball to appear at least somewhat athletic, an I.D. that remotely resembles the person who borrowed it and enough liquor money to buy the whole beach a brew. After they have successfully endured the frustrations of travel preparation the

south bound vacationers are on their way.

Whether by bus or by car, the long painstaking journey seems as if it will never come to an end, (that is if the parties on the bus end before you reach the beach). After checking into one of the motels that strategically line the beach, the Texan or Voyager perhaps, the festivities begin.

First on the list are the many decisions that unavoidably need to be made. For instance, should one buy Tequila or Whiskey, Bud or Miller, cans or bottles, one case or two? Yes, to these fun starved students certain things take priority and liquor is always number one. Then, after the visit to the bevy, assuming it was a successful trip, more decisions need to be made.

A beer or drink in hand the temporary Daytonians choose one of the many activities so characteristic of Spring Break life. If it's daytime one option may include sightseeing. You know, see that G-string, see that well endowed surfer dude. Another can involve scanning the many t-shirt shops that decorate the center strip. A favorite is The Salty Dog Surf Shop where everything is hip

despite the price. If those options seem uninteresting there is usually a special event taking place.

MTV is usually a major bash representative. Their star-studded beach concerts and Spring Break extravaganzas are always interesting. Despite the abundance of more than enjoyable occasions, one happening is always crowded, the ever popular wet t-shirt contests that are held almost every 100 yards.

Of course if just baking in the sun and listening to your favorite tunes is your preference then grab a brew, spread out a blanket and join the thousands of unfamiliar friends that cover the beach. Be sociable, you might make a friend or two.

After a day of sun-drenched excitement nighttime yields yet more decisions. There are always the parties that thrive in every other motel room. There's plenty of fun there, that is if you like drinking, dancing and an overall good time. Of course you do, that's why you're there.

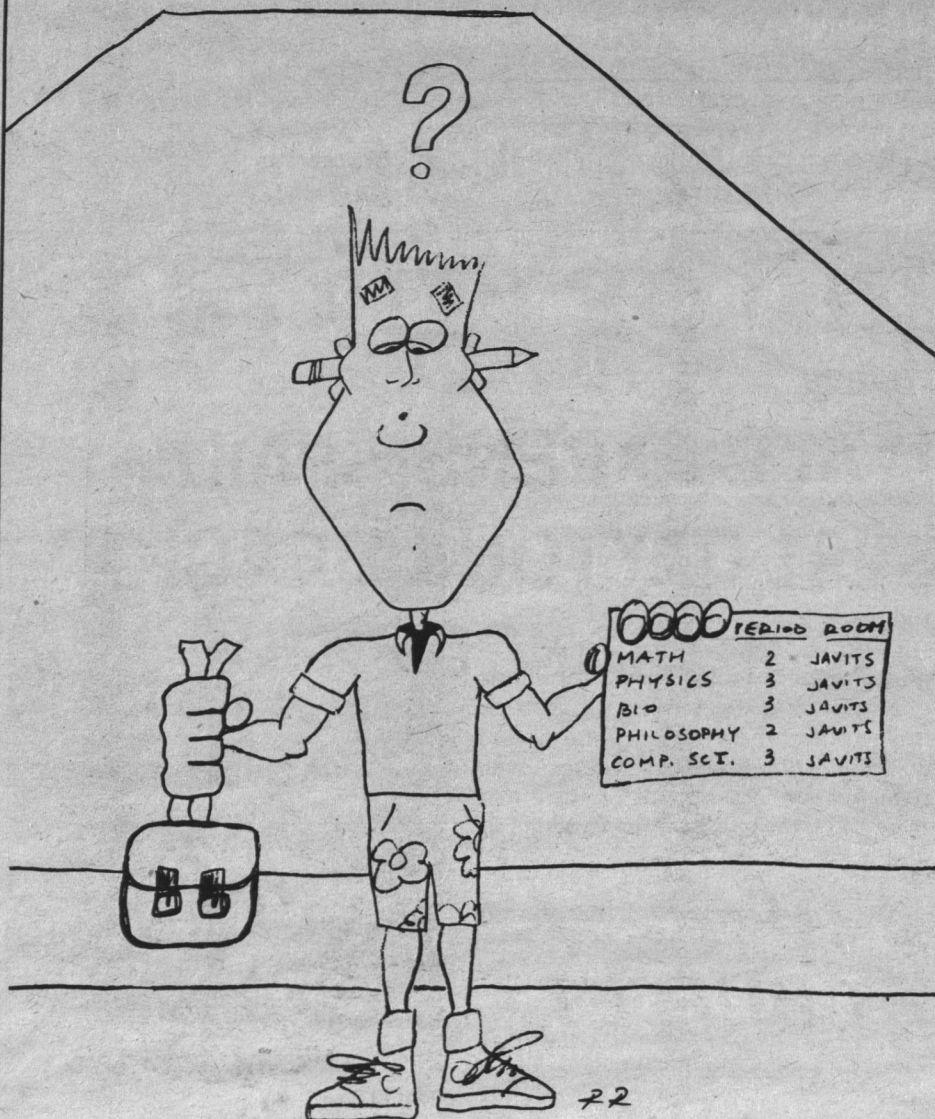
If a motel room doesn't suit your ideas for the evening check out some of the

many clubs that are so famous for their intense social capabilities. Favorites include Penrods, The Pier and 701 South. Remember your I.D. cause without it your night may end prematurely and we wouldn't want that.

Even though the beach and the clubs are essential to a great vacation, you do need to eat every once and a while. There's a great place just a few miles down the strip called Duffs. Stop by. For one small price you can stuff your face with all the food you can eat. In other words it's a great place to re-fuel for future celebrating.

Unfortunately the fun must come to an end but we won't talk about that. Instead I'll tell you to enjoy Spring Break as best you can and if your curious as to where you can find great trip packages look up the campus Student Travel Services Spring Break representatives. They have excellent vacations at reasonable prices.

Well I hope you pick a dandy and party your till you drop but remember be responsible and respect others. Oh, and don't get to sunburned, it can ruin your break. ■



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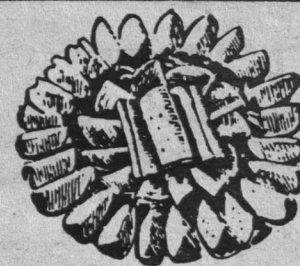


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POEMS AND STUFF

THE SADDENED VICTOR

by JASON B. PRICE

I am the weary soldier, far from home
No general nor hero, name unknown
My face is hidden deep inside a helm
My mouth is mute, my song shall fill no page
Yet my eyes see beyond this steel cage
The horrors of this war which overwhelm

The clash of metal screaming in my ears
Is mixing with the cries of fatal fears
The women wail atop the walls of Troy
For my lord Agamemnon I have fought
But still my breath is stolen by the thought
Of innocence once taken from the boy

The crimson wells where flesh and iron meet
Have fountained high and showered mortal heat
Upon these fields of hatred, death and shame
I wish this all was just a hellish dream
But when I look, my sword is never clean
My hands are stained forever with the blame

We hurl ourselves against the walls in waves
While pallid smoke arises from the graves
Conceited, selfish gods desert my side
The one true goal that makes my wounds worthwhile
Will always be my lady's golden smile
For her I shall survive this war of pride

And I will bravely weather sin and pain
To hold her tightly in my arms again
I hunger for the healing time to come
So with the ninth assault of driving snow
I pray this year will be the one to go
For I, the weary soldier, miss my home

NO PROMISES, NO GUARANTEE Thoughts of War

By Sandy Nahmias

Miles away
Just fighting for a cause
Can't there be an end to
These social wars
Every night I sit and pray
Hoping my son will come back today
Shooting to bomb
Bombing to Kill
Where do these soldiers
Get their will
I watch Peter Jennings
And wait for some answers
But nothing seems to terminate
These political cancers
Please send my son home
He means so much to me
Please send my son home
My baby's 23

Are you creative? Send your poems and art work to Stuff Magazine, P.O. Box 1579, Stony Brook, New York 11790.

THRASHING THE ARTS A SEMESTER IN REVIEW

by Michael Bruford

Attention all barbarians! Hey, if any of you are like me, you constantly get nagged to "expand your mind" or "experience some culture." Parents say "Why don't you at least try to take in some art?" Yeah, right. Then there's your conscience: "Wouldn't you like to know what an abstraction is?" Well, maybe if the radio breaks.

Oh, c'mon savages! We can't be that ignorant. The weird thing about the Staller Center for the Arts of S.U.N.Y. Stony Brook is the stuff you can find in it if you just look. I, for instance, don't think of myself as an "appreciator," but I have surprised myself by liking what I've found there.

First, on a whim, I saw the play *Equus*. Guess what? I, the King of Heathen Beer Festing, really dug it. Amazing! If you missed it last semester, don't worry, there's a new semester full of great performances.

Last semester there were a bunch of excellent productions that have established a strong program for Stony Brook's arts. The *Illusion* hit Theater One on November 8th, and it presented some wild action. It told the story of a magician who tries to reunite a father

and his son, while spirits whip around the abstract staging. It was truly intense. About a week and a half later the Main Stage became the home of *Africa Oye!* This show slammed the spectators with dancing, singing and drumming. Following this production was the December 1st appearance of *The Waverly Consort: The Christmas Story*. No, this wasn't Dickens, as if you know who he is anyway. This story is from manuscripts and music of the Middle Ages, so I saw the unexpected when I witnessed this. Anowa was in Theater Two on December 6th. It's an African folk tale that was laced with fervent, energetic music.

If music really makes you grunt with pleasure and the theater performances were not enough, other offerings could have been found. The Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra played the Main Stage on November 10th. Brahms, Weber and Hayden were also there. The Stony Brook Camerata Singers were on stage a day after with Irish songs and some heavenly harp solos. Oh yeah, that dude from Brahms was there too. The next week the Recital Hall got footed for three separate evenings of tunes. The

Contemporary Chamber Players rocked the house with student compositions. Then came the Stony Brook Opera Workshop. If you were there you could have participated by belting out an aria or two. Last were the Stony Brook Chamber Singers playing Elizabethan madrigals and Renaissance instrumental/vocal works.

In December the Contemporary Chamber Players were once again bouncing the Recital Hall. On the 5th the University Wind Ensemble had Handel, Rodgers, Bach-Gounod and a Christmas sing-along in the Main Stage. Imagine that; they actually wanted us to howl while they played. On December 8th the Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra, Chorale and Camerata Singers teamed up to perform Mozart's Requiem on the Main Stage as a tribute to the Mozart bicentennial. No bull - everybody has heard of him, haven't we? On the 9th, the University Orchestra and some singers invited all to their *Messiah* Sing in the Recital Hall. The University Orchestra then took the Main Stage on December 13th for a concert with Rossini, Schubert, Mozart

and Liszt. I went to that one but don't tell my friends. They think I study. To wrap up the semester, the soprano siren Dawn Upshaw serenaded all of us in the Recital Hall. Quite a list, Huh? One final note on these to intrigue you further: the University Orchestra, Wind Ensemble, and Contemporary Chamber players give free concerts. This way you don't have to deflate your wallet to "expand your mind."

Are you wondering if that's all? Not even close. For the stimulation of your frontal lobes (don't be dirty) you can check out the Staller Art Gallery on the first floor. I know what you're thinking: "Paintings? Get real." Dude, nobody likes every painting. In fact, I personally enjoy about a third of the ones in the gallery, but of the ones I like, some are so cool that they're worth looking for. That's the crazy thing about the art - the only right or wrong is your opinion, and everyone has their own. So peek in and take a look around and check out this semester's productions. Who knows? You might even surprise yourself with the way you come on to some. Jeez, somebody might even call you (gasp) civilized. ■

MOSHING INTO THE 90's

by Grimace

Thrash, is this the music of the 90's? I certainly hope so. The past year brought forth some of the finest thrash albums I've heard in a long time. Here are just a few of my favorites.

First from the masters of thrash, **Slayer**, came the powerful album *Seasons In The Abyss*. This is a masterpiece of metal and what every thrash band should strive towards. From the opening track on "War Ensemble", to the closing title track "Seasons In The Abyss", Slayer pours buckets of blood out of their souls to create a world that makes my blood boil. These songs paint images of a world gone mad where death and destruction rule.

Tom Araya's vocal prowess is at its peak, even better than they were on *South of Heaven*. Jeff Hanneman and Kerry King's guitar antics are at an unprecedented level. Their combined skills along with the thunderous drums and Tom's bass, create the unmistakable sound of Slayer. Their power is sure to last long into the 90's.

Anthrax is a name that brought fear to the heartland of America in the early 1900's as a disease that killed thousands of heads of cattle. Here in the late 1900's **Anthrax** is for those who don't already know is a killer thrash band from right here in the New York area. Their latest release entitled *Persistence of Time* is their tightest to date. Anthrax on this album has shown that they are one of the more socially aware bands out there today.

Persistence of Time shows a move towards a longer song format, most cuts are five minutes plus. This move opens more space for greater musical possibilities. **Anthrax** has expanded their entire realm of musicality and their lyrical sense. Songs that specifically stand out are "Blood", "In My World", and "Belly of the Beast".

Charlie Benante's drumming is devastating, like bombs falling on Baghdad.

Charlie also plays some guitar harmonies on "Intro to Reality". Scott Ian and Dan Spitz's guitar techniques are near perfection, as are Frank Bello's bass skills. Joey Belladonna's vocals are the best I've heard on any **Anthrax** album. This album is a must for any true thrashers collection.

I now move to the west coast, particularly the area known as the "Bay

Alex Skolnick is one of today's most underrated guitar players. His style of playing comes from great guitarists like John Coltrane and Al Dimeola. These are guitarists who are highly technical and powerful players but they are not from the school of metal guitarists. Skolnick though has been able to take their styles and use them in some of the best thrash music on the market. By far **Souls of**

sound to **Megadeth**. His ability as a neo-classical guitarist can be heard specifically on "Holy Wars... The Punishment Due".

The songs on *Rust in Peace* describe a wide variety of topics from war on "Holy Wars..." to government deception on "Hanger 18", to wizardry and alchemy on "Five Magics". As usual though Dave Mustaine's magical pen has created a series of complex thrash tunes. Although Friedman did not write any of the songs on *Rust in Peace* his style gives more bulk to Mustaine's riffs. *Rust in Peace* is not classic **Megadeth** but a new stronger **Megadeth**. Watch out for this group in the 90's.

Lastly is **Overkill**. Another group of thrash masters from the west coast. Their most recent release *The Years of Decay* is a thunderous thrashing tune. The screaming vocals of Bobby "Blitz" Ellsworth are raunchier than ever and less garbled as well. Bobby Gustafson's crunching power chords and wailing guitar solos define only part of the **Overkill** sound. The crashing drums of D.D. Verni and the soul shaking bass lines of Sid Falck comprise the rest of **Overkill's** musical machine.

Hot spots on *The Years of Decay* include, "Evil Never Dies", the title track "The Years of Decay", and the most thunderous, driving, thrash song "Skullcrusher". "Skullcrusher" is a song that describes a "Road Warrior" like world where death and destruction loom around every corner. Expect more gloom and doom from **Overkill** in the years to come.

You can see **Megadeth** and **Testament** on tour with metal masters **Judas Priest**. **Anthrax** is now on tour with the great **Iron Maiden**. **Overkill** toured in support of their album earlier in 1990. And this headbanger can't wait till **Slayer** comes to town. If you can't catch these guys live, go out and purchase their albums. I guarantee you won't be disappointed. ■



Overkill: Raunchier than ever.

Area". This area has spawned the likes of **Metallica** and **Dark Angel**, but I'll save them for another article. **Testament** is a band who don't hold back. Right after their somewhat successful album *Practice What You Preach* the boys from **Testament** went right back into the studio to record the follow up LP *Souls of Black*.

The mood of *Souls of Black* is similar to their last album, dark. That is what **Testament** is about, the dark vision of what the world has to offer. *Souls of Black* is one of the most intense albums that I've heard in a long while.

Black will be an album that others will be compared to in the future.

This leads me to **Megadeth**. These guys have gone through many line up changes over the years in the drum and second guitarist areas. Fronted by ex-**Metallica** ax-man Dave Mustaine and bassist extraordinaire Dave Ellefson, are now joined by ex-**Cacophony** guitar wizard Marty Friedman and new drummer Nick Menza. With these two additions to the troops of **Megadeth**, they have become a much tighter outfit. Marty Friedman adds a new style and

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BOXED SET (Continued from Page 5)

transcripts to examine.

Next we have the Led Zeppelin kit. Obviously, anything new from Led

Zeppelin raises an eyebrow. New Zep? Well, at least never-released material; new would be quite a task. "Traveling

Riverside Blues" and the hard to locate "Hey, Hey What Can I Do" highlight this potpourri of tunes. Also interesting

are the previously unreleased forms of "Moby Dick/Bonzo's Montreux" and "White Summer/Black Mountain Side." With a collection of such an historic band, a listener may ask, "What did they leave out?" Well, only the most popular Zeppelin songs made it which makes one wonder how a song like "Four Sticks" could be excluded. Oh well, it's still worth the investment.

Finally we come to **The Allman Brothers' Dreams**. This is an assortment of some of the finest blues cuts ever created. It includes tunes from the golden years of the group as well as certain selections from the solo efforts of each musician. Overall, a perfect mix of unequalled blues mastery.

Either way, whatever collection you chose, you'll leave the store knowing that you made a wise decision in acquiring something that you will enjoy for years to come. Oh, and if your interested in a wonderful gift, these packages are perfect for almost every occasion. Remember, price around and enjoy. ■

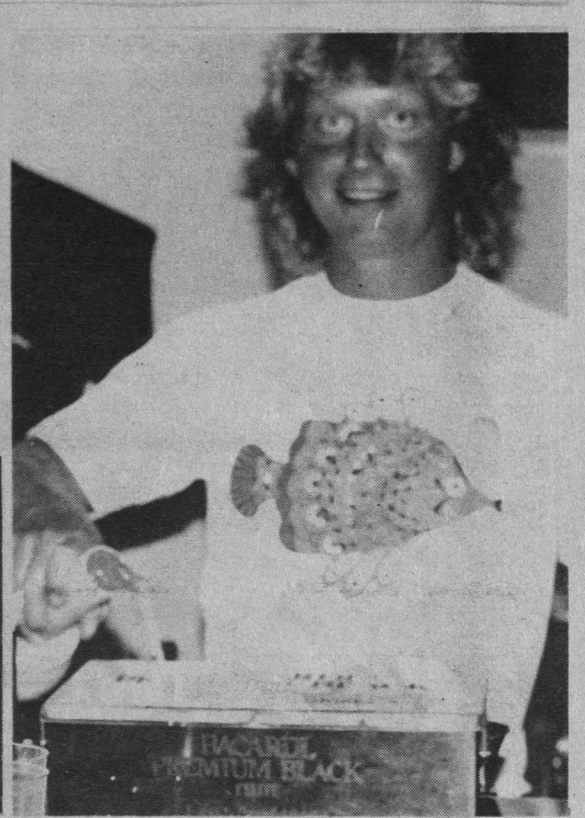
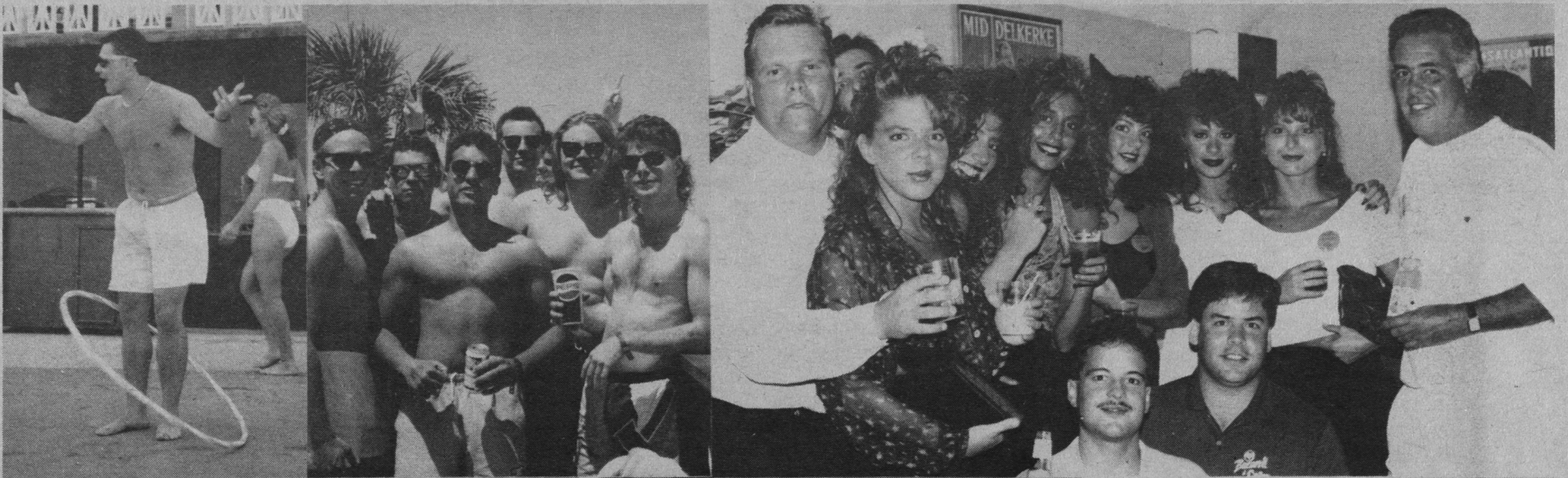


Dreams, The Allman Brothers Boxed Set is a perfect mix of unequalled blues mastery.

PARTY STUFF



PARTY STUFF



STONY BROOK INTRAMURALS, A WRAP UP

by Mickey D.

Dating back to the Fall of 1990, Stony Brook Intercollegiate Sports were, at best, in a state of mediocrity. The men's and women's soccer teams were both suffering their worst seasons while the slump of Patriot's Football seemed malignant. However, there were some bright spots. Men's and women's basketball, along side the triumphant efforts of women's volleyball, were riding high on the back of victory. Whatever the case, win or lose, Stony Brook Sports have always provided the students with competitive outlets of athletic activity. Fortunately Stony Brook's competitive edge has expanded to a challenge of another kind; Intramurals.

During the Fall semester the Stony Brook Intercollegiate Sports Department has held contest in everything from beach volleyball, to soccer and finally to flag football. Throughout these trials students practice hard to squeeze pass their rivals in hope to gain a championship title. All of the events produced heated play but none as ferocious as within the Flag Football Championships.

Organized by the excellent abilities of Intramural Director Susan DiMonda and her staff, the Fall season turned out to be the most intense one yet. Susan was able to sustain all of the territorial pressures and presented a tournament of unequalled action.

Though the season was smaller than in the past years, the captains seemed more determined than ever to perform to the best of their abilities. After a rundown of Intramural rules the teams began the season. The league consisted of two divisions, the Resident Hall Division, where the students obviously have to live in the dorms, and the Independent Division, where groups could find their members from mostly anywhere just as long as they are registered students. History proved the Independent Division to be the toughest as four of the final six teams came from that league.

Within the Resident Hall Division only two teams found their way to the playoffs. These two super teams were James A-1 and the O'Neill Avengers. Both teams were exceptionally confident. Sean Stone and Scott Hamilton, both captains of the Avengers, suggested a post season victory and their undefeated, number one ranking seemed to agree. However, James A-1 was also quite a powerful force. They had only one regular season loss and despite their underdog position, beat the Avengers 15-13, proving to all that they were the true Resident Hall Flag Football Champions.

James A-1 held their victory bash at the infamous End of the Bridge Bar where they heartily boasted their win. It seemed as if they won the Super Bowl. Incidentally, most of the James A-1 team

were members of Deviance, a powerhouse within the now retired Pit Hockey league.

Meanwhile, over in the Independent Conference the defending champion James Alumni, who won the Resident Hall title the previous year, was to face the feared Legion of Doom. Doom, a platoon of ex-patriots and other exceptional athletes was psyched for the match. Both teams were equally matched with strong running games and solid receivers backed thoroughly by stingy defenses. This made for one of the most exciting matches of the season.

James opened with a field goal. The Legion of Doom, on a beautiful post pattern from Darren Roch to Brett Raymer, countered for the score. The extra point made it 7-3. It then became a defensive game as the score remained through halftime.

When the second half commenced it became a game of defense. The combined efforts of Dave Reynolds, Mike DiCarlis, Greg Scher and the rest of the Doom D held the James Alumni to their first half field goal throughout most of the game. On the other side, thanks to Mike Grassi, John Shapiro and Keith Purino, the defense was also sharp. Then, with about eight minutes remaining James' offense struck. Seeing an opportunity, quarterback Mike Moccio found an open Mike Garassi. Grassi crossing over the middle, sprinted 50 yards for a touchdown. The score,

following a successful two point conversion, was 11-7.

Still, Doom would not give in. Darren Roch impressively drove The Legion into enemy soil. Then, on a first down, Roch dropped back and threw to the hands of an open Brett Raymer. The ball hit Raymer's hands, bounced out and found its way into the grasp of a diving Keith Purino. James, now with possession, ran out the clock and captured the Independent Division title.

Following the game, James captain, Michael Grassi, and Doom captain, Mike DiCarlis, greeted each other and spoke about combining forces to enter the Regional Flag Football Tournament at Adelphi University. They did, and without the benefit of a practice made it to the championship game. There Stony Brook lost an overtime battle to Columbia U.

Over the break the James Alumni went to New Orleans to compete in the national tournament. Unfortunately they lost both of their games but as Mike Grassi says, "You can't take anything away from us, we tried and we'll do it again given the opportunity."

Both teams, as well as James A-1 and the O'Neill Avengers displayed a great amount of comradery. It is this kind of tournament that brings out the best of Stony Brook University. Hopefully it will continue and expand into other facets of the sports program. ■

Mickey D's Corner

Michael Halkitis, A Patriot We'll Never Forget

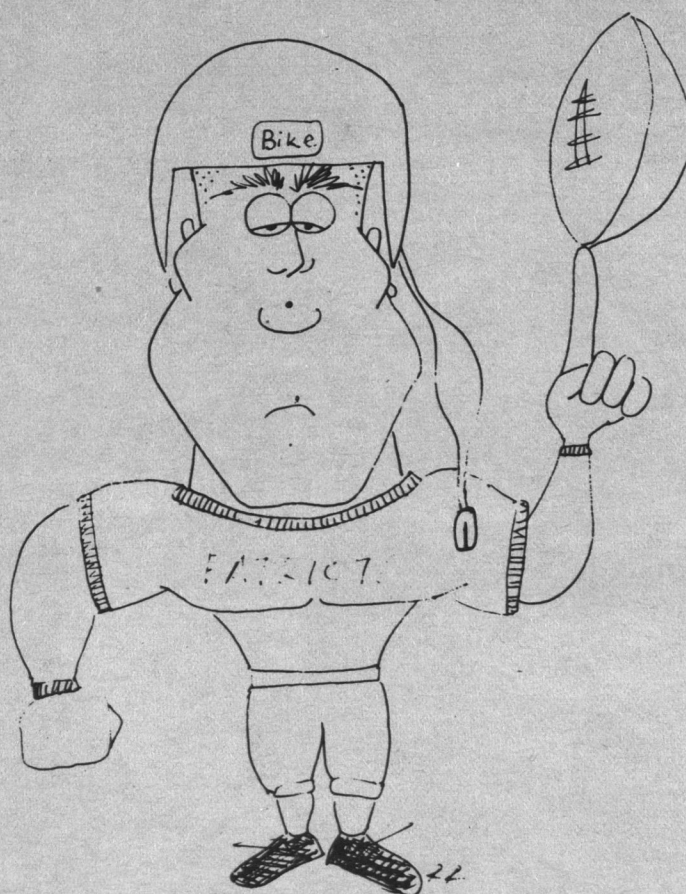
As yet another semester passes us we bid a fond farewell to a truly good man. Michael Halkitis, a student respected by his Patriot Football teammates was more than just another player. Michael, member of student polity and captain of a team that has just suffered its worst season since the school entered NCAA's Division Three, was an inspiration to his peers and a brother to all of his friends.

In the summer of 1987, as an incoming freshman, I had the pleasure of meeting and becoming one of Mike's closest friends. Mike and I, both Patriots, together suffered the pressures of college life. Starting in our freshman year, Mike and myself grew and learned together.

During Mike's college career he played strong side Defensive End, a position he excelled at. Unfortunately, during a Hofstra game in his junior year, Mike hurt his ankle thus missing most of the remaining season. The team missed him sorely and despite failing seasons and the turmoil of bad coaching he stuck his football career out. After the season ended the Patriots named Mike as captain. Mike became the last of three captain and was eventually the

only one to remain. He is truly a Patriot. During this past season Mike came

back and started at Defensive End but due to injuries and the same old coaches



story, "We need you here because..." Mike was named to down lineman, a position he never played. Mike at six foot three, 245 pounds was of course big enough but not able to use his talents properly. Other than being one of the biggest players Mike was also one of the team's quickest men. Again, the coaches didn't utilize his athletic ability and thus the team wasted its greatest potential. Nevertheless Mike made the second team All-Liberty Conference as a down lineman.

Along with his football endeavors, Mike gained popularity during his win last year in the election for polity secretary. Mike honors this position with responsibility and dedication. This is a position that he relishes and is proud to be a Stony Brook leader. He feels that he could help the student body in any capacity and has helped a great many people through his attempts.

Furthermore, I would like to say that it has been a pleasure knowing a man like Michael Halkitis and when he graduates, as he has just finished his last season, I'm sure that the members of Stony Brook University will feel the absence of a man of his caliber. Good luck Mike, thanks Mike. ■