



THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

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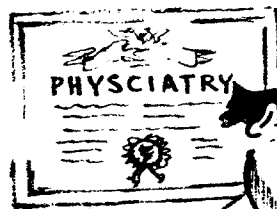
Make Your Community

An Apartheid Free Zone

TAKE DIRECT ACTION. TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR BODY.

KEEP OUR ABORTION CLINICS OPEN.

STOP THE CHURCH



SUNY SELMA

In a democratic society each arm of the government must strive to uphold the basic principles of human rights, *especially* any police agency. Police forces are designed to protect citizens from criminals who would take away their rights by doing them harm. When members of a police force succumb to the worst tendencies of the cop mentality they become criminals menacing those who they should protect, a perverse reversal of their proper role. When this super cop machismo is compounded with the vicious stupidity of racism it shocks the public out of their ignorance about racism's prevalence.

This hidden racism which lurks behind the facade of supposed racial equality has taken the form of several attacks in the past two years in New York. It's almost as if we've entered a time warp back to the days before the civil rights movement. Bensonhurst, East Meadow, Howard Beach, SUNY Neew Paltz, and SUNY Stony Brook have all witnessed racial atrocities against blacks. Yes, Stony Brook and New Paltz, two colleges where, as the stereotype goes, there should be much more open mindedness, have

seen incidents of racial attacks at the hands of Public Safety nonetheless.

The recent harassment of members of the Haitian Students Organization's (HSO) executive council by Public Safety at Stony Brook cannot be tolerated. These students were harassed on the basis of their race and because they refused to show identification to a plain clothes officer who did not identify himself. How many students black, white, or otherwise would readily surrender their ID cards to an unidentified individual who rudely interrupted a regularly scheduled meeting.

One of the demands in the HSO's letter to Herb Petty, Assistant Director of Public Safety is that officers should undergo a training program in racial harmony. This was done last summer; obviously it did not work. Along with much of our society it seems that Public Safety is also being swept along in the flood tide of racism.

Public Safety has violated their mandate, "To serve and protect", by harassing innocent students and treating them like criminals. Once again they

have also breached the professionalism necessary to maintain themselves as a respected police force on this campus. Numerous times in the past they have used plain clothes officers and have met with trouble because students did not recognize these individuals as officers. There is no good reason for using a plain clothes officer for a routine matter such as checking identification or building patrol.

It is painfully ironic that even as the Student Polity Senate is trying to do its part in stopping apartheid by banning Coca Cola products from campus, we students are confronted with racism at home on a very real and direct level. But racism is not simply an issue for people of color; it is a human rights issue just as the pro choice issue is a human rights issue not just a concern for feminists. Moreover this particular incident is a *student* issue. If Public Safety can get away with harassing Haitian students then they will be able to target other groups as they please. As students we can not allow this to happen, and must condemn Public Safety for its racist acts and its breach of faith with the campus community.

Letters

By All Means

To the editor,

We, of the HSO, feel irate to have to complain once more about those who are supposedly here to serve and protect us.

On November 5, 1989 at 10:25 during an executive body meeting in the club's office in the S.B.S.; a plain clothed individual rudely asked two of our members to show I.D. The man did not identify himself, therefore our members did not comply. In no time at all; five Public Safety officers, whose badges are the following: 432, 458, 449, 214 came barging into our office, this interrupting our meeting. They did not ask us any questions about what had happened; they wanted us to show I.D. or to leave the building. One officer, Mr Ferraro, threw a chair that almost hit one of our members. Mr Boggy, the one who started the whole incident, referred to us as, "A bunch of youse niggers." Due to the bestial behavior of those officers who harassed, taunted, and tormented us, with the exception of the lieutenant, we were forced to leave the premises by 10:50pm.

We consider such malicious and biased maneuvers as an insult, not only to Haitians but to all blacks on this campus.

We demand that the following measures be taken in the utmost urgency: a) the suspension of Mr Boggy for his racial attack. b) a written apology from Public Safety to the black community and especially the Haitians at Stony Brook. c) a program of education on racial harmony be given to Public Safety officers.

We feel that this whole incident was contemplated. We will not rest until all our demands are met and we are determined to use any means necessary to see that justice is served.

Respectfully yours,
Alain G. Moise, HSO
President

Congrats

To the editor,

Unfortunately, I am unable to attend the Stony Brook Press Tenth anniversary celebration. Mr. Joseph Caponi informed me of the event today and my wife and I have a previously scheduled event to attend.

However, I do wish to extend sincere congratulations to the many people who have dedicated a part of their life to the Stony Brook Press. Some individuals fought for its creation and initial funding and others have continued its tradition of insight through quality journalism. Although it is hard to believe that it was ten years ago, I can certainly remember the nights and (days) when Chris Fairhall, Eric Brand, and Melissa Spielman first planned to produce an alternative campus newspaper. It took much dedication.

I am sure that the Press's current editorial staff continues the dedication that is necessary to regularly publish. As you undoubtedly know, it's certainly not easy, and words of thanks are not often given. It is to the many people who have dedicated a part of their life to the Press throughout the past ten years that I extend my sincere thanks for your dedication and hard work.

Best wishes for continued success and I do hope to have the

opportunity to join a future anniversary celebration.

Sincerely,
Richard J. Bentley, Director
Administrative Services and
FSA President
Downstate Medical Center

Quote Of The Week

"Public Safety cannot continue to harass black and hispanic students and not expect serious consequences."

—C. Sheldon Bassarath,
editor Blackworld

The Press is looking for typists who are willing to work strange hours with archaic equipment. Computer friendliness is a plus. Call 632-6451.

The Stony Brook Press



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EOB Alternativeto Open

by Drew E. Mitty

Plans for an alternate drinking establishment which would fill the hole left by the closing of the Graduate Student Lounge (GSL) were made earlier this month by a committee comprised of students and administrative staff. Serving on this committee are representatives from the Student Polity Association (SPA), the Graduate Student Organization, the Faculty Student Association and several administrators.

At the beginning of the semester the GSL was closed due to pressures from the administration and noise complaints from offices in Old Chemistry. This act met with great discontent, and caused students to act by framing a petition that was signed by 1800 students.

According to FSA executive director Ira Persky, "We all knew the lounge had a short term life." Persky said that FSA will undertake to manage the new establishment, providing that the proposal is serious.

Associate Vice Provost, Benjamin Walcott who served on the committee and also heads USB's space allocation committee said, "The intention is not to drag this thing out. It's conceivable it could be open in the

Spring semester."

"This committee is very serious about getting a lounge and they're going about it step by step," asserted GSO Secretary Peter Kortright. According to Kortright, the GSO will serve primarily to oversee the operation, and not to manage it. "We want to get out of the lounge business, we want to get out of day to day operations."

According to Sophomore Representative

Michael Lapushner, who represents Polity on the committee, the new establishment would be called "The Alternative". Providing that the committee's proposal is approved "The Alternative" will be installed on the second floor of Central Hall.

"It was our intention not to call it a Graduate Student Lounge, but an alternative to EOB," said GSO president Jane Ely.

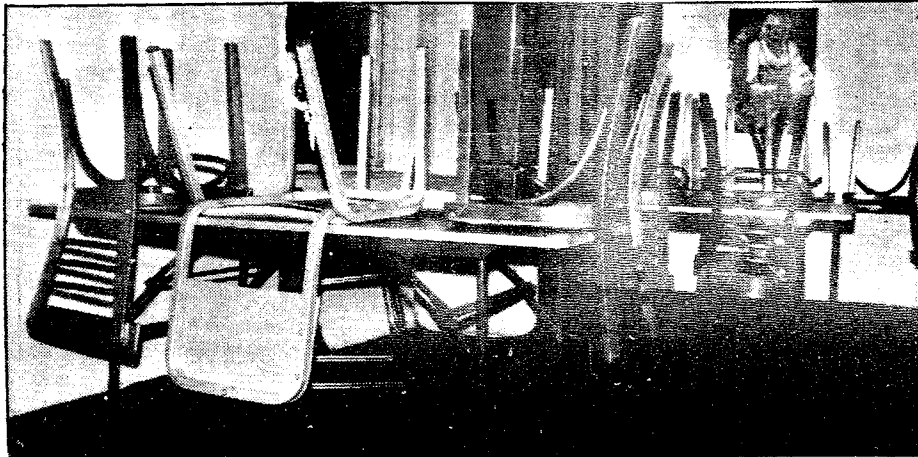
The GSO maintains that a relaxed, con-

trolled atmosphere is essential to the success of the new establishment. Kortright explained that, "Many of the GSO's own constituents complained about the rowdiness and the noise in the GSL. It has a negative reputation for its underaged drinking and its noise level."

To insure a more temperant atmosphere, only bottled beer will be served in "The Alternative". During the daytime hours the pub will serve as a coffee shop and offer such treats as capuccino, espresso, and pastries. Proposed nightly programing for the pub include live jazz and folk music.

"Students who go to places like the Park Bench and the Salty Dog often wind up driving drunk. This will give them a place right here on campus that they won't have to drive to," cited Lapushner as another major justification for establishing another drinking establishment on campus.

At this time the committee's proposal is being considered by the President's office. Ultimately, President Marburger has the final say. If it approves the proposal, "The Alternative" could be in place as early as February.



The good old days, the GSL circa 1988.

Fight the Power Officers Harass HSO

by Joe DiStefano

On Sunday November 5 members of the Haitian Student Organization were accosted by Public Safety and forced to leave the Social and Behavioral Sciences building where they were holding an executive body meeting.

According to HSO members they were discussing the programming for the upcoming "Haitian Day" when a plain clothed officer arrived at 10:25 and demanded that the students show identification. The students refused to show their I.D. because the man, later identified as Officer Boggy, did not identify himself. HSO President Alain G. Moise explained, "He didn't identify himself and spoke in such an arrogant way."

According to a letter which was sent to Public Safety's Assistant Director Herb Petty, about ten minutes later five officers arrived. In his letter Moise writes, "They did not ask us any questions about what had happened; they wanted us to show I.D. or to leave the building." Boggy referred to the students as, "Youse niggers." Another officer Ferraro threw a chair which almost struck an HSO member. "They were trying to intimidate us," said Klekner Charles HSO vice president.

HSO members said that executive council meetings on Sunday nights have been in effect several years. Lydie Coiceau the club's assistant secretary said, "There was no loud music or anything. We were just talking and getting things done the way we do on Sundays."

Charles said, "We didn't finish the meet-

ing they forced us to leave the premises at about 10:50." Club members said that after they left the building they each went their separate ways and were followed by officers. "We're being treated like criminals," said Charles.

Public Safety Assistant Director For Crime Prevention Sue Riseling said, "There will be an internal investigation." According to her all the students involved will be interviewed and then Public Safety will deal with the incident as it sees fit to do. She added, "I hope it doesn't drag on."

In his letter Moise demands the suspension of Boggy, a written apology from Public Safety and an educational program for officers on racial harmony. According to Riseling officers were trained in such a program last summer.

As a result of the incident three HSO members have requested to appear for a hearing with the Student Judiciary later this month. Assistant secretary, Lydie Coiceau, secretary, Ivan Tabuteau, and V.P. Klekner Charles have all been charged with violating the Student Conduct Code by failing to show I.D.

At a meeting on Monday October 3 Charles and Moise voiced their concerns to the Minority Planning Board. Referring to the training program in race relations SASU representative Glenn Magpantay said, "From what I understand it was run by a white man." MPB chair Carl Heastie expressed his concern over Public Safety's internal investigation of the incident, "We're near the end of the semester we don't want this to die out over intercession."

When asked to comment on the issue Blackworld editor C. Sheldon Bassarath

declared, "Public Safety cannot continue to harass black and hispanic students and not expect serious consequences."

Danielle Brown a project leader of Right-

fully Opposed to Apartheid and Racism (ROAR) summed the situation rather well, "We're trying to fight racism abroad and we have to deal with it at home."

Enrollment Drops

by Lorelei Mann

Administrators voiced their concern about the university's drop in enrollment at the University Senate meeting on November 6th.

Although the whole SUNY system has a 9000-student surplus, Stony Brook fell 380 students short of their enrollment target, which was determined before this semester.

According to Fred Preston, Vice President of Student Affairs, Stony Brook is not the only campus experiencing a drop in freshman enrollment. However, the drop in freshman enrollment at USB exceeds that of Albany, Binghamton, and Buffalo.

According to statistics cited at the meeting, Stony Brook has been ranked sixth to seventh in its attractiveness to students. Preston, and Norman Goodman, University Senate member, cited some reasons why Stony Brook has lost ground in the eye of students here. They said many undergraduates complain that the average class size is too large, thus forcing the teaching staff to remain impersonal. Virtually all authorities

and students concur that the core curriculum is overwhelmingly large and complex.

Although no concrete changes to remedy the dilemma have been made yet, some preliminary solutions have been proposed. One administrator said that an overall improvement of curriculum will start with a close evaluation of undergraduate teaching performance. In an attempt to increase interaction between faculty and students President Marburger mentioned that there would be a simplification of undergraduate requirements. Preston stated that things can't improve "as long as Stony Brook has a complex system of requirements."

Recruitment efforts will increase in the next few years, campaigns will expand to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Europe, Puerto Rico, and more upstate locations. The problem is expected to worsen with the decline in number of high school graduates; however, Marburger asserts that Stony Brook's standards will not drop to accomodate the need to boost enrollment.

Legalize It

by Joe DiStefano

The last time I went to Washington I was a Cub Scout probably eleven years old. My eyes sparkled with a patriotic glimmer as we took a whirlwind tour of our nation's capital. After 10 years my innocence has worn off and I found myself back in D.C. last Saturday joining with other Stony Brook students and vast hordes of other Pro Choice activists from all over the United States for a rally and march on Washington.

November 12, 3:00 a.m. A cold morning, the Stony Brook contingency milled about under the bridge in front of the Union each of us waiting to crawl onto a bus and fall into a seat. Our bus driver, Uncle Fred, as we came to call him, made it clear to us in no uncertain terms that his bus was strictly a straight edge bus; no nicotine or other combustibles. The bus ride itself was pleasant enough save for the cramped sleeping conditions which left me with a whopper of a backache and a case of euphoric, insomniac exhaustion. On the ride there and back we sang rock and roll tunes courtesy of a gent named Angelo.

At around 10 a.m. the SB crew arrived at Robert F. Kennedy Stadium to board the Washington Metro subway and jet to the capital proper along with thousands of other students from other colleges. The Metro as well as the Capital's monuments were well kept but down the street from George and Barbie's homestead lay a hotbed of crime and drugs. Some time before our arrival at R.F.K., Uncle Fred made a wrong turn on to Pennsylvania Avenue, it looked like Any Innercity U.S.A. I couldn't help but think what an unjust study in contradictions the Federal seat is.

We got off of the train and gathered around the Washington Monument which Esther Lastique of the Center For Women's concerns called a phallic symbol. Stony Brook proudly bore aloft its large purple banner and there were many wearing purple and white among the mob that gathered around the reflecting pool. Later I was told that these were the colors of the original

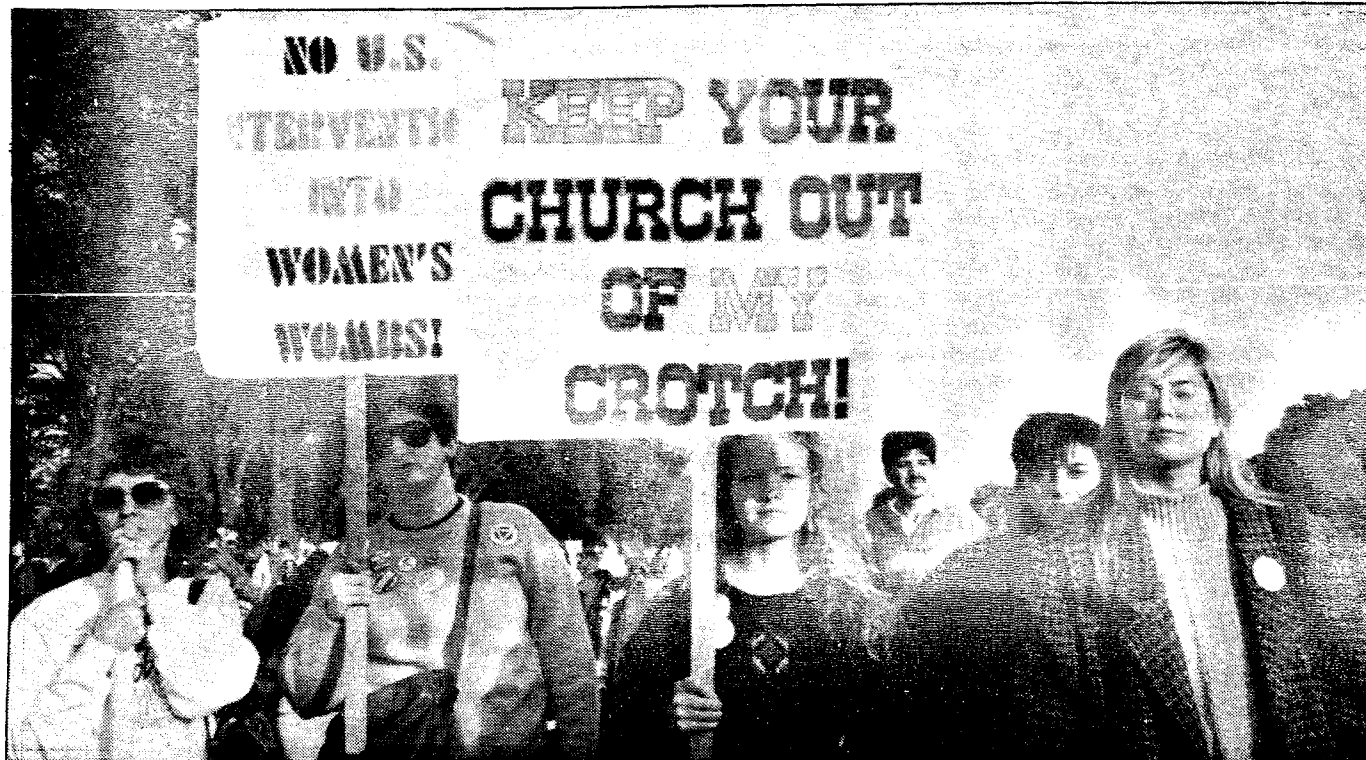


Image: Joe DiStefano

Defending the right to bodily privacy.

suffragettes.

As the immense crowd wormed its way from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial we were approached by all manner of people hawking various species of radical literature, and official Pro Choice hats and T-shirts. Although the merchandising left a bitter taste in my mouth it all went to a good cause. It seemed every contingency had banners and raised their signs high above their heads. Among the wittier signs, "Bush, keep out of mine", "Keep your church out of my crotch", "Pro Choice is Pro Life", and "Pagns for choice".

We arrived at the Lincoln Memorial where we heard from a galaxy of political luminaries ranging from New York City Mayor elect David Dinkins to Senator Alan Cranston (Dem CA).

Many of the speakers heralded the victory for women's rights that was made when Pro Choice candidates were elected in Virginia, New Jersey, and New York. New York City mayor, David Dinkins, exclaimed, "The people said we believe in choice, we believe in

liberty and we will never be denied."

"We are speaking for millions of Americans. We are here to flush with victory because we made history this week," declared Brooklyn D.A., Elizabeth Holtzman.

Although all of the speakers said that the Pro Choice movement has made tremendous headway, they also conceded that there is a strong Anti Choice movement (or Pro Life depending which side of the semantic coin you prefer).

Many of the speakers contended that the Pro Choice movement is not only a Feminist issue but has a broader scope which extends the human and civil right areas.

"This issue is the most fundamental expression of American values. While the other side is out bombing clinics we'll be electing candidates," declared Senator Alan Cranston (Dem CA).

Molly Yard, of the National Organization For Women, proved to be an excellent speaker and led the crowd in rousing chants such as, "Clap your

hands raise your voice American voters are for choice." Yard emphasized the importance of women holding political offices and stated, "With the Webster case it became obvious that we cannot count on the courts."

The day's events did not only include speakers but also played host to a variety of musical talents. Helen Reddy sang a rousing version of, "I am Woman". Also performing were Pete Seeger and Peter, Paul, and Mary.

All in all my second trip to D.C. and my first rally there was a positive although exhausting experience. The energy there, seeing Americans fight to make their votes heard, showed me the democratic process in action and served to temper my cynicism over how our government is truly representative. On the ride back we all made strange animal noises which prompted our driver Uncle Fred to say, "I encourage you not to give up your college education."

Footnotes

Vivisect Not

Vigils will be conducted for all animals used at USB laboratories on Tuesday November 21 from 3pm to 6pm in front of the Life Sciences building.

Join with Students against Commercial Abuse of Animals (SACA) to recognize the suffering of many animals for human gain and support a decrease in the amount of animal suffering in SUNY labs.



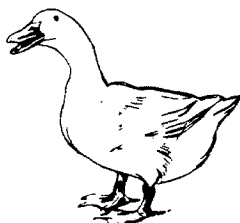
Eating Their Words

Lunch time theater will be held November 27 to December 1 from 1 to 2:30pm at Theater3, in the Staller Center. Several short plays will be presented each day. Come for one or all. Bring lunch or a friend but leave all that filthy money home because it's free. Sponsored by the Department of Theater Arts.



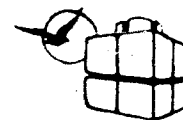
Semiformal Cinema

Film Portraits of Latin America continues November 27 at 8:00pm at the Village Cinema in Port Jeff. "They Don't Wear Black Tie", directed by Leon Hirschman is based upon Jorge Amado's novel about, "The refashioning of a mulatto scholar into a national hero and the cultural benefits of racial cross breeding." The film will be followed by a commentary by Barbara Wienstein, USB Associate Professor of history. The film costs \$3 and is in Portuguese with English subtitles.



Seasons Craftings

More than 500 objects, images, and traditional items associated with the festive winter holiday season will be on display at the Museums at Stony Brook for the exhibit entitled, "A Holiday Sampler: Symbols of the Season" which runs from November 22 to February 25.



Adopt A Whale

The International Wildlife Coalitions adoption program details the lives and habits of over sixty humpback whales. Prospective parents choose their whale from among their extensive listings. As an adoptive parent you get a close look at the life of the whales and they in turn get a greater chance of survival as a species. Write the Coalition at 634 North Falmouth Highway P.O. Box 388, North Falmouth, MA 02556.

How Can I Smile?

by Theresa White

It is with deep regret that I find myself no longer morally capable of drinking or using any Coca-Cola products. After months of studying apartheid, economic sanctions, and the role multinational corporations play in putting pressure on governments, I have discovered that Coca-Cola is not taking the steps it is truly capable of to bring apartheid to an end. Of course at this moment few corporations are. The problem I have with Coca-Cola is that it has officially stated that it is against apartheid. "The Coca-Cola company's position on apartheid is a matter on public record. Because of our opposition to apartheid and our opposition to the slow pace of change in South Africa, we completed our divestment in 1986 (this is the opening paragraph in a letter to York College from Coke's Corporate Issues Communications Department.)"

Divestment is a start, a first step for a corporation. But this is not enough. In order for economic sanctions to work, the black leaders of South Africa as well as the United Nations and anti-apartheid organizations all over the world have been asking for comprehensive sanctions, not divestment. Coca-Cola knows this. In fact, in its "Possible Questions on South Africa" ditto which stating their position on apartheid, their first question is: "How can you say that black South African leaders support our action when they continue to call for international sanctions against South Africa?"

Coke's answer is;

(1) Calling for sanctions is different from calling for divestment. Leaders are calling for action against the South African government. They seem to be realizing that there are many ways to combat apartheid. Business can play a role, but business can only put so much pressure on the



Image: Joe Sternbach

government; in certain areas, only governments can be effective in dealing with other governments.

(2) This is another way of saying companies can't, by themselves, end apartheid. Black leaders in South Africa now realize this.

My response is that yes, South African leaders supported divestment as a first step, but not as a final step. If Coke

truly is against apartheid, then it can not stop short of comprehensive sanctions. \$30—40 million in sales tax from Coca-Cola products alone goes to the South African government to be used in any way it wishes. This means they can use the money for military weapons, for pass books, for stronger oppression, for continued killing, and to keep the apartheid system running strongly. There is no excuse for this.

"Business can play a role, but businesses can only put so much pressure on a government." Then I say that Coke *should* exert what influence it can! Less than 1% of Coca-Cola profits come from South Africa, but at least 69% of the soft drinks sold in South Africa are Coca-Cola products. Therefore, the less than 1% loss of profits would be miniscule in comparison with the effect it would have on the South African government. \$30—40 million dollars is quite a contribution to a system they are supposed to be fighting against.

As a leading multinational corporation, Coca Cola should take the position of a model for other corporations to put pressure on the South African government. As a corporation that takes pride in symbolizing itself as being the soda for the people of the world, how can I "have a Coke and a smile" knowing that it is a major contributor to the oppression of 26 million blacks?

Until it stops contributing to the vicious cycle of racism and starts taking responsibility for its actions, Coca Cola and its products are off my shopping list.

The writer of this article is an undergraduate and a project leader of **Rightfully Opposed to Apartheid and Racism (ROAR)**, which meets every Wednesday at 7:30 in room 079 of the Union.

The Fourth Estate: Commentary

Lead Us Not Into...

by Scott Warmuth

The trial of Jim Bakker is over. No more juicy bits on the evening news to relish on, but what great memories. Who can ever forget Bakker's nervous breakdown, or Tammy Faye's crooning after the conviction? Their hysterical histrionics brought so much joy into my life that before I knew it I was hooked. I needed a daily dose of Jim and Tammy.

For all of you going through Bakker withdrawal there is help. Although there is no substitute for the high Bakker addicts got the day of the conviction there is plenty of Bakkerbelia around to give even the most strung out Jim and Tammy junky a good buzz.

A recent visit that I made to a Christian thrift shop yielded some meaty prizes. Among the shelves I found copies of Tammy Faye's *I Gotta Be Me* and *Run To The Roar*—and at fifteen cents apiece no less. Tammy is no Hemingway, but she does have a way with words. A chapter in *I Gotta Be Me* is about Tammy's TV show for Christian women. She writes: "We're going to show the average American woman how she can make her face beautiful even though she feels insecure. How she can be beautiful by applying just the right amount of make-up. And where she can go to but this make-up from \$1 to \$4. She can look as pretty as the woman who pays \$20 a bottle for her make-up. I've done it all of my life. I feel God has shown me how." Maybe God was sipping a little Wild Turkey that day.

While discussing how Jim and she pick out furniture she states, "Jim and I buy the scratched and dented stuff and make it look like a million." We know she meant to say that they spend a million. Possibly she had taken some of her tranquilizers that day and was confused. In *Run To The Roar* Tammy writes in great detail about her prescribed drug abuse. She writes that once she was, "semi-stoned for two days," after a pill popping binge.

In another amusing part of *Run To The Roar*—Tammy writes about a "terrible" problem that is harming our children. She doesn't deliver the standard rant about pornography or rock music. The problem that concerns her

NEW COVENANT CHURCH

P. O. Box 690788
Orlando, FL 32869-0788

October 20, 1989

Dear Scott,

It is with great love and appreciation that we write to you today.

We believe we are on the brink of a miracle and we could never have gone through the terrible hurt it has taken to get there without you. Your love and caring spirit has meant more to Jim and me, and our family, than you will ever know.

One day as I was standing in the lawyer's office, surrounded by our partners getting ready to testify in Jim's defense, God spoke to me.

He said, "Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT."

Partner, **WE** are the church. It is time we stand and take our rightful place.

Keep praying!

*Love,
Jim & Tammy*

is fairy tales. Hansel and Gretel and Little Red Riding Hood top her list.

Jim Bakker's *Survive: Unite To Live* is another quick fix. Brother Jim tells the reader, "There are a lot of places where if you don't pay bribes, you don't get anything. It has become a lifestyle...I have been told time and time again, 'Why don't you pay a few bribes here and there, Bakker and someone will get it through for you.' No way. No way will I ever bend my knee to Baal. I'm not of his kingdom. My weapons are not carnal." The poor sucker who owned this book before me actually scratched out the math to figure out how much she could donate to the PTL each month on the title page. Maybe some of her dollars went into the Jessica Hahn hush fund.

The day after the sentencing I was jonesing for another dose of Bakker. I didn't think it would come. What could compare with the joy of hearing that my man Jim was sitting in the pokey? My lack of faith was unfounded because in my mailbox that afternoon was the letter pictured here below. It is dated October 20th several days after the conviction.

Now as I look back my lack of faith amuses me. This is Jim and Tammy we are talking about here. Nothing short of total global destruction could stop them. The Bakkers are the epitome of the American dream. Jim and Tammy steadfastly believe in their own manifest destiny.

We should salute the Bakkers. Their strength and determination in the wake of widespread public knowledge of their hypocrisy is inspiring. Even after the details of the misused millions and sexual misadventures have been widely publicized the king and queen of TV preaching still say that God talks to them. They have no qualms about asking their partners to stand with them and take their rightful place.

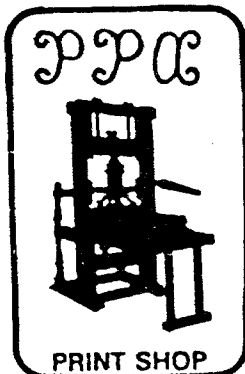
Jim Bakker's rightful place now is in prison. The lawyers say it will be ten years before parole can even be considered. Don't give up hope, this sordid soap opera is far from over. Bakker addicts can rest assured that they won't have to quit turkey. Jim and Tammy would never let you down.

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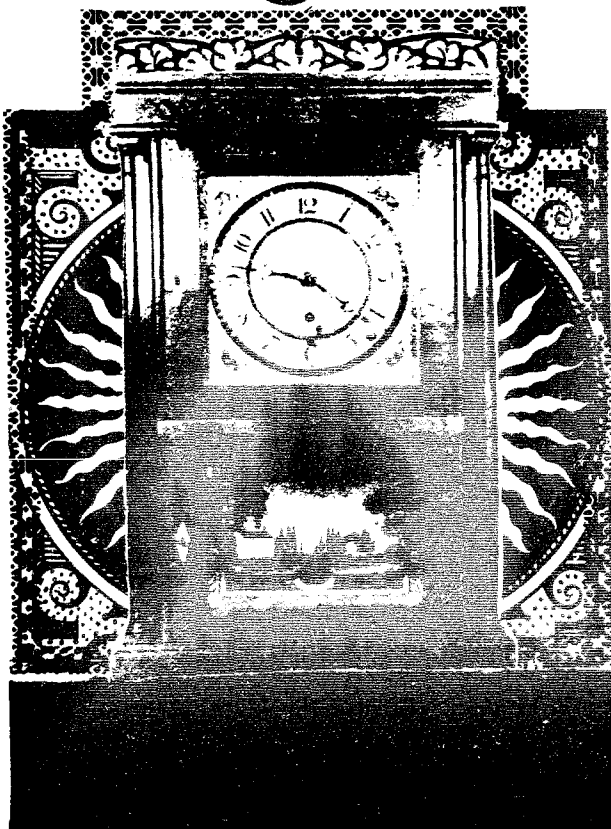
Going Through the Motions

by Alan A. Saporta

I asked someone today, "How's life?" and she said "It's there, you know, just going through the motions." And I wonder how many of us are just going through the motions. Here we live in a society of information. We exist in a world where the Golden Rule is "Time is Money." Everyone is in a rush. We're in a rush to get a car, or to get money, or to get out of college, or to get laid or all or the above. There is no time to think.

Stereotypes are born out of necessity. We can't stop and analyze everyone we meet. We tend to pass judgement on things that don't matter much because the time is not at our leisure to get to know a person. When we are hurried we are prone to miscalculations (just like in Math class, boys and girls). It's amazing how many things are interconnected and furiously intertwined. Analogies abound and yet we have no patience or willingness to notice them.

So, here we are in college, the hourglass turned over for us about twenty years ago at the end of a tumultuous decade and about a fourth of the sand has passed over to the "other side". Ask around and you'll get similar responses: "What are you doing here?" ... "Well I'm studying to be a physical therapist." ... "I'm a computer science major." ... "I'm here to party." ... "I'm going to apply to the business school." ... "I don't know what I'm doing." Everybody's had a bad week. Yes, I know the spurs were dug in deep this week. Here we are sitting in our rooms by ourselves (or maybe not) late on a Friday night licking our wounds. We hear a new RUSH song



coming out of someone else's room and wonder whether the party is any good. Are the people there having any fun? Parties man, that's what college is about, right?

Maybe, if there is TIME! You've got homework to do, 3 midterms to study for, a boyfriend or a girlfriend you have to see and the club meeting you'll be late for. We've filled ourselves with 17 credits of class, hours of homework, hours of extra-curricular activities (including partying and hanging out) that we don't stop to see which direction the wind is blowing and if the sand that's going down is not being wasted. Stony Brook's motto is, "To Learn, To Search, To Serve". Searching takes time and true learning takes thinking. Ideas evoke other ideas. You must give yourself a chance to allow this process to begin and flourish. This is where one becomes truly educated and where the seeds of greatness are planted, the sands of time are barren unless you cultivate them, unless you take an active part in your education and self-growth.

I walk around the dorms and see through windows several Einstein posters. What does he represent to us? We all, to some extent, aspire to his achievements. We all try to comprehend his mental capacity and reconstruct his thought processes. Einstein was a thinker.

Most people tell us (in many different ways) that to survive today we can't "waste the minutes" pondering our future (in all its complexity) or just lying on the grass and taking in the sun. I believe that letting the sands sift downwards while just going through the motions is a crime against humanity.

Post Black Politicians

by Dr Manning Marable

This month's elections of Douglas Wilder as Governor of Virginia and David Dinkins as mayor of New York City represent a turning point in national black political history. In the quarter century since the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was passed, most black elected officials have gained office from congressional or state legislative districts that are predominately African American. Few Black's seeking office ever earned more than 25 percent of the white electorate's vote. An "invisible ceiling" within the electoral system limited the mobility of talented women and men, seemingly denying them access to effective positions of power within the larger society.

Although Wilder's margin of victory was far smaller than polls had indicated, and

Dinkins failed to win majorities in white, traditionally Democratic constituencies, the two politicians effectively broke through the invisible ceiling. By reviewing their political histories it is possible to understand the reasons for their respective victories as well as the problems each will encounter immediately upon assuming office.

David Dinkins and Douglas Wilder are the products of the civil rights era, entering politics during the maelstrom of change initiated by the mass desegregation campaigns across the South in the 1960s. Wilder was a liberal Democratic attorney who made a living defending the poor and victims of police brutality. In his initial campaign for Virginia State Senate twenty years ago, he had an afro hairstyle and

employed the political rhetoric of Black Power. Dinkins was also a liberal ideologically and politically developing strong ties with the city's powerful public employees unions, the liberal left, intelligentsia, and black middle class reformers in Harlem and throughout the city.

And from the beginning, Dinkins cultivated cordial links with New York's influential Jewish community, lending his backing to Jewish causes, speaking out against anti-Semitism, and defending the federal government's financial and political support for Israel. Dinkins took pains to denounce Black nationalist leader, Louis Farrakhan, and repeatedly took the initiative to resolve tensions between the African-American community and upper middle class constituency which was growing

increasingly conservative politically.

Like many politicians with extensive ties to organized labor and Democratic urban organizations, Dinkins was not without flaws. Almost two decades ago, Dinkins failed to file his income tax returns for several years, which he eventually paid. There were questions concerning the value of communications company stock he sold to his son to avoid conflict of interest charges when he was elected Manhattan Borough President. But compared to most of the politicians who had emerged from the city's corrupt institutions, Dinkins' personal history and professional record was better than average.

Wilder's record of personal conduct, by contrast, was largely unblemished. However, he has a very different problem. During the 1970's Wilder's political ambitions began to target the then unlikely goal of achieving the state's governorship. To do so, Wilder recognized he would have to remake himself into the traditional image of the classical, Southern patriarch—conservative, button-down, pro-business, anti-crime, and abundantly safe. He couldn't cross the color line personally, but he would do so in terms of his political image. Wilder sought to become a Southern version of Los Angeles mayor Thomas Bradley, a moderate conservative politician who was "postblack"—beyond identification with race. Wilder reversed his opposition to the death penalty. He backed away from his earlier advocacy of granting the District of Columbia full statehood rights, which in effect would place two African-Americans into the U.S. Senate. Moving away from liberal Keynesianism in economic policy, Wilder opposed any changes in Virginia's rigid "right to work" laws, which prohibit compulsory membership in unions within individual businesses.

After four terms in Virginia's Senate, Wilder was successfully elected Lieutenant Governor, the state's second highest office in 1985. Almost immediately speculation began concerning Wilder's chance's for election as governor, since Virginia prohibits incumbent governors from seeking reelection. One of Wilder's chief difficulties was maintaining his natural base among the African-American electorate, which had strongly supported the insurgent presidential campaigns of Jesse Jackson both in 1984 and 1988, while reassuring white voters that he was just as conservative and pro-business as any Southern white politician. Wilder placed each foot within two dramatically divergent political cultures, recognizing that both were necessary for him to achieve his goal. He praised Jackson personally, but took pains to distinguish the charismatic campaigner's liberal-left agenda from his own. He diffused the critics by suggesting, somewhat falsely, that Jackson's electoral mobilization represented symbolism without substance. "Jesse runs to inspire," Wilder observed, "I run to win."

There was a fundamental difference between the Wilder and Dinkins campaigns vs. the dynamical electoral mobilization of Harold Washington in Chicago in 1983 and 1987. In the latter case, African Americans used the electoral process to reject the "Plantation style politics" of a corrupt and racist Democratic machine. They used the system to protest against institutional racism, economic discrimination and political powerlessness. But in the Wilder-Dinkins strategy, the agenda of African-Americans was not on center stage. Both candidates, especially Wilder, ran "post-black" campaigns, recognizing that the African-American electorate had no where to

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Sonic Divergences

by Lowell Thomas

One is faced with somewhat of a problem when confronted with writing a review of an event (artistic, musical, political, etc.) which takes place outside the bounds of our dear Stony Brook community. The primary issue which one might be inclined to raise is that of relevance. How is it possible that an event occurring, for example, within that distant abstract domain of being known collectively as "The City" could have any possible connection with the lives of the people who reside within this bounded island paradise? How can we, amidst our books and laboratories, our midterms and papers find a way of connecting with this vastly forbidding outside world? What bridges must we cross? Perhaps the bridge to nowhere?

O.K., enough of this silly sarcasm you might say, and indeed I would agree wholeheartedly, for this is not a laughing matter. My intention is not to mock, but to try and motivate. I would like to encourage all who are willing to take the steps, to go out into the vastness of this most wonderful and unique city, to find the time to seek out the culture; seek out the understanding; seek out the inspiration!

On Monday, November 1, an event took place at the Manhattan School of Music's Borden Auditorium, located at 122nd and Broadway, which I found to be exceptionally interesting. The concert featured the works of five distinguished composers: Elliott Carter, Mario Davidovsky, Steve Reich, James Newton and Harry Partch, performed by members of the New Music Consort along with guest artists Jan Opalach, Barbara Ann Martin, and Rolf Schulte. As many of you may not be familiar with the composers, I'll start off by briefly shedding some light on their respective careers. First off, Elliott Carter, who most of you might have already heard of, is perhaps the most distinguished living composer coming from the European tradition. In fact, Aaron Copeland said of him in 1971 upon nominating Carter for the National Institute of the Arts and Letters Gold Medal, "Elliott Carter is one of America's most distinguished creative artists in any field." Twice a winner of the Pulitzer Prize, and one of four composers in history to be awarded Germany's Ernst Von Siemens Prize (the other three being Pierre Boulez, Olivier Messiaen, and Benjamin Britten), Elliott Carter is unquestionably one of the "Greats" of 20th Century Classical Music. Next we have Mario Davidovsky. Davidovsky was born in Medanos, Argentina (1934), the son of immigrant Europeans who arrived in Argentina around the turn of the century. Davidovsky is an eminent academecian in the field of Contemporary Music. He has held numerous visiting professorships at places such as Yale and the University of Michigan, and is currently a full professor at City College and an Instructor at Columbia's School of the Arts. Davidovsky is most well known as one of the key people in the field of integrating electronics with conventional instruments. Steve Reich is someone most of you have probably heard of, if not directly, then vicariously through his association with the so-called Minimalist school which has as perhaps its most well known proponent, Phillip Glass. Reich has achieved his fame through his use of percussion instruments

(in particular, mallet instruments such as the Marimba and Vibraphone) to achieve a highly distinctive sound which comes through as a play on repeated patterns and relationships which change very gradually in time, but are typically punctuated by abrupt "phase changes" which account for the rich, colorful, often mind jerking idiosyncratic sound that is Reich's trademark. Next we have Harry Partch (1901-1974). Partch is best known as a key figure in the evolution and development of the American microtonal School, and is the inventor of the technique known as Just Intonation, which started out the whole trend which from the 40's had composers thinking about "true" tunings i.e., those exploiting the particular physical characteristics of the instrumental medium, as opposed to the traditional tempered scales, thereby vastly expanding the composers musical dictionary to include myriad overtone series. Finally, we have James Newton—my main man! As you can see, all the composers I've mentioned so far are people more or less from the European/American classical tradition. Newton's influences are largely from another place. Born 1953 in southern California, Newton began playing music in his early teens, starting out with the electric Bass and saxophone. His earliest influences include Gospel singing, R&B, and a lot of Jimi Hendrix. At age 16, he picked up the flute and was introduced to the world of jazz through flutists like the great Eric Dolphy, Roland Kirk, and composers such as Mingus. It wasn't until his late teens to early twenties that Newton's own distinctive musical personality began to take shape, at which time he hooked up with an electric circle of follow wondered kind that included saxophonists Blyth and David Murray, the cornetist Bobby Bradford. From that point in the shaping of the emerging Los Angeles Jazz Avant Garde. Around '78, the whole L.A. group decided to relocate to New York City (responding undoubtedly to those great, mysterious forces which seem to lure all creative artist from across the planet at some point in their careers to the great mecca of culture and creativity that is N.Y.C.) where Newton had the opportunity to find his niche, playing with a circle of musicians that now included Cecil Taylor, and one of my personal favorites pianist/composer Anthony Davis with whom Newton has recorded a couple of albums that I know of: *I've Known Rivers* (Gramavision) and *Crystal Texts* (Moers Music). He has also recorded stuff with Cecil Taylor's Big Band as well as having a number of solo albums to his credit including *The Mystery School* (India Navigation), *Axum* (ECM), and *James Newton* (Gramavision) among others. Newton currently lives back in his hometown of San Pedro and teaches composition at the California Institute of the Arts.

Present at the evening's concert were all the above mentioned artists on the program, with the obvious exception of Partch, as well as Reich. Incidentally, it just so happened that I was seated just at the right spot in the auditorium, as I noticed that directly behind me sat Elliott Carter along with his wife and another companion, and that immediately across the aisle sat Davidovsky who was the whole time conversing with none other but Milton Babbitt

(of "Who Cares if you Listen" fame). And if that wasn't enough, Alias Tietelbaum was seated directly in front! (both Tietelbaum and Babbitt are on the faculty at the Manhattan School). I must admit that I did feel rather charmed by that unique accidental arrangement. Especially so, I might add, since I was able to overhear some pretty interesting conversation between Carter and his companion which went along the lines of "You know when Prokofiev gave his piano debut on such and such, he really really was quite bad... he was really a terrible Pianist" and various other ruminations ranging from

this companion suggesting that current knowledge has it that Ravel probably had Alzheimer's disease, and passing comments about Bartok and Ives. What a gas!

Harry Partch's "Two Studies on Ancient Greek Scales", composed in 1946, started off the program. The piece which was originally composed for Bass Marimba, and a table of plucked strings, was here played by Dean Drummond who arranged it for Flute, and two Zoomoozophones (an instrument of his own invention). Sonically the piece came across sounding quite eastern (which, of course, is not all too surprising).

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Tipper Gored



by John Bua

Earthlings beware, Gwar has come. Monday night October 30 at the Rapp Art center exploded with more power than a nuclear blast. Nobody could stop them. They came straight from Antarctica with an unholy quest to save the world from the clutches of techno-rock.

Gwar had high expectations to live up to because three great bands opened up for them. A band called Jot! started the show with a bang. Jot! has no records out yet but when they do I know they will be great. The Fluid took control next, and all I can say was that it was intense. I have a copy of the Fluid's "Roundmouth LP" from Subpop-records and it does no justice to this tight, loud, powerful Rock band.

Mudhoney was the third of the four bands that evening. I personally love Mudhoney but I was a little disappointed by their long-winded scratchy guitar solos (the poor sounding vocals didn't help too much either).

After Mudhoney there was a forty-five minute wait for all the roadies to set up Gwar's stage set. The set included a spiked drum set, smoke machines, matts, and other things on and off stage.

After a seeming eternity came an explosion and a lightning flash; the five members of Gwar walked onto the stage. They were Balsac the Jaws of Death on Guitar, Flattus Maximus also on guitar, Oderus Urungus on vocals, Beefcake the Mighty on bass, and



Nipleus Erecticus on drums. Calling this group just a band would be like calling the Mona Lisa just a painting. This was Gwar, and God help us all!

Gwar opened with the Gwar theme as Oderus beheaded one of their many prisoners, spraying the crowd with blood. The carnage that followed included such things as wrestling matches with giant Soviet insects, ritual sacrifices and an all out battle with Techno-destructo himself.

The spectacle of the show was awesome. I have never seen such sights. They will haunt me until the day I die. My only complaint was that the music was so loud it distorted the sounds until they sounded like just a cacophony. I guess that's what made the show so good.

Gwar is still festering in New York. You can catch them still at the Ritz, but, I warn you, Gwar is not just a rock group—it is an all out attack on your senses. Gwar is an invasion from beyond. One must experience Gwar to understand Gwar. Gwar has been allowed to record an album on Shimmy-Disc Records called 'Hell-o'. The album itself is good thrash metal/hardcore with great lyrics, but it is nothing compared to them live.

See Gwar while you can and pray they never become popular (imagine trying to explain Gwar to parents who are already offended by bands like Guns and Roses). Remember Gwar has come, and God help us all!

City Sounds

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prising since ancient Greek scales as well as many other things, were taken or derived from eastern sources), with the flute sounding somewhat like a Japanese Noy or Sakuhachi and the two zoomoozophones producing a rather dreamy exotic type of sound. Although the overall effect was pleasant, I should point out that the electrified instruments did not seem to possess sufficient means of damping the sounds, so the ponderous amount of overtones produced had the effect of bleaching the harmonic content of the sound out into a kind of dull pervasive drone. Nonetheless the warm feeling of the piece was not altogether sacrificed, and wound up coming across quite pleasantly.

Steve Reich's *Sextet* was next on the program. The piece was a typical Reich composition in that it was scored for a primarily percussive ensemble which here included four Vibraphones, two piano/synthesizers (one of which was played by Nurit Tilles of the talented piano duo *Double Edge*) and a bass drum. The piece started out with the piano beating out a kind of test pattern, which as time went along became embellished first with subtle synthesizer lacings, then gradually moved into a lavish crescendo of colorful forcefulness played out by the four vibraphones. A melodic plateau is reached eventually whereupon began a very special interchange between the main instruments; a musical discourse of sorts characterized by rather playful (almost whimsical) intonations. I got the sense of that the instruments were having a dialog with each other along the lines of "check this out, this is cool", and another vibraphone would come flippantly with "That ain't nothing, man, check this out..." on and on, passing back and forth between each other until these guys got tired of the game and kind of wound up coming together in peace as one harmonic brotherhood. The piece worked out real nicely. At times, throughout the piece (primarily during the second and third movements), the vibraphones were sometimes bowed in a peculiar fashion, producing a long, sustained, hollow, resonance which I found quite interesting.

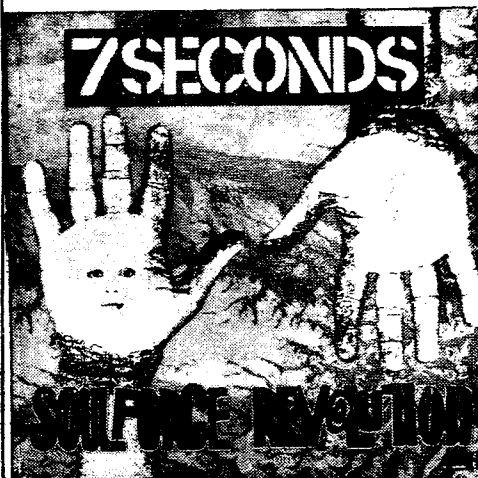
Next on the program was a solo performance by James Newton. He performed three pieces. The first, entitled "Choir (1978)," the second "Death of St. John the Baptist (1987)," and the third "Mr. Dolphy (1983)." The first piece started out initially sounding surprisingly like the bird's theme from Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf". It seemed to be a joyous celebration of life, then shifted suddenly, ironically to a shrill, chilling sound, which evoked a dual sense of optimism and disenchantment. The playing was spectacular! Multilayered reeding in the fashion that one would usually associate with saxophonists such as David Murray, and just the most incredibly accurate movement throughout the various riffs and swaying rhythmic passages. The second piece, the tribute to Eric Dolphy, was incredible—the feeling of total warmth, love and inspiration shown throughout this remarkable work. As I mentioned before, Dolphy, who is considered by many to be one of the greatest flutists ever, was a profound influence on the young Newton, who here in this piece asserts so poignantly his total spiritual gratitude for the gift of Dolphy's inspiration. At the end of it, the whole house was full with applause. By God, for the most part, these academics were able to know a true musical experience! I say for the most part, because although in front of me Tietelbaum was

moving about his seat in clear excitement and applauded vigorously to the performance, and I could almost sense Carter's excitement behind me, Babbitt, the staunch academic prototype that he is, along with his Argentinian counterpart Davidovsky, were clearly unmoved as they sat back calmly in their seats, delivering only scarce applause. OH well — can't win 'em all.

Moving right along with the second to last piece, which was Davidovsky's *Synchronisms No. 9*, (1988) which was written for and here played by the distinguished German violin virtuoso Rolf Schulte. The setting was simply for violin and tape, the tape effects having been previously created at MIT's Experimental Media Lab. As in many of Davidovsky's work the idea of "imbedding" plays an important role. Just prior to the execution of the piece, the composer himself went up on stage and tried to explain the ideas underlying this "imbedding" concept, elaborating the following: "Using the idiosyncracies of electronic sound, where space varies, to enliven the frozen space of acoustical sounds, the electronics produce a modulating effect..." He went on, saying something to the effect that the multidimensionality of electronic sound somehow or other facilitates this imbedding of the relative spaces. A lot of crap? Maybe, but there are some important ideas here, which I note for myself, and I encourage the reader to do likewise. As to the piece, it also went well. Schulte displayed himself as quite the quintessential violin virtuoso, with his total confidence, almost arrogant command, as he swept mercurially through complex passages enlisting sheer physical power and force, which seemed to deny the frail capabilities of his exterior physicality.

Finally came Carter's "Syringa" (1978). The piece is based on the text to John Ashbery's poem "Syringa" which is a lyrical prose piece dealing with the Orpheus myth. The music itself is not a song cycle, but a new genre altogether: it is a cantata, a chamber opera, a polytextural motet, and a vocal double concerto all in one. The artists featured in this large work were many of the staid members of the New Music Consort, as well as guest artists, including violinist Rolf Schulte, mezzo-soprano Barbara Ann Martin, and Jan Opalach, bass. The piece was calm and thoughtful. As with most operatic works, one never really follows the full text, but instead just sits back usually with eyes closed, peacefully and contemplatively soaking it all in. By this time I must admit I was into a peaceful, semi-conscious sleep. I came back to full consciousness near the end of the piece and thought to myself that I might have directly behind me. But my worries were quickly soothed as I refocused on the scene about me, observing that a gentle air of calmness had settled in on the whole auditorium. I felt, so clearly though I could not actually see, that Carter too was taken into this wonderful calm. so as the final chords were played, the final notes sung, I thought to myself how grateful I was for this artist, as well as for the many others present and not present, alive or not alive, for the great gift of their musical creations; creations that were no longer solely theirs. The artists themselves, if they are true to their crafts, would admit that the music is not at all their property. Indeed, musical creation is our property — and therefore by extension the property of all of humanity who wish to engage and participate in this, the most sublimely unifying product of the human imagination.

Rebel Rhythm



by John Bua

Throughout the eighties there was one band that I was proud to be a fan of 7 Seconds. And I was proud of 7 Seconds because they always kept a positive outlook without the hypocritical outlook of other so called 'straightedge' bands.

I remember defending this band from other 'Punk Rockers' when they fell from grace in '86 with the release of their EP *Praise* which owed more to Bono than to Sid Vicious. *Praise* is probably still one of my favorite records to date and I'm sure it will remain so for many years to come.

In '87 Seven Seconds put out an album called *Ourselves*, which completely knocked them out of the "punk scene". I stood true to my band and challenged any-

one to find lyrics as meaningful as those found in songs such as "Some Sort of Balance" or "Seven Years". To tell you the truth, though, I was kind of disappointed. This album had great soul, great meaning, and a depth not found in today's top 40, but it just didn't rock. I was just about to call it quits and say "Yeah 7 seconds does sound like a U2 or REM clone" (although not as pretentious) I was about to give up on the band and remember better days when out of the blue came *Soul Force Revolution*.

On *Soul Force Revolution*, Seven Seconds stripped down to just three members, leaving Kevin Seconds to sing and play lead guitars, Steve Youth to play bass, and Troy Mowat to still play drums (thank God!)

It also marks Kevin Seconds debut at producing and I think that might be the key behind this album's greatness. Songs like "Satyagraha" and "Busy Little People", for instance, have classic rock potential and it's a shame that the MTV (empty V?) mentality will never pick up on this. No slow sappy love mush here, just kick ass fun!

Soul Force Revolution plain and simple should be forced down everybody's throat until they realize that music is more than just Madonna and Guns and Roses. If you want original, loud, fun, meaningful music, pick up a copy of *Soul Force Revolution* by Seven Seconds and play it in your car, out your window and at your parties. I don't think anyone will stop you. I know that I wouldn't.

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TOP 35

1. Mudhoney
2. Consolidated
3. Full Fathom 5
4. George Coleman
5. Fuzz Tones
6. Einsturzende Neubauten
7. George Clinton
8. Primitives
9. Headless Horseman
10. Smithereens
11. Wonder Stuff
12. Nine Inch Nails
13. 7 Seconds
14. Young MC
15. Voivod
16. Poi Dog Pondering
17. Joe Strummer
18. Galaxy 500
19. Jesus and the Mary Chain
20. Hangman's Beautiful Daughter
21. Queen Latifah
22. Beat Happening
23. Graham Parker
24. Ricky Lee Jones
25. Map of the World
26. Cold Cut
27. Screaming Blue Messiahs
28. John Lee Hooker
29. Otis Day and the Knights
30. The The
31. Eric Clapton
32. David Byrne
33. Camper Van Beethoven
34. Joe Turner
35. Warren Zevon

AS OF NOVEMBER 13

Not Just For Kicks

by Charles Muller

It often happens that we stay in a large and diverse academic community such as Stony Brook for a period of time and still find anew, various "practical" courses being offered by instructors of unusual expertise. One such hidden gem at Stony Brook may be found in the department of Physical Education, where, among a wide variety of sports and exercises, this university offers basic and advanced instruction in traditional Karate. Though it is not uncommon nowadays to find an Asian martial art offered in the curriculum of a physical education department, Stony Brook became one of the first universities in the U.S. to do so when it began to offer Japanese Shotokan Karate to its students in 1971. Though few were aware of it at the time of the inception of the course, it has become clear to many hundreds of students over the past two decades that the caliber and type of Karate instruction offered at Stony Brook is quite rare.

The instructor of PEC 106 and 107 (Basic and Advanced Karate) is Professor Masataka Mori, who has been driving to Stony Brook from his home in New Jersey two times a week for the past eighteen years, to inculcate his students with the "way" (do) of Karate. Professor Mori was initially invited here as a guest instructor in 1970 by the Stony Brook Shotokan Karate Club. He became an adjunct lecturer in 1971, and after several years in that position was promoted to the rank of Assistant professor.

Professor Mori (or "Mori Sensei", as he is known to his students) began his own Karate career in 1949, when he joined the Karate team as a freshman at Takushoku University, Japan's most well known physical education university. The merits of the young Mori's prior (10 years) experience in *kendo* ("the way of swordsmanship") plus his single minded training in Karate enabled to advance in rank and skill quickly. By the time of his junior year, he was captain of the Takushoku Karate team. After graduation, during the remaining years of the 1950's, he continued in intensive Karate training and study as an assistant instructor at the headquarters of the Japan Karate Association in Tokyo. During the early to mid 1960's, he was sent by the same association to their branch in Hawaii. Mori distinguished himself in this role by bringing a team of Hawaiians back to Japan in 1965 who trounced a team of Japanese nationals in a series of sparring matches. Subsequently in 1968 Mori was entrusted with a much larger responsibility when he was sent to take over instructional duties of the New York Karate Club in Manhattan, which also serves as the headquarters of the North Atlantic Karate Association. This *dojo* (which Mori still operates, located at Broad-

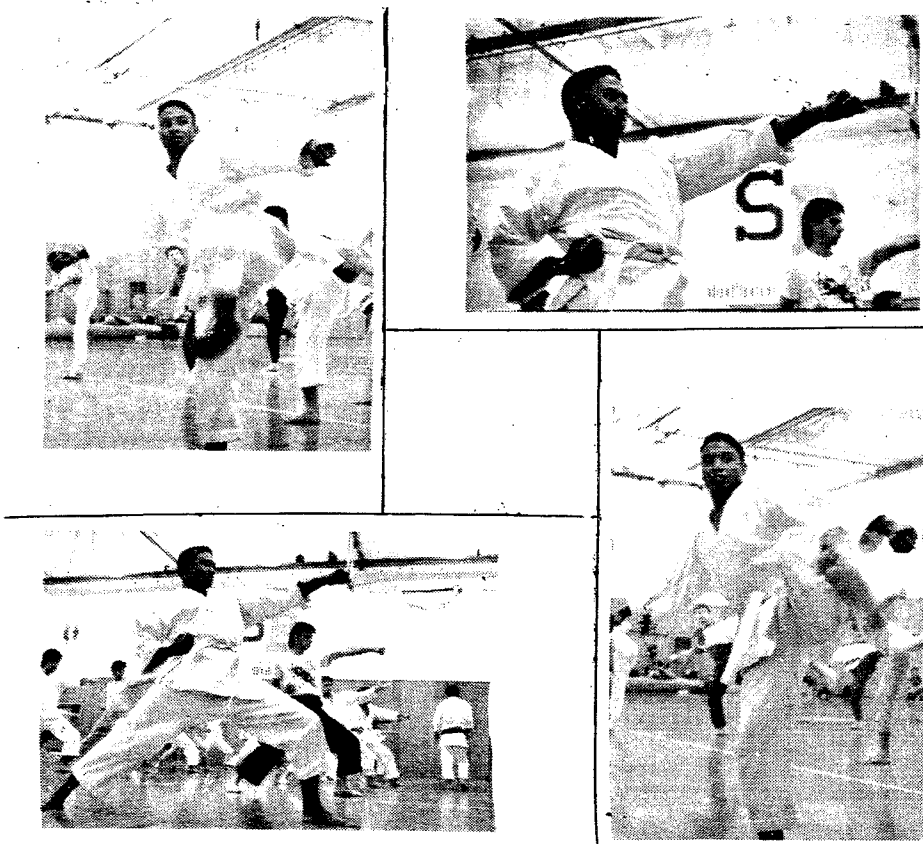


Image: Steve Schmitz

way and 74th St.), thrives today as the center of this large and extremely active Karate organization, which is comprised of more than thirty branch *dojos* in the North Atlantic region of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. This association, due to its superior reputation, has recently begun to attract applications for membership from clubs in Central and South America as well as in Canada.

What Professor Mori teaches in PEC 106 and 107 is definitely not a "quick self defense" course. Though *Shotokan* is recognized throughout the world as one of the most devastating combative systems, the student in the beginner course soon realizes that he or she is not going to emerge as a "fighting machine" after the completion of a single semester of practice. Nonetheless, this student will most likely leave his/her first course with a real taste of the depth of *karate-do*; with a feeling for the meaning of the word *do* ("way"). In this traditional school of Karate, which has been transmitted in its full purity by Mori Sensei, it is clearly understood that no real success

in any area is possible until one has patiently developed the fundamentals of good character. It's in this spirit that the students of PEC 106 and 107 recite the following exhortation at the end of each class:

*Seek Perfection of Character!
Be Faithful!
Endeavor!
Respect Others!
Refrain from Violent Behavior!*

Thus in his classes, Mori stresses more than the development of mere technique. In fact, he places primary value on the development of the proper "learning attitude"—the propriety, humility, and respect that are the grounding elements of traditional East Asian culture. And here these are values not to be theorized and analyzed from a distance. They are to be put into practice.

Along with his emphasis on the spiritual dimension of Karate training, Mori Sensei has developed a world wide reputation for being a stickler for exactitude in the performance of the basic physical techniques, a reputation which led a Connecticut TV news program to dub him "the Vince Lombardi of

Karate". In PEC 106, the fundamental bodily movements of Karate, both as an aesthetic form and as a potent fighting system, are broken down into their most elemental components, learned, and then re-assembled for their execution. Learning in this way even the most awkward and "unathletic" students soon find themselves executing bodily movements that would have been hitherto unimaginable. Karate-do taught in this way is certainly not something for the "talented". In the follow up course PEC 107, students who have become familiar with the basic movements learn combination techniques, advanced forms, and are able to practice various types of sparring together with more advanced students.

Because of the thoroughness of the introduction to Karate basics in PEC 106, students who complete the course will find themselves well-prepared for the future continuation of Karate practice, whether it be in PEC 107, or at some other *dojo*. Because of the quality of Mori's instruction, The student, whether he or she practices one semester, or continues for a long period of time, gains the eye of awareness concerning martial arts in general—that is, one becomes able to determine the authenticity of other martial arts teachers by a brief observation of their class.

Besides the physical education courses taught by Mori, members of the Stony Brook community also have authentic *Shotokan Karate-do* available to them in the evenings in the form of the Stony Brook Shotokan Karate Club. This club (currently practicing in the gym's dance studio), active for twenty years now, is one of the oldest continuing clubs at Stony Brook. It is coached by three senior students of professor Mori (each one of whom has almost twenty years of Karate experience), and strives to practice and transmit the same high standards that Mori has disseminated throughout the North Atlantic Karate Association. It is thorough the club that students have the opportunity to become involved in the special activities of the North Atlantic Karate Association, such as tournaments (both in collegiate and other divisions) special training camps, and seminars.

Because of the availability of this sort of instruction in a traditional martial art form, students and other members of the university community have the rare opportunity to combine physical exercise and mental training, while they are also learning an extremely potent form of self defense. Above all this, is the chance for direct contact with a traditional and genuine Japanese martial arts master—an experience of another culture that does not come out of a book.

Staying up late nights, reporting only the finest student journalism

The Stony Brook Press—

Meetings Monday Night Room 020 Central Hall.

Food Fight

by Adam Kaminsky

There seems to be a big food fight going on at Stony Brook, and everybody happens to be getting in on the action. From DAKA turncoats to vociferous students, hay (or is it last night's special?) is being pitched in each direction as to which is the right way to (literally) slop the hogs.

I am one of the few eccentrics who doesn't have a major complaint about DAKA, whether it be food quality or service. To me the food is just there. Whether it is identifiable or not doesn't matter since it all tastes the same anyway. What does nettle me slightly is this: did you ever notice that about two hours after every meal (especially dinner), you mysteriously become hungry—so hungry that you could use another meal, and how this phenomenon strikes only when the cafeteria is closed, like at 11:00 pm or thereabouts?

One of my favorite stories relating to this phenomenon

concerns one of DAKA's "specials"—a mussel and hamburger barbecue at the athletic fields. This took place on the night of a major math exam for about two-hundred students, mostly freshmen, including myself. Instead of heading to the cafe to choke down several helpings of the usual stringy, fibrous meat, reconstituted mashed potatoes and slices of Elmer's gravy, I was shepherded to the athletic fields for five cold mussels, a cold hamburger, a plateful of rice, and a can of soda. Visions of an ample (although not exactly appetizing) all-you-can-eat banquet left my mind in exchange for an all-you-can-take-with-two-hands-at-one-time blitz. Now my hands are pretty small, and I happened to be so hungry as to kill on that night. I left hungry, and ambled over to the Union for some contingency victuals, only to find out my meal card won't be accepted since it has already been used.

I was seething. I kicked a wall panel and stormed out of the Union grumbling to myself about the fact that I am

entitled to nineteen meals a week and I can't get any of them in times of need. Now I go home every weekend (Hey, I need my R&R, and a good meal here and there doesn't hurt) plus I skip breakfast every now and then (Especially on Friday mornings. You know what I mean), and I feel flim-flammed at the fact that I miss at least five meals a week, nor do I like being railroaded into choosing between a sandwich or a bottle of soda for dinner on "cash equivalency". With declining balance such meal discrepancies can be totally avoided. You are not obliged to take meals with the threat of losing them, or if you have the appetite of the Fridge, just put more money into your account. At the end of the year you are refunded any remaining balance in your account. We need declining balance now if not yesterday. Institute it and you will see more happy, healthy students roaming the campus. That is a promise.

Cheering Tutorial

Rah Rah Go Team

An Insiders Guide to Cheering

By John Dunn

When I attend Stony Brook athletic events, I encounter a bit of culture shock since I used to attend a university with Division I sports. It's not the quality of the teams; they may not be as competitive as their upper division peers, but they put just as much time and effort into each season. It is the quality of the fans that is the problem.

Let's face it, Stony Brook fans leave a lot to be desired—and one of the main things that they leave to be desired is their attendance. Whether it's the fact that there are so many commuters or that there's so much to do on campus, Stony Brook fans are not reaching their full potential. With the basketball season coming up, it's time for the University to reach its potential. And since Stony Brook athletics are not overly promoted in the surrounding community (because it would probably give Public Safety endless anxiety attacks dealing with hundreds of outsiders coming on campus), it is up to you, the University community, to come out and root for the Patriots.

Stony Brook basketball may not be Division I, but consider that Rollie Massimino, who coached Villanova to a national title received his start at Stony Brook. Nevertheless, perhaps the reason that fans are not flocking to games is that some of them do not know how to cheer. Thus the sports department of the Press has prepared the following directions on how to cheer with effective techniques used at schools throughout the country. Take these instructions to the games this season and don't forget your ID for free admission.

Home Basketball Schedule

Men's

Nov. 21 Potsdam
Dec. 2 Staten Island
Dec. 16 Mt. Saint Vincent 2:05 pm
Jan. 4 Elmira 4:05 pm
Jan. 6 Cortland
Jan. 24 CCNY
Jan. 29 York
Jan. 31 Old Westbury
Feb. 1 John Jay 8:05 pm
Feb. 3 Albany
Feb. 8 Hunter
Feb. 12 William Patterson
Feb. 20 U.S. Merchant Marine
All games at 7:05 unless otherwise noted.

Women's

Feb. 1 William Patterson 6:00pm
Feb. 3 St. Thomas Aquinas 1:00pm
Feb. 6 Manhattanville 6:00pm
Feb. 8 Dowling 5:00pm
Nov. 28 Carleton 6:00pm
Dec. 9 NYU 7:00pm
Dec. 11 Bloomfield 7:00pm
Jan. 11 Hunter 5:00pm
Jan. 16 Eastern Connecticut 5:00pm
Jan. 26 Western Connecticut 7:00pm
Jan. 30 John Jay 5:00pm

How to Cheer

1. **Get ready for the game**— This can include anything from drinking and doing high tens with your roommate to listening to Fred Preston inspiration talks.
2. **Arrive on time for the national anthem and starting introduction**— The tradition is to start cheering halfway through the anthem. During the opposing introductions, put a newspaper (preferably a Press) over your face, or boo vigorously and scream, "Who's that?", "Big deal!", and "Go home!" When Stony Brook is introduced, stand up and cheer wildly for the Patriots, waving whatever is close at hand.
3. **When Stony Brook scores their first basket**— Throw toilet paper or streamers onto the floor. (Not too much though, as the University may not be able to afford more.) Also, remember that used toilet paper is in bad taste.
4. **Whenever an opposing player has the ball, especially anyone with a single digit number** scream "SHOOT!" at the Top of Your Lungs. Also chant "Defense, Defense" while stamping your feet so they won't be able to hear each other and call out their plays.
5. **When an opposing player fouls**— Point at the player and yell "You! You! You!"

6. **If the ref makes a bad call (against us) boo**— and question his abilities. If he wants to make it home that night, chances are he'll start to smarten up.
7. **If an opposing player is on the foul line**— Wave your arms and yell to distract the shooter, especially if you are behind the basket. Count out loud the number of dribbles taken before the shot. Remember that it is *your* responsibility to see that the shot misses.
8. **If the opposing coach argues with the ref**— Help out our friends in the stripped shirts by screaming "T", "T" (for technical foul) and "crybaby" to make the coach sit back down.
9. **At halftime**— Get some toilet paper from the bathrooms (not all of it!) and load up on food and drink from Stony Brook Pretzel.
10. **Cheer for the Patriots when they take the court at halftime**.
11. **Stand up until Stony Brook scores its first basket on the second half**— (which hopefully won't be too long). Then shower the court with whatever streamers or toilet paper that's left.
12. **When a Patriot slam dunks**— Hold up a rating card ranking the slam from 1 to 10. Be creative and use the cards at other times, like to rank the halftime festivities or coach's arguments with the refs.

13. **When the band plays a rousing tune**— Feel free to join in. They haven't toiled for years learning "We Will Rock You" and "Na Na Na Na, Hey Hey" so that you can sit there like a zombie.
14. **If the opposing team calls time-out after a Patriot surge**— Stand up and yell during the time-out.
15. **After we have the game in the bank**— Start the chant "Final Four, Final Four" and "We want St. John's! We want St. John's— we'll take the best on the Island for now!"
16. **When the final buzzer sounds**— Charge the court to congratulate our team and carry Coach Castiglie out on your shoulders.
17. **Celebrate the victory that night**— You may not have a voice left, but don't let that stop you from carrying on.

I realize that not all of you will want to get this active. Remember though, that *you* are the reason that they call it a "home court advantage." Is there really that much happening on campus to prevent you from attending the games? (So your car was towed because there's no parking. Park in South P and walk across campus to the gym.) And don't forget that WUSB broadcasts all home games so thousands will hear you participating. See you there.

Venue Information

Wednesday November 22

•
Pixies
Mekons
Zulus
at the New Ritz

Buster Poindexter
at the Bottom Line

Friday November 24

•
Hot Tuna
at the New Ritz—and November 25

Tuesday November 28

•
Billy Squier
Blue Murder
King's X
at the New Ritz

Saturday December 2

•
Shinehead
Ipso Facto
at Baystreet

APB

Urban Blight
at the New Ritz

Wednesday December 6

•
Jean-Luc Ponty
Suzanne Ciani
at the New Ritz—and December 7

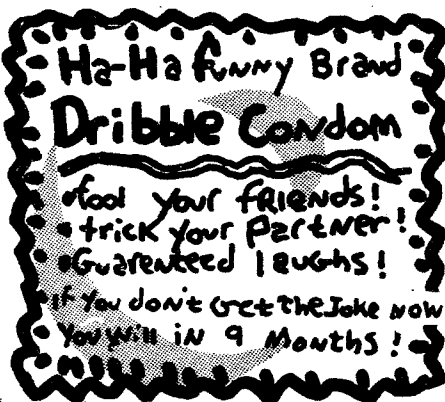
Friday December 8

•
Mr. Big
Princess Pang
at the New Ritz

**Read
The
Press**

**EROS
Room 119
Infirmary
632-6450**

EROS is a student-run, peer-counseling organization which provides information, counseling and referral on birth control, sexually transmitted diseases, pregnancy and sexual health care. If you have any questions that you would like answered in our column, please submit them to our office or to the Press office, room 020, Central Hall. EROS is located in the Infirmary, room 119. Stop by or call 632-6450.



Dear EROS,

My girlfriend tested positive for chlamydia. Should I also be tested? What symptoms should I look for?

—Worried

Dear Worried,

Yes. See a doctor right away to be tested. Chlamydia is a micro organism that infects both men and women. symptoms may include the following:
For women: 1) vaginal discharge 2) lower abdominal pain 3) bleeding between menstrual periods or low grade fever.

For men: 1) discharge from the penis and/or burning when urinating. 2) burning and itching around the opening of the penis. 3) pain and swelling in the testicles or low grade fever.

Chlamydia infections are treated with antibiotic drugs. Both partners should be treated even if they show no symptoms. Avoid sex until treatment is fully complete.

—EROS

Dear EROS,

I read that condoms are not a reliable method of birth control. I've been using them for a while and have not had a problem. can you explain.

—Confused

Dear Confused,

No birth control method is 100% effective, but different methods have varying degrees of effectiveness. condoms alone are only 85% effective. We recommend that condoms be used with foam or a sponge as a dual method. The dual method is 98 to 99% effective. condoms also play a major role in preventing sexually transmitted diseases.

—EROS

Club Calendar

□Angry Squire (212) 242-9066
216 7th Ave

□Automatic Slim's (212) 691-2272
151 Bank St.

□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.

□IMAC (516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave., Huntington

□Irving Plaza (212) 279-1984
17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St.

□Knitting Factory (212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston

□Lone Star Roadhouse (212) 245-2950
240 W. 52nd St.

□McGovern's (212) 627-5037
305 Spring St.

□The Meadowlands (201) 778-2888
East Rutherford, NJ

□The "New" Ritz (212) 956-3731
254 54th St.

□The Palladium (212) 307-7171
126 E. 14th St.

□The Puck Building (212) 431-0987
299 Lafayette

□The Pyramid (212) 420-1590
101 Ave. A (Across from Tompkin's Sq.)

□Radio City Music Hall (212) 757-3100

□RAPP Arts Center (212) 529-6160
220 E. 4th St.

□Rock-n-Roll Cafe (212) 677-7630
149 Bleecker St.

□Roseland (212) 247-0200
239 W. 52nd St.

□Roxy (212) 645-5156
515 W. 18 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.

□Village Gate (212) 982-9292
Bleecker & Thompson

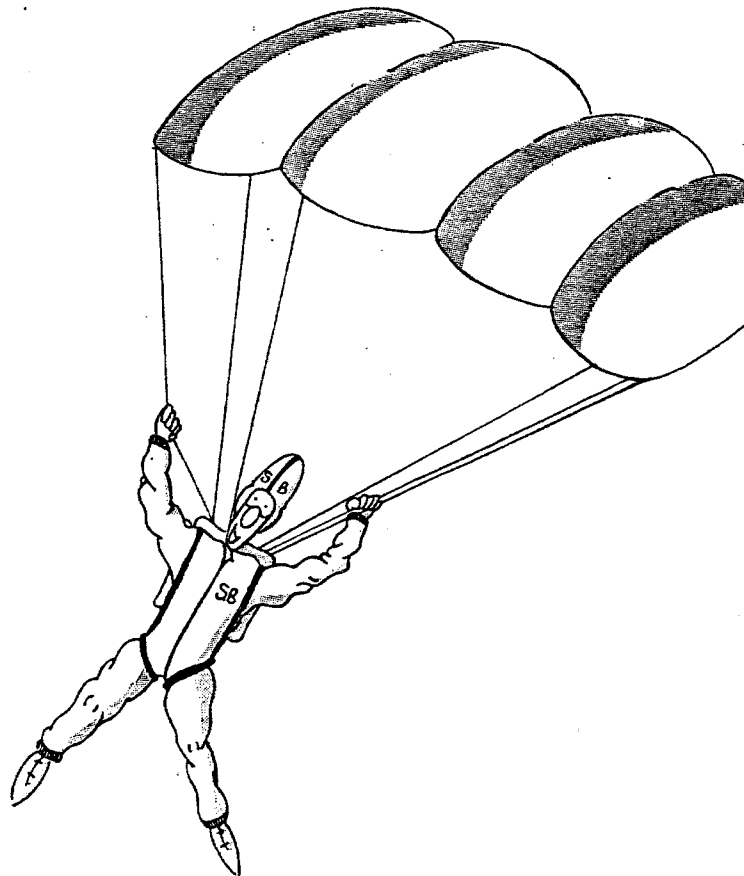
□Village Vanguard (212) 349-8400
7th Ave. South

□Westbury Music Fair (516) 333-0533
Brush Hollow Road, Westbury

□West End (212) 666-9160
2911 Broadway

□Wetlands (212) 966-4225
161 Hudson

□The World (212) 947-5850
254 E. 2nd Street



**Come experience the thrill
of flight! Meetings of the
Stony Brook Skydivers
held every Tuesday at
8:00 PM in room 223 of the
Union.**

MURDER HOGS IN THE SUPERMARKET

BY FORTINBRAS + BOC



NEXT ISSUE: MANLOW MISSION

PLEASE NOTE  **Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13**

Let me know what you want to see most of all!  it look like a million.  **Snatch-A-Look**


P.13

artistic hairspray for the Mind.

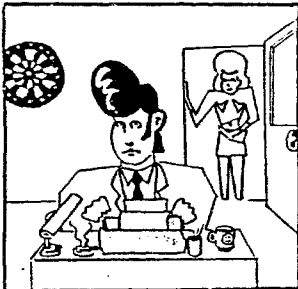
AQUA NET

HAIR SPRAY

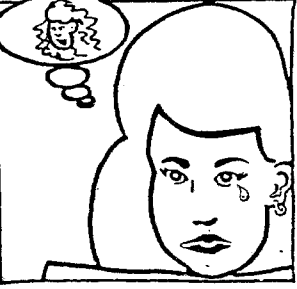
Images: James Blonde




Crime. Others perpetrate. I investigate. I'm Fred-E, Private Eye.




She came into my office crying, she was blonde, just the way I like 'em. She said her name was Sally. Her roommate had been missing since Wednesday. She told me they lived in A133.



"Carol isn't like that" Sally said. "She calls even if she's going to be a few minutes late."
"Listen Babe, maybe she went home, or—"
"No I called."




"OR at her boyfriend from home."
"No, no boyfriend from home."
long pause.
"Listen Hon, there are a hundred stories in the naked city, I can't help you."




NO!

"But I'll pay anything, Fred, money is no object," she said throwing a wad of bills on my desk.
"There was at least a G there."
"Please" she said, holding back the tears. The look in her eyes hurt. Hurt deep.




NO!

"Listen Babe, I don't think your friend is in trouble. Maybe she just is on a road trip."
"No she's not like that, you don't understand. Not only was she my roommate she was my lover. I'd do anything to get her back."



"I can't help you" I said coldly. Motioning toward the door.
She took her money and left.
I needed a pelt of old Jack I keep in the Bottom draw.



"Rosie, Fred, Listen I need a favor. This might have to do with the midnight stalker, let me have the file on the gals in A133."
"Yes, Carol and Sally"
... to be continued

G GENERAL AUDIENCES

All Ages Admitted 



Anthony Tells All

The full fabulous force of the four foolish foxes of funk, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, hit the SUNY Stony Brook gym, on Sunday October 22nd. In the dressing room before the freaky (styly) show (and after aircheck and a basketball game) I had the good fortune of interviewing the first foxy lead singer of the band.

Interview by Margaret Parker

I've never done this before.

You never have? Piece of cake.

What was the one question you didn't want us to ask?

Oh, there's thousands of questions I wouldn't want you to ask, but you may as well ask them anyway, since honesty is the best policy. And this is a band of honesty and integrity. So anything you ask I'll do my best to answer.

Could I ask one question?

O.K.

Is it possible that I might see your... before this interview is completed?

I had two warnings you might say that.

So what's the answer?

Maybe.

It's kind of hard for me not to want to see them since your wearing this kind of low cut, flimsy, flannel day glow extravaganza.

Flannel? Polyester!

Is it? It looks more like table cloth to me.

You can see enough anyway, can't you?

No. Can I see more?

No!!

No dancers, no breasts, no interview. No—just kidding. Ask your questions and I'll answer them for you.

How does it feel to sit on the lap of a 30 foot tall woman?

It feels like Felini. I feel like Felini every day of my life—my life is just basically a Felini movie. And actually we weren't on the lap: we were standing on her arms, and so wasn't so much thirty feet tall as we were shrunk down to (the size of) 5 inch dolls.

Oh, okay. Like the shrinky machine or something?

Yeah.

I feel like a night crawler crawling out of the wet moist evening soil.

You're allowed to feel like that...

How do you feel about NWA?

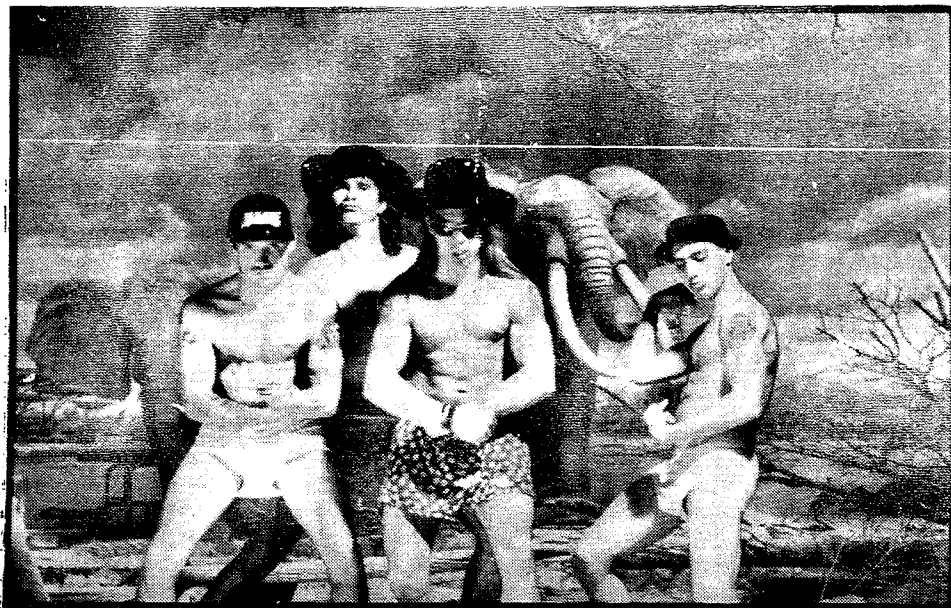
How do I feel about them. I feel about them with my finger tips. I start with their toes and I work my way up to their nappy heads until they're writhing in a fit of hip hop ecstasy. Personally I completely... (Anthony breaks off)

That's my drink you're drinking!

Do you mind?

No I don't. It's just cranberry juice.

I love NWA. They rock my spot and they're one of the more original and funky bands in the hip hop scene. A lot of people dog on them for what they say, but they're just one



The Red Hot Chili Peppers On Safari

side of the coin. I think that honesty is the key word in their case also. They're not trying to pretend like they're anything they're not. They're not singing songs about anything they don't believe in. That's their life; that's what they sing about. I can relate.

Flea played bass in "Bust a Move". How did that come about?

He blew MC himself. He got the gig. There were about fifty bass players that blew Marvin...and he was evidently the best. So they hired him.

Wow.

Actually he just knew the producer, called him up on the telephone (the miracle of telephone) he called him up and said, "Hey Flea why don't you come on down to the studio and play this bass." Flea wrote the bass line and he played it. The song is a huge hit. I think flea got \$200 for the session. So it was kind of a rip in a sense.

Was it fun though? It looked like fun on Yo! MTV Raps.

That's Flea's favorite show.

What kind of stuff are you listening to now?

Well, let me see... The last thing I bought, I didn't actually buy it, we did an in store. That's when we sit in a record store and sign autographs and stuff, they give us a gift certificate so we can go around and grab tapes and I grabbed The Ohio Players, Gold and their greatest hits album. Ohio Players, band from the 70's, one of the great bands from the 70's.

I never heard of them.

You never heard of The Ohio Players? That's crazy, that's crazy.

Shame on me.

And what else did I get? I got some Al Greene, I got some Bad Brains. I listen to all kinds of music. I also got Duke Ellington and some John Coltrane, um I got Some Tracy Lord's "Greatest Orgasms" compilation tape.

Man

Woman

Know it's a dumb question but I wondered how you got the name.

What name, Anthony? My mother named me.

Yeah that. No "The Red Hot Chili Peppers". Did you just decide?

It's kind of a disgusting story, you wanna hear it?

Yeah, I guess so.

All right, well Mohammad Ali sat down to an 18 course meal and, uh, I think he was in Tibet. Sat down and he ate the meal, and you know it's a sign of respect in Tibet after you eat the meal, you fart a lot because that means it was a good meal. So he was bending over to tie his shoes and he farted. He ripped a hole in his pants, and a large explosion came out, and there was a Tibetan mirror and the fart kind of impacted onto the mirror and what it spelled out on the mirror was, "The Red Hot Chili Peppers". Flea happened to be hiding in the corner, masquerading as a Tibetan flutist and he saw it on the mirror and knew that this, in fact, would have to be the name of his next band.

Wow, that's really spiritual.

Yeah, Mohammad subsequently licked it off of the mirror but Flea memorized it.

Ew, I'm glad he saw it in the nick of time.

Could I just peek down the blouse a little bit, for some sort of inspiration.

You already saw my tan line.

Yeah I know, Just so that I can...you're not from New York, are you?

No, I'm not.

Let me guess, North Carolina.

How did you know?

You're kidding?!

No.

(yelling) Guys, I just guessed the state she's from. She's sitting here interviewing me and I said she's not from New York and she said no and I said you're from North Carolina. She's from Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Congratulations

I'm impressed with myself...Thanks for the peek by the way.

Do you have any advice to new bands.

Well, I can just sort of speak from my own experience and that is — well, you know our band is based on friendship and the chemistry that's created between friends when they're making music. Um, I think you have to realize the ultimate universal beauty of music and then just be honest with what you play and don't change for convention's sake or for anybody's sake. Just play what you believe in and you're bound to be on the right track.

That sounds like good advice. What do you guys think your band will be doing five years from now?

I think we're going in a sort of Grateful Dead direction.

Ha! That was actually funny.

Hopefully we'll be together and continue to grow and change and just explore more territory, musically speaking. You know, maybe one day we can be one of the greatest living bands in the world.

All right!! I know somebody who wants to sell you a bass.

A base pipe or guitar?

Bass guitar.

No, we're presently only in the market for base pipes. Got enough bass guitars... Could I put my mouth on your...now? (Said Kurt not under fluorescent light, it's so tacky)

Well, you could close your eyes and it wouldn't make a difference. How about this on the upper region?

No, it's okay.

This isn't really the breast so much as it is the chestal region. This is to close the interview with this little kiss.

Okay.

There you go, I kissed her.

I bet he can't believe I let him do that.

She smells nice.

Well, I guess that this the end of our interview.

This concludes this segment of the interview. Thank you very much for asking me all these intelligent questions.

Along The Color Line

continued from page 7

go to express its political objectives. both politicians had recognized years ago that their Black electorates were too small to provide the entire core for successful bids to high office. Over a decade, they cultivated political records which could place them well within the moderate mainstreams of their respective political cultures in order to appeal to white liberal-to-centrist constituencies. Rather than denying race, both sought to "transcend" the color line, offering generous platitudes of

page 14 The Stony Brook Press

how racism had supposedly declined in significance during the 1980's. The problem with this perspective is that all the evidence suggests that white voters still remain highly race conscious even more so for African-Americans or Latinos. In hundreds of elections of the U.S., when white democratic voters have been faced with a choice between a Black Democrat who espouses their views and class interests versus a conservative white Republican who does not the majority consistently favor

the Republican by at least a two to one margin. Since Black Democrats can never hope to escape the burden of racial prejudice entirely, they must address the issue squarely and without rhetorical subterfuge. The strategy of declaring victory against by pretending it doesn't exist may produce some short term victories, but it will only reinforce the problem of white supremacy within the electoral process in the long run.

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Press

/pres/ n 1. act or process of printing 2. University's only feature newspaper

Literary

/lit-ə-rer-ē/ adj 1. of, relating to, or having the characteristics of letters, humane learning, or literature 2. incisive, illuminating, legible

Supplement

/səp-lə-ment/ n 1. something that completes or makes an addition 2. the best place to have your poems, stories, or artwork published

You heard right. All of you creative people who are itching to get published and recognized now have your chance. The Press will be publishing a Literary Supplement in the final issue of the semester, December 14th. Deadline for all submissions is Monday December 4th at 8pm.

We'll print the best of what we get. That includes poems, short stories, essays, photographs, and artwork of any kind. Although we will be happy to make suggestions, any work that appears in the Supplement will remain completely and wholly untouched by our grubby fingers. What you write is what you get. All we ask is that all written material be typed, and that photos or drawings be in black and white (clean xeroxes of drawings are fine). Include your name, address, and phone number. no originals please. Submit only copies of your work.

The Press Literary Supplement

Look for it on December 15th

Galls And Grace

Shakespeare's Women

by Kate Owen

The beauty of Claire Bloom's performance, "Then Let Men Know: A Portrait of Shakespeare's Women" lay in her simple and skillful portrayal of many different women and a few men in the performance itself. The pieces and scenes chosen from *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Julius Caesar*, *Henry VII*, *Coriolanus*, and *Twelfth Night* left a very definite and coherent impression of the women of Shakespeare as a strong, intelligent, yet separate and unequal part of society.

Bloom has garnered the experience necessary to create a powerful piece. She stood upon the stage alone with no props and only facing to assist her in the many character shifts. Many of the individual characters she created for this piece she has created before. Her career began at the age of 16 with the Oxford Repertory Company. A year later, her next role was that of Ophelia at Stratford Upon Avon. Juliet, Miranda, Ophelia, Viola and Cordelia she has played at the Old Vic. Katharine of

Aragon, Queen Gertrude, The Queen in *Cymbeline* and Lady Constance were created for the BBC Shakespeare series.

With "Then Let Men Know", Bloom was able to perform not only women, but men. In her opening narrative of *Twelfth Night*, Bloom switched quickly from man to woman, boy to girl while retaining the sex of each and conveying the ambiguity between the sexes that the play holds. The scenes here are the most comic in the performance - but the comedy is sharp. Two close twins, male and female, separated and orphaned by a shipwreck. The female Viola, who travels disguised as a boy, finds favor with Duke Orsino. She meets Lady Olivia who has spurned the Duke's attention, but who quickly falls for Viola in her male guise. As the play ends the twins reunite, Lady Olivia quickly replaces Viola and marries Sebastian, her twin, and Viola weds Duke Orsino.

From this romantic farce Bloom moves to "Women in the Bond of Marriage". This series of scenes begins with Katharine of Aragon from *Henry VIII* as she faces her

husband and the Church during divorce hearings. She, stalwart and finally indignant, implores her to fault her in any area. The only fault she does not mention is that one for which she is truly on trial: her ability to bear a son.

The tales of a mother follow. As Volumentia (even the name bespeaks her!) she faces her son, frustrated by her impotence. She warns her son against destroying his people to gain Rome. Because she is his mother, her son Coriolanus, for whom the play was titled, makes peace.

Next, Portia faces her husband Brutus in *Julius Caesar*. She is angered that she is woman enough to share in all aspects of her husband's life but one: the affairs of state.

Finally we are confronted with an exchange between Desdemona, wife of Othello, and her attendant Emilia. Othello has just publicly denounced Desdemona for infidelity. Emilia, the attendant, counsels Desdemona in the world wise tradition of Shakespearean ladies in waiting. It is from a speech by Emilia in this scene that

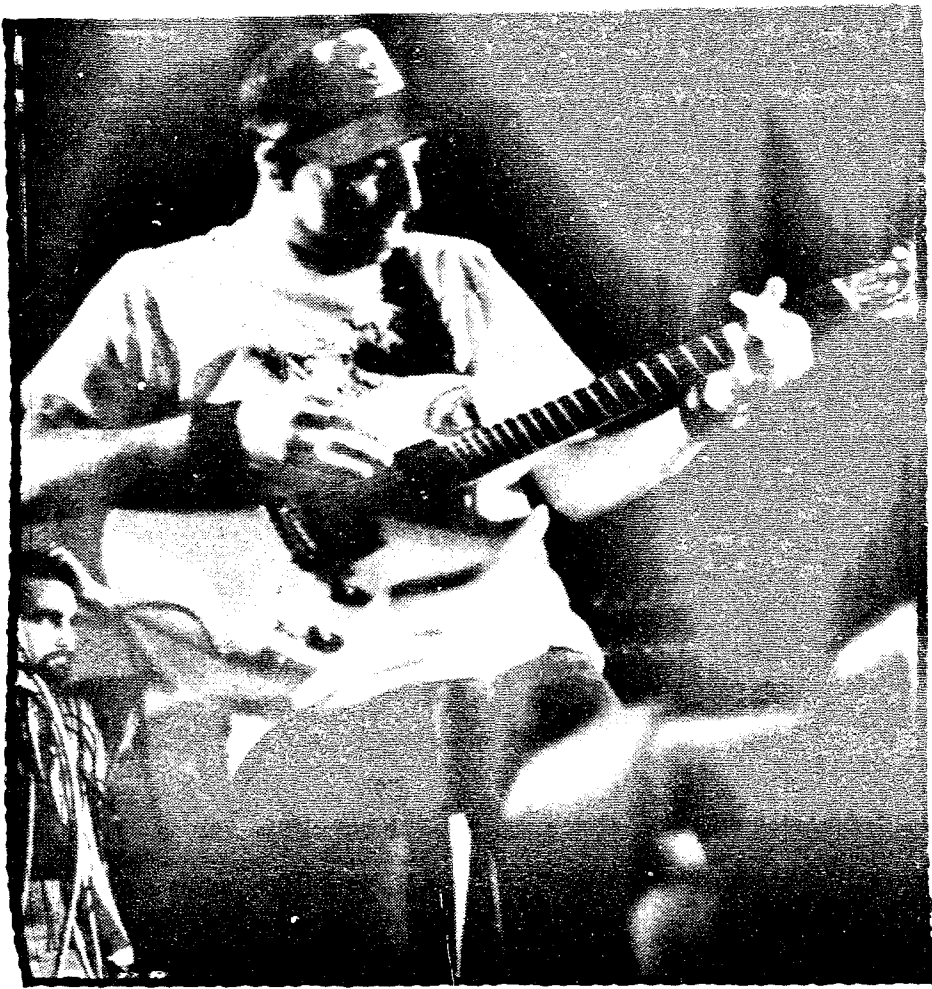
the inspiration for the title comes. She states:

*"Why we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them. They see and smell,
And they have their palates both for sweet and sour.
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
'I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
'I think it doth. Isn't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have we not affections,
Desires for sport and frailty as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so."
(Act IV, Scene iii)*

Bloom wraps many of these themes together with her final narrative of *Romeo and Juliet*. We see Juliet faced with being bound to Tibolt whom she does not love; the world wise ways of Juliet's attendant as she informs Juliet of her meetings with Romeo; Juliet's struggle to take control of her own life as a woman as she drinks the vial of depressants and ultimately as she plunges onto the dagger. Claire Bloom ends, having richly portrayed the struggles of women to speak.

General Disgust

Sick of It All Plays USB



by Scott Warmuth

A modest but enthusiastic crowd of a few hundred people showed up on Friday the 27th to see Sick Of It All and Leeway play in the Union Ballroom.

Sick Of It All was up first and received a very favorable response. The boys, with Arman back on drums for yet another farewell performance, were in excellent form. The songs "It's Clobberin' Time," "It's My Revenge," and "Injustice System" were greeted with increased action in the pit. The sound in the Ballroom, known for being an acoustical nightmare, was surprisingly good.

Lead singer Lou Koller was disappointed at the wide barrier between the stage and the crowd. He spent much of the set on the side of the stage where he could make contact with the crowd and let them sing into the mike. The barrier, an unfortunate insurance necessity, kept potential stage divers at bay. This physical recreation of the fourth wall between performer and audience allows for a tighter performance (no one stomped all over guitarist Pete's equipment, which has happened every other time I've seen them play), but ultimately results in a more sedate atmosphere. Sick Of It All's recent show at CBGB's, where the stage is knee high and the only thing between the crowd and the band were bouncers Chris and Henry, was much looser than their Stony Brook performance but much more fun, with about 30 people on stage at any one time.

The only setback Sick Of It All faced was a short hold up near the end of the set when bassist Rich had his wireless system fail. He was visibly upset, but the problem was bypassed after a few minutes.

During the short intermission a small group of White power skins were chased out of the Union by a group of people who were not appreciative of their racist attitudes.

Leeway, who have been labeled as a cross over band as opposed to Sick Of It All's more straightforward hardcore sound, came out to play to the thinned out crowd. Nearly two months on the road with the Bad Brains, playing everywhere from seedy Long Island clubs to corn fields in Kansas, has paid off for Leeway. They have honed their sound and are more devastating than ever. Lead singer Eddie looked more prepared for basketball practice than rock star glory, but roared his way through the set nevertheless. Drummer Pokey, who resided in G Quad a few semesters ago, pounded away with ferocity.

One aspect of the show that was appreciated was the restraint shown by the security at the show. For the past year shows at Stony Brook have been marred by bonehead bouncers who have used their authority as an excuse to pound some heads, usually of people much smaller than themselves. I hope that this ugly aspect of Stony Brook concerts has finally been put to rest.

—Vinyl—

Lifetime Guarantee

by Elizabeth Ard

ee II would rather be somewhere in San Francisco on a back porch in July," croons Jerry Garcia on the latest Grateful Dead effort, **Built to Last**.

Ah yes, the Dead have ventured into the studios in yet another attempt to capture their essence on vinyl/ tape/ disk. On the whole, the band (Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, Brent Midland, Micky Hart, and Bill Kreutzman) has succeeded in what Jerry calls their best album to date.

The problem with reviewing a Dead album is that they're a performing band, not a studio band. After touring for twenty-five years virtually non-stop, it's hard to imagine the band outside the concert context. Thus reviewing a Dead album is like reviewing a live Steely Dan performance: it ain't easy.

Built to Last offers a variety of sounds ranging from the pulsating psychedelic jam of "Victim or the Crime" to the music box like "I Will Take You Home".

While none of the songs on the album is likely to enjoy the success that "Touch of Gray" had, there are some potential Dead classics to be found. Half of the songs debuted live in June of '88 while others appeared throughout the early part of this year.

Three new songs didn't make the cut to appear on the album. Hopefully Jerry's

"Believe It or Not" and Brent's "Gentlemen, Start Your Engines" and "We Can Run But We Can't Hide" will end up as B-sides on the album's singles.

The opening track, Jerry's "Foolish Heart", is in the Dead's good-time rocking category. It's destined to become a classic in the same mold as "Franklin's Tower" or "Playin' in the Band". Most of the energy the song has in concert is transferred to the vinyl grooves.

"A Little Light" is a rollicking Brent tune that loses the effect of his bulging eyeballs when taken outside the context of live performance. The guitar work is reminiscent of "Feels Like A Stranger" but it's destined to fall into the "Far From Me" mold.

"Victim or the Crime" was written in 1982 and had been played acoustically by Bob before its Dead debut. It's the one tune that may work better in studio than in concert. "Victim" creates an aura of swirling images driven by the pulsating drums of Hart and Kreutzman, which render the lyrics to the background of the song. The only problem in concert is piecing everything back together again, something solved in the seven and a half minutes length of the track. The swirling guitar work is best experienced with headphones and/or in the dark.

"Standing On the Moon" is an anti-war ballad by Jerry. While having the same sound as "Black Muddy River" or "Brokedown Palace", the song hasn't ended

up as an encore. More often than not, it has closed first sets by following "Victim or the Crime." Jerry sings about standing on the lunar surface where vision's shrewd and talk is cheap watching opposing armies kill each other off. A subtle yet powerful tale that quiets a concert audience.

"Blow Away" opens side two. Of all the songs on the album, this is the one that loses the most in the transfer from concert to studio. It could best be described as Brent's "Lovelight" live as he tends to lead the band off on some wild jams. The album version is charged up but can't compare to the live version.

"Picasso Moon" made its concert debut this spring and is Bob's first new song in quite a while. Perhaps I need to hear it in concert to change my mind but it's the weakest song on the album. The song seems to be written more for studio than stage with its tight chorus and melody. While the rest of the songs easily converted to live performance, "Picasso Moon" appears to be designed for radio airplay.

"Built to Last", a Jerry tune, almost suffers from the same problems as "Picasso Man" in being studio oriented. Its advantage is that the song is more laid back than "Picasso Man". It has a slower pace and offers advice, telling the listener not to give up.

The gem of the album is "I Will Take You Home", a nice little lullaby featuring Brent and his piano backed by a string section. A

memorable lilting quality is established at the song's beginning through the winding of a music box.

"I Will Take You Home" is also the shortest of the album's songs, clocking in at 3:45. None of the other titles clock in at less than five minutes with "Victim or the Crime" lasting over seven and a half minutes.

Overall, **Built To Last** is a strong album. The fact that it may not be as commercially popular as its predecessor **In The Dark** may be an advantage to the multitudes of Deadheads that follow the band on tour. The increased popularity of the band also led to the increase of problems on tour for fans. A confrontation with arrests in Pittsburgh this spring and alleged beatings by Meadowlands security last month made one wonder if people are listening to the band's message. As Jerry sings on the album, "Look for something built to last."

Hopefully the band will endure the current rash of problems rather than take a hiatus like they did in '75. Producing an album like **Built To Last** earns them a break from touring. On the other hand, it would be nice to see them at Stony Brook next year to celebrate the 20th anniversary of their last appearance here. Hopefully tour problems will be sorted out by then. In the meantime, purchase **Built To Last** and enjoy.