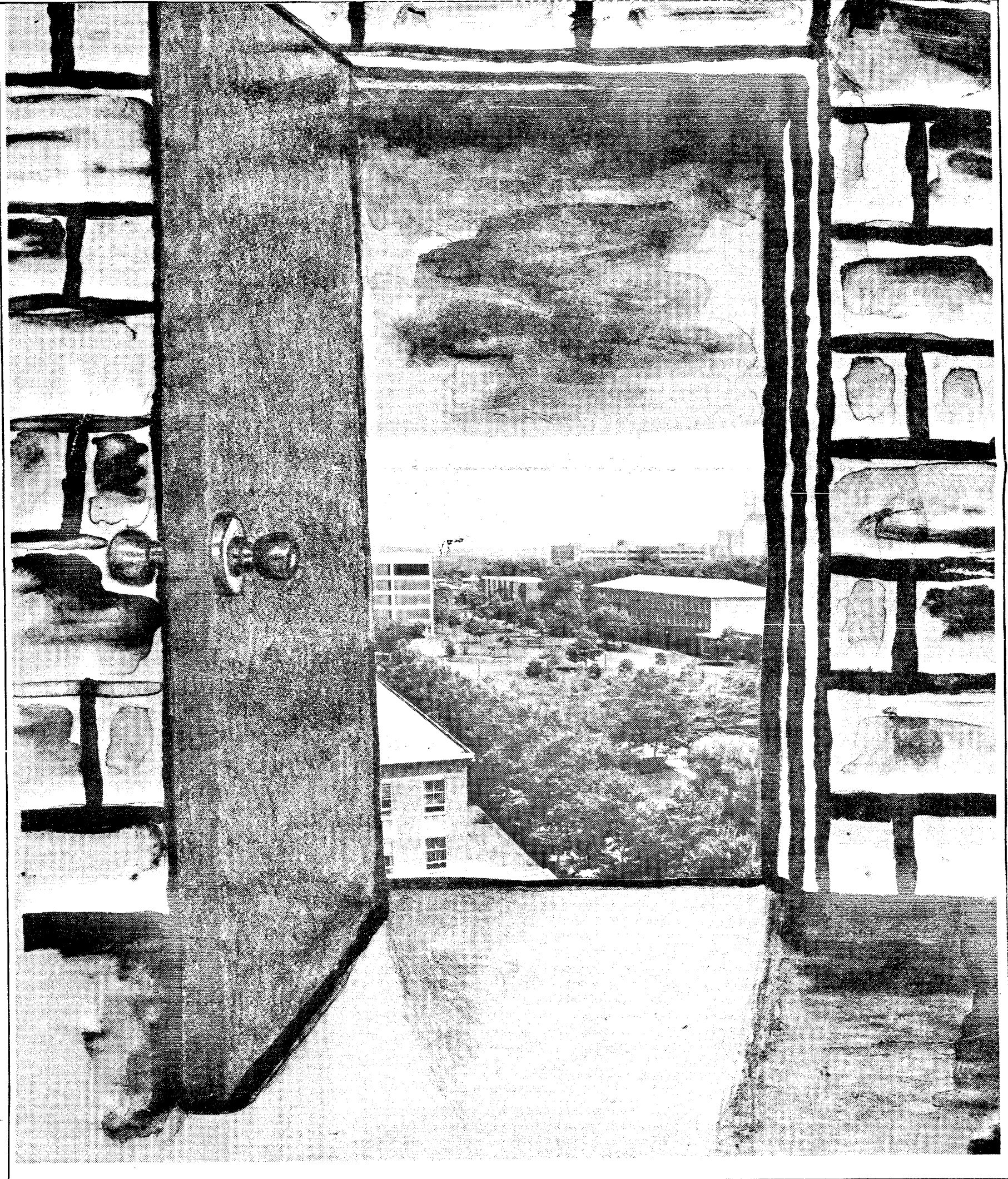


**THE
STONY
BROOK**

PRESS

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FROM BEER TO CABERNET: THE BARS OF STONY BROOK

by Stuart Harrad

For those over 21s either commencing or resuming their USB careers, the problem of where to have a drink in a pleasant environment is a perennial one. Given this, the following is intended to provide some kind of guide to local bars, all of which are either within walking distance of campus or can be reached via public transport: viz the LIRR and buses S60 and S69. In addition, last semester saw an experimental late night Union sponsored bus service. No details of its fate are currently available but you should keep your eyes open for the resumption of this much-needed service.

END OF THE BRIDGE (EOB)

This ever-so-imaginatively christened watering-hole enjoys one major advantage it's the only bar on the Stony Brook campus. In spite of this, as if the owners had altruistically decided to give their competitors a fair chance, the EOB has contrived to render itself singularly unattractive to the student population-I once heard it referred to as "The End of the World". Basically no amount of glitzy decor can mask the fact that the EOB fails to fulfil the basic function of a campus bar, i.e. that of providing cheap drinks and food in a friendly and informal atmosphere. Despite this, it's worth a visit if you're stuck on campus and the Thursday night discos (for which there's usually a not-too-extortionate cover) are worth investigating. The food isn't bad either, though not especially cheap.

THE PARK BENCH

The "Dark Stench" is located on 25A close to Stony Brook rail station. The decor is similar to that of the EOB and the two have other common features, notably the price and quality of both the beer and food. You should expect to pay \$2 for Bud and \$3 for Bass on tap, whilst bottled beers range from \$3 to \$3.50 for imports and \$2 for domestic brews. Foodwise, the Chilliburgers are reputed to be excellent, though a personal experience with Nachos and cheese wasn't a gastronomic highpoint. For those seeking entertainment along with their refreshment, The Park Bench tries hard to please. Trivia-lovers may wish to try their hand at the nightly "Countdown" computer quiz games, where the Bench's clientele pit their wits against punters in some 200 other bars throughout the Eastern US and Canada. Don't expect anything too intellectual though; a set of questions billed as concerning "Arts and Literature" turned out to be nothing more than an in-depth study of the Kama Sutra. The Bench also provides other entertainment, ranging from Karaoke (lip-synching) nights to more conventional discos. A recent innovation is a Ladies Night on Thursdays, when women drink free champagne and presumably have a wonderful time. I'm told the 7-11 checkout girls never miss it, and who am I to argue!

THE CHECKMATE INN

Lurking at the corner of Hay Path and North Country Road (travelling toward Port Jefferson on

25A, turn left onto N. Country Rd.), the Checkmate is amongst the cheapest bars in the USB locality. Bud and Watneys are available on tap for \$1 and \$1.50 respectively and there's a good selection of domestic and import bottles for \$2 to \$2.50. If you like to imbibe amidst luxurious surroundings however, the Checkmate is not the place for you. Food, other than beer nuts and pretzels is not available; so stock up on comestibles before an extended visit. On the plus side, the Checkmate promotes local bands and musicians on a fairly regular basis; those I've witnessed have been of a good, if not inspired standard and there's rarely a cover. The jukebox is also worth checking out. Other recreational activities include darts, chess and volleyball, which is played outside on the grass on warmer nights.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

Some 50 yards off Main Street (on the right hand side coming away from the harbour) in Port Jefferson village, the Printer's Devil mimics an Irish/British pub with a fair degree of success and provides good, if sometimes over-priced cuisine. Watneys, Harp and Guinness are offered on tap at \$3.25 a pint, along with a fairly standard selection of bottled beers priced in the \$2.50 to \$2.75 range. For those preferring their alcohol in a different form, the Printer's Devil sells house wine at \$2.75 a glass and this, and a range of other, presumably more expensive wines are sold by the half and full carafe also. Budget diners will likely be less than impressed with the entrees, which range from \$5.50 (for omelettes) to \$16.50 (Filet Mignon) and may be inclined to stick with the burgers, which at \$5.50 to \$5.95 look pretty good value. Not a bad place for a quiet drink and a medium-priced meal, but a lack of other entertainment reduces its attractiveness somewhat.

TARA'S

What can I say? Situated on Main Street in Port Jefferson Station just 2 minutes walk north of the rail tracks, Tara's has probably consumed close on 5% of my income over the past 9 months. The precise attraction of this hostelry is hard to pinpoint however. The beer is good, though pricey with tap prices ranging from \$2.25 a pint for Bud to \$4 a pint for Guinness and bottles going for \$2 to \$2.50 apiece, whilst the food, though basic, is excellent value - the bacon cheeseburgers at \$2 and whole (though somewhat diminutive) lobster with salad and fries for \$5 constitute a staple diet for many. In addition, there's a rather mediocre CD jukebox along with a well-used pool table, darts, foosball and various video-games. What really makes Tara's so popular though, is the open and friendly nature of both the staff and patrons - if you can't make friends here, you're in trouble. Highly recommended.

MURPHY'S

You can find this pleasantly seedy joint (the terms aren't necessarily mutually exclusive) just 3 minutes walk from Tara's on the other side of the

railroad. Like Tara's, people here are rarely unfriendly, though unlike Tara's, it's not a common USB haunt. The beer is reasonable, both in quality and price (\$3 per pint for tap Bud, Bass and Watneys and \$2 to \$2.50 for bottles) but food is not on offer, though copious quantities of heavily salted popcorn will miraculously materialise should you appear on the verge of slaking your raging thirst. There's several TVs should you wish to monitor yet another Yankee defeat over a consoling brew, plus pinball, foosball and pool tables, at which Port Jefferson's only one-armed pool shark is often to be found. Murphy's is something of an acquired taste, but I'd certainly recommend giving it a try. After all, any bar that opens at 8am can't be all bad.

OTHER BARS

In conclusion, it should be noted that the above is a personal and by no means definitive guide to bars in the USB area. Neither is it exhaustive, both Port Jefferson Village and Station boast a fair number of alternative drinking dens not over-frequented by myself but which some of you will doubtless find time to explore in the months ahead. Most notable amongst these are Billie's - for food - and JK's - for dancing.

Happy and safe drinking!

When you party
remember to...



Don't get wrecked. If you're not sober—
or you're not sure—
let someone else do the driving.

A message provided by this newspaper
and Beer Drinkers of America



**BEER DRINKERS
OF AMERICA**
PARTY • SMART
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150 Paularino Ave., Suite 190
Costa Mesa, CA 92626
714/557-2337
1-800-441-2337

Beer Drinkers of America is a non-profit consumer membership
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Stomach Life

by Yves Bertran Alvarez

Imagine the sensation of making love in the cheese room of a mythical restaurant to the rhythm of a knife chopping vegetables on a wood board. How do people react upon seeing a kitchen that looks like a cathedral, where the kitchen boy sings an operatic aria while washing gold dishes? (The cook, the thief, his wife and her lover, by Peter Greenway.) Is there a more extravagant way to commit suicide than by eating until you basically explode? (The meaning of life, by the Monty Python team, or La grande bouffe, by Marco Ferreri.) If you decide to die by overdose, why not food instead of cocaine or valium?

I get the impression that in general people apply less pleasure to their mouths than to other organs such as ears, eyes, or... well, you know what I mean. Why is it like that? Why should one of our most basic biological functions be totally boring and mechanical? I guess people must have a tendency to think that we are less sensitive in this part of the body, and that swallowing things to bring the necessary energy to do much more interesting things is a waste of time. To the contrary, lunch time should be a privileged moment to let your brains rest and treat your taste buds with some enjoyable solids and liquids. Be kind to your palate! If you are a fan of baroque music, you don't damage your aural system by going to see a heavy-metal band.

...show me what you eat (and how you eat it!) and I will tell you how you make love...

Station Pizza

OK, OK, I know that you are busy people who can't spend that much time and money on all that decadent atmosphere, but still, you have to eat sometime!... And even in terms of fast food, you can make a selection. It is not necessary to go to a place that will make you sick for the rest of your day. Getting good food should be like any other major goal in life, a relentless search for perfection (have I seen that somewhere else?). For instance, if you are in a rush (if you are really in a hurry, don't eat at all, it will keep your brains sharp for a while), and you want to take a short lunch break, walk to Stony Brook station, and go to **Station Pizza** (in the small mall next to the Park Bench). Once you close the door behind you, you don't have to worry any more, Donald will take care of you with his very Italian frankness. The place is pretty small and always extremely busy, but the service is ultra-fast. If you tell him that you are French, he will invariably tell you that one of his uncles owns a really fancy place in Paris, but at a different address every time...

The pizzas are really something, especially the white ones (four cheeses), which I enjoy most, and also the stuffed deluxe (well named) in which you can find approximately everything on earth that can be eaten, and fills you up for about a week. If you are extremely poor, for a quarter you can have one of those delicious garlic knots which are simply a ball of pizza paste with some garlic and oregano. They are also a great idea for a party (order them in advance). It is definitely the fastest and tastiest things to do on a stressing day.

In Stony Brook station you should also keep an eye on the Purple Plum, which is now closed, and might reopen one of these days. This health-food-quality deli makes excellent quiches and all kinds of Greek and continental dishes, and even if the prices are a step higher it is worth trying some of their homemade dishes.

Pasta Viola

Food is also a question of mood, and it is certainly true that you don't want to eat every day at the same place or every day the same food. Listening to Sinatra makes me feel like drinking a martini, although at a Revolting Cocks show (see Jaz Trader's paper in this issue) I would rather go for a Red Death. Some of those moods will be very special, and you might be looking for a restaurant which will fit perfectly (remember that we are in search of perfection...). So this is no time for indecision, you are having a wonderful time with your companion, and you have definitely decided to extend this moment regardless to how much you have in your pocket, since you are using your credit card tonight.

On top of this, you want the food to be surprising, maybe because you also want to surprise him or her, and unconsciously you have decided to test her or him: show me what you eat (and how you eat it!) and I will tell you how you make love... But anyway, you want everything to be smooth, like a sweet caress for your palate. All of the dishes have to be like a little space time trip to somewhere you would dream of visiting. Then you are ready to go to the **Pasta Viola** (mall of Stony Brook village) managed by Kris Kennen.

In the Kitchen, Kris and his team realize this delicious alchemy which gives birth to a continental cuisine that makes my tongue salivate as I am writing down these lines. The atmosphere is rather quiet and nice (with a tendency to be pretty crowded on week ends), perfect for whispering things to your friend, and service is very efficient; so efficient that sometimes you wish to be hidden in a corner of the restaurant. What can I say about the food? the names of the dishes will talk by themselves: stuffed pasta in a perfect brandy creamy sauce, beaked salmon in vegetables, marinated mozzarella salad, all this with a real good selection of french, italian and american wines. I would specially the italian chiantis which are affordable and bring some sun in your dinner. Plus, of course an excellent chocolate dessert that melts in your mouth and makes you melt at the same time (what a mess!).

Landing back to earth for the check was indeed a little bit tough, but the first that comes to your mind is something like "It could have been worse...", specially when you see the smile of satisfaction on the face of your companion (but remember: "I can't get no..."). Should I go into details? everything above including the wine was about \$70, the dishes between 11 and 15, and if this above what you will ever be able to afford, try one their salads at lunch (\$ 9-13), it is still Pasta Viola magic!

Mirabelle

Another temple of the great cuisine is **Mirabelle**, run by the french chef Guy Rouge (alias "Rackam le Rouge"?). Having dinner there is like if all of a sudden you were born in Orleans, France, and like an extraterrestrial being, every cell of your body would experience pleasure.

Mirabelle is where cuisine reaches the level of any other art like painting, sex, music or dance. Everything is different at **Mirabelle**, even the air. Before you start, your mouth is being prepared with a mirabelle champagne cocktail. Then a salmon mousse and toasts arrive on the table from the sky, while your waiting for your dishes. You don't know what to expect later, since you think you are already in heaven. No, you are only half way up... You start thinking that gods will never forgive you for having eaten in their plates, and angels turn green with envy; your whole body is lost: should I go down to hell or up to paradise?

Until the end the suspense remains the same. You go through the sea food borch, the lamb salad, without finding any answer. Should I move now to Orleans (Guy Rouge is from Orleans)? Then comes the vanilla lobster cooked in tin foil. Should I marry the waitress? And at the end you reach the top with the hot Hazelnut souffle. When you ask for the addition it is not a landing it is a crash (\$150, wine and cognac at the included), but do you many know many other thing that make your head spin like that? (apart from...).

Tofu

But let's come back to everyday's life. There plenty of affordable restaurants around here and sometimes it is worth taking the car, driving even twenty minutes and discovering hidden places around. I will recommend a last one on portion road (take Nicholl's road south, and exit road 16 east, it is one mile after this turn) named **Tofu** (a basic of chinese food), offering high quality chinese and japanese food. The very oriental service is definitely the best, and if you are fond of sushi-sashimi combinations it is probably the best place to go, and it is really affordable (approximately \$10 for a combination plate). If you go for chinese food you should rather have the spicy one which I find much more authentic.

That's it! And remember: a relentless search of perfection! And above everything: **BON APPETIT!!**

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VOTED #1 In the Three Village Area.

The Tom-Tom of War

The military build-up in the Middle East has diverted public attention away from other international and domestic issues. Of course the situation in the Mid-east should be at the forefront of the media. But what is unusual is that it appears to be the only thing in the media. The Savings and Loan bail-out has all but disappeared, the federal deficit and the weak economy are under the covers and the reuniting of Germany is back page news. After a long, relatively boring summer, things are really hopping.

Although the crisis in the sand is far from any sort of conclusion, there are many issues that have been brought to light. The facts stripped bare by her bachelors show Uncle Sugar to be far more interested in oil than in human rights (e.g., the U.S. looking the other way as Hussein gassed 5000 kurds) or the sovereign rights of independent nations (e.g., the U.S. looking the other way when Israel occupies Lebanon).

When the country begins tipping towards a recession things get hot in the White House. With the stock-market plummeting, blame is now being placed on the rising price of oil or general anxiety due to the Mid-east situation. The economy is affected by events in Kuwait, but it should be kept in mind that everything cannot be blamed on

Hussein and that there are many issues presently at hand.

Politicians will be politicians. They are in the business of making grandstand plays. Senator D'Amato's call for a pre-emptive strike on Iraq is a potentially costly attempt to improve his faltering image. After a poor showing in the recent past, the HUD fiasco for example, the man hops on a wagon that has general approval (the U.S. involvement in Saudi Arabia) and pushes it to the point of suggesting an offensive action to put himself on the top of the heap. To what extent will a politician wreak havoc to support himself? There is no limit as witnessed by the pandering of emotions on the part of Anti-flag burning politicians at the expense of the civil liberties of their constituents.

What has long been seen as undesirable dependence on Mid-eastern oil now becomes visible in stark relief. It is not a problem of uncomfortable financial dealings, but a matter of war. The search for alternative energy seems to have found a solution on the battlefield.

It will prove to be interesting to see how the university community approaches these issues as people return to Stony Brook this week.

The Stony Brook Press

For this summer and the beginning of the fall, a temporary team assumes the cumulative responsibilities of the different elected officers.

News and Features: Fred Mayer, Stuart Harrad, Laura Rosenberger, Jean Rousseau, Walter Schneider

Arts: Yves Bertran Alvarez, Robert H. Gillheany, Eric Penzer, Jaz Trader

Graphics: Don Fick, Rick Teng

Production: Don Fick, Fletcher Johnson, Fred Mayer, Jean Rousseau, Julie Stock, Irl Strauss, Rick Teng

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Letters

To the Editor:

I feel an obligation to respond to the summer issue of the Stony Brook Press, it being sexist and indicative of the ever descending quality of our campus papers.

The woman on the cover was the stereotypical image of a woman constructed and intended to be fawned over by straight males nationwide, although this less than coincidentally redundant and insensitive image was irrelevant to the censorship issue in the context of the cover. Once again we are bombarded with the white, long and light-haired, thin woman portrayal -- full, pouting lips and all. It is a portrayal that has saturated the media of our culture so well that one can easily be deceived that it accurately and fairly represents women (as though it even should), which it does not nor should it. All in all, the cover

presents a sickly American fantasy that needs to be cured, and moreover, withdrawn from the cover in the editorial process if we are at all concerned with the women's liberation. It is one thing to censor, and quite another to self-determine the relevancy, the taste, and the impact such image perpetuation has on us. Is the sexuality of the cover relevant to the message, or is it merely gratuitous desirability commonly attributed in our culture to the idea of "woman" in general, and to this image of women in particular?

Although I believe we all have a personal responsibility to constantly oppose the sexist imagery that is so prevalent to our media, including such "alternative" and "community" papers as the Press, this is not so much an attack on this individual artist so much as it was on the ideas we are fed -- and maybe someday fed up with. This cover was yet another

reminder of the trash that stands in the path of the feminist movement, and of human dignity. How it was determined to be the cover when the editorial on page 4 condemned the "major media" for legitimizing "domination" I'll never know. If that isn't hypocrisy I don't know what is.

-Chris DeVecchio
Red Balloon Collective

Reply

I was influenced by Sears & Roebuck catalog's bra section. My mind is seriously altered by the temperament of the media. Voluptuous and erotic bodies crowd the screen or pages. Sex is sucked into the eyes that were once innocent. I see people who are obviously influenced by sex in the media.

The persistent images of sexuality in our society are now

even more magnified to an intensity of utter explicitness in clothing, attitude, art and film. It has easily and acutely slid its way into the never-ending stream of topics in casual conversations (it's cool to talk about sex). There seems to be no escape from this media-triggered narcissistic inclination.

In turn, I too am affected by it mentally and emotionally. Tapping at the tip of my conscious head, sex and the idea of sex squirm their way into my feelings. I have little choice but to define this as a reality because feeling is a reality. I am absorbed by the deceived images of beauty (Beauty in its purest form constitutes a sense of truth -- Sex is made up of lies).

The mind is irreversibly influenced. As a result, out came the cover image from my head (but still in a clearly restricted way). I could have

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Vaccines are noneffective

by Kevin Feller

Today there is much question over the need to vaccinate people to supposedly make them "immune" to certain diseases. As Ethyl Douglas Hume wrote in her book Bechamp or Pasteur (1923), "The whole theory [of vaccination] is rooted in a belief in the immunity conferred by a non-fatal attack of a disease. The idea arises from a habit of regarding a disease as an entity, a definite thing, instead of a disordered condition due to complex causes..."

Vaccines are derived from, and contain, cells from sickened animals (calf lymph, monkey kidney, chick embryo,

etc.) human fetus tissue, viruses, heavy metals (mercury, aluminium), antibiotics and a host of chemical propellants and solutions (formaldehyde being one of them). All of these substances are toxic to humans. Putting these substances into the body is insane. Injecting foreign matter into the bloodstream can cause diseases of the blood, brain, nerves, and skin (cancer, leukemia, MS, arthritis, immune deficiency) and death. Moreover, vaccines are not effective.

The best way to strengthen your immune system is by staying in good health by eating well, taking vitamin supplements [if necessary], and

keeping yourself fit and limber. There are nutritionists, chiropractors, masseuses and fitness trainers that can help you. Certainly everyone should get their spines checked for vertebral subluxations by a doctor of chiropractic. For when there are subluxations in your spine, your body cannot communicate with your brain properly & vice versa. The body has an innate ability to deal with most diseases effectively, but can only do so if everything is functioning properly [if there are no vertebral subluxations in the spine] and if it is properly fed.

There is no need for vaccination if one keeps oneself in good health. The practice of vaccination is dangerous,

unscientific, and unnecessary. There are many ways to be legally exempt from vaccination for school admission in New York. Mainly, you can be exempt for religious reasons or medical reasons. For further information on vaccination and exemption write

The Deep Ecology Group
c/o Student Polity
Student Union at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794

or send SASE to:

The Vaccination Alternative
Center
P.O. Box 345
New York, NY 10023

Kevin Feller, the heretic

by Jean Rousseau

Kevin Feller affirms in his viewpoint that "the practice of vaccination is dangerous, unscientific, and unnecessary." A bold statement backed only by a reference dating from 1923. To circumvent this supposed evil, Kevin Feller's solution is to stay healthy and of utmost importance, he suggests that you should have your spine checked by a chiropractor so you can be sure that your brain and body communicate properly. It is rather scary to imagine a body having a life of its own, wandering in the world without complete access to the will of the mind.

This attack against vaccination's usefulness warrants reply because Kevin Feller becomes socially irresponsible

and dangerous when he urges people to be exempted from vaccination. His ignorance of epidemiological studies that demonstrate that vaccines are effective to prevent a broad range of diseases and infections, is unforgivable. Cases of smallpox, an ancient, deadly, and incurable disease, have not been reported for the last ten years after intensive vaccination campaigns. Polio no longer cripples children for life due to the widespread use of a vaccine.

Most vaccines are made from attenuated viruses or bacteria whose pathogenic properties have been neutralized, but still possess the antigens or specific molecules common to the original virus or bacteria. Once injected in an individual, the vaccine elicits a

reaction of the immune system which produces antibodies that react with the antigens to destroy or counteract this foreign aggression. The immune system has the capability to "remember" the structure of these specific antibodies and is able to produce them more rapidly on facing a real infection.

Vaccines can contain some chemical compounds, but there is no reason to panic. Problems can arise from the presence of these elements only if their amount is beyond a certain quantity, defined as the toxic level. This is a point that Feller does not address. Low doses of vitamin C are safe but if you ingest 20 kilos a day you may get sick. Naturally occurring chemical molecules are indistinguishable from the ones synthesized in a laboratory. Even a chemical compound that has no equivalent in nature does not hurt because it is "unnatural". For products such as vaccines, numerous tests have to be performed to determine their efficiency and nontoxicity, in order to avoid disastrous side effects and the costly lawsuits that could result.

Kevin Feller rightly asserts that you can be exempted from vaccination for religious motives. Nevertheless, consider that this summer there was an outbreak of measles at the University hospital. Measles is often a severe disease, frequently complicated by middle ear infection or bronchopneumonia. According to the Centers for Disease Control of Atlanta, "Encephalitis occurs in approximately one of every 1000 reported measles cases; survivors of this complication often have permanent brain damage and mental retardation. Death, usually from respiratory and neurologic causes, occurs in one of every 1000 reported cases. The risk of death is greater for infants and adults

than for children and adolescents." With religious exemption you would have been required to leave the hospital for fourteen days until the last outbreak. On campus the same policy would be applied.

A new measles law in New York State requires all new freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors and graduate students born after 1957 to show adequate proof of vaccinations against measles, mumps and rubella after age one. Without a signed documentation of proof of immunity against each disease, you will not be able to preregister for Spring term. More specifically, the proof of immunity from measles must contain one of the following elements: 1) two measles vaccines after January 1968 or 2) a history of disease or 3) a blood titer, showing immunity; for mumps you must show that you have either: 1) received one mumps vaccine after January 1969 or 2) a history of disease or 3) a blood titer showing immunity; and for rubella, you need: 1) one rubella vaccine after January 1969 or 2) a blood titer showing immunity. For rubella, a history of having had this disease is not an acceptable proof of immunity.

Staying in good health is not enough to protect you from getting a disease, as we all have experienced. A chiropractor will help you with your back problems but it cannot treat any major sickness. Some people claim that chiropractors can heal insulin dependent diabetes patients by having their spine massaged. Be warned, they could die. We are further told to contact the Deep Ecology Group for further information on vaccination. Guess what? Feller is in charge of the Deep Ecology Group. The only problem is that Feller has run his club so badly

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Letters

suppressed my freedom of expression and drew something that confined within a social sanction -- harmless and conventional. That would have inhibited me. The only way to gain an edge of freedom is to become uninhibited in expression.

I achieve this goal by setting my mind free. When this happens, my suppressions are released. Out flow the influences picked up from the media. The media certainly controls all aspects of life, such as the things that we see and hear, as well as what we think and how we think. The media controls our mind.

Sex is strongly suggested, directly or indirectly in the media. As previously stated, sex carries me on an emotional trip that cruises head-on into reality. It is (not to mention violence) almost forcibly imbedded into my mind.

If you should allow your mind to flow out, a lot of negative views and trashy thoughts will reach the surface, because the mind is full of it.

Furthermore, who is the woman? Who is this half-naked female feeding the mass of people? Maybe she is the United States. She is feeding the people with the milk of love, or fornication. We can go either way. The open breast is the media. The other breast is censored. This covered breast contains the true freedom of expression considered dangerous to society. We, as infants, cannot be fed by it. We will starve. So we end up right back in line for the open breast.

The woman has her eyes closed. She may be sleeping. She may be eyeing the crowd. She may also be a victim who is being sucked dry by people such as you and me...

Rick Teng

Feller, con't

and alienated so many people that Polity, the undergraduate student organization, will very likely not renew the funding of his group.

Regardless of Fellers' opinions, vaccinations are a proven "scientific" method of preventing many dangerous viral and bacterial diseases. It is highly

recommended that you be vaccinated against measles, mumps and rubella. It would be a costly decision not to do so.

Eros, sexual counseling

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 your questions to our office or to the **Press** office, room 020, Central Hall. EROS is located in RM 119 in the infirmary. Stop by or call 632-6450.



Dear EROS,

A few weeks ago my boyfriend and I were worried that I had a sexual disease. So I went to the doctor and he diagnosed H. V. Vaginitis, and said I probably got it just from being tired and run down. I took all the antibiotics he gave me, but now I have the symptoms again. What's going on?

- In the Dark

Dear In the Dark,

Many forms of vaginal infection are caused by a general lowered resistance of the woman's body (i.e. stress, lack of sleep, poor diet, etc.) BUT even most of these infections can be transmitted sexually. Therefore, as with all sexually transmitted diseases, **it is essential that the sexual partner also be treated**, even if the partner is without symptoms. This is what is known as "ping-ponging," because you and your partner can reinfect each other over and over again if one of you are sexually active, perhaps your partner was not treated also. Return to your doctor and ask him about this and other possibilities as to why your symptoms recurred so as to avoid future infections.

Dear EROS,

I have a question to ask you about condoms. I know you can just buy them in a drug store and that they are cheap, but is there a correct way they should be worn?

- Curious George

Dear Curious George,

That is a good question, and YES, there is a correct way a condom should be worn. The condom should be put on after the penis is erect, but before there is any genital contact with your partner. This is because sperm can leak out long before a man comes. When putting on a condom leave about half an inch space at the tip. Be careful as you roll the condom down to push out any air bubbles. Air bubbles can cause breakage.

Immediately after ejaculation the man should grasp the base of the condom (around the base of the penis) and withdraw the penis from the vagina. Check the condom before you throw it away to make sure there are no rips or tears.

Remember, condoms and foams should be used together; This combined method is almost 100% effective form of birth control.

-EROS

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WUSB

WUSB TOP 35

1. Sonic Youth
2. Pixies
3. Dread Zeppelin
4. Shonen Knife
5. Breeders
6. Psychick T.V.
7. Public Enemy
8. Consolidated
9. Neville Brothers
10. Norman Bates and The Showerheads
11. Devo
12. Yo La Tengo
13. Six and Violence
14. X-Clan
15. Perfect Disaster
16. Boogie Down Productions
17. Luna Chicks
18. Ultra Vivid Seeene
19. Boot Sauce
20. Plato Banton
21. Intelligent Hoodlum
22. Kim Rogers
23. Dwarves
24. Stone Roses
25. Shinehead
26. Jane's Addiction
27. Ginger Baker
28. Decadent Dub Team
29. Clock DVA
30. Charlatains
31. Legendary Pinkdots
32. Was Not Here
33. A Split Second
34. Sonic Boom
35. Origin

Long Island Rocks For Justin

by Eric Penzer

In recent years, musicians world-wide have donated their time, money, and even the rights to their songs to benefit certain causes. Recently, Long Island musicians contributed their time to raise money for a sick infant. The event was "The Justin Rock Concert". This 10 hour benefit took place at Bayshore's "Sundance" on August 19. Not only did the show raise money for a good cause, it proved to be a great concert to boot.

The story begins with Justin, a 17 month old boy, who suffers from a congenital heart condition. In September, Justin is scheduled for his fifth costly open heart surgical procedure. To make matters worse, his father is now out of work. Enter Harvey Cohen. Mr. Cohen, who specializes in putting together concerts, overheard Justin's Aunt Jane talking to somebody at a local pancake house. He decided he wanted to help the infant, and "made a few phone calls", as he put it. The effort yielded the first benefit concert for Justin, at "C.P.I." Although the event was profitable, Justin's surgery proved overwhelmingly expensive. The Sundance benefit was then planned. Many Long Island bands sent tapes, and ten were eventually selected.

All the bands played particularly well, but some stood out above the rest. The first band of the day was *Track 1 AB*. This all original trio played solid rock with a new-wave edge. Providing the solid, yet interesting, rhythms was drummer Rich Ramirez. He, along with bassist Dean Midulla, kept up a beat that most larger bands are unable to sustain. The vocals were provided by guitarist Christopher. Although this band played mostly rock, the evening also featured other types of music.

Of the Heavy Metal bands that played at "The Justin Rock Concert", one stood out as particularly good. The band was *Fallout*. They sounded as good as any metal band I've ever heard on the radio. Although *Fallout* is already one of the most highly respected Long Island metal bands, their professional stage show, spectacular appearance, and high quality music makes me feel that it will not be too long until this band is known nationwide.

Also noteworthy was Kerridan. Their sound was best described by manager Ken Faber as, "mainstream, hard-edged rock". Kerridan is also gaining attention as one of the finest rock outfits on the Island.

Perhaps the only complaint that one could have had with this concert was that the sound was not as good as other events at "Sundance". This was probably due to the fact that 10 bands had to play in just under 10 hours, leaving little room for adequate soundchecks. This problem not only disturbed the audience, but many bandmembers. Although *Fallout* singer Richie O. seemed especially bothered by the poor sound, after the band's set, he explained that we should think, not of the below par sound, but the cause they were all here to further. Similar remarks were made from the stage by other bands. The music was good, but nobody was allowed to forget why they were here. Morale was high. As Justin's Aunt Jane told me, there are a lot of good people in the world.



Ella quisiera preparar sus propios impuestos, pero se le hace difícil hasta agarrar un lápiz.

Sin su ayuda, quizás no pueda hacerlo.

Casi todo el mundo tiene que presentar la declaración de impuestos pero no todos la pueden preparar por sí mismos. Hágase voluntario y ayudará a otra persona a quitarse un peso de encima. Llame al 1 800 424-1040.

Un Servicio Público de esta Publicación y del



Imperialism and the National Security State

by Fred Mayer

Author's note: This essay is dedicated to the freshman class.

There is no small amount of irony in the fact that while many in the west have recently cackled - in the wake of the fallen Berlin Wall - about the "End of History," what we were actually experiencing were the last few moments before a collision with disaster. The magnitude of the events which have unfolded since August 2nd, when Saddam Hussein's troops invaded Kuwait, is only slowly sinking in for a public which, since that day, has been fed wildly contorted representations of reality by both the Bush administration and the network tube-meisters.

A staggering array of death-dealing technology, including "conventional", chemical, and nuclear weaponry, has been deployed on land, at sea, and in the air. On one side of the "line in the sand" in the Middle East are one million Iraqi troops, while on the other side (as of this writing) it is generally agreed there are approximately 40,000 American troops, with 60,000 more on the way. We can't be certain, because the "defense" department refuses to inform American people as to the extent of their country's involvement. Adding to these totals are troops (and arms) from a number of allied nations who are joining us in the desert heat.

Operation Domestic Shield

President Bush speaks in firm tones, conveying a sense of command and control. He wants us to understand that there is no need to be alarmed, after all, "we are not at war." But one wonders why then - four weeks after Iraq's attack - are we still pouring tens of thousands of troops into Saudi Arabia? The answer: To "deter" an attack on Saudi Arabian territory. I guess the logic goes something like this: Saddam Hussein would prefer to wait until U.S. forces build up to a high enough level before he attacks... otherwise, how can one explain the fact that his troops have been deployed in defensive configurations, away from the Kuwait border, for weeks?

There are other questions which also make us wonder: Why did the president, as reported in Newsweek, sign an intelligence "finding" authorizing the CIA to do whatever possible (i.e., covert operations) to destabilize Iraq politically and topple Saddam by any means short of killing him? Why was this done when economic sanctions put in place by the United Nations had not been in effect for even a single week?

But of course, let's not kid ourselves. Everyone knows (wink, wink) that what's really important in this ball-game is the black gold, Texas tea, you know... the crude, the good stuff. Black goo has been referred to with the help of many lofty euphemisms pulled out of the hat by numerous officials and analysts. These include "our way of life", "our strategic interests," "the world's vital interests," etc., etc.. One week after the crisis began, it was none other than Tom Wicker who reminded us in the *Times* that "any threat to oil supplies and prices invokes the

common and vital interest of many nations." He reinforced this point by stating that "if sanctions don't produce the desired results, military action is next." Some pundits are somewhat less delicate. Karen House, a writer for the *Wall Street Journal*, aptly captured the essential priorities held by our nation's vested interests when she stated, during a MacNeil-Lehrer roundtable, that "the best thing we can do is ignore the hostages." How important could they be next to 200 million Americans and their cars?

A few media figures, including ABC's Sam Donaldson, have had the temerity to question whether access to "our" oil is in fact worth the blood we seem prepared to spill. The cynicism which this question has uncovered is breathtaking. Some of our leaders cannot even respond with logical (let alone moral) replies, as is illustrated by the following exchange between a reporter and our Secretary of Defense:

CNN Reporter: "Mr. Secretary, why should a sailor, marine, soldier, or air man die for an Arab oil well?"

Dick Cheney: "They're not involved in this for Arab oil wells, Bernie. We're involved in this because, in fact, the United States has some strategic interest in that part of the world, that strategic interest in addition to our relationships with a number of governments there, such as the Saudi's, also has to do with the fact of the nation's, the world's energy supply, and a significant part of the U.S. energy supply, coming out of the Persian Gulf. Er, the fact of the matter is that the reliance, not just of the United States, but of the entire world economy, on that particular spot on the globe is enormous and will continue to grow in the years ahead. You cannot afford to have a man like Saddam Hussein in possession of those fields."

In an age of refined double-speak, this is pretty shabby stuff, I must say. What is disturbing here is not that the man in charge of "defense" would foul the air with such obvious bullshit. After all, we've been through the Nixon experience, and we've grown to expect the worst. What is disturbing now is that there is no response... one gets the impression that our nation is full of TV viewers suffering from acute brain-death.

Nearly as nauseating is the often repeated assertion that our leaders are seriously interested in a peaceful settlement to the Gulf conflict. When asked, our leaders assure us that they would be happy to negotiate, but that Iraq must first unconditionally withdraw its troops from Kuwait and restore the dictatorial monarchy which rightfully belongs there - a return to the cherished "status quo ante." Historically, victors usually deliver these sorts of unconditional terms to nations which have suffered defeat in war. We are doing the same thing. The only difference is, we haven't fought the war yet. This aside, it must be awfully taxing to argue the case that we are serious about our diplomatic efforts when our Secretary of State, James Baker, remains (as of this writing) on vacation, in Wyoming.

Perhaps the most insidious misrepresentation foisted upon our nation by

bourgeois media institutions is the notion that Bush has the "overwhelming" support of the American people. Despite the fact that nearly one quarter of those polled so far do not endorse Bush's actions, we are told that support for U.S. troop movements is virtually "unanimous." I suppose we should have expected this (especially after our invasion of Panama). After all, ABC's Brit Hume told us on August 8th, after Bush announced the mobilization, that "the domestic political comment on this has been astonishing in its unanimity in support of what the president has done - from the far-right to the far-left." Perhaps what he meant to say was "from the Republicans to the Democrats," because we certainly have heard no significant voices of dissent from those political quarters. No political leaders have publicly questioned the propriety of moving so much military power without a clear declaration from Congress. Indeed, numerous congresspersons (including our very own Senator D'Amato) have chastised Bush for not carrying out a full-fledged military strike against Iraq, regardless of what Saddam does.

Our Constitution was never amended to authorize warlike actions by the U.S. without Congressional approval. No updates have been made to Article I, Section 8, clause 11: "The Congress shall have Power... To declare War..." No Democrat - not even Jesse Jackson - has openly debated the president's self-proclaimed authority to wield un-bounded force in a distant foreign land.

Alienation and Death

It is a mistake to think, even for a moment, that one really knows the true level of indifference, apathy, and disengagement which vast numbers of Americans function with every day. In May of this year, the Markle Commission on the Media and the Electorate reported that in September of 1988, half the voting-age public did not know that Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas was the Democratic running mate of Governor Dukakis. They also reported that a similar percentage of respondents didn't know which party had a majority in Congress.

The assumption that a true democracy can exist under such circumstances is highly questionable, to say the least. True democracy requires much more than just the right to vote. Democracy is a social process which requires informed citizens, open discussions, and political opposition. America in 1990 is sadly lacking in all three of these areas.

In the past, students have filled a crucial role in progressive societies by initiating political change, fighting against wars, furthering the struggle for freedom, and challenging the status quo. This assertion has been rather hard to defend for much of the last fifteen years. While substantial successes have flowed from the struggle against apartheid, this last decade has also seen a flight towards the superficial, a trendy brand of nihilism, and an unwarranted focusing on improved beer-ingestion technology.

In his soul-stirring video documentary, "Letter to the Next Generation," Jim Klein compared - with devastating clarity - today's



I was run over by the truth one day
Ever since the accident
I've walked this way
So stick my legs in plaster,
tell me lies about Vietnam

Heard the alarm clock screaming with pain
Couldn't find myself
so I went back to sleep again
So fill my ears with silver,
stick my legs in plaster,
tell me lies about Vietnam
Every time I shut my eyes
all I see is flames
Made the marble phone book
Carved all the names
So coat my eyes with butter,
fill my ears with silver,
stick my legs in plaster,
tell me lies about Vietnam

I smell something burning
Hope its just my brains
They're only dropping
peppermints and daisy-chains
So stuff my nose with garlic,
coat my eyes with butter,
fill my ears with silver,
stick my legs in plaster,
tell me lies about Vietnam

Where were you at the time of the crime?
Down by the senate house drinking slime
So chain my tongue with whiskey,
stuff my nose with garlic,
coat my eyes with butter,
fill my ears with silver,
stick my legs in plaster,
tell me lies about Vietnam

You put your bombers in
You put your conscience out
You take the human being
and you twist it all about
So scrub my skin with women,
chain my tongue with whiskey,
stuff my nose with garlic,
fill my ears with silver,
stick my legs in plaster,
tell me lies about Vietnam

- Adrian Mitchell
1967

student dynamics with those seen during the late 60s and early 70s. His most forceful observation was that television technology is perhaps the single most powerful influence on young people's vision of the world, and the role of the individual in it. Teenagers in the early and mid-60s were presented with an achieved vision of equal rights for blacks, the youthful vigor of President Kennedy, as well as unvarnished scenes of brutality transmitted from half-way around the world. They saw the outer reaches of the death-world, they saw the repressive middle-class aspirations which constituted our society, they saw the connection between the two, and they acted. Teenagers during the late 70s and early 80s saw "The Brady Bunch," "America held hostage" in Iran, and the first broadcasts of MTV.

It would be a mistake to get too carried away with this sort of mass-media analysis. Yet if there is any degree of truth to it, then there are certainly reasons to be optimistic. Teenagers now are watching the human spirit triumph in many parts of the world. They are witnessing students fighting for freedom in China. They have witnessed students in Eastern Europe risking everything for the sake of free expression and free thought. They have seen students dancing on top of the Berlin Wall, with the whole world watching them in their joy. They also can't help but see the growing masses of homeless brothers and sisters, and they certainly can't miss the increasingly cynical rhetoric flowing from our corrupt governmental bodies.

But beyond all this... now. Now they see (or at least hear about) a hundred thousand troops sent off to a desert, together with chemical and nuclear weapons, to "defend" a way of life which spews oil on pristine wildernesses, injects

greenhouse gases into our atmosphere, pollutes our cities, and fattens the pockets of ultra-rich, amoral artists of exploitation.

I have spent a fair amount of time during the last few weeks interacting with a wide variety of people while handing out fliers which question U.S. Gulf policy. The feedback I have received suggests to me that there is indeed some truth to Klein's hypothesis. Older undergraduates and graduate students seem paralyzed by a sense of powerlessness. They seem trapped by a means-ends rationale which judges activity in the present on the basis of probability estimates concerning the future. They calculate what they think will happen (e.g. "we're going to go to war no matter what") and then decide that it's not worth the effort to speak out. They have forgotten the words and actions of Abbie Hoffman, who clearly showed that the revolutionary act of de-alienation can make the present more meaningful.

Some of my most rewarding interactions have been with teenagers. They sense the dangerousness of the situation in a way which is somehow different. In fact, I have been offered help by 9 and 10 year olds. Many of these younger brothers and sisters see that their futures are being threatened, and although they may in some cases agree with U.S. policy, they are absolutely not uninterested.

To those of you in the freshman class who feel that the status quo is slightly sickening, I have a message: Don't succumb to the feeling that the problem is in yourself! It's not! It's in the world around you, and those feelings you are having are a signal to act. Listen to your own conscience, and as awkward as it may feel at first, there is a great deal of inner peace to be found in following the conviction that life, after all, really is the only thing worth living for.

"ZERO ENTRY LEVEL JOBS on Long Island for college graduates"

Employment agencies fear going out of business

by Laura Rosenberger

Did you hear about the recession we are in which will be worsened by the situation in the Middle East? The 1990 graduates are struggling, and soon you will be too. Career Director, Peter Burke, here at SUNY, says companies in the New York metropolitan area are closing down. Employment is becoming more and more competitive as time passes. It has taken six to eight months for the average college graduate to find their first job. Don't be frustrated; This year's graduates are finding the job hunt even harder.

Peter Burke says a thorough job search would improve your odds. Apply to small companies as well as large ones; attend resume-writing and interview skills classes. Use the valuable job information in the library and career development office. Research the company beforehand to appear intelligent, and don't forget the thank you notes and follow up calls. Employers take into account your whole background, personality, appearance, interviewing skills and quality of resume. Liberal arts majors have received jobs in business. Some have worked for the Long Island Citizen's Campaign for \$333 per week or more. *There are jobs for every major.*

According to Crossroads Unlimited Personnel Agency, graduates with liberal arts degrees don't get jobs as easily as graduates with technical degrees. Engineering majors have the best chance of getting jobs. In addition, Federation Employment and Guidance Service informed us that the most helpful degrees are specific ones: accounting, electrical engineering, computer systems analyses and programming, nursing, occupational therapy, etc. The worst degree one might have on Long Island, believe it or not, is teaching. Also, it is almost impossible, according to personal experience, for Biology and Biochemistry majors without laboratory experience to get jobs. That is, unless they want to work at a gas station or at McDonald's. It would be advisable to transfer to the SUNY Medical Technology or Nursing Program in your sophomore year.

Many mistakenly assume that going to an employment agency is the magical solution to their problems. Here are the hard facts: most employment agencies on Long Island don't help recent college graduates, and they rarely carry entry level jobs. One employment agency, MAR-EL, Only accepts people with business experience and refuses to accept inexperienced college graduates even if they have a master's degree. They claim that employers won't pay the fee for inexperienced workers, which shows how little we are valued. However, some Manhattan agencies do accept and place college graduates.

Some jobs are falsely advertised. Employers asked for a manager-trainee, but refused to train college graduates who had no previous business experience. Then, how would a college graduate find a job?

Deanna Rieber of Federation Employment and Guide Service recommends accepting a low level job, such as clerical support, to get a foothold in the company because companies are promoting from within. You can't just apply from outside the company for a position as manager. A degree is most helpful for upward mobility.

The best way to get a position is by networking, the asking of friends, neighbors, and professors about openings in their companies. Only 22% of the jobs are obtained by responding to want ads in the paper.

Ms. Rieber says many have relocated to get jobs. There are more jobs in the city because companies are larger. There are more professional positions also. The State Job Service in NYS Employment Agencies would be helpful.

Also, don't expect a \$40,000 per year salary. Entry level jobs on Long Island pay between \$17,000-\$21,000. In New York City the same jobs pay a little more, \$20,000-\$21,000.

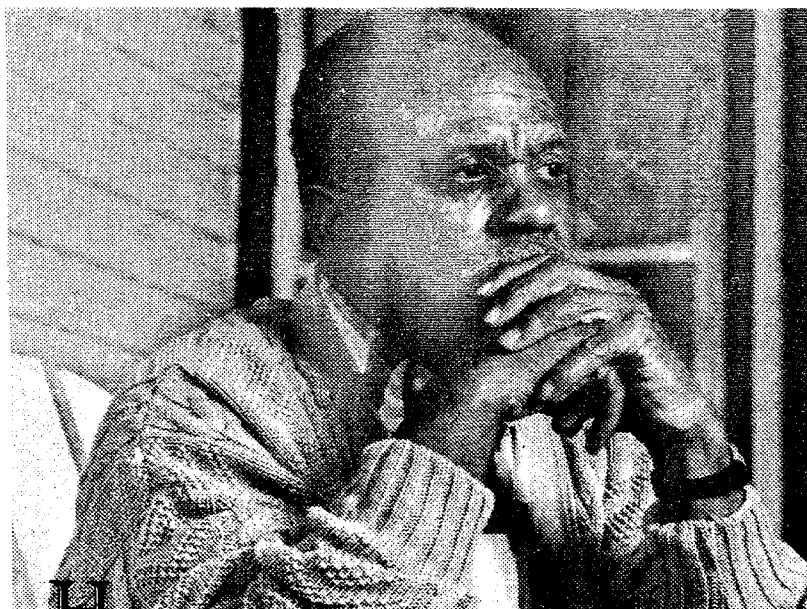
Where did this year's college graduates go? Crossroads Unlimited Personnel Agency says college graduates are accepting jobs which don't require a college degree; mostly word processing, data processing, telemarketing, secretarial and office/clerical jobs. Career Placements Inc. is one agency gladly welcoming college graduates for such jobs.

Ignore the advice of President Marburger. Each of us must decide for ourselves whether college is worth the investment. Think about

those killer exams and papers and knowledge we won't use on our job. The second question to ask is if there are any more decent jobs open at all. The number of professional jobs that are open has declined. The most openings are in production, operations, maintenance, clerical, service, and sales. (This information has been taken from the supplement to Labor Market Assessment: Occupational Supply and Demand for Long Island, presenting the projection of job openings from 1990 to 1992.)

Should we take secretarial training courses, then get a low level job before they are all taken and let the companies educate us for free? Should we stay here and earn a job as assistant to a professor we know well, or "buy" a decent job called undergraduate research? (although, there are not enough of these to go around to all the students.) Or as some frustrated graduates say, wait until this whole economic system is blown up by the Iraqis and begin anew.

I would like to thank Danna Rieber for her time in conveying part of this article.



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**Without your help, he may not
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**Volunteer and help make
someone's taxes less taxing.**



I want my MTV

by Jean Rousseau

"The TV is seductive precisely because it speaks to a desire that is insatiable - it promises complete knowledge in some far distant and never-to-be-experienced future. TV's strategy is to keep us endlessly consuming in the hopes of fulfilling our desire". Ann Kaplan, in "Rocking Around The Clock", c 1987, Routledge ed., 196 p.

The new cultural phenomenon of the 80s, MTV (music television), is now an integral part of our televisual landscape. Thanks to MTV, rock and roll in all its diverse forms is aired 24 hours a day. Videos, interviews and life footage of performers have transformed rock stars into modern age gurus and role models for youngsters. Watched by about 30 million people, between the ages of 12 and 34, MTV is a huge commercial success. The public corporation that owns MTV also started a second channel, VH-1, aimed primarily at an audience between 25 and 49 years old. The programming of VH-1 is more eclectic and includes genres like jazz, blues and country.

The powerful rhythm of images shown on MTV has drawn the attention of scholars. One of them, Ann Kaplan, director of The Humanities Institute at the University of Stony Brook, published a book in 1987 entitled "Rocking Around The Clock: Music Television, Postmodernism and Consumer Culture". Written during a period when she was exploring the notion of postmodernism (a key concept to which I will return), Ann Kaplan questions the commercial motives of MTV and looks at the overall format in which videos are presented.

A major part of her book, and the most interesting I believe, is devoted to the analysis of videos by Bruce Springsteen, Billy Idol, Paul Young, Madonna, Tina Turner, Pat Benatar, Annie Lennox, Aretha Franklin and many others. Beautiful special effects, and avant-garde techniques in the montage have been employed wisely in some videos to produce little chef d'oeuvres. Within a period of 4 minutes, the average length of a video, the band players or the star create a climate where their performance becomes an adventure, a dream or any kind of comment.

To analyze the content of this profusion of images, Ann Kaplan constructs an analytical frame or a grid, reproduced here with her permission. In this grid, she divides all videos shown by MTV into five genres: romantic, socially conscious, nihilist, classical and post-modernist, with an exploration of their underlying themes. Armed with this tool, she proceeds to examine the global content of MTV and the potential influence that it may have on viewers and especially young people. Rock Around The Clock (RATC) is written in the tradition of social science essays which heavily emphasize other scholars' contributions. This could limit the readership but a selective glossary at the end of the book makes it less esoteric.

I met Ann Kaplan at the Humanities Institute, on the fourth floor of the Melville Library, and discussed some of the elements of her book. She came in contact with MTV through her daughter. As for many adults, the youth culture symbolized by the letters MTV was new to her. As she points out, videos are in fact promotional material for record companies. MTV addresses current adolescent desires and suggests fulfillments in an imaginary world where there are only young people, no parental figures of authority, and where everything seems to be a continual party.

We have to consider that "today's young generation has spent less time with adults, including their often absentee parents, than any

other generation in our history. It is also true that no generation has spent more time, through television, video games, and products, amongst the offerings of promoters... Companies and other marketers of addictions have far more control over the time, values, and behavior of youngsters than parents do." (Ralph Nader, consumer advocates, Mother Jones, July/August 1990) So MTV is not neutral, it preaches the gospel of materialism at a high level of intensity.

As an adult consumer I am critical of advertising, and I am not naive about the male-female role presented on MTV. Ann Kaplan is more concerned with young people. As adolescents, they are unsure of their identity and want to be different from the immediate models offered by mom and dad. Through their search of autonomy, they have still to develop critical attitudes. They become easy prey for the promoters of instant happiness. Identify with your idols, buy their records (with your parents' money), dress like them. Not satisfied yet? No problem! There's probably another style that will fit you...

Rock Around The Clock deals with a period spanning 1984 to 1986. MTV has changed tremendously since then. Instead of the blur

according to Jameson (RATC, p. 146) where time no longer exists anymore, only the various experiences of isolated and disconnected moments. An overstatement, I believe. But within four minutes, it is difficult to say a lot. Also, a video with some content will be drowned into the mass of fast images provided by the previous and following videos. Videos described by Ann Kaplan as socially conscious lack depth, and events like Live-Aid that sought to raise funds to fight hunger in the third world do not address the cause of these problems. They wish to increase our awareness by putting us in the know, which can make us feel good, but such knowledge alone cannot by itself solve the problem.

One notable exception to this rule is the anti-apartheid video "Sun City" with its explicit message. Its release came at a time when young Americans were becoming increasingly involved with anti-apartheid activities. By putting aside the rockstars images and focussing mainly on the contrast of the pleasure-seeking white ruling classes and the poor, ill-housed blacks, deprived of many basics, this video carries a powerful message.

This single-issue oriented video is symptomatic of American politics nowadays.

		Modes (all use avant-garde strategies, especially self-reflexivity, play with the image, etc.)				
		Romantic	Socially conscious	Nihilist	Classical	Post-modernist
	Style	Narrative	Elements varied	Performance Anti-narrative	Narrative	Pastiche No linear images
Predominant MTV themes	Love/Sex	Loss and reunion (Pre-Oedipal)	Struggle for autonomy Love as problematic	Sadism/masochism Homoeroticism Androgyny (Phallic)	The male gaze (Voyeuristic fetishistic)	Play with Oedipal positions
	Authority	Parent figures (positive)	Parent and public figures Cultural critique	Nihilism Anarchy Violence	Male as subject Female as object	Neither for nor against authority (ambiguity)

Five main types of video on MTV (reproduced from Rock Around The Clock, p. 55, with permission of the author)

between different video styles, programs have been established for specific categories of viewers. A division that becomes a new selling device and which curiously seems to borrow from Kaplan's frame. The increase in the number of black performers was only natural considering the effervescent music scenes that brought us rap and hip-hop. At one point there seems to be only Michael Jackson and Prince, because their success could not be ignored. The largely white audience may also have evolved. Nonetheless, the commercial motives of MTV are still the same. Profits dictate content. The analysis of Ann Kaplan is still pertinent.

A major concept in the book is postmodernism. It is defined in relation with modernism which itself refers loosely to an attitude, if I can use the term, that calls into question bourgeois culture, identified often with classical realist forms. It led to dynamic forms of expression like modern art. With the 60s, 70s and 80s, the limiting representation of reality brought by modernism was questioned. It was succeeded by postmodernism where different art categories were blurred. Abstraction could coexist side by side with realism for example. An important aspect of postmodernism is the disappearance of a sense of history, a technique largely employed at MTV. The past has disappeared, there is only the immediate present. In a video, elements of past artefacts (movie shots for example) are gobbled up into a nowness.

For Ann Kaplan, this characterizes the totally immediate consummability cherished by MTV. This could lead to a schizophrenic attitude

There is not one political movement that encompasses all major issues such as environment, homelessness, abortion and the quality of education. Instead, we have a flurry of single issue campaigns, where individuals choose their cause. For Ann Kaplan this is a postmodernist phenomenon. Everything is mixed. Someone, for example, can be liberal with respect to some issues like abortion, and still have voted for George Bush for economic reasons. Without a sense of a counterculture which questions authority, as in the 60's, causes of problems are not addressed. In fact, according to Ann Kaplan, there is no longer a concept of opposition.

We could expect that people that listen to progressive lyrics will change their attitude, but it is not necessarily the case. "In Bruce Springsteen's video 'Born in the USA' the imagery switches rapidly between an emotionally charged Springsteen live performance to images of ironic contrasts that reflect what for many are the realities of American life - the welfare men standing outside a 'Check Cashed' place; a young man firing a gun at a fairground, which dissolves to American soldiers in a jungle in Vietnam surrendering to the enemy...Being 'Born in the USA,' means being born to a senseless killing and to involving oneself in battle, injury, and death that belies happy childhood hopes and fantasies." (RATC, p.79) A Newsweek article (August 15, 1985, pp 4-9) pointed out ironically that "Born in the USA" was considered by Springsteen's fans as "an exultant anthem for Reagan-era America".

continue page 12

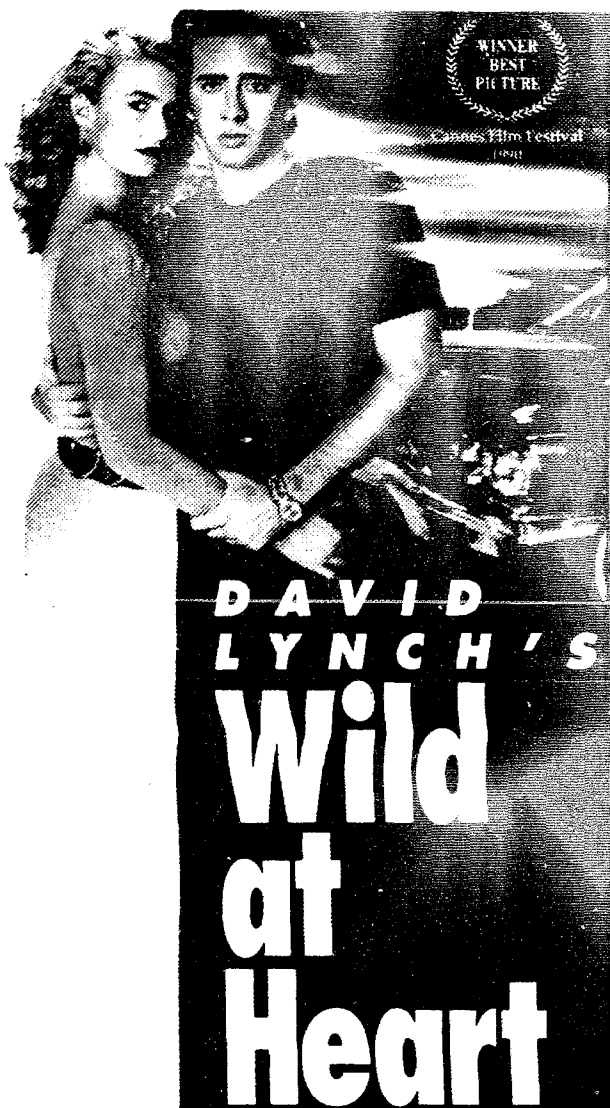
I want my MTV, con't

Videos can offer to viewers an opportunity to see different forms of sexuality, like androgyny. Yet the gender issue has in actuality regressed on MTV. Women are often depicted as objects and commodities. I wonder if Madonna's videos, that play heavily on her sexual attractiveness are antifeminist? Ann Kaplan replied that "...for the first feminists, the main issue was not to show sexuality or be desirable to men. It was the freedom to be sexual, if we wanted to; to be lesbian if we wanted to; to be single if we wanted

to; to leave our husband if we wanted to. It was also to gain control of our body. For the younger generation, girls assumed such freedoms to be their right. For them it is OK to be sexual and desirable to men, and a video of Madonna may not appear to them as sexist. They are stronger in dealing with men, they show more gutsiness in dating them, but the problem is that ideology is lacking. They need to be aware of existing problems with which women are confronted, in an age when rape and sexual violence are on the

increase..."

MTV offers an incredible visual creativity and carries a flow of exciting, exhilarating and hypnotic images. However, it is superficial. Viewers cannot develop a critical attitude towards the content. Ann Kaplan's book may help a few of us to fill this gap.



By Robert V. Gilheany

This is the sickest movie of the summer. If you like blood, body parts, sex, violence, hitmen, treachery and parole violators, you will love this movie.

Wild At Heart is written and directed by David Lynch. Lynch is a hot item right now. Along with the coming of a successful mini-series, **Twin Peaks**, he has had various successes in movies ranging from big hits like **Blue Velvet** to flops such as **Dune**. His first movie was **Eraserhead** (does anyone know what that movie is about?).

Nicholas Cage stars as Sailor, a man who kills a guy who pulls a knife on him. He kills him with his bare hands, smashing the guy's bloody skull against the wall and punching him and smashing him into a bloody mess.

After spending time for manslaughter, he re-establishes his relationship with his woman lover, Peanut, played by Laura Dern. The problem is Peanut's mother (the scariest woman I have ever seen) won't stand for the relationship.

The plot takes twists and turns and the the real story about the relationships between Sailor, Peanut, her mother, and the mob unravel in a

strange and very funny fashion. Throughout the film, the story gets told in a narrative occurring in the afterglow of passionate sexual intercourse. The story of Peanut's crazy uncle, played by Bob Goldwaith, is particularly funny.

The story is being told as Sailor and Peanut are running from Peanut's mother, who has hired both a hitman and a private investigator (she's fucking both of them), as they cross the state where he has violated his parole.

Sailor and Peanut end up in Big Tuna Texas, a rundown Texas town and live in a motel room. They meet a lot of strange people out in the middle of nowhere. One of the strangest is Bobby, a drugged-out ex-marine Vietnam veteran who sexually assaults Peanut and gets Sailor in a ton of trouble that climaxes in an amusing and bloody bank robbery scene. The scene where Bobby's blown-off bloody head lands in the dirt is very enjoyable.

The relationship between Sailor and Peanut is one of passionate love, financial difficulties, being on the run from the law and hitmen. The relationship that Cage has in **"Wild"** is similar to the relationship he had in **"Raisin' Arizona,"** but I like **"Wild"** better.

Footnotes

Hubba Bubba

Professor Fred Walter of the Astronomy Program will give a lecture on the Hubble Space Telescope, "an orbital telescope that can resolve closely spaced objects which are smeared by the turbulence of the terrestrial atmosphere..." This far-out equipment can also observe wavelengths in the ultra-violet, etc., etc. Professor Walter will discuss other things such as the impact of the mirror aberration on the planned scientific goals. The lecture will take place on September 7, 1990, 8 PM in room 001 of the ESS Building. Once again, if weather permits, a spying session of the stars with the University's small telescopes will be happening following the lecture.

"Get Two Jobs Or Die. . ."

The School of Continuing Education is offering an "affordable" (\$99) real estate course "Affordable & Alternative Housing." Arthur Kunz, director of Suffolk County Planning Commission, will teach. It will be held on five consecutive Tuesdays from 7:00 - 10:15 PM beginning October 2, 1990. The director should discuss social and economic problems due to unaffordable housing, and how one can get involved with building affordable homes. For

more affordable information, or to register, call The School at 2-7071.

Tibet, You Bet!

The Distinguished Lecture Series is welcoming The Dalai Lama, spiritual leader of Tibet, who will speak on "Peace and Universal Responsibility," 4 PM, September 17, at the Staller Center for the Arts. An honorary degree will be awarded to him during his visit here. Special seatings for the press. This will prove extremely interesting, especially for all serious soul-seeking, confused, lost, freaky, dramatically meaning-searching individuals on the run, or wagon. Contact Gila Reinstein at University News Services, 2-9116.

A helping Hand

An extensive and intensive masturbation course will take place at the gym during the Fall semester. Techniques on preventing premature ejaculation, instantaneous orgasms and self-oral copulation will be discussed and practiced. TA's are always willing to lend a helping hand in case of "accidents." A university's first, the course is highly similar to a karate class, whereas students must shout immediately after each simulated blow, or in this case, stroke.

More Sands

Is the Revelation coming true? Is the crisis in the Mid-east a deliberate set-up for war? Or is it just another oil price increase? I'm going to see the Dalai Lama, I'm going to the mall to ease my mind, I'm going to smoke a cigarette and learn how to forget, I'm going to get aggressive and act like Jones Beach is the desert. . . . Wake up!

The bible revisited

Bible vision, a new club starting on campus, is seeking a few good people to read, discern, meditate on and seek to live the will of God as found in sacred scripture. They hope to spend time together in christian fellowship and living out a commitment to be one in Christ. They welcome all persons of good will. They will advertise their first meeting. The organizer also mentions that Billy Graham Crusade is coming to Long Island on September 19 thru 23.

NOW!

The Stony Brook Press

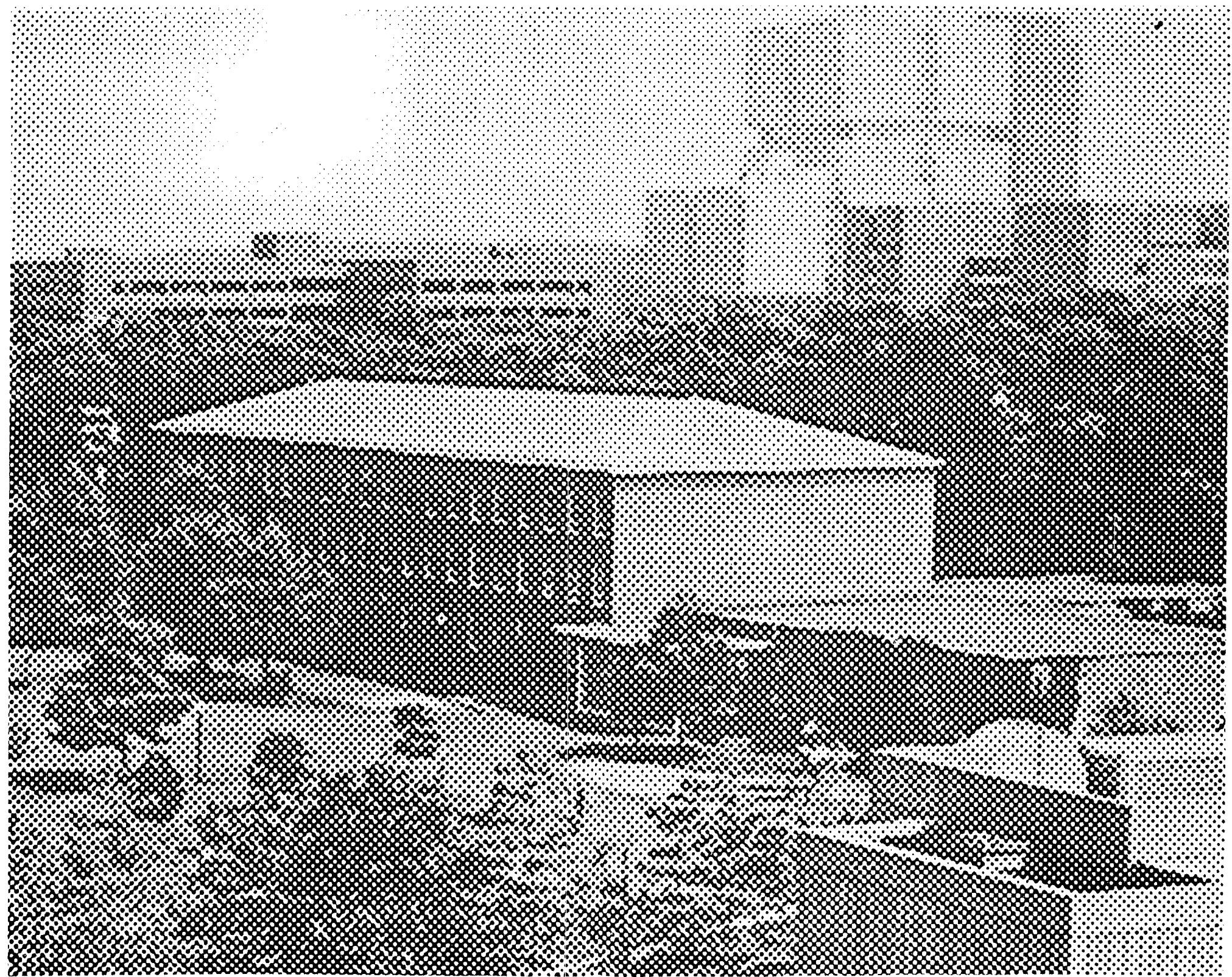
Join us in September

plenty of room for ideas

Bring yours down to rm 020, Central Hall

Every Monday night 7pm

For more information dial 632-6451





A well glazed Plymouth

Grand Tour Illusions

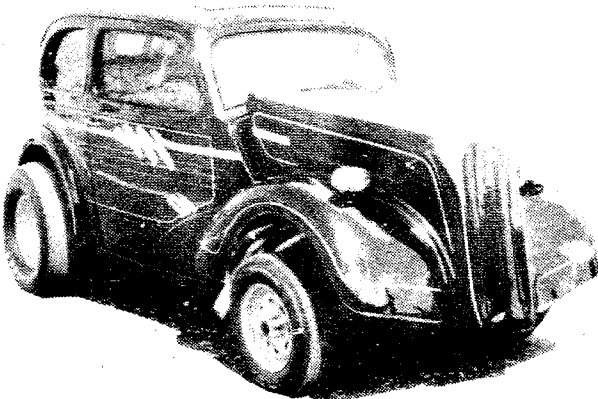
by Walter Schneider

I was a hot day, one of those afternoons when you can feel the warmth of the sun at least an inch into your flesh. The sky was clear and it was so bright outside that a man's shadow would seem to have significantly more depth, like the shadows of the astronauts on the lunar surface. A day when it seemed that colors were more intense, and details of the world around me were more clearly defined, because they were. A day to celebrate life. Basically a great day for a car show.

It was a Sunday and appropriately I was attending mass, paying homage to the god of iron, the American Street Machine. Every summer, Suffolk Meadows Racetrack in Yaphank is the site for four or five outdoor car shows. I was at the July 29th gathering, and found all the major Faiths; Chrysler, Ford, and General Motors, to be there in observance.

The show was split up into two sections, the "For Sale" half and the automotive display half. The "For Sale" area was like an automotive flea market, where the dealer sold auto parts and paraphernalia. Some dealers specialized in a single item such as wheels, headers or valve covers in neat, orderly displays, whilst others sold more of a mixed bag. Usually, when the selection was erratic so were the price levels. There were also fully and partially completed cars in the For Sale portion of the show. This was the "reality" part of the show, the cars and car parts in this area were things that could be owned and installed by most people without too much loss of money, perspiration or sanity.

After I was finished being realistic it was time to enter fantasy land. I stepped through the gate in the fence into an arena of brightly painted gleaming steel. I then gazed across the tarmac at the things teenage dreams, mothers' nightmares,



Racing Ford Anglia

late night thrills and hefty speeding tickets are made of. Machines whose names make car insurance salesmen's blood curdle and hearts skip a beat. Magic words like Boss Mustang, Road Runner, Rebel Machine, Cougar Eliminator and GTO. I was surrounded by cars that hard working men and women had spent months and often years of extreme mental and physical exertion. More specifically, they conjured up memories of countless strained muscles from loosening stubborn bolts, bashed in knuckles from when that rusted nut suddenly gave way, pieces of rust stuck in one's eye when the car decided to play peek-a-boo, not to mention those stressed-out days when you can almost hear the car laughing at you and you have to force out of your head all thoughts about that sledge hammer in the back of the garage.

The cars in the show were usually in better shape than when they rolled out of their dealerships 10, 20, 20 or more years ago. Machines refined to a point often bordering on madness. Some with tires wider than most people. Most with motors capable of shoving your body back into the seat and making you hope the headrest doesn't snap off. The paint jobs that many of these hot rods displayed were near perfection, good enough to replace mirrors in an amusement park funhouse. Some of the vehicles there even had mirrors placed to show off their polished and chromed undersides.

I talked with some of the lucky owners about their machines. First with a man who owned a rare (one of only 2500 made) 1970 Plymouth All-American-Racing 340+6 'Cuda. He told me that the AAR 'Cuda had been made by Plymouth for the sole purpose of qualifying 'Cudas for the Trans Am racing series. Plymouth had to sell at least 2500 of these specially altered cars to the public before the cars would be allowed to compete. My favorite car at the show was a heavily modified, metallic blue 1960 Plymouth Fury (a car that looked very much like

Stephen King's *Christine*.) I was informed by the owner that he had raced the Fury for many years at different tracks before making it street legal again. Among the many changes he had made to the Plymouth were the installation of a 390 horsepower, 440 cubic inch motor and lightening the car about 400 lbs. to make it weigh 3000 lbs. The result being a car that can eat Ferraris for breakfast.

I know that not every one understands how a person could be as fascinated with cars as most automotive enthusiasts are. Many people I know started looking at the pretty pictures in sports car and hot rod magazines when they were starting high school and became converted to the worship of horsepower and torque. I remember the car that made me a believer - a blood red 1974 American Motor Matador X with a basically stock 360 V8 engine. It happened when I was in the back seat, and three of my friends were in the car. The four of us were on the way home from our high school on an empty, straight road, paused at a stop sign. "Should I?", said the driver. I guess somebody said "Ya!" for the next thing I knew all of us were slammed into our seats. The tires screamed as they were converted into smoke. The engine roared at higher and higher pitches. We could hear the transmission shifting gears as houses streamed by on both sides of us. I had a wild rush of positive sensation throughout my body that verged on the orgasmic and for a moment I felt like nothing could touch me. Instant freedom. My friend took his foot off the gas pedal, the ride was over. I was baptized.

As a final note, back on planet earth, Suffolk Meadow race track will be holding car shows on September 9th and October 20th and 21st.



1969 Mach 1



Late 60's AMC AMX

Can't sit still

by Jaz Trader

I was up above it...

It was a Sunday night, July 15th, and I was at the Palladium waiting to see *Mano Negra*... just announced special guest appearance by *Modern English*, one of the surprises as part of the New Music Seminar. Oh boy! (I wish they would just sink back into the 80's - cashing in on a bad thing.) Anyway, I was getting impatient, and trying to decide whether or not to go see *Nine Inch Nails* at the Rock Academy... I don't know, Monday night, I hate to go to the city when I have to work the next day, but I was there on a Sunday? Ah, screw it, I'm going... I knew it would be hot.

Monday night - I get there late, 20 bucks, but I'm psyched. I catch the last two by a band *Die Warsaw* (amateur industrial, not bad). Finally *NIN* come out, and there's Trent Reznor starting in on *Terrible Lie* from *Pretty Hate Machine*. You know some new bands really can work up a crowd, not this one. They were wired from the first note. The songs were really alive, just like the album, but with a lot more nervous energy.

I had a feeling midway through that I was experiencing the show televisually... like some kind of symbiotic synapse between me and the show. I was in the balcony, but it's not a big place. It was the images - things were getting chaotic. The crowd was pushing hard on the stage, and the bouncers were having a tough time keeping them back... and Trent was egging them on (it was like a huge tug-of-war). When they got to *Head Like a Hole*, all hell broke loose. About 200 people got on the stage. To counter that, 20 big muscleheads came out. It was futile. The band were pushed back to the edge of the drum kit. They finished with *Down In It* and walked off. That's enter-tainment!! At least until the cops arrived.

I asked Trent the next night (yes, I was back at the Ritz for the Wax Trax show - it was mediocre) after running into him, what he thought of the crowd the night before. He smirked like a little kid who had just pulled off a masterful plan, and said, "...it was pretty cool... pretty funny." ...*Pretty Hate Machine*.

Something Wonderful

Thursday night at the Ritz (August 9th), the show I've been looking forward to has finally arrived: *The Revolting Cocks*! I didn't catch the first opener (*The Mentors*), but my girlfriend (she got there early) told me that they were the pits. To put it her way, "...very degrading towards women."

Anyway, I came in during the second act, *The Skatenigs*, from Austin, Texas. They weren't half bad with their "countryfied" (maybe that should be countryfried) hardcore. They hemmed and hawed on stage; the guitar player in a lovely white dress could have used a bigger jock strap, and the singer (a skinhead) only clad in a plaid shirt tied by the sleeves around the waist. The only annoying (at first amusing) thing about this band was the singer's insatiable urge to masturbate on stage and speak at great length (no pun intended) of its pleasures. He was definitely toting more than a six-shooter under that shirt... a 12" latex dildo was hanging from his hips, loaded with who knows what kind of "redi-whip" prepared to shower the crowd at the jerk of a wrist. They finished with *Daddy Show Me Your Pecker*, but that wasn't the last of them. During their act I spied a couple of notables in the crowd: Trent Reznor of *NIN* and Dave Stagnari (a.k.a. D.J. Slave of the now defunct, 2424).

When *REVCO* hit the stage, they hit it in a big way. Opening with the title track from *Beers, Steers, and Queers*, there was the band, Trent, members of the *Skatenigs*, and about 20 loosely clad women on stage. The girls were the "cowgirls", selected to entice the predominantly male crowd with their sexual yearnings. Loosely clad, is being mild: one girl had no panties on, another centerstage had the front row enraptured

as she performed fellatio on the barrel of a gun, and a third feigning an orgasm. I mention all this because one was overloaded with visuals. But, the audio portion was what we were there for, and it was not lacking. They did several from *B, S, and Q* like *Stainless Steel Providers*, *Physical*, *Get Down*, and my favorite of the evening *Something Wonderful* (which it was).

Alain Jourgensen (of *Ministry*) was in much better shape than when *Ministry* played the Ritz in January (no stage puking), which was still a great show. I think he can say he's heroin-free (for the time being). He was enjoying himself, sporting a freshly shaved head under a large cowboy hat. Paul Barker (also of *Ministry*) was relaxed playing bass on the side (or eying the girl without the underwear, I'm not sure), and Trent was repeatedly taking stage dives into the crowd. But I think Chris Connelly (the singer) was the one in superb form, very inspired, very energetic, and very much enjoying what he was doing. They played a good hour-and-a-half show, finishing with a *1000 Homo DJs* tune with Trent on vocals, and Chris doing a cover of *Public Image* that blew me away.

I'd end on that note, but there's more. As the band was winding down the last one, a guy from the *Mentors* came out, jerking his penis at the crowd. The girls on stage, who weren't moved one bit, started helping him. At that point the band ended and walked off, leaving us to put up with this guy revolting cock. He said he felt like urinating on the crowd, and proceeded to fill an empty beer can with urine. He then flailed it at the crowd, who had cleared the stage well before then. I guess it was a real *REVCO* night.

