

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XIV, No. IX

The University Community's Feature Paper

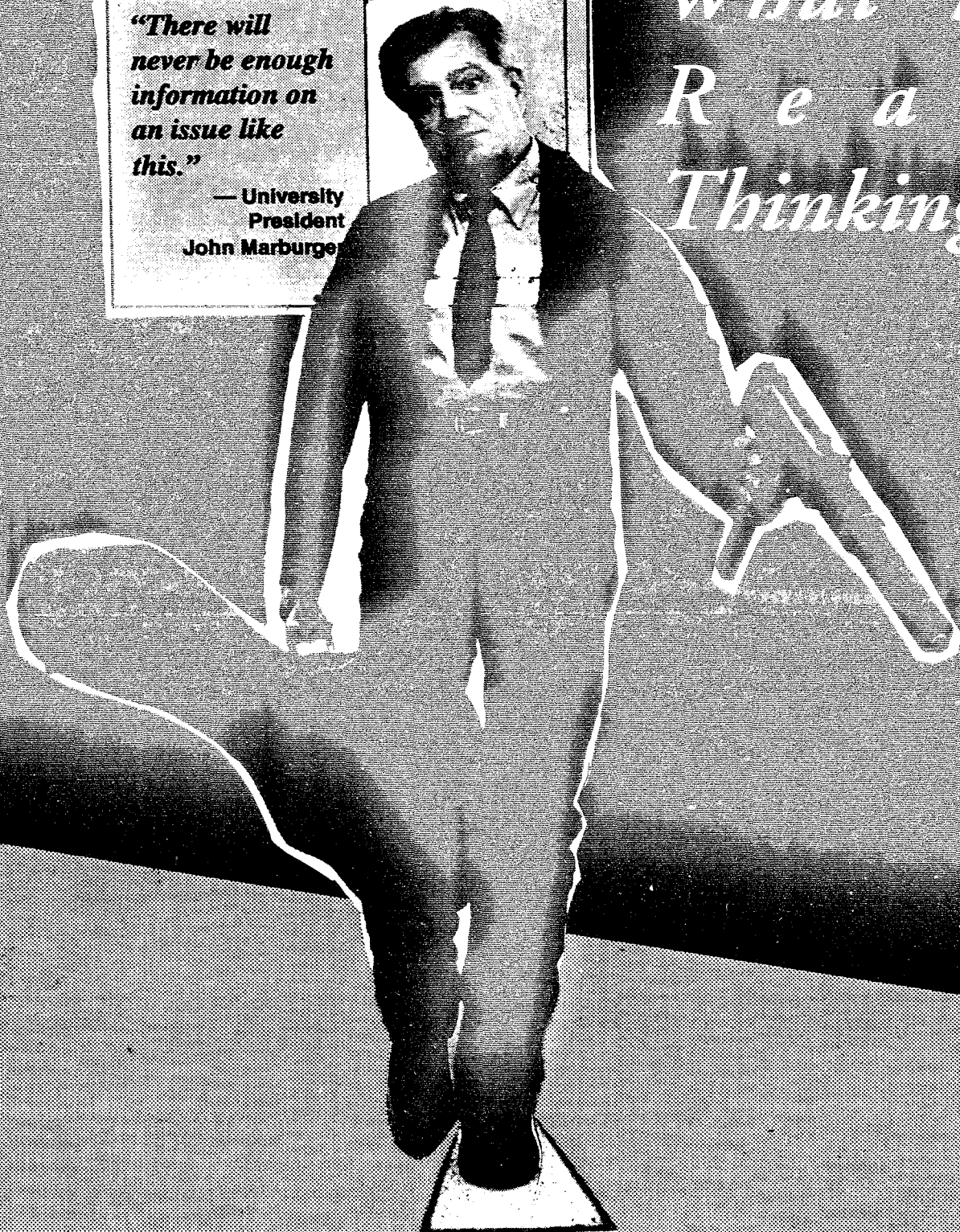
March 8, 1993

John Marburger to Decide On Public Safety Gun Issue.

*"There will
never be enough
information on
an issue like
this."*

— University
President
John Marburger

*What is He
Really
Thinking?*



PLUS; Macedonia, Mazes, Going Under The Knife and Henry Rollins.

Senate Madness Continues...

By Leona Putzz

Once again the Polity Senate meeting was turned into a two ring circus comprised of Polity members and the Commuter Student Association. During David Greene's President's report testimony was given by several members of Commuter College which claimed they were threatened verbally and physically by other members of Commuter College. Jim Coffey of Commuter College claimed that he feared for his safety. Judiciary member Adam Turner stated that on February 8th he "went up to Richard Cole and asked for our files back, if he did have them. He was very hostile and said 'are you accusing me?', slammed a chair down, lunged at me, was restrained, picked up a broom, waving it saying 'I'm going to fucking kill you.'" David Greene commented that "I question how these people [at Commuter College] can say that they are on the side of commuter students," when they exhibit this type of behavior towards students.

At this point Vinnie Bruzesse, responding to Jim Coffey's allegations, stated that "if you're not going to do

your job, then let me find someone who can." To which Polity Treasurer Corey Williams responded, "Jim has feared for his safety for he has on several occasions asked me to escort him to CSA." Next Vinnie Bruzesse responded to Adam Turner's allegations stating that "Adam Turner said I will impeach you in 5 minutes if I don't get my fucking disk and did the same to Richard Cole." One senator asked Bruzesse if Turner had physically threatened Cole to which Bruzesse replied "Yes, he did." It was also alleged that the commuters at CSA had been programmed to print "Jim you little fuck you don't deserve to live."

Vinnie Bruzesse was again given the floor, at which point he launched into a drawn out, and rather boring soliloquy stating that "the current council of CSA was not addressed by David Greene...here you have a well planned ambush of charges...this is a breach of Rich [Cole]'s privacy...If you're so concerned, why didn't you send a Council member to our leg meetings like I asked? David Greene replied that "no council member I spoke to took you seriously enough to want to go."

Senator Paul Giotopoulos interjected that he felt "this is a real waste of time." Alfonso Grant, Senior Rep., commented that "when you look at CSA you see the President is a senator, there was a case when Richard Cole was President, Treasurer, and a senator at the same time. Isn't that funny?" Bruzesse challenged this by asking "where is it in the constitution that you can't do that." Grant replied that "my only concern is that is this fair, are these by-laws legitimate...are they addressing the concerns of the students?"

At this point David Greene asked that someone pass forward a motion to refer the on goings in CSA to Internal Affairs. Rachel Hallin, a member of CSA stated that "I was threatened last semester with impeachment for not going along with what you guys wanted. Certain CSA members resort to these infantile ways to get what they want..." here referring to Richard Cole. "Coffey was the only one who ever made me feel welcome in CSA."

Alfonso Grant forwarded a motion to "refer to Internal Affairs Commission that will be vested with the full author-

ity of the Senate on the issue of accountability and separation of powers that the CSA be investigated and forced to comply on the following three points : 1. Eliminating CSA's officers holding dual positions, executive and senatorial - no separation of powers; 2. According to Robert's Rules of Order, which is recorded in CSA's constitution, in order to conduct a proxy vote it must be in a group's constitution, and the rule is not included the CSA's; 3. The executive committee appoints senators and by precedent that no other leg has that authority.

Internal Affairs will conduct an investigation and report next week to the Senate that CSA has complied with the request, if not the executive committee officers will be immediately removed." The motion passed by a vote of 23-14 with 3 abstentions. However, if the Commuter College doesn't comply their budget will not be frozen, according to David Greene.

See you next week for more silly senate madness. In the meanwhile change the channel and watch a different show 'cause this one may start to get a little stale, if you know what I mean.

HOW'M I DOIN'?

CLINTON'S FIRST 45 DAYS

By Auke Piersma

Whenever a president is elected into the Oval Office, all of the analysts give him 100 days to establish the character his presidency. Someone somewhere in history has determined that 100 days is sufficient time for the new President to detail his initiatives and set his agendas for the next three and a half years. Despite a lack of a PhD, this reporter has decided to break the rules and establish an even more ridiculous time limit of 45 days. Surely no one can expect Clinton to accomplish all of his major legislation in 45 days, so we will analyze what he has done up to this point.

The first significant act of President Clinton was to lift the gag order from federally-funded teenage pregnancy clinics. This order was expected from the President and very well-received by pro-choice activists. Pro-life activists knew it was coming and have vowed to continue fighting for what they believe in.

The lifting of the ban on gays in the military was another issue President Clinton has addressed. He rid the ban by allowing the military to voluntarily comply and by doing so gave them the control of the process. The issue, which was extremely explosive, seemed to smooth itself out with much compromising from the White House, Congress and military leaders.

Clinton made campaign promises to reduce the deficit and he has announced

that he will fall short. The Clinton White House claimed that former President Bush withheld news of the worsening deficit. This means that the Clinton Plan has been revised and does not include the deficit reduction plan that was promised. The president does include in his economic package a pledge not to raise the deficit overall through the next four years.

Clinton had a campaign strategy that was very new and people oriented. However, he did not stop as the election returns revealed the outcome. He flew to Detroit and in a style of a talk show host took questions from an audience with live satellite hookups to Dallas and Atlanta. This was Clinton's way of reaching out to America and gathering public support behind him.

Another important initiative of President Clinton's was his executive

branch staff reductions and perk reductions for holders of cabinet posts. While this does generate a modest savings, it is mostly a symbolic gesture to show Americans that everyone must sacrifice

the task force for health care reforms. This issue is one that Clinton forced as an issue during the campaign and with our First Lady in charge there is an added significance to the accomplishments of the task force.

The budget report was Clinton's largest task so far. His biggest emphasis has been on sacrifice and hard times ahead. The president will look to raise taxes on individuals earning one hundred thousand dollars per year or more. He is also proposing stiff energy taxes which will affect middle and lower class consumers as well. As he does this he will reduce spending in hopes of balancing the budget. All of this obviously calls for hard times ahead for all of us.

Now as a better informed college student you must decide for yourself how Bill Clinton is doing as our 43rd President. You may want to wait until the first 100 days are up or maybe give President Clinton extra time. Let's all hope that we benefit in the long run from Bill Clinton's leadership and remember to make our own informed decisions. Don't follow your parents, peers, party

identification, or prejudices. Use the facts and make the best possible decision for yourself.



for America. He eliminated useless boards and perks that were deemed as excessive.

Hillary Clinton was named head of

MACEDONIA

C L A S S I C A L L Y G R E E K

By Dean Markadakis

Macedonia, a Greek word meaning "land of the tall ones," is the northernmost region of Greece; it has been for several thousand years. Unfortunately, something is threatening this historic Greek province, home of Philip II, Alexander the Great, Aristotle, and countless other prominent individuals we associate with ancient Greek culture. During the era of Ancient Greece, the Kingdom of Macedonia was considered a region and not a nationality, just as Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and Crete were all considered to be regions and city-states of Greek origin. Today, Macedonia is a region of Europe which encompasses much of northern Greece and parts of southern Bulgaria, southern Albania, and, the problem territory, the southernmost region of former Yugoslavia. We're all aware of the conflict

occurring in Bosnia, Serbia, and Croatia, all former republics of the Yugoslavian nation which crumbled shortly after the collapse of communism and the Soviet Union.

Macedonia was colonised by Greeks, Bulgarians and Serbs. It spent 500 years under the Ottoman Turks. After the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, the region was split among Greece (51.5%), Bulgaria (10%), Albania (0.05%), and Yugoslavia (38%).

In 1944, communist Marshal Tito named the southern part of Serbia, "Macedonia," in hopes that one day, if a Macedonian nation existed, he would eventually annex Greek Macedonia and thereby gain access to the Aegean sea and the valuable Greek port of Thessaloniki. Today the ex-Yugoslav republic of Skopje seeks recognition under the name "Macedonia."

Macedonia is inhabited by Greeks, Bulgarians and other Slavs, Albanians, and Turks. There exists no Macedonian ethnicity. Tito, however, through several years of propaganda, successfully instilled in his people a false sense of Macedonian consciousness.

The European Community has decided to withhold recognition of this state unless it chooses a name other than "Macedonia." In fact, Greece will refuse to recognize the state if the name "Macedonia" appears anywhere in its title. Greece has vowed to help the new

republic financially and otherwise, if the state does not use the name "Macedonia." Skopje's use of the name "Macedonia" will sow the seeds of future conflict in the region and will inevitably lead to aggression toward Greece. It is now up to the United

aggressive intentions against Greece..." Stettinius' airgram was prophetic because Tito did initiate aggressive action toward Greece. During the Greek Civil War (1946-49), Tito supported the communist army in Greece by providing military training, supplies, and recruits. If Tito had had his way then, there would have undoubtedly been a "Greater Macedonia" with its capital at Thessaloniki, the port Stalin also wanted. The policy of the United States was to protect the territorial integrity of Greece from a communist takeover. The preamble and article 49 of Skopje's constitution claim that the republic "cares for the status of persons belonging to Macedonian people in neighboring countries...and promotes links with them." Skopje's President Kiro Gligorov can end this problem practically overnight by choosing a name that does not imply territorial claims against anyone.

On January 16th, about 50,000 angry protesters rallied outside the United Nations building in lower Manhattan demanding that the U.N. not recognize

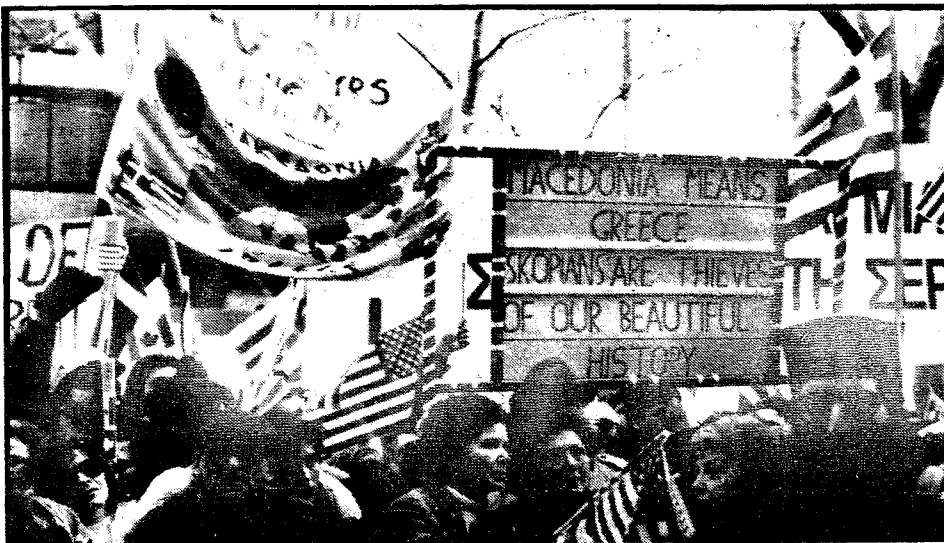
the Slavic state of Macedonia. About 40 buses filled with mostly overly nationalistic Greeks came from Canada. The relatively peaceful demonstration began at 1:00 p.m. and the crowd began to disperse at around 5:00. During those four hours, there was a variety of prominent guest speakers professing support for Greece. Rudolf Giuliani took the microphone at around 2:30 professing, "Macedonia is Greece," at which the crowd began to cheer uncontrollably. The only Skopje regime counter demonstrators were at several hundred feet above the crowd. The flock of enraged Greeks looked up and jeered the tiny airplane toting a banner saying, "MACEDONIA FOR MACEDONIANS."

Security was extra heavy at the event which mysteriously did not make it to the 11:00 news. Apparently, a crowd of 50,000 screaming Greeks is common at the U.N.

On Tuesday, July 10th, 1945, *The New York Times* stated, "Those who recall how Hitler used to denounce in succession the Austrians, the Czechs, the Lithuanians and the Poles for terrorizing the 'Germans' in their midst and 'attacking' Germany itself, as a pretext for invasion, will find the present uproar over Macedonia uncomfortably reminiscent.... a 'Federal Macedonia' has been projected as an integral part of Tito's plan for a federated Balkans based on a Communist-dominated Yugoslavia and Bulgaria and taking in Greek Macedonia for an outlet to the Aegean Sea through Thessaloniki." Tito's actions directly led to the Greek Civil War, which resulted in the deaths of over 100,000 Greeks, left 685,000 homeless, and led to the kidnapping of 28,000 Greek children. President Gligorov is Tito's protégé and successor.

"How highly should we honour the Makedonians, who for the greater part of their lives never cease from fighting with the barbarians for the sake of the security of Greece? For who is not aware that Greece would have constantly stood in the greater danger, had we not been fenced by the Makedonians and the honorable ambition of their kings?"

-Polybius (205-122 B.C.), "The Histories" IX, 35, 2.



Angry Demonstrators outside the United Nations

Nations. Will they recognize the state of "Macedonia?" (Word around town is it's just a matter of time.) The Greeks' objection is not to recognition, but to the usage of the name. The Greeks claim that the former Yugoslav republic of Macedonia is merely an invention of Tito's. Greek Prime Minister Constantine Mitsotakis, the most pro-American Greek leader in a very long time, said, "Perhaps Greece

didn't provide enough historical information soon enough to the west." Greeks feel that they have a patent on the name considering the noble history that backs the region. This belief is not entirely unfounded. Many experts say that the tiny new state will present no threat to anyone. These are the same experts who said the disintegration of

Yugoslavia would have been peacefully managed.

The United States opposed the use of the name "Macedonia" by Tito in 1944 and should continue to oppose it now. In a circular Airgram (Dec. 26, 1944) Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., stated, "This Government considers talk of Macedonia 'nation,' Macedonian 'Fatherland,' or Macedonian 'national consciousness,' to be unjustified demagoguery representing no ethnic nor political reality, and sees in its present revival a possible cloak for

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Dhoruba Was Here: 93

By Dennis O. Palmore

Dhoruba Bin Wahad came to Stony Brook with a message of inspiration and unity. Dhoruba was here to inform us, African American as well as all minority students, of our mission to carry on the struggle of previous generations. This struggle is one of freedom and justice from the racial oppression and discrimination that we face in the U.S. Dhoruba spoke of the breakup of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War, as being a time now to focus on the real problems of racism and sexism. "The African in the U.S., you unconsciousness, unorganized, and unclear, are the key ingredient in this struggle." Dhoruba put young African-Americans at the forefront of transition, a transition of power from a white male-dominated system to one that includes people of color and women. "Without these changes we will succumb to the very system that suppresses us", Dhoruba chanted.

The basic theme and premise of Dhoruba's speech focused on the concept of Ideological Clarity, a term he defined as "the struggle of ideas that will inform our movement and cannot contend for power." What he meant was that we must understand our enemies' ideology (that of white male dominance), and how it is detrimental to the liberation of people of color. This ideology has to be destroyed or it will destroy us. Dhoruba stressed the important role college students played in civil rights movement of the 60's as well as in other movements against social injustices throughout the world. He stated that "political consciousness is just as important as your academic skills." He informed us that it was students who took to the streets in protest and went on the freedom rides throughout the South, regardless of their fears. "They were scared," but because of their actions we benefit and should continue the fight because it is not over.

the demise of the party. He stressed how important women are to the structure of any movement and also to the very construction of such movements. In the very construction of any new society we wish to form, women are an integral part and therefore must be included in order for a political system to survive. He made it clear that women are half of this society and neither half a

In order to create a revolutionary movement one must adhere to ethical principles. Dhoruba pointed out that ethical conduct is conducive and essential to any changes we seek to make in society. He spoke about how we must set examples, while also living and practicing those principles that we are expounding to others. Dhoruba stated that "for a true revolutionary the personal is political and the political is personal. Our relationship to each other is a reflection of how we see the new world we intend to create." He again used the former Black Panther Party as an example, discussing the parties inability to adhere to these principles.

Dhoruba Bin Wahad is a "black revolutionary" which he defined as "someone who has taken a clear and revolutionary position. The fundamental position is this, that black people can only acquire their freedom when there is a revolutionary change in this society." Dhoruba has done just that and is trying to make a real difference. In discussing the Panthers, Dhoruba maintained that the essence of the party and the principles, along with the goals they stood for, are positive and relevant today. It was when those principles were not adhered to that disruption in the organization and internal conflict led to its deterioration and eventual end. The Panthers led community efforts such as food drives, legal services that were and still are viable forms services for minority people in depressed living conditions. Although the party is gone the struggle continues...

Dhoruba touched on the topic of sexism, using the former Black Panther Party, of which he was a member, as an example of the destructive nature of sexism. Women were the backbone of the Black Panther Party, but male egoism and blatant neglect of their efforts contradicted their movement and destroyed internal harmony which led to movement nor half a system can be fully representative or successful, without the vital participation of women. Dhoruba expressed his opposition towards those who oppress or discriminate against people based on gender or sex, and he advised us to criticize those that do participate in this type of biased attitude.



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THE MESSAGE OF PUBLIC SAFETY

By Shari Nezami

If you've ever tuned in to WUSB on a Thursday night, you're sure to have caught a show named *The Message*. The basic theme of the show is as follows- they present a topic, argue it out, and then allow listeners to call in and offer their opinions. The show was moderated by Officer Patrick Freeman of Public Safety who presented facts and served as the only rational and sane voice on the show. However, on last week's show his voice was missing. After speaking to some of the show's members I was informed that, for reasons unknown, it seemed as if Officer Freedman would no longer be on the show. "What!" I thought to myself, after all the ruckus Public Safety has been raising about campus relations and getting involved with the community, they flake out like this! It seems to me somebody over at the Public Safety office is being a bit hypocritical- don't you think?

Now maybe I'm making a big deal out of this whole thing, but let's think about this whole thing in perspective.

Here's a member of Public Safety who actually gets involved with something on this campus that doesn't involve beating up students or towing their cars, and the next thing you know he's not doing it any more - what's up people? If Public Safety were serious about making the community like them more and respecting them they'd actually do more things like this. Rather than running around screaming about how much they need guns how about trying to make a difference around here? For example, take the budget cuts, now I'm sure that any cuts the State has to make to SUNY affects The Department of Public Safety in some way, did you see any of them demonstrating with the students or even showing some type of support for our cause? Even if the budget cuts don't effect them at all, why not just pretend that their concerned so that students feel some type of bond between themselves and the officers? Why is it that the only time they even think about "campus relations" is when they're crying that they need to be armed?

What the members of the Department of Public Safety has to understand is that students don't trust most of the people on their staff. More importantly, students of color not only don't trust them but also harbor resentment towards the Department (I wonder why?) Therefore, in order for Public Safety to gain some trust and respect around here not only do they have to say they that they want to establish better relations with students they have to prove it. How about starting with putting Officer Freeman back on *The Message*? Other ideas could be a regularly broadcast show that will feature members of Public Safety and then allow students to call in and voice their opinions. The only way that Public Safety can improve its relations with the students is to let the students tell them what they're doing wrong, and right. Unless Public Safety improves their image on this campus they are only opening themselves up to confrontations with students and that won't serve, or protect, anyone's best interests.

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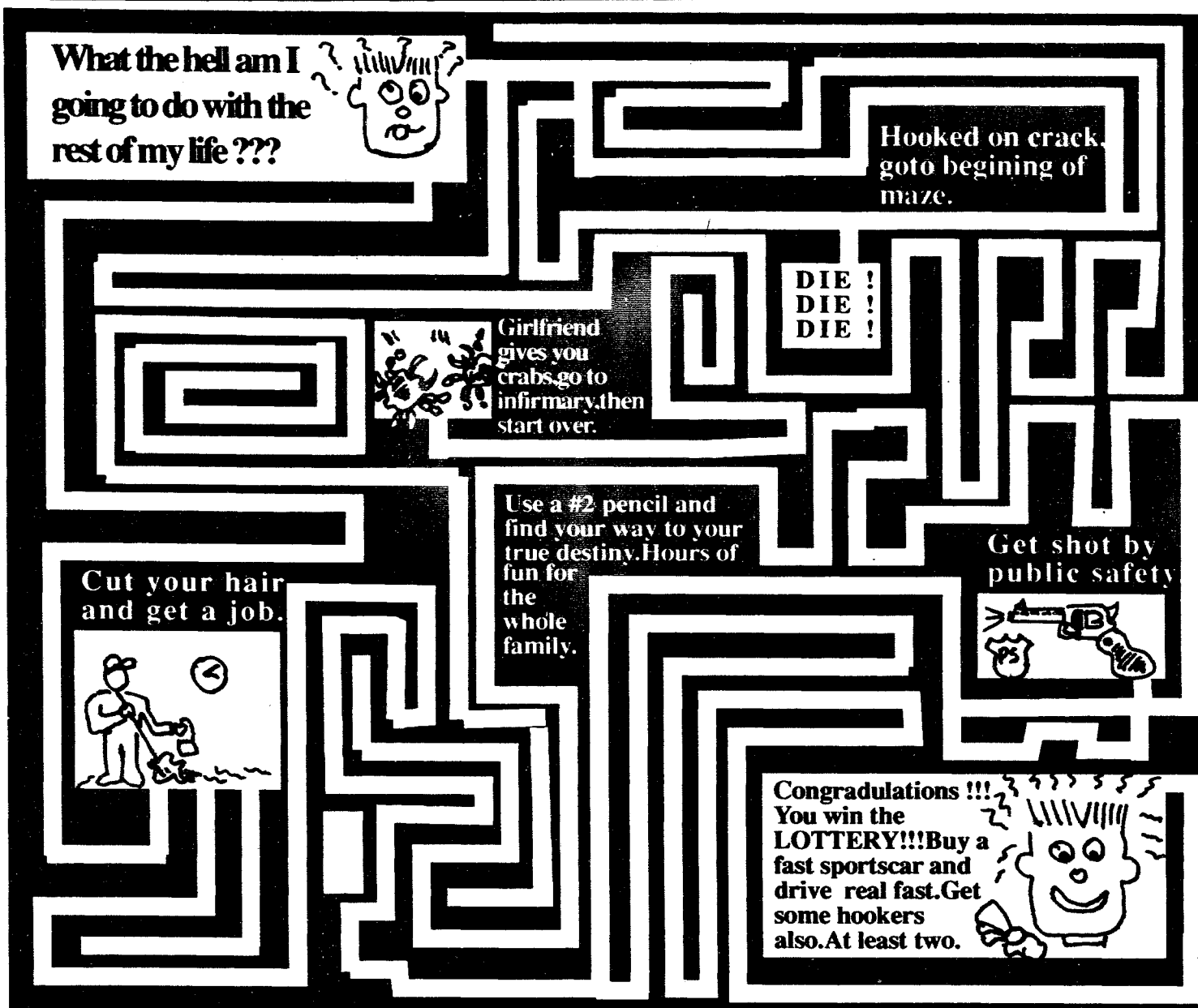
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THE STONY BROOK PRESS MY KIND OF SCUM

Armchair Activism

Here we are again, the first flushes of excitement and hope at the beginning of the semester now fully behind us as a result of the first go-round of midterms. And we're not happy with the way the Administration and Polity are doing their respective jobs. Still, nobody's doing anything about the situation, even to the extent of bitching *loudly*; it all seems too pointless.

The comparisons between current levels of student activism and those of the '60s and '70s here at Stony Brook are only wistful nostalgia, because we're thoroughly demoralized. It seems as if we're all waiting for the introduction of some new Core course like Protest and Civil disobedience 103 to kick in before we'll get off our collective asses. Yeah, it's disgusting. Yeah, it's painful to watch everyone listlessly taking any and all crap that the Creativity Department over at the Administration Building can come up with. Yeah, it's painful to hear them laughing at us. It's painful to sit here, at the desk of one of this university's last bastions of independent thinking, and feel obliged to write something that says "Fight for your rights," knowing full well how futile it is.

Nope, we've all decided to muddle through, to come up with whatever extra money they decide we should give them. After all, they've got the keys to the diploma vault, and we aren't about to rock the boat.

Lately it seems the question of activism isn't even the right one anymore; it just doesn't apply. It used to be that when things got tough, besides kicking and screaming, there was an item in our repertoire called

"activism" that no longer exists anymore. What are our options, what do we do now in this era of Barbarians With Computers? We give them information constipation!

All you campus-dwellers, you have these nifty little gadgets called ROLM phones, which you don't even have to get out of bed to use. They charge you \$50 for the privilege of having them, and boost the rates you have to pay, even for local calls. Doesn't that piss you off? On top of everything else, they stick you with these phones which, although they are one of the only bright spots of campus life, you get the shaft for four years worth of their use to the tune of \$400. So **USE THEM**. Marburger's office is a free call for you. So is every other office in the Administration. For you commuters, well, at least you aren't charged an arm and a leg for local calls, so you can call these sweethearts on the cheap too, or use one of the (thousands of well-maintained and conveniently located) campus phones between classes. Write nasty E-mail messages. Take advantage of the free campus mail system.

Whenever you read a fine publication (let's say the *Press*) that tells you how the goons over at Admin or the Polity Suite are giving you the bureaucratic middle finger, call them up and tell them exactly how you feel about it, in whatever language you are most comfortable with. Express your feelings. Let it all out. Yell if necessary. As long as you don't say anything too un-P.C., you can piss them all off every bit as much as you could by marching through their offices with megaphones a-blazing. If just ten percent of us called these people, say three or four

times a day, we could make their lives miserable, and maybe even get some things changed around here. Wake up y'all, the Information Age is here. Put away the banners and pick up the phone. It works for Congress; it could work for us too. And if it doesn't, at least we will all feel better.

If you get the typical runaround (i.e.—the secretary tells you whoever you absolutely need to talk to is on the other line and will be until next week), make sure they take a message, specifically for the head of the department, and have them read it back to you when you've finished.

Here's a list of numbers you might find useful:

University President: John Marburger 632-6268
University Provost: Tilden Edelstein 632-7012
ARA Food Services 632-6530
Public Safety: Public Relations Director Doug Little 632-7786
Campus Residences: Ass't VP Dallas Bauman III 632-6750
Student Affairs: VP Fred Preston 632-6700
Polity: Pres. David Greene or Director Stressor Altemis 632-6460
Traffic Hearing Office: Hearing Officer Arthur M. Shertzer 632-6345
Undergraduate Studies: VP Ronald Douglass 632-7080
University Senate: Chairman Lou Charnon Deutsch 632-6942
Financial Aid: Director Sherwood Johnson 632-6840

Letters

Statesman: Stony Brook's Only Student-Run Paper?

I have written for the Statesman over the past three years, and have seen an abundance of corruption, deceit and lies. I do not admit to being an authority on all that occurs at the Statesman, but I do admit that I believe what I've seen and heard to be true. I have written this article not out of spite or vengeance, but to tell the truth. I am not the first person who has wished to "tell the truth" about the Statesman. In fact, I can think of dozens of writers who have left simply out of frustration.

For me, the biggest lie has been that the Statesman has been Stony Brook's only twice-weekly student-run paper

Yes, it comes out twice weekly, but is it truly student-run? In my three years at the Statesman, we the writers wrote the stories, and were 100% responsible for the articles in the paper. And to this day, I give the editors and staff full support. However, there is much more to the management of the paper than merely writing stories.

The advertising, management, finances, size of the paper, delivery and other areas are still left open. While I was there, all of these responsibilities were handled "across the hall." If you wonder what "across the hall" is, that is where the business staff worked. At its peak, the business staff involved six people. To check this, look up any back issues of the Statesman.

Now, the first point that comes to mind when I think of the number of workers on the business side is the money issue. The highest paid executive received about \$30,000 annually, the next two received \$25,000, and the other three only slightly less. This comes out to about \$150,000 per year. This number is just for the salaries of upper staffers.

But wait, there's more. To deliver the paper, (an act which every other paper on campus does for free), Statesman paid students to deliver for about \$20 a quad for each issue. Now, realizing that most deliveries do not even go to your room any more, that's \$20 to carry five stacks of newspaper from the Union to the lobby of each dormitory. In addition,

The Stony Brook PRESS

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded non-profit corporation. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff.

Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451.

Staff meetings are held Wednesdays promptly at 1:00 pm.

060 & 061 Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY, 11794-2790
(516) 632-6451

CORRECTION: In the February 23 article "YOU CAN'T USE THAT MONEY", "YES WE CAN", it was reported that the Vice President of Student Polity had participated in the reported walk-out. This was not accurate. The Vice President did not walk out of the February 17 Polity meeting.

WEAR TRACK SHOES

every editor and assistant editor was given a salary varying between \$25 and \$100 per month. According to current writers, that comes to between five and ten thousand dollars annually for editors and eight thousand to deliver the paper. So far the grand total is about \$170,000. I think that's an excessively high number for a campus newspaper, when other papers can do it for free. And if the argument is that the other papers come out only 25% as often, then why don't they pay about 25% of the salary?

Now, you might ask, where does this money come from? Well, besides the fact that Polity gives them money, they acquire off-campus advertising. How much money can one obtain from adver-

continued on p. 8

Along the Color Line: Black Heritage and Resistance

By Dr. Manning Marable

When I was twenty years old, a simple event took place which I will never forget. I was a student at the University of Nairobi in Kenya, East Africa. The university at the time was run largely by Europeans or British-educated African scholars, so it retained much of the atmosphere of an English college, despite its African student population. Examinations were used to judge student progress in particular courses, and grades were often posted outside a faculty member's door or in the hallway outside the department secretary's office. Students couldn't hide behind the nameless references of Social Security numbers posted along with one's grades; it was often public knowledge how well individuals did on tests.

With some fear, I went along with a classmate to check my grades on a particular class. Finding my last name, I was relieved to discover that I had done very well on the examination. My friend, a young woman from the Akamba ethnic community, had achieved the best score in the entire class. In the best Swahili I could muster, I remarked that she had done very well for herself.

She smiled, then shaking her head, replied: "*hapana ndugu* (no, friend). I didn't do well. My people did well, and my village did well."

And so I learned an invaluable lesson in Black history and individual excellence which I have carried forward to this day. Whatever successes, victories or merits we attain in life, whatever awards or accomplishments we

receive, were never the sole product of our individual activities. They are always due to the collective sacrifice and the sweat, the pain and hopes of many others, who permitted us to aspire to a better life.

As my grandmother might say, "If you don't know where you are going, any road will take you there." This means at least two things—that the road we travel had a beginning, and its origins tell us much about who we are and how we got to our current point of development. And the road goes past our own personal horizon, into the distance. If we don't know where we have been, how can we possibly know where destiny is taking us? And if we don't understand the origins of the road we travel, how can we know where we are going in the future? Our history and cultural heritage connects all of us to people who struggled in the past to build the foundations of our current success. And we have a special obligation to do the same for the children of the world who are yet to be born.

Over one hundred sixty years ago, Nat Turner, an African-American minister in Virginia, organized one of the most important slave uprisings in American history. Over sixty whites were killed over several days. Hundreds of African Americans were slaughtered in retaliation by white militia and armed slaveholders. When Nat Turner was finally captured, a white newspaper reporter named T.R. Gray was assigned to interrogate him. The record of that interview was published as the "Confessions of Nat Turner."

Gray could not comprehend why such an intelligent Black man as Turner had engaged in such an obviously futile endeavor. There was absolutely no possibility of

success against the armed power of white authorities; the slaves were unarmed and unorganized, and some among their ranks were so dominated by their masters that they would reveal the plot and all details in order to curry favor with them. Gray demanded to know why Turner had acted as he did. Turner replied: "Was Christ not crucified?" Christ was a revolutionary in faith, Turner was saying. As He was prepared to die for his beliefs, Turner could do no less for his own people suffering the oppression of enslavement.

Turner's courage and vision speaks to the condition of African-American people throughout history and today. A sense of heritage and commitment means that one is linked to the ordeals of the past, and the promise of the future. Today's freedoms which are the result of the Civil Rights Movement—the fact that African Americans can vote, purchase homes in all-white neighborhoods, stay in formerly all-white hotels, and attend previously all-white schools—are only the beginning. To envision a world without racial discrimination, poverty, illiteracy and Black-on-Black violence, is to travel further down the freedom road, first charted by our Black foremothers and forefathers. Black heritage and culture become a compass for facing the challenges ahead, and moving the struggle for human equality forward into the twenty-first century.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of Political Science and History, University of Colorado, Boulder. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 250 newspapers and is broadcast by more than 60 radio stations throughout North America, England, Costa Rica, and Jamaica.

Commentary

College and Life: Incompatible

By David Yaseen

The trouble with our society's system of higher education is that, during the time of any real, honest initiative, we are put, "for our own good," into a faceless, hopelessly general program so we may gain "qualifications" for our eventual careers. By the time we come to be "ready" to select for ourselves the directions our lives will take, we have been bled of any and all self-derived gumption to actually do anything. Ask any child what he or she wants to be—there is such a drive in them to win the identity of a police officer, fireman, pilot, dancer, doctor, actor, etc., but *college students* can't decide.

The things required for qualification are so far divorced from the abilities and skills actually called for in the performance of one's career, it is ridiculous. We go to classes that are sometimes enjoyable, but we are never required to apply the knowledge to anything that would be remotely worthwhile outside of the artificial environment of the university. The drives that led to the foundation of any of the disciplines that we see being studied had nothing to do with book-work, test-work, or anything of the sort. If anything, people possessed of these drive formed communities of inquisitive people, that craved conversation and argument.

We are, at enormous expense, led through the mazes of education, begged to keep our exuberances quiet (there are other people trying to "learn") and sit and take our medicine. We have always been told that medicine tastes bad, and maybe we've begun to take it to heart. But were we sick in the first place?

Many, perhaps most, college students have heard the

disembodied voices saying that we have bright futures, that we will receive success as the reward for our educational experiences. But there is no such connection. Take, for example, someone who wants to be a writer. With the English classes at most schools, it's all he or she can do to maintain an inner sense of a genuine audience to whom he or she would like to write, as opposed to the jaded, efficiency-minded professor to whom the student's papers are submitted for evaluation. This is so the student can write for real audiences after graduation.

Oh sure, school newspapers and other publications, not to mention the all-important senior thesis and graduate dissertations, geared as they are to learning students and the university environment, and evaluated according to the idea that nothing of real value should be expected from students, would be the ideal infusion of the real world to this heady mixture of untrained willingness and careful and strict organization. Right?

We have shackled ourselves to the rate of progression set for us by (of all things) the State of New York and its chosen representatives. Too much has been paid to the theory that such orderliness begets success. There are a lot of people who do a much better job than others in the adaptation to the scholastic environment, who study the right things for the right amount of time, and who know their disciplines in terms of short answers, multiple-choice answers, and essays that capture every item mentioned more than once in the lecture. And they get the grades. Is this the sufficient qualification for success? No. Is it any indication of such a person's ability to contribute anything to society beyond the fulfillment of predetermined func-

tions? No.

We are a godless society of idolaters, sometimes even allowing genuine greatness to penetrate the hazy glow that usually serves to protect our celebrities and heroes from scrutiny. To anyone who cares to look, who does not quit inspection of such idols writhing in rapture from the radiance they pick up from popular acclaim, such people are obvious, although usually less publicized (in such bare success, they lack the necessary mystery...). While these genuine achievers may have been good students, to a one, they had to possess something above and beyond anything being taught in school, something which most likely they indulged between classes and during the leisure time of people disgusted with standard collegiate learning.

We are, each of us, the possessors of energies that are internal, which give us our curiosities and general interests, and what does our system do to this most potent and rewarding kind of energy? It strips us of it as something around which we could build our lives and relegates its release to the intentionally innocuous and unimportant realm of hobby. Even a cursory look at the world's register will show that those people who have been great achievers, or even happy, were those who found ways of making their hobbies into careers.

It's not as though the whole educational establishment is bad, because, in the final shakeout, it's the only practical way to get where we want to be in this world. It shouldn't be, though.

**SKIP CLASS,
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I.D. OR NOT I.D.?

By Dean Markadakis

Imagine this: You have just completed the grueling registration process. You have successfully been signed in to all those cool classes you thought were closed; you have purchased all your books at Barnes & Noble; you've paid your bill in full. You feel good.

You have vowed that this will be your best semester, and you've prepared to exert months of hard work to make your mom proud. But there is a problem—a serious problem. Your ID card isn't validated. "Oh, well, I'll just walk on over to the Administration building and I'm sure they'd be glad to validate it for me," you say to yourself. "After all, I've registered and I've paid my bill in full!"

SURPRISE!—remember that ticket you got when you parked outside the Union for 45 seconds to help that old lady cross the street? Well, that's what's setting off that annoying beep when they enter your ID number into the computer. "It's okay," says the woman at the traffic office window, "just pay your ticket and everything will be all right." Oh, no!—you just spent your last 15 dollars to buy a homeless Vietnam veteran a pair of canvas shoes. What now?

"Ma'am, I'm sorry I don't have the money right now, but I'll have it in two weeks when I get my \$20 paycheck for working at the soup kitchen in Port Jefferson." This seems like a viable plea. Suddenly, the airy little traffic lady throws on a chain mail vest, pulls a dagger from her glistening leather boot and growls, "Fie on you, you little arrogant prick, givest me thy money or thou shalt never see a god-damned validation sticker for as long as you breathe the wretched air of this fetid campus and ingest the gristle burgers of Kelly!"

"What are you saying, ma'am?" you reply. "Do you mean to tell me that if I don't pay my not-yet-outstanding traffic bill, you'll deny me all the privileges

of studentship, even though the fact that I can't get my grades or register for next semester without paying my traffic bill is enough of a guarantee that the school will get the money for that ticket?"

It's obscene that the administration gets away with this blatant exploitation of students' rights. The only



thing an ID card indicates is that the bearer is a registered student with a paid tuition bill. A student does not carry an ID card to prove that he or she has no outstanding traffic balance. This form of student policing is pathetic, and it may very well be illegal.

It violates the school's own constitution as well as

the fundamental rights of a student as a member of the Stony Brook community. By not validating a student's ID card, the administration is essentially penalizing the student for not having money. The student handbook clearly states that outstanding parking fines may lead to the withholding of grade reports and/or transcripts. It says nothing about validation stickers on ID cards. Without a validated ID card, a student cannot use the library or the gym. He or she cannot drive onto campus after midnight or buy books with a check in the bookstore. Technically, a student cannot take an exam without an ID card, especially in exceptionally large classes where ID cards must be presented before the start of exams.

These are privileges guaranteed to a student once he or she is registered and has a paid tuition bill. Without a validated ID card, a student may as well not even exist on the campus. An ID card is provided for the sole purpose of identifying the bearer as a student (hence the term "Identification" card). Its purpose is not to police students' parking habits. This is offensive, exploitative, cruel, unjustifiable bureaucratic nonsense. It insults the intelligence and integrity of the students and further diminishes the air of professionalism, of which this campus possesses so little.

Throughout history, oppressed classes have revolted against their oppressors—it's a basic sociological concept. How much longer must we, the students, remain pawns of an exploitative administration before we finally react against the injustice that occurs on our campus, and revolt against our oppressors? How can "they" do this to us and then actually have the nerve to call us after we graduate and seriously ask us for contributions to help them dehumanize future generations of Stony Brook students? We are the oppressed class, and they are our oppressors. So where's the revolution?

Statesman, continued from p. 4

tising? According to Statesman, each issue averages about 20 pages. Given that they fill about 50% or more of the paper with advertising, that comes to about 10 pages of advertising. Each page goes for a minimum of \$650 (except for the once-weekly Polity page at \$250), so the 10 pages of advertising translates into \$6500 per issue, \$13,000 a week, and over \$208,000 per semester. Over \$400,000 per year, for a paper more consistently run by non-students, which our activity pays for. Or, in other words, about 45% of their entire income goes for paying employees. That's a pretty high percentage for a student-run paper.

Again, the argument can be made that advertising is needed to produce the paper and to get good advertising costs money in salaries. That is true, but what is good advertising? If that means ruthless, cutthroat advertising, then they are the best. If you look at some of the advertisements in the Fall of 1992, you would see ads from Bird Emporium and from an air conditioning mechanic. At first, this doesn't seem shocking, but I begin to wonder, why did they advertise? The Bird Emporium wouldn't gather much business selling birds to a campus where birds aren't allowed, and I can't recall many air conditioners in need of repair on this campus. I then called both of these places and asked why they advertised. The answer was that the Bird Emporium was told that birds were allowed on campus, and the mechanic thought that the University hired independent contractors. Obviously, they were both very shocked to find out the truth.

One may now ask what could motivate someone to be

so ruthless in selling advertisement. If you look at the first and last two issues of every semester, you will find two full-page advertisements from the University Book Store. That comes to over \$2400 of advertising for the each pair of issues. That is good in the sense that it raises funds for the paper, but the paper is not the only thing that raises funds. For that 30 minute walk from the Statesman to the Union, the advertising executive received over \$360. Not bad for 30 minutes of work.

Now one can see where the money comes from, and where the bulk of the money goes, but what about the rest of it? The first time I walked into the Statesman's offices to drop off my article, I saw everyone munching down on food, and one of the editors talking on the phone to his girlfriend in California. At first, this didn't seem so bad, until I learned that the food had been ordered with Statesman money, and the phone bill was also paid for by the paper. To further demonstrate this questionable use of funds, read the paper every month, and you'll see that they are giving away lunch to people in recruitment drives. This may seem petty, but I still wonder why we as students give Statesman money out of the Student Activity fee, just to support its staff's personal needs.

In addition to the other "necessary" expenses the paper has, they allocate \$100 each semester for their end-of-the-semester party. When they needed to upgrade their system from an old IBM system to an advanced Apple system, they got rid of the IBM, but to where? That was over a year and a half ago, and one of the business executives is still "holding" it for safe keeping. To me, it seemed unusual that they would find

a need to store a computer which they planned on never using again, but even more unusual that, according to other writers, the computer is now the property of the business executive. Yes, that is only a rumor, but the question still remains of where this \$2000 computer is. When Blackworld struggled for literally years to buy a computer, Statesman is just sticking them in closets, or, according to rumor, giving them to its workers.

If you, the reader, believe that I am the only Statesman writer to feel this way, simply write down the staff for each month of the paper, and you will find that more than half leave the staff. And the reason most of them have told me that they left was because they were sick of the same things I've talked about here. Over the past two years, three former writers have started their own papers, stating this frustration as their reason for leaving.

It is not just the staff that feels this way, but the readers too. Think back to the infamous paper this fall in which David Greene wrote an open letter to the students in the Statesman. One can count four anti-statesman articles and letters, three articles of reporting, and over a dozen advertisements. That does not say much for a paper when more of it is about raising money and against the paper than actual reporting.

In my opinion, it is highly questionable for a newspaper to claim that it is a student-run paper and in need of money. Both of these claims do not hold true. Yes, it is entirely student-written, but not student-run. As a paper, the Statesman is quite vital to Stony Brook, but it is a source of corruption that we can live without.

Swimming With the Enemy

By Catherine Krupski

Don't call me a feminist— this isn't a reason for castrating men or removing a portion of their already miniature-sized brains. (Women have larger brains. It's a fact. Deal with it.) It's just an opinion based on mere observation.

I frequently swim (usually five days a week) at the Stony Brook pool. I go to all different open swim hours, whenever I can fit it into my schedule. Since conversation is kept to a minimum, swimming offers a peaceful solitude with maximum workout. However, I have noticed, and this is not just occasionally— it's more like a habit— that men, stupidly convinced of their imagined dynamic superiority, must dominate the pool, even if they can barely— and I do mean barely— swim.

Picture this: You are swimming in a medium/fast lane, and everyone is perfectly paced and spaced apart. A man enters the lane. After five minutes of "getting ready" (this does not include stretching out), he decides

to swim, just as you are nearing the wall and are about to go again. You wait the five seconds and realize that Mark Spitz is at the deep end already, thereby winning the Olympic 25 yard sprint! He hangs on to the wall down there for ten minutes "catching his breath" while you steadily swim your 63rd lap. As you approach, ready to do a flip-turn, he races off again. You give him the five-second head start and after ten yards, Mark is exhausted and is actually beginning to resemble an active drowner. Once he can touch the bottom, he chooses to walk, ignoring the fact that you have been behind him. Plus, he doesn't move out of your way!

Now let me just add a few more things. First, his arm stroke could make any windmill jealous— beware of Don Quixote. His kick splashes half the water out of the pool and he can't swim with his face in the water even though he is wearing goggles. Is it a hair thing? Second, and more importantly, he never pulls this ridiculously inconsiderate stunt on his fellow subspecies.

I have been lead to seriously believe that there are

major (beyond uncanny) correlations to be made to other aspects of the male physiology... Figure it out... OK, here's a hint: five-second sprint, 10-minute recovery period, and he can't even finish the second time around. Coincidence? I think not.

Don't think I'm the only one to gripe about this. I'm not. Don't think that there is only one guy at the pool who does this. It's more like a plethora. I will swear it's a testosterone thing, some sort of a tribal male-bonding conspiracy. Don't think women do this, too. They don't; they are much more considerate, even towards those ignoramus pseudo-aquatic pros. If *estrogen* means "to cause frenzy," then *testosterone* must mean "hopelessly stupid."

Seriously, I see so many men constantly switching lanes, while women find a lane that suits them and stick with it. Can't men commit to one lane? Is this what the complexities of society can be reduced to? Am I reacting to chauvinism or a basic case of stupidity? Either way, men are the sole offenders and are rarely, if ever, the victims.

VAS DIFFERENCE?

By John McGillicuddy

A year ago my wife gave birth to our second child, a boy, and now it was time for us to think about permanent means of birth control. There were so many options to choose from. The pill would be too hard for my wife to keep track of, and she was firmly against getting her tubes cut and tied. While my bride had been thinking of her options, I, too, was considering my choices for us to enjoy a life time of lovemaking without worry.

I finally said to my wife, "Mary, how about a vasectomy."

She said nothing. Just kind of stared at me.

I said, "I'm a responsible adult, but I am not responsible enough for condoms. Not for the rest of my life, which I hope will be very long. It is a reversible procedure, to an extent. I think we should at least research it."

"We'll have to talk about it," she replied

And for almost a year we talked about it, and read about it, and thought about it.

I made the appointment with a urologist (not a vasectomologist) at the University Hospital Urology Clinic. December 5th 1992 1 p.m. I decided to write a list of questions to ask for the first of three urology appointments, the first being only a consultation with the doctor, the second being the actual vasectomy procedure and the third being a follow up to test the semen for sperm. I didn't want to forget to ask what I feel needed to be asked. My questions were in outline form, from most to least important. I was extremely nervous. I would list these questions and their answers, but I feel each man should think of what he feels is important to him.

The doctor thought I was rather young to think of such a permanent process. I asked to what extent it was reversible. And he referred to it as if you had a car and you didn't use it for a while it might not work after it is reversed.

I explained to him that I was mature enough to except the fact that, no matter what the future holds for me, my children were my children as well as my wife's. A tentative date was set for the operation, which usually takes place right in the doctor's office. My doctor

said that it was a tentative date only, because he wanted Mary and I to have more time to discuss this topic more thoroughly. He said that six weeks would probably be enough.

The big day came.

At the office, I had to sit in the waiting room for half an hour. People were sitting and reading copies of *Time* or *People*. Every time a doctor came to check his schedule of patients, I could swear that the receptionist had said in front of, and loud enough for everyone in the waiting room, as she pointed to me, "This man is waiting to get a vasectomy."

My name was called after about three trips to the bathroom, and I swiftly followed the nurse. She asked



me what I was seeing the doctor for and I told her. I sat in the cold office/operating room, and thought about a needle going into my scrotum while the nurse prepared the operating instruments around me—prongs, probes and things that looked very, very sharp.

I had to ask, "Does he use all of those things?"

The nurse said, "No but we don't want to be short handed of instruments if an accident occurs."

"What kind of accident are we talking about, like dropping a sponge or something in there?"

"No, on the floor."

"Oh?! O.K."

The nurse asked me to disrobe from the waist down, and as the man that I am, I stated, "This is all so sudden, we just met." thinking a joke or two would ease my nervousness. She handed me something to cover myself with, left the room and shut the door.

Ten minutes (that felt like eternity) later, the door opened and the doctor entered. Beside him he explained was a student doctor of urology, and she was going to assist him in the operation. This student made me a bit more nervous, because she was a woman, but I was also nervous about a man touching my penis, a word which is very hard to say in any professional way for a lay person.

I was ready, and the doctor slightly pinched a small amount of my scrotum and shot me with lidocaine. As he was performing the operation he was explaining to the student how and why he does what he does, and I paid close attention.

He promptly said to me, "Are you getting this all down in your notes?"

To which I replied, "I figure you make it and I enterprise it, we can start our own Do It Yourself Home Vasectomy Kit. Being a guy, I think I speak for a lot of us, that we would prefer not to go to the doctor unless we are dying."

He chuckled.

Three-quarters through the operation another doctor entered the office and said, "How are things going?"

And I said, "Oh! Quite well, and how are you?"

The operation was complete, and I was leaving the office within forty minutes. I asked the doctor before I left if it was as good for him as it was for me. He gave me a cup for me to fill in six weeks. In six weeks he examines the semen for sperm.

It hurt for about a week, like somebody had squashed my testes, but now I live just as active a sex life as before, if not more, for the loss of the fear of having to use contraception every time Mary and I want to make love.

Six weeks gone by, and now comes the time to fill my cup. It was a very difficult thing to deal with, but I dealt with it and delivered my cup with the semen sample. The operation was a success. Now I live a life of sweet sex without worry.



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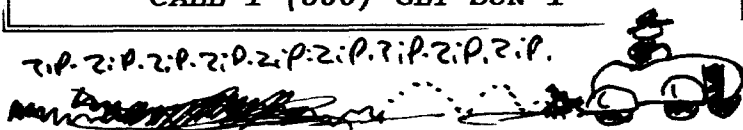
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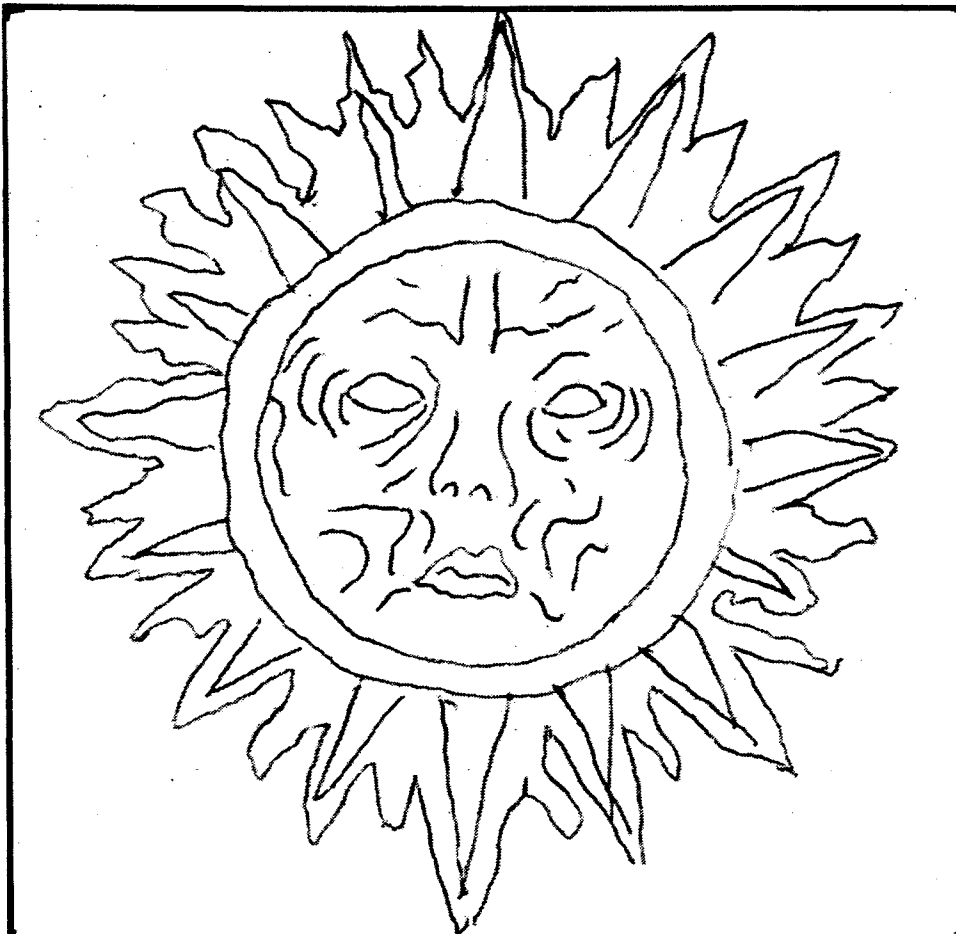
By Matthew Leone

The piercing thousand-yard stare, the stalwart focus of artistic determination, and the tattoo sun sweating on his back relaxed for the night to shine comedy and insight. The skin under his shirt read "Search and Destroy" as he shared fond childhood memories with the seated slam-dancers. This "Evening of Spoken Word" with Henry Rollins at C.W. Post was much quieter than a hard-core show, but a lot funnier.

On stage with Rollin's Band, this strong built singer confronts personal strain with channeled passion, unleashing concentration. Their music is certainly aggressive, but it doesn't just project anger - it deals with anger—to get a hold on it. Rollins often attracts an audience that feels disconnected and disempowered. But he doesn't play on their pain and alienation, he addresses it. While Nine Inch Nails screams "I used to be so somebody!", Axl Rose acts out morbid melodrama, and Metallica rages in violent depression, Rollins takes a more self-empowering stance in songs like "Low Self Opinion" ("I know the self-doubt that treats you so unkind") and "Grip" ("Jump back, get your self-respect in tact"). The themes in his music reappeared in his storytelling - in much lighter tone. You can't say, "You're not heavy, man...you're boring..." Rollins doesn't have to be infuriated to get his message across. He can also be humorous.

Rollins joked about his "man-in-the-box syndrome." "When I was 18, I was 'Geek Man.' I would be like 'look...a girl...Oh, no! What do I do? I don't know. I think I'll just stand here like a robot...she couldn't possibly like me!'" He also talked about how ridiculously people treat him sometimes. "I don't know what's with people. I'll be sitting next to them and they'll be like 'Uhhm...Excuse me, Mr. Rollins, but do you mind if I get up and change my seat...if that's O.K. with you...if not, I'll stay right here...but if not...' " "Change your damn seat!" he would yell. "They'd be like 'just don't hurt me, please'...I mean, I'm not like that at all...Nothing's further from the truth." While Rollins several times expressed his desire to strangle certain people and how he sometimes stays up all night rigid in agitated contemplation, he also made clear the distinction between feeling such extreme raw emotions and acting on those feelings, condemning "hateful people who abuse their power and strength." He also mentioned the L.A.P.D. However, in fairness, Rollins asked the question, "What's with people today?...When I was in school, we were really out of it...now they have metal detectors for little kids with uzis..." He told how, recently, his good friend was coming home from the grocery store, and was fatally shot in the head.

Rather than playing the sardonic role of Holden Caulfield, Rollins keeps things in perspective in exposing the world's "phoniness." He said "If Miles Davis were alive today, in his prime, cranking out a new record a day, the music industry wouldn't know what to do with it...they'd be like 'no Miles, you don't understand...you're messing up the system...the people have been trained to listen to the same music we give them over and over...you're flooding the market...you're not playing the sales game.'" Rollins



spoke in a low, whispery voice and said Miles would tell them "I don't play sales...I play music, Mother F-..."

Rollins explained that "rather than promoting a band that is trying something new...taking music in a new direction...trying to produce 'art,' the music industry chooses to promote the same bands that have already made it to an extent that it displaces new ones" He said a talk show host in England tried to grill him, "So...I heard you don't like Bono." The audience looked at him, ready to kill. Rollins responded, "It's not that I don't like Bono, but what he'll do is go in to the studio and record 13 songs then tour for the next 2 years with those songs in dinosaur stadiums where you can watch it from a mile away on a giant T.V. screen...you'd ask your friend how he liked the concert and he'd say 'Uhh, good...I think'...and then industry will promote the singles with 10 different versions of the song...like I have to have that...the vocals come in on 4 instead of 2 on the extended 3:20 of the 3 minute song...or the dance mix with electronic drums in the background...'She moves in mysterious (boom chica boom) ways'...and no else gets on the radio...Now, how many people play guitar here...yeah, you know you can take that guy...but so many people feel inadequate and say 'Gee...I guess I can never be that good.'" Indeed, the "Zoo T.V." tour, projecting

"Everything you know is wrong" and "Watch more T.V.," falls into a trap, becoming absorbed in the culture it's mocking, losing its point. The English audience hesitated, said to themselves, "well, he has a point...he's making some sense," and then applauded. The crowd at Post clapped for comments someone else finally expressed, relating with the outspoken comic.

So what's the big deal about liking 10 versions of a song or concerts at Yankee Stadium? I kind of like U2. That's not the issue - Rollins wasn't simply ridiculing popular culture or complaining about being on the outside, but addressing a deeper problem that produces the counter culture he performs to. Not only does mainstream media exclude certain voices in music, it helps to define and shape society and people's self-definitions. "Sharon Stone has the biggest breast implant scars I've ever seen," said Rollins. "Now guys are gonna watch her and say to their girlfriends 'how come your breasts don't stay up like that?'...Girls... If your guy isn't happy with your breasts the way they are, get a new guy..." A scream of approval from the women in the audience followed. "Or guys are gonna see Arnold Schwarzenager and say I should look like that?...shit!"

The singer asked an interesting question. "Now if humans can run only 15 miles per hour...why do guys go by in cars at 30 mph and yell at women 'Hey baby, can you...?' ? Now, do they expect her to run after the car going 30 mph so she can...? I'd like to ask these guys, 'Has this ever worked?'"

Rollins shared his high school history, revealing a piece of his relationship with his father. His school had an awards ceremony, and his father sat next to him in the audience, looking at him sternly as they called out the winners, "...and now Most Athletic...Joe Sportsman..." Henry didn't win anything, and there was dead silence the whole car ride home. He decided to pour himself into acting, and at the next ceremony the Best Actor Award went to ...Henry Rollins. He went running up on stage. His father "joked" with him later, "So...you got the fag trophy."

Rollin's spoken words reflect the same themes that drive his music. The "Search and Destroy" tattoo across his back has attached him to a negative, raging label in other people's misperceptions. It seems that the "Search" is for respect, dignity, sanity, and sincerity, to "Destroy" self-hate and rejection, anguish and depression, and the resulting cycle of anger. Enraged voices don't have shout at themselves, at their loved ones - at the wrong people. The anger is released at the source of the problem through music. His voice breaks the silence of isolation, shattering ignorance. The pit dances its own dance for self-worth, without allegiance to the band, and individuals search for their own identities, unbound by imposed expectations. Strength stems from insight and control. It seems that this is what Rollins is talking about.

Dysfunctional Fables

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

dedicated to all my friends and worshippers of The Blue Walrus

Second to the groundhog, the animal who will react the most grumpily upon being rudely awakened from his winter's nap is not the bear but his smaller cousin the badger. Badger, never being one for fun, games or merriment, only likes to slump in his armchair in his warm burrow and complain at the television as he crunches handfuls of red ants and black beetles. His other hobbies include sleeping, eating and sleeping, interrupted by occasional unwanted nagging directed toward the younger generations of forest animals.

One day a young otter felt like belly-flopping down the snowbank, and she did so quite gracefully right down to the bottom. When she saw the badger's hole she thought that whoever lived there might want to

THE OTTER AND THE BADGER

play, and she scratched politely at the doorway. "Come slide with me!" she squeaked. "It's a beautiful day—and just think, soon it will be spring!"



"A cranky shuffling scraped through the burrow until Otter could see Badger's nose stick out of the doorway with his beady eyes glittering in the darkness.

"Bah!" growled Badger. "What's so good about that? Spring—bah! All those flowers that make me sneeze and everyone making googoo eyes at each other. Sliding—bah! When I was your age I was saving for my retirement already and you young people just want to live for today. Get a job and go away and let me sleep."

The otter shrugged her shoulders and made her way up the snowbank again, wondering what had happened to Mr. Badger in his childhood to make him so disagreeable. Even Badger must have something that he considered fun, she thought. She hated seeing people unhappy, and she decided to find something that would cheer Badger up so he would play with her.

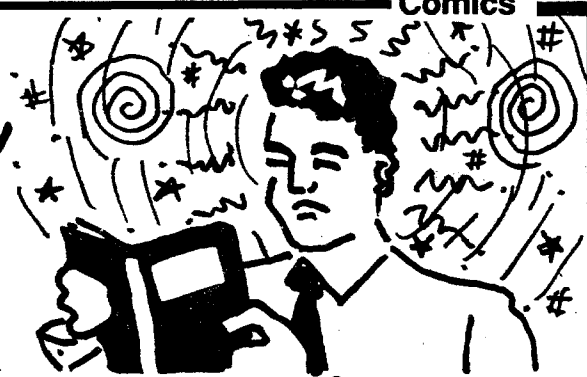
After Otter tried everything from baking cakes to playing kazoo to singing happy songs, all she managed to do was make Badger even more irate. "Gee, Mr. Badger," Otter sighed, "isn't there anything that makes you happy?"

"YES!" the old man roared. "SOLITUDE AND QUIET!" And he chased Otter back up the snowbank into the water.

Comics



Joe D. Never Quite Came down from that Bad 2cid trip IN '88. Now He Just sits 2round the office Reading the Rolm Phone Info Book while masturbating. He changed the access code, so only He could use it.



The Pressures of being a newspaper editor finally made him SNAP! Now he wants to work for telecommunications.

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