

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

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Hey, look.

It's a

Summer

Issue.

On The Inside

Blah

Blah

Blah

SINCE YOU MISSED IT

By David M. Ewalt

Summer is the time for all-day concerts, and last week modern rock radio station WHFS kicked off the season with a massive festival in Washington D.C. The "HFStival," which was both the one of the first and largest concerts this year, featured seventeen bands for seventeen bucks...or twenty-one once Ticketmaster was through with you. The concert was held in D.C.'s RFK stadium, which allowed more than fifty thousand rock fans and freaks of all kinds to attend.

Normally, I wouldn't presume to think the audience of a student newspaper in New York would be very interested with the goings on at a concert three hundred miles away, but dammit, if *Rolling Stone* reporters can go to a concert and get an easy article out of it, so can I.

My day began on the subway to the stadium. The stations were filled to bursting with dorky high-schoolers. There seemed to be a dress code; all the males wore Nine Inch Nails t-shirts, and the females had pigtails or multi-colored barrettes in their hair. Few things look more pathetic than hundreds of people all trying their hardest to be "alternative." Arrival at the stadium introduced more of these ghastly little children.

Despite the juvenile nature of the crowd, I was psyched when the first band, Shudder to Think, took the stage. Shudder is a D.C. based band that has only recently gained national exposure; MTV occasionally runs their video for "X French T-Shirt." I'd tell you to look for it, but that would mean watching "Alternative Nation," and god knows I wouldn't wish Kennedy on even my worst enemy. [Ed Note. "Most of the staff loves Kennedy, by either sending her e-mail, or having erotic dreams about her."] Shudder's newest CD, *Pony Express Record*, is great, but their set on stage was only average. You can't blame them for being a bit off...it can't be easy opening a festival with 50,000 people watching.

About two-thirds of the way through Shudder to Think's set, I wandered out of the stadium to the side stage located in one of the parking lots. The side stage, that famed festival area to which "smaller" bands are consigned, featured groups like Suddenly Tammy!, Archers of Loaf, Mother May I, and Tripping Daisy (whose newest CD fea-

tures the incredibly annoying little number "I Got A Girl.") Mother May I was just wrapping up their set, so I took a cursory look at some of the charity and publication group booths that had been set up, and then proceeded back inside.

I'll spare you the details of the first, slower hours (read: boring hours) of the festival. Juliana Hatfield was the next on stage, followed by Better Than Ezra. Then the fourth artist, Mike Watt, took the stage. Watt has an impressive resume with such groups as The Minutemen and FIREHOSE, but seems incapable of performing by himself. His first solo album, *ballhog or tugboat?*, features over 50 guest performers, and includes such names as Eddie Vedder and Evan Dando. During his performance, Watt was joined for one song by a guitarist wearing a jester suit- later revealed to be Curt Kirkwood of the Meat Puppets.

Next up on stage was Bush. Their set was pretty good, featuring hit singles "Little Things" and "Everything Zen." They were followed by General Public, which consists of two former members of the 80's group English Beat. It was cool to hear them do some of the Beat's old numbers, but their new stuff is nothing worthy of note.

The day began to get exciting once General Public left the stage, when Hole's Courtney Love arrived for an unannounced set. Striding on stage to tremendous cheers, she grabbed the microphone. "I fucking hate the fucking summer!" she announced. "Put a sweater on!" Love launched through a short set of three songs before providing the highlight of the day. Tossing aside her guitar, she made a stage dive into the crowd. Security guards managed to pull her back onstage after a few moments, only slightly worse for wear, her sun dress ripped down the front by some overzealous fan. Grabbing the mike in one hand and futilely trying to cover her exposed breasts with the other, she pointed at someone in the crowd. "You pervert!" she yelled. "Get up here!" The fan, apparently, didn't want a fight, so Love exited, leaving behind a significantly pumped up crowd.

If there is any band that thrives on a spirited crowd, it's the next band, Primus. Les Claypool and friends took the stage to rousing cries of "Primus Sucks!" from their fans. Claypool, who has for some reason dyed his hair bright yellow, turned the mosh pit into a frenzy with his frenetic

bass lines on songs like "My Name is Mud" and "Jerry Was a Racecar Driver."

The next performer was my favorite artist at the festival, PJ Harvey. I had never realized how short PJ is...but despite being small, she has a big, big voice. Harvey played a great set, but wasn't fully appreciated by the crowd; I personally witnessed a drunken frat boy raise his arms and yell out, "WHOOOO HOOOO! YEAH BABY!" For those of you unfamiliar with PJ's music, this action is akin to screaming "Rock and Roll!" at a piano recital.

Once PJ was done, the crowd was treated to another surprise guest. Music legend Tony Bennett took to the stage in a sport coat and loafers. As he performed such classics as "Steppin' Out With My Baby" and "Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails," Bennett actually managed to get the crowd to stop moshing. Though his set was nearly as short as Courtney Love's, Bennett added a genuine touch of class to the festival.

The official headliners of the festival performed next. Soul Asylum has never been one of my favorite bands, but I was impressed by their live performance. Front man Dave Pirner surprised the crowd by whipping out a trumpet and playing a few notes during "Somebody to Shove"; the musically inclined amongst us recognized the notes as a riff from Paul McCartney's "Silly Little Love Song".

The festival ended with a bang- in the form of punk rock legends the Ramones. Wearing their trademark leather, despite the 80 degree heat, the Ramones blew the lid of the joint with such songs as "Sheena is a Punk Rocker" and "I Wanna Be Sedated." Their newest album, *Adios Amigos*, is probably going to be their last, so it was great to see them before the impending breakup.

All in all it was a hell of a concert. Those of you who missed it have a few chances left to see some good shows this summer. Most of the bands at the festival are touring on their own as well. R.E.M. will begin their American tour this August. Lollapalooza promises to be as commercial as ever, but the bands sound good. If you take in a summer festival, be sure to drink lots of fluids and wear sunscreen. And please, have half a brain and don't mosh to slow songs. At the HFStival a DJ played singles in between performances; I will never be able to erase the memory of people slam dancing to "Linger" by the Cranberries.

Angry Fan Goes On Bloody Rampage At Ticketmaster Office

By Sara Weiss

Well, maybe not necessarily an angry fan, maybe a member of Pearl Jam. Ticketmaster is unfortunately a necessary evil in today's concert going society. There are few alternatives to buying any kind of tickets whether it be for sporting events or concerts without having to go through them. And if you're lucky enough to get through on their phone lines, you have to pay a handling fee between two and five dollars per ticket, jacking up a fifteen dollar ticket to almost twenty.

One option is going through a ticket broker. The problem with this is that they tend to up the prices three-fold. Basically, the majority of those out there are left with one option, go through Ticketmaster or don't go. This could lead to missing a once in a lifetime event like the Rangers finally winning the Stanley Cup or the last Rolling Stones show (if they ever retire.) The last thing I want to do is look back years from now and think of how many history making concerts I missed because Ticketmaster's phone lines were tied up.

I mean our parents had Woodstock and Vietnam

and look at us, we have rampant Republicans, Newt Gingrich and Satan himself Rush Limbaugh. Wake up people! Getting concert tickets may be the least of our problems but still...besides, I bet the people who actually paid to get into the original Woodstock didn't have to wait on line at Ticketmaster.

It wasn't always this way. A few years ago we had Ticketron who handled certain venues. Depending on the location of the event, you either went to them or Ticketmaster. This was a relatively good system. Then came that day in 1991 when one company bought out the other giving Ticketmaster virtual monopolistic control over the ticket selling industry. Nobody protested the takeover. Then someone finally decided to do something. Pearl Jam, who were standing on top of the world with their album *Vs.* selling nearly a million copies less than a week after its release, decided to file suit against the company. In the lawsuit, Pearl Jam charged Ticketmaster with having virtual monopolistic control over the ticket selling industry and thereby violating Federal Antitrust laws. The band also felt that the handling fee of \$3.15 per ticket being charged for tickets for the

band's summer tour was too high. This resulted in band members bassist Jeff Ament and rhythm guitarist Stone Gossard testifying before the House Subcommittee on Information, Justice, Transportation and Agriculture. The final results of the lawsuit have yet to be published.

Now lets look at it from another perspective. Going to concerts is part of being young. The only problem is getting the sacred tickets is a major pain in the ass. I've personally had to stand on line for several hours trying to get tickets which, if you've ever done it, is boring as hell. Then there are those damn bracelets that guarantee you tickets which aren't so great. One of my friends got one of those things and still ended up standing on line nearly four hours. The result, let me put it this way, I plan on bringing binoculars to the Tom Petty concert we're going to. On the other hand, the phone lines are an equal evil.

These days we're damned if we do and damned if we don't but still...if we go through Ticketmaster to get tickets we spend major money, if not we stay home and bitch. Go or don't go, that's the choice.

Sexually Deviancy In The U.K.

By Katherine Zafiris

Sacred Country by Rose Tremain is a story about Mary Ward and her realization at six years old that she really wants to be a boy. This realization not only encompasses how she views life and what is happening in it; but also her relationships to her family and friends.

The novel takes place in a small town in Suffolk, England. It centers around four naive people of the town. Walter Loomis, the town butcher who has bi-sexual tendencies, Mary Ward, whose wanting to be a boy alienates her from all she loves, Edward Harker, England's chief Cricket bat maker, and Estelle Ward, Mary's schizophrenic mother. Their stories are weaved together in a complicated way by telling each story in parts and sweeping those parts together by decades.

The novel starts in the fifties and ends in 1980. Each decade is distinguished by what is happening in England at the time. The fifties are distinguished by the fact that the King of England has died and a new England is about to take shape. The sixties find Walter and Mary in London and Estelle in Mountview, a sanitarium for the insane. The hippie and underground gay movement is starting to take place in London and by the mid-sixties, Walter and Mary find themselves with new choices and decisions. Each has had revelations about their sexuality and have experimented with the same and opposite sex. By the seventies, Mary is involved with the operations that will turn her into a man, while Walter is pursuing his dream of being a country singer in Nashville. By the late seventies, the novel places both Walter and Mary in Nashville and this is where the surprise ending promised by the author is presented.

I found the book very hard to get into at first. It

seemed very confusing and not very interesting. Rose Tremain involves too many stories to the main story and links them together very loosely. Take Edward Harker for instance. Is there really a point of putting him in the book? His only part is that he married Irene (Estelle's friend and Pearl's mother. Pearl being the girl Mary is infatuated with) and befriended Mary in time of need. Instead of putting Edward in the book, Tremain could have made Walter Mary's savior and saved the reader from any confusion in characters and their place in the journey of Mary and Walter. Then there is Walter. Tremain never really goes in depth about his story. She tells about his family, his problems with his uncle and father, his love for a girl, and then his relationship with Gilbert Blakey, the town dentist. But Tremain never really tells what is behind these things. Even with Mary and Estelle, Tremain's portrayal of their life is rough and horrible, but why is Sonny Ward bad to them, why does Mary feel she wants to be boy, and why is Estelle schizophrenic? Why does Timmy Ward hate the farm, his father, and why does he leave and join the church?

All these questions could easily be answered by small side stories. Take out the unnecessary character stories like Edward Harker and Irene, Miss McRae, Timmy's conversion to the church and his involvement with Pearl, Sonny's disintegration, Estelle's schizophrenia, and Rob and Tony. and their magazine. Granted these stories are interesting, but the problem I found is that after reading one of them, I got too involved in it and when the next story started I found it a bit disheartening when the continuation of the story didn't come for the next fifty pages.

If Tremain had just stuck to Mary Ward and Walter Loomis, I think that the novel would have gone smoother. For the rest of the characters, they

would be fabulous as short stories. A collection called *Swaithey Stories* would be a great title for the short stories. (Swaithey being the town they all came from in England.)

I did like the book in the end. But, reading it reminded me of reading Virginia Woolf or William Faulkner; the characters all being naive and not too bright. It gets annoying after reading it for a while, because you never really understand why they do the things they do. Yet in the end, Tremain tries to tie up the loose ends, leaving you okay with Mary and Walter, but really confused about Estelle. I got the feeling that a sequel is needed to explain her. Then again, a sequel could explain the whole lot of them.

Sacred Country by Rose Tremain is available this June by Washington Square Press.

**HANDWRITTEN SUBMISSIONS WILL
BE TORN INTO RAZOR THIN
THREADS WHICH THE EDITOR WILL
THEN USE TO FLOG THE STAFF MEM-
BERS WHO DIDN'T SHOW UP TO THE
FIRST OFFICIAL PRESS/ STATESMAN
SOFTBALL GAME OF THE 90'S,
REGARDLESS OF EXCUSE. THE
BLOODY SHREDS WILL THEN BE FED-
EXED TO FRESHMEN INTERESTED IN
JOINING THE PRESS, TO SHOW
WHAT INCURRING THE WRATH OF
THE EDITOR WILL DO TO YOU.**

Right Then, Wrong Now

By Louis M Moran

In 1978 they were the Clown Princes of Rock and Roll, now in 1995 they're just clowns. Van Halen is old and needs to go away right now not tomorrow. It isn't just pop rock formula, play at the prom songs like Can't Stop Lovin' You that get Van Halen a ticket on the Bus Off A Cliff with The Rolling Stones, The Who, the two corpses from Led Zeppelin and Bob Hope (I really hate Bob Hope) but the whole aura they have now. I saw Van Halen on their 1984 tour and they were the best band I'd ever seen. The incredible energy and power, to say nothing of the massive volume, made a strong impact on me. I saw them again for *OU812* and while they rocked, ultimately they sucked, well, ultimately Sammy sucked...in all fairness the crowd really wasn't up for Sammy Hagar and chanted "We Want Dave" more than once during the show.

To guitarists and to rock and roll Van Halen is one of the most important bands ever. It's probably true that Van Halen, the men and the band, didn't invent anything new in rock and roll, but they used so many tricks that it seemed like they did. Some have said that Van Halen was the World's Greatest Cover Band, and it's true. Ray Davies of the Kinks said it best when he admitted in *Guitar Player Magazine* that Van Halen's cover of "You Really Got Me" was better than the original. That is some heavy compliment.

Perhaps some of Van Halen's accomplishments were in covers, but denying them their great songs is silly at best. "Runnin' With The Devil," "Jamie's Crying," "Ain't Talking 'Bout Love," "Everybody Wants Some," "Unchained," "Jump," "Hot For

Teacher," even "Why Can't This Be Love?" are great songs. They are as stuck in time as "I Want To Hold Your Hand" leaving the indelible mark on that generation that the Beatles did. No one will ever confuse The Beatles with Van Halen, but that doesn't lessen Van Halen's impact on rock and roll.

Guitarists know that Eddie Van Halen is their savior. Time was getting to Eddie...there are pre Van Halen guitarists, and post Van Halen guitarists. Fuck Hendrix, screw Page, Clapton is not God, Jeff Beck blow another chord, see ya later Rhodes, drop dead little Stevie Vai, bore us no more Satch, Eddie is God/Emperor of guitar. No one before or after has made the impact that Eddie Van Halen has. Forget tapping as technique...dive bombs, fake harmonics, sweep picking, weedles and wahs, atomic scrapings, speed is life and riffing rules in the Van Halen canon and no Vernon Reid pyro-techniques or speed geek of the week will ever replace Eddie's throne. And that's the unbiased reporting!

Arcane guitar techniques aside, Eddie Van Halen spawned a generation of shredders and made rock and roll a place for virtuosity. Soloing had long been a part of rock and roll but no one has ever seen anything like "Eruption." It set the standard by which all guitarists were measured, especially by other guitarists. Page's a capella solo in "Heartbreaker" looks like a relic in comparison. Eddie Van Halen said in *Guitar For The Practicing Musician* that the only solo he ever liked was the one cut in "Rock Around The Clock" and that's why he chose his sound to be clear. So you could hear every note.

In the ninth grade I almost got expelled for a fist-

fight I had over who was a better guitarist, Eddie Van Halen, or Jimmy Page...I was wrong, Eddie is a better guitarist. When Eddie knocked Page off the top of the *Guitar Player* polls Eddie slagged Page saying that Page was a sloppy guitarist and a technical mess. Van Halen was right, but years later in the same publication he admitted he was an idiot when he said that. The reason being that Page may not have been a wizard of the fret board but he was a production genius and wrote riffs that will last forever. The opening notes of "Whole Lotta Love" will be heard in guitar shops until guitars don't exist anymore.

Van Halen took a lot of cues from Led Zeppelin. Even to where they stand on stage. Led Zeppelin also did a fair share of cover tunes, taking from American blues. While Robert Plant was important to Led Zeppelin, as any singer is to a rock band, he was not integral to their fame. In fact, detractors of Led Zeppelin cited the main reason the band would flop "like a lead balloon" was that Robert Plant's voice was annoying. Ultimately though Jimmy Page was already a minor star when he formed Led Zep and as important as Robert Plant became to Led Zep and rock and roll he wasn't the main catalyst for the bands success.

David Lee Roth was instrumental in getting Van Halen from bar band to stadium act. A lot of great guitarist were (are) out there and in the wrong bands with the wrong "frontmen." Are you listening Nuno, Mr. Big Gilbert? Dave was Dave. King of all he purveyed and master of his surroundings. When Dave said UH! your balls dropped. Dave was the most likely to succeed with the ladies and everybody wanted some. Without Dave, Eddie could have ended up another

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A Faire From Hell

Early this week *The Stony Brook Press* attended the Activities Faire (their spelling, not mine) held by the school for freshman committed to come to this fine university in the fall. The reason we attended was to try to coerce them into writing for us in the fall. All other groups and organizations were invited to this Faire, which was held in the Roth Quad Cafeteria.

When I first received the info for this event, the time said 10:30, I didn't bother to check if it said AM or PM because I figured 'what fool would set something up at 10:30 at night.' My mistake. After battling insane train schedules and rotten weather, I reached the sight at 10:45 AM and found out I was 11 hours early. (Coincidentally my day did not get much better after that.)

The Activity Faire **was** set up for 10:30 PM. What kind of idiot set up this thing? The last thing incoming freshman want to do after spending all day in a car and all afternoon on campus is to waste precious time at night, when they could be smoking pot, drinking or having sex, by walking around talking to people who are trying to force them to join their organizations.

This Faire had to have been the worst planned event on campus this year. Besides being at a ridiculous time, the Roth Quad Cafeteria has to be the hottest building on campus. The newspapers we brought to show were close to spontaneous combustion (451° F), it was that hot. Also, there is no soda machine within walking distance and the food service parts of the cafeteria were locked, only a lame water fountain. I saw two people faint from dehydration. I can only imagine how hot that building will be during the Activity Faires in July and August.

Next, the room we were in is built like a cavern and the acoustics would confound any engineer. You had to yell across the two foot table to hear the other person clearly. This is not the way to impress prospective staff mem-

bers, because when you have to yell the chance of spit flying increases greatly. Did I mention how hot it was?

Another problem with the Faire was its set up. They had *The Press* and *The Statesman* at the same table. What brain surgeon thought this would be a good idea? Both papers need a lot of room to spread out a years worth of material to show, and with only a half a table neither of us could properly present ourselves. Competitors should never be allowed to be this close to one another.

On the other hand, ICON had a full table and only one person at the Faire, while each paper had at least 3 people. Considering there were only 3 chairs at each table it got crowded quickly. Although these cramped quarters allowed us an opportunity to point out how much we think *The Statesman* sucks, while they were talking to prospective writers, it did not allow for any intimate conversations with the freshman without the competing paper hearing everything we said. They could have put the papers next to each other, but separate tables would have been a better idea.

One of the more annoying things during the night was when they announced that there was pizza in the lobby. The Faire was finally in full swing, the table was packed, and we were talking to people interested in joining the staff; and they call for pizza.

The place became a vacuum. Empty and devoid of all freshman. It was obvious that earlier in the day they hadn't been fed and were so overcome with hunger that they ran screaming for the pizza, which I heard wasn't that good anyway.

There were also a half dozen other problems with this event which I won't get into right now, but hopefully the organizers of the event will read this and try to correct the mistakes that they have made making the next five Faires as pleasant as can be expected.

Letters

To the editor:

"Open Letter to a Senator", in the April 10 issue [vol 16 no 13] is a conceptual masterpiece of layout design. An artistic statement! It's like one of those pictures that looks either like a pretty young woman or a withered hag, depending on how you look at it.

Try this: clip the article and fold it vertically in the middle. On one side you have a reasoned, mature, intelligent piece of exposition that makes you proud to be associated with a university that would have such material in its student newspaper.

But on the other side you get a bunch of cheap xenophobic shots the make you embarrassed to even be seen reading it. That routine of bashing the French is so tired. Do you know any French people? Honestly, I've known many, and they're no more arrogant, narcissistic or contemptuous of other peoples, languages or cultures than Americans. Maybe that's why Americans get such a charge out of picking on them-it takes one to know one.

And that "they owe us for saving

their asses" garbage--please. Did you get someone's Uncle Elmo from the VFW to compose that? Or maybe an expert in 20th century history from the dark recesses of Murphy's Triple Crown? I enclose a letter on U.S. valor from the British *Manchester Guardian*. Uncle Sam likes an uneven contest; just ask the Indians or the people in Iraq or Panama or Grenade. So do the British, the French, the Germans and all the other nations that have imperial pretensions. It's one of the reasons they all turn to shit sooner or later.

Lots of *Press* articles have this *trompe l'oeil* (pardon my French) effect. They start out making reasonable sense and then degenerate into something stupid. It's almost as if some of you writers have a pathological fear of being labeled politically correct, so they have to include some bigoted, jingoistic dreck so their beer buddies won't suspect they're not regular guys. Or are some of them just hoping for a post-graduation gig at *The New York Post*?

Efraim Csuwoj

Dear Efraim:

First of all I want to thank you for the positive response on my editorial, I still feel that I can not write a good one. But according to you, I must be getting close, just get rid of all the 'we hate French people' comments and I'll have a piece of work that makes you proud to be associated with this school.

The bashing of the French is something that is ingrained in all children as they grow up in our country, so changing what seems to be genetically programmed into all Americans is going to be difficult. I think you'd have an easy time trying to get teenagers to remain celibate until they get married. Peer pressure is great, but the pressure to make yourself superior to another country is even greater, and it just seems to be that France is the easiest country to make fun of; their war time record, their language and their body odor all make it very easy to target the French. Find me another country with a reasonably easy accent to mimic, an embarrassing history and a few stupid customs, and I'll be happy to force the staff to make fun of this new country for my tenure as editor.

As for uneven contests...hell, we all like

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Landscape Naked

them, that's why I'm answering your letter in a summer issue instead of the last issue of last semester when I should have. You probably won't read it, but I will get the satisfaction of answering it. As for the Uncle Elmo crack, the copy editor who gave me that idea, never visited a VFW hall or has frequented Murphy's Triple Crown, but he does drink Guinness, does that count?

The Editor

Blank space that you could have bought for \$15.00 to print anything you wanted. Aren't you sorry you missed out?

Along the Color Line:

What Affirmative Action Really Means

By Dr. Manning Marable

Part one of a two part series



Everyone these days seem to be debating "affirmative action," but few really know what the term means.

What has happened in recent years is a profound distortion of what an "affirmative action" really is, and how it evolved as a set of public policies.

Historically, the political motivation behind both "equal opportunity" and "affirmative action" came from the struggle to abolish slavery and its aftermath during the period of reconstruction. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the U.S. Constitution attempted to destroy the second-class legal and political status of African Americans. This political sentiment was expressed in the Civil Rights Act of 1866, which stated that "all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States will have the same right in every State and Territory, to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, give evidence, and to the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of persons and property as is enjoyed by white citizens..."

During the Great Depression, the role of the Federal government in protecting the equal rights of black Americans was expanded again through the direct militancy and agitation of black people. In 1941, socialist and trade union leader A. Phillip Randolph mobilized thousands of black workers to participate in the "Negro March on Washington Movement," calling upon the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt to carry out a series of reforms favorable to civil rights. To halt this mobilization, Roosevelt agreed to sign

Executive Order 8802, which outlawed segregationist hiring policies by defense related industries that held Federal contracts. This Executive Order not only greatly increased the number of African-Americans who were employed in wartime industries, but expanded the political idea that government could not take a passive role in the dismantling of institutional racism.

This position was reaffirmed in 1953, by President Harry S. Truman's Committee on Government Contract Compliance, which urged the Bureau of Employment Security "to act positively and affirmatively to implement the policy of nondiscrimination in its functions of placement counseling, occupational analysis and industrial services, labor market information, and community participation in employment services." Thus, despite the fact that the actual phrase, "affirmative action" was not used by a Chief Executive until President John F. Kennedy's Executive Order 11246 in 1961, the basic idea of taking proactive steps to uproot structural patterns of discrimination had been around for a long time.

The essential difficulty in every discussion about affirmative action goes back to its history and evolution. "Affirmative action" per se was never a law, or even a coherently developed governmental strategy to address discrimination. It was a set of Executive Orders and governmental strategy to address discrimination. It was a set of Executive Orders and governmental policies regarding Federal contracts, employment and licenses. Some Federal laws and initiatives implied that the social policy goal of uprooting discrimination ought to be the achievement of a "color blind" society, in which racial categories would become irrelevant. The 1964 Civil Rights Act, for example, declares that workplace discrimination on the basis of "race, color, religion, sex or national ori-

gin" should be outlawed. The 1964 act states that it should not be interpreted to require any employer "to grant preferential treatment to any individual or to any group."

Five years later, however, under the Republican administration of Richard M. Nixon, the Federal government authorized what became known as the "Philadelphia Plan." This initiative required federal contractors to set specific goals for minority hiring. As a result, the number of racial minorities in the construction industry increased from 1 to 12 percent. Nixon's basic strategy was to utilize a liberal reform for a conservative: the expansion of the African American middle class would potentially benefit the Republican Party. Nixon authorized placing Federal Reserve funds in black owned banks; he publicly defended the slogan "Black Power," but carefully interpreted it as "black capitalism."

In the 1978 *Bakke* decision, the Supreme Court overturned the policy of setting aside 16 out of 100 medical school openings for racial minorities in the selection of applicants for the University of California at Davis. But despite *Bakke* and other subsequent legal rulings which restricted the scope of affirmative action, millions of whites increasingly came to the opinion that any positive steps which addressed racial or gender inequality in employment or educational opportunities, no matter how modest, somehow were at their expense.

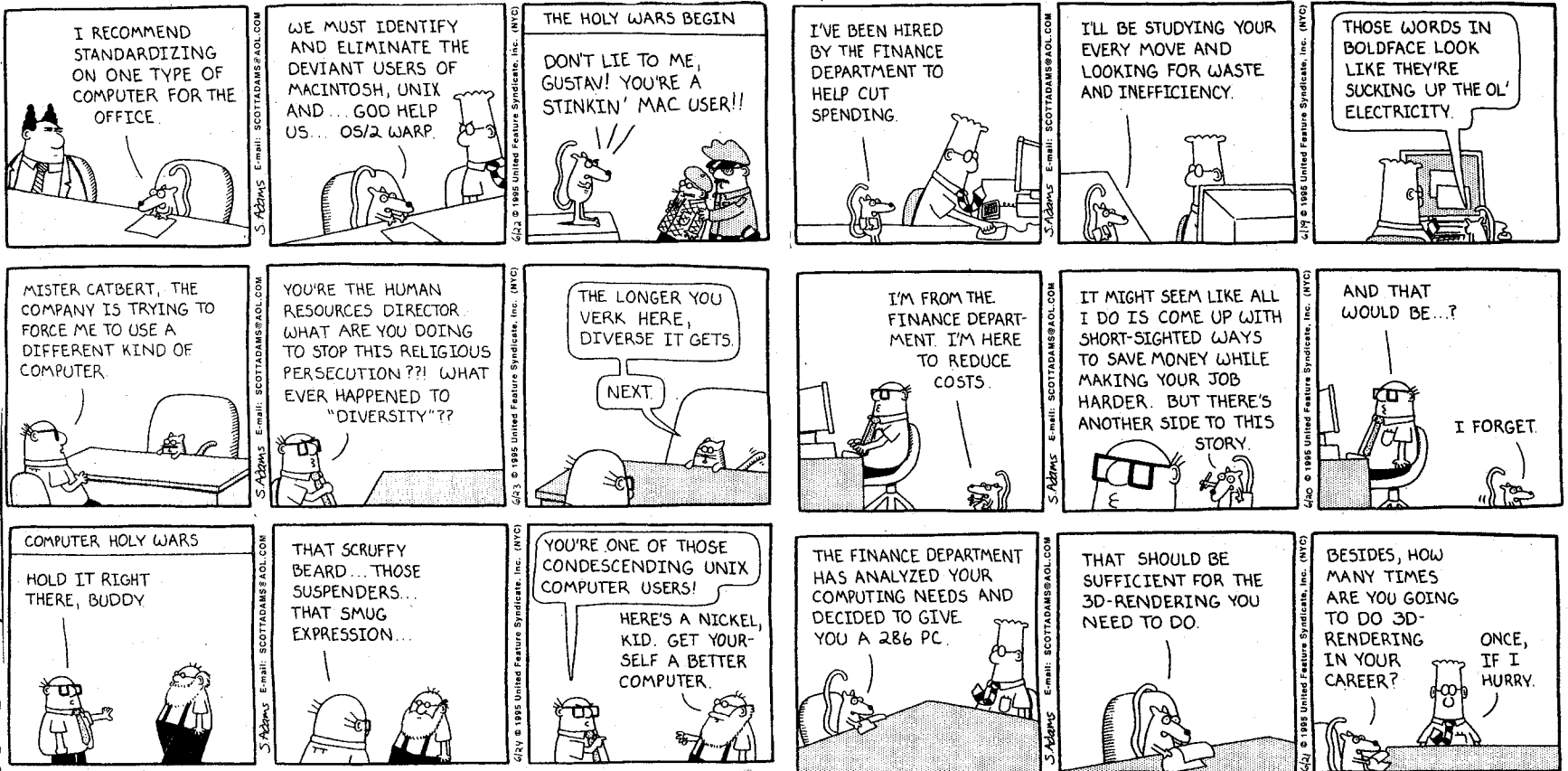
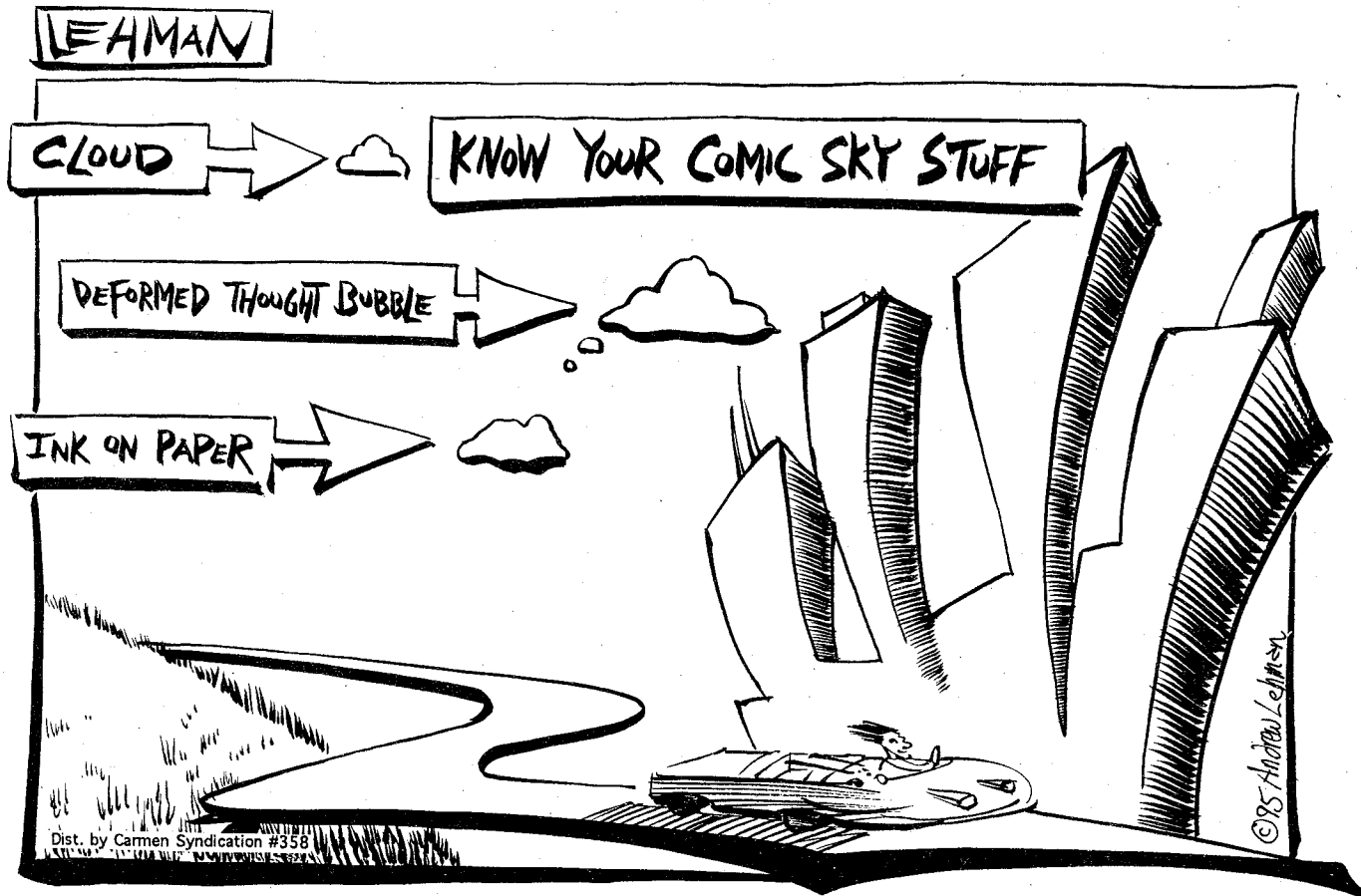
Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Director of the Institute for Research in African American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" appears on over 275 newspapers and is featured by 80 radio stations across the US and internationally.

Top 10 Ways To Prepare Gypsy Moth Caterpillars

10. Duck ala Caterpillar
9. With a side of home fries
8. Sauteed
7. Caterpillars au gratin
6. Shishkabob
5. Raw with a nice white wine
4. Beer battered
3. Frozen and sprinkled on a sundae
2. Caterpillar Noodle Soup
1. Smothered in lard and ketchup

The Staff of The Stony Brook Press does not hold their weekly meeting during the summer, but anyone interested in joining our staff can leave a message at 632-6451 or by e-mailing us at SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU We will get back to you as soon as possible. Those who will be here for the fall semester will be able to join us for our staff meetings every Wednesday at 1 PM in room 060 of the Student Union.

COMICS



Dilbert® by Scott Adams

Bunch O' Concerts

By Ted Swedalla

Since school has ended I have been fortunate enough to see three concerts. While this may not sound like alot to you, I, owner of a sad social life, was very excited to get an opportunity to see these shows.

The first concert was Throwing Muses/ Ass Ponies at Irving Plaza. The Throwing Muses have been at the top of my list of bands to see ever since I missed them when they opened for R.E.M. on their *Green* tour.

The Ass Ponies opened the show, and since I was familiar with them, I've played their disc on my radio show (Monday 3-6 am every week), I recognized most of the songs.

The most unlikely looking band, they all look like washed up physics students, especially the lead guitar player. They ran through their disc *Electric Rock Music*, playing "Little Bastard," "Peanut," and closing with "Earth To Grandma."

Like most people at the concert we were there to see one person; Kristin Hersh. Dressed in a pair of jeans and a tee-shirt, she started the show with "Furious" from *Red Heaven*. Swaying back and forth she never moved far from the microphone, even while playing consolidated solos. (Tanya Donnelly, now of Belly, had been lead guitarist until she left in 1991.) When singing, she stared off into the distance, seemingly unaware than hundreds of people were singing along.

The band was a well-oiled machine, with Bernard Georges on bass and David Narcizo on drums. From where we were sitting we couldn't see the drum set, but there was no way to ignore them. Narcizo pounded on the drums all night, shaking the building.

Hersh did have some small talk for the audience, but it seemed that she wasn't trying to strike up a conversation, she was just prattling on. She did mention that she recently read an article calling one of her songs the best about masturbation, but she couldn't figure out which one it was. The crowd yelled a

dozen song titles. Considering how opaque her lyrics are, all her songs could be about masturbation.

Their set covered all their albums, with "Hate My Way" from their debut to a stack off *University*, their latest. "Bright Yellow Gun" and "Shimmer" got the loudest applause and it seems everyone was waiting for their favorite song. From the girl to my right, who almost came when they started "Mania" from *Hunkypapa*, to the pair of women in front of me, who shook and convulsed all night, bringing it to a frenzy during "Ellen West."

The second encore, a ripping version of "Pearl," brought the house down and left us standing in awe as Hersh left the stage with her Sam Ad's bottle in hand.

The second concert was Faith No More at Malibu. Now Faith No More is not one of my favorite bands, I only know about a half dozen songs by them, but I was there to mosh. Since we can't mosh on campus, we must go elsewhere to get our kicks, which is the only reason I went to the show.

Considering I was the most out of shape person of the group I went with. I was surprised to find out I was the only one who lasted to the end. Staff member Doug Vescuso, had a person land on his head. Vescuso still swears that he is still an inch shorter, a full month after the concert. And his other friend, Dave, who's built like Eric Lindros, tore a stomach muscle. I only lost 4 gallons of water. Damn, I forgot how hot it got in the pits.

During "Epic," one of the few songs I know, I ended up only four feet from Mike Patton. Now, from where I was standing crushed against a thousand other people, Patton looks strangely like one of our staff members, but then I wasn't wearing my glasses.

Until the day I die, I will continue to defend moshers. They are the nicest people in the world. They might be pricks when you are trying to skirt the pit and they push you in, but once you fall down, they turn into EMT members and rush in to save you. Not once was anyone in danger of being

stepped on.

The only problem with the concert were the bouncers who decided to cool the crowd down with water. It felt good for a second, but once it hit the ground, the floor became incredibly slick to the point of becoming a frictionless surface.

The final concert I attended was again at Irving Plaza. This time it was Morphine, another band I've wanted to see.

By the time we got there the opening act Skeleton Key, was already in the middle of their set. They were very interesting. They had a guy in lederhosen playing pots, and their best song had to be "Kerosene."

Then Morphine hit the stage and filled us with their mystical pseudo-jazz groove. Singer, Mark Sandman and his two-string bass, led the band through their three albums and a few new tracks, including "My Hat's To Big For Loving," a one note sax solo by Dana Colley.

For "Radar" from *Yes*, Colley played two saxes at once. I always thought that it was an over dub, but no, he played both saxes at once, incredible. Also Colley played an over looked instrument on "The Saddest Song," the triangle, and he was pretty dammed good.

Again I went with Vescuso, and he said all their songs sounded the same. Now with a two-string bass, a sax and a drummer, how many different ways can you combine them? (An aside: If you listen closely you will notice that there are only 9 different blues songs, just the words change.)

Some highlights include a great version of "Sharks" which they should have saved for the encore, "Cure For Pain" and "Shelia" from the *Cure For Pain* disc. They closed with "Thursday," which allowed Billy Conway to shine on drums.

They did leave me disappointed by not playing "Scratch" or "Head With Wings," but hey, what can you do.

Right Then, Wrong Now

continued from page 3 great guitarist making albums for other guitarists. But Dave was there. Dave took what the Robert Plant's of rock had done and did it to excess, just like Eddie had done with "Rock Around The Clock."

So if Sammy Hagar had been the original singer of Van Halen the lovable boys from Pasadena might have been a one hit wonder in the MTV history books. Which is why Van Halen fans of old don't seem to like Sammy very much. Add to that the public feuding that Van Halen (read DLR) had with Sammy Hagar and Eddie's choice seems a little strange. Now it seems that Eddie is wondering why he picked Sammy as well. In a recent issue of *Guitar* Eddie complained about the lyrics to "Amsterdam" saying that he thought the lyrics were sort of stupid considering the quality of the music. Van Halen fans agree. No one seems to mind the inane lyrics of "Panama" but maybe that's because Dave was singing them. You knew Dave was joking. Even when you couldn't understand a word he said it was funny. What the Hell is he saying in "Everybody Wants Some"; "Eber goff din for a moopie."

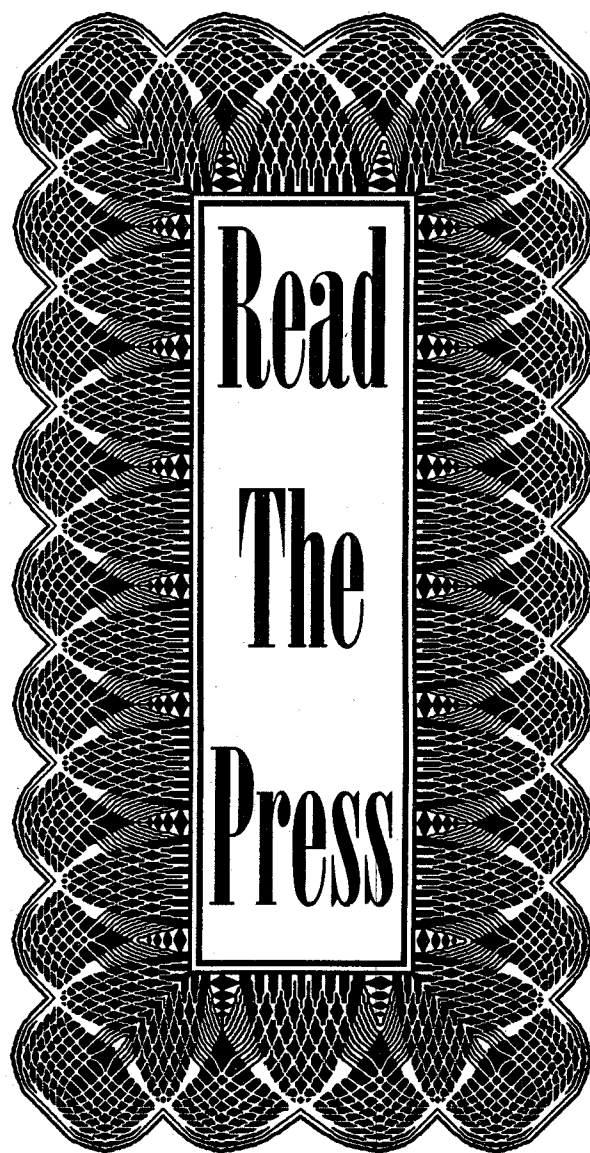
Yet if record sales are any indicator of what's good (and God I hope they're not) the new Van Halen is improved. From *OU812* on Van Halen have been hits. No murky receptions like the ones for *Van Halen II*, or *Women and Children First*. The current CD *Balance* has sold a zillion copies and depleted the Earth's plastic supply. Is Sammy the reason for that? Are his lyrics that much better than Dave's? Does Sammy Hagar have his finger on the pulse of

American music consumers? "I Can't Drive 55." That's all I have to say on the topic.

Why then the major shift in Van Halen sales? Probably because Eddie took a look around him and grabbed Dave by the lapels, shook him and screamed, "LET'S MAKE MONEY!" 1984 is a much more commercial album than any of the others and used the dreaded synthesizer, but it went platinum. The songs were a little more produced and some of the edge was taken off them, Eddie even rified a little (a very little) less. What was turning into a nice change turned into a totally different band, one that broke the sacred rule of rock and became popular.

Eddie could reconcile with Dave tomorrow and the band would still be on the rocks. Take a look at the Led Zeppelin reunion, bleah! Maybe Van Halen can't do what they did anymore because glam is out and innermost feelings and tales of dysfunction is in. Van Halen bathes too often to be popular now. Van Halen thrived in the 80s and maybe there's no room for them in the 90s. They won't ever be T. Rex or The Velvet Underground, the most important bands in rock and roll you never heard, but are cited as major influences. They can't be The Beatles (because who can?). Van Halen will be the benchmark for all snotty kids in garages who want to be rock stars to follow. And Eddie will be a Guitar God as long as it still sounds cool to play a chord through a Marshall Stack.

Want to talk guitar? E-mail Lou on internet at 76021.1402@compuserve.com [Ed. Note - "Call Lou a big dork on e-mail, he likes it."]



Summer Begins With A Bang

By Chris Cartusciello

If the films *Crimson Tide*, *Die Hard: With A Vengeance* and *Braveheart* are any indication of the type and quality of films we can expect for the rest of the summer then we are in for a hell of a ride. From suspense to action to epics these films are the best of the first crop of the summer of '95.

Crimson Tide is a combination of the best of *Mutiny On The Bounty*, *Fail Safe* and *The Hunt For Red October*.

The U.S. Navy, not wanting to have anything to do with a story of mutiny, gave the producers of *Crimson Tide* no help at all in the making of the film. This should have been enough for Hollywood Pictures to put out a substandard (no pun intended) product. Instead, director Tony Scott gives us a taut thriller that is full of the technical jargon and underwater shots that make you feel as if you are part of the submarine crew.

Gene Hackman is Frank Ramsey, the Captain of the U.S.S. Alabama, a nuclear submarine sent towards Russia to stop a Russian Nationalist who has taken control of a nuclear missile base. Ramsey is from the old school. He's lived through the cold war and feels that the best defense is a good offense. Denzel Washington is his First Officer, Ron Hunter, who grew up in the time of Glasnost and is more analytical in his thinking. When a nuclear threat is made, the Alabama is sent to stave off an attack with orders to launch their missiles. After an attack by a Russian sub their communications are cut off in the middle of updated orders. Did the orders say to fire or hold off on the attack? This is when the film really takes off. Hackman's "shoot first, ask questions later" captain feels that they should follow the previous orders and attack. Meanwhile, Hunter feels that they should wait until they are able to receive clearer instructions. Now the film becomes a battle of wills and, depending on your point of view, either man could be right. The movie gives compelling arguments on both sides, but if the wrong decision is made than it is World War III. The ending of the movie is no surprise but the fun is getting there.

The acting is first rate from two of the most reliable stars in film today. The screenplay, by Michael Schiffer, is technical enough to lend authenticity without alienating the audience. Scott's direction and use of space on the sub gives the feeling of claustrophobia at times but his underwater battle

scenes are the best since *Red October*. The makers of *Seaquest DSV* should watch these films for a few ideas on how to make submarines interesting and suspenseful.

In *Die Hard: With A Vengeance* director John McTiernan brings back to the series something that was sorely missing from the second film; suspense and a purpose.

McTiernan, who also directed the first *Die Hard*, goes back to the original formula. So much so that the villain in this film is the brother of the first film's major bad guy.

Bruce Willis is back as Detective John McClane, the one man anti-terrorist squad, once again ready to save the world (or N.Y.C. at least). As in the first film, McClane has no choice but to get involved. (In the second, except that his wife was on one of the planes, he could have walked away at any time). The villain, deliciously played by Jeremy Irons, is a terrorist named Simon who sends McClane racing around the city to reach destinations with in a certain time limit. If McClane is unsuccessful Simon will blow up several buildings, including a school. McClane is teamed up with a repair shop owner, played by Samuel L. Jackson, who saves him on a Harlem street corner after Simon has ordered him to stand there with a sandwich board that reads "I hate niggers". The two make a likable pair reminiscent of the *Lethal Weapon* movies. As a matter of fact the script for this film, originally titled *Simon Says*, was slated to be the next in that film series.

The film is fast paced with little time to catch your breath before Simon is sending McClane running somewhere else. There are a lot of great stunts such as McClane trapped in a flooded tunnel and taking a taxi ride through Central Park, literally. There is also a great sight gag with a bad guy who gets cut in half. The film is not without its problems though. McClane complaining about his hangover is funny the first couple of times but gets tired very quickly. There are a few too many coincidences also but they are almost always used for comic effect. What was also missing was a showdown between McClane and Simon. The end comes too quick, without any vindication, and is uninspired.

Braveheart is the type of film that makes me realize why I love movies so much. It is not so much a movie as it is a cinematic event. Producer/Director/Star Mel Gibson has put together an epic film chronicling the life of William

Wallace, a 13th century Scottish farmer who gets his countrymen to rally behind him in a fight for freedom from the English.

The film starts with William as a boy, and his father going off to fight after the English have killed the committee sent to discuss a treaty. When his father is killed William goes to live with his uncle who gives him an education because he believes you should use your mind before your muscle. When William grows up he returns to his childhood home to start a farm. The locals try to persuade him to join their fight but William is content on living his life as peacefully as he can. Only after the English kill his wife does he concede to fight. Wallace's main opponent is Patrick McGoochan as King Longchamps of England. He is the most ruthless monarch the country has ever had, and he shows it in several scenes, including the way he treats his only, and homosexual, son.

The countrymen who stand behind Wallace range from serious fighting men to amusing characters. In the end they all fight like trained warriors because of the leadership of Wallace and for the fact that they are all fighting for the ultimate prize; freedom.

The battle scenes are, in one word, spectacular. To choreograph the battles Gibson used toy soldiers to map out every move, and it shows. The clashes between the Scots and the English are bloody ballets with arrows pirouetting through the air. Gibson went for realism and he got it. Legs are cut off and heads are split open so this is not one for the squeamish.

Braveheart works on several levels. Story wise it is a love story as much as it is an action picture. Wallace never wavers for the love of his late wife to the point of seeing her in visions. Visually the film is stunning. The lush Scottish landscapes add to the epic sense of the film. The damp and rainy weather work to be an added character. Historically the clothes, weapons and settings are dead on. A lot of effort went into making this film as realistic as possible.

Braveheart is Gibson's second directorial effort. His first being 1993's critically acclaimed *The Man Without A Face*. As good as that first film was, Gibson has obviously grown quickly and learned a lot. For a novice director to take on a project as big as this, with results this good, is simply amazing. The film's 2:58 running time seems to fly by. This was Gibson's dream project. His dream has been fulfilled, beautifully.

Press Shuts Out Statesman In Softball Game

By Staff

On Saturday, June 10 *The Press* and *The Statesman*, held their First Annual Softball Game in the 90's. Unfortunately only seven staff members (both papers combined) and one freelancer showed up for the game. Since *The Press* had four people to *The Statesman* three, it was a 7-0 forfeit win for the victorious Bloody Kiwis of *The Press*.

So the eight people did the next best thing, they played an Asian team who were practicing. And had their asses handed to them on a nice hot silver platter.

The final score was an embarrassing 37 to 11. After being behind 7-0 after the top of the first this rag-tag team knew they were in for a beating. The Asian team twice scored 10 or more runs in an inning, the second and the sixth. It was in the sixth that they sent 18 men to the plate. Only in the seventh inning was the Asian team held without a run or a hit, and the papers celebrated wildly after that.

On offense, the papers were led by the two edi-

tors. Ted Swedalla went 5 for 5 including a tremendous homerun, capped off by a great slide around the tag (it's obvious who's writing this story, isn't it?) Tom Masse had 3 hits and a sack of the second baseman, almost turning him into a rice cake, as he backed up the first baseman. *Press* Managing Editor Scott Lusby had 3 hits with a homerun and a sprawling catch worthy of ESPN 'Plays Of The Week.' Other standouts were *Statesman* Assistant Editorial Page Editor (that's a mighty long title) Joe Frajoli and freelancer Don Eccles, who had 3 and 4 hits respectively. Only Frank D'Alessandro, *Statesman* Business Manager had a disappointing day, throwing out two of his own runners, including the game ending out. (The news paper team had to pitch to themselves because of lack of players on the other team.) Katherine Zafiris and Sara Weiss both played well for people who hate the game of softball.

Defensively this team was a mess, making at least a dozen errors and having no communication

between outfielders. Even cries of "I got it" did not stop Lusby from running into fellow outfielder Eccles. And Swedalla was lit for 18 runs in four innings, how many were earned remains to be seen, but it was not a good performance.

The playing surface also was not in the best condition, twice shots to the outfield hit gopher holes shooting up over the outfielder, and countless groundballs did not bounce the way they should have, contributing to the massacre of the papers. Another friend to the Asian team was the left field foul line, no less than four balls hit the line, sending chalk and countless profanities about bad luck into the air.

Both editors made a promise to flog the staff members who did not show up and Swedalla, Editor of *The Press*, promised to put their stories on the same page as Manning Marable, sentencing them to text exile.

The next game will be held on July 29, 1995. God willing, our staff will show up!