

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVII No. 11 I Got Your Tanooki Suit Right Here March 11, 1996



This week, the Executive Editor of *The Press* brought his Nintendo down into our office. We played it all weekend, and as a result we have no cover for this issue. So sue us.

Omnipresent Subjugation vs Taiwanese Sovereignty

By Heather Rosenow

China. One of the last formidable examples of Communism left in the world has once again reminded us about the evils of a totalitarian government. China, in all its might, has decided to "persuade" Taiwan to cease its quest for independence from the mainland. This persuasion involves dropping missiles off the coast of this island which is home to 21 million people. This new wave of intimidation bombings has provoked a global response of criticism and negative press for China. In the wake of these bombings the people of Taiwan stand strong for their freedom to govern themselves. These bombings come right in the middle of preparations for the first Taiwanese presidential election in quite some time. One would expect to find fear and anxiety in the minds of the Taiwanese people as they find themselves in the shadow of such angry threats from a country far more powerful than their own. Instead what can be found is what can only be defined as a pervasive apathetic "take it as it comes" air.

Han Te-an, director of the Keelung Harbor Bureau, said in response to the media attention, "I think all this is an overreaction, I don't think this will affect Taiwan." An interestingly disinterested view considering one of the missiles had been dropped off the coast not far from where he stood. The two missile target areas lie off of Keelung and Kaohsiung, which lie on opposite ends of the island in respect to one another. China in doing this has insured that no part of this tiny island nation can ignore their looming presence. It is bad enough that this Communist regime abuses the human rights of its own people so abominably, and

now they want to move off their own shores to the surrounding areas. In all its bombast, the Chinese government warned the United States government to stay out of its "business" with Taiwan.

So basically, the western world is expected to sit back and watch as another group of people is lost to an oppressive unjust system of government. Not only is this unacceptable, it is a prime example of what can happen if an oppressive governmental system is allowed to run rampant with no one to check its behavior. With no one permitted to question the motives and circumstances surrounding this government's decisions both in regard to its domestic and international policies, the price of questioning being death or imprisonment, another Communist monster has emerged. In the wake of international scorn focused on the bombings, China's officials have apologized for their actions. I must admit however that the years of human rights abuses and lies on the part of the Chinese government speak louder to me than anything else they could publicly announce.

The public of Taiwan, however apathetic they may appear, are quite prepared to fight the violent giant in their midst. Kao Koo-liang, vice chairman of the Mainland Affairs Council, has said recently that this campaign of intimidation will only end in the Taiwanese people standing up and fighting for their rights if tested. "We will respond to this unreasonable provocation with reason and self-restraint, but we are thoroughly prepared to deal with an armed invasion from the mainland. As long as we can consolidate our psychological defenses, unite together and remain steadfastly determined in our pursuit of freedom and democracy, Beijing will fail in its attempt at armed intim-

idation." This is quite a hefty response from a small nation so threatened by a giant Communist neighbor.

I believe though that the West has a responsibility to help this small nation establish the democracy and freedom it so desperately desires. If we bend to the Chinese government's will and ignore its campaign of terror waged upon the Taiwanese people, we will prove to be just as guilty as they are in the theft of this nation's freedom. China's foreign minister Qian Qichen warned of a "real disaster" which would inevitably occur if Taiwan continued on its road to independence and democracy. This does not sound like a message which an apologetic nation would send to a people they have been intimidating. It sounds like the Communist regime whose unethical practices the rest of the world is all too familiar with. If the Chinese government is not stopped in its tracks early enough, there is no telling what they will decide to do next. They'll continue testing the patience and attention span of the rest of the world to see what they can get away with.

Are we willing to find out what they'll go after next if allowed to succeed in taking over Taiwan? I really don't ever want to see that. It is clear that this island nation desires independence and democracy, and if hindered in this pursuit we should and must offer aid in their struggle. In doing so, we would be proving to China that democracy is not to be tampered with and that behavior demonstrative of intentions of oppressing a nation striving to be free is condemned by the rest of the free world, not only in theory but in practice as well.

BUY WHOLESALE

By Boyd McCamish

Back in 1991 a friend of mine came to me with a proposition. His future father in law, a prominent businessman in Riverhead had made him privy to an investment deal that sounded very lucrative. I had always had an interest in the stock market so he came to me for insight. Apparently, if I remember the details correctly, either an investment firm or the government of Taiwan was offering six year bonds at an amazing rate of interest. I don't remember the specific percentage but it was clearly above the norm. Nations and companies often do this and what it equates to is nothing more than a loan. You give them X amount of dollars today and in a specified period of time they pay back the money and give you the interest for your troubles. Its how the rich stay rich and these investments are usually guaranteed on the reputation of the issuer. You can't lose. That is often the mentality when investing in bonds, they are the solid foundation of any investment portfolio, but because these were being issued by Taiwan and because they matured in 1997 I told him to get over the attractiveness of the return. Despite the best attempts of the investment firm to draw him in I believed it to be a mistake. At least for now, I may have been right.

At the risk of over generalizing a very complex situation, in 1997 the United Kingdoms lease is up on Taiwan. Back in the good old days of colonialism nations traded resources, islands and people like kids trade baseball cards today. Taiwan is a province of China, and it is set on redominating the island and its vast capital wealth. China is not a democratic nation, however the people of Taiwan

through their economic prosperity have adopted capitalist-democratic institutions of government. China is now faced with a challenge to its imperial power, they must make an example of Taiwan to show their vast and diverse nation that it will not tolerate dissent. Conversely, Taiwan feels that they have established strong enough ties with the west (look at the tag on your shirt or dress) to become

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country... Corporations have been enthroned, and era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money-power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed."

-Abraham Lincoln
(quoted in Jack London, The Iron Hell)

sovereign. In answer to that China this week began "military exercises" off the coast of the tiny island province. This is important because presidential elections are coming up and the current leader President Lee is the man who is spearheading the independence movement.

"Don't be afraid!" President Lee proclaimed after the first round of testing. "Let's unite together and show our strength to the Chinese Communist." It seems that all of the candidates are in agreement with Mr. Lee. His closest political rival Peng Mingmin stated earlier that the mainlanders were "bully, uncivilized, barbarians."

The citizens of Taiwan for the most part are convinced that they should be independent. However some fear major retaliation from the Chinese and have argued for a happy median to be struck. Steven Chen, a student here at Stony Brook who is from Taiwan says that his parents who live there are worried about it and feel that China does have a right to the island. They would like to avoid confrontation and maintain their standard of living.

Throughout all of this it remains clear that something will have to give. It is highly probable that the notion of a "happy median" is in fact an unattainable dream. China has for years done whatever it wanted, without consideration for its neighbors, or for that matter its own people. A regional war is defiantly not out of the question and those bond receipts might be needed as wallpaper for the reconstruction of Taiwan.

As for my friend he is getting married in April. Still going out with the same girl and quite happily. He consults with me from time to time about money and beer and wedding plans. On the issue of Taiwan and those curious bonds, he recalled our conversation six years ago.

"Man! I'm glad I didn't listen to you, I knew Taiwan would be trouble!"

Buses, Bombs and U.S. Policy

By Anne Ruggiero

Attempts at a mutual peace between the Nation of Israel and the Jewish-occupied regions of Palestine have come to an abrupt halt in the past two weeks, as fifty-seven people were killed in two recent attacks by Palestinian suicide bombers. The bombings occurred in the two major Israeli cities of Jerusalem and Tel Aviv and have occurred on public buses, murdering and mutilating civilians during the commuting rush hours.

Recent attempts at peace talks made the attacks all the more distressing, as earlier this year, the late Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and the leader of the Palestinian Liberation Organization Yasser Arafat met to discuss the possibility of Arab-Israeli negotiations. Rabin was assassinated in November of 1995, and although his assassin was a Jew, in retrospect his death seems to have been a foreshadowing of the demise of the present peace agreements.

In the aftermath of the gruesome explosions, the people of Israel are searching for swift and severe retribution. The Islamic fundamentalist organization, Hamas, has been targeted as the mastermind behind the bombings. They have been linked to terrorist activity in the past, and their political chief Mousa Mohammad Abu Marzook is presently being detained in New York after trying to enter the country last July. Abu Marzook claims that although Hamas wants an end to the violence, it is perfectly plausible that the militant group had some influence in the terrorist attacks on Israel, but the organization has only limited power over many separate military factions in Palestine. The Israeli government has vowed to

punish the Hamas, as Prime Minister Shimon Peres said, "we have two things to do: strike Hamas and to bring about peace." Peres, who, coincidentally, is up for reelection in May, had promised a "strong and effective response" to the bombings. Unfortunately, the Israeli people have struck out just as violently against innocent Palestinians. In the West Bank, Nation of Israel soldiers that have pillaged the towns of the bombers and have already demolished the house of one of the killers. The family of Rayid Shagnoubi, the suicide bomber of last Sunday's attack, had been evicted from their home in Burka. Suddenly, the Middle East appears to have flashbacked to 1967. Palestinians living in the occupied territories have been subjugated to stricter curfews and threats. Israel has banned fishing off of the Gaza Strip to prevent Palestinians from fleeing the country by boat, and Jewish officials have supposedly threatened to send in military troops, although the Palestinian authority has claimed that both of these motions violate the peace accords. Major General Ilan Biran of Israel supports punitive measures against the Arabs, no matter how strict or offensive. "[The] villages where terrorists come from...will be severely punished", he said. The families and neighbors of the bombers have been persecuted—their houses sealed and/or prepared for demolition. Israeli officials have closed the Ramallah Men's Training Center in the West Bank because one of the suicide bombers was a student there, despite the protests of other students who claim that the school is not fundamentalist.

President Clinton had promised to aid the

Nation of Israel, sending aid packages and intelligence experts as well as anti-terrorism specialist. Secretary of State Warren Christopher has publicly blamed Iran for the terrorist bombings, and Tehran has denied any involvement, and Nicholas Burns vows U.S. support to Israel. The C.I.A. acknowledges that they must try to discover and end the financial supply to Hamas (probably Iran), and plans to continue to push for further Arab-Israeli peace negotiations.

United States involvement had the potential to become a controversial issue, especially with the approach of presidential elections later this fall. America has had a long history of endorsing Israel over the Arabs, beginning in 1948 when the U.S. was one of the first powers to recognize the fledgling Jewish state. This policy, like many American foreign strategies, has a rather two-faced sentiment to it. Why is it, that the United States views terrorist leader Abu Mazook as a dangerous enemy, yet it accepts terrorist leader Gerry Adams of the Irish Sinn Fein as an ally? Abu Mazook has a possible solution: "He is blue-eyed and Catholic...I am a Muslim." Racial U.S. politics? Well, it wouldn't be the first time. But the United States has a very special interest in Israel. These bombings will not simply fade into the history books. The ongoing struggle between the Nation of Israel and the Palestinians of the occupied zones will continue to be on the forefront of our political sphere. However, with hope, luck, and the right political decisions, the violence and hatred in the Middle East will dissolve, and we can close the chapter on the Arab-Israeli conflict.

The Statesman Schism: Part III

By David M. Ewalt

In the last issue of *The Stony Brook Press*, we featured an article entitled "The Statesman Schism," in which we examined the troubles assailing the editorial board of *The Stony Brook Statesman*. In the weeks since publication, there have been several new developments.

The troubles in *The Statesman* began over a month ago with arguments over the dollar amount of editorial stipends. In following weeks, the argument blossomed, eventually dividing the editors of *The Statesman* into two distinct parties. One consisted of Editor-In-Chief Alexandra Cruz and Associate Editor Paul Wright. These two editors constitute the Executive board of the paper, a group imbued with special administrative powers by the paper's constitution. The other faction in the fight consisted of the Editorial board of the paper, essentially all the other editors on staff. This faction was led by Sports Editor Scott Lewis and Features Editor Thomas Flanagan.

The conflict came to a head two weeks ago, on February 25th, when Cruz and Wright held an emergency meeting of the Executive board at 12:31 AM. They were the only members of the newspaper staff present. Cruz and Wright passed a number of motions at that meeting, going over the heads of their fellow staffers by appointing both Tom Masse and Rob Bonfigli to the position of Assistant Editorial Page Editor, essentially stacking the deck of editorial opinion in their favor. In addition, they gave voting rights to Eneil Ryan de la Peña, another supporter of their faction.

This action was immediately disputed by the Editorial board. Lewis and Flanagan felt that the Executive board had overstepped their bounds,

and that it was not within their power to make appointments. Unfortunately, *The Statesman's* constitution is rather vague on the extent of the Executive board's powers, so nobody was quite sure whether they had broken the rules or not.

To solve this problem, Scott Lewis petitioned the Student Judiciary for an interpretation of the constitution, and for an overruling of the Executive board's actions. On Wednesday, March 6, the decision came down. The judiciary ruled that the constitution was too vague to interpret, and declined to overturn the decisions of the board. In the same decision, however, they reaffirmed the right of the Editorial board to overrule the Executive, and encouraged them to do so. Essentially, the judiciary told *The Statesman* to fix things themselves.

Lewis, however, would not demure. The following Friday, he began to actively seek the resignations of Cruz and Wright. Lewis told the two editors that they should resign, or else be impeached. He would be the next Editor-In-Chief, he told them, and if they resigned now he would guarantee them lower positions in the organization, instead of a complete banishment.

On Saturday, the remaining editors met in small groups to talk things out. Cruz, Wright, Flanagan, and Associate Feature Editor Brooke Donatone met and discussed the situation. For the first time in a month some progress was made. These elements of the two factions made up just a bit, and relations were improved thereby. Flanagan and Donatone

would not back Lewis in his impeachment attempt.

On Sunday, March 10th, all of the editors of *The Statesman* met for their weekly meeting. During the meeting, Cruz and Wright apologized for their actions, explaining that they thought they were acting in the best interests of the paper. This apology was generally accepted by the staff. When Lewis sought out impeachment, he found no support behind him.

As his backing dissolved, Lewis began to anger.

He accused his fellow editors of betraying him, and refused to accept the apology of the Executive board. Incensed, Lewis resigned his office and stormed out of the meeting. Hours later, he returned, only to argue with Donatone and Flanagan yet again.

It is at this point at which the situation stood as *The Press* went to print. Cruz and Wright

remained unscathed, still in their positions. Lewis, who expected to become Editor-In-Chief, resigned from the paper. The remaining editors seem to have found some sort of peace. Perhaps now *The Statesman* can get back to the business of newspapering.

On a final note, I might add that if you're interested in sports, there's a nifty editorial position open at *The Statesman*. I don't believe there's a lot of requirements for the job... though you might have to shave your head.

Remember, if you rub the cube, good things will happen.

"People start using the constitution to get their way... it really turns out to be more of a game."

**-Paul Wright,
Associate Editor, *The Statesman***

Freedom Or Safety?

If you take the train between Stony Brook and New York City, then you know Huntington; its usually where you change trains, since not only is it a major suburban stop but also where the electric tracks end (all trains east of Huntington are diesel). If you have time between connections, you may want to look for a copy of the **Huntington News**. In the March 7 edition of that weekly paper there is an interesting article on page 3 which might make you think twice about your Fourth Amendment rights.

The Fourth Amendment is supposed to protect U.S. citizens against unlawful search and seizure. It might even be interpreted as a cozy blanket of personal privacy- but not by the Huntington School District. According to the **News**, the School District is installing surveillance cameras on their school buses due to their concern for "the safety of the children." This probably wouldn't have bothered me so much if I hadn't recently seen a television news story which featured cities which were installing surveillance cameras on buildings for the safety of their citizens.

I may be paranoid but I'm beginning to sense a distinctly Orwellian theme developing. Commercial businesses have had surveillance cameras for quite some time, now public streets and school buses are getting them. Will it stop here? Not likely. As long as people keep believing it to be for their own good, they will continue to sacrifice personal freedom for public safety. Who

knows what the next step will be? Perhaps in a few years I can stumble outside in my bathrobe and a "safety-cam" will record me scratching my ass as I pick up the morning paper. Is this the world people want to live in? Is it really so difficult to supervise schoolchildren and police the streets that we need to have the threat of "hidden eyes" recording every move?

Thomas Merton wrote, "The most awful tyranny is that of the proximate Utopia where the last sins are currently being eliminated and where, tomorrow, there will be no more sins because all the sinners will have been wiped out." I once thought thoughts like these only pertained to the stories of people like Orwell and Huxley. Now I am older and I sometimes don't sleep at night. The Fourth Amendment is becoming obsolete. Search and seizure is only the last item on a long list of surveillance tapes, phone taps, and a mile long paper trail which is slowly evolving into an electronic umbilical cord of credit card numbers, credit histories, business transactions, and assorted personal data. The answer, of course, is to DO EXACTLY AS YOU ARE TOLD. THE

AUTHORITIES ARE DOING A FINE JOB OF MAKING THE WORLD A SAFER, HAPPIER PLACE FOR YOU TO WORK AND PLAY. YOUR PUBLIC SUPPORT IS GREATLY APPRECIATED AND WILL ONLY SERVE TO MAKE LIFE MORE PLEASANT FOR EVERYONE.

The
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Letters

Unlawful Entry
To The Editor,

It has recently come to my attention that two women on this campus have been gang raped, one week apart, by separate parties. The forces of evil has cast it's shadow over this campus and as more and more rapes occur, the shadow remains. The unfortunate women who were raped, have yet to come forward with statements to campus police. In doing so, the acts become justified by our society and go unnoticed, unpunished and often repeat themselves.

In both instances the women knew their rapists, they were "friends." It seems to me that there is a complete devaluation of friendship here, not to mention, the complete and inhumane devaluation of human beings. The rape of one woman, affects every other woman in this school, because one can never really be sure they are among "friends." How do we secure our friendships? What are they based on? Where does friendship stop and rape begin?

When a woman is raped, she is raped for a lifetime of emotions and anger. One of the female students that was raped, refuse to admit she was. However, she woke up naked in some rapists room, with no recollection of

what happened. She only holds the memories that males were passing in and out of the room and there was a lot of loud music. What a way to end a Thursday night. The other woman, raped two weeks ago, phased in and out of consciousness while her "friends" took turns. She told them to stop. She woke up the next morning in one of the males T-shirts and her panties were on inside out. The males in the room at the time admitted their guilt but all she could do was ask "Why, I thought you were my friends?" She walked home alone and violated. She locked herself in her room for days before I got her to tell me what was wrong. I was mortified. I never thought anything like this could happen to someone so close, so beautiful and wonderful. Her pain became mine. Her anger became my aggression. My aggression wrote this letter.

There is something going on here that no one wants to talk about. It's called Rape and it's wrong. To the women on this campus, Don't let rape become your reality. To the rapists, take a step back and look at what you are doing and go jerk off.

With Much Dismay,
Claire Libert

P.S. For those who rape, you know who you are and now I know. This is not over.

To Whom This May Concern (Att. John Giuffo),

In regard to your most disgusting article, "I Know Your Momma's Grieving," you, my friend, are an asshole.

First of all, you are no one to be bowed down to, admired, or treated other than the dirtbag you are. Your article is utterly atrocious, oh, are those words too offensive to you? I'd love to know who you think you are.

While it's true, some cops are assholes, you have some nerve to generalize and bash them all just because the one you refer to gave you a hard time while he was doing what your tax money pays him to do. In case you have forgotten that there is a thing called REALITY out there in the cold, cold world, let me remind you, NOT ALL PEOPLE ARE NICE. Shocker, huh?

Personally, I've been hassled by cops for various reasons, legitimate and non, and I have seen the inside of many a precinct but never once did I disrespect a cop the way you have. My father happens to be a cop and needless to say, I have learned the truth about their jobs. There are plenty of assholes like you

**Power-Up
Naked**

who can't do simple things like moving your feet from an empty seat or reducing your noise level without having to pull some stupid shit for the sake of looking cool. While it's true you were just imitating what some other "genius" did first, that makes you a follower and simply proves that you obviously do not or (more likely) cannot think for yourself.

As far as your article goes, your blatant [sic] ignorance and stupidity rears it's [sic] little head when you refer to the Rodney King incident as if it were a punch line for you to conveniently use or your "raping my mother" analogy. Give me a fuckin' break!!! These ideas that you toss around like your Nazi

THE COUNTERFEIT SATAN

By Filomena Duvy

The latest yellow-journalism scare headlines scream that the US is being inundated with fake \$100 bills. These bogus Ben Franklins are said to be fiendishly hard to detect and they come from the most diabolical of places, the Middle East, most notably Iran.

Everyone is supposed to fall into paroxysms of indignation at this, but I'm waxing just a touch less than indignant.

For one thing, it may very well be manufactured. It smacks of the usual propaganda in which some foreign power, FOR NO REASON, does some dirt to the poor, innocent US. They must be jealous of our awesomeness as world leader, or our totally happening culture, since they're just towelhead religious fanatics who've inexplicably decided to dump on Uncle Sam.

Meanwhile, back in the real world, the Iranian hostage crisis of 1979-81 was one of the most heavily covered stories in media history, yet after two years of it, the majority of Americans were largely ignorant about Iran and couldn't tell you simple facts like what language Iranians speak (Farsi or Persian) or why they were so upset with the US. After that hubbub, most viewers couldn't tell you the difference between a shah and an ayatollah.

This is what went down: In the early '50s there was an Iranian prime minister named Mohammed Mossadegh. He wanted to create a modern, secular democracy—the kind of country we say we encourage.

He made two fatal mistakes. One was to be non-aligned and to tolerate political freedom for communists. The other was to nationalize Iran's considerable oil industry so the country's wealth

didn't leave in the pockets of British and American executives.

What do you suppose happened?

Well, in 1953, the CIA and its British counterpart (M-16) did what they do best: they sponsored a military coup to overthrow Mossadegh and install Shah Reza Pahlavi, a hereditary monarch who replaced him with a Nazi sympathizer. The Pahlavi regime was marked by taste for "traditional" government, like secret police and torture. SAVAK, the shah's own Tonton Macoutes, were trained by the CIA and a brutal face of Iranian life for some 25 years. Press readers (and staff) will no doubt relish the trivial tidbit that one of SAVAK's favorite tortures, outside of the usual humdrum beatings and electrocution, was to insert hard-boiled eggs into the anuses of victims. Don't try that at home. Small wonder the Iranians have resented these ignoble actions ever since.

In the '70s, a popular revolution finally dislodged the shah and he fled to the US, taking lots of stolen money with him. Oh yes, US officials also helped by freezing Iranian assets, just to let them know whose side they were on.

The Iranian revolution quickly degenerated into fanaticism as the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini and his Islamicist zealots pushed more moderate and democratic leaders out of the way. A strict theocracy with a virulently anti-US posture was established. That's how our nifty little empire became the (Great Satan.)

Rather than negotiate, although Reagan's palace guard did sell them weapons to raise funds to arm the contra terrorists in Central America, the US proceeded to arm and support Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein. Now, Saddam had been on a list of countries we wouldn't sell arms to because

they sponsored terrorism. In the early '80s, though, he was suddenly rehabilitated and groomed to become one of our regional surrogates. Later, of course, he was further groomed to become a Great Satan for the Bush White House.

So, I can't be too upset, especially in light of the fact that at the end of last year, Newt Gingrich managed to finagle Congress into OKing an \$18 million CIA covert action against the Iranian government. No money for schools or health care, but plenty to mess around in other people's business.

No one should be in the least surprised or outraged when these indiscretions result in terrorists attacks. Both the World Trade Center and Oklahoma City bombings were by-products of US foreign policy.

As economic conditions worsen for the working, middle and lower classes and internal scapegoating wears thin, we should all be on double red-alert for the manufacture of a convenient foreign menace that we must subdue to save the world and defense contractor profits.

I'll bet right now there are weevil-like individuals laboring in the bowels of the Pentagon and State Department to concoct just such villain. The Arab and Muslim peoples have been cast in the role ever since the '70s. Worsening conditions in Russia could lead to ultranationalist leadership and a new Cold War. Japan bashing never goes out of style and cheesy books predicting actual shooting wars with Japan and even a Quebec-France alliance have been authored and sell big in the war-as hobby section of your local bookshop. Don't rule out China, or even Europe, should they decide not to mind us.

You heard it here first. Accept no substitutes for the truth.

Letters (Continued) ✉

salutes leaves something to be desired for your supposed level of common sense and intelligence. Oh yeah, and your degree of cooche [sic squared].

As for pigs, you are the only pig here and you should take a good look at yourself before you judge anyone else. Like I said, cops can be assholes just like you and me, but do you even understand what they go through and deal with on a regular basis? My suggestion to you is that until you can spend one day doing what they do, you should keep your opinion to your damn self.

I hope you found your "drunken abandon" that night and I hope you feel really cool by stating that to everyone who read the article, because to me, plain and simple, you are a dick.

Most Sincerely,

(Oink! Oink!)

(A cop's daughter), Hope M. Sperling

The author responds:

I never asked to be bowed down to. All I asked for was a little respect, respect that should have been accorded me by someone who is, after all, a civil servant. I would remind you that I did remove my foot when he asked—it was only after his intense rudeness that I realized I would have no problem with tossing him a Nazi salute or two.

Second of all, I wrote in the article that I'm not attacking all cops. Only pigs. I explain the difference in the article. Reread the article—it's in there. Read slowly, I know you're only a cop's

daughter, so it might be a bit more difficult for you.

You say that I had the "nerve to generalize and bash them all just because the one [I] refer to gave [me] a hard time while he was doing what [my] tax money pays him to do." I pay tax money to be harassed by someone whose need to wear a uniform and wield power (backed with a gun) is caused by insecurity over their mothers not having loved them enough as a child? No, I pay tax money to protect myself from people who don't obey the law and hurt others—not for me to be a focus for intolerant stupidity. That's what I was for this cop, and apparently you too. I am fucking tired of the type of knee-jerk reactionary bullshit that spews from the mouth of every person whose whole fragile perception of reality is threatened by anyone questioning the authority of the police. A certain personality type is lured to the job of police officer (not that all police officers fit this personality type), and this creates the type of police officer that pisses me off. Again, I am not talking about ALL police officers, just a certain type. If you can't handle criticisms of a portion of the police force because your dear daddy happens to be one, then fuck you, because it's your type of complacent faith in this type of dangerous social group that allows Rodney King to be beat and the cops who beat him to get off. It is your exact mentality that allows that to happen: I blame people like you. Simi Valley is full of "you's".

America is full of "you's". We could do with less "you's" and more "me's".

I refer to the Rodney King incident because it's indicative of many police officers' actions. It's also indicative of the way society views its police officers; even in the face of concrete evidence such as videotape, the officers charged were still not punished to the fullest possible (and deserved) extent. Many police (I don't want to generalize) believe they are above the law and can act in ways that will not garner repercussions. We, as a society, are more apt to believe a cop than someone he accuses, just on the basis of the fact that the cop is a cop. What makes the cop more "right"? Nothing more than blind faith in blue-clad father figures with big guns. Cops are just as innocent and corrupt as the rest of society, I guess it's just your general amount of faith in others that colors your perception of cops. I for one, don't trust many people. Especially people with guns and something to prove.

To The Press:

Steven Tornello, in your February 26 issue ("The Board of Education"), gets exercised about some inner-city punk dissing him on the train. Admirably, he resists his lower impulses to physically flatten someone smaller and younger than himself. Not so admirably, he'd like that function to be performed by schoolteachers.

In the same issue, some 15 pages earlier, describing the return leg of the

Press' same merry junket to Late Night With Conan O'Brien, John Giuffo recounts an enervating encounter, also on that triumph of mass transit, the Long Island Rail Road, with one of New York's piggiest, who no doubt arrived at his current state of shitheadedness in no small part by being properly beaten as a child. "To instill respect" is the cliché justification, and brutal uniformed upholders of the law are, like Mafiosi, drill sergeants and other human flotsam, notorious for their preoccupation with undeserved, automatic respect and see nothing wrong with busting up someone who has done nothing of consequence to teach surface obeisance to their inwardly insecure little selves.

The oxymoronic idea that politeness, gentleness and regard for others can be achieved by violence and humiliation is an old one and dies hard. I would suggest that the behavioral pathologies of these two miscreants (the kid and the cop, not necessarily Tornello and Giuffo) come from living in a society in which little value is placed on human dignity and violence is seen as the answer to all conflicts (q.v. "George Bush").

And speaking of pathologies, does the future Mrs. Moran read the offerings of her intended? Speaking of human dignity, I'd think long and hard were I in her pumps before marrying someone who seems both unwilling and unable to concede it to women.

You still beat *Statesman* though.

Glenn Evwa

If I Had A Hammer

By Chris Sorochin

Polls consistently show that a far greater percentage of US citizens believe in God and attend religious services compared to our First World brethren in Western Europe. Despite our famous constitutional separation of church and state, religious groups play a huge part in our public life, especially the Christian Right, now making and breaking Republican candidates and not hiding their goal of making the US a "Christian" nation, run by Old Testament laws banning reproductive rights, divorce and many forms of sexuality. "Christian" groups intimidate school boards and movie outlets with depressing regularity.

No wonder, then, that the word "Christian" has taken on an extremely negative connotation with many people.

It's also remarkable that these good Christian folk focus on ancient behavioral restrictions rather than the larger, more positive Christian values of love, forgiveness and nonviolence. You'd think with so many believing Christians, our country would be leading the world in promoting disarmament and peaceful solution to conflict.

Not so. We're the world's top manufacturer and exporter of arms. In fact, one US company, Lockheed, is the largest supplier of arms on the planet. Even with the Cold War over, there appears to be no end in sight to the growth of military spending, at the expense of more humane areas of life.

Large segments of the public would like to see cuts in weapons purchases so other urgent needs can be addressed. But that's not happening. The government is not responsive.

On August 7 of last year, Rick Sieber, his son Erin, Michele Naar-Obed and Amy Moose entered the naval shipyard in Newport News, Virginia disguised as workers and proceeded to symbolically disarm the USS Greenville, a first-strike nuclear submarine, by hammering on its missile launch tubes. They poured baby bottles of their own blood on the hatches and spread out pictures of atomic bombing victims, mostly children, from Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Then, instead of escaping, they alerted shipyard personnel. The Greenville has 12 missile tubes designed for Tomahawk cruise missiles. If nuclear-tipped, each is the equivalent, conservatively estimated, of 11 Hiroshima-type bombs.

All that death, all that unimaginable evil was being simultaneously attacked on the West Coast as Fr. Steve Kelly and Susan Crane carried out a similar action on Trident missile components at the Lockheed Martin plant in Sunnyvale, California.

Both groups are members of the Plowshares movement. The name comes from the biblical prophecy of Isaiah, "They shall beat their sword into plowshares...neither shall they learn war any more", meaning to transform a way of life based on war and competition into one of

peace, growth and cooperation. There have been 53 Plowshares actions since 1980, when the post-Vietnam military buildup began in earnest. The activists risk (and usually get) imprisonment to bear witness to the need for a halt to the insane proliferation of weapons that continues despite its inhumanity, danger and wastefulness.

Critics often claim that protests should be restricted to legal means. That would all be very nice if the system were somehow accountable to the citizens. A lively debate between my significant other and me produced the analogy of the Boston Tea Party. People have the right, I would say the patriotic duty, to oppose the government when it behaves immorally and to disobey immoral or hypocritical laws when they're put before us. Imagine someone in Nazi Germany breaking the law to disable a gas chamber.

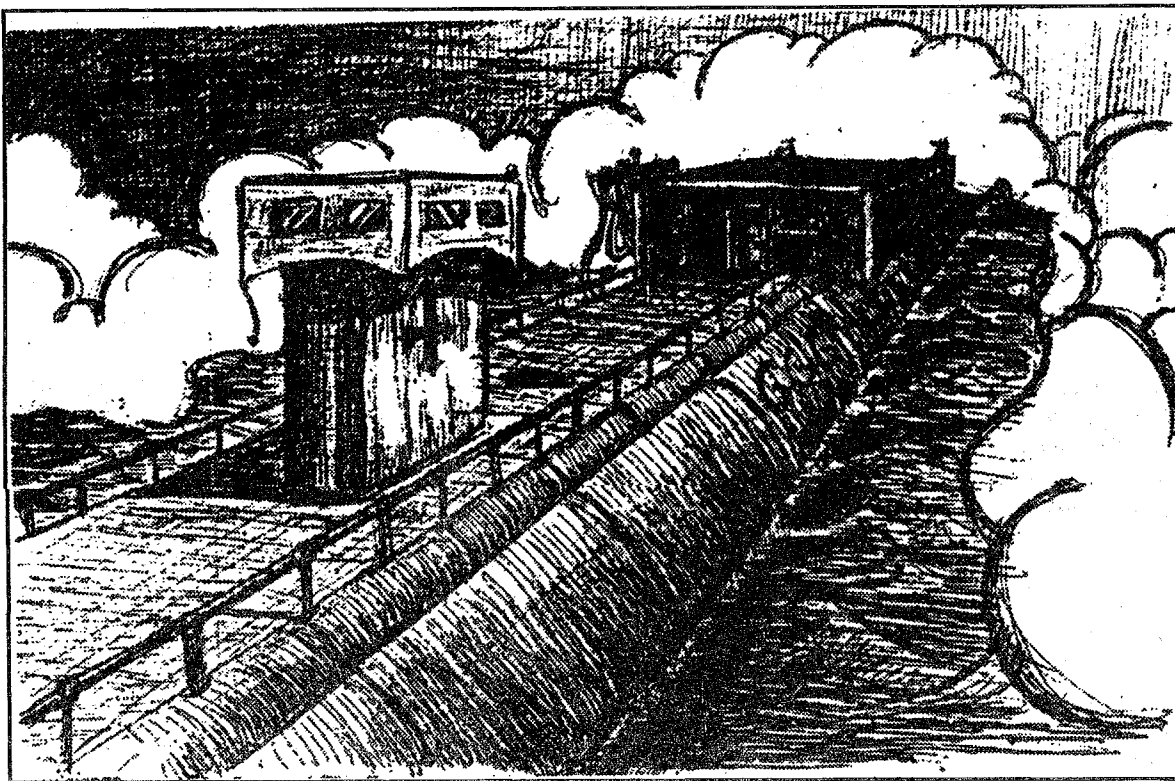
Plowshares activists are usually charged with trespass and destruction of property. The new wrinkle in this case is that they're being tried for sabotage—a much more serious offense, car-

makes international law US law. The Nuremberg Charter, signed, ironically, on August 8, 1945 (they fried Nagasaki the next day), forbids the targeting of civilians, crimes against humanity, weapons of mass destruction and crimes against peace, humankind and civilization.

Beginning during World War II, a major component of US military policy has been "strategic bombing", i.e. bombing civilians.

The pretrial judge has banned spectators from the court in the fear that, as happened at a previous trial, supporters will start declaiming the Nuremberg principles aloud. In such trials, jurors are often told to disregard any moralistic reasons given by defendants. Can you say "kangaroo"?

The Newport News shipyard was formerly a mainly commercial yard, but has been progressively converted to military use. The bishop of Newport reports that there is quite a bit of unease (unexpressed publicly) about this conversion to a death-based economy.



Federal prosecutors are charging that Naar-Obed and the Siebers have endangered the US population by attacking its system of "defense." Amy Moose earlier plea-bargained, but is currently being offered immunity to testify against the others. In the desperately-seeking-enemies era, when weapons expenditures are ever less defensible than before, the national security state is upping the ante and is not above trying to warp bonds of

friendship and faith to make examples.

According to Rick Sieber, another reason these actions, though, wholly symbolic, upset the power structure so much is that they demonstrate just how insecure this whole deadly network is: If groups of pacifists can penetrate plant security employing amateurish methods—they posed as employees by making badges saying "Disarmer" with bar-codes clipped from candy wrappers—what could real, professional, violent terrorists do if they had a mind to? Not to forget the lengthy history of nuclear accidents, largely hidden from the public. Does anyone seriously believe that all these megatons of carnage and contamination contribute to anyone's safety?

Yet there's more to this. When I posed to Erin Sieber the question of whether he might not be more effective working for peace outside of prison, he replied that if by that I meant getting as many people as possible to oppose nuclear weapons out of self-interest, it would dilute the message. Plowshares wants to emphasize the evil of demonizing the people the weapons are to be used on. Michele Naar-Obed has a baby and said the pictures of children burned and scarred by

continued on page 9

rying penalties of 6-45 years.

"Sabotage" is from the French word "sabot", which refers to a wooden shoe. In former times, when French factory workers were dissatisfied, they simply tossed their wooden shoes into the machinery and brought everything to a crashing halt. The sabotage laws were originally passed to prevent such actions by labor strikers during wartime. Believe it or not, there were times before Vietnam when the public, especially those most likely to be sent off, didn't just fall into line behind war efforts. After World War II, as the United States moved into an era of permanent militarization and undeclared wars, moves have been made to extend them to peacetime as well.

The trial is set for March 19. Pre-trial motions have been held "in limine," meaning that the defendants are forbidden to speak on certain subjects in the courtroom. Among topics banned from a US court of law we find foreign policy, international law, morality and God. All the politicians and preachers yammering for God to be put back in the classroom should descend on Virginia and insist that God first be put back into the courtroom.

Article 6 of the United States Constitution

U.S. Sponsored Genocide in East Timor

By Joanna K. Wegielnik

"Generations"

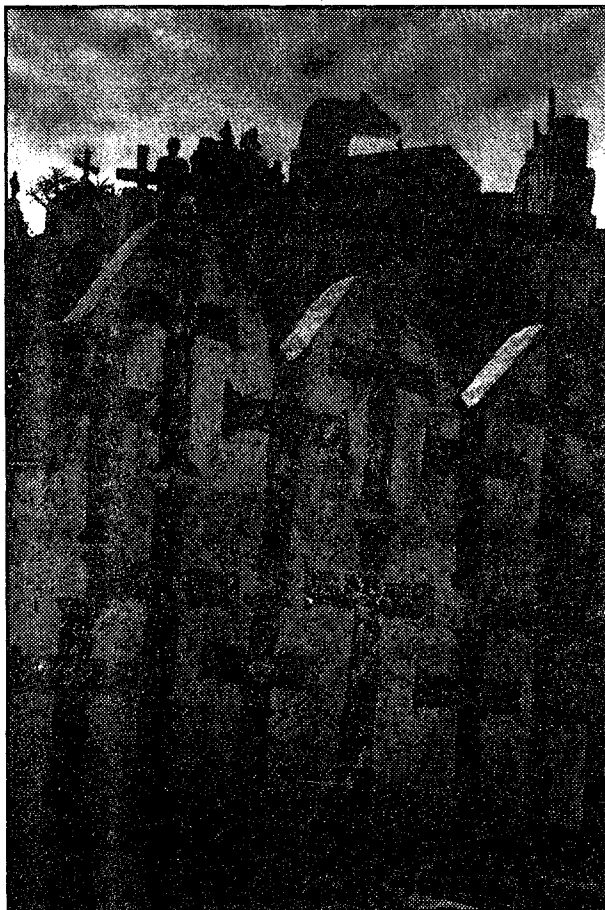
Names without faces
Hearts stabbed
with memories
of the tears of children
shed for their parents...

...the whimpering of a mother
without energy
upon her body are etched
the blemishes of anguish
depleted

The rags
which cover her
in tatters
in the din of her own flesh
cruelly scorned
by the Indonesian soldiers
one by one
on top of her...

A father pays the price
for the last "no" of his life....

-Xanana Gusmao



Rala Xanana Gusmao, commander of forces of the East Timorese National Liberation Front, is currently serving a twenty year sentence in a prison near Jakarta, Indonesia. To many Timorese, he's simply known as Xanana, a nationally revered and respected hero, who for many years, spear-headed the pro-independence movement in East Timor. He was captured by Indonesian troops in 1992, and has remained imprisoned since.

I suspect many of you have never heard of Xanana, or East Timor, or the illegal annexation of the former Portuguese colony in 1975 by Indonesia, an act which has repeatedly been condemned by the United Nations. Chances are you don't know about our governments' extensive involvement in the invasion of East Timor or the fact that the United States supplied and continues to supply arms and military support to the Indonesian army. Most recently, the Clinton Administration has been pushing the sale of twenty F-16s, approval of \$60 million in weapons sales, and reinstatement of IMET (International Military Education and Training) funds to Indonesia. Perhaps you aren't aware of the fact that many of the Indonesian regime's generals are trained at the International School, a military academy located in Ft. Benning, Georgia. You probably don't recall President Clinton shaking hands with General Suharto, one of the most brutal dictators of the post-war era, upon Suharto's visit to

Washington this past October. Most tragically, many of you are probably unaware of the genocide that has taken place in East Timor since Suharto's invasion of the small island nation in 1975. More than 270,000 Timorese, about a third of the population, have perished as a result of direct military attack, torture, execution and forced starvation brought on by Indonesian troops. Proportionally, this is one of the biggest genocides in history, right up there with the Nazi holocaust and the Pol Pot massacres of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. The United States is directly responsible for the massive carnage in East Timor since U.S. arms and military shipments have provided the Indonesians instruments of torture which have been used to subdue the Timorese people and their resistance movement with devastating efficiency. Resource-rich Indonesia is strategically and economically important to the U.S. (Nixon called it "the greatest prize in Southeast Asia") and hence successive administrations have supported Suharto and turned a blind eye towards the illegal occupation of East Timor and the atrocities committed against its people.

Our government's shameless complicity in this matter is a disgrace to all of us, and lends support to the genocide and murder that continues to plague East Timor. Unfortunately, policy changes toward Indonesia are not easy to come by since the vast majority of Americans were not aware of the situation in East Timor, and therefore no votes are riding on how the Administration deals with Indonesia. Here lies the challenge before us. We must stand up to the hypocrisy of the United States, to the oppressive regime of General Suharto and demand change. Specifically, we must call for an immediate suspension of all U.S. economic aid, a ban on arms sales and military aid to Indonesia,

a complete withdrawal of Indonesian forces occupying East Timor, and a open referendum where the Timorese people can rightfully determine their own autonomy and future. Anything less is totally unacceptable.

Contact ETAN, the East Timor Action Network. This grass roots movement was formed in 1991 in response to the Santa Cruz/Dili massacre which left over 270 peaceful protesters, mostly students, dead. The massacre was witnessed and survived by several foreign journalists, including Allan Nairn of *The Nation*, Amy Goodman of WBAI-Pacific Radio in New York, and Steve Cox, a photojournalist who has done extensive work in East Timor and captured the November 12, 1991 slaughter on film.

ETAN is dedicated to exposing the truth about East Timor and pressuring our government to end support of Indonesia's illegal annexation of East Timor. ETAN lobbies extensively in Washington against military and economic support of the Suharto regime. It also helps to increase public awareness on East Timor by organizing demonstrations, sit-ins, vigils and educational events. ETAN has hundreds of members and numerous chapters across the country including the NY metropolitan and New Jersey area.

Right here on campus, get in touch with Mary Ann Bell, Associate Dean of College of Arts and Sciences, and David Hicks, Professor of Anthropology at SBS. Both have extensive knowledge of the East Timorese struggle and are local ETAN contacts.

The next ETAN meeting is scheduled for April 14, 1:00 PM, 339 Lafayette at Bleeker Street in N.Y.C. I hope you're able to make it. Also, in the next issue of *The Press* look for the time, date, and location of an on-campus presentation of *Death of a Nation: The Timor Conspiracy*, an internationally acclaimed documentary on East Timor, and *Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media*, an excellent film which also includes a twenty minute excerpt on East Timor.

ETAN/New York Metro Area John M. Miller PO Box 150753 Brooklyn, New York 11215 (718) 788-6071 ftp igc.apc.org

Professor David Hicks
Anthropology Dept-SBS
632-7617

ETAN/United States Charlie Scheiner PO Box 1182
White Plains, NY 10602 (914) 428-7299 cscheiner
igc-apc.org

Mary Ann Bell
Associate Dean-Peace Center
632 7107

Last issue *The Press* ran a story entitled "The Plunder of Nigeria." It should have contained a list of addresses and people for you to contact for more information regarding the situation, but it didn't due to space restraints. So to correct the error here they are:

•For more information regarding the current situation in Nigeria, contact:

Amnesty International
304 Pennsylvania Ave. SE
Washington DC 20003
(202) 544-0200

Greenpeace
1436 U Street NW
Washington DC 20009
(202) 462-1177

•To demand that Shell withdraw from Nigeria, contact:

Philip J. Carrol CEO Shell Oil Corp.
One Shell Plaza P.O. Box 2463
Houston, Texas 77252
(1 800) 248-4044

•To demand the release of 18 remaining Ogoni political prisoners facing execution, contact:

The Nigerian Mission to the UN
417 E. 50th Street
New York, New York
(212) 421-3260

The Nigerian Embassy
Ambassador Zubir Muhmud Kazure
1333 16th St. NW

Washington DC 20036
(202) 850-2200
FAX (202) 775-1385

•To demand that the US and other countries embargo all oil from Nigeria, contact:

Mr. Anthony Lake, National Security Advisor
Executive Office of the President
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington DC 20500
(202) 456-9491
(202) 395-3000
FAX (202) 456-9300

The Press wishes to apologize for not originally running the addresses and contacts when the story first appeared in our paper.

Stats on Rape Do Not Tell the Whole Story

By Martha Chemas

Rape is one of the most pervasive violent crimes in our society today. According to current research, one in four American women will be the victim of rape or attempted rape during her lifetime. One American woman is the victim of rape or attempted rape *every six seconds*. Chances are, during this lifetime you will be affected by rape. Maybe your own, perhaps a loved one's. The biggest problem in fighting this violent crime is ignorance. Many (arguably, the majority) of rapes go unreported. With statistical data that makes rape seem like it is a minor problem in our society, it is little wonder that major strides in the curtailment of this epidemic are not being made. The accompanying chart shows the major crime statistics for some of the major colleges in New York state. This chart is the result of the Federally mandated Student Right-to-Know and Campus Security Act of 1990. Take a look at it. See anything strange yet? The numbers would seem to suggest a comparatively

SCHOOLS	murder	rape	robbery	aggravated assault	burglary	car theft
Albany	0	1	5	3	182	8
Binghamton	0	6	0	0	80	2
Buffalo	0	3	5	4	137	78
Stony Brook	0	2	5	18	338	52
Cornell	0	5	1	7	114	3
NYU	0	0	5	0	3	0
Adelphi	0	0	0	0	2	0
Columbia	0	2	32	17	201	1
Fordham	0	1	1	1	38	1
SCC-Ammerman	0	0	1	4	6	8
Queens	0	0	0	0	1	3
Queensboro CC	0	0	0	0	0	6

Taken from: Jan 26, 1993 Chronicle on Higher Education

acceptable atmosphere for female college students everywhere (this is not to say that even one rape is acceptable; I said comparatively), but this is not the case. As college students, and especially as female col-

lege students, we hear stories all the time about gang rapes and date rapes. So why is it that this chart is so out of sync with what we as college students instinctively know to be true?

The sad reality is that the grand majority of women who are subjected to this traumatic experience feel so shamed by what took place that they are reticent to report the heinous act to authorities. Many rape victims feel that they are somehow to blame for what happened.

Rape victims typically want to deny that the entire grisly event actually took place. To not report the crime is to sweep it under the rug and enter into a state of self-imposed denial. Also entering into the equation are much publicized rape trials where

the victim is put under intense scrutiny while the most intimate details of her life (real or fabricated) are put on public display with the intent of making a jury believe that the victim was a whore to begin with and she probably got just what she wanted.

It is interesting to see how (according to the chart) people have little problem reporting car theft or burglary. These crimes carry no emotional baggage, they require little more than the simplest explication. It is this lack of emotional baggage that is the truly instrumental factor in whether a crime will be reported or not.

It may be much easier said than done but it is imperative that rape victims report these crimes to the proper authorities or the statistics will continue to be dirempted from the reality in such a manner that they will serve no useful end.

A woman does not deserve to be raped *no matter what*. Having said this here are some things to keep in mind if you are a woman on a college campus:

- do not walk alone after dark (call the campus walk-service).
- do not put yourself in a situation where your judgement is significantly altered.
- do go out with a group of friends (there really is safety in numbers).
- do assign a designated driver.
- do head to a populated place if you feel you are being followed.

This is obviously just a start. Another important point: if you know of someone who has been raped, encourage them to report the crime; assure them that what happened was not their fault. The people at Campus Safety can give you much more pointers on safety etc., so get in touch with them.

Let's make it a point to look out for each other, starting now.

FARRAKHAN'S WORLD TOUR: THE ISSUE OF NIGERIA

Dr. Manning Marable

"Along the Color Line"

Louis Farrakhan has managed to outrage and anger white America once again. With his highly-publicized twenty-nation "world friendship tour," the leader of the Nation of Islam caucused with many African and Asian heads of state. This new level of political prestige and international recognition for Farrakhan was largely due to the dramatic success of the Million Man March in Washington, DC, last October.

Farrakhan's stated purpose for the tour, according to the Rev. Benjamin Chavis, was "to spread the uplifting, spirit of the Million Man March abroad, particularly where issues of atonement, fratricide, reconciliation and peace are of paramount concern." However, Farrakhan's itinerary and his controversial statements abroad provoked widespread criticism in the US media.

In Iran, Farrakhan was reported to have joined the celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the overthrow of the Shah. The Iranian press quoted him as saying: "God will destroy America by the hands of Muslims. God will not give Japan or Europe the honor of bringing down the United States this is an honor God will bestow upon Muslims." In Iraq, Farrakhan expressed solidarity with dictator Saddam Hussein, and suggested that United Nations economic sanctions against that country were parallel to the status of the Jews in Nazi death camps. According to JANA, the Libyan Press Agency, the Libyan leader Muammar el-Gadhafi offered one billion dollars to Farrakhan to finance his political activities inside the US. Gadhafi declared after his meeting with Farrakhan: "Our confrontation with America used to be like confronting a fortress from the outside. Today we have found a loophole to enter the fortress from

within." It was not surprising that these statements and actions abroad provoked harsh condemnations from the government and the media. The State Department accused Farrakhan of "cavorting with dictators." The Departments of Treasury and Justice demanded information on Farrakhan's negotiations with Gadhafi and other foreign leaders. Even Kweisi Mfume, the new president of the NAACP, declared that Farrakhan's visit to such countries did "not help" efforts to establish "conformity with international law." But frankly, many of these criticisms will have little influence on most African-Americans. The white political establishment has always criticized black American leaders who have addressed international issues or who have traveled abroad-including Paul Robeson, Martin Luther King Jr., and Malcolm X. However, I would challenge Farrakhan's political judgment on Nigeria. During his visit to the most populous nation of Africa, Farrakhan in effect gave his personal approval to the military regime that only three months ago hanged noted writer/playwright Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other human rights activists.

The background to the execution of Saro-Wiwa represents a mixture of corporate greed, environmental racism, and the brutality of a military dictatorship. Saro-Wiwa was the leader of a political movement among Nigeria's Ogoni people, calling for greater democratic rights and environmental protection measures to check oil pollution in the region. Shell Oil Company produces about one-half of Nigeria's oil, and has vast petroleum holdings in the Ogoni area. In the Ogoni ancestral land of 400 square miles, there are 6 oil wells and five pumping stations, where vast amounts of natural gas are burned 24 hours every day. Frequent oil spills have polluted water supplies and destroyed crops.

Virtually no profits from Shell's oil production went to the Ogoni people. When protests developed, Shell authorized the Nigerian government to send mobile police to suppress dissent. Shell paid for the salary bonuses of troops known as the "kill-and-go mob," who terrorized the local population. Last year, Saro-Wiwa was arrested on false charges. He was tried before a mixed military-civilian court with no right of judicial appeal. Two witnesses for the prosecution later retracted their testimony, admitted that the Government had bribed them. Nevertheless, Saro-Wiwa was executed. Nineteen more Ogoni are now awaiting trial. Human rights groups throughout the world were outraged by this example of despotism.

But Farrakhan chatted amicably with Saro-Wiwa's murderers. He even criticized Western governments for their condemnations of the Nigerian dictatorship. Farrakhan was reported to say: "They say that you hanged one man. So what? Ask them, too, 'How many did you hang?'" Robinson, president of TransAfrica, expressed "extreme disappointment" with Farrakhan's visit to Nigeria's military dictatorship: "his statements and the things that were said appear to make Minister Farrakhan an apologist for an authoritarian, corrupt and repressive regime."

Farrakhan's action on Nigeria calls into question his entire political agenda. His right to travel and to engage in international dialogues must be defended. But on the issue of Nigeria, as far as black people's interests are concerned, he has much explaining to do.

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 in over 275 newspapers across the US and internationally.

THE PLOT SICKENS

By Deborah Brovniak

I couldn't help but notice an ad in the January 29th *Press* for the Army and National Guard. I wondered if this might portend an end, or at least a toning-down, of the viewpoints expressed that are critical of the US government and its policies, especially all those involving military force.

Then I realized that I was most likely worrying for nothing. *The Press* gets Polity funding, despite recurrent small-minded censorship attempts by campus Brown Shirts to defund it. So the *Press* doesn't have to worry about whoring itself to advertisers (like certain other campus publications) or offending sacred cows.

In the former Soviet Union, all media was controlled by the government. Its two main news organs were *Pravda* ("Truth") and *Izvestia* ("News"). These entities reported nothing negative or embarrassing about the Soviet regime. They just provided a steady diet of propaganda, not unlike the US mainstream media. The difference was that the majority of Soviet citizens knew that they were being force-fed these lies and distortions. A popular Russian joke was, "There's no *pravda* in *Pravda* and no *izvestia* in *Izvestia*."

The Soviet propaganda system was too crude and unsophisticated to provide the illusion of variety and objectivity that is so effective in limiting real debate here.

For real news and uncensored political discussion, Soviets had to rely on *samizdat* ("self-publishing")—very small very informal underground publications surreptitiously produced on mimeograph and photocopy machines. *Samizdat* publications are also common in other openly repressive states, like Saudi Arabia.

Here in the US, although we're disadvantaged by a culture of consumerism, apathy and media illiteracy, we are blessed with much more technologically advanced resources for alternative media and we're for the most part free from overt censorship. (Those who've been at Stony Brook for a while might remember an incident 5 years ago when Union manager Carmen Vazquez confiscated an entire issue of the *Press* ("Oh, Say Can You See...") on the grounds that it might have offended "patriotic" sensibilities. Funny, I thought that particular issue was one of the few patriotic things we saw during that depressing period.

The point I want to make is that, contrary to what many claim, subsidized media are much less restrained than stuff generated by the "free" market.

Just look at public and noncommercial TV and radio stations. Although far from perfect, they're light years better than commercial stations. And now privatization is homing in to neuter many of these as well.

Indeed, the cancer of increasing private, for-profit control over all aspects of life, even those like education, health care and information, where it is clearly counterproductive/ is spreading.

That brings us to S.U.N.Y. and its future. Besides this august institution, I also have had the honor of getting to know a private university. I won't tell you which one it is, but many contrasts are striking.

On the plus side, facilities are better maintained and the bureaucracy is much less cumbersome. Employees and staff are nowhere near as rude.

"The student newspaper makes Statesman look positively muckraking in comparison."

However, the open diversity of political discourse just doesn't exist. All public presentations are centrist and none dare lean too far left. Although the campus was the center of an infamous rape case a few years ago, there's no Rape Awareness Week and no women's center. There's nothing for gays and lesbians. Clubs for ethnic and religious groups center on fraternities or religion and seem to emphasize conformity with the corporate culture. Racial Harmony Week is bland and doesn't raise real issues. The student newspaper makes *Statesman* look positively muckraking in comparison.

Corporations have their fingers in most university orifices and professors write books on subjects like how good NAFTA is for North America. ROTC is omnipresent and recruiting drives are regular occurrences, as is the sight of your fellow students in combat drag.

It's time for the yearly S.U.N.Y. budget battle and by all indications George Pataki is plotting further cuts and is trying to atomize the campuses to make them more "independent." While this may solve some problems, I sense a divide-and-conquer strategy. S.U.N.Y. enrollment has declined, most likely as a result of cuts in programs and concurrent tuition increases. This will justify further cuts, which will in turn lead to further declines as soon as the powers-that-be will be able to say there's no demand for state edu-

cation and close some campuses and auction off the rest to the private sector to "turn them around."

Why?

The point is often made that S.U.N.Y. provides higher education at a cost relatively affordable to lower- and lower middle class students and that these students would be deprived without it. I wholeheartedly agree—I wouldn't have a college education without S.U.N.Y. Maybe what Pataki and the economic overlords he serves want is for the children of the lower orders to receive little more than glorified vocational training, just enough to enable them to labor in the white-collar sweatshops of the 21st century, but not enough to actually lead them to adopt the critical thinking with which to analyze this society and the philosophies that run it.

Furthermore, one of the last preserves of thought and dialogue not controlled by the market is the university. The worshippers of the golden calf dominate most of the government and the media, which gives them a lock on most primary and secondary education, and popular culture as well. The one area that remains unconquered is academia.

Not that they haven't tried: right-wing think tanks have funded conservative campus newspapers and "accuracy in academia" watchdog groups have harassed instructors felt to be too liberal. This is to have a chilling effect on academic freedom. Ask an old-timer about Fred Dube, who was basically denied tenure here for pointing out the obvious similarities between the South African apartheid state and the Israeli one.

In its latest incarnation, the backlash takes the form of hysteria against "political correctness": any discussion of racism, sexism, homophobia, imperialism or capitalism is invalid because it might cause discomfort for the only truly oppressed group: straight white male boneheads.

But even this has lost much of its cachet. Conservatives, in my experience, can't hold their own in debates that they don't control, much past name-calling, emotionalism and appeals to the lower instincts of fear and anger. Throw some facts and statistics on them and they sputteringly melt away like the Wicked Witches of Western Civilization that they are.

So now we see an attack on funding for education itself. Drive it into the private sphere and let the magic of the marketplace do the rest.

Please remember when you call or write or educate others to save S.U.N.Y., you're fighting not just for your own education, but for democracy and civilization itself.

continued from page 6 the atomic bombings made her realize that if it would be an unbearable thing for someone to do that to her child, it's terrible to do to anyone's children.

True fact: children make up an ever-increasing percentage of those who suffer from war. In Bosnia, in Rwanda, in Iraq, in Central America, who's suffering the most?

Christian peace activists seek to instill empathy for those we're propagandized to call "the enemy" as our brothers and sisters. Plowshares are more concerned with having a profound effect on a small number of people than a negligible effect on the population at large.

The activists expect to be convicted, as the court system is merely an extension of the power controlling the state, and incarcerated in minimum-security federal institutions. I doubt that this will be the last disarmament action since our leaders seem to show no sign of reversing the arms buildup.

I asked Michele how those who wish to contribute to the effort, without becoming guests of

the state, can. She said the best way to start is to add your voice to those already raised.

If you're so inclined, you are urged to attend the trial to see our justice system at work. The evening before (3/18) there will be a Festival of Hope featuring speakers and music. Dinner and sleeping accommodations will also be available.

Contact: Norfolk Catholic Worker
(804) 423-5420

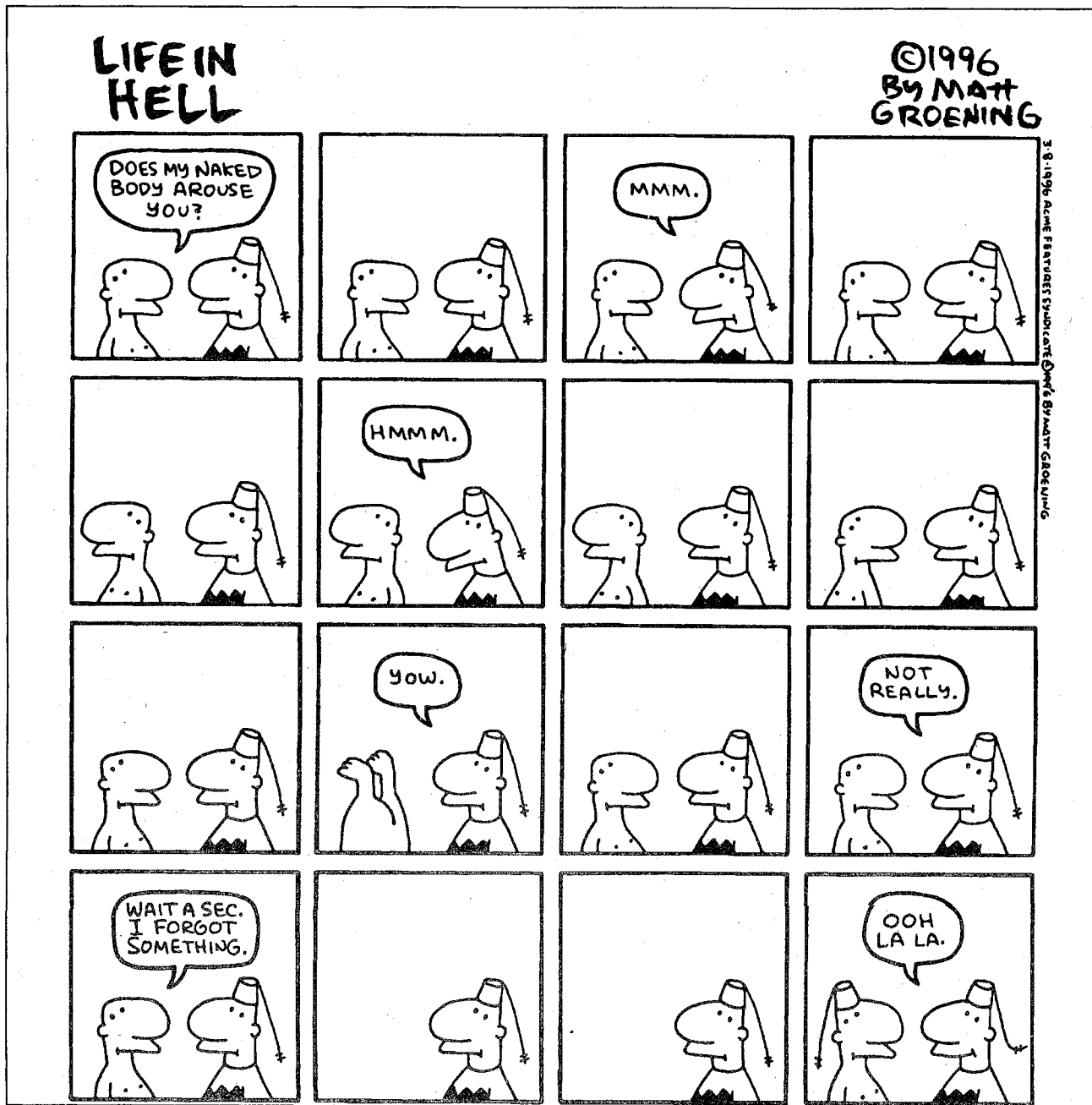
In the same basic region (you can make a tour of it) Fr. Roy Bourgeois will be leading a ten-day fast and vigil on the steps of the Capitol. The purpose is to close the School of the Americas at Fort Benning, Georgia. The school trains military officers from Latin America and the Caribbean in the finer points of killing and torture, to be used against their own people. The alumni list is a murderer's row of atrocity committers and human rights violators including Haiti's thugocracy and the leaders of the notorious El Mozote massacre in El Salvador. Lend your support, even if it's just a letter to Congress. You can con-

tact SOA Watch at (706) 682-5369. Or write them PO Box 3330, Columbus GA 31903.

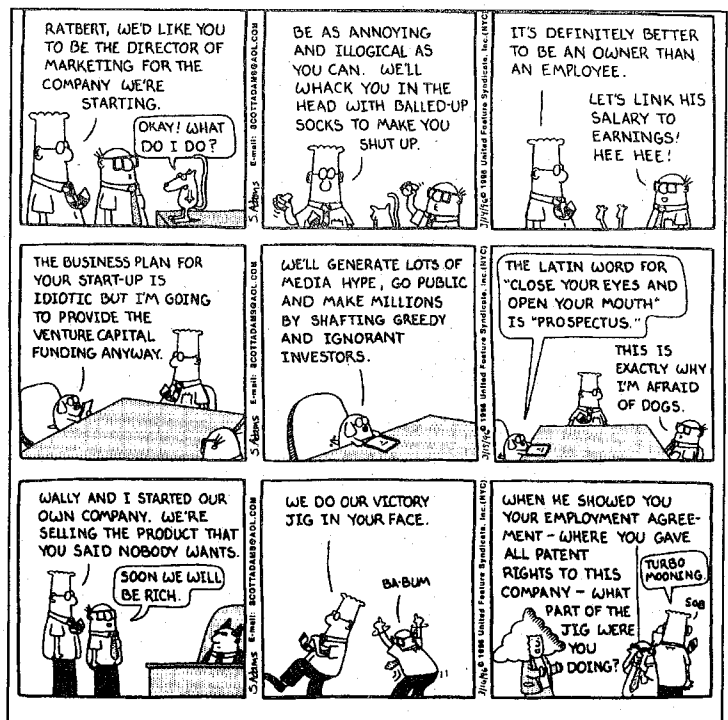
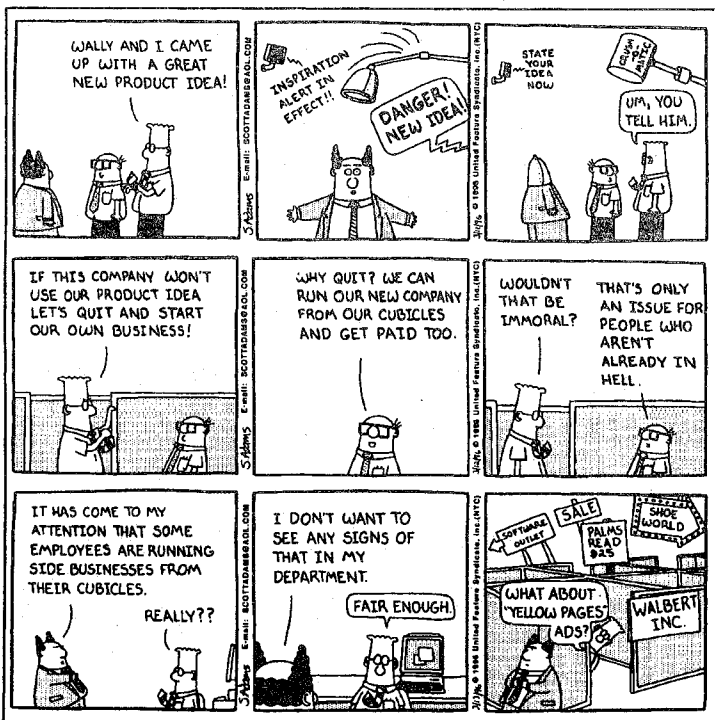
As I write this, there's another incident with Cuba. I'll bet anything the CIA has a hand in it. To paraphrase somebody, peace is too important to be left to the generals and politicians. The war-makers are always busy preparing for the next conflagration. We who oppose war as a solution to conflict must also be ever-vigilant for the next

Though I always have plenty negative to say about the Catholic Church, I'm proud to say these people and I come from the same religious background. And for all my bashings of the US, these disarmers represent the great American tradition of refusing to respect unjust laws and unjust power. From Henry David Thomas to the Abolitionists to the Suffragists to the Haymarket strikers to conscientious objectors, civil-rights marchers and draft-card burners, civil disobedience and recognition of a higher morality are proud components of our heritage. Revel in them.

COMICS

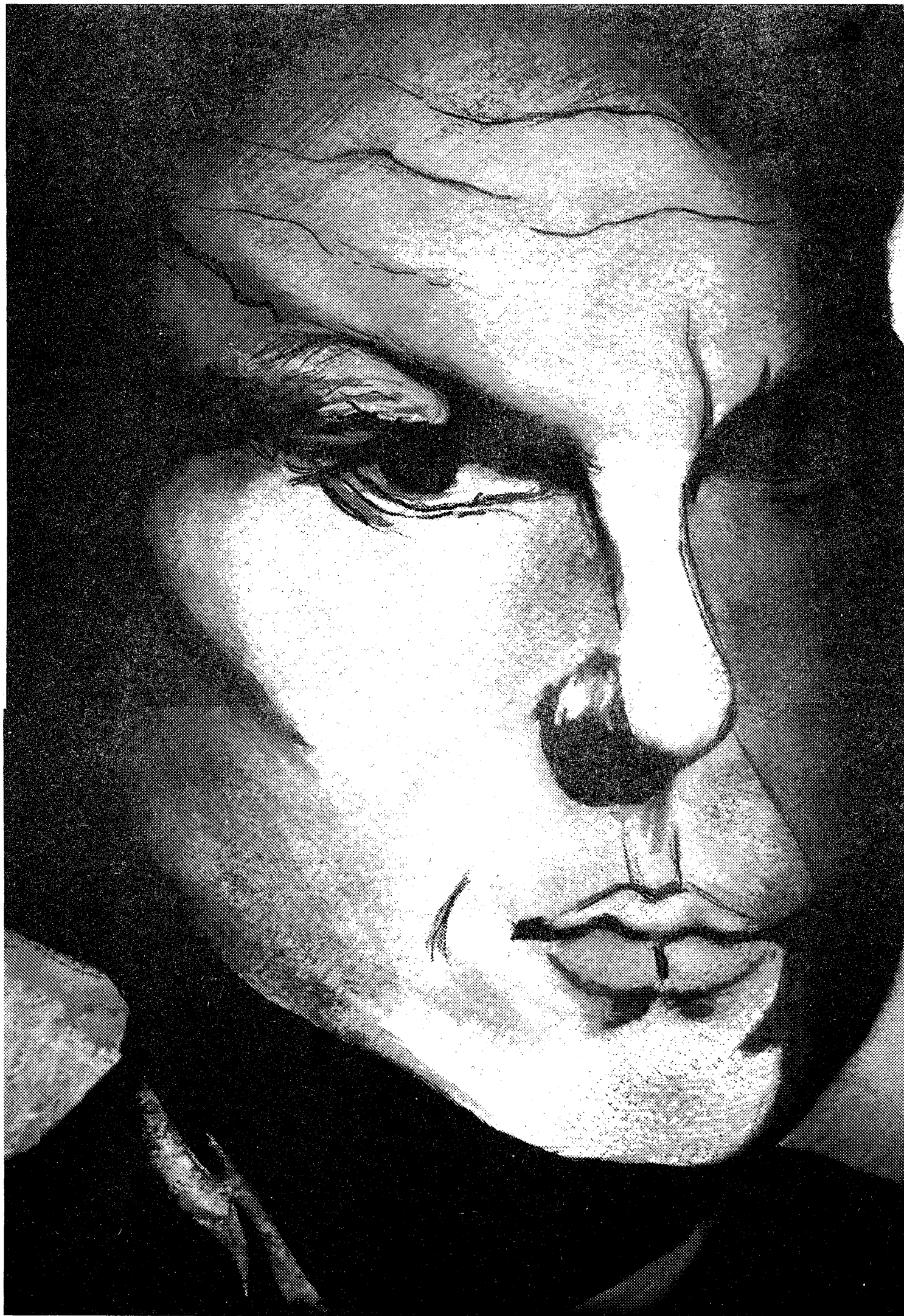


Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



The Stony Brook Press
presents
The 1996 Spring Literary Supplement

The 1996 Spring Literary Supplement Stony Brook Press The 1996 Spring Literary Supplement Stony Brook Press



Drawing by Katherine HYland

The 1996 Spring Literary Supplement Stony Brook Press The 1996 Spring Literary Supplement Stony Brook Press

4MH (D:X)

"...and we shall meet again
and regain our friendship
in a campground..."

wooden cabins clustered &
huddled together around
a central council fire
we'll sit and
shake out our dusty old
tapestries for each other
recounting stories
for the other
since our last meeting
before we separated
like clouds
in a concrete parkinglot

on a moss covered log
we'll sit &
whisper eight year old
private jokes for each other
while listening to
ghoststories &
Kumbaya sung by
old nuns

upon the hillside
that slowly sinks
to the lake
we'll lie
as the hungry waves
grow taller
trying to pull us into
its Looking Glass World
we'll spy the other fires

that surround the lake
as they try to compete
w/ the fires in the sky
racing from treetop to
treetop
that spans our world
a lake bottomed bowl

as Cassiopeia crawls
across the sky
we'll tell more stories
w/ my arm under you head
and yours' across my chest
frightening stories of
possession & raging hatred
amusing stories of
insanity & utter stupidity
having to feel you shiver
as we journey deeper into
the most lightless arenas
of our lives
hating to wipe a tear of
truthfulness from your cheek
loving to replace them w/
a series of friendly smiling
tickles to your stomach &
behind your right knee

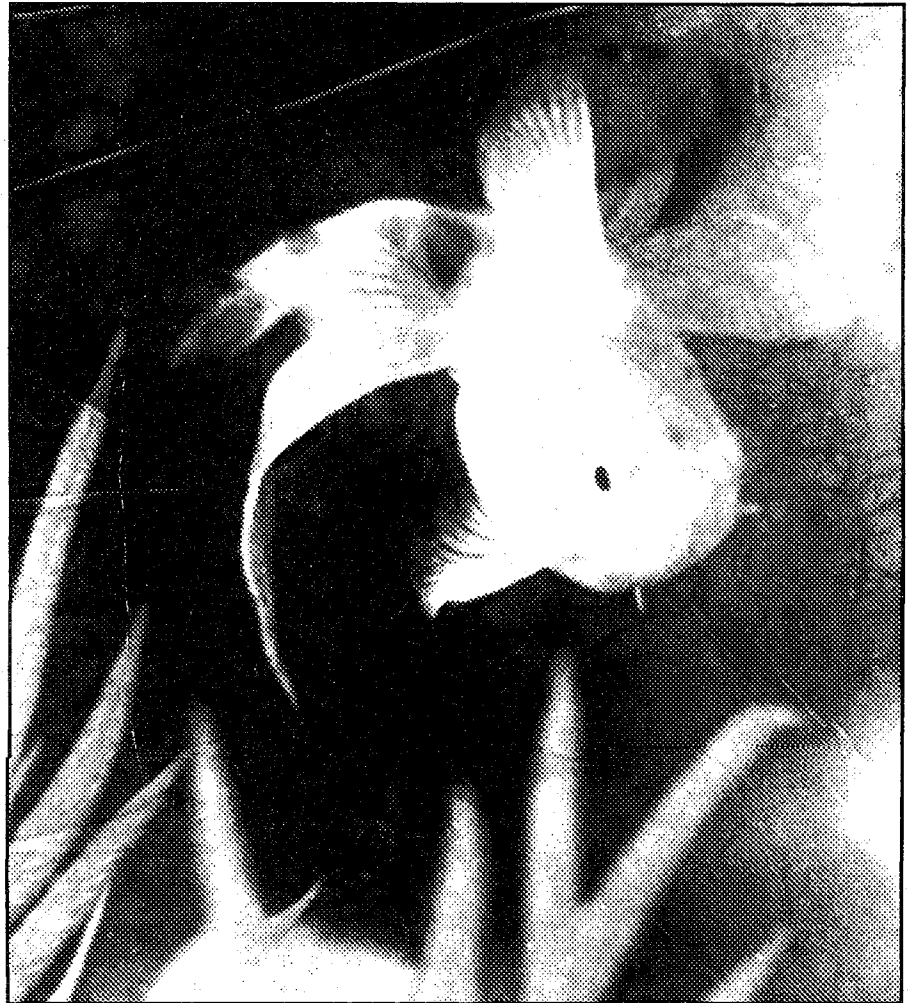
waiting until the sun
to take deep breaths in fear
of disturbing each other
& again we separate
like clouds
but this time
in a dirt parkinglot w/
a promise & another memory

-ted swedalla

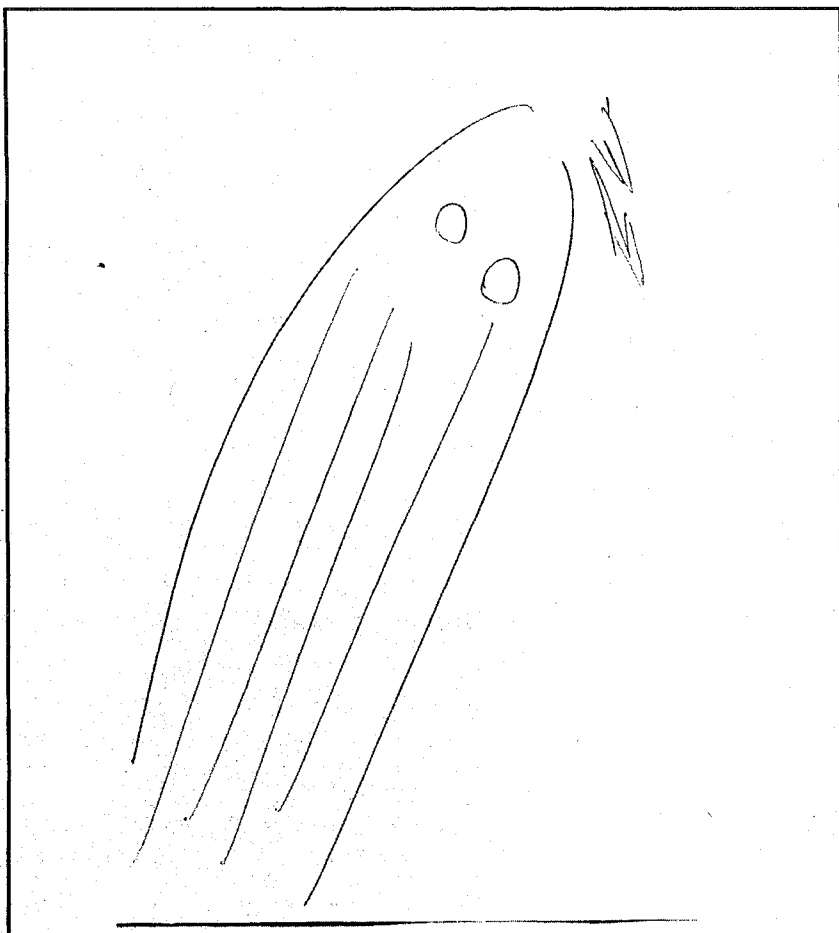
escape to some beyond

When maudlin face of stormy air robs me of will-
forces the grass to cringe.
and unholy dragons flaming repudiation from a nihilistic sun
shine their wanton, destructive, anger under cool skin
its makes the abundance of absurdity inexorable.
futile struggles against weight from light at tunnel's edge.
become divine consummation in the attempt
like Icarus selflessly consuming the clouds,
I am not without god
just without choice

-Edward M. Ballard



Photograph by Anna Chamberlin



"Social Unrest IN Upper Uganda" by James Atwater

This is not a poem about love,
Its not simple or sweet or filled with hope,
This poem's about a question that's shattered my soul,
That I have to get answered to make me whole.
Why is it that we live,
Why is it that we die,
Why is it that I am human,
Why am I not born a butterfly?
Why is it that though I laugh at people's jokes and tales,
It doesn't erase the sorrow running through every inch of my veins.
Why is it that we dream,
Why do we aspire,
When it all comes down to a meaningless satire.
Why is it that we heal,
Why do we stretch life to limits unreal,
Only to be six feet under the earth's veil.
Is there anyone who understands the questions I ask,
Tugging and pulling at the hideous masks,
Searching for the answers — Why? Why?
Why do we hold on to things that aren't really real.

-Bessie Abraham

THE IRISH DANCER
(For D.)

Irish Dancer, it's been two summer's past
Since into my life you gently came.
No warning of your gentle smile,
That once I had seen, and not since been the same.

Infancy of friendship was as far as we had fared.
But ways in which to me you spoke,
o' more believed I could 'tween us be shared.

But in this fragile youth, friendship sweet did fall to lies.
Spoken by Betrayer, whose venomous words I well despise.
One Judas whispering in your ears
Of my intentions that in virtue were so devoid.
Or a Grinning Judas, who to my ears
Told grievous lies, and so then Honor was destroyed.

You never knew that from simple talk
That I could fall so fast.
I never knew myself, you see,
And fools can't change the past.

Between us were too great the years,
So your tender heart did hide away.
And yet those feelings were ones I shared,
'Tis true, Time brings many fears.

So, Time has past and now I write these words
I know you'll never see.
And I'm not quite sure whether I write these words

More for you, or more for me.
But, Irish Dancer, these words true you should hold
As on our separate paths we did depart,
Oh, Irish Dancer, sweet, crafty Prancer,
You were the Angel that 'wakened my heart.

-M.J. Molloy

The Stalker

Chance meetings
They are not.
Standing in the sunlight,
Your shadow on my face,
We stare.
Your gaze skips away,
And I wait for its
Return.

-seks93

To never let it surface
Again.
To negate that state,
Of self-betrayal.
The gash that closes,
But never dissappears.
To at least replace it
With a new obsession.
Wanting...waiting.

-seks93

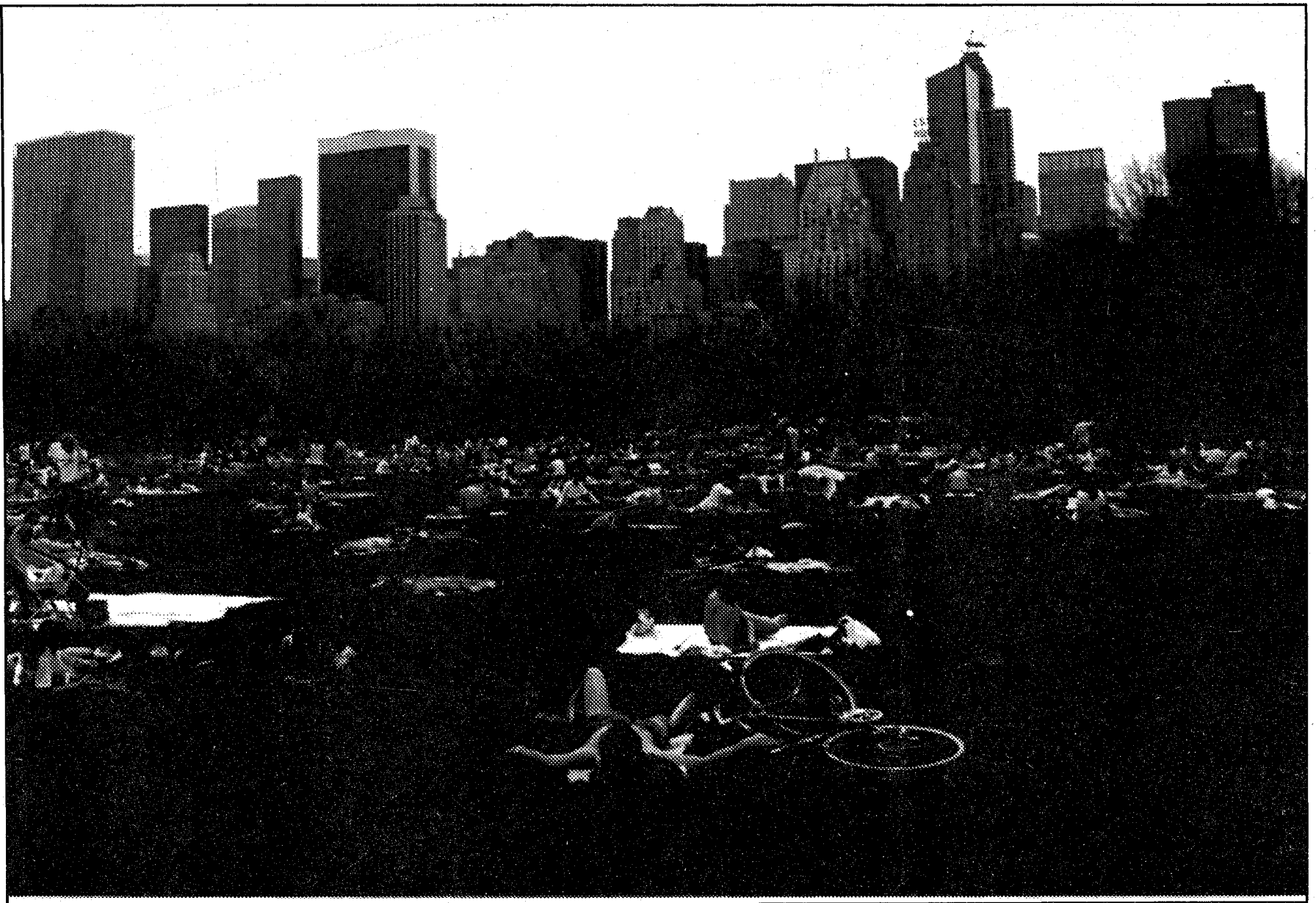
When Its Late

In the stillness,
I hear, feel, sense,
Urging - power.
But lack perspective.
I am also still
Within the raging start
Of quiet embers—
Ever burning.

-seks93



Drawing by Katherine Hyland



Photograph by Anna Chamberlin

Winter

There was this big duck.
He attacked me on the beach.
We don't own this place.

-seks93

A permanent solution

Why so hurried brother?
even Atlarian burdens were not enough.
nothing could ever keep the ground planted firmly on your feet
instead you quit this place.
throwing bits of chewed up road under each step,
like forgotten love
like embracing madness
like leaving me behind
a burden to you. but firmly implanted in your memory
melting with bits of tar- in the sun...on the road-
and in the distance.

Edward M. Ballard

I'm free,
I'm young,
I've just begun.
I see, I talk,
I smile, I walk,
I stop, — say why not?
It comes, it goes,
It brings new hopes,
I'm happy, it's working,
When suddenly, — no joking,
It hits, it hurts,
What pains the most,
I remember, - I never liked toast!

Bessie Abraham

Another Justification for Unproductivity

Death comes in many ways.
Death comes in many ways.
There's jobs to work for bills to pay
work that sweats and bleeds all day.
So why can't I
pay
with a finger, tooth or an eye?
At least I'd know I wouldn't have to work eventually
because I would have no body to clothe or feed.
A jar is all I would need.
To hold my brain or my thoughts or my soul or such.
But greedy hands
would surely demand
RENT
for my jar and I could not pay.
Unless They stole my thoughts.
Who are They?
They are
Of Course world through reverse osmosis.
Those dead men in those green sheets
that float around the
world through reverse osmosis.
It's Their revenge since They're dead
and the dead only live to pester the living.
But my mother tells me ghosts are not smart.
They could never
Ever
steal my thoughts.
So They would have to probably
throw away the rest of me
into a can marked T.N.T. or D.D.T. or S.T.D.
or something that
would be poisonous.
They would label my brain as such.
Then what would I do?
I would just be a pile of gray goo.
Would a rat come by and eat my senses?
I think not
Therefore I am not?

I don't think so because I think.
And I would think and think and think
Oh what does it matter?
I think I'd think the world to Shatter
and my brain would Splatter.
Then I would be Free
as a slick feathered fowl in flight
flying through the sun into the night
Through the fog into the toxic factory smog
Looking over Broken people wielding
Broken picks
Breaking bits off a mountain of
Broken toys
Searching for their Sam Sam the Grocery Man
The Raggedy Man with one leg and missing stuffing
Searching for their special something
that they threw away
when they were Convinced they were too old to play
Searching so they can reverse the clicking hands of
the clock with the
Guillotine alarm
(BRING BRING BRRING sorry no snooze on this one
SHUNK)
And that would be me
flying flatulently
Living life the way it should be.
Dropping bombs on the heads of the miners of Mount. Dead
dreams Dead
dance Dead
song Dead
life Dead
Dead.
Flying upside down to the universal tree.
Looking up at my birth.
Looking up at the Earth.
Thinking
Do I have to start over again for me to be me?
NO
work No
death Know
LIFE
-Esteban Rodriguez

Scene from a Passing Train Window

Decrepit red roofs of tin and tile,
garbage ridden playgrounds and
back alley destruction and chaos;
Blaring car horns driven by insanity,
and the overbearing roar of the hourly
train's eyesore graffiti and rust
clang-clang-clang to the tune of confusion;
All seen by my own self from the el,
looked upon by saintly children
with painful eyes staring at me, smiling,
And I cried charitable tears for them,
waved goodbye, and continued on.

Keith M. Stewart

Your Constellation

Unlike the stars,
I am a lash in your eye
(a pebble in your shoe).
I don't shine in your heart's sight,
and you reach for other stars
shining brighter than my dim light.

And I ask,
"What does that star do
who doesn't shine so bright?"
Does he sit by and wave
as you squint your eyes tight
for another star?
Or, does he improve his appeal
so you can't hide
from the fate he intends to deal
to you?
What does he do?

I envy the stars...
they always shine,
and when you don't see them
they still shine,
and when they don't feel like it
they still shine,
all because they are stars,
and you look up to them.

I wish I were a star
who cares nothing else
but to shine and shine alone
for no specific audience...

but for a critical angel
who begs to be blinded,
I wish only to be an intense sun
you could stare at and care for

but you leave me alone
in your shaded zone
and with no chance
for a moonlit romance...
under the stars.

-Ron von Stellete

When Your Eyes Close

i always wonder
what you're dreaming of
when i'm dreaming of us
together...
are you dreaming of someone else?
do i wake you at night
in a cold sweat of fright
wishing that what you thought
of me would never return?
or do your dreams of me
end with you happy
with someone other than me?
or do you dream of yourself
and someone else
rolling in bed and moaning
while i look through
the steamed-up window
until the early lights of morning?
my dreams of you
end on our wedding day
and wishing that day forever lasts
and i do believe
i'll be at your wedding
but watching through the stained glass
and dreaming...

-Ron von Stellete

D:XX

its already been a
rotten morning
when a cow of a rent-a-cop
tries to give me a ticket
for crossing the tracks
in sneakers

she confuses me w/ Billy The Kid
as she scribbles
my description on a paper bag

she makes me miss my
train
and i tell her to stuff
the ticket up her fat ass

its still a rotten day
and i have to hold my coffee
in my bare hands
asking for a bag for the beans
and someones finally nice
to me

-ted swedalla

Poem 902

today i am trying to
become a man
the enemy has charged
full steam
horns held high
sharpened w/ precision
heading directly
me
all i have for a savior
is a thin
red cape

a thin red cape
which i will use
to beat down
the rampager
the hateful horns
which rush & rush
towards me

towards me
faster & sharper
it speeds
undistracted by my
pathetic waving
i still try to
beat it down

to beat it down
to become a man

to become
a man whose conquered
dragons & windmills
w/ a thin red cape

w/ a thin
red cape
i will stand upon
this beast
when i've won
i will slowly wave the
thin red cape
above my head
& proclaim to the
world
'today i am a man'

'today i am a man'

-ted swedalla

I have often gazed upon the Ocean,
 So gentle there to see.
 And wondered what it would be like,
 If I, a simple fool, was to have
 Passage to Her floor.

I don't speak of endless people,
 ships, air-tanks, or submarines,
 Or any such foolishness.
 For all those just obfuscate.
 All just worlds
 Within worlds.
 Whose layers numb us
 To feeling an Ocean's soul.

Once, long ago,
 I touched her grace,
 When I floated on her waves.
 To touch her,
 Without fear.

To see the How and Why
 Of what she truly is,
 And how she came to be.
 To see her rifted scars,
 To see the beauty of her core.

But on a beach
 Is where I now stand.
 The tide is out,
 And so she shrinks away.
 And so I now know.
 The Ocean will not let me know
 Her riches.

It might be worth my soul,
 If within her deep I might die.
 But it could not be.
 She grants no light there,
 To see of what she's made.
 And for fear of leaving her
 Without her Heart,
 She would leave you crushed.
 For the Sea brooks no intrusions
 To her soul.

The wind's now picked up,
 Blowing harshly in my face.
 The Ocean's friend casts a chill
 Over me.

The Sea and I are much alike.
 She, who replies not,
 Of what I need to know.
 Distant, vast and
 Supreme Enchantress,
 Leaving the remnants of salt
 On the air.

And I,
 Who cannot speak
 To Her.
 As by her I stand.
 And I taste the salt
 Within my tears.

- M.J. Molloy

With a fresh cup of coffee I attacked the morning paper,
 viciously,
 Reading it with morning eyes; half-opened, sensitive, but
 aware,
 Turning the page each time I grab another biscuit to dip,
 And suddenly staring up at me from the page is my name,
 And the page is the Obituaries,
 And my appetite is lost.

It isn't me, obviously,
 But someone with the same name as me has died— how
 should I feel,
 He dead at 87 years, over, compared to my 21 years which
 are just beginning,
 But still it is odd to see my name there on that page/
 And with heartburn thoughts that one day it will be me,
 indigestion set in.

And one day it will be me,
 My name will lie there on that page in that section,
 lifeless as myself then and this guy now,
 And you will turn the page and finish the paper,
 Just as I'm about to do now.

-Keith M. Stewart

Webslung Apostle

I am a mess here in your midst,
 a helpless fly embedded in your web.
 Straightjacketed uncensored emotional strain
 affording you warden to my pain.
 My poison is your unsuspecting kiss.
 Enraptured, enraged, and left for dead,
 Tell me, what else could I do
 but plead insanity for loving you?
 A cocooned caterpillar, I can't crawl to you.
 An impoverished inmate; an impossible escape;
 a willing victim to your emotional rape;
 a scarred fly; webbound; crucified;
 a bondage pervert to those ties you bind;
 I am all you desire in your personal apostles.

-Ron von Stellete

*The Stony Brook Press
 would like to thank
 all of those who con-
 tributed to the
 1996 Spring Literary
 Supplement.*

licht und blindheit
 (Light and Blindness)

in the wake of winter
 soft and isolated
 where long and white and clear,
 the hollow rustle of sanity and feeling-
 rattles the trees
 weighs down each branch
 until it snaps and falls lifelessly.
 sending ripples through a uniform lake of white.
 silently
 without ceremony...
 and without remorse.

Edward M. Ballard

YELLOW ROSES

"So, what d'ja do wrong, sweetie?",
Asked the oh-so-faux blonde
As she laconically sat
Snapping her gum,
Behind the counter.

"You hadta have done something,
To piss off your wife,"
The gum-snapper continued
"I'm sorry", said I,
"But this is for a Lady friend.
I'm not married."

"I've always thought
Yellow Roses stood for friendship."
Said I to her.
"They do."

"But they also signify
Forgiveness."
As she then pointed to a chart on the wall.
"Oh", said I,
Surprised at not having heard this before.

To one I gave a Yellow Rose,
As a friend to her
I wished to be.

But in these brief lines
I give to you
A Thousand Yellow Roses.
Some would be for a friendship
Interrupted.

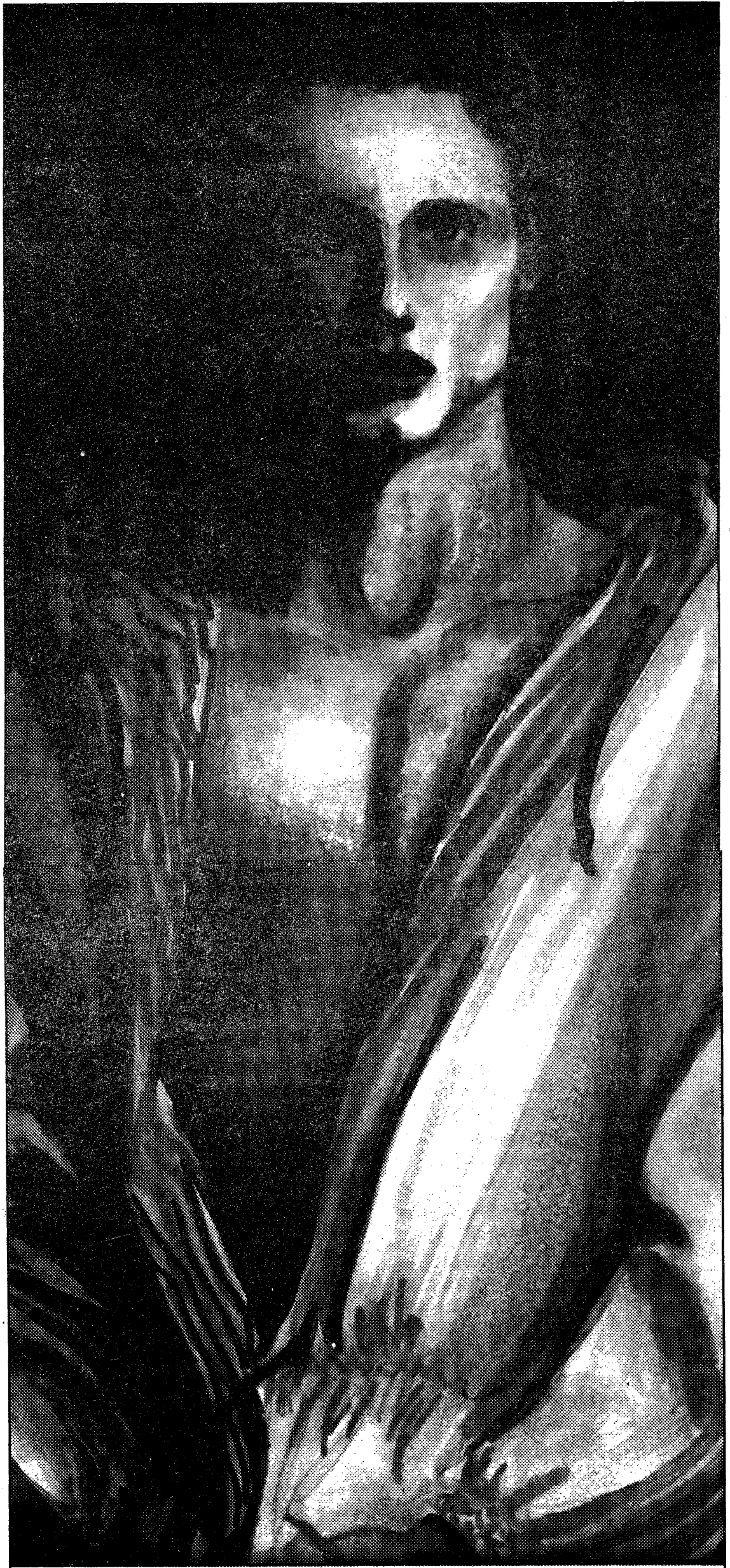
Most would be for Forgiveness.
Too hard to forgive myself
When I first need that from you.

-M.J. Molloy

NO GUILT

Notice how wild this untended garden
now grows;
how the lettuce has spread into the
cucumber's lot,
and how the radishes are recovering
territory the tomatoes now hold,
and I, I've cut my own path through
here many times, passively,
(via daily travels) but never once
stopped to help the cucumbers
draw some boundaries for the
radishes.
Maybe tomorrow I'll bring my shears
and shovel,
but I think I won't.

Keith M. Stewart



Drawing by Katherine Hyland

The McDonaldland Mayoral Race

By Steven Tornello

special political correspondent for the *Stony Brook Press*

In the past two weeks, the winds of change have been blowing through the esteemed forests of McDonaldland. The rumors became a reality as pictures of Mayor McCheese and a naked Wendy were made public by "All Beef Patty".

"All Beef Patty" has been a mystery to all involved in the mayoral race. What is known is that he/she is strictly against the tenure of McCheese. A typed letter contained in the manila packet basically pledged his/her's allegiance to Grimace and the Onion Ring Coalition. "All Beef Patty" claimed that McCheese's "Lettuce and Tomatoes Today and Tomorrow" campaign has as much value as a Happy Meal to a business tycoon.

Grimace continued on the campaign trail as he recently reached out to a group of elderly milk shakes. He stated, "I feel your pain when the machines are shut off. I feel your pain when you

can supersize your soft drinks but not the milk shakes. I feel your pain and the tides will change."

Grimace has been developing his

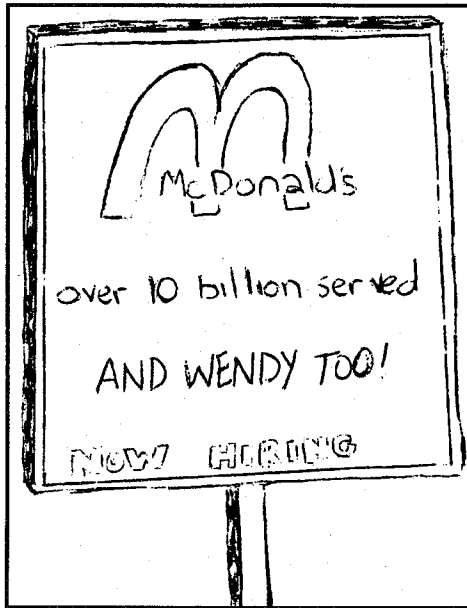
own philosophy of "Sesame Seeds for All" and his ever-growing popularity with the pickle people has led to his overtaking McCheese in recent polls.

However, it is fair to state that it has been more of McCheese's sexual exploits rather than Grimace's political rhetoric that has led to the

changes in the poll. McCheese has been spending his time denying the alleged rumors. "They're not true," he stated in an address to a

Condiment Convention. "It's nothing more than a highly advanced technological setup by Grimace and whoever this bitch-bastard 'All Beef Patty' is. I have no feelings towards Wendy either now or, at any time. My face is never seen in any of those pictures, and that definitely is not my ass!" When reached for comment, Wendy refused to comment, probably trying to protect her political standing within her own kingdom and with foreign relations in McDonaldland. What once seemed to be a mismatch and what was once a 64% lead for McCheese has become a 4% deficit. McCheese hasn't been in second place since he first ran for office. Political analysts here expect a highly intensive public relation campaign which would highlight McCheese's achievements, a strict denial of the photos, and a soiling of Grimace's reputation.

I will as always stay on the heels of the combatants as the race heats up. Please write to the editors of this paper so I can receive a substantial stipend in order to bring you the up to the minute news flashes concerning the McDonaldland mayoralship.



In the February 26th edition of *The Press* James Atwater reported on the Black Semi-Formal. In the article he stated "Although Sharpton's speech was timely and effective it should be noted that he, like many others demand hefty speaking fees for his services."

For the record Reverend Sharpton donates the proceeds from his speeches in the form of an honorarium to the "Raw Talent Fund". We apologize for any misunderstanding.

What better things could I be doing at 4:43 AM on Sunday morning instead of typing this house ad?

1. I could be sleeping.
2. I could be having sex.
3. I could be typing my Jawbox article.
4. I could be sleeping.
5. I could be goofing off, playing Nintendo, instead of real work
6. I could be altering Anne's picture in Photoshop.
7. I could be driving home.
8. I could be cleaning the office.
9. I could be sleeping.

Please join The Press and let me sleep.

Room 060 Student Union

Wednesday 1PM

Be there and bring a pillow and blanket!

Polity Update

By M. Chemas

Here we are, on our way to midterms. As the semester flies by, the political machine that is Polity keeps churning- at times imperceptibly. Here are some of the semester-so-far highlights.

- The budget process is in full swing. Senate budget sub-committees have met with their respective club members and have passed their budget recommendations along to Polity Treasurer Andre Vasquez.

- Several prominent members of the Stony Brook community have attended lobby days in Albany. President Kenny has been very vocal throughout, as have been Polity President Annette Hicks and Secretary Keren Zolotov. They need your support, not your apathy and subsequent whines.

- Provost Richmond joined us during a meeting and gave the overwhelming impression that he is on our side. We are optimistic.

- A draft of a "Minimal Student Responsibility" academic policy was presented by Senior Representative Erika Abel. The policy delineates and formalizes a students' academic responsibility (like getting to class once in a while). This policy when passed will place more responsibility on the student for his/her academic performance.

- Andre English charged *Statesman* with racial insensitivity. The Senate moved to have a *Statesman* representative come in and answer questions

regarding this charge. After the hearing no formal action was taken; Polity VP Nicole Rosner recommended that a Race Relation Forum be created.

- Sophomore Representative Monique Maylor made vocal her concerns over student apathy in the face of possibly crippling budget cuts, and filled us in on her continued efforts to register voters at Stony Brook.

- President Kenny visited the Senate and spoke about her 'Five Year Plan' that will state the University's highest goals over the next five years. The plan will be finalized around May, and will be published annually with a progress report. Also in the works is a new transportation plan that is aimed at alleviating commuter students' biggest gripes. No details as of yet. VP for Student Affairs Fred Preston spoke of his desire to more adequately integrate student life between the East and West campuses. Campus security issues were also addressed, with a main focus on better lighting.

- Coming soon: A food service contract is up for bid. ARAMARK will be at the March 14th Senate meeting. Come with your questions.

So that is the update. A desire for brevity on my part has dictated that I leave details out. This is a good thing. Maybe you have some questions, maybe you'll just have to e mail or call your senator and find out what's going on. Remember- apathy is not as cool as some would like you to think.

D'amato's Attempt To Keep Buchanan & Forbes Off New York Primary Ballots Fail

By Seth Klien

Nothing in New York is easy: Traffic corrodes my brain on my daily hellish commute. Mean customers at my part-time job spit out their ignorant comments at my apparently uneducated Wendy's name tag. Having your name on the Republican Primary Ballot in all 31 districts in New York isn't a cinch either. To have your name on a ballot in a congressional district you need to get 1250 signatures, all coherent and legible (which means you need about 3000, because most are deemed illegible) for each district where you wish to have your name appear on the ballot. Alfonse D'Amato an advocate of Bob Dole, tried his best to keep Pat Buchanan and Steve Forbes off the ballots in New York invoking the restrictive policies at their strictest levels. I cannot help but envision a huge sandbox filled with politicians fighting over Tonka toy's. Al D'Amato screaming, "mine mine mine!!!!" as he grabs the big dump truck called "New York" and runs over to Bob Dole who takes the truck and guards it cautiously. However Al's mommy and daddy, the Judge of the New York Supreme Court, come running over, give him a smack on the back of the hand and return the toys to the sand box, where his friends (if you can call them that) Pat Buchanan and Steve Forbes pick up the truck. Bob sits by the edge of the sandbox, "Damn that truck should be mine."

D'Amato's attempt to invoke three New York state laws for the most part failed. Forbes is on the ballot in all districts of New York State and Buchanan is on the ballot in 23 of the 31 districts in New York. Most supporters of Dole feel that even in light of Buchanan and Forbes being able to run in the New York primaries Dole will still win and win big. Lamar Alexander (who recently dropped out and is now supporting Dole) did not even attempt to run in New York because of the expense and the hassle of getting his name on the ballots in the 31 districts D'Amato and other supporters of Bob Dole, including our Governor, George Pataki, the esteemed king of SUNY tuition hikes, back Dole and feel that since he has taken the time and effort to support New York, it is now our turn to return the favor and support him. Dole is also receiving support from other important GOP leaders through the country. The Bush family recently endorsed Dole as well as Lamar Alexander.

Despite the New York ballot set back to Buchanan and the fact that Dole has swept the last eight primaries, Buchanan is still fiery as ever. "I will fight until hell freezes over and then fight on the ice," Buchanan boasted in a rally in Florida on March 6th. Forbes also had a shimmer of hope when Jack Kemp decided to back his campaign. The Kemp support is much needed in the Forbes campaign for President.

The Ghoul Pool Update

By Paris Vash

Well it took three plus months, but it finally happened. One of the people in our Ghoul Pool finally joined the choir fantastic. Unfortunately for the person that successfully picked the newly dead person, George Burns was worth zero points.

If you remember the scoring system, you received 1 point for a person in their 90's, 2 points for a person in their 80's, etc. Since Mr. Burns was 100, there are no points for choosing him. Sorry Antony.

So we still have 16 people (13 staffers and 3 student entries) and no points. It's not like people haven't died, it's just the wrong people have died. Gene Kelly, MacLean Stevenson, Audrey Meadows and Charles O. Finley all have died, but nobody chose these people.

A couple of our choices have been near death. Jimmy Stewart fell down the stairs, Katherine Hepburn has pneumonia, James Brady was in a coma and Boris Yeltsen, well let's just say that he's just walking around to save funeral expenses.

So with only 9 months left, this looks like it's going to be a slug race, all it might take to win is some 50 year old guy kicking the bucket to win the title of "Prognosticator Of Death."

For you, it's too late to join in the festivities of playing out Ghoul Pool, but you can watch at home as the people (hopefully) drop like flies during the summer months so everyone who played can brag about having chosen one dead person.

Top Ten Things SPA Security Guards Say To Concert Goers Before A Show

- 10) "Turn your head and cough"
- 9) "Vee have vays of making you talk!"
- 8) "You guys worship Satan?"
- 7) "I love it when you call me Big Poppa..."
- 6) "Now let's see you just drop them pants...C'mon, squeal."
- 5) "I'm gon' get medieval on yo' ass!"
- 4) "Wow, you're really excited about this concert, aren't you?"
- 3) "None of that surfdancing and crowd diving tonight!"
- 2) "Mad props to Jawsox!"
- 1) "My name is Inigo Montoya. You kill my father.
Prepare to die."

TA=Total Asshole

By Antony Lorenzo

Have you ever been degraded and ridiculed for your opinion? Well, it recently happened to me right here at the academic abyss known as Stony Brook. The English class in question will remain nameless as I feel no need to denounce the course entirely. I will say that for merely formulating an opinion on a novel, my intellect and character were unjustly attacked. According to this one TA in particular, I am a homophobe and basically a worthless dipshit.

This specific class requires a journal entry or 'log' to be submitted each Monday. Graded from 1-3, the log is supposed to include our responses to whatever novel has been assigned to us that week. Last week I found one book in particular to be vastly uninteresting and said so in my written response. At the end of the log, I punned that the homosexual couple that appear in the book lived 'gaily ever after'. Big deal. Well, apparently it was a big deal to one of the four TA's of the class. My log was returned etched with these insults (among others) that questioned my integrity:

(For editing reasons, I have taken the liberty and removed the punctuation errors from the TA's comments.)

"Well, well, well. For someone who obviously hasn't finished the novel you're certainly pretty quick to condemn it and pretty quick to pretend you have finished it. It won't wash, it's insulting, it's dishonest and it's a

waste of time to grade and read."

Strange, I have distinct memories of reading this book cover to cover. I will admit though that my log was by no means error free. I will even go as far to say that I probably missed the story's apparent moral. Is this so uncommon when one finds themselves bored to death with a particular book? I ended up with a zero on the log, apparently the first zero in the history of this class. At least I'll be famous for something.

Now, normally I would take this grade and the subsequent comments on the chin. Maybe I would have made an attempt to the read future novels with a more positive frame of mind, but this story doesn't end here. A friend of mine happened to visit this TA during office hours for help in the same class. He thoughtlessly bragged to her "Hey we have a homophobe in our class! I gave him a zero on his log!" Quite unprofessional conduct for a TA wouldn't you agree? Writing a long winded refute to his claim is a complete waste of time. The fact is I probably have more gay acquaintances than he has straight ones.

As a senior English major I have enough problems to deal with. I have literally dozens of texts to read and interpret, countless papers to complete and five hard-core finals to boot. Many of my classmates have similar schedules. Yet it is evident that as scholars we receive very little recognition for all our work. Even students majoring in more practical endeavors sometimes brand English

majors as time wasters who are intent on taking the easy way out, bollocks. On top of such skepticism do we really need power hungry TA's cutting us down to satisfy their own swollen ego's? Was it really necessary for my TA to indulge in such sewing circle gossip? I thought I had the right to read and formulate my own opinions, I should be able to denounce a text if I feel the need. If I believe it to be a big pile of shit then I should be able to say so. If I want to make a harmless quip at the end of my log, I do not expect it to have a demonstrative effect on my reputation.

Don't get me wrong, I love the English program here at Stony Brook. This semester alone I have been fortunate enough to read about Utilitarian philosophies (EGL 314), study the roots and origins of the English language (EGL 380) and enjoy captivating accounts of 16th century Spanish settlers (EGL 316). This is why it's a bit of a shame to have to encounter TA's that seem to think their measly position at this University can be abused. I have had plenty of proficient TA's in the past, but some bad grapes seem to spoil the bunch. As intelligent academics we must surge past such mediocrity and learn to ignore any accompanying negativity. We should be aware that the TA is not always right. Furthermore, as English majors, we must look to the future and keep in mind the benefits our USB degrees will reap. While while we are here, we should be encouraged to speak our minds, not be reproached for it.

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Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
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11 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Charles Chaplin Vol I & II 10:05 Virtuosity 12:00 First Knight	12 6 pm Tommy Boy 8:00 The Green Wall 10:00 Forget Paris 12:00 Naked	13 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 The Net 10:00 Clueless 12:00 The Seven Samurai	14 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Fellini's 8 1/2 10:30 Virtuosity 12:30 Tales From The Hood	15 6 pm First Knight 8:15 Tommy Boy 10:00 Forget Paris 12:00 T.B.A.
18 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 The Net 10:00 Clueless 12:00 Plan 9 From Outer Space	19 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Virtuosity 10:00 Tales From The Hood 12:00 Naked	20 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 9:00 First Knight 11:30 Tommy Boy 1:15 Charles Chaplin #3	21 6 pm Cyrano DeBergerac 8:00 Forget Paris 10:00 The Net 12:00 Clueless	22 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Virtuosity 10:00 Tales From The Hood 12:00 First Knight
25 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Tommy Boy 10:00 Forget Paris 12:00 Naked	26 6 pm The Net 8:00 Clueless 10:00 Dumb & Dumber 12:00 Fellini's 8 1/2	27 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Virtuosity 10:00 Tales From The Hood 12:00 First Knight	28 6 pm Tommy Boy 8:00 Forget Paris 10:00 The Net 12:00 Clueless	29 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Naked 10:00 Virtuosity 12:00 T.B.A.

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D - W H I P P E D ?

By Tom Walsh

Like Louis Moran, I'm a heterosexual male. Unlike him, I don't spend lots of time obsessing about alternative forms of sexuality. I find it very odd, when you really examine it, that so many ostensibly straight guys spend hours and hours getting all bent out of proportion about homosexuality.

I can imagine being attracted to other men. I can tell a good-looking man when I see one, as I'm sure Mr. Moran can, yet he goes to great lengths to express his revulsion for the male body. I wonder if he feels bewilderment that a woman finds him attractive. Women, you'll notice, have no trouble acknowledging one another's beauty and perhaps that's why they're not so preoccupied with proving their gender and questioning that of others.

I don't find the idea of sex with other men very alluring, yet, I do not consider it the apex of moral depravity. I've known quite a few gay folks, though I can't say I've indulged in contact sports with them, and most of them are very good people. I can also think of demographic groups that fill me with a lot more disgust than gays do. For example, I could name bigots of all stripes, those who beat women and kids, or prey on those weaker, those who make or sell nuclear weapons, or any implements of mass

destruction, greedy CEO's who fire people to increase profits, CIA operatives, slum lords, sweat-shop owners, most Republican politicians - hell, most politicians. You get the idea. I'd rather take on the entire ACT UP! membership in nude Jell-O wrestling than nub elbows with any of the above groups.

Walsh's Theory of Sexual Repression: most of us have attractions to both sexes. Kinsey's famous study suggests that only about 20% of the population is purely "hetero" or purely "homo." It's further accepted that most adolescents experience a same-sex latency period. I think that at some point in the misty past, some evil genius discovered that a good way to control male behavior was to take these perfectly natural urges and demonize them so that all these poor schmucks would be willing to swallow any authoritarian shit just so they won't be called sissies or fags. Think of how many guys waste so much lime and gray matter trying to demonstrate their manhood when they could be putting their minds toward solving problems like environmental pollution or world hunger. Who can deny that governments are able to wage wars mainly because so many men buy this line that manhood has to be proved with violence and domination? How many rapes occur for just that reason?

And aren't all totalitarian regimes marked by

their repression of all sexuality? Although much of the Nazi high command was famously kinky, the party line for the rank-and-file was "Breed for the Fatherland and no fancy stuff." Gays and lesbians were shipped to death camps with other Undesirables."

The equivalent control mechanism/ brainwaster for women is, of course, the tyranny of appearance and weight control. Nature dictates that women have a certain percentage of body fat for reproductive purposes, but society in its wisdom presents them with increasingly unrealistic standards of thinness.

I also believe there's a positive correlation between homophobia and misogyny. It stands to reason that men who are hostile to any "soft" or feminine side to their own natures will also be hostile to softer, feminine persons. Despite the title of the piece ("I Am P-Whipped", Moran has nothing to say about the joys of "P" at all. His view of the male-female relationship seems to be that it's mostly trouble and strife.

I'm also a survivor of Catholic school (there really should be a support group) and of course Moran isn't really evil, or he wouldn't be so honest about his hang-ups and insecurities.

But perhaps some serious consciousness-raising is in order.

Blinded By The White

By M.J. Molloy

Well it's Friday evening and here I sit at my desk wondering what other dastardly fate motherfucker, oops, I mean Mother Nature has in store for us. In the past twenty-four hours I have been assaulted with snow, sleet, rain, and as one friend reported, hail.

It's bad enough that all this precipitation has ganged up on us with enough weight that would turn sumo wrestlers green with envy, but it has chosen to attack us not on a vertical plane, but a horizontal one. This, of course, renders umbrellas meaningless.

Now, so far this semester, I've seen, horizontal rain, sleet, and snow. But the thought of horizontal hail is too much for my tender psyche.

The only thing that I believe might be comparable would be tied up on a stake at the driving range.

At 40 below.

While naked (actually this last one sounds kinda fun.)

Contrary to what you might first think, I'm not here to have a big bitch-off about what the weather has done to the delightfully perfect infrastructure of this university (hack, choke, cough). No, my goal is to have a big bitch-off about what all this weather has done to ME!! You see, I have this little problem.

I'm not fond of winter's cold.

And I really hate fucking snow.

Being the only man in my house, it is my responsibility to haul my butt out of bed really, really early after a storm to shovel out the drive. But I'm not exactly Charlie Sunshine in the morning. Actually it's usually closer to Charlie Manson. So I get out of bed and clear the haze out of my eyes until I'm a reasonable facsimile of consciousness and/or alert and then, I have to dress for the bone-chilling temperatures.

Problem.

Like many of you, I have a bit of clutter in my room. Unlike many of you, I have more clutter than God.

So I forage through clothes, books, CD's, tapes, shoes, sports equipment, papers and magazines (GQ, of course) to find all the layers of clothes I put on to wage a losing battle with the storm and a plow driver, who seems to have a personal vendetta against my clearing the bottom of my driveway. He usually wails through at about 50 mph, laugh-

ing at me like a psychotic hyena while he creates more work for me. Undaunted by these thoughts, I press on. I rapidly digress back to Charlie Manson because all the attire I employ in snow removal is difficult to find. I *do* find things that only a lab could identify though.

But now I've found all my snow clothes and I put on all the layers. How many are all these layers? To wit: 2 pairs of insulated socks, regular underwear, thermal underwear, and a pair of gym shorts, because *my* boys need a warm house. Two pairs of sweatpants, one large, one extra-large, finish out the bottom half. On top there's two T-shirts, a thermal undershirt, two sweatshirts, and my lined denim jacket complete the top. Throw on a hat, scarf, and gloves and I'm ready to roll.

There's one thing I should tell you if you shovel snow with a lot of clothes on like I do. Pee first thing before you get dressed. Because I forgot once and ripped a *lot* of clothes! I might also add that all the layers inhibit your mobility. To get down the stairs I usually have to throw myself into a tumble down them. Most of the time my aim is pretty good; if I plan it right I can get a good bounce off the bottom steps and ricochet out the front door.

As I pick myself up from my landing, I pull tree branches, snow, and what might have been a chipmunk just moments before (you see, all those clothes give a really big bounce) out of my ears. I scream... and picture two small puffs of smoke emanating from my eyes as my retinas are instantaneously vaporized by the murderous glare of the fallen snow. I clutch my bleeding eyes, get to my feet, grab the shovel and let the snow fly, blinded as I am. It never ceases to amaze me that wherever I decide to throw the snow, that is from where the wind instantly decides it will blow.

Blow me.

And the snow back toward my face and eyes leaving a glaze on it that has only been surpassed by the storm of March 7-8th (to get the ice off the driver side door of my car I was actually forced to punch out my own car).

And still I am undaunted. But now I'm in a bad enough mood that would send Charlie Manson running away and screaming like a woman. I continue to

shovel, and after what seems like an eternity, I'm done.

But the sight that awaits my sore and recovering eyes is not my car, but my neighbor's!

And grinning at me, as though he were Bill Clinton scarfing down a cheeseburger at Hooters is my neighbor.

Sharing bagels.

With the plow driver.

Seeing the fun they were having at my expense, I introduced Charlie to the men.

God rest their souls.

After hiding the bodies, I'm off to that little slice of heaven (hack, choke) called the University at Stony Brook, where certain unnamed professors give you only 55 minutes to crank out two long, formal essays, each of which could easily become doctoral theses. But enough about certain people in the history department. I'm here to talk about snow.

Fucking snow, as I recall.

All that snow and what its done to the campus roads. I really shouldn't complain, anyone who enters the campus via Stony Brook Road knows that in terms of sheer destruction, the road puts '45 Hiroshima to shame. But on South Drive there's one new crater that's an absolute killer. One guy drove into it and hasn't been seen from since. As he plummeted to what must have been his demise, he was reported to have been hollering like Yosemite Sam going over a cliff. There was even a little puff of smoke when he hit bottom.

And, oh my God, don't even ask me about the parking lots.

I mean, don't go there.

No really, I mean, DON'T GO THERE!!

Because I am happy to report that I pulled off a 900 by accident in one of the lots. That's two-and-a-half full revolutions with my car, kids. And I just missed a brand new shiny red '95 Impreza (damn!).

So, if you do something like I did that day, you still have to walk across an endless swamp of mud. And if the mud doesn't get you, you might just slide on your ass and not stop 'til you hit Commack. And on the walkways there are potholes that are so big that because of all the water in them, scuba gear may be needed to repair them. Once they get rid of the sharks.

the GOOD OL' GRATEFUL DEAD

By Eric

When I first heard Jerry Garcia died, I was neither terribly surprised nor deeply saddened. He was a wonderful man indeed, and I felt he lived a full life, bringing joy to the lives of others. Everybody has their time. Now I feel a great sense of loss, and mostly for selfish reasons. I miss the sting in my eye when my sweaty hair would flop, the spinning, that pre-show knot in my stomach, the useless smile, the energizer bunny felling, my friends, the way the notes dripped off his guitar, the weeble-wobbles but don't fall down manner in which he would create those sounds, at the end of the day, that content feeling before I drifted off to sleep... that feeling, when the house lights go down, and the stage had that glow, appreciated especially by those who had been to the show and knew what they were in for, when the boys would make their way to the stage, fiddle about, eventually making their way to a tune. We all knew they were smiling. Then the magic would begin. Play ball.

The scene outside had grown a little shady these last few years, and many didn't know or understand the difference. It was changing, like all things do. There was still people looking for their miracle, and, by the way, I saw a really great picture of Jerry sitting there with a I-need-a-miracle-I-really-mean-it-this-time-the-lot-is-cool-and-all-but-these-feet-were-made-for-dancing sign (slightly embellished, but you should have seen the sign). He's got this face on, indescribable, understanding, I-know-how-it-is-man-kind-of-stella-blue-man-this-is-silly face that only someone in his shoes could do. (Cool. Heheeee.) There was still the veggie burrito chicks, hippie crack [which, from my perspective, (N2O) killed the scene], frisbies and the whole nine, but something was different. The scene went through some changes while I was around, I could only imagine what it was like twenty five years or so ago. I've heard stories, but, like you see here, its more than words can tell.

Ironically, the night he died I was in Central Park with the band; with Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman. Granted, they were up there, and I was over there, but it was nice all the same. Ever seen Bobby do masterpiece? I was already back on Long Island by the time I found out.

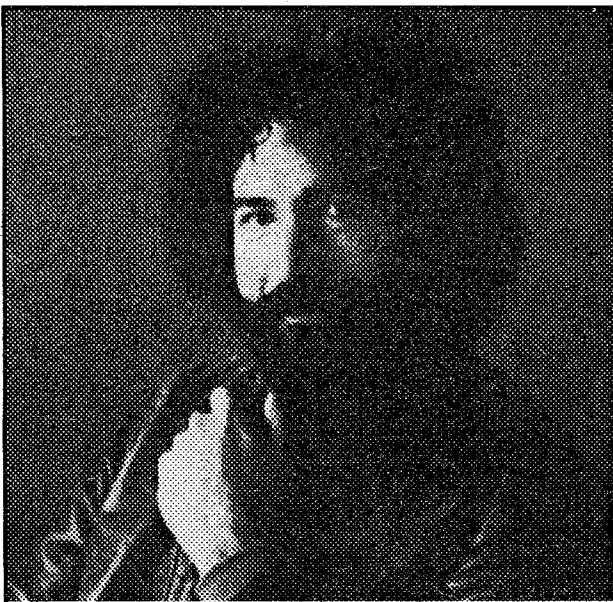
So anyway, there was this guy, you see, and he played guitar. He was really good.

I saw the Jerry Garcia Band a few times. Neat stuff. At Rochester it was general admission, so we were the first on line. We got our tickets twenty minutes before. We were definitely sitting longer than we wanted to, but we were all the way up there for most of the show. Sometimes it just works, ya know? I like general admission; the circus atmosphere. So in the middle of "Tangled Up In Blue," he winked at me. No really, I mean it.

Then again, he winked at me across the Omni.

Ooh, here's "Terrapin." Phil sounds happy. I miss Bruce. He showed up one night on the accordion. Stellar. Never seen a better help-slip-frank.

Tape trading is and was always fun, be it through mail, with friends, neighbors, whomever. I always love a new tape, but the older ones are a bit more fun. I have been in touch with people I would have never met any other way. I would



have missed out on some incredible times. [I would also have a few more brain cells.]

So once the music got started, things got a little crazy. Someone once, twice, three times a lady, said my favorite show? This one. Favorite song? the next one man, he got it right.

Set break, well, um, how do ya like em? (chuckle) oh, it seems to be getting dark. Ahhhh, that's more like it.

Drugs were, indeed, a part of the scene, though it seems like most of the people who weren't there have it wrong. (a very similar situation to the eminent censoring of the Internet. They don't know what the hell they're talking about. Ask them. They've never been to a show or on the net.)

To me the scene wasn't just at all about getting stoned, though it could be if you wanted it that way. We all understood we're all trying to reach a higher place, whatever your trip may be. Lately, harder drugs had been making it onto the scene, but at the same time, many were seeking more natural alternatives. Some of the best shows I've seen were seen through straight eyes. Shit, I'm starting to sound like a wharf rat. Help.

That would bring us to the "Drumz-Space" part of the show. Remember those times. Ping..... whhhhaaaaa..... tu-tum-tummm—bing—meow. So, remember that big bar-thing mickey got recently? Man, where does he find these things? If you haven't heard any of his solo stuff, definitely check it out. My friend, those moments may not be found anywhere else. I miss that.

The time between the last song and the encore, my mind usually drifted about, wondering what they could POSSIBLY play after a set like THAT. That sensation, and the others conducive to that part of the show, when we started to see them, when they started to play, when the energy got turned back on, clap clap-clap, clapclap, I miss.

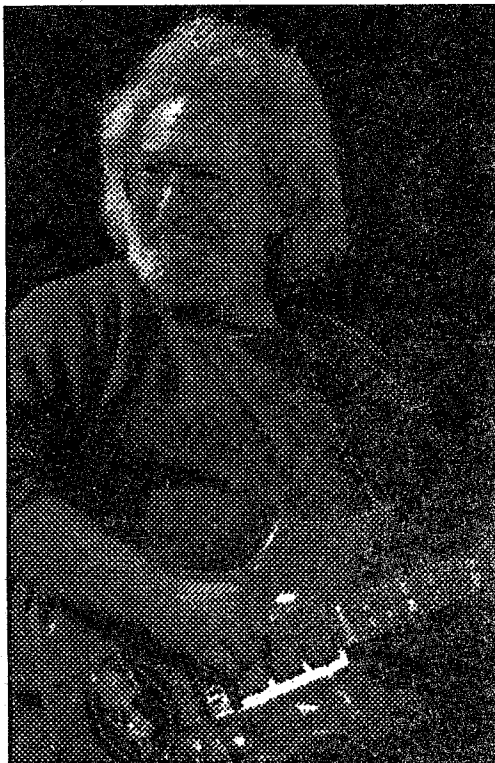
When we left, we weren't thrown onto the street. Well, actually in some places we were. (I hate the

Garden) The vision of the colors and smells that only existed there bring back memories. The sound of those tanks really bothered me. [Though, I understand the wonder of seeing life as a big cartoon.]

Last spring tour. We saw the culmination of the time since Jerry started playing again. He had been forgetting words every now and then, and sometimes the songs would fall to pieces. On previous tours we all kind of giggled, but during this tour, it dawned upon us that this could be the last time. Unbroken broke out earlier in the tour, and they were always saying that when they played that, it would be on the last tour. As happy as we were to hear Phil belt out the tune, there was a certain sadness the crept over us. Walking out over the cries unbroken burritos!!! kind goo chains!! and variations, Mike turned to me and said "hey man, we just saw unbroken..." Though it wasn't Nostradamus predicting the apocalypse, it had that numbing effect. Amy shrugged it off and said that they were just dying to play it, and they may even feel like playing "St. Steven" at some point. That made her feel better.

Onward to the Meadowlands, and things were not going so smoothly. I was hearing all kinds of stories. Many of the people I knew touring were in the worst shape I've ever seen. Problems were big, and I also heard a lot about the band which didn't make me happy. I bailed. I chose to hop off the bus, going with a deep down gut feeling that things weren't going to get better. A few days later I got a call from Vermont, and it had gotten worse. How things got to that chaotic state escapes me? People not respecting, and even stepping on each other. Maybe it was the only way they could deal with what was happening, or maybe it was just the number of people there. Either way, it was not just the usual rudeness we had come to expect as of late, the family was dysfunctional. Looking back, I can remember clearly the feeling we all seemed to pick up that last tour. Everybody knew. All we could do was accept it.

So, here I sit, playing my old tapes till they turn into the chipmunks on acid. Until now, I hadn't listened to my tapes for many months. Now I sit here hugging my tunes close, listening to Phil sing his verse the weight, knowing full well that I may never again feel/hear him bomb. The Phil zone may never be revisited. I've got some pretty killer shows, though I haven't traded in several years, and many have been scattered, traded, given and lost. This one shows "Uncle Johns Band" playing "Morning Dew" playing "Uncle Johns Band." Wow. If you'd like to trade, kick down or lend me some shows, ask *The Press* for my e-mail.



JOIN THE PRESS

WE HAVE GRATEFUL DEAD
TAPES IN OUR OFFICE.

WE NEVER LISTEN TO THEM,
THOUGH.

WE LISTEN TO "PEACHES"
OVER AND OVER AND OVER
AND OVER AGAIN.

The Plot Against New York

By Louis M Moran

New Yorker's (the people who live from Manhattan to Montauk) have gotten a bad reputation for being rude, apathetic and basically evil people, which is true about eighty percent of the time. New Yorker's rarely ever say, "Hello," except in that strained "Help me I'm possessed." way that the employees at the Disney Store, and other major (but cozy) retailers force their minions to belch at the sight of a sale. Meanwhile, back at central, the rocket scientist who came up with this marketing plan by reading the Penguin Compact Readers version of The Art Of Selling, never read the last three pages which point out that between Manhattan and Montauk the world is different. If the marketing geniuses at the home office in some God forsaken hole of a town in middle America ever bothered to come to a New York location he'd see the Sales (that's what they call customers now-a-days) ducking hellos like bullets in a drive by shooting.

But how did this happen? How is it that from Montauk to Manhattan the whole country is different? Why does this particular stretch of America differ so much that it is at once the most desirable place to be and the one most likely to lose all it's inhabitants to warmer climes and lesser crimes? These questions could go on and on, without answer, forever. Clearly, it just

doesn't make any sense that the people here are that different from the people anywhere else.

Sociologists (people who study the Non-Science) have told us that New Yorkers are too tightly packed and that man needs his space, which would be a fine except apartments exist in other parts of the country and people still say hello to one another. Even if the case could be made for "too many sardines in the can" how do you explain Long Islander's who do not live too close to one another? They are rude, apathetic and basically evil, it just costs them more for electric.

Racists (a one-sided version of sociologists) will tell you that it's "them" that causes the problems. Them being Blacks, Hispanics, people who aren't white. While a certain case could probably be made for "familiarity breeds contempt," except people who aren't white live all over the country and they don't walk about looking at their feet. New Yorker's only look at their feet when they walk, the same way men only look at the flushing handle on urinals in public restrooms.

Psychologists (people who want to sleep with their mothers) believe that the inner person of the average New Yorker is a frightened child who fears for their life in a world awash with violence and despair. Violence is everywhere. Tennessee has a gang problem, although smaller in scale (they throw rotten tomatoes at

people from pick up trucks—read the paper once in a while, you'll laugh a good laugh).

So what is it? What have the experts, the Liberals, the Conservatives, the educators, the educated...what has the whole world missed? What is the answer that I proffer up to you? What is wrong with the New Yorkers who dwell in the Hell of Manhattan to Montauk. What? What? WHAT?

From Manhattan to Montauk McDonald's changes it's recipe for hamburgers by not putting mustard on them. Everywhere else in America you get a hamburger and it has mayo, mustard, ketchup and whatever else on it, but not from Manhattan to Montauk. You can get mustard in Westchester, but not the Bronx. Staten Island, but nowhere in New Jersey. Mustard is the key. No, really.

It's the only factor that's different across the whole of America. New Yorkers are different in only this way. And it's not our fault either! New Yorker's were set up by a huge Governmental Agency as human guinea pigs to test the effects of low mustard intake! Don't you see? Don't you see? NASA! It's all NASA! They're the one's who made you this way. They knew in 1955 that McDonald's should have given us the beef with the mustard but they deprived us the mustard and now we're all rude, apathetic and evil! [Editor's Note: and just a wee bit paranoid.]

Hand written submissions will be lit on fire and then have a reverse gravity spell cast on them by a 16th level wizard. On their re-entry 32 minutes later they will burn up and we won't have to deal with them.

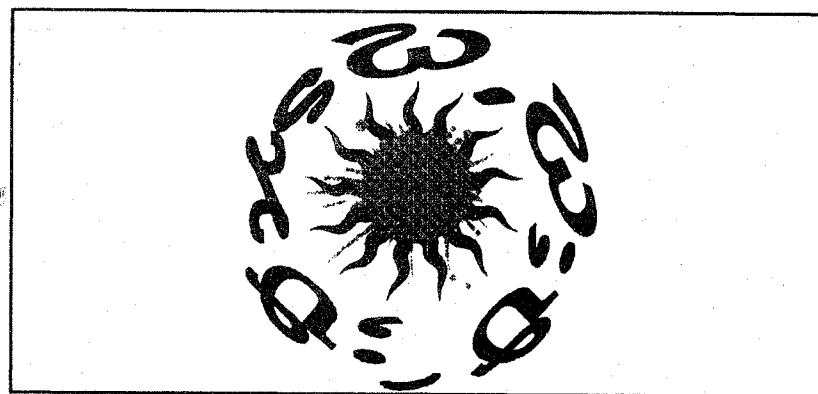
*The typed should be sent to:
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Letters between 200-500 words

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Greg Maddux's ERA is between 1.25 and 2.25



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Oscar Picks

By Chris Cartusciello

Springtime is almost upon us. The tell-tale signs are all around. The couple of warm days between snowstorms; the Cadbury bunny is making personal appearances at a mall near you; every other school is having fun on Spring Break while we're still here; and the endless promotions of the Hollywood studios to push their films in your face just because they got nominated for a statue of a naked man holding a sword.

Yes, that's right. Oscar time is here again, and this year some of the races are extremely close. There is no *Forrest Gump* sweep expected. There are also some nominations that just make you scratch your head and wonder who paid off who.

Here's the rundown of who got nominated and who got snubbed, along with my predictions of who will take that cute little guy home.

Best Supporting Actor Nominations James Cromwell (*Babe*): A supporting role for the only actor in the film?

Makes you wonder until you realize that the main character was the pig. Cromwell's farmer had hardly any lines and really doesn't deserve to be in this elite group. Ed Harris (*Apollo 13*): Harris has been one of the most sincere actors of the last decade. His work is consistently on the mark and this role finally gives him the praise he so rightly deserves. Even though his part wasn't big, it was pivotal, and his intensity will give him what it takes to go home a winner. Brad Pitt (*12 Monkeys*): Pitt has been trying to get away from his sex-symbol image in roles such as this mental patient who wants to change the world and last year's troubled cop in *Seven*. Guess what? He didn't accomplish his goal, but he did prove that he is one hell of an actor. His turn here stole the movie, but he is still a pretty-boy who won't win. Tim Roth (*Rob Roy*): I have never seen the appeal of Roth. He has a cult following and that is all that got him a nomination here. His off-kilter villain may have been the highlight of this awful film but it will only take him so far Oscar night. Kevin Spacey (*The Usual Suspects*): His nomination here is more a nod to his finally being recognized as a lead player. Spacey has usually been regulated to small, but intense characters. His turns in last year's films, *Outbreak* and *Seven*, were just that, but it gave him the notice he deserves. The problem is, nobody understands this film (and those who tell you they do are lying) and that hurts his chances.

What The Academy Did Wrong Nominating Cromwell and not Paul Sorvino for his role as Kissinger in *Nixon* was a huge mistake.

Who Will Win Look for Ed Harris to take that walk to the stage.

Best Supporting Actress Nominations Joan Allen (*Nixon*): Just holding your own against Anthony Hopkins is enough to get you this sort of praise, and Allen does a fine job of that. Her performance is the light in this otherwise dreary film, but that is not enough to give her a win.

Kathleen Quinlan (*Apollo 13*): Quinlan, as wife to astronaut Jim Lovell, was the emotional anchor in this tense film. Her role was well written, well played, and important to the story. A rarity for an actress' part these days. She has a good shot at winning Mira

Sorvino (*Mighty Aphrodite*): Paul's little girl gave a stellar performance as a kind, but dumb, prostitute in Woody Allen's latest. After winning the Golden Globe and The New York Film Critics' Circle Award, she is a virtual shoe-in. Mare Winningham (*Georgia*): As a straight laced country singer playing opposite Jennifer Jason Leigh's strung-out rock star hopeful, Winningham holds this piece together. The problem is she is upstaged at every turn by her on-screen sibling. Kate Winslet (*Sense And Sensibility*): This 20-year-old is adorable and talented, but doesn't deserve all the hype being put upon her. Come March 25, she'll sit in the audience and smile as Sorvino picks up a man.

What The Academy Did Wrong They should have left

out Winslet and included Anjelica Huston as a tormented ex-wife in *The Crossing Guard*.

Who Will Win This is a race between Quinlan and Sorvino, but the *Aphrodite* actress should come out ahead.

Best Actor Nominations Nicolas Cage (*Leaving Las*

Vegas): Absolutely brilliant as a man who, literally, drinks himself to death. One of the most intense actors to ever perform, Cage deserves this honor, and will no doubt get more in the future. Richard Dreyfuss (*Mr. Holland's Opus*): The always dependable Dreyfuss doesn't disappoint here as a music teacher who affects the lives of countless students. He acts through a 30

year span, showing us all aspects of this wonderful character. The drawback here is that, as much as he can act half his age, the incredible make-up work is the real star here. Deserving for his second (he won in 1977 for *The Goodbye Girl*), but he will not win. Anthony Hopkins (*Nixon*): Hopkins is a perennial favorite. You can never discount his chances, except this year. If Cage wasn't around he might have a

chance but he might as well go home with the rest of the crowd. Sean Penn (*Dead Man Walking*): A few years ago Penn swore that he was retiring from acting and was going to concentrate on directing. He's made some good films behind the camera (*The Indian Runner* and *The Crossing Guard*) but thank goodness for us he will occasionally step back into the spotlight. His role here is wonderful, if not depressing, but again the "Cage curse" strikes. Massimo Troisi (*Il Postino*): Nominated here for a film that wasn't allowed in the Best Foreign Film category, Troisi gets a sentimental vote. Ignoring doctor's orders, he put off getting a heart transplant to finish the movie and died the day after filming was

done. A sad story for sure but not one that awards are made of. Nominating Troisi was a touching gesture, but passing over Clint Eastwood for his, against type, role in *The Bridges Of Madison County* was a mistake. **Who Will Win** There is really no race here. Cage will leave Los Angeles with an extra souvenir.

Best Actress Nominations Susan Sarandon (*Dead Man Walking*): As a nun who is not sure whether or not to believe Sean Penn, Sarandon took a bold move. Directed by her husband, Tim Robbins, she played in a film that could have been taken as a liberal stance against capital punishment. This couple's political views are well known around town, and not very appreciated. After their on-air tirade against our policy in Haiti a few years back, they were told that they would never be invited back to the show unless they were nominated. Now that they are, will people risk the chance of voting for her and having to listen to her speak? Elisabeth Shue (*Leaving Las Vegas*): As her turn as a tough hooker she did an about face from her previous roles (*Back To The Future*, *Adventures In Babysitting*, *Cocktail*). This shows great range for her and could propel her all the way to the stage. Sharon Stone (*Casino*): Stone is the only thing being praised from this Martin Scorsese film about the mob in Vegas in the 70s. In her bell-bottoms and platform shoes, Stone stole the movie from such luminaries as DeNiro and Pesci. Meryl Streep (*The Bridges Of Madison County*): Miss another [accent-another] nomination is at it again. She is deserving as always, but people are getting a little tired of her by now Emma Thompson (*Sense And Sensibility*): How could she miss? Thompson wrote herself a great role and had almost total creative control over this Jane Austen adaptation. The very English Thompson is in the front running.

What The Academy Did Wrong Nothing. This is the closest actress race in years with every nominee deserving of the award. The only oversight my have been Jennifer Jason Leigh for *Georgia*, but with this many great performances, someone had to be overlooked.

Who Will Win This is a tough one to pick. It's almost a dead heat, but look for Stone to get the edge.

Best Director Nominations Mike Figgis (*Leaving Las Vegas*): With a \$3.5 million budget and a 28 day filming schedule, Figgis made you

care about a man who you normally wouldn't think twice about. This dark tale may be too depressing for some voters but the sheer genius of it all should lift it up. Mel Gibson (*Braveheart*): A spectacular tale. Not only the film, but what Gibson went through to get it made. He mapped out every move of every battle scene with tiny army men so he

would know exactly where and what to film. Controlling a cast of thousands and being the star in an epic of this magnitude makes him deserving enough. Having it turn out this good should make him a shoe-in. Chris Noonan (*Babe*): Noonan did a great job controlling this many animals and weaving a touching story at the same time. The real star of this film though, is the computer animation that made the animals talk. Michael Radford (*Il Postino*): An exceptional film that would be a lock for best foreign film if it were allowed. Radford did a wonderful job directing the ailing Troisi and giving us a funny and touching story at

continued on page 19

CHINSLINKY

By Lowell Yaeger

This week's column focuses on albums by people who evoke a "been there, done that" response deep down in the cockles of my heart. So, without further adieu, here goes.

Stabbing Westward's *Wither, Blister, Burn + Peel* is in no way, shape, or form a departure from their debut, *Ungod* (both albums on Columbia Records). They are still furious at the world, and at some unidentified female for having wronged them somehow. They still sound a great deal like Nine Inch Nails — shit, they even look like Nine Inch Nails, from the lead singer's shoulder-length locks to the bald, hyperkinetic drummer. The album opens with a loud, angry, guitary-synthy bit called "I Don't Believe," and continues in that vein until the end of the last track, 45 minutes later. Perhaps Stabbing Westward aren't entirely to blame — after all, both of their albums were produced by John Fryer, who partially produced Nine Inch Nails' *Pretty Hate Machine*. And at the very least, Stabbing Westward imitated Nine Inch Nails first, long before anyone else like Drown showed up on the scene. But it's hard to hear the guitar lines at the end of the album's first single, "What Do I Have to Do?" and not say "damn it, that not only sounds like 'Terrible Lie,' it is 'Terrible Lie.'" I suppose sampling Nine Inch Nails would be a form of irony, seeing as nearly all of Trent Reznor's work is sampled to begin with.

Next up is Ruby's *Salt Peter* (Creation/Work). Ruby is Lesley Rankine and Mark Walk, both former members of Pigface, an "industrial supergroup" (that's probably the easiest and quickest way to describe them). They should have stayed there. While Pigface's music was always different, always

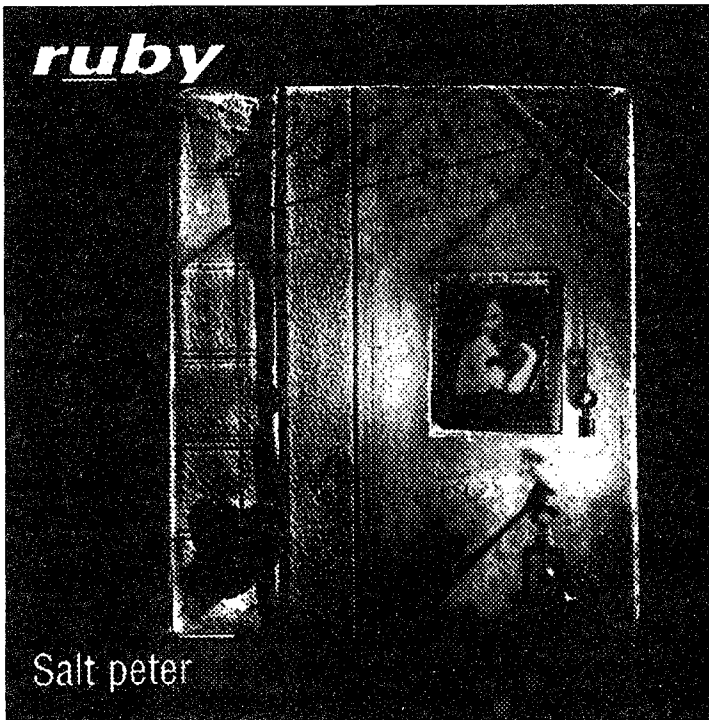
(surprise) danceable drum beats. Ruby is probably best described as Garbage without guitars, but they have neither the lasting power or musical intelligence that their counterparts do.

Despite their unoriginal music, Ruby and Stabbing Westward at least have comfort in knowing they are focusing mimicry on only one band. On Tripmaster Monkey's "Practice Changes" (Sire), I hear nearly every bad, fuzzy indie-guitar-pop band ground through 120 Minutes during the course of the last year. Weezer? Just try "Anthem of the Interstate Army." Beck? "Car Song Chorus." R.E.M.? "Get -N- Split." I am so sick of 120 Minutes-esque indie pop crap, and Tripmaster Monkey does nothing but recycle it — over and over and over again.

Summer festival report: five of Lollapalooza's (assumedly) eight acts have been announced, and here they are — Metallica, Soundgarden (again?! whatever), The Ramones (their "post-last tour" tour), Rancid (how punk of them), and a floating guest spot which organizers are looking to have feature a different act in each city. The wish-list includes everyone from Lou Reed, Ornette Coleman, and Al Green to Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, and Dr. Dre. Well, we'll see.

Speaking of punks who sell-out, the Sex Pistols have reunited, purportedly to "make money." Well, at least they're obvious about it. There's a difference between running around saying "we're trying to sell out" at press conferences and using the Ramones as an excuse to play the Lollapalooza tour (coughRancidcough).

Next week: an interview with Tripmaster Monkey (blechh) and Ministry (hopefully).



Ruby Salt Peter

changing, Ruby is a slow, weak effort from a group of people who clearly learned nothing from their time in the music industry. Most of the tracks smell vaguely Björkish — happy or angry (or both) female singing sinuously over a dry, static-filled landscape, punctuated by

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Bitchin' Sweaters and Lots of Caffeine

By Ted Swedalla

The great thing about having my own radio show is that I get to listen to about 40 new CDs a week. I bring about 8 CDs of my own to listen to, that means I have to fill up the other 3 hours with bands - heard of and unheard of - whose CDs lay behind me on the wall. This leaves the opportunity to find new bands to impress women with (which doesn't work too often) or to increase my collection of music (which happens too often to be beneficial to my bank account.)

The Press' Music Editor, Lowell Yeager, has dubbed me 'indie-pop guy,' which isn't a bad titled considering he state of commercial radio today, and my choice in music. The following CDs have all appeared in, what can be considered 'heavy-rotation' on my show (Mondays 3-6 A.M. on 90.1 FM) and have all become part of my permanent collection, all because I heard them first on non-commercial radio.

More Songs About Me (Tangible Music) is the disc from Jim's Big Ego and falls into the songwriter category of music, of which I'm so fond. The centerpiece of the album is "Someday Cafe," where singer/ songwriter Jim Infantino, over a spooky slide guitar, jabs fun at the 90's mantras with lines like "alternative is so mainstream, everybody's giving up..." and "everybody's trying to be like everybody, and I don't want to be like that."

The disc then follows with "Bite Me (Hard)," a loose-cannon rocker that sounds like any song with that title should sound. The rest of the album falls into the Freddy Johnston/Lyle Lovett camp, especially "She Turns Me On." Which follows the Lovett song writing style to a tee, from the walking bass line, to the bodily descriptions of his true love "she's just a

hundred twenty pounds/ and just five foot five."

"Butthead" is another attack at the younger Generation-Xer's (of which now I officially declare my independence from) and "Lionel Say" is a medium-paced rocker, during which they throw tons of sounds bites into. Don't worry it only accentuates the song. Like many other new discs there is a secret song, but instead of being tracks 34, 98 or 99, it lies before track one. You have to hit pause on track one and track backward through - 2:49 to play it.

Most of the other tracks, "Desperate Times," "Can't Fall Down," "Under The Atrium" and the wonderful "I Should Be With You" would fit perfectly on any Adult-Alternative radio station playlist. The hard part is finding one of those stations.

The second disc that gets heavy play on my show is *The Cardigans Life* (Minty Fresh). This band is a joyous accident between Love Jones, Velocity Girl and ABBA.

The word 'pop' cannot contain this band, it doesn't get more refreshing and happy than this disc. If it could smile, it would, ear-to-ear. Peter, Bengt, Magnus, Lars-Olaf and Nina make you realize that there is more to Scandinavia then just Ace Of Base and fjörds.

"Carnival" gets you into the mood by lighting your way into this wonderful fuzzy Swedish tent. Nina's voice floats high over the organs and violins, while the band drops back into the 70's. "Fine" sounds like a Beatles song for all of 6 seconds, then becomes a Sundays song.

Then the album really hits its stride "Rise & Shine," "Celia Inside" and "Sick & Tired" light up the room brighter than the Aurora Borealis. But the real gem of the album, has to be the cover of Black

Sabbath's "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath." I don't want to know the how's and why's of the choice to cover this song, but now it sounds exactly like the music that Ozzy & Co. were rebelling against when they first wrote it. If you want to hear it, just call 632-6901 and request it.

Another new disc is *The Known Universe* (A&M) from The Ass Ponys. The follow up to the wonderful *Electric Rock Music*, the new album follows in the same jangle-pop, odd-lyriced vein. Too close, it seems. Very little new ground is broken here. Only "Under Cedars And Stars" stands out as a clear single.

Both "God Tells Me To" and "It's Summer Here" sound like remakes from the last album, there are no songs about grandmothers on this album (last time they had two!) and there is no "Little Bastard." Buy at your own risk.

Be on the look out for next issues reviews, All About Chad and Music from Schoolhouse Rocks! (hopefully). Listen to 90.1 FM on Mondays at 3 A.M. for the Pandemonium Cheesecake Show.

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continued from page 17 the same time.

Tim Robbins (*Dead Man Walking*): A film that made us think about the way we feel about capital punishment. Robbins did a fine job of not letting the film slant to far to one political side His downfall is the same as his wife's. What The Academy Did Wrong Leaving Ron Howard (*Apollo 13*) out of this group was a huge mistake. Howard made this film using no NASA footage at all. He made us worry about these men, even when we knew the ending.

Who Will Win This is a close race between Figgis and Robbins, but look for politics to take hold and leave Robbins walking home empty handed.

Best Picture Nominations *Apollo 13*: A true film of the American spirit. Great performances all around and masterful direction by Ron Howard. A true-life drama that never lost its suspense, even though everybody knew how it turned out. This is a movie that has it all, including a lead on the others in this category. *Babe*: An adorable little story about a pig who dreams of being a sheepdog Oh yeah, did I mention he talks? Well, not really Computer animation made the 48 piglets used throughout the production speak, and it is a nice achievement. But this film hardly deserves the praise it's getting. This is just Hollywood showing that they appreciate wholesome family entertainment. Don't expect this one to bring home the bacon. [Ed. Note - Chris that has to be the worst pun in the world.] *Braveheart*: The most spectacular film of last year, and the most nominated; with 10. Mel Gibson did an incredible job of bringing us back to 13th century Scotland. With thousands of extras providing the most realistic battle scenes in recent memory and the raw emotion of Gibson's William Wallace, this is the one that deserves top prize. Unfortunately, the extreme amount of blood in this film will keep voters from giving it the accolades it deserves. *Il Postino* (The Postman): A film that got booted from the Best Foreign Film category because it was released in Italy

in 1994. Academy voters recognized this film for that reason and because of the death of its star, Troisi. It's a tearjerking story for sure, but that shouldn't cloud voters views. Nominations were enough for this one. Sense And Sensibility: Jane Austen lives. At least in Hollywood. This revival of old time British romance is a strong contender. It has sentimentality, humor and good performances by all involved. its major drawback is that it is not American. A British author and cast and a Taiwanese director, Ang Lee, makes this one lose some favor in voters eyes.

What The Academy Did Wrong Not nominating *Dead Man Walking* and *Leaving Las Vegas* was utter lunacy. Both pictures got nods for actor, actress, and director, but I guess that doesn't add up to much in this town. Who Will Win It's a close race between *Apollo 13* and *Sense And Sensibility*, but look for the American *Apollo* to bring it home.

The Rest Of The Bunch Best Original Screenplay *Braveheart*: Hopeful, but not much chance. The action took center stage. *Mighty Aphrodite*: A great shot at giving Woody Allen something. *Nixon*: The movie wasn't very popular so don't look for this one. *Toy Story*: Very popular, but basically a kids film. It may be Disney, don't expect it to happen. *The Usual Suspects* A film that was a cult hit and one that even its fans didn't understand Who Will Win Look for *Mighty Aphrodite* to win, and Allen to be playing jazz in a New York club at the time, as is his tradition.

Best Adapted Screenplay *Apollo 13*: A tense true-life story that people loved. *Babe*: This could be the award the little pig deserves *Leaving Las Vegas*: Director Figgis wrote this dark tale that could surprise and win. *Il Postino*: They have to give this film something and this could be it. Sense And Sensibility: Star Thompson adapted this from Austen's book and did great job at it. Who Will Win A tough call. Could go to *Sense* or *Postino*, but look for the sentimental vote to go to the Italian film.

Original Song "Colors Of The Wind" (*Pocahontas*) A Disney song that has gotten loads of airplay. This one has the edge. "Dead Man Walking" (*Dead Man Walking*): Bruce Springsteen goes for his second Oscar after winning for *Philadelphia*. "Have You Ever Really Loved A Woman?" (*Don Juan DeMarco*): Bryan Adams returns to the same sentimental garbage that brought him to the Oscars with "Everything I Do, I Do It For You" (*Robin Hood: Prince Of Thieves*) "Moonlight" (*Sabrina*): Has anyone even heard this song? Big push for this is that, Oscar favorite, John Williams wrote the music. "You've Got A Friend In Me", (*Toy Story*) A catchy tune from Randy Newman. Not a radio favorite, but instantly recognizable just the same. Who Will Win Conventional wisdom would go to "Colors Of The Wind", but a split vote between that and "You've Got A Friend Tn Me", also from Disney, could give one of the others a shot. A toss up, but *Pocahontas* should prevail.

This year original score has been broken in two categories, Dramatic and Musical or Comedy. This is to give smaller family films their own category from the more serious, orchestrastrational fair.

Best Dramatic Score *Apollo 13*; *Braveheart*; *Nixon*; *Il Postino*

Who Will Win *Apollo 13* and *Braveheart* are the leading contenders. The problem is that none of these scores had you humming as you left the theater. Look for the heroic *Braveheart* to take this one.

Best Musical Or Comedy Score *The American President*; *Pocahontas*; *Sabrina*; *Toy Story*; *Unstrung Heroes*.

Who Will Win Once again, Disney is its own worst enemy with a possible split vote. Tradition should prove itself true and give it to the animated *Pocahontas*.

Sinc Site @sunysb.attitude

fuckyou@ic.sunysb.edu

One day, as I found myself strolling into the sinc site located in the library in order to converse with my friends in different campuses via electronic mail, I was rudely awakened by the veracity and arrogance of the employees who work there. Now, everybody gets harassed during a normal day, and this campus especially does not pass up the chance to step on somebody who needs help and/or advice (see Academic Advising, Career Counseling, etc.) When I asked him why my login was not accessing, he replied, "Well, UNIX isn't working, duh!" Gee, how could I have been so stupid!? Yet, to be honest, that was one of the nicest things that has ever been said to me in that establishment. Upon conversing with other people like me with little computer intelligence who utilize the sinc site to talk to close friends across this great nation of ours, I am not alone in my assessment of these pricks. Why is this so? What gives these jerks the audacity to be snottier and "more significant" than us ignorant students who need their expertise in matters of computing? Please allow me this space to shoot down these pricks like a sniper on the overpass of the Southern State.

First off, the knowledge that these jerks possess will only help them in the world that it is required in. In contrast, an English, Biology, Philosophy,

Psychology, and all other majors can access what they learn in class to other areas of life. How will being able to program in DOS get them out of a speeding ticket? Would their expertise in surfing the internet be useful in fixing something around the house? What they are learning now will be obsolete in three years when another Bill Gates comes along and revolutionizes the computer world. What they are learning now is "solitary knowledge" - that is, the knowledge they learn can only exclusively be used in the field that it is in. The knowledge that I receive in my major can and will be used in a diversity of topics that will further enhance my whole life. Their knowledge will help them in front of a computer screen and nowhere else.

Secondly, for someone to be so overly obnoxious in one area means that they have to be extremely inferior in another area. Read between the legs.

Thirdly, I wonder what exactly do these people do in their everyday lives that enables them to have flying colors in the field of assholeism? Well, let us take into consideration that these people need to justify their majors and degrees by utilizing their knowledge as much as possible. If their knowledge can only be used in one specific medium (computers), it must therefore be assumed that they have to spend as much time in front of a computer as possible. Ever wonder why at 4 A.M. in your drunken stupor you try to access the internet

and you wind up in queue? Look no further than sinc site employees. Anyway, with this information firmly in hand, we can clearly map out the average day of one of these employees. First, they wake up in the morning and they stare at themselves in the mirror and use positive reinforcement in order to give them the strength to face a new day. Then, they go to work and belittle every single person who asks their help in their area of expertise. During their breaks, they watch "Mystery Science Theater 3000" that they taped at 5:30 A.M., and, if they have enough time, they watch it again. Now, they go back to work and continue to belittle more people who again ask for their help. After they get their fill, they head on back to their homes to watch "Star Trek: The Next Generation". The next logical step is pornography, pure and simple. They then go to sleep and restart the cycle once more.

I plead with these people to please treat us like human beings and not like unintelligible morons. We have no idea how to work the computers that they have so succinctly mastered. There is no need to belittle us. One day, when they need us to untie their shoes for them, we will not laugh at them with the snide remarks and irritant smirks that they have also mastered. I ask those fucking prick bastards to treat us with some respect and dignity.

Jawbox, 3/9/96, Union Auditorium

By Ted Swedalla [and Raoul Duke]

On Saturday night about 1 percent of the student body of Stony Brook was witness to a rare event on campus. An actual concert [It was really freaky hearing guitars played on campus]. Jawbox performed in the Ballroom. We didn't see the band that opened for them: one, because we weren't interested in seeing them and two, they probably sucked anyway.

Considering the concert was only an hour [and one minute] long and I recognized only two songs, I would have much rather been at a They Might Be Giants concert. We were lucky enough to get Jawbox's play list, all covered with sweat from the female bass player, who spent much of the concert jumping around clicking her heels like Dorothy in Oz. This shows that they are truly an indie-pop band, a female bass-player. [This bassist was one of the highlights of the show. She had a seriously insane look in her eye, and was a lot of fun to watch].

As I searched the 'Net for information on the band [Ted is a nerd [Raoul is the one who told me how to find them on the 'Net, who's the nerd here?]], I found out that this was only the second concert Jawbox was performing in a long time. They've been working on their upcoming self-titled album, due out in May on vinyl and on disc on June, released on Atlantic. They made the leap from Dischord to Atlantic for this latest album, but are keeping with their indie roots with the vinyl release of the album.

The concert was good, and sounded great for what I thought would be a giant sound-sucking

room. The band, led by WC Barbot and J Robbins on guitars and vocals, laid down a wall of noise that absorbed the crowd. Kim Coletta on bass and Zachary Barocas on drums gave the crowd the bottom-feeding sound that got heads bopping.

But head bopping and the occasional hop was all the crowd felt safe to complete, as the ever present orange clad minions of death stared lifelessly into the alternative crowd [The crowd was the most unenthusiastic I've ever seen. It was real hard to get into the music with those jack-booted thugs staring us down].

About the SPA security for this show; there were 38 orange garbed friends of Alexis Hunter in the crowd of 150 people, tops, not to mention the 4 armed police officers. What must

Jawbox have been thinking when it took five whole songs for the crowd to begin to move? [They probably thought we were a shitty crowd. Wouldn't be too far from the truth.]

WC even stopped the music and told the crowd

that they were allowed to move. That announcement brought a response of "We can't, we're not allowed," from our very own Boyd McCamish, who had previously tried to scalp his ticket for \$6. Other attendees found the easy way into the concert. One associate of the Press swiped a handful of tickets from right in front of Alexis Hunter (and she's in charge of security?) and walked into the concert four different times, being frisked only once [Incidentally, if Ted asks, tell him it's school policy to do a cavity check. I slipped a security guard fifty bucks for that one].

They sounded incredibly tight for a band that's only been on the road for 1 day, and they played most of the songs from the new album, but ended the set with "Savory." [A great song]. The encore consisted of two songs, one which was a cover of Tori Amos' "Cornflake Girl." It definitely sounds better as a Jawbox song, than it does a Amos song.

Back to the security at the concert. With a security guard for every 3 people at the concert, it looked like the security did not want to be there. They stood, looked forward with absolutely no expressions on their faces. We were all patted down, men on one line, women on another, and then finally allowed into the concert.

Both the crowd and guards were obviously apprehensive about doing anything at the concert, probably because of the happenings at the last good concert (Shelter), where security ran into trouble with the concert goers.

All in all this was a good show to get the school back on the right track of getting bigger and better shows on campus. Now that the administration knows that students can handle a show, maybe we will be allowed more freedom and won't have to worry about the uneducated security forces ruining our good time [and maybe monkeys will fly out of my butt].

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MULE
TRADE
LIVID
FORK TUNE TO
SPOILER
TRACKING
ABSENTER
CHICAGO
SAVORY