

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

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The University Community's Feature Paper

November 9, 1993

Against the System



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Coming of President Delights Polity

By John Schneider

The Polity Senate was blessed with the presence of President Marburger who attended the November 3rd Polity Senate meeting. The president attended to inform the senators of the Search committee's efforts to find a replacement to fill his post. The solicitation of names for the position is, he said, an "open process." The Search Committee includes one undergraduate and one graduate student representative as well as alumni and members of the local community. The committee should have a selection by spring, who would assume the presidency over the lovely Stony Brook summer.

Marburger spoke on the changes being made to the university. The more obvious and important changes including the construction of the new union (without riot-proof architecture), dorm renovations (which would assumedly keep conditions out of Newsday for a while), landscaping (to attract the parents of future students) and the planned addition of Biology lab space (mo' money!). He stated that a "change of atmosphere" is needed to both enhance the image of the university's undergraduate programs and to create a more student friendly university.

The question of whether Stony Brook could become a private university was dismissed by Marburger as being highly improbable — in short he hasn't seen any institutions lining up to fork over the cash involved. He considered the removal of Campus Lifetime unlikely because of support given to the program by many administration and faculty members. When asked whether Commuters would find any gifts in their stockings from SUNY Claus, he mentioned future plans for a commuter center at South P Lot which would upgrade the conditions of that parking lot in the

future, but no mention was made of increasing available parking.

When asked why students do not have a voice in the hiring of faculty. Marburger noted that Polity has been more involved with social issues rather than academic ones, and that there was no tradition of Polity taking part in academic decisions. While the idea of having students help in selecting faculty members probably won't fly, the president's response raises an interesting question about the function of Polity: Is Polity simply a club which gives money to other clubs? As a representative of student concerns, to what extent should academics be addressed by Polity?

With regard to the possibility of decreasing class sizes and increasing the amount of course sections, Margburger explained that as funds for grounds development and construction came from bonds, rather than from the state funds allocated by the state's budget, no extra hiring of faculty could be made unless Stony Brook's budget was increased. While this answer smacks of "passing the buck", lets give him the benefit of the doubt. Remember that it is *government* we're talking about here. A lot of constuction companies would be pissed if

their hardly lobbied funds were disappearing to hire professors.

After Marburger left, center stage was given to Vincent Bruzzese who cryptically asked whether members of the judiciary were investigating the notorious 2.3 GPA referendum. According to Bruzzese, the judiciary does not have the right to conduct investigations of its own accord. Judiciary board member Cesar Karo responded that no investigations were being made at this time, although board members are within their rights to seek information from Senators about Polity and any issues relevant (so do they or don't they?).

After dashing all hopes for an exciting conflict, the meeting returned to a more mundane drone. Finally, the resolution was passed supporting the adoption of SASU guidelines concerning community service for TAP recipients. The guidelines stipulate that the participation would be voluntary, rather than the mandatory service originally proposed. Students would have a choice of payment plans with up to ten years to repay their debts. Those performing community service would have a wide range of programs to take part in, and will be eligible for stipends.



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Happy Birthday Sammy!

Love Cathy.

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BEWARE OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER

By Maurice (Salih) Douglas

On Tuesday, November 2, 1993, the African-American Students Organization (AASO) sponsored a FREE lecture presentation in celebration of Black Solidarity Week (November 1-6) at the Union Bi-level. Steve Cokely, a former Special Assistant to the Mayor of Chicago, is scheduled to speak on a subject matter that is usually spoken in relatively few circles and in a hushed tone. The subject: African Students versus the New World Order.

The New World Order, according to Suzar, author of *Blacked Out Through Whitewash*, refers to a totalitarian, one world government, void of civil liberties and personal freedom for all people with the exception of the ultra-rich. This New World Order, Suzar asserts, is a Secret World Government brought into existence by an international coalition, who collectively, are known as the "Elite." The Committee of 300, who represent the very apex of the hierarchical structure, control such secret societies and organizations such as the Illuminates,

Freemasons, and Skull and Bones Brotherhood (whom George Bush is supposedly a member of; recall that he spoke of a "New World Order" during his presidency), who in turn, control a global network of other powerful groups which include the Trilateral Commission, the Club of Rome and the CIA among others.

Allegedly, the Elite is comprised of a hierarchy of secret societies and organizations formed by ultra-rich individuals and families (supposedly by the Rothschilds, Rockefellers, and Krupps among others). Acting in accordance with a plan that has been formulated over two centuries ago, the supposed aim of the Elite is to penetrate and subvert all governments, destroying their sovereignty, and acquiring control over the monetary system (see *Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*). In control of the international banks (the Federal Reserve Bank and IRS as well), the communication networks, giant corporations and foundations, some believe that they have accumulated so much wealth that they have bought control of the economic and

political affairs of most nations. A New International Economic Order is supposed to be the planned global economic system proposed by the Elite; an economic system based upon the exploitation and oppression of others where serfdom would prevail. These aims are documented in various sources, such as *The Unseen Hand* and *The New World Order* by Ralph Epperson and *Behold a Pale Horse* by W. Cooper.

It's also stated by these authors that the Elites represent the epitome of white supremacy and have *actively* been waging a *global* war for white genetic survival. It's stated that whites represent a numerical minority status (viewed in a global context whites represent less than 10% of the total world population and is expected to represent less than 3% by 2073 AD). This fact plus the fact that whites have recessive genes in comparison to non-whites, plus the fact that whites have been reproducing at a slower rate than non-whites, has prompted the Elites to adopt drastic measures to ensure that genetic annihilation of the white race does not occur (see *The Isis*

Papers by Dr. Frances Cress Welsing for an explanation of white people's fear of genetic annihilation and how this fear is made manifest as racism).

To ensure white domination and maintenance of power and control, the Elite, through the manipulation of the communications network, has promulgated propaganda in order to have their plans carried out. "Population control," a euphemism for genocide, is one of the tactics employed by the Elite to ensure the survival of the white race. Other alleged tactics utilized by the Elite to ensure white genetic survival have been bacteriological warfare, chemical and electronic warfare, as well as the proposal of the Global 2000 Report. This report details the extermination of a *minimum* of 3 BILLION Black, Brown, and Yellow people by the year 2000 AD (see *The Black Holocaust* by Del Jones for details). Proposed by Cyrus Vance, the Global 2000 Report was allegedly *accepted* by President Jimmy Carter on behalf of the United States government.

Remember, Rebuild, and Arise! and *Beware of the New World Order!!!*

Graduate Student Employees Disrupt Public Lectures and more

by Jean Rousseau, GSEU Treasurer

The Graduate Student Employees Union, which represents all 4000 SUNY teaching assistants and graduate assistants, is currently negotiating its first contract with the State of New York and SUNY. Representatives of each party have been meeting for more than eight months in Albany to discuss each other's positions on issues such as salary increases, health insurance, job descriptions, and grievance procedures. The State and SUNY's initial offer was the status quo. It is only in the last month that some informal discussions about health insurance coverage have taken place.

The GSEU negotiating team have made clear that any health insurance plan should be better than the current coverage offered to American or International students. To keep the cost down, graduate employees may still have to go to the infirmary first and then be referred to other physicians if needed. By visiting the infirmary, graduate employees would not have to pay the negotiated deductible. Dental and eye coverage are also being discussed, but the extent to which all related expenses would be included is being debated. It is unlikely that the State will foot the whole bill, even though they are required by law to pay at least 50%. Other State workers, such as SUNY faculty are contributing 10% of the total price of their health plan. The GSEU considers that graduate employees may end up paying for part of their plan, but it shouldn't be more than 10%. A consultation of Graduate Student employees through departmental meetings is starting this week to determine what GSEU members consider reasonable.

On issues such as salary, the State is not offering anything substantial, while Faculty just obtained a raise of 4%. The State and SUNY still do not understand the difficulty of living with an average state-wide salary of \$6500 a year. The argument that teaching assistants are teaching 40% of the classes offered by SUNY and performing essential tasks is not worth much in the current round of negotiations.

GSEU members have decided to confront SUNY and the State to oblige them to come forward and accelerate the snail-pace negotiations. As public employees, GSEU members do not have the right to strike. Some ingenuity was then required to get the message across.

On all four SUNY centers (Albany, Binghamton, Buffalo and Stony Brook), graduate employees have staged different actions. Rallies, and a popular soup kitchen offering band-aids and Ramen noodles as health-care benefits have drawn attention to graduate demands, and showed the lack of concerns of administrators. At Stony Brook, graduate employees have targeted prestigious public events like the University Distinguished Lecture Series to pressure Stony Brook administrators.

At the first lecture, Lani Guinier, the Attorney General nominee dropped by the Clinton administration when portrayed as a "quota queen," drew a large crowd. GSEU members, disguised as ushers, distributed leaflets welcoming the public, and presenting how SUNY distinguishes itself by not offering anything at the negotiation table.

Moreover, three members took the stage and unfurled a banner before the Deputy Provost introduced the speaker. Many GSEU members in the audience started a round of applause which was amplified by a receptive public.

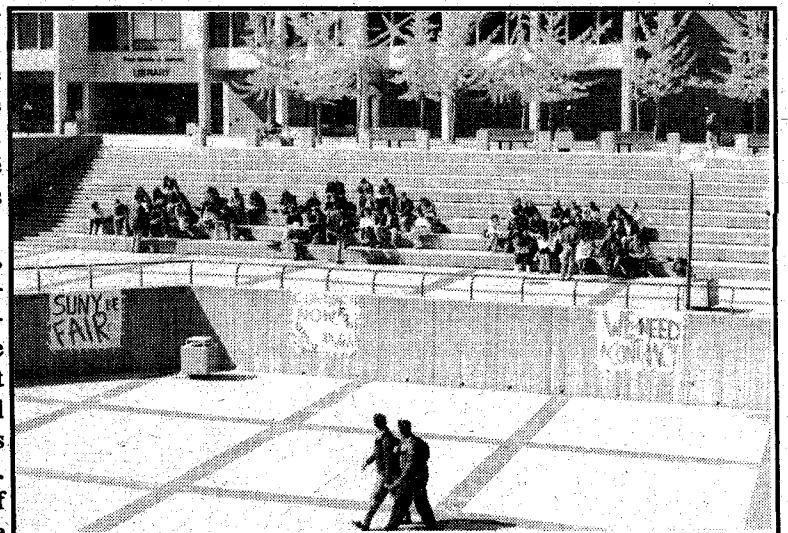
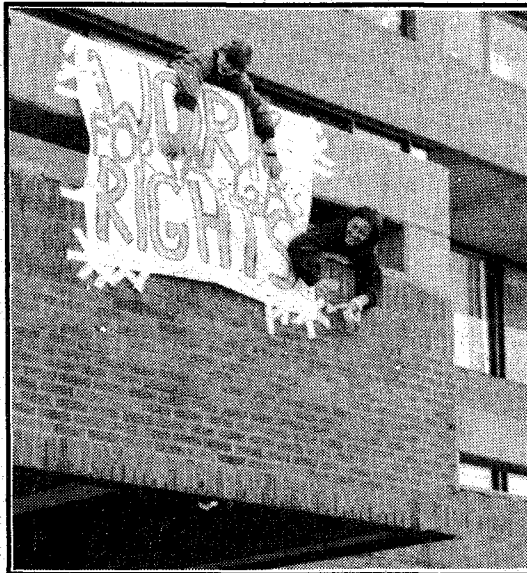
Randy Glazer, of Human Resources, warned us after our protest that leafletting and taking the stage were unacceptable and that we would face the consequences of our actions. Indeed, at the next lecture where Ernesto Cardinal presented some poetry, Glazer was fuming when he saw us coming. Before the lecture, Glazer pulled out of the hands of graduate employee Aleksandra Bednarowska a series of leaflets and asked her to distribute them outside the Staller Center. During that time, Ward Regan, graduate employee, went on stage and addressed the crowd. The public still clapped profusely while the Deputy Provost waited his turn to present the speaker.

After the lecture, a few members wanted to distribute leaflets. Randy Glazer was again opposed, and argued loudly. He tried to pull the flyers from Shuva Paul's hands; Shuva held onto the flyers and in the pulling match that ensued, fell on his back and hit his head on the floor. As GSEU members and other witnesses surrounded Glazer and addressed him angrily, people came to pick up the fliers when they realized that a University administrator was trying to prevent their distribution. Public Safety officers were present and later filed an incident report which in effect blamed Glazer for initiating this violence. He has yet to apologize for his actions, and has even called the Public Safety report inaccurate. Many people present were embarrassed by Glazer's behavior, including Carole Marburger, spouse of President Marburger.

By making a fool of himself, Randy Glazer obliged the administration to distance themselves from the incident. Some private discussions with high-ranking administrators estab-

lished that they do not condone such behavior. In fact, they wish they could establish a professional relationship with the GSEU. Nevertheless, they do not intend to apologize for Glazer's behavior or pursue the matter any further unless the GSEU complains officially, which will be done. As a consequence, a set of rules was established and presented by the Vice-Provost to Graduate Studies, Lawrence Martin. Individuals who would disrupt a lecture will be subject to disciplinary measures. The funny thing is that GSEU members would be allowed as much as ten minutes before the lecture starts so they could present their message! Leafletting could also take place inside the Staller Center. This was not a gain because the GSEU considers that it was wrong in the first place for them to have prevented from doing so.

The last Distinguished Lecture of the semester was about the US health care system, but was poorly attended. Another graduate employee took the stage, in the company of two other graduate employees holding a banner. She presented the case story of a woman who could not afford to have her baby delivered in New York State, so she had to move to Ohio in order for her husband's insurance to cover the medical cost. Once again, this graduate presentation was well-appreciated, but the surprise effect subdued. Our thanks to the main speaker, Daniel Callahan, who made a firm stand of support for the GSEU by saying that "I support the students here. They are making poverty wages and should have full access to full health care".



Confrontation with the Administration

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK SERVICE AND REGULATORY INCIDENT REPORT	
NARRATIVE: Give a brief description of who, what, when, where, how, etc.	
On 10-21-93 at approx 5:15pm while in the Staller Center lobby after a Distinguished Lecture Series performance, Mr. Shuva Paul (Graduate Student) was confronted by Mr. Randy Glazer of USB Human Resources, who after an exchange of words attempted to pull a handful of informational fliers out of the hands/arms of Mr. Paul. During the pulling attempt, back + forth, Mr. Paul was thrown off balance and fell to the floor, landing on his back, striking his head on the floor. Mr. Paul declined medical attention. Additionally he declined to file a harassment report at present but is reserving his right to do so in the immediate future.	
37 Were existing procedures adequate for response to incident? A) Yes B) No (if no, explain in narrative)	
38 Was physical injury sustained or any other consequences? A) Yes B) No C) None evident	
Report completed by: [Signature] Date: 10/24/93	
Investigation by: [Signature] Date: 10/21/93	
his back, striking his head on the floor. Mr. Paul declined medical attention. Additionally he declined to file a harassment report at present but is reserving his right to do so in the immediate future.	
Deas Bravy (Sr Inv) and Benedetto were in the lobby at the time of the incident, but did not observe the actual falling of Mr. Paul. We did observe Mr. Paul on his back on the floor.	

Excerpt from Public Safety Incident Report 10/21/93
Regarding an altercation between student Shuva Paul and Randy Glazer of USB Human Resources dept.

Teach In

The most successful event of this term was an action organized jointly by the Graduate Student Organization and the GSEU. For two days on October 13 and 14, teaching assistants brought their classes outside to the plaza of the Staller Center. Fifteen classes took place outside, and over 400 undergraduates shared the experience. Other TAs had office hours outside, while others graded papers. For once, SUNY administrators could see TAs performing their tasks, and judge for themselves. An abundance of press coverage by Channel 12, Newsday, and the Three Village Times gave the rest of Long Island a good look at GSEU's demands.

Many administrators seem to understand that it would also be in their interest to finalize a contract with the GSEU. Some administrators claim that their negotiation team does not even consult them. In this article, the GSEU suggests to them that they pick up the phone themselves instead of waiting for a call. President Marburger has supported the principle of health care for graduate students in the past. A renewed endorsement by many administrators would not hurt. Some argue that existing labor laws prevent them from acting. Strictly speaking, that is untrue because the GSEU would certainly not file an unfair labor practice if they were to endorse our demands. The head of the SUNY/State negotiation team may be annoyed, but such is the price of standing up for what is right.

There's Got to Be a Better Way

Well, America, you asked for it and Clinton is going to deliver—we're going to get 100,000 new police officers and \$1.3 billion worth of new prisons. Now we won't have to worry about "criminals" on our streets—we can put most of them in jail, and the sheer density of the police population will squeeze the rest back into their holes. Well, maybe.

The United States now puts more people in jail, relatively speaking, than any other country in the world, with the exception of South Africa. Even China, whose deplorable record of human rights violations and governmental oppression has actually penetrated our monumentally dense collective consciousness, has a lower rate of incarceration than we do. Are Americans simply more criminally inclined than citizens of other countries? Do we have no respect for each other and, consequently, no respect for the benevolent legislation that provides the guidelines for a happy and healthy society? Probably not. We are very rigid people that expect a strict standard of conduct from our citizens, and attempt to solve every social problem by sweeping it under the rug, or rather, into a "productive correctional program that, in addition to teaching the incarcerated how to become useful members of society, also provides jobs to help revive our economy."

This is merely the latest chapter in our transition to a police state, and judging by the support which these poli-

cies have received from the electorate, they must be working. The voters have to live here, and they know when something's not working and use their voice to implement solutions that will work. Or something. Truth is, our ever-increasing emphasis upon control and punishment has accomplished the exact opposite—more crime on our streets and less security than ever in our own neighborhoods. What happened?

Our obstinate refusal to consider other options boils down to a simple laziness of mind. It's easy to sell people simple ideas, i.e. that anyone who transgresses our legal code will be put away for a long time, whether or not such a response does anything to abate or remove the causes that contribute to social maladjustment and crime. In a 60-second campaign commercial it is too difficult to communicate that the people who wind up being criminals do so for reasons that we can do something about, and for less money than the cost of locking them up. That would involve psychology, which is hard, and empathy, which is nonexistent.

Nope, whatever the costs (continuing to neglect people to the point of criminal desperation, police brutality, \$30,000 annually per prisoner, complete distrust of the government by the poor, more lawyers, etc.), we're going to stick to our guns, come hell (probably) or high water. We're going to put every discretionary dime which could be

used for infrastructure or education into "making the bastards pay." When it continues not to work, we'll expand the police state still further, until we wind up like the world of the Terminator movies—the masses scrabbling a living out of a poisoned land, and the rich living in fortified cities in a constant state of fear.

We are (or used to be) a "rich country," in which the people had enough resources to develop themselves to a level where most of them could be productive enough to have enjoyable lives. This was only possible because our governments of the past saw the wisdom of distributing some of this wealth, in the form of quality education, on a national level. Yes, we have always had poverty and disadvantaged people, but in lesser numbers, relatively, than we do today, and there were more opportunities for the ambitious to improve their lot. With the increasing specialization of knowledge required for competitive production, it is becoming impossible for someone to pull him/herself up by the bootstraps without quality education.

Clinton's crime bill is here, and will pass to the applause of every terrified and ignorant person in the country. It will only half-succeed: more people will be arrested and go to jail; but the crime rate will continue to expand along with poverty and desperation. Think about this when you buy a Club for your car, an alarm for your house, and a handgun.

Letters

To the Editor:

One would like to consider that in a time of crisis the nation would manifest a tide of warming neutrality. But being a human myself, I understand that the direct fortitude of survival comes from individuality. Therefore, every animal still munching on the cycle of life can testify to "Only the Strong Survive." President after president would like to justifiably say that his term contributed to these states a multitude of strengths. Yet with our maniacal, monarchical congress, servitude has reached its wit's end. Flying majestically from the palms of a percentage of educated and attentive constituency, into the claws of GOVERNMENT. For as we all know, no matter how many BA's, MD's, or Ph.D.'s a person has, the large, balding white men on Capital Hill know what is best. And they have in so many words told their subjects (the majority being women voters) to "SHOVE IT!" So many of us have crawled meekly back into our

kitchens, because that's where, they reminded us, we belong, telling ourselves "there is nothing I can do." But in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," that is suicide. For when one is asleep at night in her comfortable bed with an "almost" complete paycheck and an "almost" complete right to her own body, she hears the soft, foreboding coo of the hungry politicians.

"Woman," they say, "come. Come and give me your mind and your body, so I may rape you of your rights, shame you in front of millions, and devour you self-confidence." The weak, lured in by an abused power, are violently eaten by the bigger beast, the animal that will not fall when attacked. Only the strong will stand tall against the oppressive monsters, unashamed of the size of their breasts, and force the wretches back into their elected roles as PUBLIC SERVITORS.

—Molly A. Murphy

[What? -Ed.]

To the Editor:

It has come to the attention of the Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Alliance that there are individuals making phone calls on campus, claiming to be from our organization. These phone calls consist of the caller(s) "recruiting" people to become members of our organization. We would like to make it clear that we do not "recruit" people. The purpose of the LGBA is not to increase membership, but to provide education for the student community to reduce discrimination on a whole. The LGBA prides itself in its acceptance of all students, regardless of sexual orientation. We also feel very strongly about one's choice to "come out" on their own, and are aware of the time needed for this process. People must be able to choose to come to us for peer support, information, and acceptance.

The LGBA would like to make it known that we are greatly disturbed by this overt display of homophobia. We must deal with discrimination every day. This act makes it

much harder than it already is to deal with homophobia. We also understand that someone may be doing this as a joke, and maybe it is funny to them, and their friends, for the time being; but they do not realize the damage it does to our organization and its members. You are putting us in danger. Some people may react very strongly to this false "recruiting," and may be more apt to discriminate against a gay man, lesbian, or bisexual person.

We are asking for you to stop this. We are also asking any person receiving this type of phone call to notify Public Safety and/or the LGBA, at 2-6469. It is very important to our community that lesbians, gays, and bisexuals have a safe place to turn to. Although humor may be intended by this act, it is doing more harm than may be recognized. Thank you for your attention in this matter.

The Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Alliance
—Scott Mitchell, Co-Chair
—Daniel Sonntag, Treasurer

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

ADMINISTRATE NAKED

Along the Color Line: Beyond Diversity

By Manning Marable

For half a century, we have pursued the goal of "diversity" in higher education, with at best mixed and uneven results. In the 1950s, liberal educators would say with pride that they were committed to the goal of a "color blind" environment. I distinctly recall professors saying to me that they "could not remember" whether this or that student was "a Negro." They fully embraced the liberal perspective of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., that individuals should be judged "not by the color of their skin, but the content of their character." It speaks volumes about the problems inherent in such a statement, when one realizes that black conservatives like Shelby Steele can simplistically advance the same words today, but for a reactionary purpose.

We should all agree that "color blindness" is our goal. As the great Reggae artist Bob Marley of Jamaica observed, "Until the color of a man's skin is of no greater consequence than the color of his eyes, there will be war."

But the question should be, how do we get there? How can we "deconstruct" race? We cannot get there by pretending that "race" and "color" no longer matter, that they have magically declined in significance since the sixties. In a racist society, color symbolizes the inequality of power relations, the ownership of property and resources, between various groups and classes. To end racial prejudice, we must restructure the power relations between people of color and upper-to-middle income whites. This means that we must pursue a "color-conscious" strategy to create the conditions where color is one day irrelevant to determining the

positions of power, educational access, health care and to other opportunities of daily life.

In the 1970s and 1980s, the ideal of color blindness gave way to what could be termed "symbolic representation." Liberal educators believed that the recipe for cultural diversity would be achieved by bringing representatives of a new spectrum of interests into the academy - women, racial minorities, physically disabled people, lesbians and gays, as well as others. Programs were established to create new academic courses in women's studies, Black Studies, Chicano Studies, gays and lesbian studies, and Asian-American Studies. Minorities and women were "symbolically represented" with their appointments as counselors and college recruiters. Multicultural student services centers were established to address perceived concerns of the students of color.

These reforms should have represented a beginning, rather than the end, of a process of education reconstruction on issues of social and cultural difference within the academy. Instead, somehow we have lost our way. And at many colleges and universities, we are actually moving backward.

One reason is that women and racial minorities were usually hired and subsequently located in bureaucratic margins of academic institutions, rather than within real centers of power. There were few deliberate programs which actually tries to identify scholars of color and/or female faculty with administrative abilities, to mentor and cultivate them, and to advance them forward. At some institutions, minority faculty occupied a revolving door position, usually at the designated ranks of instructor or assistant professor, never to be tenured or reappointed.

Transcending the old, restrictive boundaries of "diversity" means going beyond the old language of "minority groups" within our colleges and in society as a whole. We must settle for nothing less than the fundamental redefinition of the "mainstream," to be fully inclusive of the broadest range of cultural perspectives, religious and philosophical values, languages and social traditions which reflect all of America.

Going beyond diversity means fostering a cultural dialogue between the representatives of various ethnic groups on campuses which leads to exchange, sharing and cultural synthesis. Universities must go out of their way to create spaces for people of color and other oppressed groups to express themselves culturally, and to dialogue with others. As things now stand, too often we find students of various ethnic backgrounds relating to each other at a polite social distance, never really learning about other groups' experiences. We only begin to appreciate our own culture, when we take the time to learn what is valuable in someone else's culture.

Going beyond diversity in higher education will require a change in the power relations between people of color, women and the traditional elites which dominate our universities. By redefining the mission and core content of our education, we can begin to move from the margins to the center.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the African-American Studies Institute, Columbia University. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 250 publications and 75 radio stations throughout the U.S. and internationally.

Cost of Killing Adjustment

By David Yaseen

Every once in a while, something happens that jogs our memories and causes us to remember why we elected Senator Moynihan in the first place. Last week was one of those moments. Senator Dan had the courage to propose an enormous increase in the tax upon the ammunition that is the direct cause of so much of the suffering of our country. While the specifics of his proposal aren't so great (raise the tax somewhat on most handgun bullets, and make one particularly vicious type prohibitively expensive), the kernel of his idea is wonderful.

What if we were to raise the price of all pistol, assault rifle, submachine gun, etc. bullets to \$5000 apiece? Those who feel a legitimate need for the protection afforded by guns would receive one full clip with the initial purchase of a weapon, but be allowed only one handgun. Thus, when the real and pressing need of fire-power is upon him/her, it would be available, but the prohibitive cost of replacing frivolously spent ammunition would make such a person think several times about how the bullets are used. If a legitimate cause to shoot at someone presents itself, one could go to the authorities with documentation of the incident, and have the ammunition replaced at today's prices.

The NRA itself could not possibly have a problem with this legislation: it would still allow people to buy and have guns for the purpose of self-defense. Even the most rabid of its members would have a tough time convincing Congress that the Second Amendment would be grievously compromised if every American man, woman, and child did not have easy access to truckloads of bullets. What could they say, except for something like "every citizen should have the ability to hold the entire police force at bay for several hours," or "you can't fortify a compound with six bullets."

Congress, in its infinite wisdom, could, easily and very well within the limits of the Constitution, say "tough shit," and spare us all a lot of heartache and insecurity.

Imagine what the Branch Davidian situation would have looked like if the ATF knew that Koresh and Co. had only 6-10 bullets apiece, compared to their unlimited reserves? The Davidians had to shoot a few times initially to show that they meant business, probably without hitting anyone—they did want to be listened to, not mowed down—and had to shoot intermittently to "cover" each other when they moved across the compound. At that rate, they would have either spent all their ammunition within a few days, or been unable to get drinking water from their outside well. Either way, the situation would have resolved itself within a week. If they were set upon immolating themselves anyway, at least they wouldn't have wasted a month and a half getting down to business.

This legislation would also have great impact upon contract killings, or "hits." One has to allow for at least 3-4 bullets to dispatch someone, which would amount to \$15-20,000 per hit. Maybe the added expense would deter people, or at least the poor (who have enough troubles anyway) from using such methods to get rid of their enemies. The Mafia itself doesn't make so much money that it wouldn't reexamine its policies about "rubbing people out" if bullets were *really* expensive.

Even drug-dealers would refrain from the needless showers of lead they currently inflict upon their neighborhoods—it would shred their profit-margins all to hell. Maybe they would go back to knife fights or something, in which innocent bystanders would be at minimal risk.

Sure, there are several billion bullets floating around the country now, but they should be used up by about next week (criminals are notoriously short-sighted). Why do you think we haven't nuked every country that

doesn't do what we say? Nuclear weapons are expensive; we just can't afford it. And, sure, people will be making bullets at home or illegally importing them from abroad and selling them in the streets, but the decreased supply will cause prices to at least quintuple anyway. This would create a new breed of wealthy criminals that we can bust and take money away from to lower our taxes. Maybe some of the homemade bullets would be defective, resulting in exploding handguns for those determined to break the law—a crime with its own punishment. And anyone caught with bullets that do not bear the special insignia of legal ammunition could be fined at, say, three times the rate of the legal tax, or \$15,000 per bullet. It might even work.

The Press welcomes
your viewpoints and letters. They should be no longer than 800 and 500 words, respectively. Handwritten letters will be used to start
Fire! Fire! Fire!
Huh, Huh, Mm, Huh.
(I said "hand.")

What's in a Name?

By Sensate Mass

"And the Word came down from on high: 'Thy athletes shall be called by different names, for image is everything. Ye shall share the name of the Losers of New England no longer. A new age is at hand! Rejoice!' So it came to pass that a Consulting Firm was employed to read the entrails of Stony Brook to find the mascot that embodies the true spirit of the University and/or the best possible face to present to the public." So saith the scripture. We at the Press think that we could do better, and for less money. We live here, and think that maybe we know the school a little bit better than the Suit-Wearers of the City what the public should know about us. So here are our top 10 suggestions for the new mascot—who knows, maybe we can save a few tuition dollars in the process. (Note: all of the following should be read "The Stony Brook....")

10. Your Ad Here

Of course this one is only temporary until a sponsor can be found. It would be a bold maneuver, and one that would win widespread respect around the NCAA for honesty, as well as the bold step to increase corporate involvement it represents.

9. Construction Company

This one is simple and to the point, showing the real impact of Division I football upon Stony Brook. Just the initiative to have our athletic programs move into the top rank of collegiate competition has already resulted in a new Sports Complex, fieldhouse, and, soon, a 20,000 seat stadium. Also, such a name would be comforting and encouraging to the multitudes of discouraged commercial real-estate holders in the country that better times are just around the corner.

8. Intellectuals

Here's a real winner. A daring departure from the school of thought that holds that brains and athletic ability are mutually exclusive. While the thought of a sentence like, "The Intellectuals have gone down to defeat at the hands of the Vikings (Lions, Bears, Murderers, etc.)" might be a bit depressing, it would be nice to see the true foundation of the university get the recognition it so richly deserves on the playing field.

7. Meal Tickets

Here's another name that's a real reflection of the role athletics is to play at USB. This one says it all, and highlights the part played by coaches, administrators, maintenance people, equipment buyers, surgeons, and physical therapists who are so often neglected in the hype of big-time sports. After all, no department, in terms of the number of participants involved, can generate as many well-paying positions as a serious athletic program.

6. Female Transvestites

O.K. We know that this one won't be adopted, but on the off chance that it were, it would strike fear into the hearts of our opponents, bring every loyal Stern fan to our games, and win an enormous amount of free publicity for the school. Well, it would be even better if it were true...

5. Researchers

A name that truly captures the lungs-'n-liver of Stony Brook—the scientists. After all, every third time Marburger opens his mouth, the words "research university" tumble out, kind of like a Terret's Syndrome sufferer minus the cursing. That's what this university

is all about; we should put it proudly on our banners and pennants. Plus, it would help save our athletes from the anguish of being labeled "dumb jocks."

4. Money Makers

This name would revive our shaken confidence in the future of public higher education, and allay fears on the part of prospective students' parents (and readers of *Newsday*) that their children's' class sizes might be a bit larger than optimal, or that they will be taught by 13 year-olds. 'Nuff said.

3. Diversions

What do athletic programs mean to educational institutions? Well, when they're small and sincere, they function as outlets for the physical energy and enthusiasm bottled up by homework and the classroom. When they're big and commercialized, they become entertainment, and serve as—what else—diversions from our real problems and goals.

2. Friends of the Alumni

This one might actually work, if someone can find a picture to go along with it. A big reason behind Stony Brook's breaking into Division I is to give it more exposure to the public in general and the alumni in particular, the object being to indirectly solicit donations. What name could better serve the purpose of getting this desperately needed cash?

1. Commuters

I can see it now, a football helmet bearing the insignia of someone running to catch a train, a stream of clothing trailing behind from an improperly-closed suitcase. *This is Stony Brook.*

Ode to Yodels

By John Schneider

Today we will be questioning the nature of Yodels, what they are and what they betray of ourselves, our society and the secrets of the universe. The Yodel as it exists on the store shelf is one of modern man's greatest tools in the quest for knowledge and world peace. Often overlooked as a simple baked confection, it is not given the true respect that it deserves.

As they appear in their natural habitat, Yodels are packaged in clean crisp white plastic, sealed from air and protected from the outside environment. On the exterior of the box is a picture of its ideal contents. I say ideal because we must realize that this is only an image. The real contents "may not in fact resemble those on the wrapper." In fact what we have on the wrapper is a paradigm of Yodelness, an archetype which cannot be equaled. Indeed although those selling the tasty morsels wish us to believe that all Yodels are alike, reason and experience tell us that it is impossible for any two Yodels to be identical. The

conflict between what a Yodel is and what it appears to be is a profound paradox. It is but one of many, for, as we shall see, a Yodel is bound together, it seems, from contradiction and paradox. It mirrors the classical themes in literature of loss of innocence and experience through which we find out the world is not as it appears.

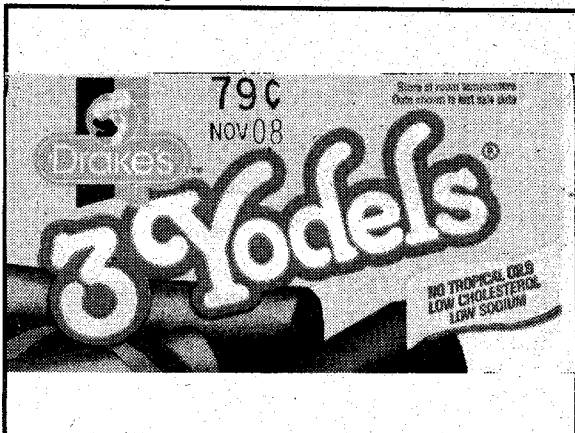
But let me continue to consult the packaging, which reflects many interesting and enlightening sociological phenomena. On the package is a message, "Store at room temperature. Date shown is last sale date." The Yodel, we see, is mortal. It has but a limited time to exist. How ominous are those last words, "...last sale date." Yodels reflect the perishable nature of their consumers. We too are given only so much time before we have outlasted our shelf life. The lack of a clear fate for those who do not fulfill their purpose shows the Author's clear understanding of our own uncertainty and mistrust of religion and the immortality of the soul. Yet the tone is wry and almost mocking. The date is not near the message and often is smudged, or otherwise rendered unreadable. We are then helpless, not sure of whether upon opening the wrapper we will find the perfect Yodel, or one that is crushed, squashed, or even moldy. Life certainly resembles this constant uncertainty, utter chaos, and randomness.

The cold philosophical and sociological ponderings on the front are matched in a bold balance with the romantic free-verse poetry of the ingredients. "Corn syrup, Partially hydrogenated vegetable shortening, whey, defatted soya flour, lecithin" The list is bursting with exotic and exciting words. Note how closely "chocolate liquor" is placed to "carob powder." It is full of feeling and emotion. The most modern of preservatives stands tall next to ancient tried-and-

true eggs and bleached flour. Above it all is scribed the ever hopeful message, "MADE WITH PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING." Surely the bold capital print helps convey this message convincingly and clearly. A reflection of the recent brouhaha over Family Values, no doubt.

Let us now journey beyond the mere shroud of this delicacy, for now it is time to delve into the rich meaning of the Yodel itself: what the Yodel is and what it stands for. A Freudian analysis shows it to be a combination of both the phallic nature of its length along with being round in diameter, its dark cake spiraling towards the center in a beautiful display, contrasting with the white frosted creme which accompanies it on its journey. But this, its true meaning, lies only beyond a dense coating of chocolate that conceals its true splendor. It is most certainly an artistic statement regarding the coexistence of the opposite in the self same entity. As such it is a wonderful and pleasing example of the dialectic. The Yodel is, by all appearances, a solid chocolate confection (barring the sense of touch which might clue us in on its true nature) and yet beneath its exterior it is a combination of opposites. It is not a question of whether the substance is cake or creamy filling, it is both and goes beyond to be something new covered in chocolate (much like Reese's Peanut Butter Cups).

At all times as I have noted, the Yodel is a series of contradictions. It is Yodel and yet will never equal the paradigmatic example of Yodelity on its package. It is safely and hermetically sealed, and yet it is in danger of spoiling. It is a supreme example of beauty and art, and yet practical and tasty. It is a reflection in microcosm of the contradictions which exist in the rest of the universe, and for all purposes makes a good model and also a good snack.



Well, Excuuuse Me

By Dionysus Lestat

If ignorance is indeed bliss, I should be happier than a pig in shit, for I have committed an inexcusable sin. I wrote a commentary for the September 28th edition of *The Press* entitled *Thank You Sir, May I Have Another?*. Writing the article was not the sin, being a generalist in my wording was. I made the fatal mistake of lumping the Traffic Office together with Public Safety (Oh, no! Not that!). It has been brought to my attention that the Traffic Department and Public Safety are two separate entities. I feel it is my responsibility to publicly apologize for the ignorance of my actions. Meaning to poke fun at the Traffic Department, I unjustifiably trashed Public Safety. Now that I have apologized, I feel that I can justifiably shred them, and have a clear conscience to doing it.

Before I get started, I would like to make it clear that I am not a staff writer for *The Press*. The opinions that I express are not necessarily the opinions of *The Press*, its editors, or any other normal, functioning member of society. These are the opinions of an obnoxious, bitter, self-serving bastard (namely me). The material may be offensive to authoritarians and conservatives, as well as other lower primates. I am not a journalist, nor do I claim to be. I write to express myself, to relieve aggression, to point out the painfully obvious, plus sometimes I think it's funny and I want to share it with others. I do not write to insult people, put them down, or piss them off (but I won't complain if I do). I write what I feel, and you're just looking over my shoulder. If you don't like controversy, read *Statesman*.

Now back to our story. Public Safety wanted to make

it clear that they are not involved in the workings of the Traffic Department. Although it says a lot about the Traffic Department that Public Safety does not want to be associated with them, it also says a lot about Public Safety. Originally, I thought that Stony Brook had one big group of testosterone-inflated boy scouts, now I find out that we actually have two: overpaid meter maids and anal-retentive security guards. I am completely sure that it was absolutely necessary to delegate this tremendous workload into two separate departments, two separate sets of supervisors, two office staffs, not to mention twice the trips to Dunkin' Donuts. Does anybody else smell the identity crisis, or is it just me? I promised myself I wouldn't trash Traffic anymore (I have enough tickets), so I guess it's time to focus.

When Public Safety is mentioned, foremost in the mind of many students is the arming of our trusted enforcers. I must admit that "Stop, or I'll shoot!" sounds better than "Stop, or I'll throw my keys at you!" and a whole shitload better than "Stop, or I'll yell 'stop' again!" but am I going to feel safer with these guys carrying guns? I don't think so. I saw both *Naked Gun* movies, as well as quite a few of the *Police Academy* movies, and I don't think I'm ready for *Rescue 333*. Somehow, I'm just not convinced. Public Safety can hold as many training seminars and log as much range time as they want. It won't mean a damn thing when

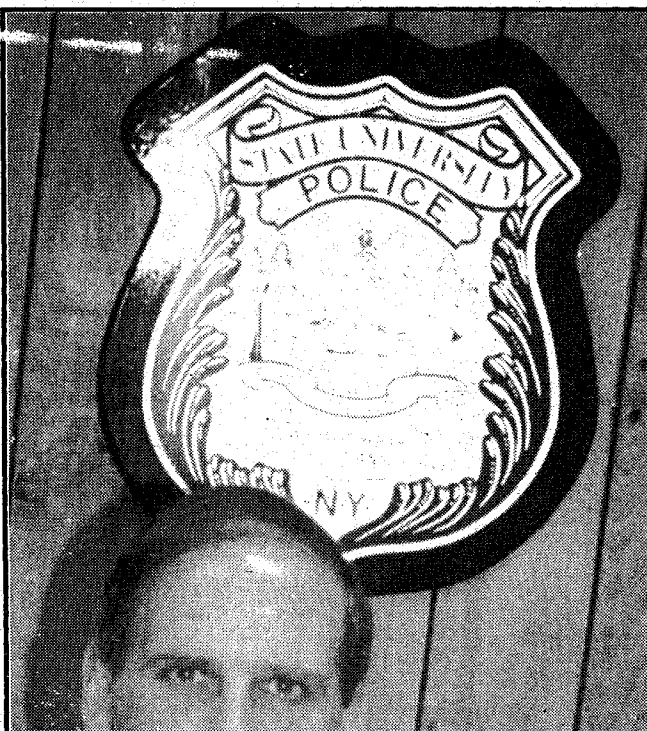
they come face to face with the business end of a beretta. The bad guys got the advantage, with more familiarity and more practical experience, and, in the real world, that's all that matters. Without that practical

experience, Public Safety might have a better chance hitting you with their keys. All of that, and I didn't even say anything about penis inadequacy.

Public Safety is also trying to increase campus awareness by opening substations in the gym and in G Quad. That is just what this campus needs. Two more Public Safety officers sitting behind desks, answering phones and drinking coffee. Does that mean two less officers will be patrolling parking

lots and deterring crime? Or are they going to create new positions and pay new salaries with our ever-increasing tuition costs? I am too quick to criticize, though. Putting Public Safety on bicycles was an excellent idea. This will increase their fitness, make them more visible on campus, and it increases the areas that they can patrol. Plus, there is nothing more intimidating than a big, fat jelly doughnut-eating ass in bike shorts.

Throughout this whole ordeal, I have learned an important lesson; Taco Bell closes well before last call at the Park Bench for a reason. I hope Public Safety has learned an important lesson, too; people who live in stone houses shouldn't throw glasses. In all seriousness, don't take life too seriously because you will never get out of it alive. Public Safety officers should relax, sit back with a cold beer, slip out of those restrictive undergarments into a loose pair of boxers, and learn to laugh at themselves... everyone else is.



National De(a)fense

By Mary Olsen of Las Vegas, Nevada

From 1981 through 1992, during the Reagan and Bush administrations, the United States spent 3 trillion dollars on military weapons, manpower, operations, and maintenance. The following chart shows what could have been purchased with 3 trillion dollars:

- 20 billion could have funded 40,000 drug enforcement officers at \$50,000 per year for 10 years;
- 40 billion could have built 800 new 50 million dollar hospitals and medical research centers around the country;
- 40 billion could have built 800 new community colleges or 16 colleges in each of the 50 states;
- 100 billion could have purchased and planted 2 billion trees in the United States at 50 dollars per tree;
- 100 billion could have significantly reduced cancer, heart disease, AIDS, and many other child and adult medical problems;
- 200 billion could have built 4 million "Made in America" \$50,000 tractors to improve agriculture and life in Third World countries;
- 200 billion could have built 4 million houses for homeless and poor Americans at \$50,000 per home;
- 300 billion could have eliminated the 1992 national deficit, thereby reducing taxes for everyone in the country;
- 500 billion could have funded 2 million school and many other needed public service jobs at \$25,000 per year for 10 years;
- 1500 billion could have been used to double all the above, abolish most taxes, or for miscellaneous expenses. A tiny fraction of miscellaneous expenses includes adequate national defense, as the 192 warheads on one essentially invulnerable U.S. submarine can destroy any country on Earth.

From 1993 through 1996, the Clinton administration proposes to spend 1 trillion additional dollars on defense spending. In the past few years, over 100 million people in Eastern Europe and 14 of the 15 former Soviet Republics have attained independence. Severe economic, environmental, and political dilemmas confront the former Russian Republic.

Over 50 percent of the people formerly subject to Russian rule are building independent democratic countries. Yet the Clinton administration is only proposing an 8 percent decrease in defense spending beyond that proposed by the Bush administration. Relative to the history of the former Soviet Union, the Clinton administration is proposing a massive increase in defense spending.

lots and deterring crime? Or are they going to create new positions and pay new salaries with our ever-increasing tuition costs? I am too quick to criticize, though. Putting Public Safety on bicycles was an excellent idea. This will increase their fitness, make them more visible on campus, and it increases the areas that they can patrol. Plus, there is nothing more intimidating than a big, fat jelly doughnut-eating ass in bike shorts.

FIND OUT WHY THIS DOG IS SMILING.



Maury The Laughing Dog

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LOCATION: SBS 6th Floor

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**FORUM on
NORTH AMERICAN
TRADE
AGREEMENT**

PARTICIPANTS: Professor
Tom Prusa, Mike Zwey and
Mike Barnhart

DATE: November 17th

TIME: 12:40 - 2:00

LOCATION: Javits 103

**Comittee on Cinematic Arts
Fall 1993
Tentative Schedule**

November 12 The Fugitive

November 19 In the Line of Fire

December 3 The Firm

December 10 To be announced

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Mend My Ways

By Michelle Bussé

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rest unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on
Life were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains...

Tennyson, *Ulysses*

"I will mend my ways..." At this moment one can only agree that if River Phoenix were still breathing the air of life, he would have spoken these very words. Life is supposed to be cherished when given a second chance... I should know, because I have been given this.

Within the early hours of October 31, 1993, I was reliving my past. A friend and I went to see Belly perform - by the tape I tell you - and as I watched everyone pass drugs around and fall into a state of oblivion, I began to compromise my own beliefs. Many who know me personally share one secret that I have always tried to leave in my past. As of May 1990, I refrained from what had been deteriorating my life for two years: drugs. I lived my life within the club scene and felt no one could alleviate the tension created by stress, family and the complications of finding my own identity in life. I was lost but found a way out - temporal in duration, however.

My parents never suspected the idea of a problem; as long as my grades fulfilled their expectations, I was always their "little girl" and not one to lead a two-fold life. Perhaps I knew I needed help when I passed out at a club called the Underground, in someone's arms. When I awoke I stared at my image, as reflected through a mirror, and swore I would never compromise my life to drugs again. And to this day I have never once abandoned by promise, despite the widening influence of substance abuse everywhere. Even in Europe, where I lived for eight months, public drugs use is simply beyond control.

From the day I quit, I basically preached to others whom I have met that to destroy one's self through a medium of drugs is to destroy those around you as

well. One begins to take advantage of those friends whom always stood by you. Now, they no longer compel themselves to offer support because the problem takes time, effort, and perseverance to dissolve. An addict has no concept of time; they merely live for the thrill of the moment. To realize, after becoming high, that you have no one to understand you is the hardest truth to grasp and observe at face value.

Nonetheless, I must return to the episode at the Limelight. Having less than a year to finish herx at Stony Brook and sensing apprehension about my future, I felt a sudden desire to "let myself go." I began to perceive a feeling that my surroundings were "swallowing" me up. I started to lose the dominance of self-control I have grown to rely upon and gave into the aura of inducing odors and the lure of a finite escape. I began to slightly sense regret at what I was about to undergo as I realized I would regret at what I was about to undergo as I realized I would be taking advantage of the second chance once given to me and, as a result, I almost lost it. I began to put the drug into my mouth and then stopped; I was reliving my past and who was I to relinquish something I swore I would never return to. Someone is definitely trying to tell me that my life is worth twice the amount of trouble I have yielded my body for. This same person, however did not feel the same way towards River Phoenix. Why, I ask you?

When I found out River had died early Sunday morning at the Viper Room (of which Johnny Depp is the co-owner) in Hollywood, I refused to believe substance abuse was an influence; but then denial plays an important part in all our lives when it comes to situations that compromise our well-being. For anyone who has admired River's work and a life now curtailed, the term "alternative" has always come to mind in describing a personality I and others deemed promising. Anyone who has seen his band, Aleka's Attic, perform can well understand the natural intensity he exhibited as an individual. Most of us have witnessed his development as an adult through such movies as *Stand By Me* (1985), *Little Nikita* (1988), *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (1989), *Sneakers* (1992) and a wide array

of other cinematic features.

Perhaps his most passionate performances came within the genre of what I consider his two most emotional movies. *Running on Empty* (1988) portrayed Phoenix as the son of sixties radicals, as he attempts to come to terms with a life he wishes would allow him the chance to be "normal" and not on the run. The role earned him an Academy Award nomination that thrust him into a spotlight River was all too unwilling to accept. In 1991, he starred in *My Own Private Idaho*, portraying a male hustler in what would be his most ironic role to date. Within the movie, River dies of an overdose on a sidewalk; ironic, in the sense that on Sunday morning he lost his life in a moment, once captured on film. It is said that Phoenix's substance abuse can be traced back to this film. He was well respected by all within the acting community, especially Harrison Ford, who considered him "a son." Nonetheless, most said River's problem was so overwhelming on the set of his most recent film that the only sense of alleviation Phoenix could receive was death.

I still do not want to believe all the reports on the tabloid shows. Even hearing the frantic 911 call made by his brother Leaf and the actual context of the message - "I think he took Valium" - Leaves me in an abyss of both anxiety and guilt. I keep asking myself and others why River was not given a second chance. The most honest response came from my friend Chris who told me, quite blatantly, "Well, maybe he was given one." All in all, I am in denial but I have come to realize that because of mere common sense, I am alive today and not in a state of compromising my life or experiencing the hell of violent seizures for eight minutes on a sidewalk as River experienced Sunday morning. I thank God that I shall not have to view a scene from a position above where by my parents read, "Cause of Death: OD on Valium and Cocaine."

And on a night when two people, separated by some distance, were faced with the same compromising situation, I am content in that I had the discretion and capacity to "mend my ways."

WHY DIDN'T SANTA BRING YOU ANYTHING LAST YEAR?
WHY WOULDN'T YOUR HANNUKAH CANDLES LIGHT?
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From the darkest reaches
of the infernal abyss,
The Stony Brook Press
presents...

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Azazel,

I have a problem with my parents. My mother still thinks I am a pre-med student, but I changed my major to Art History. Every she calls, she asks me how my science classes are and I tell her, "Fine." My Father doesn't have a problem with my choice because he can see that it is something that I am good at and enjoy doing. What should I do? She already has a weak heart...

- Anxious

Anxious;

You do not have a problem with your parents. Parenthood is a disease which begins to debilitate the mind almost immediately after conception. This particular insanity can either drive people apart or bond them inseparably. If you've made it this far and still voluntarily speak to one another, don't worry: nothing you can do will permanently damage your relationship with her—especially if



your father supports you. Remember, even Rasputin had a mother who loved him. I'll bet even Mrs. Dahmer gave her son a few cooking tips.

I would suggest, however, that

you continue to lie, if only to keep the matrimonial mattress bouncing. Otherwise, your father could turn against you. In the long run, I think you'll be happy that you kept this farce up as long as possible.

Once again, don't fret. Your father is on your side, and how long can your mother hold a grudge in her condition? Besides, the bond between mother and child is one which transcends all moral and ethical codes. Choosing a useless major is unlikely to incur a wrath of far-reaching consequences.

-Azazel

Please send any and all correspondence to:
Room 060
Student Union
Stony Brook, N.Y. 11794

You Can't Just Follow Orders Anymore: Surreal Postwar Germany in *Zentropa*

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

Zentropa, a joint Danish-Swedish-German-French film production, was directed by German film director Lars von Trier in 1991. It won two awards at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival—Best Director and Best Photography—but von Trier stormed out of the auditorium when another film won Best Film. Perhaps not something an American movie-viewer would watch as often as *The Wizard of Oz*, *Zentropa* provided a haunting and thought-provoking look at post-World War II Germany through the eyes of a naive American.

"Zentropa" is the name of the German railway complex which gives Leopold Kessler (Jean-Marc Barr) a job as a sleeping car conductor. Kessler, an idealistic German-American pacifist, decides to move to Germany and participate in the rebuilding of the country. He wishes to do so "for the betterment of humanity", but like many Yankee do-gooders he has little knowledge about the people and country he wishes to help. In no time at all he becomes a pawn of the German resistance (called "werewolves" by the Occupation forces) through his love for the mysterious heiress of Zentropa, Katerina Hartmann (Barbara Sukowa) and quiescent U.S. military officers who wish to see Germany rise again. When Kessler finally realizes what is taking place, he must try to set everything

right again so the innocent passengers on his train do not perish as a result of his ignorance.

Ninety per cent of *Zentropa* takes place on the train where Kessler works or at a train station. Everything is dark, and masses of haggard, ghostlike people are everywhere. No one is allowed to look outside the train, and the shades remain closed most of the time to keep the passengers from seeing their devastated country. At the same time, Kessler is not allowed to look inside many of the train's compartments. When he avoids his supervisor's eye, Kessler does some exploring of his own and finds compartments full of starving Jewish prisoners headed for concentration camps. During the war, Zentropa had served the Nazis by transporting their victims to points of Hell around Germany and Eastern Europe. In order to regain control of Zentropa from the Allies, the former owner has to prove that he did not sympathize with the Nazi cause. After filling out a long questionnaire Hartmann must pass "the Jew test", where a Jew who knows him must tell whether he was good or not. Because the resistance wishes to sabotage the Allied force's hunt for war criminals, they pay off a Jew to say that Hartmann was a kind man who hid and fed him. After this scene Hartmann commits suicide, his blood overflowing through his entire house. This was one of the scenes that proved that everyone in Germany was a criminal in order to survive—even the persecuted themselves—but no one would survive the crimes of their ancestors.

No one has any idea where the train

is going, not even Kessler himself. It is not important for him to know; his job is merely to serve the passengers efficiently. In fact, it is shocking how his supervisors get uptight when he does not put chalkmarks on the soles of polished shoes, but remain oblivious to conditions inside and outside the train—especially acts of terrorism and the masses with a thousand haunting eyes. Following orders and routine and efficient service to a higher authority are more important than true compassion, than waking up to see the monster they have created.

Kessler, a neutral outsider, only perpetuates the status quo. Katerina tells him that because he is on neither side he is the worst criminal of all, because it shows that he has no loyalty to anyone. In the end Kessler takes matters into his own hands and does what he thinks is right. In Terminator-fashion he takes control of the train by force and shoots up passengers who rebel in order to detonate the bomb he planted on the train for the partisans (all during his competency exam for sleeping car conductors). Unfortunately he is too late and the bomb blows up the train, sending it in the river where he drowns inside with the Germans. It was only proper that he die this way; ignorance is no excuse for the crime he committed, and its effects would be irreversible.

The movie was shot mostly in stark black and white to emphasize evil darkness, but important characters, symbols and events would be in color (ex. the red blood seeping through everything in Hartmann's suicide). Surreal, Fellini-esque crowds of the grotesque surround the train and wander about inside; in fact, when Kessler first sees the train the wretched are pulling it across the tracks. However, the most disturbing element of *Zentropa* is the hypnotic voice of Max von Sydow reminding us that we are in Germany and he must tell us what to do.

THE NEW THRILLER BY LARS VON TRIER



69 and Feelin' Fine

By Catherine Krupski

"In 1969 we were seventeen. We listened to the Beatles, the Stones, the Doors, the Velvet Underground, the Grateful Dead, Cream, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and Bob Dylan. We read Rimbaud, played guitars, smoked pot, fell in love, rebelled against the establishment, protested the war in Vietnam, barricaded out high school, and produced the first rock festivals in our home town—a small city in a remote southwestern corner of Japan."

It is hard to believe that these things happened in the country that is one of the most ambitious and successful today. It is captured in the novel, *69*, by Ryu Murakami and translated by Ralph F. McCarthy. The title is all that the book encompasses—the year 1969—and it ends abruptly on Christmas Eve.

For so long, Japan has been seen as one of the most structured societies in the world, and geared only toward materialism. But this novel, which is also autobiographical, demonstrates that there were people interested in stopping the Vietnam War and who questioned authority. The characters in the book were primarily students in college prep schools. They staged rallies and protests. There were even committees working to pressure the government to do something. Of course, if any information regarding this leaked to the real authorities (school principal), the students' futures were threatened. This was enough for many of them to back down.

But not enough for the main character of the story. Kensuke Yazaki is a 17-year-old senior attending Northern High School in Kyushu, located in southern Japan. He is a very liberal and open-minded pre-med, and, like any other 17-year-old, he would do anything to get a girlfriend.

Some of his antics included barricading his high school. Why? To protest the war in Vietnam and the fact that Japan was used as a pit-stop for American troops on their way to the jungle? No, to impress a girl that he wanted to star in a movie that he was writing, which conveniently starred the two of them only, with a nude scene. The walls were vandalized, a banner hung from the roof ("Power to the Imagination") and there was a bowel movement waiting on the principal's desk. So many students worked with paint remover to clean the school the next day.

As punishment, he was forced to remain out of school for 119 days. The only problem was that every other day a teacher from the school would check up on him. "I remembered how, in elementary school, if I stayed at home with a cold for even three days, I used to miss my friends and the atmosphere of the classroom and everything. The reason I didn't feel the same way about this place after an absence of a hundred and nineteen days was that this was a factory, a sorting house. We were no different from dogs and pigs and cows: all of us—except, maybe, the baby pigs that got roasted whole in Chinese restaurants—were allowed to play when we were small, but then, just before reaching maturity, we were sorted and classified. Being a high school student was the first step toward becoming a domestic animal."

He attended a school which was known for having the best college entrance results. He frequently skipped his classes to go to town and see jazz musicians, or read literature from other countries. In other words, he wanted to get some culture. He saw one of his friends with the potential to be restricted to jobs in his hometown if other forms of culture hadn't come to Japan. "If all this foreign culture had never come to Japan, he'd be a plain old button seller all his life—he wouldn't know about Led Zep or Verlaine or tomato juice or anything."

The impact that foreign culture of any kind, not just American, gave him ideas to get people thinking about a cause. According to Ken, literature, novels and movies were "dead." "Festivals. Where you have theater and music and film all at

the same time." He started the first rock festival in that little town. There were poetry readings; the film he made was shown and the band he played in was the featured performer.

The thought of failure did concern him, after all, he was pre-med, but he leaned more toward the artsy side of life and knew that there was no money, (and, therefore no women) in it. "The thought of ending up a failure scared me. This in spite of the fact that in 1969 failures were having a lot of fun: a high school student had published a book rejecting the whole idea of college education, Japanese hippies were pictured in magazines painting naked women with day-glo colors, and there were always a few beautiful chicks taking part in the demonstrations and marches. But you knew that couldn't last forever. In the long run, it's successful guys who get the women. I'm not talking about females in general, and lots of them. Unless a young man has some guarantee of getting his fair share of the fair sex, he can't go on living."

Rebuilding after the war still had a major impact on the attitudes of many Japanese. The children at that time were the baby boom generation, similar to that of America, and their parents had the hardship of the war in their memory. For example, his friend Adama grew up in a coal mining town which was primarily concerned with rebuilding. This affected his way of thinking—he was more realistic than Ken, who preferred dreaming his ideas to the point where they are almost impossible. "I felt sorry for him. No doubt it had to do with the environment he'd grown up in....

Slag heaps didn't have a speck of romance in them; they were symbols of the mad rush to rebuild the economy after the war. Slag heaps didn't inspire dreams."

Due to the Vietnam War, there was still an American influence in Japan. Kyushu was a town which hosted an American base. Therefore, the businesses were also geared toward them as well. "We went into the bar. Adama scowled even more. The bar smelled of America, which seemed to turn him off. The real America didn't smell like that, of course, but the houses navy groupies lived in and the hair of half-American kids and the PX at the base did. It was the smell of greasy fat. I didn't mind it. To me it just smelled of nutrition."

High school girls dated American soldiers and prostitution was a thriving occupation. "To these women, who'd drifted here from towns near and far to bleach their hair and greet old age steeped in the smell of America, Adama must have looked as if a halo were hanging over his head."

Reading this book was amazing because it showed that the very stereotypical country of Japan had its own rebellions and uprisings. This is a country that I had

always deemed as pure, respectable and everything I could never be in the eyes of a Japanese mother. To read that not all of them were absolutely, 100% positive about their future was reassuring in that they do experience the same insecurities as Americans, the "fat and lazy" do. Also, the characters in the book did not become what they had planned. I was even more surprised that the protests in the book, though somewhat fictional, but autobiographical, had been organized by seventeen year-olds. The rebellion they experienced came at an earlier age than here.

This book was enjoyable reading, it was funny and the author picks certain words or phrases and emphasizes them and puts them in a much larger font so they leap out at you off the page. It discussed one of the most important years in recent history from another perspective.

"We were no different from dogs and pigs and cows: all of us were allowed to play when we were small, but then, just before reaching maturity, we were sorted and classified. Being a high school student was the first step toward becoming a domestic animal."

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Dysfunctional Fables

THE RHINOCEROS AND THE TICKBIRD

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

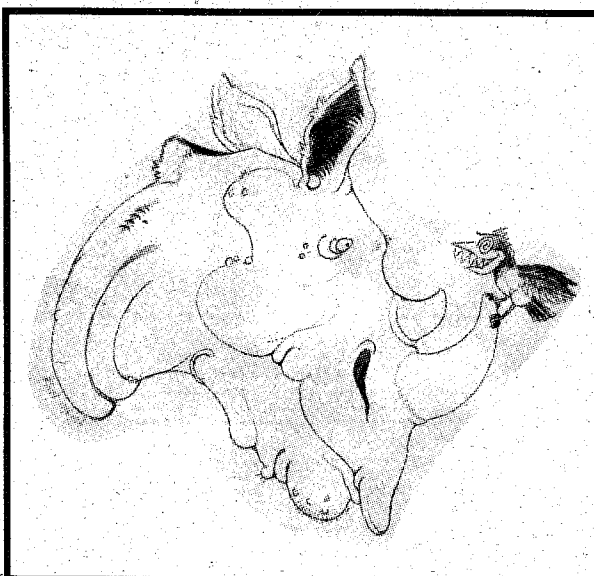
for all the skull-crushing, brain-eating, bone-licking buzzards

We now take you back to the world of the Wild Kingdom, where animals talk and humans humbly shine their shoes. Of course, just because the animals can reason does not mean they are rational...

In the hottest, driest region of the Serengeti grasslands there live many ticks. They suck the blood of all living creatures who walk through the tall grass, and they think quite highly of themselves. It must be some feat, to be so tiny and cause an enormous beast like an elephant great suffering. Imagine billions of ticks draining the animals of their life force—there would be no one left for your faithful storyteller to write about!

This is why the powers of evolution have developed a small creature to prevent ticks from taking over the planet. The tickbird is no bigger than a common sparrow, and he is gifted with a superior sense of balance. All day long he and his comrades ride on the backs of wildebeests, elephants, water buffalo and other large land animals to keep them happy and tick-free. It is a healthily symbiotic relationship—the animals get their parasites removed, and the tickbirds get a free meal and transportation all around east Africa.

Sometimes problems arise. It is rare that a tickbird has a "car" all to himself. Sometimes he must share it with twenty to fifty birds—sometimes up to one hundred. Over the years large African land mammals have



been disappearing due to the destruction of the grasslands, and the ones that remain grow even more crowded.

So the tickbirds have turned to a life of crime, murdering each other for the sake of space...

The meanest tickbird, with his pointy little beak, managed to kill off many of his competitors. He was sitting pretty on the bumpy rump of a rhinoceros all by himself, pecking away at dead skin, bristly pimples and gobbling all the ticks he could find. The taste of blood turned Tickbird's desires in a new direction, and he began to peck harder at Rhinoceros. How many pecks does it take to get to the center of a rhinoceros,

he always wanted to know. What was inside the minds of such lumbering creatures, anyway? They were like islands in the swaying grass who occasionally cried, but did they have brains?

He flew up to Rhinoceros' head and looked straight into his wrinkled eye. "Be afraid!" he peeped. "Be very afraid!"

But Rhinoceros could not hear. He only concentrated on the rhythm of his grinding molars until Tickbird pecked out his eye and drilled through his brain like a goldminer. Now that Rhinoceros was blinded he staggered aimlessly across the landscape, traveling north and ending up in the desert before he died.

When Tickbird flew out the other side of Rhinoceros' head, he realized that he was far from home. He could see nothing but sand and the carcass of dead Rhinoceros behind him, and since there were no ticks around he dried up into a burnt crackling.

MORAL: Befriending those who occupy one's personal space is taking the middle path.
MORE IMPORTANTLY:

- Don't peck the head that feeds you.
- The best way to learn about another person is to ask how they feel.

BLUES REVIEWS

By John Schneider

The Screamin Cheetah Wheelies and the Hatters are two blues-based rock groups. Both conform to the record industry's new craving for manufactured credibility, as they've both been playing for some time now. The albums are packed with long-playing songs averaging around four or five minutes that are big on guitar licks and lean on lyrics. But the two have different styles of playing. While the Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies are at their best in fast paced songs which generate a wall of sound with a strict beat, the Hatters' album is more intricate, as the members play off one another to a more relaxed tempo that still keeps you moving.

The Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies are a solid five-piece group from Nashville. Despite their questionable

taste in names, they've got better taste in writing music. The band plays best as a group, creating an acoustic wall of heavy blues-influenced rock. There's an emphasis on guitar, but no death-defying solo work. The bass fits neatly and unobtrusively between guitars, while the added keyboards give a stable feel to the music.

From the opening song, "Shakin' the Blues", you can tell that these guys know how to crank out a tune. It'll put the zip in your dip, the roll in your stroll, the glide in your stride, you get the idea. Just watch the speedometer if your driving to this one. "Slow Burn" is also a favorite whose opening yearns to be amplified. Mike Farris has a gritty edge to his lyrics that eggs the band on to greater heights.

The one problem with this tape is a profusion of ballads. Now, I'm not one to criticize long sappy romantic gushes, but in my opinion, this band is best at full tilt, happily giving smiles to the miles just banging your eardrums with solid tunes. The slow songs, especially on the second side just don't deliver this band's full potential. The lyrics are nice, but nothing to write home about. Just filler for the next acoustic outburst, although "This is the Time" stands out as an solid slow song. There are about four decent fast-paced tunes out of the eleven, with another two slow songs that don't make me feel like vomiting—overall 45% of the album is worth parting with your dough.

The Hatters boast the experience of having toured the same club circuit as Blues Traveller (opening for them in a recent tour) and The Spin Doctors.

The album comes complete with a John Popper harmonica solo which sounds vaguely like every other John Popper harmonica solo (soon every new album released will have one). As far as the Spin Doctors are concerned, I'm still reeling after seeing a band that played Hansom House advertising for Z100, and can become violently ill when I encounter one of their songs on the radio. But this album does have a nice offering of live songs (seven of the ten tracks were recorded at Wetlands) with some great jams.

The band shows the advantages of having a full time keyboardist (Billy Jay Stein), rather than the Cheetahs studio-provided chords. In addition, the group benefits from a dash of funk from bassist Jon Kaplan. This mixture gives the tunes a more laid back feel, but still lets the momentum build when it's needed. The overall attraction of this album comes from when the band just sits back and jams. Part of the problem with live songs is that they can go on, and on, and on, beating that stupid Energizer bunny to a mound of springs and gears. "Feelgoodious Kind" goes on for over ten minutes, and while it is a likeable song, even the given chord changes and a quick trip down honkey-tonk lane by the keyboardist doesn't stop me from fast forwarding to the next song.

The lyrics are a bit more audible than the Cheetahs, but not that much better. Then again, with this genre of music, lyrics are not what you're looking for. Tight playing and a bit of originality are more in order, and this the Hatters provide. Within most of the songs, there's enough interplay to provide interest even after the first ten or twelve times you listen to the album.

Is it worth the money? If live performance and heavy jams are your wish, it's an above average album, but if finished production is more your thing, save your money and wait for the studio album.

