

*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

Vol. IV No. 7 • University Community's Weekly Paper • Thursday, Oct 28, 1982



Bus Stop

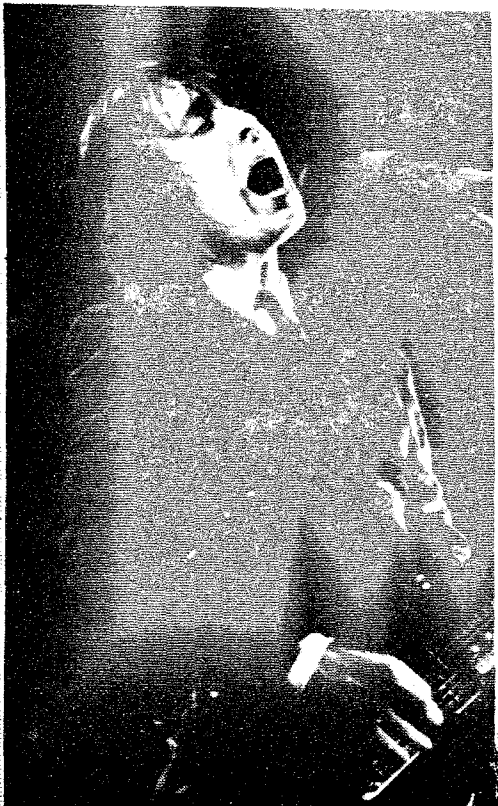
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Wharton's

Fee Hike

Defeated

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Utopia

*NY's First
Italian Governor*

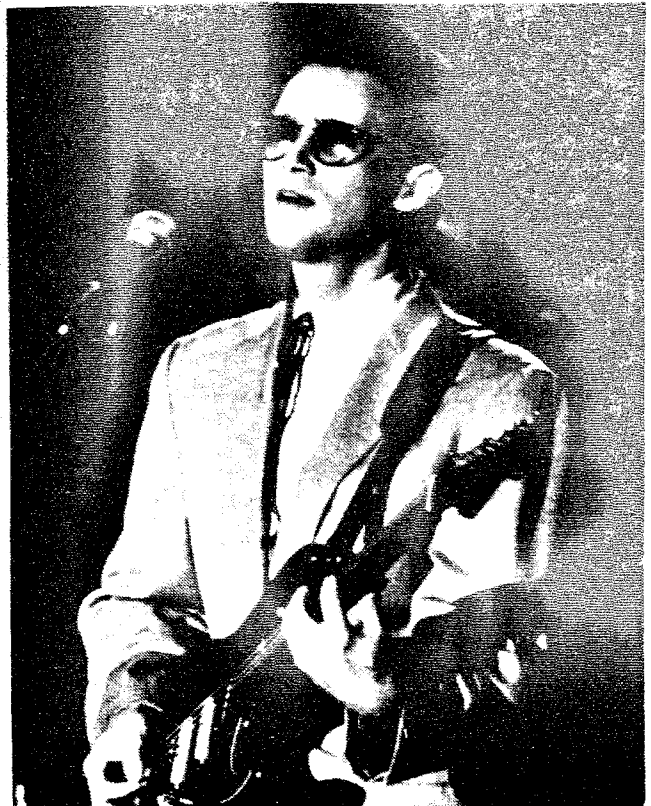
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The Who Sell Out

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Review of the Sender

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Crenshaw at S.B.

Taking Responsibility

There are currently three regularly published student run newspapers on campus-- Statesman, the Stony Brook Press and Blackworld-- each of whom are understood to be charged by the readership they serve with three main objectives. They are : 1) to responsibly inform and educate the University community regarding matters of local, national and global import; 2) to provide a channel of expression for those students who wish to report on events, activities, and topics of interest to themselves and the University community; and 3) to provide a forum for students and others who wish to express their opinions in the form of letters to the editor and viewpoints.

Occasional failures in the execution of these duties is inevitable so long as these publications have been trusted to human hands and minds. The Press has, in its short history, unintentionally embarrassed itself before many campus groups and individuals, and has each time offered sincere apologies to the offended parties in print. Statesman, too, when they have erred, have acknowledged their failures and inaccuracies. We hope Blackworld will feel the same sense of duty to their readership.

An article that appeared in the October 8 issue of Blackworld entitled "Zionists and U.S. guilty in Palestinian slaughter" is fraught with

inflammatory claims and exclamations, virtually none of which has been or can be substantiated because they are blatantly inaccurate. The first sentence reports that 2,000 Palestinian civilians were massacred in West Beirut, a figure that the Red Cross has placed closer to 350. This paragraph concludes by mentioning, out of context, that the U.S. contingent of Marines plan to remain in Lebanon indefinitely, without including that this is, at least nominally, a peace keeping force. None of the subsequent figures ("250 Israeli tanks" ringed the camps, \$3 billion in U.S. military aid to Israel, Israeli bombings that have killed "tens of thousands of Palestinians and Lebanese") were substantiated, nor is it likely that they could have been.

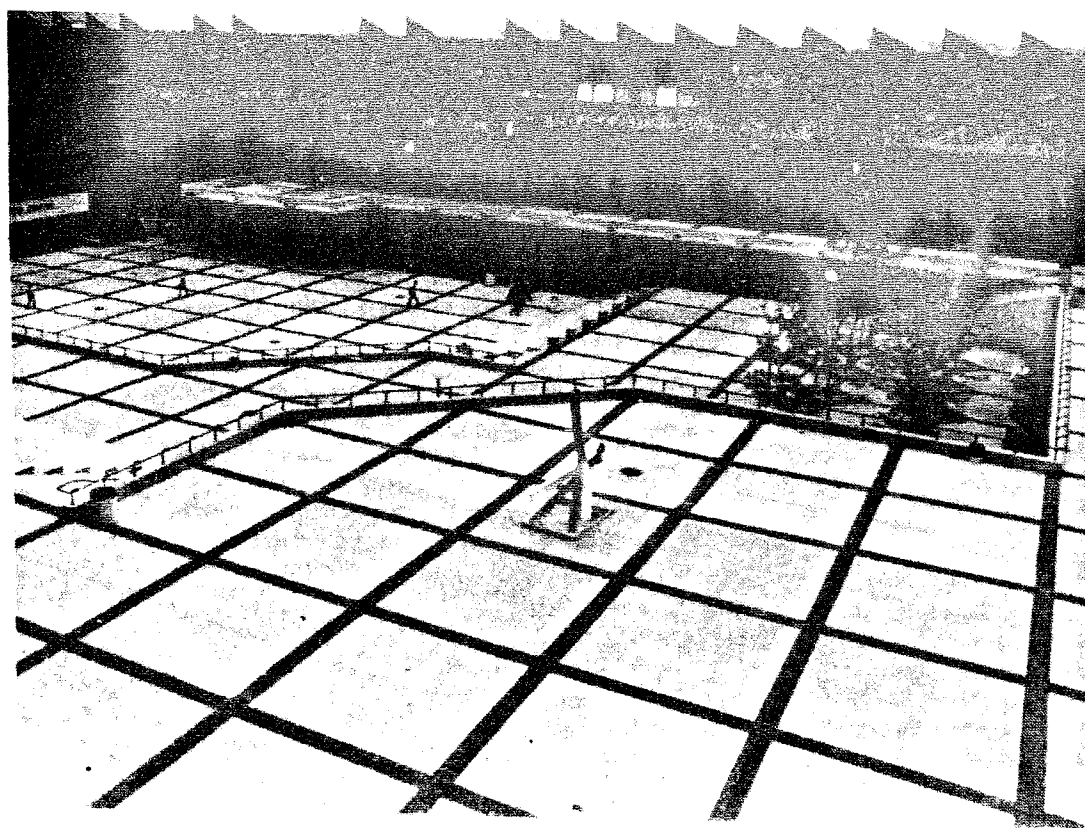
One of the most glaring inaccuracies is the article's description of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war as an aggressive act on the part of Israel when it is a recognized historical fact that Israel was attacked in a concerted effort mounted by four separate nations. Additionally, the Arab League's recent Fez agreement is lauded as a "positive step that should be supported" even though this accord conspicuously omits any mention of the existence of Israel.

Sensationalistic adjectives abound throughout the article, detracting even further from its

credibility as an accurate portrayal of the situation transpiring between Israel, Lebanon, and the Palestinians. The use of "fascists" to describe the Lebanese Christians and "Zionist" to describe the Israelis can only have been an attempt at inciting factionalism of the lowest order. A statement that "international and U.S. media have documented that the Israelis transported fascist Lebanese Christian troops... to the camps and then encouraged the Lebanese fascists to 'mop up' the Palestinians," appears in the article without specifying where the phrase "mop up" originated.

The balance of the October 8 issue is similarly tainted by highly biased reportage, two political cartoons in place of an editorial, and a preponderance of racist overtones. The article referred to above was neither bylined nor properly attributed to the sources from which it was drawn. If Blackworld continues to publish issues styled similarly to those they have been printing until now, the degree to which they are serving those they purport to represent must be brought into question. We cannot believe that the editorial board of Blackworld condones the anti-semitism their newspaper is promoting and must ask them publicly why they have refused to present more than one extreme side of so volatile an issue.

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Front Page Photos:

Utopia- Dave Morrison
Crenshaw- Eric Wessman

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Trustees Down Dorm Rate Hike

by Joe Caponi

Yesterday morning in the State University of New York headquarters building in Albany, the SUNY Board of Trustees refused to accede to a request from SUNY Chancellor Clifton Wharton to include an \$80 a year dorm rent increase in their proposed annual budget. Instead the trustees have given the Student Association of the State University of New York the option of devising an alternate plan SUNY can use to raise the required money without increasing fees.

The SUNY Board of Trustees is a fifteen member group of appointees who advise the SUNY Chancellor and must ratify SUNY's proposed budget. The only seat on the board reserved for students is that of the head of the Student Association of SUNY (SASU), a statewide group lobbying "to represent, advocate, and further the interests and welfare of the students of the State University of New York." Most SUNY colleges, including all of the University centers, except for Stony Brook, are members.

According to Jim Tierney, the SASU trustee, the other Trustees refused to pass the dorm increase because of both the rushed nature of the budget pro-

cess this year, and because dorm rates have risen \$150 annually from 1979 through 1982.

The Trustees met at 8 AM Wednesday in the conference room on the top floor of the beautiful old castle-like building that houses the SUNY Central Administration. The large room was filled with a hundred people, mostly students who had come to protest the rent increase. While Stony Brook

has chosen not to join SASU officially, largely because of the feeling among Polity officials that the value of membership is not worth the cost in dues, Polity Secretary Barry Ritholtz was there to represent Stony Brook.

Chancellor Clifton Wharton opened the meeting by reading a long statement describing the budget proposal and apologizing for its lateness. The budget was sent

to the Trustees last Friday for them to vote on at that meeting which, according to SASU, had caused many of the Trustees to feel that they are being used as simply a rubber stamp. Wharton explained instead that since the current year's budget was not approved until almost six months into the budget year, the confusion and problems therein prevented the

continued on page 9



courtesy of Statesman/Eric Ambrosio

New York's Finest The Life And Times Of Gov. Charles Poletti

by Greg Scandaglia

The political career of Charles Poletti is a fascinating one. In 1937, Herbert Lehman, the Governor of New York State, appointed Poletti to fill a vacancy that had occurred in the State Supreme Court. After only six months, he became the candidate of all parties for a full fourteen year term. His annual income shot up to \$25,000, a huge salary at the time, but Charles Poletti was not concerned about the money. He chose to step down from this position and campaign for the office of Lieutenant Governor at \$10,000 per year. After winning this election in 1938, Poletti gained a great deal of notoriety for his outspoken opposition to Fascist and Nazi propaganda in the United States. As defense coordinator in 1941, he was responsible for saving the federal government millions of dollars by offering 150 idle factories in New York State to be reopened for war production. Poletti's political career reached new heights when, in August 1942, James A. Farley, Democratic State Chairman, appointed Poletti to draft the party platform of the state convention. In November 1942, after

securing renomination by the convention, Poletti ran for re-election to the office of Lieutenant Governor against Thomas W. Wallace. Defeated by only 20,000 votes, Charles Poletti was unknowingly about to become the first Italian-American Governor of New York State.

With only 29 days left in his term, Governor Herbert Lehman formally relinquished his post to assume the duties of United States Director of Foreign Relief. At 4:15 on December 2, the ceremony was over and Charles Poletti made his first press statement as acting governor. He told a New York Times reporter, "It is a great honor to be, even for a short while, Governor of the State of New York. That honor I shall assume with a deep sense of responsibility. Mrs. Poletti appreciates the honor of being the First Lady of the state. In my opinion, she will be a very attractive First Lady."

Poletti's public image was at a peak and his political career looked more promising than ever but the ensuing 29 days would change all that. Whether he was overtaken by yuletide good will or by a sense that he owed the American Labor Party for their tremendous backing during the 1942

election, Poletti granted commutations to fourteen state prisoners including six convicted murderers. This action was legally within the Governor's power, however, three of the New York convicts, all serving sentences from union-terrorism convictions, were released without Parole Board recommendations. Although not technically illegal, the release of any state prisoner without recommendation is so far from standard procedure that the conservative press lambasted Poletti's initiative. The outrage centered around Alexander Hoffman, a C.I.O. official and reputed Communist sympathizer.

Hoffman was sentenced to four to eight years in Sing Sing for attempted arson in the second degree, attempted arson in the third degree and conspiracy. It was alleged that Hoffman and his fellow defendants wished to convince Kent Stores Inc., to pressure the company into such a move, Hoffman sewed phosphorous incendiary devices coated with paraffin, which would melt during the cleaning process, into clothing and sent the bundle to a Kent Store. The scheme however, was uncovered and Hoffman arrested. Hoffman served only seven months of his sentence before he was freed, on

probation, by Poletti's order.

The conservative press was quick to uncover Hoffman's prior criminal arrests which included two counts of felonious assault, one count of assault and one count of malicious mischief. Poletti's political reputation became soiled as journalists from Scripps Howard, Time Magazine and Journal-American expressed their outrage concerning the affair. Time Magazine called it a "political boner" and Scripps Howard's columnist Westbrook Pegler referred to the commutation as "a nasty, sordid deal".

On January 18, 1942, weeks after Dewey's gubernatorial inauguration, Poletti spoke to the American people over radio station WMCA. Although he admitted that he was unaware of Hoffman's previous record, Poletti insisted that "It is my considered judgement that on the basis of the information presented to me, I made no error or mistake in commuting Hoffman's sentence."

Poletti survived the bad publicity and his term of four weeks and a day are viewed favorably by most historians. During the remaining war years, Poletti went on to serve in North Africa and in Italy as Special Assistant to War Secretary Stimson.

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EROS is a peer counseling organization that provides information on birth control, sexually transmitted disease, sexual health care, pregnancy testing, and pregnancy and abortion referral. EROS is located in the Infirmary Rm. 119. Monday-Friday or call 246-LOVE.

**The Health Awareness Club
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Frederick von Mierers**

The world-renowned psychic Hindu astrologer who is often heard on WBAB's Joel Martin Show will be lecturing on the Hindu Vedas and Hindu Cosmology. There is no charge for the lecture.

Date: Thursday night, November 4
Time: 7:30 p.m.
Place: Lecture Hall Rm. 100

Kelly C Coffeehouse

Located in the Kelly C basement, the Coffeehouse is the place to go to take a break from studies, or just have fun. Fresh baked goods are picked up twice a week, besides our usual supply of bagels, hot chocolate, fruit, chips, yogurt, twinkies, soda, coffee and more. You can play **Donkey Kong**, **Ms. PacMan**, or **Frogger**, if you do not want to play pool, air hockey, or foosball. Try it out, from 7 p.m.-1 a.m. Sun. to Wed., and from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Thurs. and Fri.

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The National Physics Honor Society is now soliciting applications for membership. Requirements for membership and application forms may be obtained from The Society of Physics Students office in Rm. S-140 of Grad Physics. The application deadline is Nov. 5th.

So get to it!

Fantasy Campaign Club

The Fantasy Campaign Club is a group of students who are interested in the fantasy genre. We will be holding a campaign for the election of a student body president who will represent the fantasy community. We are looking for students who are interested in the fantasy genre and who are willing to campaign for a student body president.

**If You Want To Go Parachuting —
Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is!**

If you are going to parachute with us, the 13-14 of Nov. will be your last chance. If you aren't, then stop telling us you are. What a bunch of major league whuffos! There will be a meeting of the Parachute Club on Thursday, Oct. 28 at 5:30 p.m. in the O'Neill Fireside Lounge to discuss details. The jump will cost about \$60. For more info, call Hawkeye at 6-5285.

Budget

new budget proposal from being in on September 15, the day it was due.

Other speakers appeared before the Trustees, and in the dry, boring talk that accompanied almost all budget meetings of any scale, explained the more mundane points.

Finally, SASU leaders were allowed to speak out against the rent increases. The final decision set by the Trustees approved the Chancellor's budget almost completely, but holds back on the rent increase. If SASU can devise

an alternative plan to raise the money that the Chancellor says is necessary, then the Trustees have indicated they would be receptive toward it.

As of the time of this writing, SASU leaders seem unsure of what to do. Pleased and a little surprised at this victory, they plan to work intensively on a viable proposal.

Whatever the outcome, the SUNY budget will go to the State Legislature to be considered and then will be sent to the Governor for his signature.

Trustees

The following is an excerpt from SUNY Chancellor Clifton Wharton's introduction of his budget proposal to the SUNY Board of Trustees. It covers all of the important changes between this year's and last year's budget.

State-Operated and Statutory Campuses

There are several key issues involved in the budget recommendations. A summary review may be helpful in Trustee decisions.

Enrollment: This year's enrollment on the State-operated campuses was deliberately lowered to be closer to the budgeted level, though still 1.1 percent above it. The budget request for 1983-84 (194,971 headcount) is about the same as this year's (194,903), with a shift in the mix between undergraduate (lower) and graduate (higher).

— Is this goal proper?

— Should it be lower and, therefore, further below this year's actual?

— Should it be higher and respond to the larger demands for access to our campuses?

2. Out-of-State Tuition: You will recall at our budget hearing on March 3, legislative leaders expressed a strong view on the need to alter this discrepancy. On May 5, once again leading Assemblymen urged the University to raise its out-of-State tuition levels to be more comparable, especially at the undergraduate level. At the May meeting of the SUNY Board of Trustees, we presented and discussed materials on SUNY's out-of-State tuition levels and the related issue of residency regulations. The materials and analysis showed that SUNY's out-of-State tuition charges are substantially below those at public institutions in nearby states. At its June meeting, the SUNY Board directed us to alter our residency requirements and to prepare a set of recommendations which would place SUNY's out-of-

State tuition more in line with other public institutions.

Rule-making to change the residency requirement was begun in August, reported to the Board of Trustees in September, and is to be acted upon at this month's meeting.

After considerable analysis and review, our preliminary conclusion is for a flat \$1,400 across-the-board increase for all out-of-State tuition. This increase places SUNY's charges about at the average of other states' current levels which will undoubtedly rise higher in the fall 1983. The estimated additional revenue of \$10 million, based on this assumed level, is included in the estimated revenue for 1983-84.

If the assumed changes in out-of-State student tuition are acceptable to the Trustees, a formal recommendation will be brought to the Board at a later date. However, the revenue generated by this assumption has to be included in the budget submission.

— Is the proposed out-of-State increase too high?

— Will the increase adversely impact graduate enrollments? undergraduate enrollments?

— Will it have a disproportionate negative impact upon the Arts and Sciences campuses? the Ag and Tech campuses?

— Should such a large increase take place in stages rather than in a single jump?

Trustees should note that the budget request assumes no increases in in-State tuition levels.

3. Dormitory Rates: The proposed budget contains additional revenues from dormitory rents to cover projected inflationary cost increases which are included in the expenditure budget. The estimate assumes an \$80 per-bed increase. This increase is almost half the last increase and represents our continuing efforts to offset the impact of inflation and to avoid an increase in the State subsidy level. Again, any change in dormitory rates will have to be made at

a later date, but the assumption is necessary for the purposes of building the expenditure and revenue budgets.

Given the other expected increases in student cost of attendance, no attempt is being made to move toward self-sufficiency as defined by the Task Force.

— Is the cost-only increase reasonable?

— Should any effort be made to move toward the Task Force goal?

— Given the general increases in cost of attendance, should the dormitory cost increase be absorbed by an increase in the State tax subsidy and, if so, which program cuts or alternative revenue sources can be identified?

4. Medical: Medical programs continue to absorb a significant percentage of our new dollars. For example, hospital operations (mostly Stony Brook) and the Queens Clinical campus represent 12 percent of the system's proposed increase. We should note that the ongoing increases of the hospitals are largely supported from increased hospital-generated income.

A proposal is being developed by the LCER (Legislative Commission on Expenditure Review) to allow SUNY hospitals and clinics separate budget techniques and policies. The new Chief Budget Examiner has also expressed a

strong interest in some form of separate handling of the University's hospitals and clinics. In the interim, the following questions arise from the budget submission:

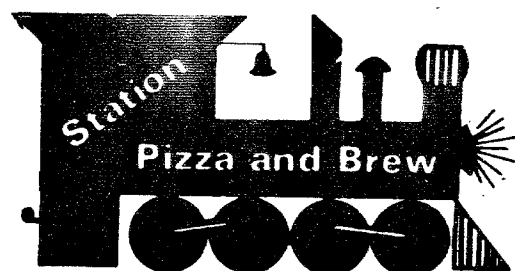
— Should the opening of the Queens Clinical campus be delayed? (Delays have occurred in implementation, and the original schedule with a first class intake in September 1984 is in serious jeopardy. Moreover, the full recovery plan for Downstate Medical has not been approved or implemented.)

— Should the University proceed with the development of its own plan for separate budgeting for hospitals and clinics or should it wait for the completion of the LCER study?

5. Student Financial Aid: The proposed budget requests the continuation of the SUSTA program (Supplemental Tuition Assistance program) at its current level, of the Graduate Opportunity program of \$600,000 (current level), and an increase in graduate fellowships of \$610,000. The tuition reimbursements or waivers include once again \$700,000 for foreign students (need based) and \$31,500 for our Honors Program. As you know, the latter two programs were requested but not included in the Executive Budget for 1982-83. We continue to believe that such programs are in the best interests of SUNY and the State of New York.

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who is John Tom?

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The Press meets Monday nights at 8:00 in the basement of Old Bio. Be there.

Get to know the Press
Get to know John Tom

Thumbs Up For Students

by Dave Reitman

Whose side are you on, anyway? As Stony Brook students, we might ask ourselves this question now and then. We SAY education is for the mutual benefit of society. Stony Brook is a place to grow, to learn how to deal with the world around us and accept it as it is. We grow to love each other here, and learn to communicate as well. It is through this communication that we help each other to live.

Why then are there elements within the control of the administration that are seemingly opposed to the very things we attend Stony Brook for?

The campus police are supposed to be working WITH US and for us, NOT AGAINST US. Aren't we all on the same team, guys? We are intimidated (when they're not laughing) by the very people who are hired to protect us. Hitchhiking students, instead of getting help (or at least no resistance) from campus security, get threatened with summonses.

Although hitchhiking is illegal, doesn't the administration have some jurisdiction on the campus grounds? Does hitchhiking have to be illegal at Stony Brook? Many of us do not have cars or money. Tootsie Taxi is NOT the way to get around, and the buses come whenever they come. This is a large

campus, and hitching is the most efficient way for some of us to get around (just take a nice stroll from the union over to P-Lot on a Saturday afternoon in February).

Criminal behavior is one thing, but students who are not hurting anybody else should be allowed to live here in peace. Our campus police have no right to interfere in the personal business of our students, and this administration has no right to allow this force to impose a code of behavior on the students, especially in such an intimidating, unfriendly manner. Our police have a lot of nerve treating us so badly, especially since we create the need for these people in the first place.

We as a student body may not be able to effect change immediately, but we can raise our voices and be heard. By administration, and by the police. We can let these people know that we are aware of what is going on here. Some of us do not see it, but it is happening. We are being told, albeit subtly, to buckle down and take orders. Don't smoke pot, don't thumb a ride, be good boys and girls.

Well? What do we do, kids? *Convince ourselves that we got it good, that things are really not that bad?* After all we have roofs over our heads and food to eat. It's true, that economically and materially most of us are in no immediate danger. But the very ideals of exist-

ence are being threatened. What good is your house or dorm if you can't be yourself and feel at home? This is the issue.

Why, even the food we are offered in the union is serving only the interests of the people selling it, not to mention the superficial aspects of various people's taste-buds. There is very little food to grow on at the union. No food to make you feel good so you can study better, just a lot of phoney "taste sensations." Even the "homemade" chicken soup served at DAKA is made with processed chicken meat product. Limp vegetables, Wonder bread, too-sweet pastries. If you are a vegetarian, a species of Stony Brook student that makes up a noticable portion of the campus, you can forget it altogether. Not to mention the exorbitant prices for this trash. Are you listening, FSA? Ninety cents for a brownie?

Enough complaining. Remember, we are supposed to be happy, well provided for young men and women. And it's up to us to make the world we live in better for everyone, not just you and me. Express yourselves, and we can reach the goals we strive for, even if it means nothing more than being able to buy a whole wheat felafel in the union for lunch.

(The writer is an undergraduate.)

Exploit or Enjoy

by Mandy Mason

One night last week I danced ceaselessly, disco motown reggae motion on and on till my limbs moved alone with no mental consent: once you get started it's so very hard to stop! My hips moved with one woman only, two beautifully gay friends in a sea of male couples. We were friends when the music started, anyhow, but by the last call even our lips wiggled together.

You're thinking, so what? Besides the nice feeling that two lesbians don't make a wrong, the night seemed fairly usual. But when the music wound down and my feet touched the ground I noticed that we had attracted more than our usual share of attention from the other people in the bar, which puzzled me. Surely two lesbians dancing in a gay bar should not be remarkable, and our movements were not especially lewd or exotic. And then I realized that our movements did seem exotic to many people, simply because my lover and I form a very striking contrast; the pink of my skin sets off her rich brown glow very nicely. In other words she's Black and I'm white and some people in this gay bar weren't crazy about the idea.

So, they're fucked up, right? Another clear and despicable example of how racism ruins even your best dancing nights. Yet I know many interracial couples, and there are a few whose motives do seem questionable. One white ex-friend of mine once ran her mouth to me for an hour about the glories of sleeping with Third World Women. How politically correct! As I listened I began to imagine how far such an attitude could go: if she went to the city and looked hard enough, she could probably find a Third World Jewish lesbian with a wooden leg.

But would she really like her? Some people grasp the fact that white people are no better than Blacks, yet at the same time they claim that Blacks are somehow bet-

ter than whites: racism can not be a one-way street. If your lover is of a different race, do you walk proudly with her because your friends will think you're cool, or because she digs the way you sing? Do you think of your lover or of your Black/white lover?

And, as with all issues, this matter does not concern gays only. Many interracial relationships between men and women also rest on exploitation of a different type. The history of white men's use of Black women does not need elaboration. Also, these days many Black men go out with white women because they can get over on them with less effort than it takes to abuse women of their own race; their white girlfriends perpetuate the situation with their emotional prostration before the figure of the mythical Black stud. Some Black women search, at least unconsciously, for a different mythical figure: Big Daddy.

So, many times interracial relationships are not cool. You can see how a descendant of the slaves could have trouble getting along with a descendant of the slaveowners, and vice-versa. But you're thinking, hold up! That's right, I just told you about my Black girlfriend: do I want to exploit her or enjoy her? I don't know, that's why I'm writing this essay.

To work this problem out, I've described two extreme attitudes which I've known through experience: hopefully my own situation falls somewhere in between them. An attraction to a Black women does not make me inherently racist, or nonracist. My lover comes from a different, tropical culture far removed from New York, and so she doesn't look like me. These contrasts do hold my attention, but that appeal would not lessen if she came from Russia instead of the Carribean; my lover charms me with the easy manner of her mind, not with the color of her skin. If it feels good, do it, but first think about why it feels so good.

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Don't Need To Be Forgiven?

by Ned Goldreyer

Pete Townshend, who took the social and moral confusions of a generation and turned them into a carefully stylized career of anthem writing, is now selling Schlitz on late night television. As the commercial opens, we are on stage with the Who rehearsing for one of their farewell shows. First seen is the back of a man dressed in a sleeveless black shirt and wrist bands. "Damn," you will mutter to yourself, "if that doesn't look like Kenny Jones," and right you will be. There are cans of Schlitz strategically placed atop amplifiers that stand among the typical pre-concert clutter of wires and small black equipment boxes. In order of appearance we then see Entwistle, Daltry, and Townshend standing, strumming, and singing, but no one is near or touches the beer cans. The voice-over announces "Schlitz and the Who" at the beginning and "Schlitz rocks America" right before Daltry screams "It's hard!" to end the spot.

I was irked. I had been irked when I saw Dave Mason, Eddie Rabbit, Gary U.S. Bonds, and Jimmy Buffet all (at different times) sing for Miller, but for some reason when these commercial artists began hawking beer there wasn't really much need to question their integrity. These

are men who make music to make money, and if they choose to rent their time and talents to Miller, few would join campaigns to boycott their albums because they had "sold out".

Not wishing to delude ourselves, we also realize the Who "make music to make money," but somehow we want to believe there was more behind their lyrics than the desire to generate capital. It may have been our appeal to a higher good, an idea that Townshend was actually trying to tell us something, and might even have done so without our having to throw money at him.

If there is a message within the Who's lyrics, it is Townshend's (and occasionally Entwistle's) views of and on reality, and that it is the task of the individual listener to decide how or whether to apply that vision. In the rock opera *Tommy*, we were taught not to "take it"; that organized religion is a racket and businessmen are corrupt ogres who do mean things to small children. *Quadrophenia* said we didn't know what we wanted out of life, but it sure as hell didn't include facing the future. Through Jimmy's eyes we learned our goals are pointless, our parents are lower life forms, and you've got to put on a mask to make it in the "real" world. It afforded no alternatives to conforming with society's norms, except to check out early and gamble on seeing

an "Infidels Welcome" sign flashing outside the gates of paradise.

Far from promoting change or rebellion, the Who sang of hopelessness, rejection, and futility. Listening to the lyrics of "Won't Get Fooled Again," one can only get the impression that we have no choice. "The party on the left, is now the party on the right, and the beards have all grown longer overnight. . . and things look just the same, and history ain't changed. . ." Nothing too positive, but at least it confirms what we already suspected, which is sometimes just as good.

Rock sells. It sells itself and it sells almost anything attached to it. If a song has a message that's fine, but it doesn't mean squat unless it's on the charts. The seventies revelation that we are all motivated solely by personal gain sort of puts the lid on writing tunes with "deeper" meanings at the risk of losing one's public, unless the writer is willing to trade off short term gains for the chance his fans will defy him for telling them what's what no matter how much the truth stings. The punks thrive on this theory, and few will deny the Who were the godfathers of punk. They said how much life hurts, how quick love is, and that materialists rule but you're one too. Pink Floyd, after running out of songs based on Syd Barret's hallucinations on

subsequent descent into insanity, began producing albums built on the theme that money making is a nasty awful thing that no one really likes, but we're going to charge you eight dollars to hear us say it.

Where is the line drawn? Why, if we are willing to make rich those who say wealth is meaningless for saying wealth is meaningless should we become unnerved whether they sell beer or VCR's or fire insurance? Because of control. We decide to buy or not to buy albums, and whether or not to trust the sincerity of those who create them. When these artists sell their names to products that have nothing to do with their art, we rightfully feel betrayed, and what they have done casts doubt upon their commitments to their craft. There are, however, more concrete reasons for feeling it is wrong for the Who to promote Schlitz - Pete Townshend is a reformed alcoholic who probably would not touch a Schlitz if, well, if you paid him, but perhaps more importantly, Keith Moon's death was the result of a mixture of barbituates and Anubuse, a drug he was taking to combat his own alcoholism. There may be a vague zone where earning a living seems to merge with selling out, but promoting something you will not use because it killed your friend and bit off a piece of your life is

unforgivable.

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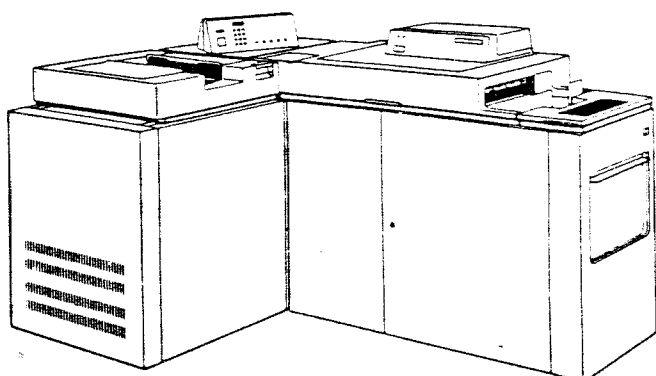
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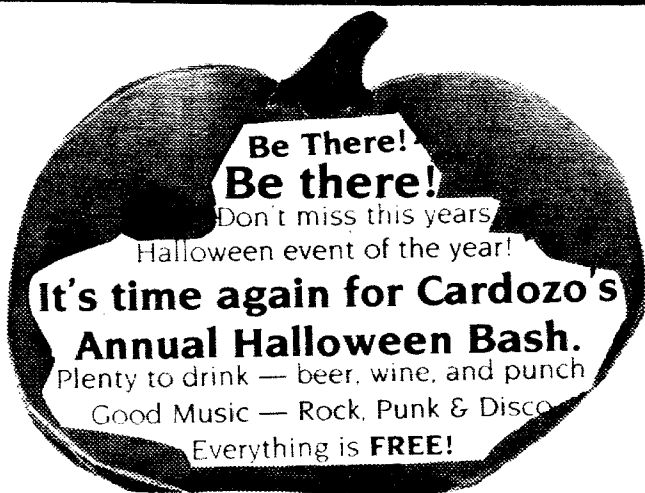
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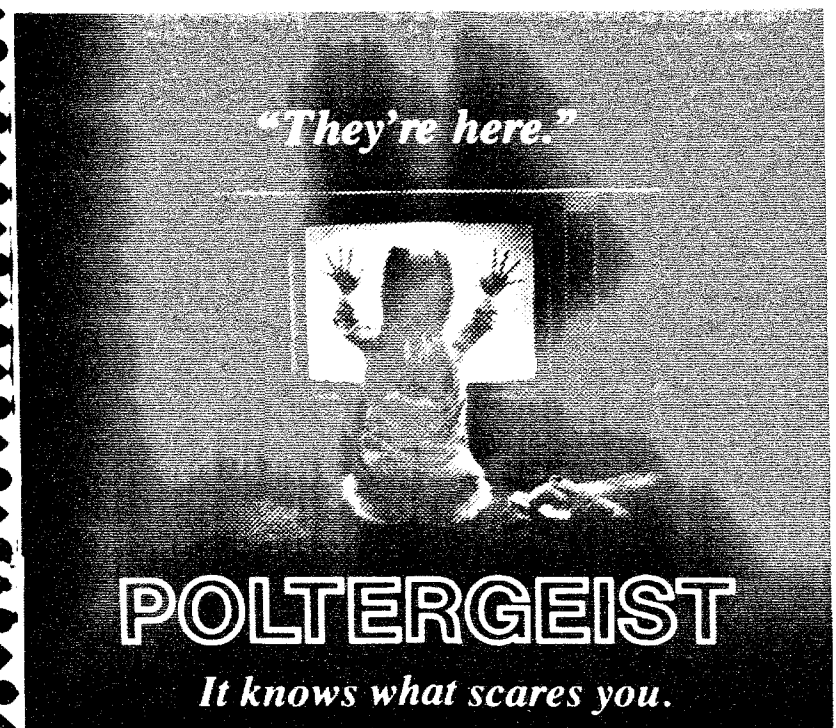
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Romeo Void

by Kathy Esseks

Benefactor
Romeo Void
Columbia Records

"I might like you better if we slept together." Debora Iyall sings the refrain to "Never Say Never" in a petulant voice on Romeo Void's latest album *Benefactor*. The group appeals to the romantic (Romeo) pessimist (Void) within us. According to a handy dictionary, a benefactor is a "kindly helper", and Romeo Void is kindly helping us to an ironic view of life on this talented, uneven album.

Iyall is the group's lyricist and vocalist. She recites the lyrics in a sing-song whine that occasionally finds a melody — but only occasionally. Although she whines, don't assume that Iyall's voice is completely irritating (I've never heard anyone praise Dylan's melodic tones although any real comparison is farfetched) — she merely projects a tough-chick stance that highlights her lyric poems. hope and is preoccupied with look-

On "Never Say Never", "Flash-flood," and "Orange," her languid, bored attitude is casually cutting — reminiscent of Lou Reed. While Reed is angry and alienated about life in general, Iyall is not so blatantly upset about life; her problems are failed relationships, an amazingly popular and prevalent topic in the music world. Despite all the happily cohabitating people on earth songs about satisfactory relationships seem to make others wince and groan — rejection and frustration are the experiences that sell.

The world Iyall creates within the songs of *Benefactor* is a montage of episodes in the disappointed life of a woman whose romantic encounters leave a lot to be desired. "If time itself was his demeanor/ There'd be no sunlight. . . ." "Get that jerk off yer back," and "I'll make you pay me first/You think you'll pay me last," are samples of the situations she gets into and the type of people she meets. Her world seems singularly devoid of flights of philosophical fancy, if you're inclined that way.

Iyall talk-sings to the sparse, framework excellently written by the other members. Benjamin Bossi's colorful, bluesy sax insinuates their way into the forefront of all the cuts. Lenny Carter's drums and percussion are often the only sounds behind Iyall's voice and they never miss a beat although the repetitiveness verges on nervewracking at some points. At those times one can drift off into fantasies of listening to a crazed video game bemoaning its trivial existence. Peter Woods and Frank Zincavage handle guitar and bass, respectively, and help flesh out the very spare drum work behind the Iyall's vocals.

Benefactor is sometimes repetitive and grating but overall it is effective. The combination of Iyall's disdainful, slightly belligerent lyrics and the stripped down, bluesy music is wonderful on the best cuts and trying hard on the others. Romeo Void has interesting musical things to say and has pretty much gotten the hang of giving form to its ideas.

Translator's New Release

by Bob Goldsmith

Translator
Heartbeats and Triggers
Columbia

Listening to *Translator* is like being locked in a dark room with only a loaf of white bread or a reheated airline soufflé to keep you company. The dark room is in the middle of a nursery school so you can't be scared and you're not hungry so the bland food can't much except sit around and be bored.

Translator stumbles back and forth between brooding heavyhand-


ed rock and ephemeral pop. They can take pride in the fact that they are equally clumsy at both. Songs like "Nothing Is Saving Me," "Dark Region" and "Favorite Drug" attempt to find a home in the realm of the black nether-worlds of near-psychosis which Echo and the Bunnymen have firmly staked out. However, unlike the Liverpoolian Bunnymen, the San Franciscan *Translator*ites fail to inject any charm, intensity or savvy into their lurking compositions. There is no mystery in *Heartbeats and Triggers*, only trumped-up angst. This is hardly sufficient because even the best

actor would sound like a jerk getting worked up over lines like "I'm tearing my hair out/I'm watching the weather change/My thoughts are like spiders/They catch me in their webs" from "Favorite Drug." On the other side of the ward are wounded pop ditties like "When I Am With You", "Everywhere That I'm Not", "My Heart, Your Heart." Lame pop-rockers are inoffensive enough by themselves but when they are combined with lumbering ghastly-rockers, a pretty gruesome whole is formed. No amount of psychedelic guitar solos ("Necessary Spinning") or contrived harmony crooning ("Nothing Is

Saving Me") could possibly pump enough life into this cadaver to make the effect worthwhile.

Like the cheerleaders who try to rouse the crowd when the home team is losing 47-0, I could point out that "Necessary Spinning" and "Everywhere That I'm Not" aren't quite as arthritic as their dubious companions. But when placed in such a dreary setting as *Translator*'s debut album even two passably good songs sound formulaic and forced.

The Russians have a saying, "Eezbyegai eto takoi byedstviye," which *Translator* could tell you means "avoid" this like the plague.

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Utopian Performance

by Pete Marneli

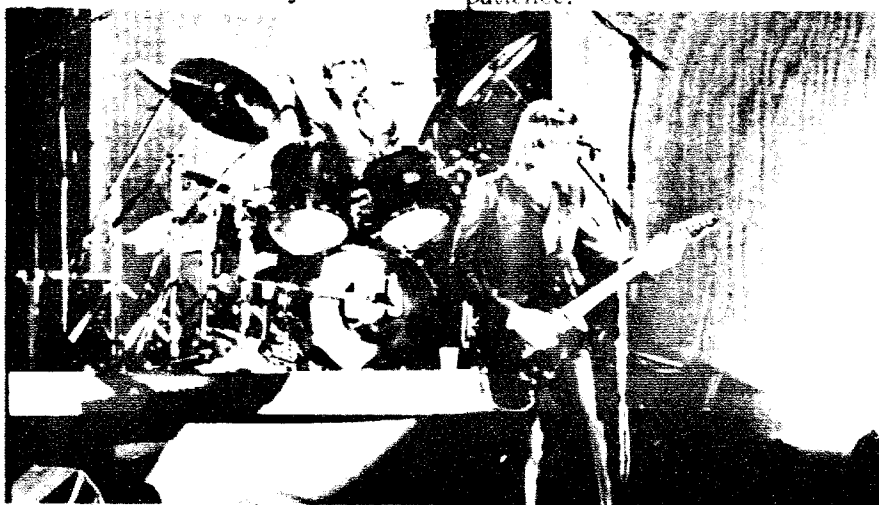
The dechebelic debauchery practiced by Utopia at their performance last Saturday night certainly left an impression. I have followed Todd Rundgren and Utopia for many years and through many phases of their career and I eagerly anticipated the Stony Brook show but... well, let's start at the beginning.

Perhaps the biggest event of the evening was the appearance of Utopia dressed in business suits. The Beatles' Shea Stadium performance still has repercussions. The night started off fast and with great promise for the first three or four numbers. This solid hard rock opening was highlighted by Rundgren's tune, "Couldn't I Just Tell You," which loyal fans knew from the dim, dark, past recording Something/Anything. At this point I felt that the show had definite potential, though I do remember thinking, as a diehard Rundgren fan, that he should have done more of the vocals.

All the members did a fine job -- Roger Powell on keyboards, Willie Welcox on drums, and Kasim Sultan on bass. As hoped, Rundgren was his usual energetic, fun self on stage, hopping and twisting around with his cordless guitar (something a performer of his style absolutely requires), exhibiting bits and pieces of flashy musicianship. The sound was remarkably clear, which has not always been true of Utopia performances. Perhaps this band should play gymnasiums more often.

After the promising opening

Utopia moved into a gray zone, musically speaking, for roughly thirty to sixty minutes. As anticipated, the group performed an array of songs ranging over rock 'n' roll, jazz fusion, pop ballads, and straining attempts at new wave, and played with an admirable tightness of sound, musicianship, and harmonizing. However, it was with this tightness that I found myself disen-



chanted to a certain degree. At each Utopia concert I've attended in the last three or four years I've yearned to hear the band cut loose into the wild fusion jams once practiced at earlier periods in their career. Saturday the audience was teased with short, tight spurts from Powell and Rundgren for the first three-quarters of the show, but had to be satisfied with the new, pop Utopia style.

The band's cohesion, energy, and flash were all present during the evening's show, but a problem, from the audience's point of view was that this fall tour,

for which the Stony Brook gym was the kickoff date, is a theater for the display of Utopia's new material. Admittedly one expects a band to promote their latest album, but when the crowd recognizes only two or three of the tunes for the first fifty minutes of a hundred minute show, the performers are pushing the limit of the audience's patience.

One sign of life during this slow period was Utopia's hit from last spring, "Swing to the Right." On this piece Sultan's powerful vocals sneak in a bit of subtle commentary on western man's current state of affairs: "I don't want to be left holding the bag for them, excuse me for living but I've got some worries of my own."

In the last twenty-five minutes of the show things began to happen. The essence of Utopia and Todd Rundgren came to light. The only way to describe this spirit is to call it a little bit of energy which forms the nuc-

leus of the band. The predominating components are love, hope, unity, and of course, utopia. This is what keeps people coming back to see Utopia. This group can provide a tiny cosmic spark (which emanates from Rundgren) of pure positive thought which points a hopeful finger towards a door of human awareness and unity. This spirit is what was missing from the major part of the show, but it came alive at the end. This mental battle to preserve hope and faith in man burst forth, and it was at this point that the band began to soar for the first time that evening. This outburst was the Utopia that the audience had been waiting for.

They began this transcendent set with a soft, spirited ballad, featuring classic Rundgren vocals. From there they launched into "The Road to Utopia" in which the first true fusion jam of the night appeared and they reached rock utopia with "Love in Action." After this brief but powerful display of music, lyrics, and energy they abruptly ended the set. Two encores followed in the same vein -- "One World" and "Just One Victory", the piece which perhaps best captured the true heart of the group.

Most of the show was probably well worth the money, but it left something to be desired. I long for the days when the band hunted for utopia throughout an entire show and didn't just drop it on us at the end. Whenever the band appears, so does a tiny victory of spirit. I suppose that's all anyone could really ask for.

Crenshaw at S.B.

by Jeff Zoldan

With the gawkiness that epitomized Elvis Costello as a rookie and the soft, inoffensive American boyishness of Buddy Holly, Marshall Crenshaw manages to neatly fit in somewhere between these two music personas. Crenshaw leans more toward Holly with his easy blues progressions and simple arrangements, lacking the biting edge that Costello has crafted into an art. But he embodies all the greatness that made Holly a rock n' roll giant even before most people knew what rock n' roll was. Yet this embodiment of what now rings familiar in every rock fan's ear is also the major obstacle standing in Crenshaw's path of being recog-

nized as a premier talent in his own right.

Crenshaw has always stood in someone else's shadow, writing the songs that have made other performers famous. Most notably is Crenshaw's "Some Day, Some Way," who most people wrongly credit Robert Gordon with writing. But in the interest of self-advancement, Crenshaw has stopped hawking his wares to others and has thrown himself fully into his own recording and performing career. Last Sunday, Crenshaw pulled his power trio into the Union Auditorium, and without any middleman, displayed his talents to two small but enthusiastic audiences.

Crenshaw could easily be one of the best male vocalists in rock

music today. His sweet tenor glides through the sensitive ballads that classify Crenshaw as a "soulful balladeer." And while Crenshaw can ooze syrupy paens to women named "Mary Ann," he can also adjust to the gruffness of "Rocking Around In N.Y.C." These moments when Crenshaw could be mistaken for someone who gets rowdy don't come too often, though, so most of an evening spent listening to Crenshaw in concert is devoted to noting that he is a great pop artist.

Yet clues to Crenshaw's ability beyond the pop arena do surface from time to time. When Chris Donado lays down a bass line that pushes the song through Robert Crenshaw's basic drumming

while brother Marshall raps out some neat country tinged blues, one is presented with a sound not unlike what the Fogerty brothers produced with CCR. These moments don't occur too often as Crenshaw seems to have staked out the area known as Top 40 all to himself.

As gifted as Crenshaw may be, he still has not produced a sound that can honestly be considered original. The imprint of Buddy Holly is all too apparent throughout Crenshaw's entire style. Carrying over the lushness of Lennon and McCartney harmonies also adds to the fact that Crenshaw is good at what he does: borrowing from others without creating something of his own.

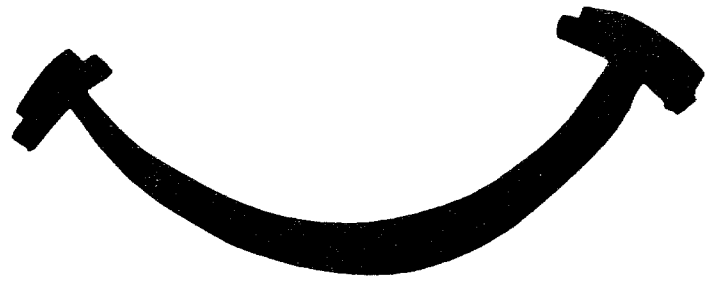
All That Jazz

by Mark Mancini

When people think of Jazz music, they generally tend to think of the more commercially successful ditties that most radio stations play. When a Jazz enthusiast thinks of Jazz, he may think for hours. On Monday night, Phil Woods brought his quartet out to play some not to commercial entertainment. The Main Music Series has never allowed any other than the finest of classical, Baroque, Twentieth Century, and now Jazz performance to play in the Recital Hall. Last night we were graced with some of the finest. Phil Woods on alto sax, Hal Galper on piano, Bill Goodwin on drums, and Steve Gilmore on double bass played an acoustic Jazz performance, as the director of the Fine Arts Center, Mr. Terrence Netter introduced it. The music carried cleanly and clearly to the back of the hall, owing to the acoustical quality of the hall and of the sonority of the quartet.

When I asked Mr. Woods at the end of the show what his first commercial success was, he wryly replied that he was still waiting for one. After the giggling subsided, he admitted to his performance on Billy Joel's album, which forced a rephrasing of the question. Phil was brought up in Springfield, Massachusetts, and studied with a few good saxophone teacher's, both jazz and classical. He then went on to Juilliard, which was then in Manhattan, where he obtained his degree in music. A strong, classical background certainly did not hurt his style, but he did say that Artie Shaw was one of his main influences. From various gigs he got his big break in 1956 when he performed at the Birdland All-stars. From there he was picked up by Dizzie Gillespie where he stayed on. His first ensemble with pianist Mike Milello brought him some notoriety as a composer and arranger. The quartet as it stands, with the exception of Milello, was formed when he was gigging up in the Poconos and the four of them got together to jam. From there, they all figured that what they had together as a quartet was good and that, to quote the band-leader, "we figured we should stop wasting time and get together". Stop wasting time is exactly what they did. Since then the quartet has played all over America, Europe, and Asia. They have just recently toured Montreal, New York, Paris, The Madrid Jazz Festival, and now, Stony Brook. They have a series of albums, including the release several months ago of their newest creation: "Birds of a Feather" on the Antilles label.

They began the evening's performance with "Sprinville" to wake the audience up a little. This was followed by the Ray Mitchell rendition of "It's Time to Emulate the Japanese" which does just that in it's industrious, driving mood. True to form, Woods warmed up the sax with a spiralling solo, cueing the piano to solo. The tune "Repetition" proceeded with vibrant solos from the band, but the show was only beginning to move. A piano piece performed by Galper on the song "Everything Happens to Me" was balladesque and somber. Hal seems to listen very carefully to himself in his modulation. Paying attention to voice leading, the instrumentalist says something to his audience, not just wandering at the keyboard, but outlining the melodies which he sets in the verses. The band returned to do "You're Me" with fill on clarinet. It was here that first was heard his influence by Shaw. As he scats through the tune and solo he explores every register. A short break gave the band some breathing time. They returned with a piece by Miles Davis called "Nardis". This lively number smooths out Davis' wild and frenzied soloing. Where Miles would soar right out of register to notes unheard of on the sax, Woods halts the expectancy of the piece with a more traditional style. He does take it away, and even attempts a percussive effect by making a popping sound with the sax, but one can easily hear what the performer was trying to get across. The melody rang with a more Eastern tonality that Davis is known for, but it is all kept within a realm that Western even American listeners can appreciate. Next came a Horace Silver song called "Nica's Dream", which featured Goodwin on a drum solo. Goodwin, while concentrating heavily, seemed to play with his eyes closed, knowing exactly where to be. One can not describe the man as wild. He was not. More like efficient and full. This closed the performance and it was only after minutes of standing ovation by the near sell-out crowd that they returned to play one more; "A Summer Night" by Harry Warren. The show was extremely enjoyable and proved to be a nice break from the current performances. Between Rock and classical lies Jazz, a middle sound, to be easily enjoyed or dance-provoking. The Phil Woods Quartet lets the imagination run freely. Each performer is a soloist, and their trade-offs were interesting, exemplifying their talents while not being too showy or borish. The audience was fairly receptive, but surely pleased with the group's performance.



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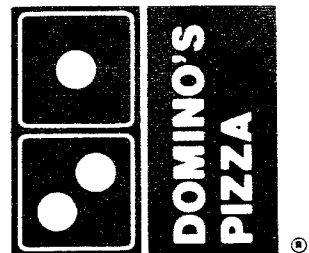
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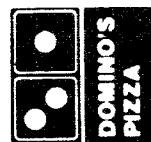
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The Bus Stops Here

by Joe Masset

The production of William Inge's *Bus Stop* which ran recently in Theater II was a lighthearted interpretation of a warmhearted, though mildly dated play. It was full of likeable characters all competently portrayed, and therefore made for an enjoyable night at the theater, but some rather disquieting choices on the part of the performers and director prevented it from being truly outstanding. Briefly, the play is about a group of bus passengers, stranded in a Kansas diner by a blizzard, who explore love, loneliness, and the gray areas between these extremes.

Lisa Ann Goldsmith played Elma, a teenage waitress. Her rather womanly stature stood firmly in the way of her portrayal of a sixteen-year-old girl, and this made me uneasy in the opening moments of the play. Later on, however, she brought a great deal of naive charm to her character by using a very clever set of young girl's mannerisms to make the audience a bit less conscious of the fact that they are watching an adult and not a teenager. In one scene, in which an impromptu talent show she has arranged among the people on stage goes wrong, Elma keeps trying to hush everyone. She finally gives up and sulks as only a sixteen-year-old girl can do.

Her unlikely love interest is Doctor Lyman, a middle aged college professor-turned-wanderer. Dr. Lyman was played by Anthony Liss, who was the most successful player in the cast in portraying an older character. Liss speaks in a declamatory style perfectly suited to a portrayal of an English teacher and

tied his performance up very neatly, but instead he underplayed his exit, slightly weakening his character.

Grace, the owner of the diner, is portrayed by Georgeanne Shepard, who captures the weariness and warmth of a woman left by her husband. Shepard often played Grace



drunken performance of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* was one of the best comic moments in the play. Liss also does this sort of soused babble under some of the dialogue, but he doesn't let it last long enough to get annoying. Liss did miss a terrific opportunity in his closing lines, which could have

for laughs, displaying her feisty side in one scene where she watches (with obvious delight) a fight between the sheriff and a young troublemaker.

That young troublemaker is Bo, an arrogant rodeo cowboy, played by Frank Hugelmeyer. Hugelmeyer's performance was carefully thought out but sometimes his cowboy mannerisms got to be a bit much; for example, whenever he's angry, he throws his hat on the floor. This wouldn't be a problem if it were only done once or twice, but Hugelmeyer presses it a little and it comes off as a learned "cowboy" mannerism. Looking past Bo's exterior, one can see an understanding of his character, from his egotism and toughness to his loneliness. Bo's entrance establishes his character as an abrasive sort; we are instantly annoyed by his rowdiness and lack of true warmth. Later, when he tries to convince everyone of his sensitivity, we see it as a ploy to win a girl. At the end of the play, after he is beaten by the sheriff, Bo drops his tough front and we see his true sensitivity. Hugelmeyer leads Bo along this path with a strong stage presence, and a clear, though accented speaking voice.

The girl whom Bo sets his sights on, Cheri, is a "chantoozy" from a small nightclub in Kansas City and she is wonderfully played by Lisa Perez. Perez has an adorably girlish voice, a bright and bouncy stage presence, and splendid comic timing. She won the audience with her opening, and kept us with her through most of her scenes. Occasionally, Cheri's mannerisms are forced as in her comic humming of "That Old Black Magic" when Bo begins shouting at her. Later, in the talent show, she does that same number, which leaves no doubt in anyone's mind why Cheri sings in a small nightclub. Perez put on one of the more likeable performances

in the play but her sense of humor often spilled over into her more serious scenes.

Andrew Fetherolf did marvelous work as Carl, the bus driver, who pairs up with Grace during the play. Carl is a wise guy, a fellow who one might occasionally see with a lampshade on his head. As a busdriver, he enjoys the limited prestige involved with his job, and Fetherolf captured this well.

Bo's sidekick is Virgil (Donald Cooper), and herein lies the cast's biggest problem. Virgil is supposed to be older than Bo but Cooper's build and facial structure prevent him from looking the necessary age for the role. Cooper used a convincing older man's voice to build the character up to a reasonable age but it's not enough to cover his physical limitations. Aside from this, Cooper's work was very affecting. His Virgil trivializes the loneliness he experiences when he's with other people but when he finds himself truly alone at the end of the play, Virgil betrays his deep sadness about his condition and we really feel for his character.

Gary Schiro played Will Masters, the law in these parts. His sheriff came off as a likeable but curiously clownish man. The sheriff's initial purpose on stage seems to be for comic relief in an essentially comic play, but in the third act, in which he tells everyone of the first time he lost a fight, we gain a bit more understanding of the man.

Tom Neumiller's direction carefully orchestrated the various conversations that take place on stage so that the correct ones are emphasized while other characters are talking on stage. This technique gets the information in the play across without having uninvolved characters suddenly fall silent making the action on stage seem more realistic. Only occasionally was attention drawn away from the actual play, usually toward Lyman's drunken Shakespeare or to watch Bo eat raw hamburgers.

Sue Dain's set was a homey imitation of a roadhouse with the feeling of a comfortable pocket where one could warm cold hands. Furniture was strategically placed to draw attention to important areas, without looking contrived. Mark Bridges' costumes were properly chosen to suit the characters, with one exception being the hat chosen for the sheriff, which was a wide, black affair that made him look like a Quaker.

John McKernon's lighting design was effective and economical, changing suitably to help direct the viewer's eye without looking unrealistic. The play's only technical problem was the imitation blizzard: sparse snowflakes fell straight down, seemingly immune to the wind which howled in every time someone opened the door.

Bus Stop, although not the most important play ever produced by the Theater Department, was certainly an enjoyable and often quite moving production.

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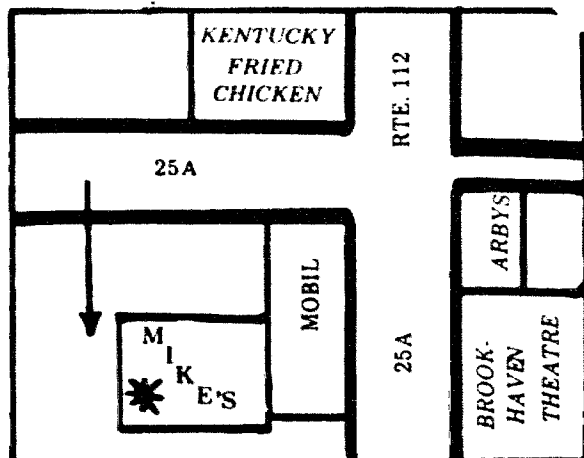
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Movie Reviews

continued from page 16

to mind Clint Eastwood's last movie, *Firefox*. Both Eastwood and Richard Gere (as Zack Mayo, in *Officer*) are saviors, reluctant from opposite directions. Eastwood is a retired pilot of monumental reputation, almost coerced out of his northern Canada hideaway and into saving America, and Gere is the son of a no-good American sailor, who's lived and raised his son in a brothel in the Philippines, determined not to be what his father was. One man is through with what the military stands for, and wants to be alone, and the other wants to be what the military can make him, because he "ain't got nothin' else". In both movies, we sit and watch, wondering if Eastwood and Gere can do it; if they indeed have in themselves what it takes. The question is "are these men good enough?" The viewer is peremptorily identified with the military, with the government, with America (while of course allowed personal sympathy for the struggles of Eastwood and Gere), which are precisely the things not questioned.

If *Firefox* is a renewal of cold war movies — them Ruskies are evil and out to get us — then *An Officer and a Gentleman* is about the ennobling of a young nobody so that he'll be better able to protect the spic, span, and blue honor of his, and his uncle Clint's coun-

try. These are truly Reaganoid movies. The big question is never asked in these movies. The integrity of war is never questioned in these movies. All that matters is whether Clint can think in Russian faster than the Ruskie in the other thought-controlled fairy-plane can, or whether Gere can make of himself what the U.S. Air Force requires, which in this movie is every bit spiritual as it is physical and mental. In a worldly, self-consciously calloused way, Drill Sergeant Foley (Louis Gossett, Jr.) belittles any qualms the new recruits might have about dropping napalm on civilians. He knows it's hardhearted, and inhumane, and ugly, blah blah blah, but it's his job to amputate any qualms or other useless emotional appendages like them his recruits might have, and to kick them out if they can't lose them.

What *Officer* has that *Firefox*, being an ardent cold war movie, didn't bother with is a love story. The base where Zack survives his training is located near a factory town. Employed at the factory are lots of young women eager to avoid the drudgery of factory life by landing themselves a pilot as a husband. Travel, respect, prestige — this is what the legal bond of marriage to a man in uniform means. Debra Winger and Lisa Blount play Paula Prokrifka and Lynette Pomeroy, two women

intent, to varying degrees, upon acquiring such a mate, and they meet Zack and his buddy Sid Worley (David Keith) at a dance on base.

The movie pairs the animal with the animal and the thoughtful with the thoughtful. Sid and Lynette each make eager remarks to their friends about the physical appearances of their prey beforehand, and they naturally get together, though it's probably more because Lynette had the bigger bosom, and Sid, being the man, does the initial picking. But Zack and Paula are attracted to each other anyway. They are more self-aware and discreet, and they're both honest, though, like Clint and Gere, in opposite directions — Zack isn't looking for a relationship but welcomes sex with no strings attached; and Paula wants sex very much but isn't so set against a relationship. She'd like to marry a pilot, but only if she really felt for him.

The inevitable happens, in perfect fairy tale fashion, but not before the movie almost makes a mistake and gets off the ground a little in conversation between the two women. They know that officer candidates take advantage of their availability, and they have differing strategies for dealing with it. We know it too — we've heard Sid tell Zack that Lynette "gives the best head in forty-two states", and this with regret in his voice as

he discloses the existence of a fiancée back in his home town in Oklahoma. And so, in light of the fact that the prospects of these two young resourceless women are rather bleak — life in a factory — it doesn't seem so bad that Lynette would be a little calculating in her dealings with her lover (cum abuser), Sid. Paula disagrees on principle, but Lynette wouldn't put it past herself to maybe let him believe that she's pregnant, in order to get him to marry her. And when she gets pregnant for real, she only hints at unwed motherhood, ignoring Sid's blithering about fatherly responsibility.

But the movie does her dirty. Inexplicably after he flunks, with relief, out of the training program with only three weeks to go, Sid is in love. He's suddenly found himself. He realizes he's never been officer material, that he was just emulating his Dad and an older brother, that the girl back home has lost meaning for him, and that he truly, deeply, comfortably, loves and wants to marry Lynette, whether she's pregnant or not (which her late period decides). They'll go back to Oklahoma and live with his mom and at first things will be tight because he won't be making much money but maybe after a couple of years he'll become floor manager...she tells him to get lost when she finds out he won't be a pilot, and he goes and hangs himself.



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The Sender and An Officer and a Gentleman

by Ron Dionne

The Sender

Directed by Roger Christian

Written by Thomas Baum

Produced by Edward S. Feldman

With Kathryn Harrold, Shirley Knight, and "introducing"

Zeljko Ivanek

Released by Paramount Pictures

An Officer and a Gentleman

Directed by Taylor Hackford

Written by Douglas Day Stewart

Produced by Martin Elfand

With Richard Gere, Debra

Winger, Louis Gossett, Jr., David

Keith

A Paramount Pictures release of a Lorimar production.

Both films at the Loew's Stony Brook Triplex, Hallock Road, Stony Brook.

The Sender is a would-be enigmatic goulash of a horror movie, borrowing from Brian de Palma's *Carrie* and Hitchcock's *Psycho* and somehow, Michael Douglas' *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Zeljko Ivanek plays the "sender", a young suicidal amnesiac with the ability to telepathically, in his sleep or in times of uncontrolled distress, project his feelings, dreams, or hallucinations onto the consciousness of those around him (i.e., "sending"). Something has shocked him into amnesia, something that has to do with his mysterious mother (Shirley Knight). He falls under the care of

Dr. Gail Farmer (Kathryn Harrold), a conscientious psychiatrist at the local state mental hospital. She's drawn to this "John Doe 83" for reasons that aren't shown but that we're told about later (something which is typical of this film — all too often we're told things rather than shown them, which is frustrating because of the two or three scenes in which the story moves along almost without dialogue, managing very well to be a movie and not just an idea for one). She's kind and interested and eager to help, and so he uses her as a medium through which to make known his problem. This trust in her seems to have nothing to do with her attractive figure set off constantly by slacks, sweaters, and very short nightclothes. Combined with her concern, it could understandably charm a young man in distress. Instead she is suspected of developing a crush on him, after struggling with and getting upset about several of his outgoing telepathic apparitions, not yet having realized that there's telepathy involved.

In fact, *The Sender* is a curiously sexless movie, though it seems to have been rendered so in the editing. Beyond this suspicion of a "crush", there are no other overt mentions of sex. But Farmer does wear a T-shirt to bed that doesn't cover her bottom if she reaches across a desk. And towards the end

of the film as she and the sender walk about the grounds of the hospital, he does, out of the blue, rather thoroughly look her over. And when he's released from the hospital, he kisses one of the woman patients goodbye, and she almost purrs in delighted surprise, smiling, and pressing herself sensually against the window of the "Elopement Risk" ward. These three scenes are all essential to the film. The bedroom scene is the occasion of the first apparition. When the sender looks at Farmer's body, they're in the midst of a discussion of his recovery. And he only says goodbye once. So all these dangling threads of sexuality were once part of some sort of fabric with a pattern that offended somebody high up in production, who told the editor to sharpen his splicer. This movie ineptly tries to transcend its genre, and it does so inconsistently. The only other relationship the sender has with anyone other than Farmer and his mother is an antagonistic one, with a patient who thinks he's Christ. The "Messiah" (Sean Hewitt) thinks the sender has guillotined him, and spends most of the movie holding his neck in his hands and being very still so his head won't fall off. *The Sender* is here willing to indulge the current conventions of the horror film market — in one of the sender's more volatile nightmares he imagines he

punches the Messiah's head off. We watch. And there are rather graphic scenes of the preliminary stages of brain surgery. It's not that a horror movie *should* have bare breasts and bloodletting, but that since there has arisen a formulaic kind of movie that always features those things, it's distracting, as opposed to refreshing, to find some of them in a movie with more genteel pretensions.

So, if they're willing to concede the obligatory decapitation, the sexlessness comes off as suppression. In this stock sick-mother plot (Shirley Knight does a slightly toned-down version of Piper Laurie's religious maniac in de Palmas' *Carrie*), the mother doesn't mention sex. And the hospital scenes are filled with deeply troubled but not inarticulate patients, most of them male, who never seem to notice their beautiful, buxom psychiatrist.

One thing *The Sender* doesn't suppress is psychological drivel. When Farmer and Denman discover precisely what it is that their problem patient does when wreaking havoc in fellow patient's lives, they do it by "looking up" mother-child communication in the psychological literature. The idea of trained, experienced professionals "looking up" information about a major area of their field rings false.

An Officer and a Gentleman calls continued on page 15

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