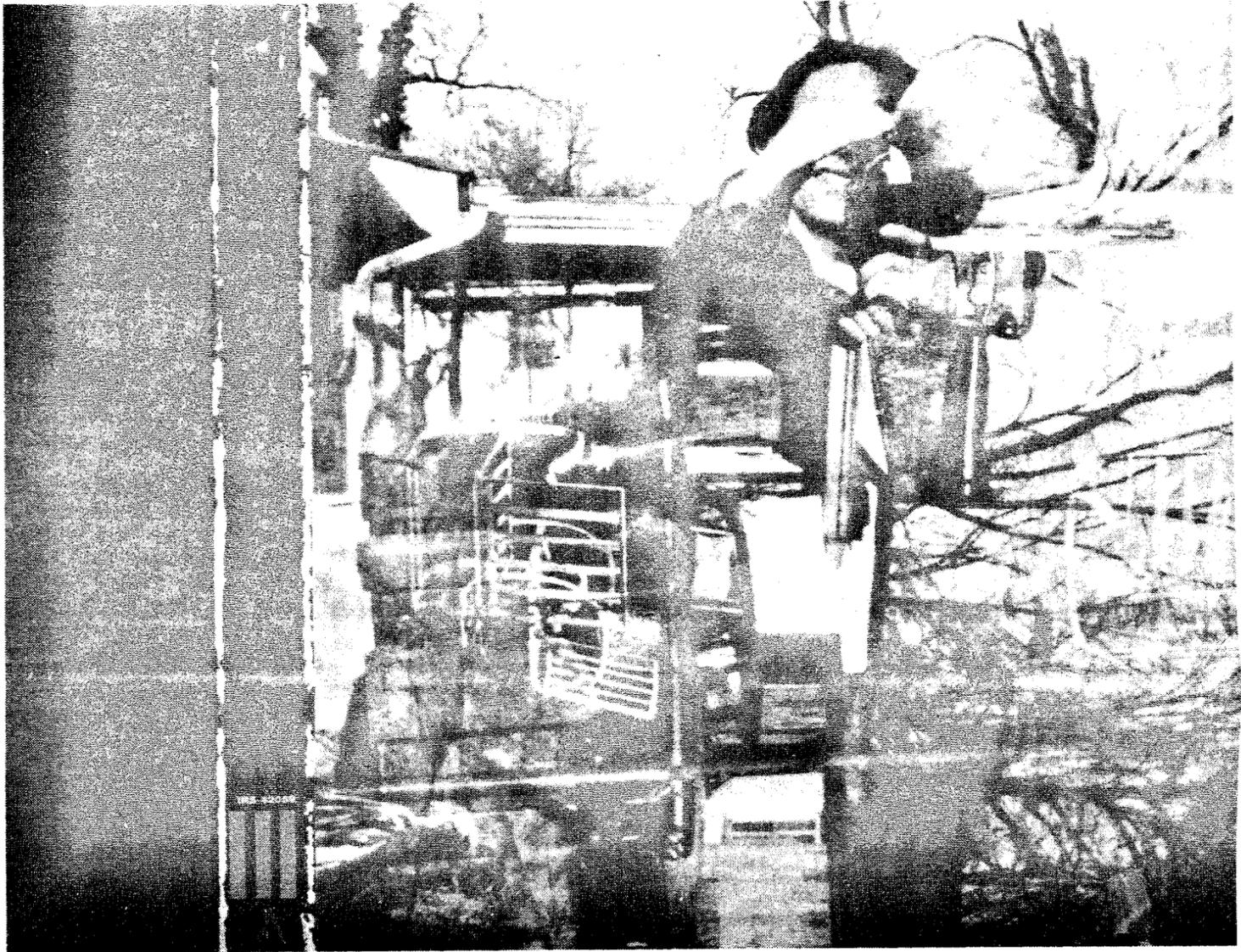


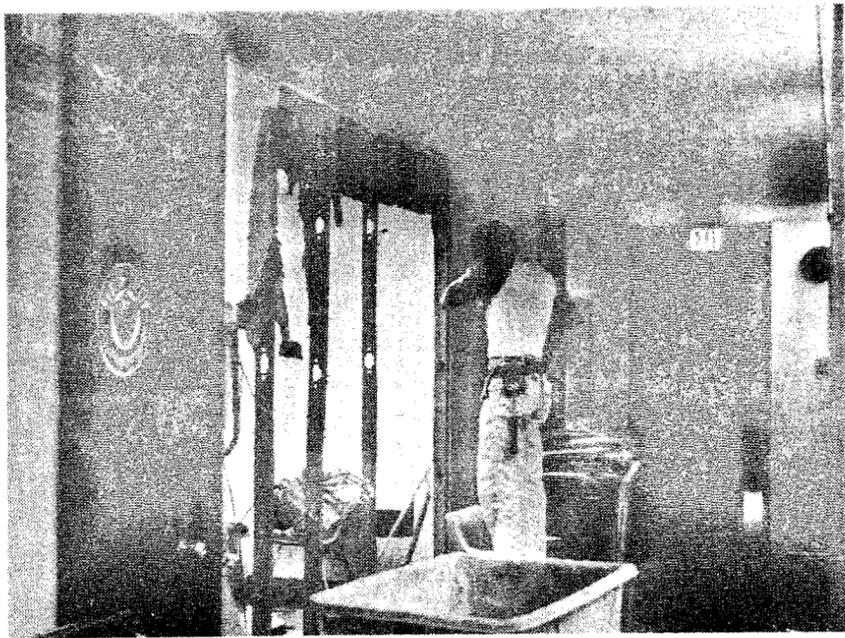
*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

Vol. 9, No. 2 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Oct. 1, 1987



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COGWHEELS

As of now there are no concerts scheduled for the fall '87 semester. The money is there and there are even some people trying to move things in a direction which would allow S.A.B. to come out of a two year slump. You see, a few years back, while throwing some decent events S.A.B. got into the habit of re-dispersing the student activity fund into their own pockets. They were the self-proclaimed king pins of campus, buying polity and anything else they needed to fly above the machine they were creating. They were "the hammers not the anvils".

Unfortunately, S.A.B. did not pass on any of the skills needed to book a show. Keeping a monopoly on entertainment, what they did pass on was a legacy of riding high on the hog, at the students' expense. Now

we are left with an overdrawn Polity budget and no shows due to an incompetent staff.

But why rehash old news? Because now is the time to rectify the situation. It won't be easy, there are a lot of people up in the Polity suites that remember all the fringe benefits that events run the old way can bring. And to allow other groups to produce a show would be a definite blow to their well established machine.

Any person or group of people with some ambition can pick up the reigns and put on a show. The money and facilities are available, what is needed is good honest people who love music and a genuine good time. The key, as with anything, is balance. What is needed is a delicate sense of balance of working in and out of the system. To get to the money you have to

approach Polity and do what is necessary to squeeze money out of their tight ass. They will not be helpful, remember it is S.A.B.'s machine up there, they have carte blanche and all other clubs, especially the smaller ethnic clubs, are the opposition.

So, either start a club or approach an existing one that is sympathetic to student needs not their pocket books, such as WUSB, Blackworld, or L.A.S.O. and many others. Or go right to S.A.B., there are a few good people up there, you'll know who they are from the their support. The main thing is to get motivated. Granted apathy is better than to be a cog in a fellow student's machine, but by keeping some integrity and what might appear to be a naive sense of righteousness, good things will happen.

The Press welcomes your letters and viewpoints.

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Become a part of the amazing Press photo staff. You'll have an outlet for your creativity in Stony Brook's best read paper, you'll gain valuable experience, you'll have fun, and you'll be able to shoot flashbulbs off in important administrator's faces.
Come to the Press meetings, Monday nights at 7:00, room 020 Central Hall, or call 632-6451 and ask for Ed.

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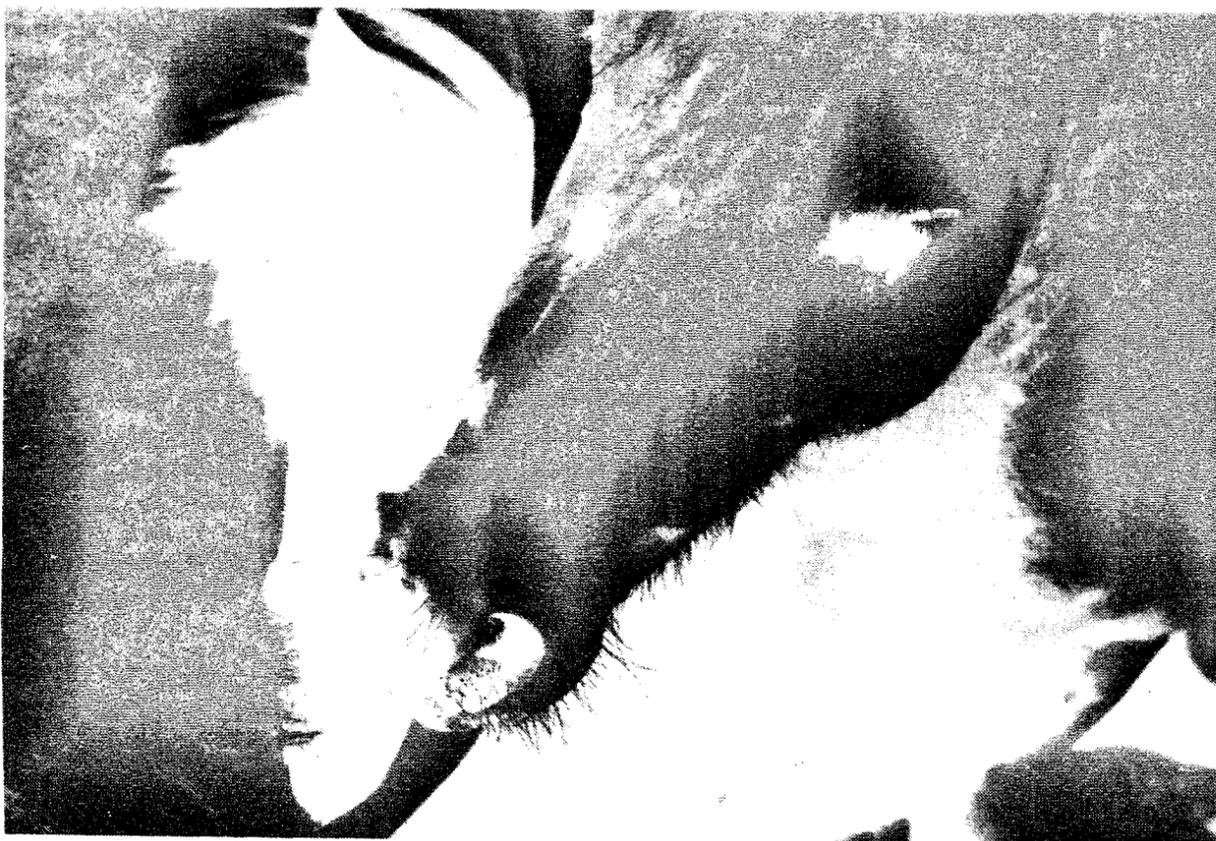


Photo By Ed Bridges

Something Different

Cops and Admin Argue

by Doug Valente

Public Safety Director Gary Barnes recently asked President Marburger again to approve rotating shifts for Public Safety officers. Barnes said, "It's only a recommendation, asking for approval and support of the idea." He asks to "let me reserve the decision (to implement rotation) if the president approves it." Barnes believes that Labor Management can negotiate the union contracts with the officers as an alternative to rotation.

Rotation shifts for Public Safety officers may be an unnecessary step by the administration to try and improve the campus security force in lieu of changed circumstances this semester, according to Jerry Krause, vice-president of Human Affairs. This semester, some Public Safety officers, such as Bob Swan, are working overtime to fill duties. Swan said that this is the result of fewer men in the organization.

The move to cover vacancies puts a senior officer like Swan, a usual night-shifter, on for part of the day shift. There are three shifts: 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., 4 p.m. to midnight, midnight to 8 a.m.

Personnel working overtime seems to resolve the imbalance problem that a rotational shift would seek to correct. Swan and other officers who put in overtime are a testament to Krause's belief that rotation is not necessary now. There is an overlap of shifts with supervisors and veterans working with less experienced personnel. Barnes feels that this really doesn't solve the problem, because even though men are partially exposed to other shifts, they remain loyal to their buddies on their regular shift.

Last year, Barnes and Dr. Robert Francis (ex VP of campus operations) proposed rotation as a means of improving community service by increasing the diversity in the range of experience of the officers on each shift. Barnes and Francis believed that the officers are too protective of their buddies on their shifts and are less community-oriented. Breaking up established shifts would expose the officers to more of their fellow officers in the department as well as different periods of campus activity. Barnes said that this would create a better sense of the community that the officers are working for.

The situation continues to be one in which most of the senior officers have a different shift from the inexperienced ones, an imbalance that is a problem, according to Barnes. Francis was also disturbed that new personnel might not perform their best without veterans working by their side.

Francis recently said that the service Public Safety provides is good. However, he said "Being good isn't justification for staying the same..." He expressed the constant need to be better and enumerated some improvements that could come if the rotation is implemented.

First, a better supervisor-subordinate relationship would be created. A better relationship with faculty, staff, and students would also be a result of the rotational shift, according to Francis. 'Better' in this case meaning an arms-length, professional-like relationship.

Another effect would be a change in autonomous decision making that occurs during late shifts. Francis said, "Decisions should be made with a supporting context of what would happen under different circumstances," like campus problems occurring during other shifts. The procedures used to alleviate one problem for one shift may not work effectively for a similar situation on a different shift. Working different

shifts would familiarize officers with the changes in the campus complexion. There is a big difference from 20,000 people on campus during the day from 7,000 people who remain at night, creating an atmosphere at night that is more residential than public.

Marburger will decide the rotation proposal's fate in the coming weeks, where the impetus for a decision in favor of the

proposal may come from Barnes' assessment of the situation. Barnes and Marburger expressed dissatisfaction with the union contracts of the officers, saying that they are very restrictive. For instance, the contracts give senior officers first choice, twice a year, for whatever shift they choose. Barnes said, however, that he and Labor Management will look for a more desirable solution that rotation, such as re-negotiating the contracts.



Public Safety Director Gary Barnes.



John Marburger at USC before coming to Stony Brook.

Equal Rights for Awards

by Blair Horner

Albany, Sept. 22— The New York Public Interest Research Group today hailed passage of two important education reform bills. One proposal is designed to end sex and race discrimination in the awarding of the Regents and Empire State Scholarships worth up to \$10,000 per student winner. The second sets up a study commission to investigate allegations of bias in standardized admissions tests.

These new laws follow research conducted in early April by NYPIRG which showed a dramatic bias in scholarship awards in favor of men. Of the one thousand winners chosen on the basis of the Scholastic Aptitude Test and the American College Test scores, over 70% of the winners were male. This finding was based on a review of Empire State Scholarships of Excellence recipients by NYPIRG. According to the National Association of Scholastic and Grant Programs (18th annual report), New York state is the only state in the country to allocate major scholarship programs in this way.

The new scholarship law, sponsored by State Senator LaValle and Assemblymen Eve and Sullivan, and organizations such as NOW/New York State and the PTA's of the state, will require New York's Education Department to use high school performance, the best measure of high school achievement, and test scores to determine awards.

Empire State Scholars receive awards up to \$10,000. Twenty-five thousand Regents Scholarships of up to \$1,250 are also distributed based on SAT and ACT scores. More than half of the Regents Scholarships were awarded to men. The program awards over forty million in funds.

Nationally, females average 61 points lower than males on the SAT. This difference in average scores led to the dramatic gender difference in state scholarship awards.

New York's Advisory Study Commission will investigate allegations of bias in standardized admissions tests such as the SAT, GRE, and LSAT. The Commission will examine whether various objective, statistical procedures now in use on some professional tests would be an appropriate way to ensure that admissions tests are as fair and equitable as possible. The Commission will then report its findings and recommendations to the State Legislature and the public.

NYPIRG and its statewide one hundred member coalition of student groups, including the Minority Student Network at Stony Brook, and concerned faculty and community organizations, view last year's campaign for these new laws as an example of student power in action. "These new laws prove that students can make a difference. Sole use of the SAT and ACT for determining scholarships awards has cost women and their families millions of dollars in lost college aid for over a decade," said Lisa Oshen, NYPIRG project coordinator at Stony Brook. "This change, coupled with legislation establishing a study commission on testing bias will go a long way in making New York's scholarship and admissions programs the fairest in the nation."

photo by Ned Goldreyer

photo courtesy University News Service

Fine Arts Is Happening

compiled by Alex

Margaret Bourke-White 'The Humanitarian View', 100 black and white industrial photographs of the US & USSR war shots in Europe, photos of South Africa & Southern US. Oct 1-Nov 14: Fine Arts Center Art Gallery.

Kathryn Pusin Dance Co. free performance of an LA Premiere. Oct 6, 7 PM. Main Stage, Fine Arts Center.

University Theatre: Moliere's Tartuffe. Oct 15-18 and Oct 22-24. Tickets \$6/4. Theater 1, Fine Arts Center.

Lecture: John Healey, Executive Director of Amnesty International: Human Rights in the 80's: Oct 22, 8 PM. Main Stage, Fine Arts Center.

Jonathan Spivey, piano: Works by Mozart, Debussy, and Beethoven. Monday, Oct 26, 8 PM. Recital Hall, Fine Arts Center.

Darel Stark, violin (student recital): Works by Mozart, Bach, Paganini, Ernst. Tuesday, Oct 27, 8 PM. Recital Hall, Fine Arts Center.

Central Philharmonic of China: music of Chen-Yi, Ravel, and Shostakovich. Saturday, Oct 10, 8 PM \$18/16/14. Main Stage, Fine Arts Center.

Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra: works by Rimsky-Korsakov, Crumb, and Berlioz. Saturday, Oct 17, 8 PM.

ELECTIONS '87

by Josyf Hayda

Elections for Freshman representative, Polity treasurer and a special election for Polity president are scheduled for next Tuesday, October 6 from 9 AM to 10 PM, said Gayle Manning, Polity election board chair.

The former Polity President Gerry Shaps, elected during the original presidential elections last Spring, resigned from office, creating a vacancy. Vice President Paul Rubenstein has filled in as acting president.

The three hopefuls battling for the office are: Jacques

Dorcely, Brian Levitt and Craig Cohen. Brian Levitt was almost taken out of the race when an unidentified candidate petitioned to the Student Judiciary to have his name excluded from the ballot, Tom Kieber, a member of the Judiciary, said. But the case was dropped 'for unknown reasons,' he said.

Voting polls will be located in all residence dorms, the library and in the union. Commuters voted against having a polling area in the Javits Lecture Center, said Gayle Manning.

*A free formed highway overpass nightmare
Of alizarin concrete steel reality
One sober molasses skinned summer night
When I three friends and a dog
Had our front right tire explode
With striking indifference*

*Then the back tire went curbing
And three friends a dog fell
Onto an eighteen wheel coma
And lonely dribbling in blackened silence
Crying for the light
of life or death
of here or after
of now or eternity*

of Jesus or Tequila

Bones

Melting Ice

*Raining eyes bidding me forever goodbye
as I'm lead to white lands after I die:
Antartica - the sanctuary I culled from prayers
where platinum blond snow colors black hair
Cracking and sinking in alabaster iced snow
Falling over ecstatic, and no one would know:
How I'll race against the steady snowfall,
after each piercing breath growing braven and tall
Wandering the Ronne ice shelf seeking the Pole,
where frozen breaths of ice'll burst open my soul My
heart will then melt smashing open its lock
and it'll live on forever for ten million epochs
Skipping and dreaming all by myself
I'll continue my journey to the Ross ice
shelf
As the flurries stain my nose and flood my face wet,
making me feel pure, wild and yet
I'll never be there in Antartica,
For I'm flooded with mortals, drowned in their black
war.
But to die in Ice is only a dream
for I would never disintegrate, or so it would seem
Raining eyes bidding me forever goodbye
as I melt in Ice, sparkling white spirit dies.*

Vanity (In Spite of Ecclesiastes)

*A girl I know wears green contact lenses;
She corrects her mortal brown eyes with glass
To keep her soul from all passing senses,
As we cover the grave soil with grass.
None can live without vanity - Nietzsche
Is dead; even Ibsen had his life-lie,
And the sane repress their mortality.
Every year I pass the day I will die.
So I put words together with a sheen,
Believing I'll live whenever they're sung,
And, although her eyes look green, I have seen
The earth from which her brown-eyed soul is sprung.
Or, to paraphrase the preacher's first breath,
All the world is a denial of death.*

John Gabriel

September 15-30, 1987.

John Vs. Jack

Dunn & Marburger Go Toe-to-Toe

Dear Mr Dunn:

I wish to thank you for sending me a copy of your Stony Brook Press article that describes a manifesto for improving this University. Your ideas on key University problems are welcome input, and I shall make sure they are seen by appropriate University officials.

Stony Brook prides itself on its reputation as a research University whose goal is to impart and advance knowledge in an atmosphere of academic excellence. As part of its commitment to maintain this excellence the University has already addressed some of your concerns. Some of these improvements include a faculty advisory program that will begin this fall, and increased stipend amounts and improved benefits for our graduate students.

In general, I agree with the thrust of your suggestions. Unfortunately, the State of New York is not operated like a business, and even ideas that would clearly pay for themselves in the long run are not funded in the short run.

With effort and good will, I hope that our continuing efforts to improve will create a more pleasant and more effective campus. Thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,
John H Marburger
President

President Marburger,

Thank you for taking the time for responding to my article. I realize that between the strikes, shootings, Tent City, garbage banning and commencement you may have been delayed in your response. I hope that you managed to read my article in the May 14th issue of the Press. If not, I'll forward you a copy.

You say that the University has a commitment to excellence. Could you define this excellence? Surely fires, strikes, lawsuits and illegal actions by Administration are not a part of this excellence. I believe most people on campus, including myself, would have some difficulty remembering the last time Stony Brook received favorable exposure in the media. A comment from a 1974 report on the University is true today. 'The reputation of Stony Brook in the media has, in the past, been less than desirable, though lately it has been improving somewhat.' Let's take a look at some recent events that have not exactly been favorable publicity.

I find it amazing that \$100,000 is being spent on the Lecture Center when Administration has called it completely safe. I didn't know the University had that much extra money lying around to spend on a public relations problem. I have found your comments about NYPIRG to be extraordinary, especially when you compare the comments NYPIRG made and the comments your staff made. Have you forgotten that Dr Francis still somehow has a job at this University? Why didn't you call his comments 'irresponsible' at press conferences? You can read my May 14th article for some examples. I can't imagine why the students and media might get alarmed when Dr Francis said that carcinogens may not cause cancer and that there was no asbestos when there actually was.

I presume that there is some sort of plan existing in case the cleanup is not completed by September. I'm sure that the materials that burned up last September in the closet are not back there together. I'm sure that the University wouldn't leave the doors to the Lecture Center wide open without anyone there to keep anyone who wanted to enter from doing so.

I view the University's dumping of garbage in South P lot with alarm and disgust. I can't believe that the University would illegally dump garbage, especially at a time when the Town of Brookhaven has announced that sterner measures including vehicle impoundment, would be taken against illegal dumpers. Do you mean to say that in five weeks you couldn't find the time to drive around your own campus to see if the garbage had been removed? You were quoted as saying that you thought it was gone in three days when in fact garbage was being dumped at the site quite a few days beyond your estimate.

Of course the garbage incident did wonders for the University's reputation in the surrounding community as well as your arguments against Tent City. How could you charge students with trespassing when at the same time the University was breaking the laws and policies of the University, SUNY, the Town of Brookhaven the DEC and who knows what else? I see that Dr Schubel has been appointed to head up a County committee on solid waste; I hope he can come up with a policy for the University so that irresponsible actions like this never happen again.

Tent City is an interesting problem although your comments about it are more interesting. You have repeatedly said that Tent City is a security problem and that you are deeply concerned about campus safety. I quote you from your July 6th statement on Tent City: 'Persons sleeping in tents anywhere on the Stony Brook campus are more vulnerable because a campsite cannot be secured in the same manner as a residence hall' President Marburger, in the three months that Tent City was erected, there were no thefts, assaults or any injuries to the residents other than the times when the protestors were forcibly removed by Public Safety. During those same three months residents in dorms were shot at and wounded, a female student assaulted with all of the dorms insecure to outsiders. Several people, in a test of campus security, managed to gain entrance to every dorm on campus through unlocked windows and doors late at night. Fortunately these were students. Suppose it was another person with a gun or other weapon. If anything, Tent City has become a model of safety on campus. Perhaps the University should study it and apply what it learns to dormitory security on campus. Clearly students in dorms are more vulnerable as they can be gotten into through back doors whereas it is hard to attack a group of tents in the middle of campus, where it is well lit.

As for the lack of housing on campus, I find the lack of funding to be interesting. A group of grammar school children lobbied and succeeded in making the apple muffin the State Muffin. If a group of third graders can successfully lobby the State Legislature, why can't the brilliant minds of Stony Brook? Outdone by third graders? Numerous reports and self studies on Stony Brook for years have talked about the pressing need for more housing, especially for graduate and professional students. Here's the comments from one study of Stony Brook: 'Efforts to address the housing crisis are clearly worth the attention of some of the most sophisticated and knowledgeable faculty and administrators within the University. Every form of 'creative financing', public and private enterprise, and political influence must be explored. The future of Stony Brook as a great research university center may well ride on the outcome of the efforts to provide adequate affordable

housing for the graduate student body.' Forget new housing, just keep what's here livable.

In my May 14th article, I had mentioned that Stony Brook's reputation is dropping because of recent events. Forget the whole year, the month of May is enough. In thirty days, Stony Brook had a strike, shootings, tent city eviction, lawsuits concerning the Lecture Center and the university's garbage was banned indefinitely from the Town of Brookhaven's landfill for repeated violations. Unbelievable. Stony Brook has become the laughingstock of the SUNY system. You hit it on the head when you said that 'we have a serious public relations problem.'

Stony Brook's academic reputation means nothing if events like those that have occurred this past year continue to occur. Most students do not attend Stony Brook because of its reputation. (Hey, let's attend a university where the administration allows students to attend classes in rooms where a fire just occurred, doesn't heat dorms or care about who's living in them and has students going on strike.) People choose Stony Brook because it's close to home and/or it's the cheapest four year university on Long Island. I wonder if the events at Stony Brook have increased enrollments at Albany, Binghamton and the other SUNYs.

Comments you have made in the past appear to be more relevant today. I refer to an interview the Stony Brook Press did with you in the September 30th, 1982 issue. You said, 'I am not familiar with what is going on out there in the dorms either.' Now I understand why you may not have known what was going on in South P lot: you, like President Reagan, delegate your authority to people not able to handle it. Had you personally overseen the cleanup, the garbage would (probably) have been removed quicker.

The more alarming comments in the interview refer to your feelings about undergraduates. 'We would prefer to have more graduate students and less undergraduates because...our mission is to provide opportunities to graduate students.' Like Tent City, I suppose. You continue, 'And you don't want too many undergraduates in an

institution like this anyway, because you get big classes and you can't provide all the services, the advising, the recreation facilities, which are downgraded by too many undergrads.'

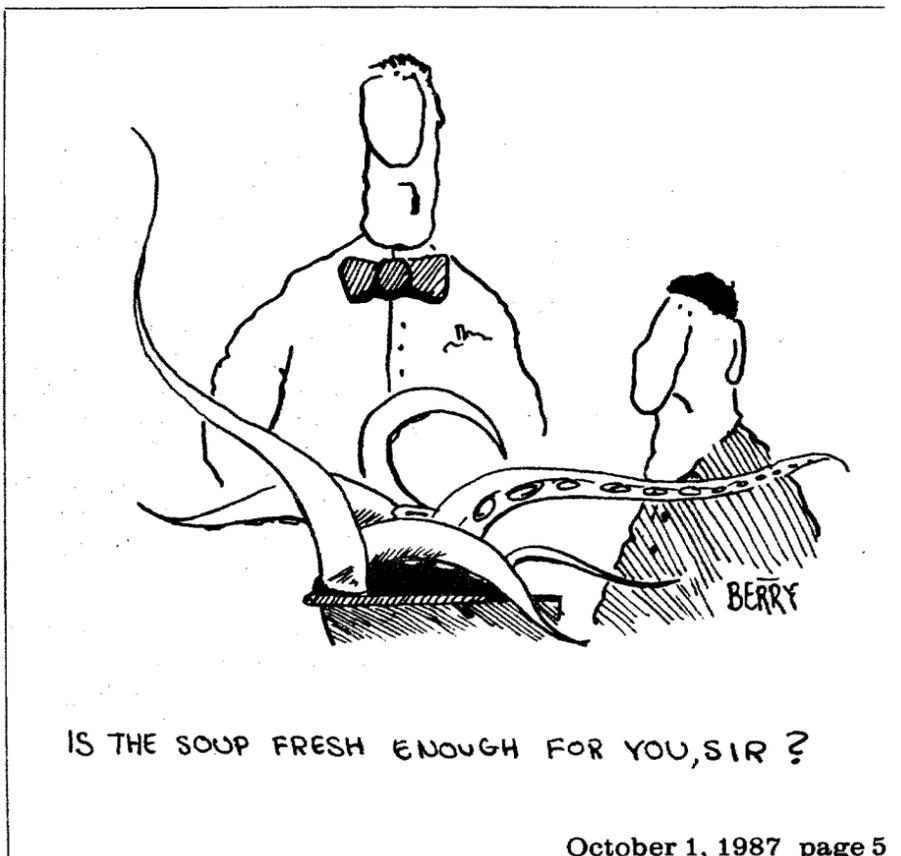
Yeah, I guess all undergraduates are good for at Stony Brook is to pay the bills. Let's hope that high school students stop considering Stony Brook as a choice until they look at graduate schools. The poor housing conditions are a good start to get people to leave the University. Hey, I bet if there were no dorms, President Marburger, the University would probably have less undergraduates. And you could charge commuters \$10 a day to park in South P Landfill and to cross the railroad tracks which should eliminate those people. Interesting that other schools of the same size (i.e., University of Delaware) can provide the services to its undergraduates that Stony Brook cannot. Hopefully the advising program at Stony Brook this fall will receive half a chance to succeed.

Stony Brook has some problems in keeping a reputation of excellence, even in its own community. Turn onto Stony Brook Rd from Rte 347 and you will see a sign that says 'Welcome to Stony Brook - Home of the Museums.' Note that it does not say 'Home of the University'. Hmmm, is this a hint?

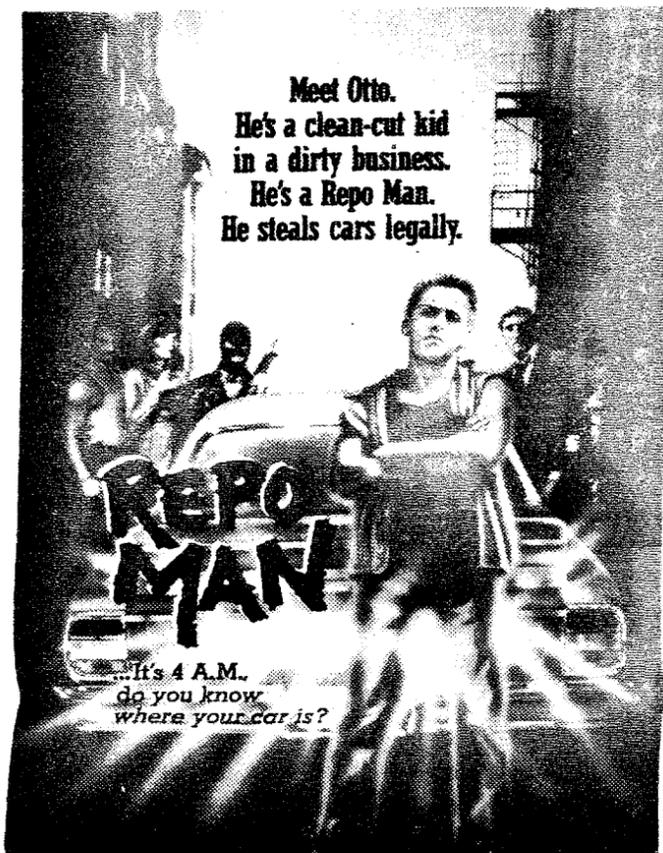
I'm leaving Stony Brook under the auspices of the National Student exchange along with twenty or so other students. Imagine what we'll say about Stony Brook when someone asks us what it's like. I'm sure they'll be impressed by my back issues of the Press and Statesman. Imagine the students coming to Stony Brook under the program. Another year like this past one would do wonders for Stony Brook's reputation on a nationwide basis.

I probably wouldn't be writing this letter to you if these events had happened at the University of Delaware, the school I attended last year and will be attending this fall. Alumni pressure would have forced you out. People who donate thousands of dollars would not be pleased with all the poor publicity and lack of decisive administrative action. If not the alumni, the State legislature would be somewhat upset to see how the taxpayer's money was being spent. Efforts being made to evict a group of protestors instead of fixing dorms. An illegal dumpsite on campus! Evidently it's okay for Stony Brook administrators to break laws but not students to camp overnight in protest. What a nice example the administration has set this year. Let's hope the students don't model themselves after it.

Sincerely yours,
John Dunn



Cult Classics



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Stony Brook writers will sign and distribute **Brook Spring '87**, this year's anthology of poems, prose, and plays, and the Student Union's literature desk on Monday and Tuesday, October 5 and 6, from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.

COCA

Politicians Puke Propaganda

Politics is green, so is vomit. Both are hard to clean and better done in the bathroom. Washington D.C., a town of green vomit and grey suits where lobbyists feed politicians green until they vomit legislature. We're fed with legislature and forced to puke screaming drunk in a private alleyway because we were cursed with poverty and no air time.

Politicians puke propaganda and rhetoric. They puke left or right, liberal or conservative, welfare or free trade. And every one pukes three helpings of red, white, and blue morality while they humbly inform the press of their opponents low moral standards. Although different in composition, all political puke is green. After all, we're America, home of the free, the rich, and the puked on.

And politicians, as self-appointed "scientists" of political theory or current events call them phenomenologists, historians, or political fashion designers. They call themselves scientists because politics is "an activity that appears to require study and method" (science, as defined by Merriam Webster in the *fourth* definition). Thus, anyone who knows a particular form of

by Bones

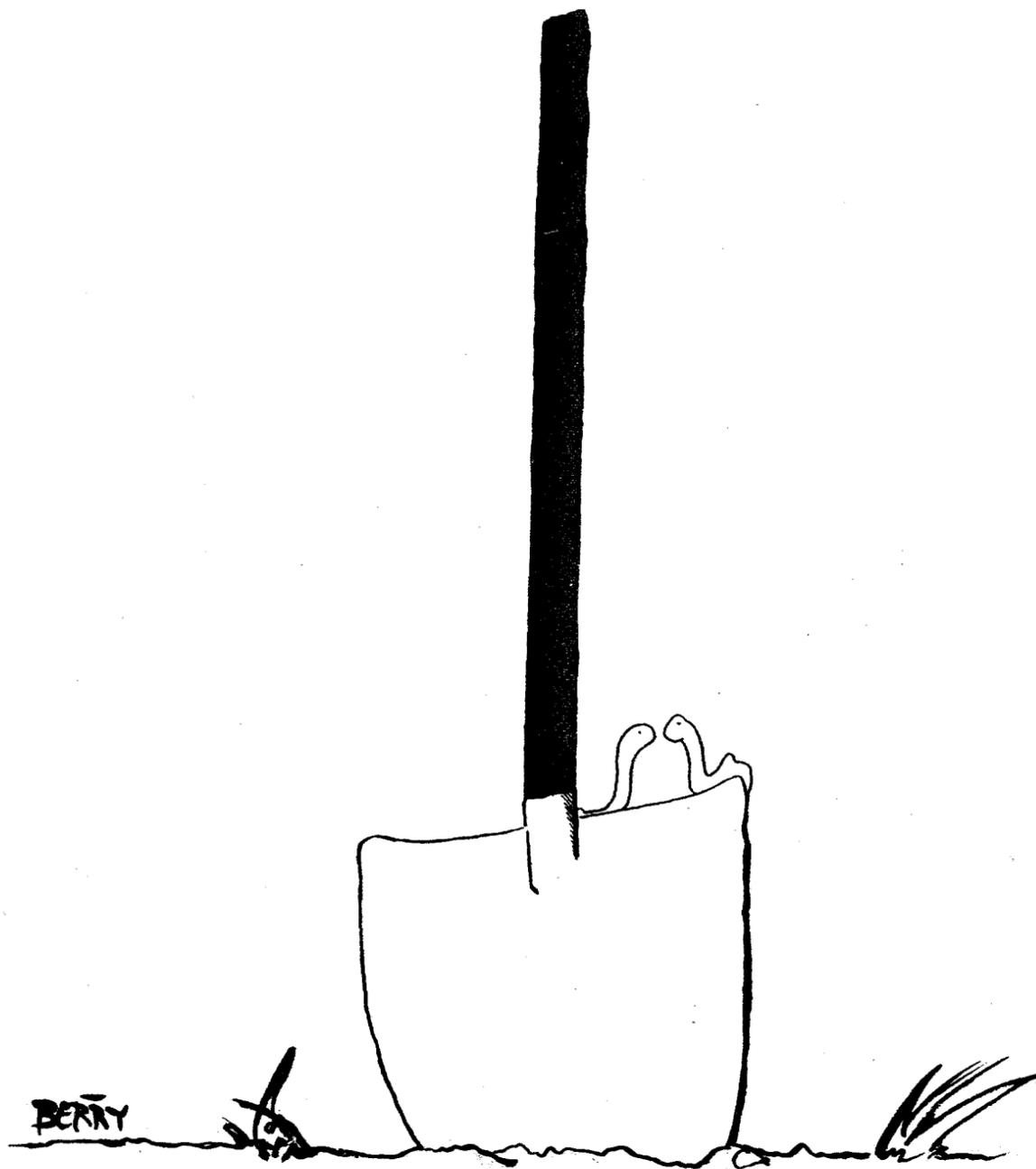
vomit extensively, is called an "expert" in the field of "political science".

Voter turnout and party affiliation have declined in the past ten years because we're tired of choking on vomit. Americans have realized that he with the most money and best press secretary (vomit supervisor) has the greater chance of victory. This is why every president since Lincoln has been either a Democrat or a Republican nominee. Their dominance stems from their ability to transform radical forms of vomit into non-descript mushy puke the public will support. But lately it's been so messy that only the truly dedicated will go near it, much like a mother when her son spits milk and baby food down his shirt after eating. Motherhood has declined.

And so has my interest in Biden, Bork, and the rest of the bureaucratic bumfucks who make paper airplanes of their ideas and stuff them up their assholes late at night if they don't fly.

And so tonight, please, everyone be a politician, have a stranger buy you a drink and then puke on them.

Down the street live a group of people, people who fly above it all— staying down below, they feel alright, they seem pale though, they get little night's sleep, read broken lines, share nothing but disillusionment, read some more, feel that there is something worth fighting for and standing with, sorry mom, sorry pa, it feels too right, good at best, comfortable almost always, even if it's cold, but we're fine, see you later, coz we will be seeing you and we will smile, and we will smile, outside the corpses are flies, inside are maggots, what a life they lead, dirty, decadent, but who has the final say, watch out, we're razor sharp, keen, smooth, if we unite it's all over, share the fantasy boys and girls coz right now there ain't no life nowhere, if we listen real close we can still hear it, they got the guns but we got the numbers, don't you know time fades away, join the Press, we're not a clique, we're a movement.



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Ex Dead Kennedy Senses Censorship



by Quinn Kaufman

What does artist Jello Biafra a.k.a. Eric Boucher, formerly of the hard-core band the Dead Kennedys do after his band breaks up and he's been acquitted for distributing harmful material to minors? No, he doesn't become a relic of the band's political past. Nor does he let the public think that the 'harmful material', a poster illustrating copulating and on the verge of copulating female and male organs, inserted in their 1980s 'Frankenchrist' album is pornography. Instead, he pushes forward, as a soloist performing 'spoken word appearances' for the purpose of making the public aware of their own freedom of choice and speech and by raising money for his estimated \$70,000 in legal fees. Biafra, who in 1979 ran for mayor of San Francisco, spoke before 250 people Tuesday in the Fine Arts Center about the birth of his fight against censorship.

On December of 1985 a 14 year-old girl purchased the 'Frankenchrist' album for her 11 year-old brother. The album had a sticker saying, 'Warning: the inside foldout of this record cover is a work of art by H R Giger that some people may find shocking, repulsive or offensive. Life can sometimes be that way.' Her parents were outraged by the 'pornography' - the work, entitled 'Penis Landscape' by the Swiss Giger, who won an academy award for the set designs of 'Alien'. The parents enlisted the help of Michael Guarino, Los Angeles deputy city attorney, whom Biafra now describes as a 'snarly, vulture type man.' Unaware of these proceedings, Biafra received his first crash course in scare tactics.

On April 15, 1986, nine officers busted into Biafra's rented San Francisco flat and seized three copies of the 'Frankenchrist' album and some private mail. When they left, Biafra, 28, said he felt, 'really frightened.'

On June 2nd, Guarino filed charges against Biafra as the owner of his record label, Alternative Tentacles, the label's general manager, two distributors and a package assembler. In court Guarino insisted the poster was pornography and described it as 'merely a promotional tool.' Yet to Biafra, 'the poster is an art piece. It's been shown in galleries all over Europe.'

During his 'spoken word appearance', Biafra provoked laughter from the audience when he described the jury selection. Biafra's lawyer, surely knowing the prosecutor, desired prospective brainwashed jurors, chose those whose minds still had thought. Biafra requested those jurors that said on their interviews that 'they wouldn't trust a cop on the stand, and the woman who was able to define anarchy as the result of an apathetic society.' Then there were the

adults who wanted to but never played the church organ or the one who turned off his radio so his daughter could not hear George Michael singing 'I Want Your Sex.' These adults, declared already 'censored', were thrown into Biafra's doomed dungeon of brainwashed citizens.

The trial progressed in favor of Biafra. With three admitted punk-rock loving jurors, the jury was deadlocked at 7-5 for an acquittal and Guarino's request for a retrial was denied. At the end of the trial some jurors wanted Biafra's autograph. Biafra kindly offered Guarino 'Big Black's Headache' record, the one which shows a close-up of a mashed in face after an autopsy. 'But he didn't want it, so the elevator door closed, and Exit Guarino,' said Biafra.

After the bust Biafra felt scared and deprived of his rights. His privacy was invaded, and he said, 'How could these assholes do this to me?' Because of the event, Biafra has now launched a fight against censorship.

During his 'spoken word appearance', Biafra attempted to wipe out public ignorance by showing through comical, satirical skits the ways in which the government and parents manipulate our thoughts so that all of our essential 'information is cut off.' Biafra says, 'To him, freedom lies in honest communication and once that freedom is severed by censorship, people lose their individuality and intelligence. The result of a censored world is the transmogrification of a once free-thinking individual into a scared, follow-the-leader nothing mouse person.'

Biafra's skits are preplanned and he began by romping onstage dressed in black, screaming 'America is under Martial law.' From there, he performs a television commercial in an attempt to show how our society's honest communication is misrepresented and how the public is fooled between true and false. According to Biafra we're all brainwashed by commercials which promote sex and violence instead of thought. He picked up a Rambo-the-Crown toy doll (Rambo) and pretended to send it to war. In the commercial, the doll comes back from battle alive, and violence, Biafra says, 'is now cute.' In reality the man comes back dead or without legs, and he calmly ripped off the doll's legs with his hands. Biafra tried to convey a message used by the money and power sucking commercial industry - the manufacturers of violence and lies: 'We send you the doll out to play. You are our tool and don't forget it.' Biafra draws a parallel to Reagan, who says, 'go off to war now and play. It's America, and you're a tough boy, just like Rambo.' But, Biafra stresses, 'don't let it happen.' Be

aware that it's just a toy and real men do go to war and die. Don't let people lie or manipulate you because you'll get hurt.

Then Biafra did a skit about freedom of speech. To Biafra, there are so many taboos, and the only way to live accordingly these days is to 'shut up and be happy.' Appealing to youths of all sizes and tastes he spoke against the Parents Music Resource Center (PMRC), a club formed by the wives of Washington politicians who are against rock music. According to Biafra, 'these women want warning labels on records saying 'V', for violence or 'O' for the occult.' But this censorship can be prevented 'if you send letters to Warner Brothers saying you're not going to buy records with warning labels.' He believes this action will prevent censorship and halt its inevitable dominoes effect. Biafra said, 'they (groups like PMRC) are trying to topple all dominoes so our information is cut off. First it's rock artists, then textbooks, poets, and writers. There will be a muzzling of the mind.'

During another act, he read excerpts from 'The Back in Control Center's Handbook to Punk Rock and Heavy Metal.' According to this book, you can now be

linked to a cult if you have certain likes and dislikes. Therefore, this handbook implies don't like the color black, or AC/DC (Anti-Christ/Devil Children) t-shirts, cats, eagles, donkeys, frogs, silver, and don't ever make a Texas University football longhorn sign with your fingers - it's really a hand symbol representing the horns of the devil. This behavior should be avoided. That's the problem. What do you do with your 'evil' black cloaked son with silver nose hooks? You send him to reform school and tell him, 'No more of that thinking for you. Now you think what we want. Out earring and wear

virgin white.' Not quite.

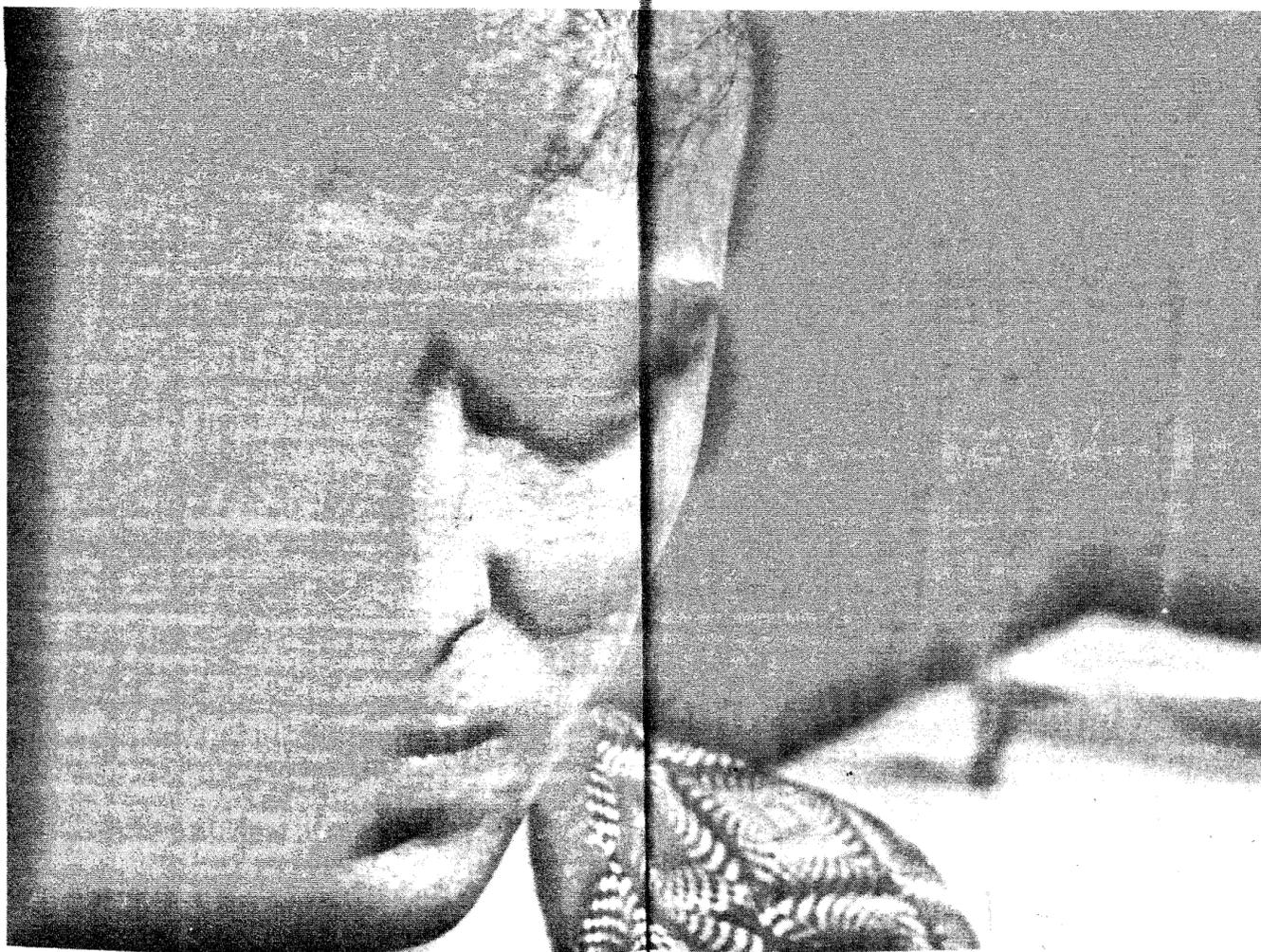
Taboo or not, freedom of speech is mandatory to Biafra. How many girls have become pregnant because they can't talk to their parents about sex? It's taboo, it's censored, it's the blocking off of essential information that people need to know in order to be individuals and make our own decisions in life.

Biafra's show lasted about three hours, with the last hour being dedicated to questions and answers. One audience member described as 'Skateboard' asked Biafra 'if the guys that drive around in Camaros, you

Photo by Ed Bridges



We're Talkin' Mello Jello



know what I mean, don't you? Are they associated with Hitler youth?' I forgot Biafra's answer. Then someone asked for Biafra's views on public education, and he replied, 'Either you use the school or the school uses you.'

Now that the Dead Kennedys have split up forever, due to decaying friendships,

Biafra says he wants to 'keep the issue of censorship hot and make some money.' After viewing his performance it's apparent that he's an extreme intellectual, a nervous type of person who has to do something with his time. To be satisfied, he has to be somebody.

So whether Biafra is performing 'spoken

word appearances' for the money, to clear his name or to uphold the first amendment, he's pursuing a worthy cause - your freedom.

If you would like to help with Jello's legal fees, send all contributions to the No More Censorship Fund, Defense Fund, PO Box 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA.

Yes kids, we did again. We fucked up. It seems that our managing editor left his brain home for the last issue, and he let his typing fingers do his thinking for him. Our friends up in the COCA offices were mighty perturbed because he changed the copy on the movie blurbs that were submitted for the COCA insert. So with all due apologies, we are printing the blurbs as they should have appeared. Read and enjoy. And go see the movies.

September 11, 12. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00

Platoon

Written and directed by Oliver Stone, this movie has received four Academy Awards, including Best Picture. It is the movie that Stone felt hadn't yet been made about the Viet Nam war's frontline soldiers. Tom Berenger and William Dafoe star as two sergeants who despise each other, and the platoon's loyalties are divided between the two warring sergeants. 120 mins.

October 2, 3. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00

Lethal Weapon

Mel Gibson stars as a Los Angeles narcotics cop who has been assigned to the homicide division and teamed with a cautious black veteran, Danny Glover. Glover has a difficult time discerning whether or not Gibson is just acting crazy with his gung-ho style, or if he's really nuts. 107 mins.

October 16, 17. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00

Inner Space

Another Spielberg-backed film directed by Joe Dante (*Grem-lins*), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short. Comedy/adventure about a test pilot trying to escape from the body of a supermarket clerk after a botched science experiment.

November 6, 7. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00

The Untouchables

Kevin Costner portrays Eliot Ness and Robert De Niro is Al Capone in this handsomely mounted screenplay by David Mamet. Directed by Brian Di Palma.

December 11, 12. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00

Predator

Arnold Schwarzenegger plays an American military officer fighting his way out of the Central American jungle against "superhuman forces" after a failed mission to rescue allies captured by guerillas.

Tent City

To the Editor:

It's been three months since the university forcibly dismantled Tent City, a demonstration it had condoned from April 20 to May 16 and May 21 to July 2, and arrested 30 students who were exercising their rights to demonstrate against the housing problem at Stony Brook. On Monday, October 5, these students are set to go to trial in First District Court, Hauppague, on charges of 'obstructing governmental administration' - i.e., trying to prevent Public Safety officers from dismantling the tents they were living in to dramatize the gravity of the situation.

In the three months since the arrests occurred and the 'overnight camping' aspect of the demonstration ceased, the administration has done virtually nothing to address the areas of concern that Tent City brought to its attention. University President John Marburger's grand concession to Tent City was the formation of a task force which is working to formulate a proposal for new housing - a complex that, we're told,

will house students, faculty and staff. Every one of Tent City's other suggestions - including those for emergency housing, low income housing, a standard mechanism for receiving refunds when basic utilities such as heat and hot water go out, and lowering the cost of housing here at the University - have been swept under the carpet.

The university has gotten lots of mileage out of Tent City. The media have run numerous stories about Stony Brook's 'housing shortage' and have somehow missed the whole point of Tent City - that the problem is centered here at Stony Brook, in the university's approach to maintaining the rooms that exist now, and in assisting students whose parents are not paying their bills. That attitude is slowly starting to change, but for the wrong reason. We at Tent City believe it is because the administration has realized that support for additional housing, which must come from the State Legislature, will only come if Stony Brook can convince the politicians that it has improved its poor service record.

Those students who were arrested this summer are expecting full dismissal of the charges, and are not prepared to settle for anything less than full dismissal. On Monday, October 5, Tent City will hold a cele-

bratory barbecue and information session, starting at 2:00 PM and continuing into the evening at the Tent City site in front of the Administration building. We invite all students who are unhappy with the housing situation, and who are interested in working to improve it, to attend.

In Solidarity,
George Bidermann
For Tent City

non-comical story about town names. Thank you for hearing me out.

By the way, 'John' is considered the most boring name in the English language!

Sincerely,
C.J. Ulbricht
Grange Gorge resident

'John' Is Dull

To the Editor

This is in response to John Kunz's idiotic article entitled "'Kill' Means 'Body of Water' in Hopi." I'm not concerned with any of the town names he ridiculed except for one: Grand Gorge, my hometown. Little Kunz obviously has never been there, or he would have seen the gorge. Granted, it is a small one, but it is one of the two ways to get out of Grand Gorge going west.

He's obviously never been to Great Falls Gorge (which is huge) in the vicinity of Lake Placid. It just really pissed me off that this guy has nothing better to do than write a

RA's Ain't Slimeballs

Letter to the Editor:

I would like to respond to The Fourth Estate: Editorial, entitled 'The Fourth Reich' in which student staff were characterized as 'slimeballs who would turn in their own mother for a pat on the head and a milkbone'. It is unfortunate that the issue of alcohol and loft beds was used to smear the Residence Hall student staff in one sweeping inaccurate and insensitive generalization. As an administrator who very often sees the end result of alcohol abuse on people and facilities, I applaud the efforts of the student staff in reducing vandalism and alcohol related problems. What the author

continued on page 15

NYPIRG Referendum Next Week

by Lisa Olshen

A free society depends on the will of the people to govern themselves.

When people give up or give in they get taken.

And when people are knowledgeable and organized they win.

We've begun to win.

This statement, more than anything else, best describes what NYPIRG is all about. NYPIRG stands for the New

York Public Interest Research Group. It is a statewide, student directed organization.

Working throughout the state at seventeen college campuses, NYPIRG, over the past fifteen years, has educated students about how to have an effect on the issues that affect all of our lives.

Every two years at Stony Brook, students vote on whether or not to continue the Stony Brook chapter of NYPIRG. Next week, undergraduate students will exercise that right again. (October Sixth)

NYPIRG receives \$3 per student per semester through

the mandatory student activity fee. This fee supports a wide variety of the activities on campus from athletics and The Press to WUSB-FM and the Polity Hotline. If students come out and support NYPIRG in next week's election/referenda, then NYPIRG will be able to continue to work here at Stony Brook.

Because students from around the state pooled their resources, NYPIRG has been able to become one of the most effective citizen groups in New York State. Students working with a professional staff of organizers, lawyers, scientists, and researchers have been able to help pass over eighty pieces of legislation in New York.

Students from every NYPIRG campus elect student representatives to the State Board of Directors. The State Board chooses the issues that NYPIRG works on and hires the staff to assist them.

Over the last several years, students at Stony Brook have worked with NYPIRG and achieved tremendous results. What follows are three case histories of Stony Brook students who have been able to get practical experience and effect a change:

Karen McMahon

In 1983, while serving as a legislative intern in Albany, Karen found out that ex-asbestos workers, DES daughters, and other toxin victims were being denied their rights due to an outdated statute of limitations law. Through NYPIRG she was able to spearhead a statewide campaign that ended in the summer of 1986 when the state Legislature passed a bill to give these neglected victims their rights.

Steve Romalewski

In 1984, Steve took part, through NYPIRG, in the largest single day Voter Registration Drive in U.S. history. The next day his picture appeared on the front page of the New York Times. Steve then began a research project which led to a report that he co-authored, entitled *The Burning Question*, which received international media coverage. It has helped hundreds of groups fighting for recycling and against garbage burning incinerators.

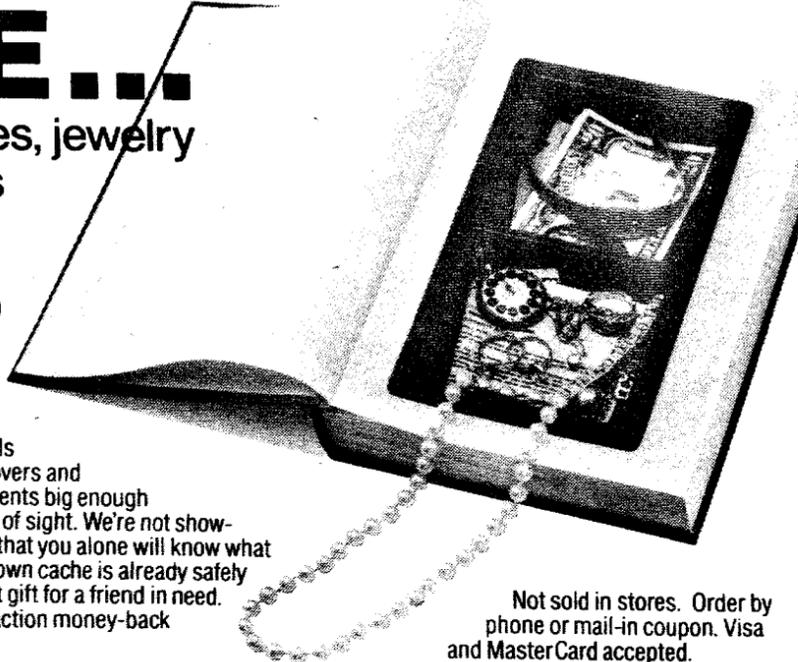
Dave DeLucia and Stephanie Good

Last year Dave and Stephanie worked with other students through NYPIRG to push for testing and cleanup after a fire in the Lecture Center. Faced with stiff opposition, they continued to push for testing which eventually led to a partial clean-up of the dioxin contaminated building. They continue to work with NYPIRG and other groups on campus to push for more testing and cleanup.

All of these stories are possible only because every two years students at Stony Brook have voted to continue to support NYPIRG. Keep the tradition alive, get involved with NYPIRG, and next week support NYPIRG so that we can continue to work at Stony Brook and students can continue to have such an effect on the world we all live in.

STASH YOUR CACHE...

... and rings, watches, jewelry and other valuables in our book safe, only \$6.95



Only you will know that the innocent-looking textbook on your shelf holds your earthly treasures. Inside its hard covers and otherwise real pages are two compartments big enough to keep many small valuables safely out of sight. We're not showing the book's title or cover in this ad so that you alone will know what it looks like when it arrives. Even if your own cache is already safely stashed, a book safe would make a great gift for a friend in need. The cost is only \$6.95, and with a satisfaction money-back guarantee, how can you go wrong?

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Send book safe to:		
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City _____	State _____	Zip _____
Attach separate sheet for multiple shipping addresses. *Money and return postage refunded if not completely satisfied.		



Farewell...

Student

VOTE TUES.

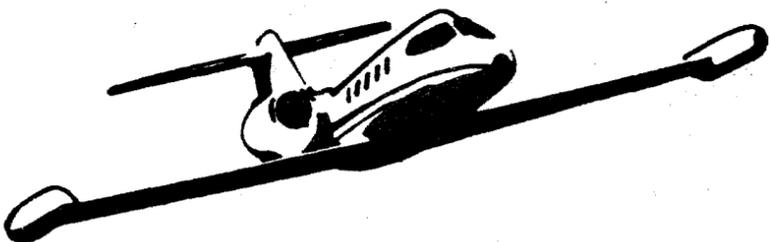
Oct. 6, 1987

**For Polity President,
Treasurer,
Fresh. Rep,
SASU Delegates
Referendums**

Polity

The Stony Brook Dragonriders cordially invite anyone who has ever thought about skydiving...

Tuesday 7:30 PM
Union RM 213



Another Fine Polity Club

**To Sign Up For A
PSC Meeting,
Come By The
Student Polity
Suite**

**Sign Up Sheets Come
Out On Monday**

Time and Movement

Turning a Shitkick into an Artkick

by John Gabriel

I would like to strangle the next person I hear praising "the humor of post-modern kitsch." The whole idea is demeaning to both the avant-garde post-modern movement and to art itself. There is an element of condescension in it, of its proponents claiming, "We can laugh at this because we know better," and I am offended by this. The post-modernist's aim, when using kitsch, is not to give their audiences a sense of superiority, but to find what is true in contemporary pop-art trash (Why is it so popular?) and elevate that to a meaningful artistic statement.

From September 17th to 19th, in *An Evening of Choreography and Collaborations*, the Welliggers Contemporary Theatre featuring Amy Yopp and Dancers presented a show of modern and post-modern dance pieces, which was largely successful in this and many other aspects.

The evening began with a modern piece (by modern, I mean those pieces exhibiting a dramatic sense of alienation) entitled "All Things New." The light rose on Ms. Yopp, her head bowed to the audience, leaning back and forth to the music, thus appropriately alienating the audience from all senses save one, the sense that set the tone for the rest of the performance, the sense of time and movement.

Incidentally, this piece, as described by composer Richard Ashley, "is concerned with the interactions of small and large scale components creating multiple musical structures through their interactions." This interaction of small and large scale gestures and sounds, of modern and post-modern techniques, of varying musical styles, ran through the performance like a contrapuntal motif.

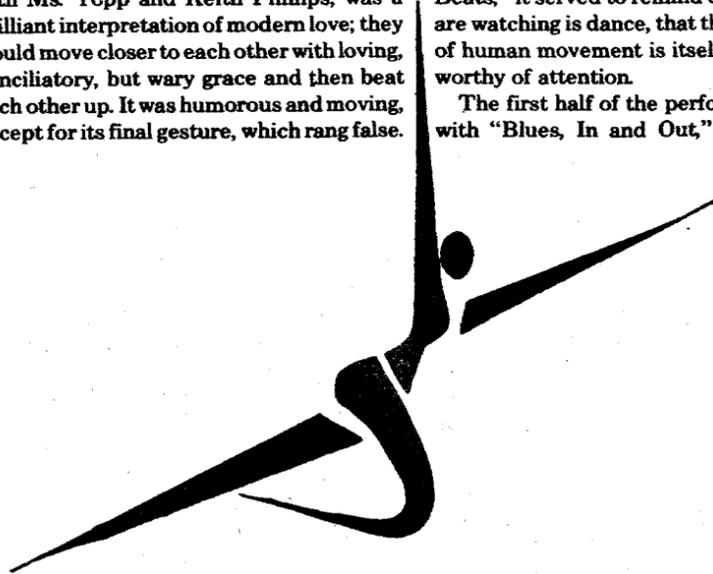
In "Heartbreak Beats," for instance, spoken clinical case studies of heart patients were combined with the longing kitsch of a country song by Branda Lee, contrasting the physical facts of heartbreak with its symbolic connotations. The dance, a duet with Ms. Yopp and Keith Phillips, was a brilliant interpretation of modern love; they would move closer to each other with loving, conciliatory, but wary grace and then beat each other up. It was humorous and moving, except for its final gesture, which rang false.

Lori Andrews, Jo Fredrickson and Susan D. Hazard in a starkly beautiful web of contrapuntal movement set to Mozart. The three women, dressed in white, danced in a bright light with somnabulistic grace. After the emotional resonance of "Heartbreak Beats," it served to remind us that what we are watching is dance, that the simple grace of human movement is itself beautiful and worthy of attention.

The first half of the performance closed with "Blues, In and Out," in which Ms.

series of reactions without actions. Ms. Yopp's solo dance, which contrasted the beckoning gestures of womanly sexuality with the jumping playfulness of a little girl completely out of control, was a beautiful text (Who was she playing with?).

"Dreams," set to a pop song, was a performance by Ms. Artman featuring Ms. Andrews, Ms. Fredrickson, Ms. Hazard, and Ms. Yopp, reflecting the spirit of sibling rivalry. The four women would move in unison for a brief moment, then break apart in their own ways. It was a beautiful piece to assist her in her quest for a new artistic direction. Artman's performance was a beautiful piece to assist her in her quest for a new artistic direction.



The two dancers were holding hands, struggling to break free. Finally, they tore apart and stomped off the stage. The point is, most people rarely break cleanly from each other like that; perhaps a fade-out on the two dancers still struggling to break free would have been more emotionally honest. But this is a minor quibble with what I found to be an excellent performance.

Following this was a piece entitled, "Between a Line and a Phrase," featuring

Yopp's tap-dancing reflected the cathartic joy of Albert Hunter's skid-row blues.

In "Never Again," the opening number of the second half, Deborah Artman and Joseph Silverberg played music that, in its lack of contextuality, was reminiscent of Meredith Monk's "View One": Ms. Artman's vocals — a series of laughs, yips, yaps, and moans — were given an eeriness by their lack of context; they seemed to be a

The Grateful Dead in ol' New York

In and Out of the Garden They Go

Tuesday Sept. 15

Hay Pocky Way
Minglewood Blues
Beer Barrel Polka
When Push Comes to Shove
Me and My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Row Jimmy
Queen Jane, Approximately
Tennessee Jed
Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums/Space
Gimme Some Lovin'
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia
Encore: It's All Over Now Baby Blue

Wednesday Sept. 16

Touch of Grey
Scarlet Begonias
Lil' Red Rooster

Dire Wolf
My Brother Esau
High Time
???

Don't Ease Me In

Bertha
Greatest Story Ever Told
Blue Dress
Good Golly Miss Molly
He's Gone
Drums/Space
Truckin'
Wharf Rat
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
Encore: Black Muddy River

Friday Sept. 18

Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Birdsong

Shakedown Street

Man Smart, Women Smarter
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
Goin' Down the Road
All Along the Watchtower
Morning Dew
Good Lovin'/La Bamba/Good Lovin'
Encore: Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Saturday Sept. 19

Half-step Mississippi Uptown Toodleoo
It's All Over Now Baby Blue
High Time
El Paso
Ramble on Rose
Box of Rain
Don't Ease Me In

Crazyfingers
Uncle John's Band
Playin' in the Band
Drums/Space
I Need a Miracle
Maggie's Farm
Black Peter
Lovelight
Encore: Black Muddy River

Sunday Sept. 20

Jack Straw
West LA Fadeaway
Desolation Row
It Must Have Been the Roses
Far From Me
My Brother Esau
???

Promised Land

Hell in a Bucket
Aiko Aiko
CC Rider
He's Gone
Drums/Space
Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away
Encores: Touch of Grey
Brokedown Palace

Our short term memory is not all it could be, please forgive the mistakes and fill in the blanks.

PINK FLOYD A Momentary Lapse of Reason

by Robert Rothenberg

A **Momentary Lapse of Reason** is a well-suited title for the new Pink Floyd album—the lapse of reason being in calling it a work by Pink Floyd. Only two of the band members remain, David Gilmour and Nick Mason, and the album's overall sound shows it. The album is so David Gilmourish (he also produced the disc, with Bob Ezrin, who worked on **The Wall**) that it sounds very much like his second solo album **About Face**. In fact, the only Floyd quality of the album are the odd photos on the cover and sleeve.

The funny thing about this is that Pink Floyd disbanded because their sound was dominated by bassist Roger Waters. However, this is nothing new—Pink Floyd hasn't sounded like Pink Floyd since the early '70's. Richard Wright, another original member is listed in small print with numerous other artists who apparently contributed to the album, but their work seems to have a minimal effect on the overall style. The album centers on Gilmour's guitars and Mason's drum playing with a lot of electronic music on top. The style is a considerable change from the trippy fairy-tales of Syd Barrett (Floyd's original lead guitarist) in 1967 to the modern pseudo-pop sound of Gilmour in 1987. It's not the free-flowing "head-music" commonly associated with Pink Floyd. The album clashes with the psychedelic-psychosis image that will probably outlive the band.

Aside from picking on the album for not being Pink Floyd, it is still very good. Gil-



mour plays well, and the lyrics are good, but there are no songs that I became incredibly enthusiastic about. Admittedly, my first impression was somewhere between "Ack!

This sucks!" and "Well, it's okay", but after several listenings I've grown to like it more. For a Pink Floyd fan, the album may be good, where good is good, great is great, and

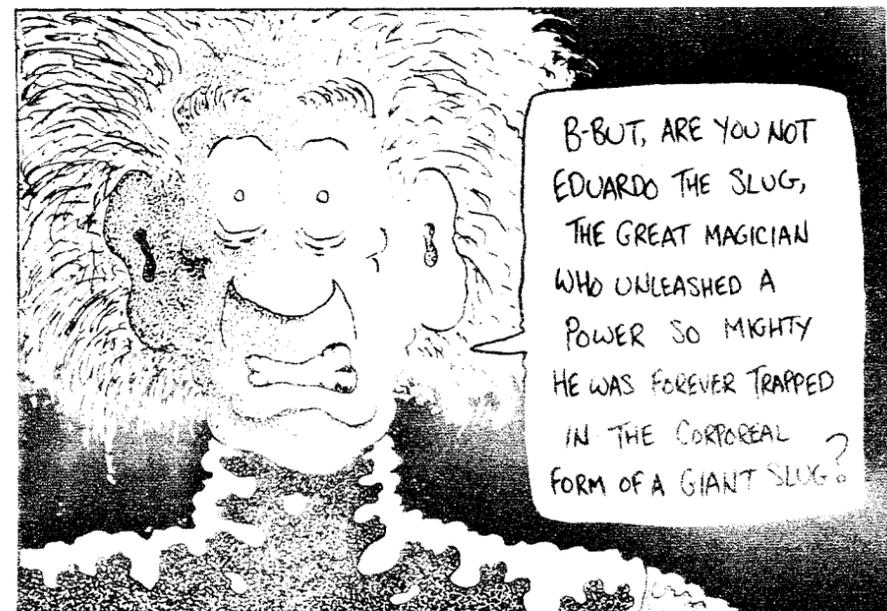
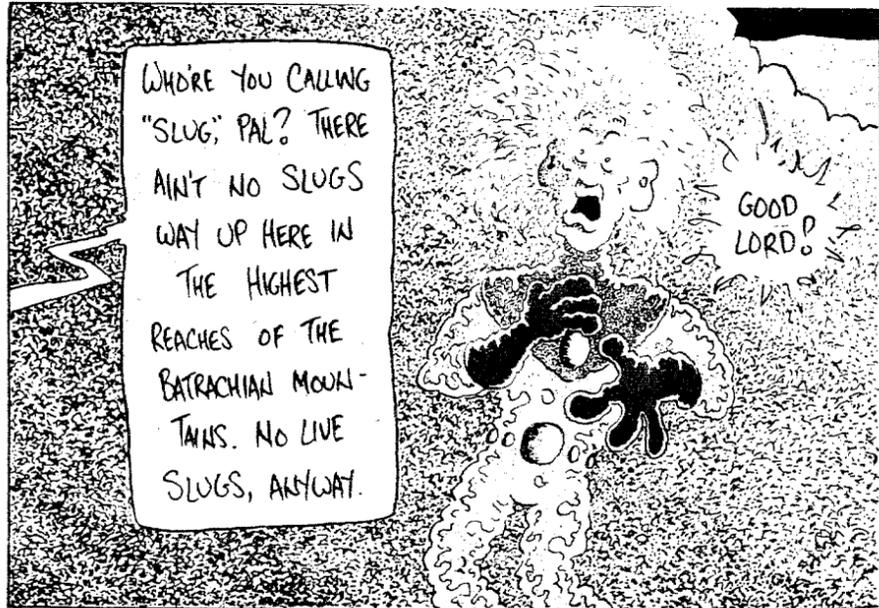
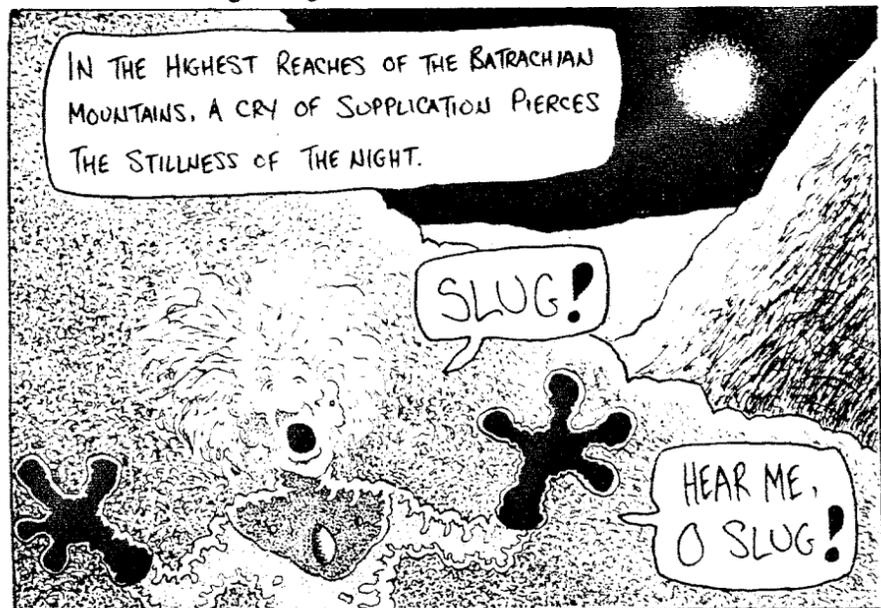
the two shall never be the same. But this album is apparently oriented towards a slightly different audience, and it shouldn't be listened to with any pre-notions or biases.

The album has eleven songs; one of these, "Signs of Life", has some very Floyd-esque qualities to it and is the album's best track. The other good songs are "One Slip", "On the Turning Away", "Yet Another Movie", and "Terminal Frost". The degree to which I like these tunes varies with the mood I'm in, but they are all pretty good. Nothing special, they're just nice songs. The only song on the disc that I dislike is "A New Machine, Parts I and II". They are short, irritating, and have a rather cacophonous quality that's difficult to pinpoint. You just know it's there.

A Momentary Lapse of Reason also has the usual nuances, voices, and electronic effects that are the trademark of Pink Floyd, but they aren't very original. A lot of them are rather bland when compared to the effects on **Dark Side of the Moon**, **The Wall**, and **The Final Cut**. Many of the chords on the album sound like they came from **The Wall** and **About Face**. A good point about the album is that it was digitally mastered, so the CD version may be worth the money to an audiophile.

Although I like the album, it's not spectacular, and I don't recommend running straight over to the store and buying it. It's the kind of album to be taped off a friend or purchased when it's on sale for \$3.99. I recommend listening to it before buying it.

SLUG by Kyle Silfer



Hoodoo Gurus and Redd Kross

A Real Hairy Scene

by Quinn Kaufman

What do Australia's Hoodoo Gurus and LA's Redd Kross have in common? Hair. Two weekends ago both bands engaged in a massive rock-n-roll hair finale at the Ritz.

Opening for the Hoodoo Gurus, Red Kross' members were dressed in clashing, early '70's psychedelic clothing. Massive amounts of male hair that reached below their waists was synchronized to and fro, up and down, into each other's heads. The treble superceded their lyrics, and all one saw was hair, hair, and more hair.

Redd Kross opened with "Moronica", a cut from their new album. From there, they introduced a song and dedicated it to "Drag Queen" Jello Biafra, ex lead singer of the now defunct hard-core band The Dead Kennedys. All that was audible besides the thrashing noise was their last shout, "Good-bye!"

In between "songs", one could actually make out words— "We know you're in the mood to get groovy, so let's get groovy... what's your sign? Telepathic?" Yeah, we're

reading your mind when you sing, and understand what you're trying to say.

When Redd Kross' lead singer and his hair jumped, the audience yowled. But the best thing about Red Kross' performance was, you guessed it, their hair. After all, how can one appreciate music if the lyrics are blurred by too much treble?

Fortunately, the night was saved by the Hoodoo Gurus. This past summer, they played London's Town and Country Club, an English version of the Ritz. That show cranked with genuine raw talent. The numerous reviews written of that show described it as the best show ever performed by the Hoodoo Gurus. When one leaves a concert hall smiling, and saying wow, and singing for days, you know it's been a memorable performance. But the New York show blew the London show away. Unlike Redd Kross, who took their hair, hid behind it, and hoped it would make up for all that the band lacked, the Hoodoo Gurus shook their heads and made the audience pump their heads twice as hard. The audience's

heads were like turtles on massive amounts of speed.

Everyone was bopping, especially when lead singer David Faulkner broke into "Death Defying" from the Mars Needs Guitars album. When Faulkner sang "all my friends are dead or they're dying" people began rolling on stage. This progressed as they sang "Good Times" from their new *Blow Your Cool* album, and then their superior cover of Simon F's "I Want You Back". Flashbacks appeared of the Johnny Rotten (Public Image Ltd.) show at the Beacon Theater in the Summer of '86. Unlike Rotten, however, who kicked, punched, and spat at the many lovely girls and boys who jumped on stage to dance and sing, the Hoodoo Gurus were as polite as an Aussie could have been. They let the bouncers throw the grappling boys back on the floor. Amongst other great bouncer-fun-and-game inspiring tunes were "Mars Needs Guitars", "Tojo", "Leilani" from *Stone Age Romeo*, and "Like Wow Wipe-out" from *Mars Needs Guitars*.

The New York show was better than their "best" show in London. Except for the people jumping on stage in New York, and maybe three or four different songs, there was one major difference in the band's performance— they closed their show with a massive hair-shaking jam session.

Two members from Redd Kross (the two with the longest hair) joined in to help the Hoodoo Gurus finish their set. It was the best jam ever. There was less bopping from the audience and no body-throwing from muscle men because the audience appeared captivated. Smiling faces gazed at the eight orange, green, and purple cloaked clashing men that were shaking their heads so wildly that one would think their heads would snap off clearly at the neck and smack them straight into their happy visages.

The musicians jammed, hopped, swinging and playing instruments which ranged from guitars to bongos and tambourines while singing the old Ronnie "the Hawk" Hawkins tune "Who Do You Love". Faulkner sang alone, which was enough because of his clear crisp voice. He is unique and can compare to no one. The fun that the musicians were having rubbed off on the audience. Everyone left with a smile, saying equivalents to "wow" and singing incoherently. So New York beat London.

Abortion Man by Artemis



Slimeballs

continued from page 10

of the aforementioned editorial does not see is the student staff calling the ambulance corp when a student is gravely ill, suffering from alcohol poisoning. What the author does not see are women sexually abused or harassed or altercations resulting in injury from alcohol consumption. What the author does not see are the referrals made by resident hall staff to campus counseling services when alcohol abuse has affected both academic and personal life. What the author does not see are the efforts of the Alcohol and Drug Abuse Advisory Panel to educate students about the dangers of abusing substances.

The ADAAP panel (made up of students, staff and faculty) is involved in developing an Alcohol and Drug Awareness Week Program, October 19-23, and is currently involved in a search for an Alcohol and Drug Counselor/Educator to assist staff in promoting responsible alcohol consumption.

The alcohol policy is very much a response to the law which the University is obligated to support. As staff members, the resident assistants have agreed by their acceptance of their position to support campus policy and state laws. The resident assistant staff are a highly trained and committed group of students who have an integral role in maintaining the quality of life in the residence halls. To classify them as 'slimeballs' is grossly unfair, disturbing and totally negates their ability and the fine service they provide to the University community.

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Vinyl

by Karin Falcone

I once had the pleasure of seeing REM perform a drunken and smoldering set at a roller rink in a godforsaken place called East Setauket. Though there were no skaters, the acoustics were horrible and much of the crowd seemed a bit bewildered by the place. But five bodies thick around the stage were the true believers-to-be. The energy in that space was so sincere and the proximity so tenacious that anyone who understood that their point was sheer *pointlessness*, left proclaiming, "REM is God". (Years later, as a student at Stony Brook, East Setauket no longer far away or godforsaken, I try to relocate the seedy rink and discover it is now a laser-tag arena).

REM unwittingly earned themselves a niche as the favorite sons of every elitist ear. Their efforts have consistently been simply, the finest. Last year saw them gain relative commercial success with *Life's Rich Pageant*, and their newest LP, *Document*, is their fifth. To REM, whose first gig was a birthday party for their drug-dealing housemate in their home, an abandoned church in the deep South, this is a serious thing. The number five is prominently displayed on the cover. REM have discovered that there is a point.

Musically, the record is as diverse and entrancing as REM gets, (and they are the Form). The sheer wonder of hearing 60's guitar licks being used in original ways is a surprise and a feat in itself (Exhuming McCarthy, King of Birds). The cohesive clatter is accentuated with sax and piano, and every bridge of every song is a miniature study in contrasts. Still, REM has not mellowed with age. The tendency has been toward the edgier Replacements-style sound preferred by guitarist Peter Buck. *Document* is its full-blown fruition, and singer Michael Stipe seems straining to match this sound with a voice quite unlike

REM Real Music

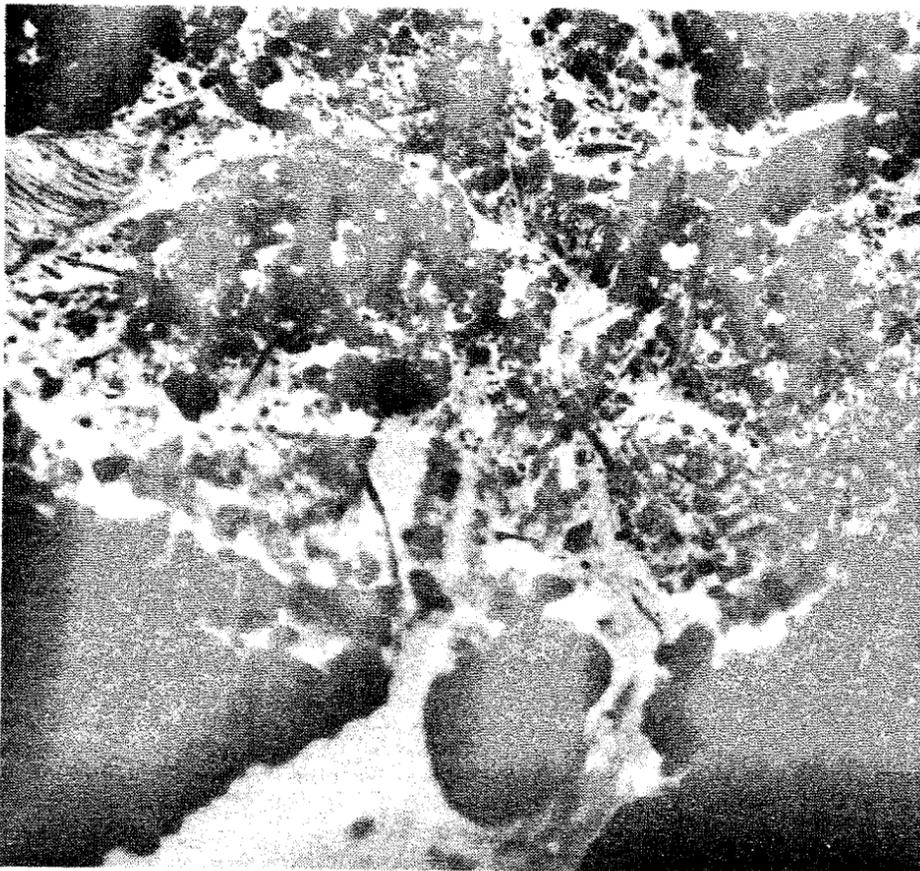


photo by Ed Bridges

his usual voice-as-instrument precision-tuned mumbling. That rich, vibrous guttural sound, allegedly achieved by laying flat on his back for some recordings, is practically nonexistent here. Now we can

hear Stipe, loud and raw and grating and thin-voiced, but pronouncing. And what we hear is a little more Slogan-and-Message than most REM fans are used to.

The band's most original moments were

achieved when they weren't taking themselves too seriously. A recently released chronicle of these is *Dead Letter Office*, a collection of B-sides. But Stipe has led them to their finest moments. His unique vision of modern America is a mix of desolation and richness, of scattered, non-specific images that evoke a very personal response. On *Document* the images and words are clear but incohesive, a little too frighteningly similar to college dorm room conversatins about the World and Its Problems over a bowl and stale coffee, a little too late at night to be remembered the next day, even if we did think we were Ghandi, Joyce, and Kesey in the same room together.

There are exceptions where the method works—the stunning lyric in "King of Birds", sung with chilling resignation—"standing on the shoulders of giants leaves me cold". "The End of the World as We Know It (and I Feel Fine)" would be a tongue-in-cheek romp were it not for the insightful harmony—"can I have some time alone". The album's real stand-out is "Oddfellows Local 151". Intense and moody, it is one of Stipe's most haunting visions and one of the band's most dramatic songs. Its strangled chorus and angry taunts end the album on a chilling note, the chords churning pure despair.

REM seems more concerned with evoking awareness of non-specific issues than the more aesthetic non-specific images we've seen in the past. *Document* shows a disillusionment with the progression of America toward a point not well taken by many of us. Possibly extensive touring in larger venues has made the band's awareness of the problems behind the images even more acute, and more difficult to silently sit on. If that is the point, it is understood. Didn't there used to be a roller rink here?

On Film

by Kyle Silfer

Norman Mailer's *Tough Guys Don't Dance* is the latest chunk of cinematic product from those crazy Israeli film moguls, Golan and Globus, and it measures up perfectly to past G&G extravaganzas (gems like *The Delta Force* and *Masters of the Universe*) in that it bites the big one. Hard.

The film, written and directed by Mailer from his bestselling novel, stars Ryan O'Neal and Isabella Rossellini in an insanely stupid tale of sexual deviance, greed, murder, and drugs. The plot, such as it is, centers on Tim Madden (O'Neal), an ex-con bartender turned writer who is supported in his sedentary craft by a rich, conniving wife he met through a *Screw* magazine classified. For some vague reason, the wife (Debra Sandlund) blows town with the chauffeur, and Madden's resulting bout of drunken depression causes him to lurch through a series of surreal encounters in his small Massachusetts village, one of which he has no memory of and which may, ultimately, brand him a murderer. Severed heads (two), blood-stained fabrics (one, actually), and a sinister police chief (Wings Hauser) haunt him until, with the help of his dying father, he unravels the complexities of the mystery and lives happily ever after with his girlfriend (Rossellini, who, though she gets star billing, is actually only on-screen for about six minutes).

Well, if you thought a murder-mystery flick about a guy who can't remember if he lopped off somebody's head might be kind of intriguing, so did I. The amnesia device is an intriguing one, and it's been used to good effect in many a film before *Tough Guys Don't Dance*. Here, however, its appeal is negligible in the face of the overpowering idiocy of the movie itself.

What do I mean? Well, the acting is atrocious, for one thing. O'Neal delivers his melodramatic lines like Clint Eastwood on quaaludes (that's *bad*, not good), Rossellini stands around looking like her mother and talking like Nastassja Kinski (*a la Blue Velvet*, of which this film is eerily reminiscent),

TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE



and Debra Sandlund's southern accent is so hokey I was convinced she was talking about *horses* instead of *whores* until events in the film proved this unlikely.

Tough Guys also suffers from a pointlessly intricate and poorly executed plot. I don't know how Mailer's novel compares to the film (though I suspect there's a helluva lotta subtext that's been completely annihilated), but the latter fails miserably, both as a mystery and as a narrative. What story there is unfolds through a convoluted series of flashbacks-within-flashbacks, and by the time all the (often irrelevant) parenthetical asides have been dragged into the mainstream of the plotline -- primarily through the revelations of Madden's millionaire school-chum (John Bedford Lloyd, in the film's one decent performance) --, boredom has, rather irrevocably, set in.

Finally, the most puzzling aspect of *Tough Guys* is Mailer's attempt to inject comedy into the lurid goings-on. Early in the film, a *Blue Velvet*-like miasma of black humor creeps about at the edges of certain scenes that are just too weird to ever have been conceived of as straight (Best line in the movie: "Your knife...is in...my dog"). This odd ambiguity degenerates quickly, though. As there are far too many points where laughter is unintentionally elicited (like, for instance, one scene where O'Neal is dramatically expressing dismay as the sea crashes away behind him: "Oh God, oh man, oh God, oh man, oh God, oh man, etc."), the wit becomes unreliable, the miasma dissipates, and everybody comes up short. Of course, I thought that was one of *Blue Velvet*'s major problems, too, so what the hey.

Ultimately, *Tough Guys Don't Dance* is a tedious, poorly-crafted film from a lousy director who also happens to be a very good writer. Some writer-directors hit a happy medium of competence in both areas (like Michael Crichton and Nicholas Meyer), and some don't (to pick an obvious example: Stephen King); unfortunately, Norm falls into this latter category, and the end product is a bad, but *interestingly* bad movie.