

The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

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## DRESS FOR SUCCESS



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# MUSIC, NOT MADNESS

The preamble of Polity's constitution states that the "Student government is mandated to create and perpetuate programs which reflect upon the total environment of the University." Does that mean that the University is an environment in which snowstorms of paper—"memos" in politcalese—fly through the air, insulting everyone's efforts and intelligence? That all the students fight each other tooth and nail in order to be the one who has final say? That promoting self-interest over the possibility of helping others is the best of all possible worlds?

The infighting at Polity is all over the campus media, to the point that it almost seems comic. But that's fine; one of the media's purposes, in addition to providing information, is to focus the spotlight on events and activities that are less than wholesome. Hopefully such attention will either motivate readers to take action or embarrass the subjects so much that their behavior will change. So far neither of these things has happened. Although many members of both the council and the senate have commented that

the infighting and near-slandorous memo-writing is incredibly embarrassing to the Polity organization, neither the main event boxers (Jacques Dorely, President, and Paul Rubenstein, Vice President), who go at it all over the campus papers and in the meeting room, nor the members of the council and senate, have been able to throw in the towel.

It's all like a bad cartoon, like a Punch and Judy skit. It's no surprise to anyone (especially the Council) that nobody takes the student government seriously anymore. Everybody expects Polity to act like a bunch of kindergarten kids during recess, and that's what we're getting.

The biggest shame is that not all the members of the council are acting like children. The class reps in particular have been keeping clear of splattering mud, and when not totally frustrated to the point of ignoring the council meetings in favor of a peanut chew, have done their best to try and set the council back on its feet. You know, common sense. Taking your job—serving the needs of the students—seri-

ously is not too great a thing to ask. Hell, do it for the money: the executive council members get paid sixty bucks a week. It's not just the council members' ethical and political responsibility, it's a financial one as well. Too bad that they can't be fired, only impeached at a great expense of time.

It would be all right if the council and senate could work around the boxing ring in the middle of the council, but they can't see through all the flying paper. And Polity needs a leader, someone to establish direction, to motivate the council and senate to undertake projects of a much larger scope. God knows Stony Brook has got room for improvement, but improvement cannot come from memos, or from a mass firing of anyone who is not perfect. One man can't run a large political organization, but it only takes a few people to fuck one up.

This is America. We don't want to spend our money (1.2 million dollars was Polity's budget last year) solving problems; we want to spend our money forgetting them.

# PIGS IN WHITE SATIN

While Polity slowly grinds itself into the ground and the administration allows the campus to slowly crumble into dust, a handful of students are bringing this hole up to human standards. Concerts 101 and the organizers of Bob Marley Day (mainly the Reggae Club) produced two fantastic concerts, with tickets going for only two to three bucks. Yeah! Break a fiver and you get hours of great music and dancing right in the comfort of the Union Ballroom. None of this fifteen-dollar-ticket nonsense and no thirteen year-old teeny-bopper girls from Great Neck roaming around the Union FSL looking for Mr Goodwrench. Last week was the way it's supposed to be at a university—students helping to make everybody's day a little better without emptying their pockets in the process.

Bob Marley Day, now in its fourth and best year, saw a band playing for free in the FSL on Friday, Feb. 5, and four bands in the ballroom Saturday night for a

mere four dollars; four bands for four dollars. *Irie! Irie!* Everybody dancing and feeling good—on campus. The way that they *said* college would be. Hell, the last band, House of Assembly, wouldn't even leave the stage when the lights came on at 2am, the official closing time of the ballroom.

Next Wednesday was the premiere concert of Concerts 101, the organization founded by Frank Vaccaro and Pete Kang in response to the lack of decent concert events on campus (courtesy of SAB). Concert 101's objective was quality, affordable music as often as possible. And they are living up to their goal. Last Wednesday's concert was a virtual madhouse. When door tickets were brought out to a frenzied group of concert-goers who had been waiting on line for nearly an hour, the line surged forward, crushing people at the front of the line. A bit uncomfortable, maybe, but it's heartening to see people so eager to see a campus concert. And all for only two bucks.

The concert was excellent, although a bit late; everybody slammed and danced and generally worked up a good college frenzy.

Enough good things about these two groups can't be said. Bob Marley Day is an annual occasion, one that whets the appetite about a month beforehand. Concerts 101 is having another concert next week; it'll cost you three bucks. After starting with a budget of \$3500 (\$500 from Polity, \$3000 from the Commuter College) at the end of last semester and spending all the money on their first effort, the profit from last week's concert was enough to fund their second.

# WHAT A PIGSTY

Wednesday afternoon an orientation group—parents and prospective students—was wandering across the bridge towards the Union, seeing "the lovely view of the library, fine arts center, and the new field house..." Lovely view—the bridge is the best place to catch some of the best crumbling action on campus. See buildings deteriorate before your very eyes, the orientation guide should read.

Yeah, buildings need repair occasionally, and yeah, cement doesn't last forever, but there's a limit. The Vice-President of Campus Operations, a now-vacant post that might be "restructured" by President Marburger, is ultimately responsible for the condition of the campus; that's why the position pays so much. Dr Francis, the old VP of Operations, left last semester, leaving the work to his aide Carl Hanes, who is Vice-President of Administration (a less-prestigious, less-powerful, lower-paying position). Hanes wasn't promoted, although he is fulfilling the obligations of that post.

One benefit of the current situation for Hanes is that his official post receives little attention, unlike the usual favorites: the President, the Provost, the VPs of Operations and Student Affairs. In the current

university directory there is no listing for the Vice-President of Operations, and the title "Vice-President of Administration" does not *sound* like an important position in the organization that runs this campus.

But Hanes is under a lot of stress right now. A multi-million dollar, three-year project—the new field house—is underway. The power plant is, well, let's say not operating efficiently. And the general condition of the campus is steadily declining. On top of that, two new parking garages and new dormitories, maybe, will begin construction during the next two years. Seven million dollars has been earmarked by SUNY Central to improve the campus. Most of that money will be handled eventually by the VP of Operations—if there is one. If Marburger "restructures" the position out of existence, then he'll probably be the one to make the decisions concerning operations. Good luck.

Right now, though, Hanes is running the operations branch of the administration. It's a difficult job, surely, and to a certain degree he doesn't have too much freedom in his job—he *has* to build to field house—but the priorities for repairs on campus have got to be changed.

*The Press needs fire wood! Send your letters or viewpoints to Suite 020 Central Hall.*

## The Stony Brook Press

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# Student Evaluation Book

by Quinn Kaufman

A new Student Course and Evaluation Book is underway and according to its originator, Junior Representative Daniel Rubin, it should "be published by the fall semester, just in time for freshman orientation."

Most students are accustomed to filling out purple survey sheets at the end of each semester. Those surveys are used solely by the University to decide which professors will receive tenure, but afterwards, Rubin said, "they are pretty much filed away."

The new booklet, a compilation of students' ratings and opinions of professors and their courses, will also be used by the University for tenure purposes, but other than that, Rubin said, "the new book is just for the benefit and needs of teachers and students."

At the end of the Spring '88 semester, the new survey will evaluate 500 courses. It will ask approximately twenty professionally analyzed questions, such as, "How clear was your professor's English?" and "How was the pace of the course?" The questions were compiled by the University senate. According to Rubin, "They know which questions have been scientifically proven to work." Every semester, the results of these surveys will be compiled into a 150 page

book and 10,000 copies will be distributed to every undergraduate and academic department.

The book will aim to motivate professors into giving better teaching performances, aid students at perfecting their educational efforts and allow the administration to recognize teaching merit. In his proposal, Rubin said the new book will "give better data (compared to the old survey) in support of teaching functions to which we presently give mainly lip service because of lack of a credible evaluation."

The booklet will explain to students, prior to their choosing of a course, how each professor rated in many different areas. As a result of these available ratings, students will be able to decide before signing up for a course which class suits them the best.

When asked if a professor could be reprimanded upon receiving a poor evaluation, Rubin said, "No. The professor will learn from it. He may already realize that his students aren't learning, but he may not know why. Maybe his heavy Japanese or German accent interferes with the students' ability to transcribe accurate, comprehensive notes. If a professor wants to have a credible reputation, he must improve. With this book, he could see the

areas he's weak in and learn to improve." On the other hand, professors who receive a high quality rating will get credit for what they're doing.

Even though support for the book is campus-wide, monetary support for the project is lacking. Campus organizations, such as the Faculty Student Association (FSA), University Senate, Polity and the College Legislatures support the idea, yet are hesitant when it comes to funding the \$5000 per semester project. According to Rubin, "If we don't get the book right the first time, it will die out."

Rubin hopes at least \$1000 of the \$5000 needed will come from college leg funds. He hopes to receive \$50 from 26 residence buildings on campus.

Toscanini College in Tabler Quad has already rejected the proposal. Toscanini Leg President, Richard T. Baker, said, "I think the idea and the spirit of Rubin's idea are great, but if he wants \$50 from each building for the book then he's got to convince the students in the building." At the last leg meeting, 20% of those Toscanini residents who appeared at the meeting voted no for the project.

Rubin said he will try to speak to some "skeptical leg presidents who may not be

fully aware of the benefits" of the project.

Rubin explained that if funds prove to be insufficient, he will alternatively use advertising to fund the project. Rubin said he will independently "try to get the advertising money," and he added, "The Entrepreneur Club is willing to invest in the project."

Students agree that the proposed book is a worthwhile project. Baker said, "I think it would be an incentive for the faculty to concentrate more on their teaching."

David Stock, a graduate student, remembered a similar book which was distributed at SUNY Binghamton during the mid-70s. Stock said, "The publication of the rating was stopped because the students used the teacher ratings and not the course catalog to choose their courses."

While Rubin climbs Stony Brook's hierarchy in order to gain the University Senate's final approval, he said, "Everyone should be aware that the book is a very worthwhile project geared towards students' needs. Anybody who has questions, opinions, or wants to help is welcomed to support the booklet. After all," Rubin said, "This University needs improvement, and if Harvard and Columbia can benefit from the same booklet, why shouldn't Stony Brook?"

## VP of Operations Post Unfilled

by Quinn Kaufman

Stony Brook's Vice-President of Campus Operations position has been vacant since October 1987, when Dr. Robert Francis resigned as a result of widespread criticism stemming from his involvement in the Javits Lecture Center Fire.

While the position remains vacant, University President Marburger has asked Carl Hanes, Vice-President for Administration, to act as coordinator for Campus Operations. In addition to Hanes' handling of Stony Brook's financial matters, Hanes' responsibilities now include the campus and HSC physical plants, Public Safety, Environmental Health and Safety, transportation, budgets and personnel transactions and changes. Says Hanes: "I have taken over Dr. Francis' duties and I receive no additional compensation."

According to Hanes, the Vice-President's position will remain vacant until Marburger has completed a review of the administrative structure: "Marburger



The "non-VP of operations" lake outside Central Hall

wants to see if the responsibilities of the Vice-President will be reconstructed before the position is filled. Should those responsible for certain duties take on new responsibilities which were formerly the obligations of Francis? Should units from other areas be moved in or out? Basically," Hanes concluded, "should the Vice-President's position be modified before it's filled

with a new person?" Once this review is complete, Marburger will decide what to do in terms of filling the position.

The review will not be completed until the end of February, yet Marburger's office said that "a statement regarding the Vice-President's position will be issued later this week."

When asked if he would accept the Vice-

President's position were Marburger to offer, Hanes replied, "I'm not sure I'd want it. It would matter how much the salary changed."

Undertaking the responsibilities of the position while it remains vacant, Hanes said, "has made my life a little more interesting."

## Starched Shirts and Starched Minds

by Craig Goldsmith

The accusations and the memos are flying around the Polity Suite like snow. Jacques Dorcelly, Polity President, asked his VP, Paul Rubenstein, to resign but added that the matter should be decided by the students. On 2/15, Dorcelly distributed flyers asking all and any students to attend that night's council meeting. He sought students to support an "outside investigating committee" that Dorcelly had proposed at the previous Council meeting. That committee would investigate the financial operations of Polity, to ensure that no one has been playing with the money.

It has been one of Dorcelly's main goals since taking office to clean house up at Polity. Dorcelly has insisted that "Polity is an organization rotten to the core." At last week's Polity Senate meeting, Dorcelly



Jacques Dorcelly

Paul Rubenstein

called for an "Operation Clean-up". He said, "I intend...to effect a thorough cleaning in the midst of Polity as a means to avoid and eventually to discover all wastes, mismanagements of funds." This state-

ment has been Dorcelly's ongoing "project" since taking office.

Rubenstein refused to cooperate when asked to submit a report of his own activities during the time that he was acting last

Fall. He said at the Council meeting Monday night that the tone of the request was out of line. "I'm not your employee, Jacques. You can't order me around." Rubenstein has publicly maintained that Dorcelly refuses to work with him, and that Dorcelly is not doing his job.

During meetings last week, both council members and senators complained to Dorcelly that he was not doing anything, that the meeting agendas were empty, and that Dorcelly is restricting Polity from going about its business. "What are you doing, Jacques?" one senator asked, "What projects are you working on? Tell us what you're working on before you tell us that we're not doing our jobs."

Monday's Council meeting demonstrated neither student support for Dorcelly's

*continued on page 4*

# How to Get Rid of Flies Without Trying

by Ryder Miller

Second of Two Parts

For those of you who weren't here last week, when I went home over the Christmas vacation, I found that my family's apartment in Brooklyn was overrun with flies. We tried to communicate that we wanted them to leave, but it wasn't working.

Before I came home, my brother bombed the apartment with pesticides, which didn't work. We then let off two bombs, but that didn't work either. The bombs didn't solve the problem because they killed most of the flies instead of all of them. If an apartment can support large numbers of flies, when most are killed, the few remaining will have an abundance of resources available and the number of flies will increase quickly.

I tried to warn my family that the bombs wouldn't work, planning to go to the Brooklyn Public Library and get information about the life cycles of flies. I figured knowledge is power, and the more we knew about flies, the easier it would be to get rid of them. Flies, like all organisms, have certain requirements. If you can find out what they eat, you can starve them. If you can prevent them from reproducing, there will be no further generations. Natural pest control has been effective in the past. Infestations of the mosquito *Aedes sollicitans* have been remedied by the dredging of salt marshes, which destroys *A. sollicitans*' natural breeding site.

The information I found at the Brooklyn Public Library, however, wasn't useful and the bombing went off as planned. When I returned to school, there were only a few flies in the apartment, but I decided to further research the subject here at Stony Brook.



Life stages of the house fly, *Musca domestica* L. A, egg;

The Life of a Fly

Flies are found frequently in cosmopolitan areas, living in close association with man. Flies utilize human waste; human garbage becomes feeding and breeding sites. During the warm months flies are numerous, but they disappear over the winter. Some flies keep alive during the winter by spending the cold months in urban dwell-

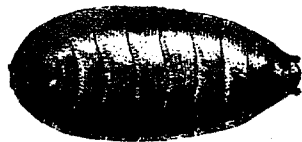
ings. Despite that fact, they are obviously annoying, they also pose a health risk. Due to their habit of landing on everything, flies can operate as the mechanical vectors of disease, carrying bacteria found in excrement or rotting garbage onto human skin.



B, larva;

The house fly, *Musca domestica*, is generally seen only as a winged adult. Unknown to many, flies go through complex metamorphosis, with an egg, larval and pupal stage. Adult flies lay their eggs in decaying organic matter, suitable for larval growth. The adult female can produce as many as 500 milky white eggs in her lifetime. The eggs develop rapidly, hatching in one day at summer temperatures. The number of eggs that develop into adults is limited mainly by the number of sites available for larval growth.

The larva is white, blunt on one side but tapering to a point at the other end. When fully developed, the larvae can be longer than the adult. Larvae burrow into the food material where they are hatched, go through a complex metamorphosis and can pupate within a week. The larvae seek out drier regions as they approach pupation, tending to pupate in loose materials, or under boards or stones. Under warm conditions the pupal stage lasts 4 to 6 days; the adult fly lives 15 to 25 days.



C, puparium;

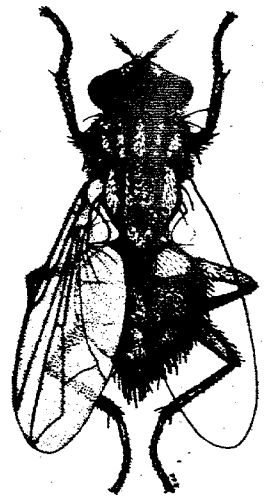
The Solution

Pesticides, fly paper, and the like have been developed to attack flies during the adult stages of their life cycle. This is because the flies which enter your apartment may have many breeding-sites, and it is therefore too difficult to affect the pupal and larval stages. Pesticides are designed so that they are either ingested or absorbed into the bodies of flies. Since flies move around restlessly, it is not necessary to spray the whole apartment. The house fly has a tendency to rest on the edges of doors or windows, edges of cracks between boards, and on pipes and electric cords. Localized applications have been shown to be as effective as overall sprays, and offer substantial savings in material. The problem with sprays is that fly populations eventually become immune. And flies carry the chemicals to humans by landing on their food or skin.

If flies can enter your apartment, there is no complete solution. If the conditions exist in your apartment for flies to thrive, it is easier to change those conditions than chase after flies. General sanitary methods will drastically reduce the numbers of flies your apartment can support. Flies are a curious sort and they will try to eat anything. Try to limit the amount of food available; this would involve doing the dishes more often, throwing out the garbage more regularly, changing the cat litter every day, covering the cat food, etc...

In the local vicinity of your apartment try to destroy natural sites for larval growth like open garbage cans, piles of fermenting lawn clippings, piles of manure, etc...It may be too hard to find breeding sites because flies commonly travel 1 to 2 miles. You may be forced to use pesticides. Put screens over the windows and expect to live with a limited number of flies. Buy a flyswatter.

When it becomes colder and flies are limited to the apartment, the solution becomes easier. Since the flies are confined, they must be reproducing in the apartment, which means you can attack the flies in their larval and pupal stages. The number of spots, or the resources available for larval development normally limits the numbers of flies which develop from eggs. If the sites for larval development could be found and destroyed, there should be no further generations.



Face fly, *Musca autumnalis*.  
D, adult.

In our apartment, the only site suitable for larval growth was the cat litter. The litter was not thrown out as often as it should have been, and as a result flies had time to go through the larval and pupal stages. When the larvae matured and were ready to pupate, they could have stayed in the dry corners of the litterbox.

The flies could exist in the apartment because of the cat, but the cat wasn't responsible. It's not like the cat opened up the window and said to the flies, "Hey you flies, come in here. It's getting cold. It's nice in here, the apartment is warm, they'll feed you...They don't change the litter enough, but that's okay." If the litter was thrown out more often, there would have been no flies. It was a clear case of human negligence.

## POLITY

continued from page 3

"outside investigating committee" nor an end to Polity infighting. It was nearly an hour and a half into the meeting before any real business besides infighting was discussed. In fact, a time-limit was eventually set by a vote of the council to limit the length of discussions concerning Dorcelly and Rubenstein's relations. Hugh Mulligan, hired by the Administration to bring Barnes & Noble up to human, decent standards, was invited to give a report to the council concerning his efforts. After patiently waiting for the discussion to cease, Mulligan apologized for "interrupting your family squabble."

The Council is grinding to a halt because of the infighting. "We're in all different directions." Junior Class Rep Dan Rubin said of the Polity Council. "We don't have a leader." Rubin said that Dorcelly is having problems because he entered Polity from the outside, and is unfamiliar with its operation. Rubenstein, he said, is involved in a serious conflict of interest, as he is a member of SAB and FSA as well as the council. In addition, Rubenstein helped draft the Health Fee Plan. "Maybe he shouldn't vote on it," Rubin said. "He wrote it, of course he's not going to have a problem with it." As for the snow-white paper flurries, Rubin said that "Memos don't mean shit. Get off your ass and do something."

you know it's hard staying up all night, entering data into a stupid computer that always fucks up, but you can't really talk to it and tell it how pissed off you really are, and the sun comes up but you can't sit outside and watch it, coz you're in a basement with no windows but it's worth it to see a paper published. come down and check us out.

## Woods' Crash Course

by Ryder Miller

It's been a long Thursday night, and after a full night of drinking and smoking, you got a hunger, not the munchies where 7-11 would suffice. So you decide to take the south entrance towards McDonald's, Dunkin' Donuts, White Castle or any of the other fine food outfits towards 347. Besides, why go to 7-11 anyway, the people who work there late at night look really freaky, and if you want to buy beer you have to be 35. Plus, like most of the surrounding community, they hate people who go to Stony Brook University anyway.

When driving around the loop, heading up past Kelly, Stage, Roth and Tabler, you realize that you shouldn't be driving. The road is moving fast and you're just moving so slow. When you approach the Y at the top of the hill where you can take the left and drive down to administration, or the right on Forest Drive and head out towards 347, you realize the wheel is slipping out of your hands...

You wake up in the morning, head groggy,

sleeping in the dappling sunlight coming through the branches. Your life is saved because you wore a seat belt and the momentum of the car was stopped by the thin red maples and shiny black birches, rather than the old, large red and white oaks which dominate these woods. You get out of your car, your head is shaky, but you thank god (or whatever) that there are some trees left and that everything isn't covered with buildings. In your mind you thank the preservationist and you're happy that preserves exist, like the one you crashed into. The Ashley Shiff Preserve.

It's amazing to walk around inside these woods, life is just growing on top of everything. Lichens grow on the rocks, fungi grow off the sides of trees and green algae darken some tree trunks. You can smell the decaying leaves and dirt, and everything is silent except you. Ice cracks as you walk and you can hear your own breathing. Occasionally the wind comes by and you can hear the sound of the dead oak leaves shaking in the wind. Even though spring is more than a

month off, the forest is awake and ready.

The majority of the large dominant trees are oak. Red oaks (*Quercus coccinea*) have dark rough bark on the trunks, usually covered with some green growth close to the ground, but as you follow the tree upwards the bark gets smoother and greyer. You notice that oak trees are not that well represented among the smaller trees. Among the common smaller trees are black birch (*Betula lenta*) which have horizontal lines scraping through the shiny brownish purple bark, red maple (*acer rubrum*) with smooth grey bark and burgundy buds, and dogwood (*Cornus florida*) with flaky dark grey bark.

Throughout the woods can be seen tall thin dead trees with bark peeling off. Many trees have crashed to the floor or are broken but lean on other trees for support. There appears to have been some mishap or natural disturbance that has occurred here. The fact that there is a difference in the composition of small and large trees indicates that some change is occurring.

Next week: *Strange occurrences in the woods.*

# Election Year Itch

by T. Bones

This is the unfortunate truth. We must nominate and then decide among the names presented, who is to be the next President of the United States of America. As prospective candidates win primaries, they build the coalition of electors needed at the national convention to win the nomination. Registered Republican and Democratic voters in the states that have binding primaries (nearly 25 for each party) decide how their state's electors will vote in the party's national convention (as a proportion of the vote). A position as elector, until 1972, was a political reward given out by state party leaders creating a fabric of political muscle for candidates to use in the White House. This relatively new and decidedly American system of nomination makes the maintenance of names and faces on TV and in newspapers crucial to candidate viability.

If you have been reading the newspapers, you'll notice there has been scant issue-oriented reportage.

Check out the Republicans, the Grand Old Party. We hear George Bush calling Robert Dole an evasive liar, an issue hopper, or poking at his wife while Dole simply says that Bush has no spine (all of which may be true). Or perhaps a little spat on TV with Dan Rather, good for three days of media coverage for Bush. He had his poster delivered free of charge to every paper reader in America, most of whom are voters, for three days straight! George Hedge might be better, no, something more American, like George Wheat. Or maybe George Cot-

ton Head, since he's hopelessly counting on the South, which has been solidly Democratic since the Civil War. If he adhered to Pat Robertson's fundamental collusion, he might call himself Burning Bush, inadvertently attracting heavy metal devil worshippers at the same time.

Bush, in a move that showed true character, gave the other serious GOP candidate a massive cheap shot on TV three days before the primary. Bob Dole, a man who might be better mixing fruit juices in Florida with Kenny Rogers, spent \$900,000 on television advertising in New Hampshire alone, while Bush laid out a measly \$750,000. On television, it's obviously not the price of an ad that matters, but its ability to make bright lights blink into the voters' heads upon entering a voting machine.

The best name for Bush though, would certainly be Reagan, it's the thing he needs most to win.

Oh, how Bush needs that spectral actor to give him character. Last week on CBS News, Bush showed true leadership quality as he threw snowballs at a group of school children.

What kind of politicking is this?! Ron Reagan fought in wild westerns; who can this guy answer to? School children? The Democrats?

The Democrats are divided as always. We have Paul Dukakis. He won the New Hampshire primary easily but too bad he needs a more dignified name in order to be called president. *President Dukakis*. No...

Gary Hart, please go home; you're wasting our money on a good but utterly

hopeless candidacy, too much negative media attention. And Paul Simon, personally my favorite because he doesn't want the job that badly, is doomed. A conservative Democrat with a hippie name and a red bow

tie is sunk. After the primary, his podium fell over and he exclaimed "the platform I stand on is a strong platform." Doomed.

Richard Gephardt, who finished second in

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## EBONY Editor Speaks



Lerone Bennett

by Richard Wieda

Lerone Bennett, the executive editor of *Ebony* magazine and a respected historian and literary critic, spoke to a crowded Fine Arts Center Tuesday night about the importance of Black History Month. He called Black History Month not only a time to reflect upon the past accomplishments of black Americans, but a season for Americans to understand that black history is as indelibly tied to the development of American society as the pilgrims or George Washington. "All Americans," he declared, "are black, or at least part-black."

Bennett went on to describe black history as not only a record of black experience, but of mainstream American experience as well. Bennett challenged Americans to realize that the true history of the United States is "a cooperative history of black and white, men and women, all races, who acted together to develop this nation" and forge its national identity. "It is through black history," Bennett said, "that we can understand how truly integrated we are."

Describing the accomplishments of the many black Americans who have offered great contributions to science, medicine, culture and the economy, Bennett lamented that there are few images of those black Americans in the history books, not to mention images of those who worked the farms and fields of America for 250 years before the Civil War. Quoting Abraham Lincoln,

Bennett noted that "this country was founded on 250 years of unrequited toil and I don't think they have computers that can figure out the interest on that loan. The point is," he said, "black history is a major component of American history."

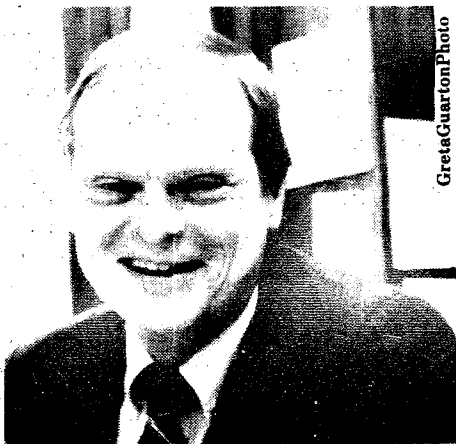
Looking toward the future, Bennett warned of the upsurge in racism and Jim Crowism around the nation disguising itself as conservatism. "This is a crisis about the very meaning and destiny of the United States," he asserted when talking about the Reagan ideals and materialism that many Americans seem to have embraced in the 1980s. He worried that the gains made by black Americans through civil rights and affirmative action were unraveling and noted that "with the black unemployment rate higher now than when Martin Luther King first had his dream, the fundamental paradox of the the post-King era is that everything has changed and yet nothing has changed." He urged economic integration in the eighties to follow the social integration of the sixties.

Ending on an optimistic note, Bennett maintained that black Americans have the hope and the history to show they can never be counted out, having overcome so much in their past. He challenged blacks to return to the traditions of excellence that have allowed them to overcome so much in order to make economic integration a reality, and not just a dream.

## Harriman Hall

by Karin Falcone

The Harriman School of Management reflects a new kind of presence at Stony Brook. The cutting edge of management knowledge has been put to practical use in making the Harriman School and its satellite ventures work. Dean Gerritt Wolf has played a major role as directional leader and "catalyst" since his start here in the Fall of 1985. Appointed for the specific purpose of building a graduate program in business management from the ground up, Wolf explained, he and colleagues have found success by putting to practice the same modern management techniques being taught in the graduate program.



Dean Gerritt Wolf

According to Wolf, students in the Harriman School are exposed to practical knowledge immediately. Computer use is integral, and a brand new system of IBM computers has been implemented to train students for modern automated offices. The school focuses on broadening the scope of MBA opportunity to government and non-profit organizations, as well as

business, Wolf stated. The business program stresses the high tech industries, which are prevalent on Long Island. There are specific programs for each of the three branches. "We had to create a presence for students," said Wolf. "Enrollments must increase or we will not have succeeded." Plans include increasing enrollment from 80 to 300 students.

The practical and entrepreneurial are stressed. Gerry Brouard, president of the Harriman-based Entrepreneur Club said, "The creative spark in the marketplace is entrepreneurship. The Harriman School is differentiated by its push on start-up ventures."

Besides several major outside research projects the school is involved in, its most obvious recent accomplishment is the new Harriman Cafe, which is run entirely by Harriman students. "Education goes on outside the classroom," Wolf cites the cafe's success as part of a larger philosophy: "People should plan, have a vision, and put their plans to the test." Wolf believes the next step is improvement. Creating an atmosphere in the cafe "that makes you sit down and be comfortable" is the goal, and outdoor tables are planned for the spring.

Dean Wolf is currently chairman of the housing committee on campus, and his method there too is "reflective of how we train our own students to go out and solve problems." He said current plans include a public/private partnership to solve the housing problem. A public forum will be held on the various alternatives next month.

As far as the future of Harriman, Wolf's vision is characteristically clear. "We will not badger Albany. We will go out and do it ourselves...It's called taking a risk."



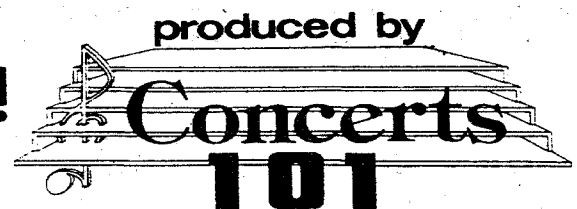
# Polity



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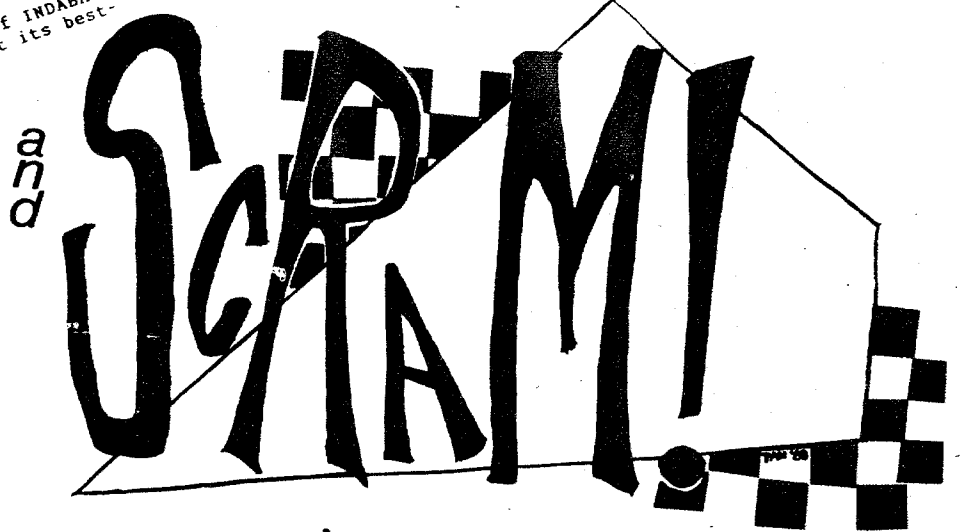
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# CIA's Clandestine Controls

by Joe DiStefano

Last night's Peace Studies Center presentation, "Secret Intelligence in a Democratic Society," was innately absurd for several reasons. The public's conception of the CIA as an agency without elected officials, capable of overriding the rest of the government, directly contradicts the ideals of "democratic society." Incidents such as the Bay of Pigs covert drug experimentation, as well as the recent Contra-Cocaine Pipeline scandal demonstrate the direct opposition of "secret intelligence" with "democratic society." The methods employed by secret intelligence agencies are incompatible with democracy.

The speaker, Arthur Holnick, Coordinator of Academic Affairs for the CIA, conveniently ignored the inherent problem of his topic as well as the CIA's past history. He blamed early CIA fiascos on loose supervision and claimed that some of them reflected foreign poking and were not the agency's fault at all. Holnick claimed that the initial kill-or-be-killed attitude of the agency existed because it had its origins in the Red Scare of the 1950s. He focused on the CIA as an intelligence agency, defining intelligence work as collection and analysis of information pertinent to national security. This collected information is then used to advise the president, to dispel any misconceptions and unrealistic

policy decisions. The possibility that the CIA could use its influence to alter foreign policy is a scary one.

Holnick mentioned the establishment of House and Senate Oversight Committees in the mid-seventies to check up on the CIA. The CIA's role as a disinterested party whose purpose is to collect and analyze data, not to shape foreign policy, was stressed to show that the agency has no place in foreign policy. At one point Holnick said, "We don't invent American policy...the nation is just wrong." The attitude was: "We can't account for the past, but we're playing by the rules now."

Although ninety percent of all CIA work is claimed to be intelligence, Holnick briefly discussed counter-intelligence and covert operations. These activities were justified as necessary evils—fair enough, since everyone else practices them, we have to. How can clandestine operations reflect the democratic general will?

The argument used to justify "traditional espionage" was twofold. Holnick seemed to think that since the ancient Babylonians practiced espionage, that justified it. He kept on harping on the point that "traditional espionage" is "a normal method of statecraft." Holnick enumerated as the methods employed in espionage: disinformation, propaganda, paramilitary operations, and use of technical sen-

sors; perfectly "normal" practices conducive to the ruling, efficient and just "democratic societies." He claimed the rule of thumb for covert activities is that they be used only to the extent that citizens would approve of them if they knew of them. The point is that we don't know about covert operations, that the CIA expects the people to take their good intent on faith.

Not too much revealing factual information was contained in last night's presentation. The attitude of the speaker was more important than learning about the CIA's information processing. When direct questions were asked about the inconsistency of CIA data with that from other sources, Holnick answered with vague references to the unavoidable ambiguities in intelligence work. Throughout the presentation, the use of the first person plural (*we, our business*) revealed the purpose of the presentation. Holnick stressed that "The agency's people run the gamut from left to right" and that they "encourage unusual views" among their agents. The presentation's only goal, from the CIA's standpoint, was to cast the agency and its employees as credible, honest, and ordinary individuals, and to dispel any doubts as to the influence of the agency upon foreign policy.

# Gasoline Leak in South Setauket

by Roy Stone

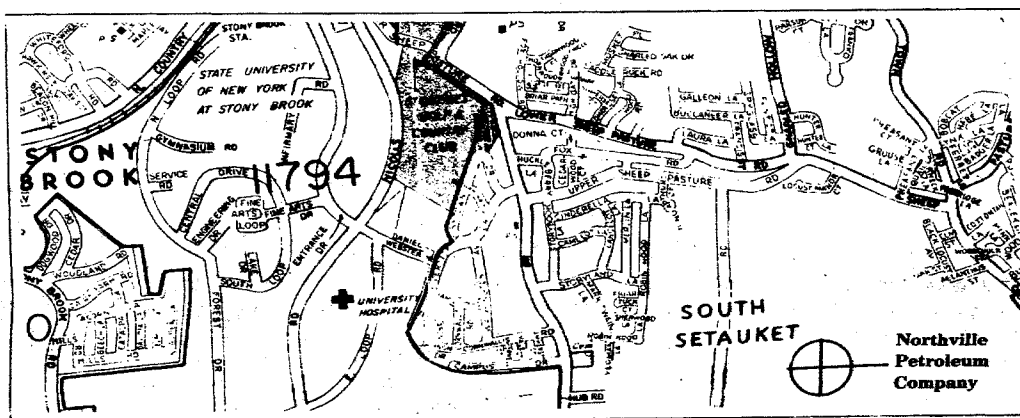
On Monday, February 8, officials of the Northville Petroleum Company in Setauket announced that a gas spill first discovered in November was three times larger than originally estimated. The green Northville Petroleum tanks are visible when facing south from the high buildings on campus. Northville officials estimated the spill to top 800,000 gallons of gasoline. A Northville worker said that gasoline, 4 to 7 feet in depth is floating atop the water table about 100 feet below the surface. The spill has been estimated to have traveled 1500 feet west and south of the truck-loading rack at Northville terminal in South Setauket. Northville said the cause was a tiny hole in a 20-year old pipe, from which gasoline has been leaking since the seventies.

Some Setauket homes on the westernmost known boundary of the underground spill have been tested for benzene vapors, a flammable product of gasoline. Benzene vapor levels were found to be above the state and county health guidelines of ten parts per billion in only 34 gasoline vapor monitors around the homes in the Stony Brook development closest to the spill. The county health commissioner, David Harris (as reported in *Newsday*, Feb. 11), said that ten parts per billion is very conservative, i.e. not a dangerous level of benzene (1000 times more strin-

gent than OSHA reported in the *Herald*, Feb. 17), but homes will continue to be monitored as long as ten parts per billion are recorded. The Suffolk County Water Authority has said the drinking water is safe.

At the present time, homeowners are scared. As reported in *Newsday* (Feb. 17), six families are suing Northville Industries for \$400 million in damages for emotional and economic hardships and possible health problems. For the time being, many pieces of the puzzle are unknown. As

reported in that same issue of *Newsday*, the regional water engineer for the State Department of Environmental Conservation said gasoline was found within 150 to 200 feet east of the rear property lines of Robin Hood Lane homes. Workers are attempting to find the northern and southern limits of the spill. The DEC is also testing for components of gasoline that can dissolve in water, such as benzene, toluene, and xylene. Facts are forthcoming; watch for news.



# The New Left Student Organization

by Robert V Gilheany

Radical, Leftist and Progressive students from all over the country came to Rutgers University two weekends ago to set up a National Student Organization. The group, the New Left Student Organization, is based on the experience of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) in the 1960s. Like its predecessor SDS, the organization plans to work for change not only in issue form but also through expression in literature, poetry, and art.

Like SDS before it, the group is broad-based: its members are Peace Activists, Anti-Apartheid people, environmentalists, people of color, gays and lesbians, anti-CIA/FBI agitators, and folks concerned with labour, sexism and racism. Many interests, a diversity in thought, but a unity of action.

Stony Brook to Berkeley, Austin to Boston and everywhere in between, 650 students from 150 colleges and universities came to the convention. The first night, Friday, was stormy: people arguing over the agenda, about what should be emphasized or what kind of workshops should be run (single issue or multi-faceted). On Saturday, people put these workshops together, some single issue workshops concerning Apartheid or Contra Aid, some like the workshop on Vision.

I went to the Environmental Workshop and the Vision Workshop. At the Environmental Workshop they talked

about recycling as an alternative to landfills and incineration, and dealt with the "Throwaway Society". A solar energy economy was a goal of the environmental group as opposed to nuclear power and other non-renewable resources. The discussion dealt with the quality of air and water and its effects on health.

The Vision Workshop, on the other hand, dealt with our motivations (*why are we in the movement?*), and some of the responses were: for freedom, personal satisfaction, to stop Apartheid or Contra Aid, or simply to change the world. Mitch Cohen, one of the workshop's facilitators, asked people to write a short poem about what they would do after the revolution. People responded mostly that they would spend more time developing their personal relationships, but one person wrote, "I'll always have acid gay sex." Another response was, "Start another revolution." But most of the poems were about building personal relationships. What the left wants, it seems, is freedom, equality, a clean environment and strong personal relationships.

Saturday night was a panel discussion with sixties radical Abbie Hoffman (his autobiography *Soon to be a Major Motion Picture* is a must for anyone interested in the 1960s) and rock star Little Steven VanZandt. Hoffman warned against the left devouring itself, and commented on the argument "should you work within the system to change

it or just work on the campuses and streets?" Hoffman's reply: "You should have one foot in the door and one foot on the street." He told the crowd that on the street you're in touch with what is happening and you don't become a bureaucrat. In the system, you learn to use the media, raise money and organize events. VanZandt warned against labeling yourself socialist or Marxist, saying, "Those terms don't mean a damn thing and people will use them to attack you."

Sunday the student convention set up Regional Networks for actions and events. Some of the events being planned are: a nationwide candle light vigil to end Apartheid on April 4th (the 20th anniversary of the death of Martin Luther King, Jr.), a Palestinian Day for the Palestinian Homeland and peace in the mid-east on March 30th, a Rock Against Racism concert in NYC (date to be announced), an Anti-CIA Demonstration in Boston (all come) on April 26th (right after the convention, many students went to SUNY Albany to kick the CIA off campus [8 arrested], and 500 people—some of them from the conference—protested Reagan's visit to Duke University), and at Stony Brook HOLA and the Third World Resource Center will have a Palestinian student speaking at the Fire Side Lounge on March 8th. All over the country the left is active. This time make it last.



# DO YOU FEEL IRIE IRIE IRIE?

photos by Ed Bridges and Craig Goldsmith

words by Ras Mike

The magnitude of Friday's turnout surely predicted the great multitude of people who would attend the main concert event on Bob Marley's birthdate, Saturday February 6th, in the Union Ballroom. The doors opened at 8pm and DJ Dave Nicolls welcomed the crowd with some of the current Jamaican dance hall hits.

At 9, the captivating Catch a Fire band set a vibratory pace upon opening the show, playing in the classic roots style complete with Nyabingi drumming and Marley-esque song stylings. The sistren providing lead and backing vocals were an especially integral part of Catch a Fire's intense stage presence.

A Bob Marley Day standard, the reggae band Inity soon made their way on stage to provide a highly danceable set of songs—original work and Marley covers—that set a precedent for the meaning of their name. Indeed, there was a coming together of people from all backgrounds, on the stage and on the dance floor. Inity is surely a musical force to be reckoned with.

The Reggaematics (formerly The Best) played an upbeat set of originals and covers that rocked the crowd. This was sorely needed so that you could focus on your dance partner so as not to witness the lead singer's ridiculous reggaerobic antics that many serious dreads in the audience were visibly upset over. Male feminism in reggae music is not much appreciated, thank you very much!

Following the Reggaematics, guest speaker Dr. G. Michael Bagley of the Africana Studies Department addressed the crowd. Dr. Bagley is a founding member of the Bob Marley Day Committee and related his reasons why this particular annual event is so very

Hundreds of Stony Brook students and their surrounding community members were once again entranced by the syncopated reggae beat on Friday, February 5th, and Saturday, February 6th when SUNY Stony Brook paid tribute to Jamaican singer, songwriter, poet, the Honorable Robert Nesta Marley, Order of Merit.

Friday saw a myriad of events starting at noon in the Union Fireside Lounge, which included three hours of Bob Marley's inspirational music before the versatile Suns of Jubal band took over the sound. They echoed such Marley classics as "Redemption Song", and "No Woman No Cry" and many others to a visibly moved audience. Performing here as a duo, the Suns of Jubal were well received, and are always playing local night spots on Long Island.

Reggae Club members Bunny Wong, Ras T. Asheber, Natty Neita, and Ras Marvin recited their own poetry to reflect the message in Bob's life works, one of unity and universal upliftment of the downtrodden masses of the earth.

With an attentive audience present, the Rastafari panel discussion commenced with a brief history of Rasta culture and its origin through Africa, Ethiopia, and the island of Jamaica. The panel was comprised of Ras T., Ras Mike, and Ras Marvin. All present were invited to participate in the discussion, and it became apparent that there are many people who mis-conceptualize just who the Rastas are, as evidenced by stereotypical attitudes. The panel discussion has helped dispel the myths concerning the Rasta way of life, and the session will be aired on WUSB 90.1 FM tomorrow during the **Rockin' Iration** show from 7pm to 9.

important to Africans in this Diaspora. He spoke also about how the works of Bob Marley have made an impact on the wider society. The audience could have been a bit more respectful towards such an important statement that has value to us all, no matter where we come from.

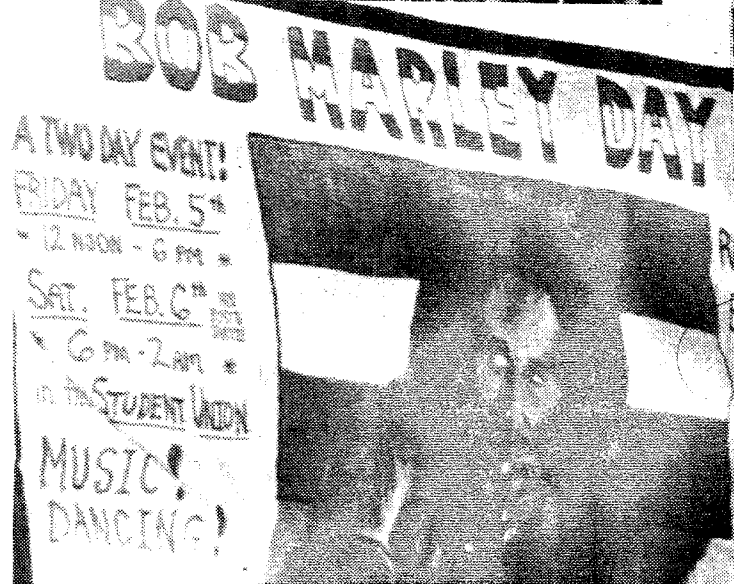
Amy Wachtel, the Night Nurse from WBAU-FM (Adelphi University) stepped forward to relieve the night's duties from emcee Ras Marvin. The Night Nurse has an important reputation in reggae music, and currently compiles the National Reggae Chart for the College Music Journal. Amy then introduced the band who was to make reggae history here at Stony Brook...

The phenomenal veteran reggae band House of Assembly commuted, at their own expense (as did all the other bands), from Philadelphia, their playing home for over twelve years now. They came to play Bob Marley Day for their first New York appearance ever, and Stony Brook got 'em!

Their recently released debut LP, **Confusion**, on Meadowlark (Shanachie) records was showcased in their ninety minute set. House of Assembly was easily the highlight of the multi-concert event. Their ability to communicate with both American and Caribbean audiences made them the clear favorite, and their performance was simulcast live on WUSB. **Rockin' Iration** will soon air this monumental concert, so listen for an update.

The visual art of the Bob Marley banners, the colorful reggae merchandise offered by Esthetics Enterprises of Brooklyn, and the delicious authentic Jamaican cooking by Papy Gilly helped round off the evening, and added to the success of the biggest and best annual Bob Marley Day that SUNY Stony Brook has seen to date.

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# Tequila Monsters

continued from back page

sixty originals, and his output is along the same lines. So between the two of us I'm sure we can get something out there.

Q: Do you drink tequila?

A: I do, but I get a really bad reaction to tequila. Coming from New Mexico it's like tequila, tequila, tequila. It's everywhere. It's the same thing as Budweiser here. Everyone drinks tequila. But the most violent drunks that I've ever had have been from drinking tequila because I think tequila induces this kind of weird, strange kind of state. Mescal is even worse. Mescal is really insane because mescal is brewed from the *mescal* plant, where you get mescaline from. Tequila is brewed from the same plant, well a mutation, the *aguave* plant. I like tequila but it does strange things to my head.

Q: Did one of those strange experiences make you like the name so much that you used it? Who named the band?

A: Okay, there's this lizard, this creature, called a *gila* monster, it's this brightly colored desert lizard that's got really fancy turquoise and red markings and it's poisonous. We were sittin' around tossing around names, and John's sister said "Why don't you call it The Gila Monsters?" and I thought she said "Tequila Monsters". So I said "Tequila Monsters? Wow that's a cool name."

Q: Do you want to get into one of your tequila experiences?

A: I really haven't been in one of those kind of states since I was in New Mexico, you know, just drinking a bottle of tequila and chasing it with beer.

Q: The Tequila Monsters are not just another band. When you guys come on everybody starts dancing, and getting happy. Do you guys feel the difference, do you realize your potential?

A: Well, I don't know. It's weird being on the other side.

Q: Do you notice that you're different?

A: Well I haven't seen many bands on Long Island. I've seen a few, and most of 'em are just a bunch of Long Island Vinnies or guidos just applying whatever. U2 covers, or Police covers, and everybody sits there really nicely and watches, but there's not much energy in that. I think that's the most positive aspect of the band is that it's got a lot of energy. It's music that people don't usually hear. I mean this is Long Island! You don't go out and hear country music. If you do hear country music it's lame, boring country. It's the Kenny Rogers stuff as opposed to the Hank Williams stuff. I think that it's very exciting for people to hear something new like that, to hear songs that they've never heard, that they never realized existed, done in a new way by a new band. I think in that way that we're completely different from most of the bands around here.

We do a lot of rockabilly. We have completely different tastes. Frank is really

into doing rockabilly stuff like the Elvis sun sessions kind of stuff. I'm really into doing a lot of early country. John's into doing a lot of R&B, and somehow it all fits together. It's kind of like this pop music span from 1945 to 1962. From early country to early R&B.

Q: How did you guys get started?

A: We met last semester. I was just trying to find some people to work with and we were hanging out at a party at the Boulders. There was an open mike and people were jamming and me and Frank just got up and

## Brett and John contemplate the Elvoid

started playing and then John came up and started playing. We were all really kind of trashed and we just started rocking.

John came up to me about a week later and said "Can we get a band together to play at a Halloween party?" I said "Oh, well, okay, sounds good to me." So we did that and it, uh, took off.

Q: Are you a partying band?

A: Definitely. Absolutely. Without a doubt.

Q: Where do you practice?

A: We were practicing in the city, but it's been too hard a commute. We're practicing in a studio in Huntington underneath a bagel shop. We get there at eight o'clock and start setting up and there's a guy upstairs going BANG! "I'm trying to make the bagels, keep it down down there!"

Q: Is Elvis your idol?

A: In a way. To sum it all up in a nutshell—what the Tequila Monsters are all about as far as I'm concerned, I can only speak for myself of course—the King is dead but I'm here to do his work on earth. After all this is an Elvocentric universe.

Q: A what?

A: An Elvocentric universe. It's not heliocentric, it's Elvocentric. The universe revolves around Elvis. It's not evolution, it's Elvolution.

Q: That's a nice lighter.

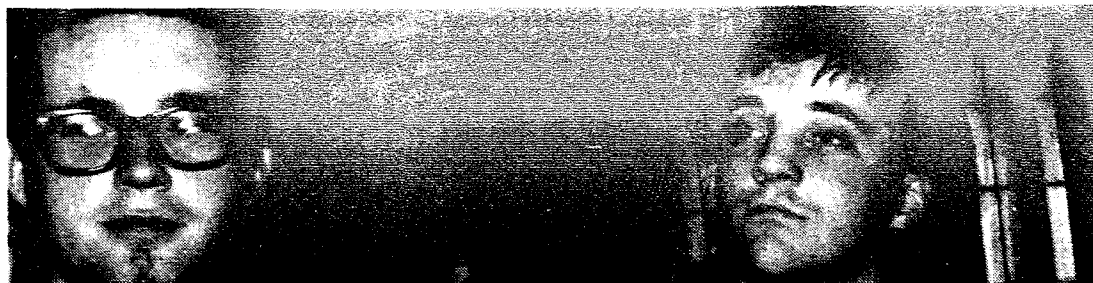
A: It's a receptacle for Elvoid energy. This is a Zippo [click, click] and this is the E3 model, and the 'E' of course stands for Elvis, and the '3' stands for the trinity.

Q: How does the Albuquerque music scene differ from the New York music scene?

A: Oh man! Well the difference between Albuquerque and New York, or Texas, is that on the good side they're not so uptight. Anybody can get together and jam. Anybody can come to a party and bring an

instrument and jam. We're really open about that, and the professionalism doesn't really matter. Some of the best musical experiences that I've ever had have been with amateurs. People that never knew how to play, never knew how to sing, never knew anything about music, or whatever.

Here, it's really weird, because people are really stiff about it. If you show up with a guitar at a party you gotta kick ass or you're an idiot. People are really uptight musically here, in a way. But the bands I was in out in Albuquerque are a lot less professional, and a lot less polished. My brother's in a band in Albuquerque right now called The Snakecharmers and they write great songs, and they're really creative people, but they have no equipment. And they sound like shit. They sound like a bunch of amateurs.



never rehearse, and they really don't care. It's kind of a laid-back attitude. New Mexico is completely different from out here 'cause of the rhythm of life. People out here are like, hurry, hurry, hurry. I don't know why on Long Island; I can understand it in New York City. Everybody's in a hurry, everybody's real fast. But in New Mexico everybody says "This is the land of *manana*. We'll do it tomorrow, there's no hurry. Take it easy, cook the burritos, calm down. There's no hurry for everything.

The attitude is reflected in the music. They're not as aggressive, they're don't try to be completely professional, completely polished. They're not like "Well we wanna get a record contract, let's bust ass." It's a completely different situation.

Q: So which one do you prefer? Is New York more motivating?

A: In New York there's a lot more room for growth. You have a lot more possibility. Let's face it, the total population of New Mexico is two million people. There aren't a lot of record contracts floating around New Mexico, it's such a minute population density. There are a lot of things going on here. That's been true since the beginning of this century. That's the reason I came out here primarily—because of this New York myth. When you grow up in the west, every movie you see, every book you read is somehow connected to New York. In the American scope anyway. You've got this enormous sort of industrial specter looming out there that really draws you.

Q: When's your next gig?

A: We should be playing the Checkmate soon. We're trying to do something at P.J.'s [in Port Jeff]. Concerts 101 wants us back, so we're there.

Listen to WUSB. I support USB totally. Listen to USB 'cause they're doing a heavy rotation of some stuff that we do.

Q: Do you have anything in print?

A: No. But we're planning on it. It's a lot of

money and we've only been together a short time. Until we work up a lot of originals there's no point going into the studio. You don't want to go into the studio and record covers. What's the point?

Q: If you recorded something, would you be afraid of being vacuumed into the music industry?

A: To a certain extent. It's fucked up. Getting that much attention is hard for any human being to handle. The music industry is really screwed up. You get a contract and immediately they want you to sell. You've got to put out this much stuff in this much time. You've gotta sell records. That makes you commercial. I'm not saying that commercial things are bad, but they can be

be

Q: What's your favorite thing to do before you go on stage?

A: Drink.

Q: What's your favorite thing to do after a show?

A: I can't say my favorite thing to do after a show 'cause it wouldn't be nice. But my second favorite thing to do is leave as soon as possible because after I play I'm really tired, and I don't really feel like talking to anybody. I just want to think about the show, and what happened. So I run away as soon as possible, without talking to anybody, to a bar and drink.

Q: Who don't you like?

A: The Grateful Dead. Most jazz/fusion players. Jethro Tull; sorry Curt [laughter]. Ummmm, a lot of new hardcore stuff, because it's kind of passe. Lee Iacocca, Ronald Reagan.

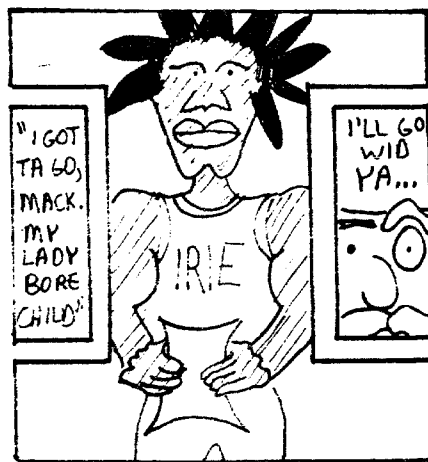
Q: Who is the band's leader?

A: I think John has much better organizational skills than I do. He gets us all the gigs; he organizes almost everything. He usually gets us the PA. He takes care of the loose ends, the business side of everything.

That's a very hard question to answer. When we're on stage I'm leading the band, 'cause I'm singing a lot. I try to appeal to people when I'm on stage. I don't just want to stand there and be real boring. I'd rather scream and act like an idiot. I think when we're playing most of the attention is focused on me because of convention, 'cause I'm the lead singer. Off stage John is definitely the leader.

Q: Do you feel comfortable when you guys are playing?

A: I feel totally comfortable. I like attention. Everybody does, but not many admit it.





# YUPPIES—Movin' Up and Out

by Joe Caponi

**Y**uppies Invade My House at Dinnertime is the cryptic title of an unusual book documenting a common social problem: the gentrification of urban neighborhoods and its attendant human costs. Within its pages, residents of Hoboken, New Jersey, both newcomers and oldtimers, tell their stories through Letters to the Editor originally printed in the *Hoboken Reporter*.

The Editor in this case is John Derervlany, former Stony Brook student, James College resident, unsuccessful Polity candidate and staff writer for the *Stony Brook Press*. Along with co-editor Joseph Barry, Derervlany collected and organized the various notes, comments and screeds that make up the bulk of the book.

For years, Hoboken was a national symbol of urban decay. In the early 1970s, according to Barry and Derervlany, "Hoboken's unemployment rate was twice the national average. It had the highest per capita welfare rate, the lowest median educational achievement levels, and the lowest incomes in the state...In addition, Hobokenites had significantly greater rates of heart disease, respiratory disease, tuberculosis and diabetes than those anywhere in the state. The city also boasted one of the largest birth rates in New Jersey, accompanied by a correspondingly high illegitimacy and infant mortality rate."

By the mid-seventies, though, things began to change: "Industry may have died, but Hoboken's newest business—real estate—was about to emerge...Hoboken seemed to have it all—transportation that made it more accessible to midtown Manhattan than most parts of New York City, cheap rents, good food, small town charm... Slowly, the area moved out of its economic backwater...Longtime residents invited in young sneakered pioneers, enticing them with cheap rents and the promise of an easy commute...For the most part, the young set-

ters didn't throw anybody overboard—they just kind of eased their way in slowly, gently, with kind words and good thoughts... Then came the condo."

"Property speculation and development propelled real estate prices through the roof." As in almost every other American city, oldtime residents who thought themselves secure in long-term rentals found themselves priced out of their own homes. They blamed their most visible adversaries, the incoming "yuppies".

lies the main conflict between the newcomers and the oldtimers, with each group fighting for its own vision of the city.

The chapters on the Feast Bombs are typical. The introduction explains: "The Feast of the Madonna dei Martiri is responsible for hundreds of deafening booms in the last two weeks of the summer. And that is only one of three feasts...to the untrained ear, bombs burst over Hoboken all summer long."

The controversy opens with a single let-

you should pack up your briefcase and go back where you came from, yuppie." "Just because you have no tradition does not mean that we don't! You took our town, and now you're taking our last foothold, our religious freedom!" "It's a damn shame your kind has taken over our town. What next, are you going to close our churches!"

For almost a year, the *Reporter* received, and printed, dozens of letters on the controversy, all carefully reprinted in *Yuppies...Yuppie Letter-writers retaliated to the original assault in force; oldtimers who found themselves also against the bombs added their views, and the pro-bomb faction kept up its heavy correspondence until the question of whether or not to keep printing the Feast Bomb letters themselves became a source of controversy.*

Ultimately, the letters did not do in the bombs, but their use was sharply curtailed due to the skyrocketing cost of liability insurance. The next year, the book reveals, "the bombs were back, although on a much smaller scale. Both the Madonna dei Martiri and Montevergine feasts sponsored only one day of fireworks each, rather than their normal nine and six days, respectively...Traditions, it appeared, could survive in the new Hoboken, weathering the unrelenting transformation of both the immediate neighborhood and the city at large."

Sadly, many of the letter-writers, in the Feast Bomb and other controversies, seem motivated only by ignorance, bigotry, and bitterness. Calls for tolerance on both sides are few and far between. Nevertheless, the book provides a clear and direct portrait of a changing city, its people, and its problems. *Yuppies... provides a unique view of the urban landscape, and is an eye-opener for yuppies and non-yuppies alike.*

*Yuppies Invade My House at Dinnertime: A Tale of Brunch, Bombs, and Gentrification in an American City*, is available from Big River Publishing, 1321 Washington Street, Hoboken, NJ 07030.



Each chapter in the book is comprised of a brief introduction and a series of actual letters centered on a specific topic: landlord-tenant disputes, criticism of out-of-towners, a Reagan campaign visit, traffic complaints, minorities, the worn-out sneakers that festoon Hoboken telephone lines, mayors and mayoral elections, and the fireworks and strings of firecrackers ("Feast Bombs") that accompany the city's Italian religious festivals. Behind all of it, though,

ter, complaining about the noise. "I am a religious person who prays in the quiet of the church, or in my home. I do not throw a Molotov cocktail for the Gods to hear me... after these bombs explode all you get is the shakes and a lot of litter to clean up."

A barrage of responses followed this one letter and opened up the floodgates of newcomer-oldtimer tensions. "How dare you insult something you don't understand!" "Who the hell do you think you are?...maybe

## Roll Over Jefferson

continued from page 5

New Hampshire, could win, but he looks far too much like Lee Iacocca for people to trust him.

There's also Albert Gore Jr., Jesse Jackson, and Bruce Babbitt, who haven't gotten started yet. Jackson is hoping for Babbitt's support even when Babbitt (despite a two year warm-up) was quickly moved out of the race, "although he doesn't want to be." I think Sinclair Lewis stomped his presidential aspirations down on Main Street some sixty years ago.

And what of the other characters in the Grand Old Party? Well, there's Peter DuPont, a man who, if he had every chemical worker's vote could do well, mysteriously

calls himself Pierre at odd moments during his quiet effort. And Jack Kemp? Well, an actor for eight years, why not now a jock? *BEWARE:* dubious moral past, may have used marijuana or stimulants while playing football...

Far at the bottom of the Republican list, with Kemp and DuPont, is Pat Robertson, the former TV evangelist, who made an alarming second place finish in Iowa. He really wants to pray his way to the White House. Please God, No! I think, however, that he caught the spirit of this year's political season (and the new nominating process) when he earnestly said: "You're beautiful and I love you all very much."

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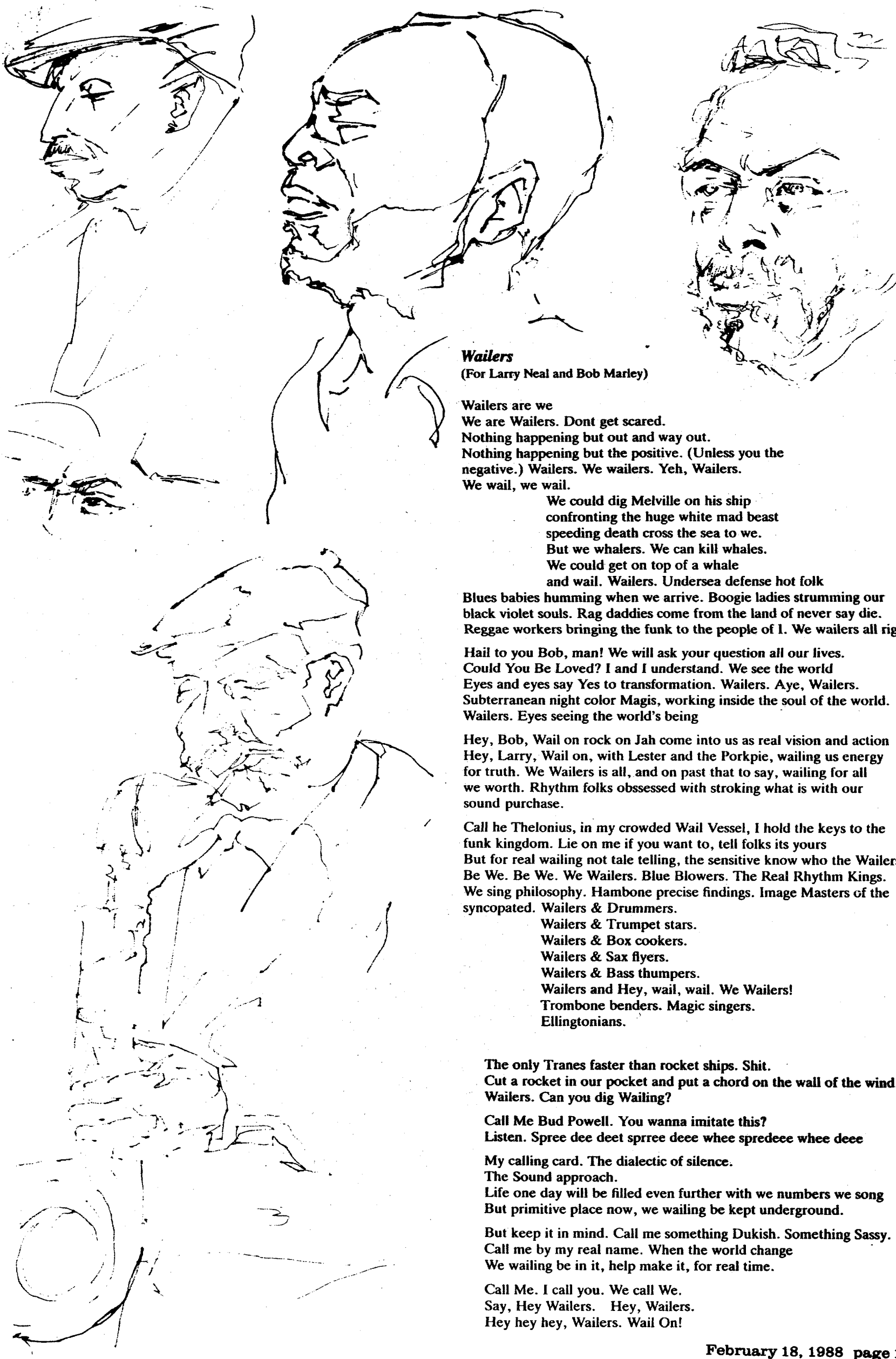
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# AMIRI BARAKA<sup>4</sup> READING, SINGING, HOWLING FEB 7

## A PAGE FROM THE SKETCHBOOK OF SANFORD LEE



### Wailers

(For Larry Neal and Bob Marley)

Wailers are we  
We are Wailers. Dont get scared.  
Nothing happening but out and way out.  
Nothing happening but the positive. (Unless you the  
negative.) Wailers. We wailers. Yeh, Wailers.  
We wail, we wail.

We could dig Melville on his ship  
confronting the huge white mad beast  
speeding death cross the sea to we.  
But we whalers. We can kill whales.

We could get on top of a whale  
and wail. Wailers. Undersea defense hot folk

Blues babies humming when we arrive. Boogie ladies strumming our  
black violet souls. Rag daddies come from the land of never say die.  
Reggae workers bringing the funk to the people of I. We wailers all right.

Hail to you Bob, man! We will ask your question all our lives.  
Could You Be Loved? I and I understand. We see the world  
Eyes and eyes say Yes to transformation. Wailers. Aye, Wailers.  
Subterranean night color Magis, working inside the soul of the world.  
Wailers. Eyes seeing the world's being

Hey, Bob, Wail on rock on Jah come into us as real vision and action  
Hey, Larry, Wail on, with Lester and the Porkpie, wailing us energy  
for truth. We Wailers is all, and on past that to say, wailing for all  
we worth. Rhythm folks obsessed with stroking what is with our  
sound purchase.

Call he Thelonius, in my crowded Wail Vessel, I hold the keys to the  
funk kingdom. Lie on me if you want to, tell folks its yours  
But for real wailing not tale telling, the sensitive know who the Wailers  
Be We. Be We. We Wailers. Blue Blowers. The Real Rhythm Kings.  
We sing philosophy. Hambone precise findings. Image Masters of the  
syncopated. Wailers & Drummers.

Wailers & Trumpet stars.

Wailers & Box cookers.

Wailers & Sax flyers.

Wailers & Bass thumpers.

Wailers and Hey, wail, wail. We Wailers!

Trombone benders. Magic singers.

Ellingtonians.

The only Tranes faster than rocket ships. Shit.  
Cut a rocket in our pocket and put a chord on the wall of the wind.  
Wailers. Can you dig Wailing?

Call Me Bud Powell. You wanna imitate this?  
Listen. Spree dee deet sprree deee whee spredeee whee deee

My calling card. The dialectic of silence.

The Sound approach.

Life one day will be filled even further with we numbers we song  
But primitive place now, we wailing be kept underground.

But keep it in mind. Call me something Dukish. Something Sassy.  
Call me by my real name. When the world change  
We wailing be in it, help make it, for real time.

Call Me. I call you. We call We.  
Say, Hey Wailers. Hey, Wailers.  
Hey hey hey, Wailers. Wail On!



# Rhythm Come Forward

by Karin Falcone

Like early Police, but fuller, as if Bernie Worrell and the extended Talking Heads had joined them on stage using cheap, borrowed equipment. Musically, there's a lot going on, almost too much, but coming from an end-hall lounge kitchen, it was a pleasant surprise. What I heard that day was an early tape of Indaba, a seven-piece New York-based band of diverse influences and international membership. Together with Scram, a Philadelphia-based four-piece specializing in garage reggae (and a famed cover of John Lennon's "Imagine"), they are scheduled to appear in the Union Ballroom on Wednesday, February 4th.

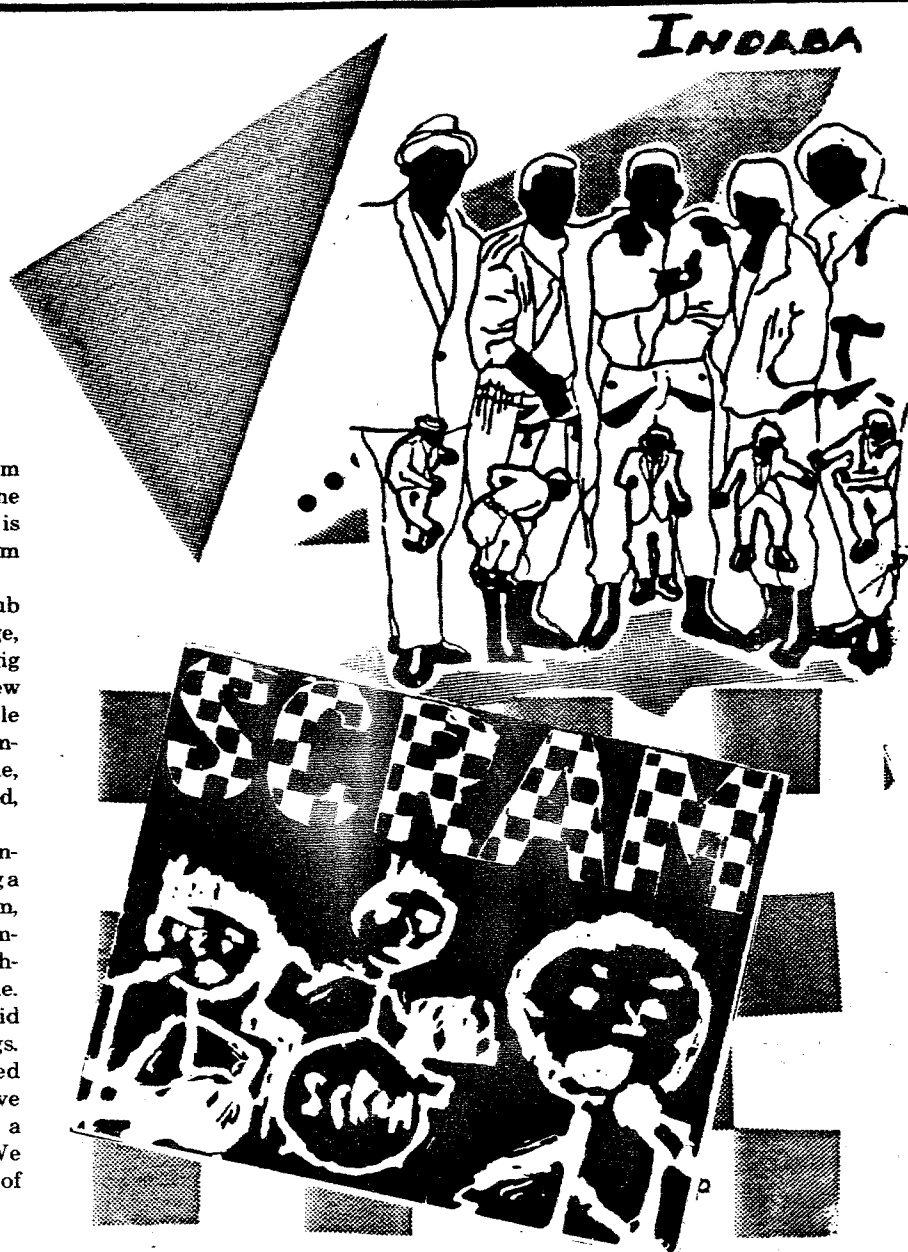
Indaba bassist Tak finds it hard to categorize the band's music, but it's no surprise that they are currently working on releasing a record on Sting's new indie label, Pangaya. "We started out playing reggae and switched over to a more mature type of music. It's African rhythms, some pop, a bit of ska." Other influences include jazz and progressive rock. Still, Tak notes, "None of us are formal musicians. We can't read music."

Good taste is their discipline: high quality

vocals by Alain and Frances, brothers from Zaire, are a testament to their craft. "The sound speaks for itself," said Tak, who is from Japan. Other band members hail from Ghana, Greece, and New York.

After five years of the New York club scene, Indaba are no strangers to the stage, but they look forward to the Stony Brook gig as a special opportunity to win over new fans. "It's a lively show," said Tak. "People have jumped on stage with bongos and jammed with us. Once a rasta played a bottle, then took over on rototoms. He was good, too."

Scram drummer, Craig, began our conversation by noting "our sound is changing a bit." Since the release of their latest album, *Stand Up*, the band has grown by one member, a new percussionist to further unabashedly celebrate the reggae beat, Philly style. With a new demo in the making, Craig said the focus is still on strong, original songs. The band, like Indaba, are well-acquainted with the New York club scene and their live outings are reputedly dance rages. "It's a powerful rhythmic sound," Craig said. "We have five thousand pounds of percussion."



## Limelight

# Script This Burn

by Alexandra Odulak

**B**urn This, a Lanford Wilson comedy, currently playing at the Plymouth Theatre in New York City, adds a new dimension to the basic boy meets girl romance story. It's a play brought into existence by a funeral, homosexual roommates, and love. Wilson's play consists of only four characters, five if you include the dead guy who never appears on stage. In fact, I don't even remember his name and the *Playbill* doesn't mention it either.

The story begins when Anna (Joan Allen) comes home from her ex-roommate's funeral (yes, the nameless dead guy). While discussing the funeral with her other roommate Larry (Lou Liberatore), her character as a delicate, spacy, dancer-type emerges. Allen comes off so spacy that she's either a real live airhead or an incredible actress. Her dance-like gestures onstage add even more character to her role.

Larry merely asks questions and throws in comments here and there, exemplifying his role in the play as the one who breaks up the tone whenever it becomes too serious, too funny, or too much of anything else. His one-liners are amusing and necessary while not detracting from the play itself.

The third character, Burton (Jonathan Hogan), Anna's boyfriend, is the most average. In fact, he's a very nice geek who will make Anna a fine husband but won't stand a chance when Pale (John Malkovich) makes his appearance. Burton is healthy, conservative, sweet, and loves Anna for what she is (flaky) regardless of her lifestyle (living with two homosexuals and all). Larry's homosexuality is often used for comic relief whenever Anna is having a hard time deciding whether boring Larry or unpredictable Pale



is the one for her.

It seems that each player has their "assignment" which they complete beautifully in order to accent Pale's incredible character. From the moment Pale comes on stage he commands all attention. He's the loudest, funniest, and most obnoxious.

Pale is the dead guy's brother who arrives at the loft to pick up the deceased's belongings. Pretty somber task, right? Wrong, apparently Pale doesn't think so. We are introduced to a character who enters Anna's apartment at about 4 AM ranting and raving about how shitty it is trying to

park downtown. His strutting, cursing, and voice make the dialogue intense rather than trivial. At the same time, Pale gives the audience tremendous insight into his character. He's rude, unpredictable, likable, and you can't argue with him either; it is shitty trying to park downtown.

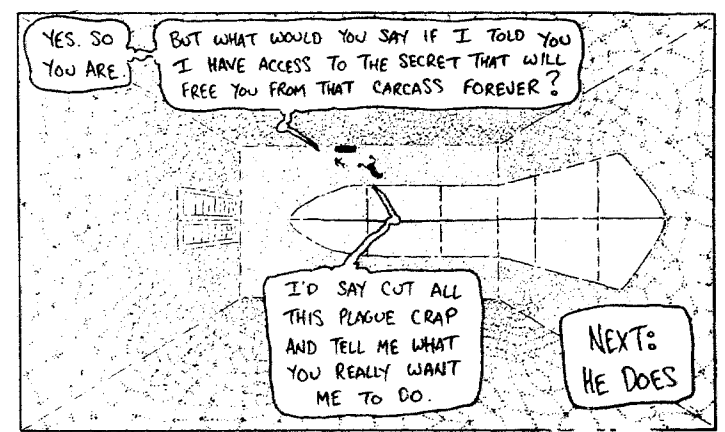
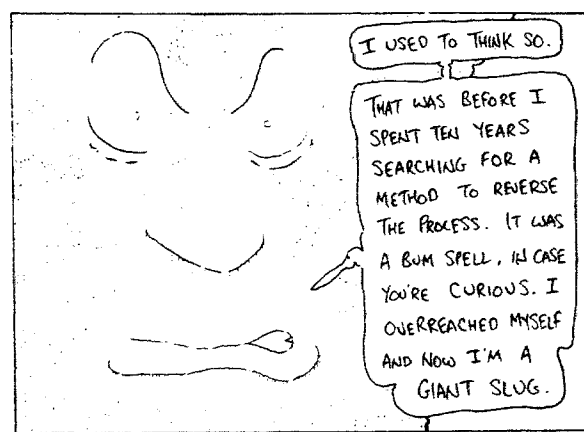
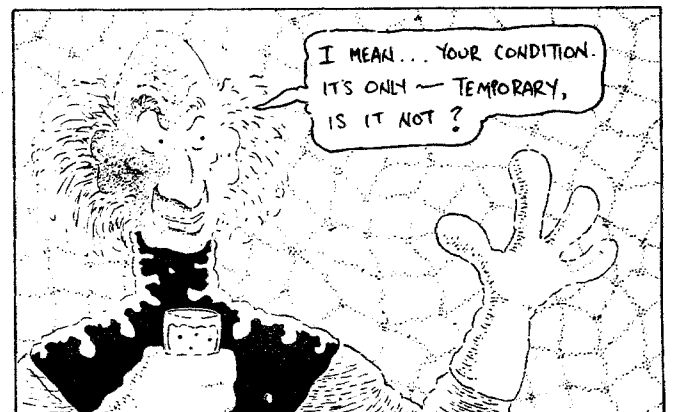
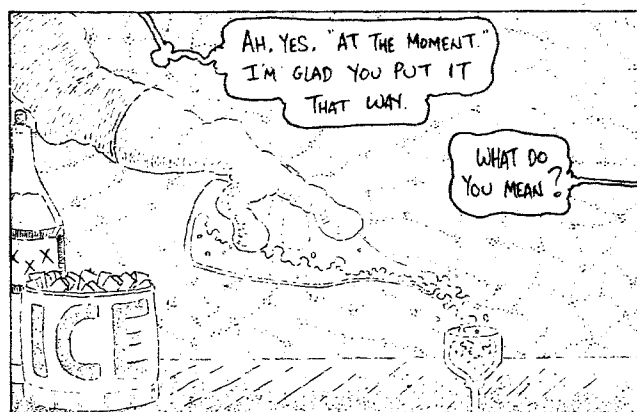
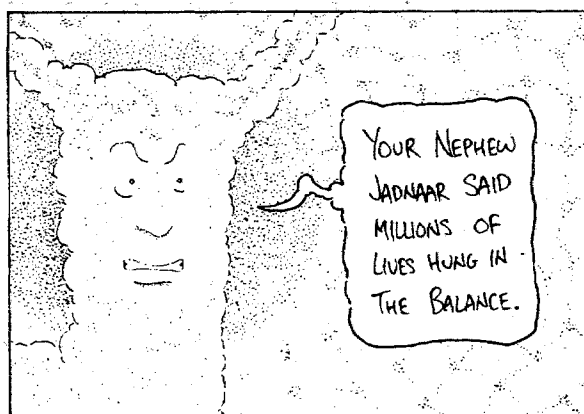
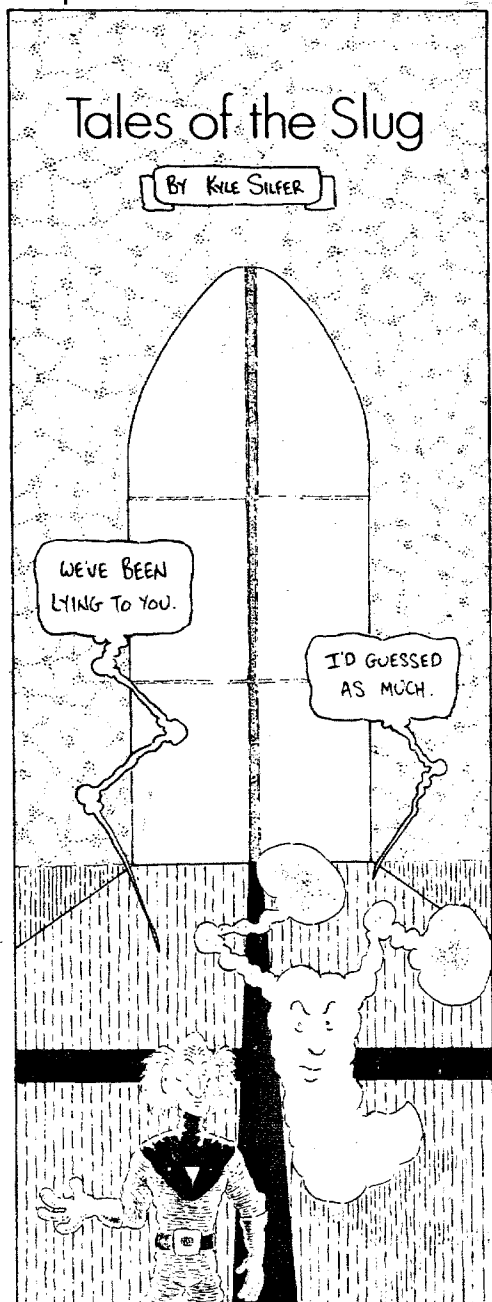
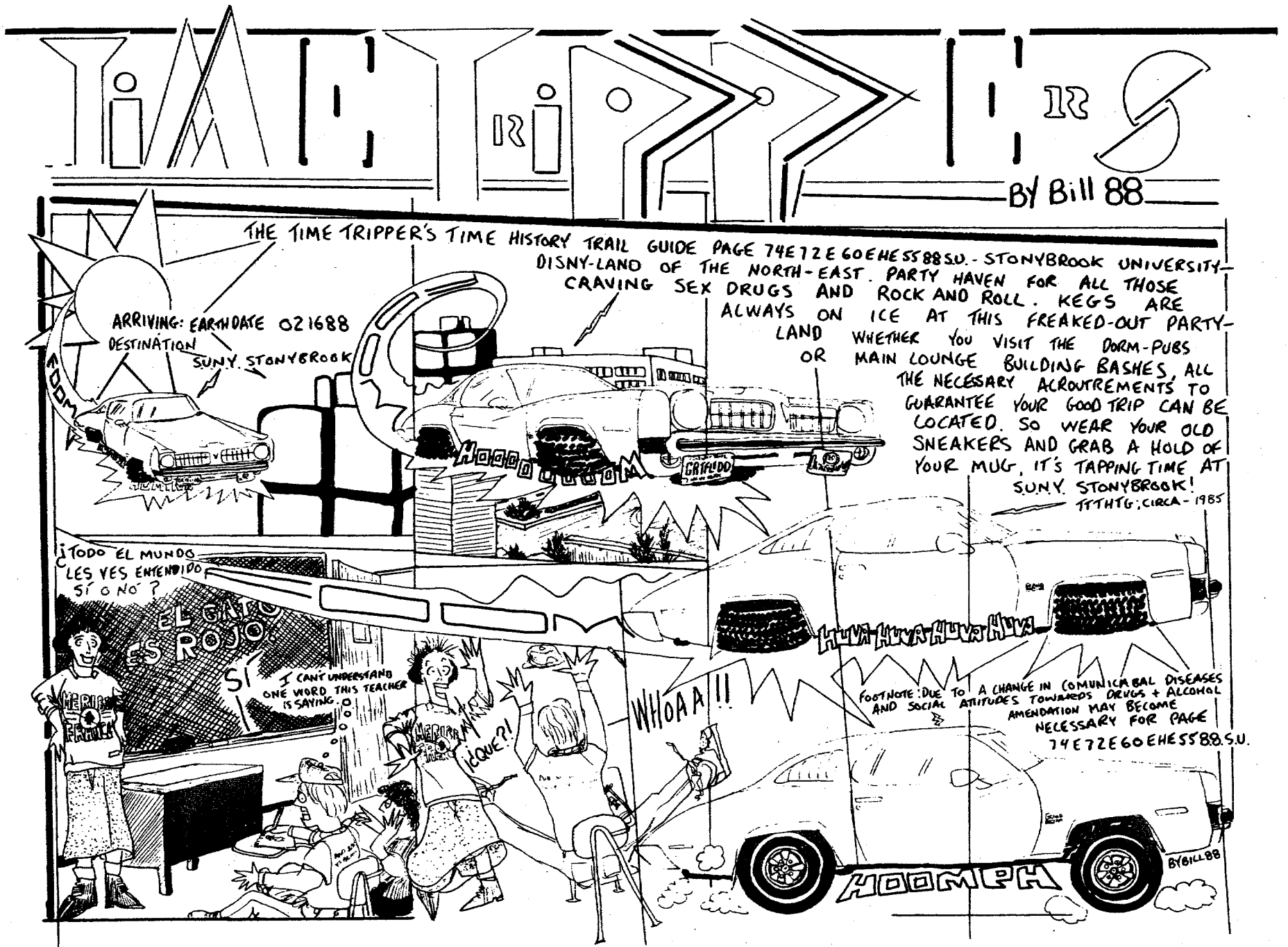
The play now centers on whatever Pale does next. The other characters accent his personality, contrasting and complimenting him. Wilson also makes *Burn This* appealing because Pale is a businessman while the other three are artists. However, Pale is definitely the most whacked out.

Burton emphasizes Pale's machismo by being no match in the final conquest for Anna. In fact, while Anna and Burton have a romantic evening for two planned on New Year's Eve, Pale enters, drunk, lewd, and inquiring out loud, "Is he your lover, too?" Only Pale could get away with having Burton thrown out of the apartment instead of himself. There go the marriage plans, with Anna not even caring.

She also manages to bring out some tender sides in Pale where he shows confusion, tears, and fear of falling in love. Larry makes the entire romance triangle a farce when it starts getting too heavy. Anna has two boyfriends, he's a homosexual, and he jokingly offers himself to both at the most heated and emotionally intense moments.

Each of Wilson's characters are very different yet they mesh together in one play to exhibit each other's distinctive personalities in a story about the death of a friend, homosexuality, and love. The plot is bizarre, the characters are bizarre, yet the play comes together in perfect unity.

For more information about dates and ticket prices call the Plymouth Theatre at (212) 239-6200.





# The Tequila Monsters

## Nitty Gritty, Down and Dirty

The Tequila Monsters play a mix of country/western and down and dirty R&B, with a bit of drunken punch thrown in for good measure. Brett Sparks, the band's singer and rhythm guitarist, describing the music said "It's not like western influenced, it's like country influenced. I mean we don't do any western songs. We don't do 'drifting along with the tumblin' tumbleweed'. You don't want to hear those."

What the music is is excellent. It's not often these days that you can wander into the union and hear great music for just a couple bucks. The Tequila Monsters are a tight, fun, energetic quartet that easily puts jump into your feet. Opening their Concerts 101 gig in the Ballroom last week with "Mystery Train" the old Elvis Presley tune, they combined superb taste, presence, and musical skill for a concert that was simply fantastic. And they should get even better. Brett Sparks commented that the performance for Concerts 101 was "really, really, really loose." If the band takes this sort of attitude towards its abilities, they can only get tighter.

So keep an eye out for Tequila Monsters' gigs. Whether in a local bar (such as The Longhorn in Port Jeff) or on campus, The Tequila Monsters will make you feel good about defending R&B. And they're sharp dressers too.

The following interview of Brett Sparkz was conducted Monday night, following a few rounds at the GSL...

interview by  
Quinn Kaufman

Q: What kind of music do the Tequila Monsters play?

A: Well there are a lot of different factors going on because the four of us have kind of different backgrounds and different influences. I came from New Mexico, so I kind of grew up with Country and Western, I'm really into Country and Western right now. My biggest influence was probably Roy Akins and Hank Williams and people like that. And John [bass] is really into a lot of R&B. Early Stones kind of sound, and late Motown kind of sound. And Frank, I don't know, Frank can do almost anything.

Q: Can you go through the band members?

A: I'm the lead singer and I use guitar as a prop. John P also plays bass and sings.

Frank Giardano is our guitar player, and is an insane hillbilly musicologist from Queens. And Will is John's brother, he plays drums.

Q: Who else has influenced you?

A: I've really gotten into a lot of Bob Dylan, and that's influenced me a lot, not only what I listen to but what I write. Other than that, probably George Jones, Elvis Costello, Buddy Holly. It's hard to say.

Q: What about sounding like Elvis Presley and looking like a twenty first century Buddy Holly?

A: [laughs] Oh, man...actually this happens to me all the time. It gets really irritating sometimes. You'll just be walking somewhere and people will say to you "Do you know you like—" and I automatically get

ready for either Buddy Holly or Elvis Costello. Inevitably it's one of those. One time someone told me that I look like James Joyce. And James Joyce is ugly as hell, I mean a really ugly man.

Q: What's your reaction when people say something like that?

A: It's weird. Usually I say "Well nobody's ever told me that. Thank you." On the one hand, that's cool, if somebody comes up to me and says you look like Buddy Holly, well that's great. Buddy Holly was great looking. That's okay. But on the other hand I haven't consciously gone out of my way to concoct this Buddy Holly image, and it's kind of weird when that happens.

Q: What is the band going to do?

A: Well, right now we're just trying to play around here a lot and expose ourselves around here because Stony Brook doesn't really have much of a music scene. The Long Island music scene, especially around

here, is kind of screwed up because there aren't really any bars where you can play music so there aren't too many bands around. We're trying to get something up around here and play as many places as we can, as hard as it is. Concerts 101 has been really helpful, the GSL has been really helpful. And a lot of people saying "Do you wanna play at parties" has been helpful. But playing at parties, you know, is kind of bad in a way, but if two or three hundred people show up at a party that's exposure too. Frank knows a couple of places in the city and we're gonna try to get in there soon. And we're learning a new set with a lot of originals. Getting more of our own stuff in there instead of, you know, sounding like Elvis.

Q: Do you have any originals now?

A: Yeah, lots, lots. I know John has been writing original music for many years. I've been writing since 1980, so I've got about

continued on page 11



Brett Sparkz

Frank Giardano

John Petitt

EdBridgesPhoto

# Painted Photos and Preserved Parts' Yards

by Kyle Silfer

The exhibit currently occupying the walls of the Union Gallery offers for public scrutiny the photography of JoMarie Fecci and Chris Fitznar. In a collection entitled **Architectonics and Automobiles: Beauty and Decline**, Fitznar supplies the cars, Fecci supplies the buildings, and though there is no direct interdependence between the two displays, a certain aesthetic symbiosis (to coin a phrase) bridges the division in the gallery's shared space.

Fitznar's work is a series of black-and-white photos depicting the rusty, tangled surfaces of Long Island junkyards (and Long Island junkyard proprietors). In an essay accompanying the display, the photographer admits his reasons for choice of subject are, at best, "ambiguous," but adds, by way of clarification, that his hope was to

capture the "inherent beauty and design in the sometimes seemingly random proliferation of auto parts." This he may or may not have accomplished, depending on personal perspective, but Fitzner provides, regardless, a curiously affectionate view of endless overgrown piles of corroded junk.

The larger display, that of JoMarie Fecci,

is an array of hand-painted photos depicting urban decay in London, Berlin, Paris, and New York City. Here, stark, unblinking shots of metropolitan filth and squalor are swathed in eerily incongruent colors: soft, neon pastels like the phosphorescence of subterranean fungi. The contrast between the strange warmth of these added tints and



the bleakness of the photographs themselves produces an effect of unreality; the decay pictured becomes surreal, even soothing, and the juxtaposition of colors often creates an unsettling three-dimensional quality (as in *Shoreditch High Street—London, 1985* and *Through the Bars—Soho-London, 1985*).

Fecci's work, like Fitznar's, features the mundane and repulsive in a peculiarly affecting manner, but while Fitznar captures mundanity in such a way as to transform it into the exceptional, Fecci paints each print "to correspond with an impression of the image, rather than the hues of reality," thus altering her photographs into singular expressions of mood.

**Architectonics and Automobiles: Beauty and Decline** will be at the Union Gallery (2nd floor Student Union) until February 19th. See it.