

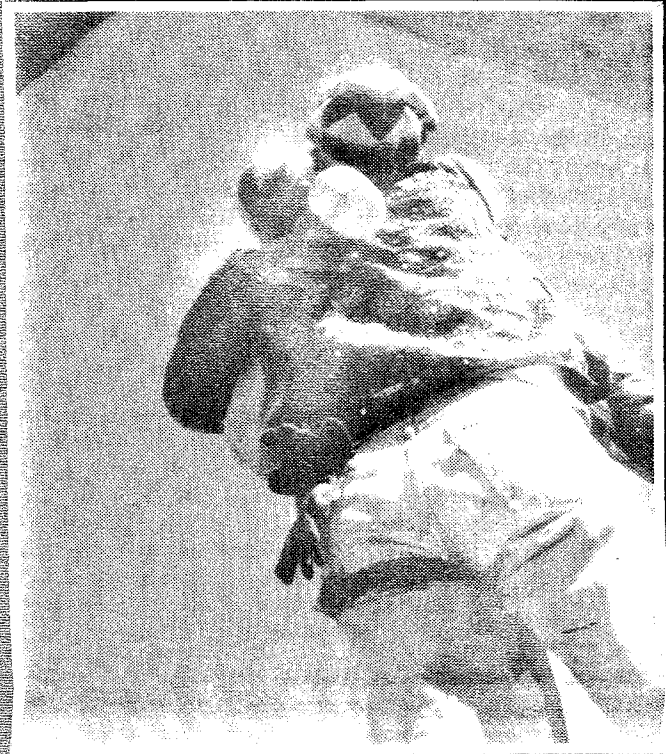
The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. 9, No. 11 • University Community's Feature Paper • March 31, 1988



DISSENT 3



SOLIDARITY 4



FESTIVAL 6-7



DRAMA 12

FINDING SUCCESS IN APATHY

This is a brief FSA lesson.

FSA means Faculty Student Association. It is an independent corporation that is run by a board of students and faculty members who make all the decisions about what the FSA should do with its money.

Once, students comprised the majority of the board. This was very unusual, and it bothered the administration a great deal because they couldn't really tell FSA what to do. So Marburger threatened to dissolve the corporation and assume control of all its campus operations (the Loop, DAKA, the arcade, the bowling alley, etc.); he said he didn't like the way FSA managed itself. In the "Great Compromise," former Polity president Marc Gunning traded away the student majority in return for Marburger's promise that FSA would remain independent of the administration. Now, students hold six of the board's fifteen seats.

Despite that, FSA is doing pretty well these days, which is good news (last year saw a crisis in which the corporation was having a great deal of difficulty negotiating with DAKA). The treasurer of FSA reported profits last night of \$9500 from campus laundry machines, \$8500 from the Union arcade, and \$11,000

from food services such as the Rainy Night House. Great. But where is that money going?

Even members of the board, both faculty and students, are wondering what the money is doing for the campus population. Kevin Kelly, David Senator, Marc Weissburg, and Jim Quinn (all students), and Dr Richard Solo (of undergraduate studies fame) made clear last night that the corporation must—and is, in fact, required—to take direction and establish innovative projects on campus. Right now, FSA accomplishes its day-to-day business fairly well: campus food operations keep late hours and show a profit, the laundry machines usually work, and they did manage to save the GSL. The profits made from students' money must be used to improve life on campus. That's FSA's job.

Ideas for FSA's money, energy, and wits have been floating around for years—a food co-op, a rathskeller for the Union bi-level—but the corporation has been lax in its attempts to undertake new, significant projects. Getting vending machines that take dollar bills is great. Hell, amazing. But the novelty of a digitally purchased candy bar wears off quickly, and the rumors about a rathskeller you heard during your freshman year surface in your head. What

happened?

Things may change. Soon. FSA *did* move last night to begin soliciting bids for the building of that rathskeller, and the board also approved a budget which will pay for a huge lobster bake at the end of the semester. One reason, however, that FSA may have trouble finding and agreeing on projects that will drastically improve campus life is the distance between some members of the board and a reasonable understanding of the student mindset. One board member, for instance, questioned the value of a barbecue that would not make any money—that would, in fact, cost FSA nearly twelve grand. There were also objections to the board approving money to pay for bands at University Awareness Day. Now, keep in mind that these were protests from a minority of the board members, but the corporation must realize that the *majority* of their customers are students who have unique needs.

Riding a financial wave is fine, but when you ride that wave, ride it to the crest. The Faculty Student Association, if it properly applied its worth, financial know-how, and common sense, should be able to take an unusual venture (such as a 24-hour food co-op or a rathskeller) and make it pay off on the bank books.

Letters

The Future Educated of America

To the Editor:

I am appalled [sic] and disgusted by the filthy language printed in your newspaper (Vol. 9, No. 10—3/7/88). Are your writers the future educated of America and our potential leaders?

Shame on you for printing obscenities [sic] and therefore condoning their use. No wonder America is in such bad shape. As role models for our young, you are already failures.

Constance T. Welzel
University Hospital L-4

Shame

To the Editor:

Now that 21 cases against the Tent City protestors have been dismissed, and we expect the remaining dismissals to come through in the next few weeks, it's time to clear the air.

University President John Marburger has repeatedly insisted that the Tent City demonstrators "asked" to be arrested as

part of their demonstration. He most recently stated this at the Town Meeting last December. President Marburger's memory, however, appears to be cloudy.

After certain assistant directors of the Public Safety Department viciously dismantled the demonstration on July 2, 1987, injuring two students in the process, outraged members of the demonstration, along with the Graduate Student Organization, met with Marburger on July 3. We demanded, first, that the university do nothing to disrupt the demonstration, as a Federal Court judge was due to issue his decision soon and we had agreed to abide by the decision. But we did ask that if the administration could not wait the extra week or so until the decision, they should then arrest the demonstrators instead of beating them up. This way, the university would be forced to make a statement that they believed we were engaged in criminal activity.

As everyone knows, Marburger chose to bust 30 students. Last week, a Suffolk County judge exonerated us, and wiped the slate clean. I hope Marburger keeps this in mind the next time such a situation arises. It is better to work with protestors to correct the abuses they are protesting than to simply arrest them and hope they will go away. Shame on Marburger for arresting students!

On behalf of those arrested at Tent City, I

would like to thank Alan Polsky, the attorney who has seen this case through to its rousing victory. We also wish to thank GSO and Polity, who paid the legal fees.

Lastly, let it be known that we harbor no grievances against the Public Safety officers who were forced to perform arrests that they themselves opposed. The burden of responsibility rests solely on President John Marburger, who ordered the arrests,

and the assistant directors who beat up the students on July 2. We will continue protesting until the administration corrects the rampant abuses they continue to force upon students who have no choice other than to live with substandard conditions or move off campus.

For Tent City,
George Bidermann

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Free Shellfish for All

FSA Raises Meal Plan Fee

by Craig Goldsmith

The Faculty Student Association voted last night to raise the price of the meal plan. The overall price hike is 2.8%, which amounts to about \$138,000 that will be given to DAKA. The price hike itself is not unusual; DAKA routinely requests more money each year in order to cover cost increases, equipment failure, pay raises, and the like.

The hike was originally to be voted upon at FSA's last meeting (before the Spring Break), but was postponed when member David Senator left and denied the meeting a quorum because he felt that the student population had not been properly informed of the possibility of a price increase.

There are four areas which will receive additional funds. Part of the money will go for pay raises for both management (whose raises are limited to 5%) and employees. DAKA has full discretion over how employees will receive that money. Money will also be allocated to cover the rising cost of food, which is minimal. The third category is a miscellaneous category used to pay for broken and stolen china, and equipment maintenance.

The fourth area caused the most objections

to be raised by student board members: the FSA commission. The FSA takes a chunk of the money that the state collects for the meal plan as its commission before passing the money on to DAKA. The problem that student board members (namely, Kevin Kelly and David Senator) had with the commission fund is that FSA has done well financially during the past year and will continue to do so (the treasurer gave a favorable report earlier in the meeting). Kelly questioned the need for a large profit reaped from the students whom the FSA is supposed to serve. The commission will be approximately \$50,000. Kelly said: "I don't think it's fair to charge students for this...if we do this and then pass it along to the students...then the money the students have won't go to pay for the mandatory costs of education, but to increase the profits of the FSA."

The FSA is, however, a corporation, a for-profit corporation, through Dr Richard Solo pointed out that the FSA "is not for the purpose of profits, it's for the purpose of improving life on campus." Kelly and Senator did not seem pleased and wondered how a corporation that has failed to live up to so many promises (the bi-level rath-

skeller, the food co-op) could be expected to apply such profits properly. "Eventually we'll build this rathskeller. In the three years since I've been here, I've seen FSA



student board members at last night's FSA meeting.

from left to right: Kevin Kelly, David Senator, Marc Weissburg, Jim Quinn

profits get bigger and nothing's been done," said another board member. The fourth point of the proposal was passed however, with Senator, Kelly, Jim Quinn, and Marc Weissburg opposed. The affirmative opin-

ion was that profits of the corporation are put back into services for the students.

The board also voted to solicit bids, finally, for the long-awaited rathskeller. It is estimated that the cost of the facility will be about six or seven hundred thousand dollars; FSA will probably have to borrow about two or three hundred thousand in order to cover the cost.

The "First Annual Lobster Bite" was also approved. The lobster bake, free for meal plan students and \$5.50 for non-meal plan students will take place at the end of the semester. The affair will be catered by DAKA, and the FSA will pick up the additional cost of \$11,300 that DAKA will incur over and above the cost of a regular meal plan meal. Gerrit Wolf, dean of the Harriman School of Management, adamantly opposed the soiree, saying, "I could start two Harriman Cafes for that kind of money. I see this as an attempt to buy off the public and they don't need to be bought off." He explained that the Cafe makes money as well, while the party will not. Paul Rubenstein, Polity Vice-President, told Wolf, "Take it for what it's worth. If you can throw a good lobster party, then great."

License to Kill

US Non-intervention Rally



by R. Sienna

Prompted by the arrival of US troops in Honduras on the same day that the Iran-contra indictments were handed down, an ad-hoc committee of students and faculty members held a rally last Thursday, March 24, to protest US intervention in Central America. Although a sixty day cease-fire between the Sandinistas and the contras was declared last week, the Congress voted yesterday on a fifty million dollar non-military aid package to the contras that is intended to heal and feed the injured. The contras ran out of money last week, leading them to agree to talks with the Sandinistas. The rally, however, sought to prevent all intervention in any country in Central America.

The ad-hoc committee was a hastily assembled group comprising members of the Graduate Student Organization (GSO), Hands of Latin America (HOLA), the Third World Resource Center, the Red Balloon Collective, the DSA, and various individuals, according to Cornelia Sears, one of the rally's organizers. "We're hoping to draw

the [federal] administration's attention to student outrage at the deployment of troops to Latin America," Sears said. She pointed out that Columbia University students also held a non-intervention rally that same day in New York City.

The rally, which lasted about four hours, combined speakers, sign waving, Spanish slogan chanting, and music (courtesy of Ciro Sandoval and members of the Tent City Orchestra). The sunshine and warm weather had perhaps a sedative effect; the crowd was enthusiastic only in spurts. One speaker noted the absence of law enforcement officers and observed that "this is such a mellow rally. I'm not used to it."

Professor Hugh Cleland, an associate professor of history appealed to students' youth: "In the kind of wars that we blunder into over and over and over again, it's the young people who die, it's young people who suffer, it's young people who are crippled, it's young people who are saddled with death and ruin." According to Cleland there is rampant drug activity in both the contra camp and the Honduran military. Both are

aided by the United States. He accused Noriega, the military dictator of Panama of being "on the CIA payroll for twenty years at \$100,000 a year" and said that it would be ridiculous for the Nicaraguan government to invade Honduras except in reaction to its support of the contras because it "is the poorest country, bar none, on the North American continent."

The Nicaraguan government floats back and forth over the Honduran border (although reports from the military of either side are often erroneous, conflicting, or sketchy) in response to continual attacks by the contras from their US-funded havens in Honduras. Cleland implored the nations involved to work through the UN and the Organization of North American States to resolve the conflicts peaceably.

The issue of what is really happening in Honduras and Nicaragua, as well as Costa Rica, Guatemala and Mexico, was raised by a number of speakers, all of whom complained of both the lack of free press and the lack of accurate military information in Latin America. Since disseminating information is a basic marxist method of operation, right-wing factions do their best to suppress journalistic inquiry. The less the people know, the less the world knows, the better.

The United States "free press" also came under attack as being predisposed to reporting only on the activities of certain countries, as whom sees fit. The rally's emcee, Rick Eckstein, said that since August, when the Central American peace accords were signed, The New York Times has run over 100 articles about Nicaraguan compliance or non-compliance, six about El Salvador, two about Honduras, and none about Costa Rica, Guatemala, Panama, or Mexico. "The US 'free press' refers to the Nicaraguan government as the 'Sandinistas', not the 'Nicaraguan government'. That's like calling our government 'the Republicans'," he said.

The most aggressive speaker was Amiri Baraka, poet and chair of the Africana Studies department. Excerpts of Baraka's speech follow:

"Let me start with a poem. Since I'm a poet, may I mention poetry. This is called 'The Mind of the President'.

"This is what you call modern poetry. This is sound poetry. All right? 'The Mind of the President':



emcee Rick Eckstein

Ma ma ma ma ma ma ma ma ma ma
Da da da da da da da da da da
Ma ma!
Da da!
Mama dada
Pee pee!
Mama dada pee pee pee pee doo-doo
Mama dada pee-pee doo-doo
Mama dada pee-pee doo doo doo doo
Wah wah wah wah!
KILL!

continued on page 5

Strange Occurrences in the Desert

Anti-nuke Demonstration in Nevada

by Ryder Miller

In the wind-blasted desert, less than 70 miles north of Las Vegas, thousands of anti-nuke protesters gathered at the Nevada test site to take part in the Reclaim the Test Site demonstration. During the ten-day rally, March 11-20, more than 2000 people were arrested for non-violent civil disobedience. An estimated 5000 people were present on Saturday the 12th, resulting in the largest demonstration in the test site's history. Despite the fact that the rally was nearly twice as large as the second largest rally (the Mother's day action for Mothers and Others which took place the previous May), there was still a disgraceful lack of media attention. Why? Steering clear of Orwellian ideas, it's not hard to believe that the coverage of protests don't sell newspapers anymore.

Protesters came from all over the country, but mostly from the states that line the Pacific. A large mix of people were present, including city-slickers and country hickers, Berkleyites, jet-setters from Los Angeles, families with children, punks, hippies (young and old), veterans, folksters, etc. Despite the mixture, over 90% of the protesters were middle-class Americans. Some of the protesters that lived on the West Coast showed up for the first weekend, went home to their jobs, and came back out again.

For the duration of the protest, demonstrators lived in a temporary community set up across the highway from the test site. At the capsite, support services such as water, bathrooms, food, and shuttles to and from Las Vegas were made available by both organizing groups, American Peace Test (APT) and Seeds of Peace. People spent the cold nights in vehicles, or bundled up in tents. Three meals a day were prepared out of movable kitchen trucks by Seeds of Peace, who asked only for a dollar-a-day donation for food.

The test site was less than half a mile away, along gravel roads. To get to the gate, protesters walked under the highway and then along a barbed wire fence which designated the area of the test site. The fields on both sides of the fence were studded with Yuccas and desert plants. The fence was decorated with yarn designs and banners, some with the outlines of human hands, collected from all over the country. Past the gate, a distance over the desert fields of the test site, Mercury, the town which houses workers at the test site, could be seen. In the distance, surrounding the peace camp and the test site, were low lying mountains under the weight of a heavy blue sky.

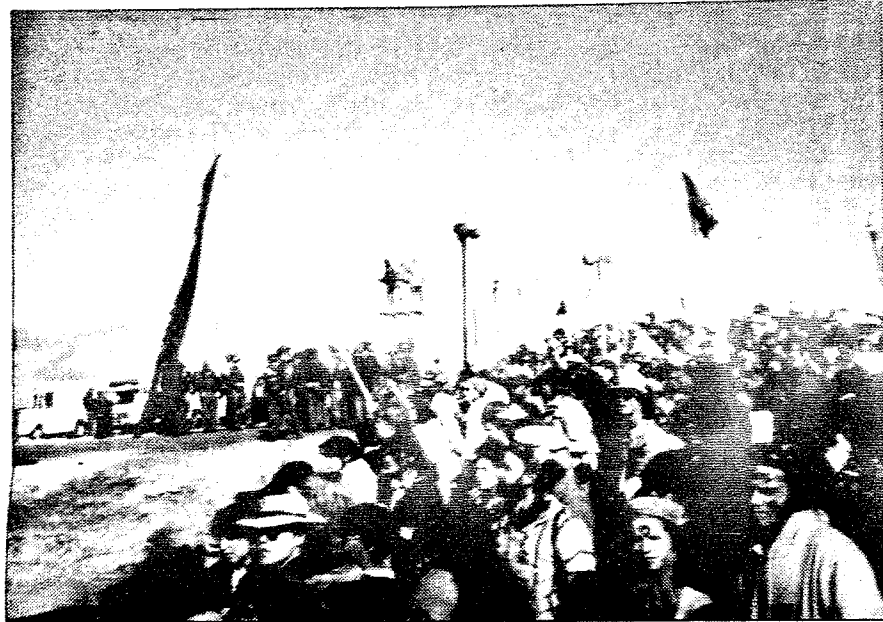
On Friday the 11th, the camp swelled in anticipation of the big action over the weekend. On Saturday, an estimated 5000 people were present at the rally which was held within 200 yards of the gate. Peace groups, including Earth First and Food not Bombs, set up tables to distribute information and sell buttons and shirts. Signs fluttered in the air, the largest, attached to the stage, read "Test Peace." Beyond the decorated barbed wire fence, guards stood in the fields and dune buggies tore through the desert. The sounds of the yellow helicopters which patrolled the area were audible.

At the rally, there were many speakers and performers, including Cesar Chavez, Kasey Kasem (from America's Top Forty), actor Robert Blake and actress Teri Garr. Priest Tim McDonald called SDI the "Stu-

pid Defense Initiative." His words were moving as he yelled to the crowd: "I'm tired of war, I'm tired of deception, I'm tired of lies... We have to send a message, a message today... We've been fighting too long to stop fighting... keep on fighting, don't you get weary..."

A taped message from Katya Komisaruk, who is presently spending five years in jail for destroying a mainframe computer that controlled nuclear defense systems, was aired. Daniel Ellsberg said, "Your body on the line is what the authorities hear eventually and that's why we are here."

Many of the speakers and performers committed civil disobedience, including Ellsberg, Blake, Garr, and Kasem (who was quoted in the *People's Daily World* to have said, "People will see this and realize that a group of individuals can change the world").



anti-nuke protestors in Nevada over Spring break

At the end of the rally, affinity groups spread out along the fence that lined the test site. In the field, on the other side of the fence, the guards stood ready, dressed in camouflaged Khaki uniforms. At all actions where protesters commit civil disobedience, organizers ask protesters to form groups so that people can be watched out for individually. Some members of the groups commit civil disobedience, while other members stay back and do support work. They make sure the members of the group get picked up when they are released from jail. If legal complications arise, they are at least knowledgeable of who went in. The normal penalty for first trespass is six days in jail or a fine. For a second offense the penalty is a minimum of two days and a fine, or four days in jail. If protesters get too deeply into the site, such as in Mercury or the areas where the tests take place, they can be charged for penetration and suffer imprisonment for as long as six months.

Fourteen hundred and forty-nine people stepped over the line during the length of the day. The crowds cheered as people climbed over the fence, and protesters jumped in the air, waving back to the crowds as they walked over the fields of the test site. In the fields, the protesters were confronted by guards who put plastic handcuffs on their wrists. The crowd's protesters committing civil disobedience were escorted into cages less than 25 meters away from the gate. The cage was recently installed in anticipation of the demonstration. Over the

last few years, the number of people committing civil disobedience has increased drastically. The protest ran smoothly, the protesters cooperated, and there was only one report of police brutality. Some women were forced to spreadeagle and were frisked.

The protesters were put on buses and driven up to Tonopah, Nevada, 150 miles away. Protesters didn't give their names during the quiet bus ride. As the sun went down over the Nevada skyline, some of the protesters felt a cold nervousness inside, not knowing where they were going or what they would be charged with. The buses arrived in Tonopah, and the protesters in the bus sighed with relief as they saw the demonstrators of the day walking through the streets.

Protestors were brought into the courthouse, charged with trespassing and

to limit nuclear testing to underground sites. As reported in the *New York Times* on Sunday, January 17th, 1988, the Department of Energy has announced close to 500

tests over the last 25 years. The National Resource Defense Council, a private group in favor of a test ban, released a 61-page report publicizing the existence of 117 unannounced tests and concluded that probably just as many unannounced tests couldn't be detected. Seismic data was collected at the Seismological Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology by NRDC scientists who are known to have extensive expertise in seismic studies.

Though not all suspected tests could be detected, the discovery implies that all tests above a certain threshold in size could be detected by the installation of specialized networks of sensors. It appears as if verification, which was once an issue that decreased the likelihood of the superpowers coming to an agreement about slowing the arms race, may become a means by which the race could be ended.

The real problem exists because of political structures, economic dependence upon war and the human condition. When people believe there is such a thing as "they" and "we", there will always be conflicts of interest. People feel that not only does their country need to protect itself, but that it should be in control. As long as governments have more generals than diplomats, the nations of the world will always have difficulties negotiating.

The production and deployment of nuclear weapons is a large part of the United States economy. Few people know how firmly entrenched in American soil the production facilities for nuclear weapons are. The following information was taken from the April 1988 issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientist*:

Nuclear weapons are deployed in 26 states. Thirteen states are involved in producing nuclear warheads. Twenty thousand square miles (same size as Delaware) are covered by nuclear weapons production and testing complexes. The number of US government and Energy Department contractor personnel whose work relates directly to nuclear weapons: 189,300. The number of Department of Energy personnel directly involved in producing nuclear material, components, and warheads: 28,000. Department of Defense and Energy personnel employed in physical security of military facilities and nuclear weapons: 82,600.

I talked to some good ol' boys from South Carolina at the gate of the test site one day. As with most of the people I talked with, there was no feeling of dislike or resentment. The small group from SC, usually stuck close together, they all wore blue while the rest of the guards wore khaki. They told me that we should protest in South Carolina, that there were missile production sites there, but if we got arrested it would be more than a bus ride. One of them told me how much money he was making—" \$27.75 per hour overtime, plus 95.50 per diem. Nineteen hours a day, eat that up. You figure that out. I'm not stepping over that line..."

Another asked me my political beliefs. "Are all you guys into the rainbow?... Why didn't Jesse Jackson come?... Are all you guys going to vote for Jesse Jackson?... I'd love to take a ride with Jesse up to Tonopah."

To be continued next issue...

Tent City Revived



Two events motivated the graduate students to hold a rally on the academic mall yesterday: Vice-President of Administration Carl Hanes' request that the furniture and signs be removed from the Tent City site, and the news that twenty-one of the arrests made last year were dismissed.

Graduate students and a handful of undergraduates assembled in front of a stage that was erected facing the administration building. Chris Vestuto (former GSO president) emceed the speaking portion of the rally, and veterans of last summer's Tent City campground (and arrest-ground) related how glad they were to hear of the dismissals and complained of the administration's reneging on its promises to improve conditions grad students live and work under.

Other students verbally attacked the state of the Harry Chapin apartment complex. The Chapin apartments have been an administration headache for nearly two years now, culminating in Senator Alfonse D'Amato's visit to the complex two weeks ago, where he expressed his shock that students at a state institution lived in such squalid conditions.

The rally attracted the most attention, however, when a hastily assembled jug band of graduate and undergraduate students took the stage to celebrate, playing as prelude, intermission, and conclusion to the rally's spoken periods.

by Pamela Schreiber, Beth Hofer,
Megan O'Brien, Brita Kube,
Veronica McGlynn, and Joanne Ferrara

We would like to give you a tour through our Chapin apartment. After struggling with the front door, you enter our apartment and see your roommate standing in the middle of the living room floor. She looks shorter. Why is that? Possibly because the floor slopes down in the middle? Maybe because the floor beams were placed too far apart? As you walk toward her, you feel like you are walking on a trampoline. You decide to sit down and relax, but a huge roach crawls across your lap. You're pretty nauseated, but at least you're in from the rain. (That's what you think!)

Your appetite is restored, so you head to the kitchen to get something to eat. You notice pieces of the ceiling swimming in dirty puddles on the counter and floor. You lean forwards to get a closer look and feel something dripping onto your head. You don't even have to look up; you know that the ceiling's 12-foot crack is sprouting water again. You try to console yourself by pretending that the scene confronting you is much more attractive than Niagara Falls. It's tupperware time! You reach for the stack of seven popcorn bowls in the closet. After flicking the roach out of the top one, you place them in their usual positions under the leaks.

Don't get us wrong, there are some advantages to these leaks. One hole offers us the unique advantage of an in-house garden hose. We have many strong water drips, but this hole offers us more water pressure than the showers. By holding a spaghetti strainer under the flow, we are able to lessen the pressure and water our plants. You notice that the weight of the water is too heavy for the ceiling and it's sagging dangerously. Thoughts of the ceiling collapsing flash through your mind. You don't worry because they told you that it's only made of cardboard and shouldn't hurt too much if it falls on your head.

As the water streams down the walls, it begins to flood the floor. Another piece of tile lifts up and floats away. You rush to save it. The last time it rained, three tiles were lost, and you were told of your responsibility to replace them or pay for new tiles. As you laugh at the thought, you notice that

you can see your breath. No heat again—that means no hot water either. So what else is new? You begin to look forward to tomorrow morning's cold shower. There's nothing like an ice cold shower to wake you up in the morning. You don't even bother putting your milk away. It will stay nice and cold on the counter.

Wait...got it!!! You praise yourself on your expert roach-killing abilities, but, hey, you get enough practice. You look around and notice how clean you keep your apartment. Why are there so many roaches? Maybe it's because of all the wet insulation above your head. Wet insulation serves as the perfect breeding ground for these creatures.

You head to the bathroom and trip over all of the loose tiles. As you wait for the light to go on, you feel around for all of your wet laundry. The nightmare of doing your wash comes back to you. Earlier in the day, you took your laundry outside to the laundry room—which doubles as the mail-room. You threw your wash into one of the two washing machines and headed home through Chapin Lake. Later, when you returned, the door to the laundry room was closed to keep the pipes from freezing. One problem, however, your key did not work in the door. You stared at your laundry and mailbox through the window. You found someone to open the door and put five quarters in the dryer. Five quarters will give you two and one-half hours in the dryer. That is usually enough time to dry your clothes half-way. After that, you just hang them in the bedroom and bathroom. The dry air will dry your clothes in no time at all.

Anyway, the bathroom light never goes on, so you decide to take a brief nap. You lie in bed, plug in your electric blanket and look up. The ceiling above your bed is sagging and the crack is getting larger. The huge water stain over your head scares you and you jump out of bed. By now, it's raining even harder and the water is pouring out of the light fixture in the kitchen.

Actually, the fixture consists of a single bulb hanging from very wet electrical wires. The thought of a fire scares you, but once again you have no need to worry. You remember those comforting words: *at least 80% of the time the circuit breakers will click off before a fire is able to start.* Eighty percent? Hey, that's better odds than ever getting the heat or hot water back!

GET OUT!

continued from page 3

"So essentially that's our problem: we can't talk to him about too many things. This country is despised now uniformly around the world...this country has a reputation as an international thug. They want to invade Nicaragua, but they're not talking about invading the middle east to stop the repression of the Palestinian people. They're not talking about invading South Africa...

"The point is that America is based on white supremacy and monopoly capitalism, and those of us here who consider ourselves students or intellectuals or men and women of good will, will have to join forces with the majority of the world's peoples. Otherwise, we will be labeled correctly as nothing but backward imperialists no matter what nationality we are...

"They [Secord, North, Hakim et al] get busted for Iran-contragate then suddenly the Nicaraguans are crossing the border into Honduras. Even Stevie Wonder can see through that! And you don't have to fall for that!

"He [Reagan] is using the fact that many of you see him and figure that he looks like you so he must working in your best interests. But he is not working in your best interests. He is working in the interest of six-tenths of one percent of the population: the people who own the IBMs and the General Motors and the NBC.

"You haven't lost anything in Nicaragua! What have you lost in Nicaragua? What have you lost that you would send your brothers and your fathers down there to fight? That you, yourselves, since you are on the line now when you graduate here, they will want to send you too down there. What have

you left in Nicaragua? Nothing but your self-respect if you support Reagan...we will not send our youths to die for monopoly capitalism and white supremacy."

Baraka was only one of several speakers who disclaimed the US government's reason for intervention: helping to save oppressed people. Mitch Cohen, a long-time campus activist and member of the Red Balloon Collective (rumour has it that Mitch is being considered for tenure), also wondered why the US government is not actively helping the "oppressed" people in other nations and areas such as the West Bank and South Africa. Cohen contended that the US government only interferes when it feels that the "oppressed people" are being kept down by a marxist regime. He also wondered why the Reagan administration is continually funding a military

women, children, and all. This is a fact agreed upon by both anti-intervention people and Reagan's administration, while only the administration claims that the Sandinistas do not hesitate to kill civilians, be they Nicaraguans or Hondurans.

Mike Sprinker, an associate professor of English, stated that Latin America is currently undergoing, and will continue to undergo a period of "radical and intense social, political, and economic change." He said that the US is forcing this pressure cooker to get hotter by funding a military effort. Without touching on whether or not the Reagan administration's reasons for intervention were sound, Sprinker said that the government's method is unsound. "Fifty years ago it was possible to send in marines; it just isn't possible anymore," Sprinker said. He cited the emotional strength of the

the PA. The first such call did not meet with any notable response, but eventually

Michael Lutas took the offer on behalf of the College Republicans. After conceding that the organizers of the rally "were more fair-minded than I expected," he insisted that the US must intervene in Latin America in order to stop the spread of dictatorial and oppressive governments funded by the USSR. Not long after Lutas took the stage, however, jeering and loud arguments from the crowd forced him to step down.

One onlooking student referred to the protestors, saying "These guys here aren't living in the real world. They want to stop US involvement. They're going to have communism all over the place. They're [Nicaragua] just like Cuba. They're too close and they're communists. That's no good."

Another student explained that "this country's formulated on spreading democracy, not communism...today's rally is wrong because first of all, when are we supposed to intervene, if not to aid the spread of democracy and stop communism? Are we supposed to diminish our forces and let communism take over? We'll have officials

"This country has a reputation as an international thug..."

—Amiri Baraka

effort to overthrow a marxist regime that, according to first-hand reports made by students and faculty members, treats its subjects with fairness, while the contras are a group formed by veteran's of Somoza's vicious National Guard. Somoza's brutal treatment of the people of Nicaragua while he was dictator are well documented.

The Reagan administration insists just the opposite, that the Sandinistas are horrible blood-spillers, and the contras' only wish is to establish a freely elected, democratic government. Accuracy again becomes a problem, as not many can claim first-hand experience. It must be noted, however, that the contras have repeatedly razed peasant collectives to the ground—

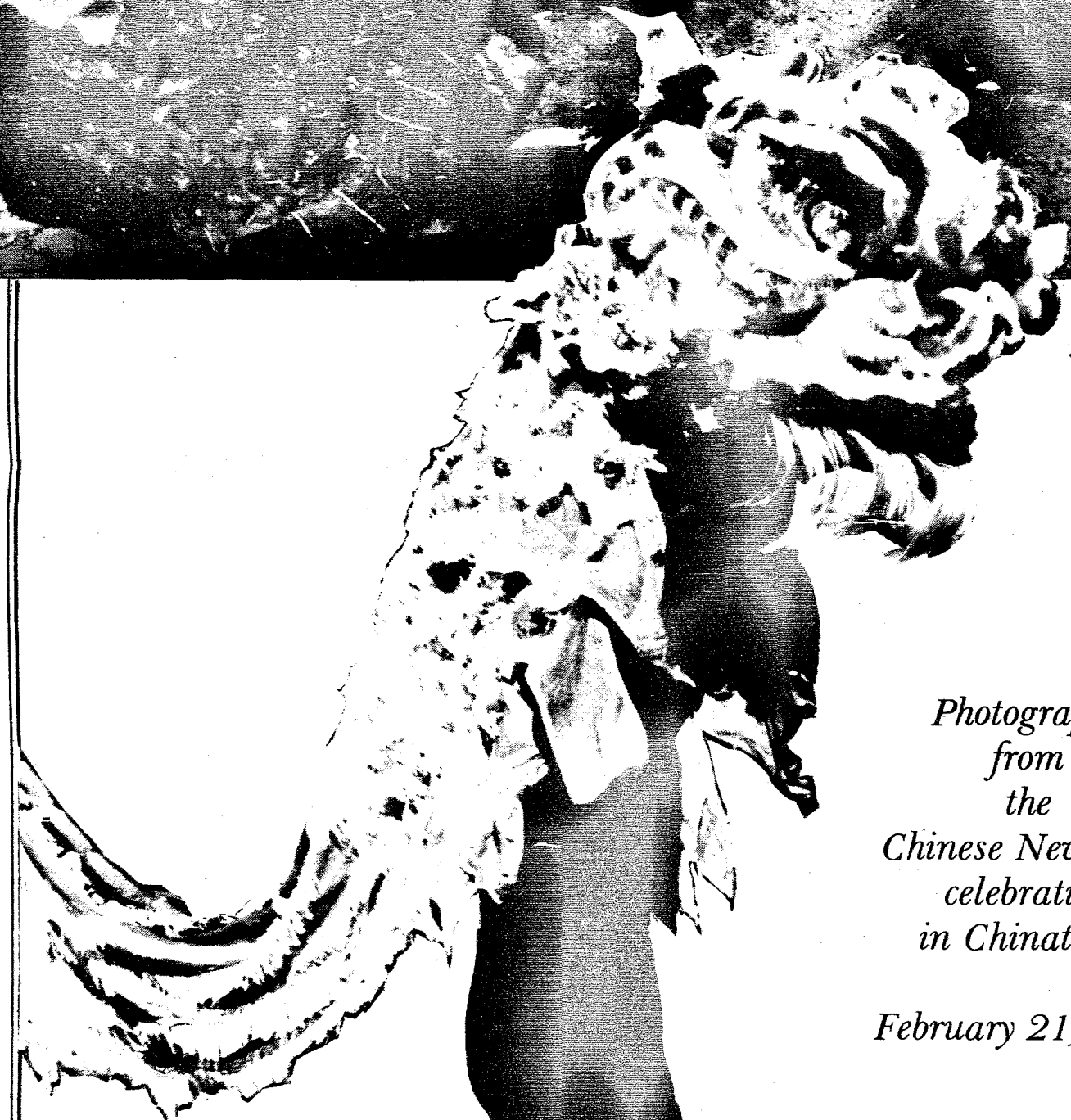
Sandinistas in Nicaragua and the FMLN in El Salvador as a reason why the US could not win a conflict. "They can't be put down in the old way. They're committed, and they know the land. It's their home," he said. Referring to the deployment of US troops in Honduras as a show of force, Sprinker commented: "That's a hell of a lot of money to spend for a weekend in the sun."

After a year which saw many loud, emotional, and often empty, rhetorical public debate between the student left and the student right on campus (mainly HOLA and Red Balloon, and the College Republicans, respectively), it was refreshing (at first) that the organizers of the rally called for people with opposing views to take the stage and

there that will guide and help the contras in setting up their government and formulate it the way we have a democracy in the United States. But I say protests like this are what's going to be the downfall of this country in the future. You should help to make things better, help to change. Not always to protest. Always protesting ain't gonna do much. The old saying goes, you know, 'America: love it or leave it.' That's my feeling.

The rally was also peppered with extreme calls for students to vote for Jesse Jackson because he is the only candidate who has explicitly taken a position of non-intervention (Jackson will be speaking at the Fine Arts Center on Friday April 8, at 2pm).

YEAR OF THE DRAGON



*Photographs
from
the
Chinese New Year
celebration
in Chinatown*

February 21, 1988

*photographs by Ed Bridges
design and layout:
Ed Bridges and Warren Stevens
drawing by
Warren Stevens*



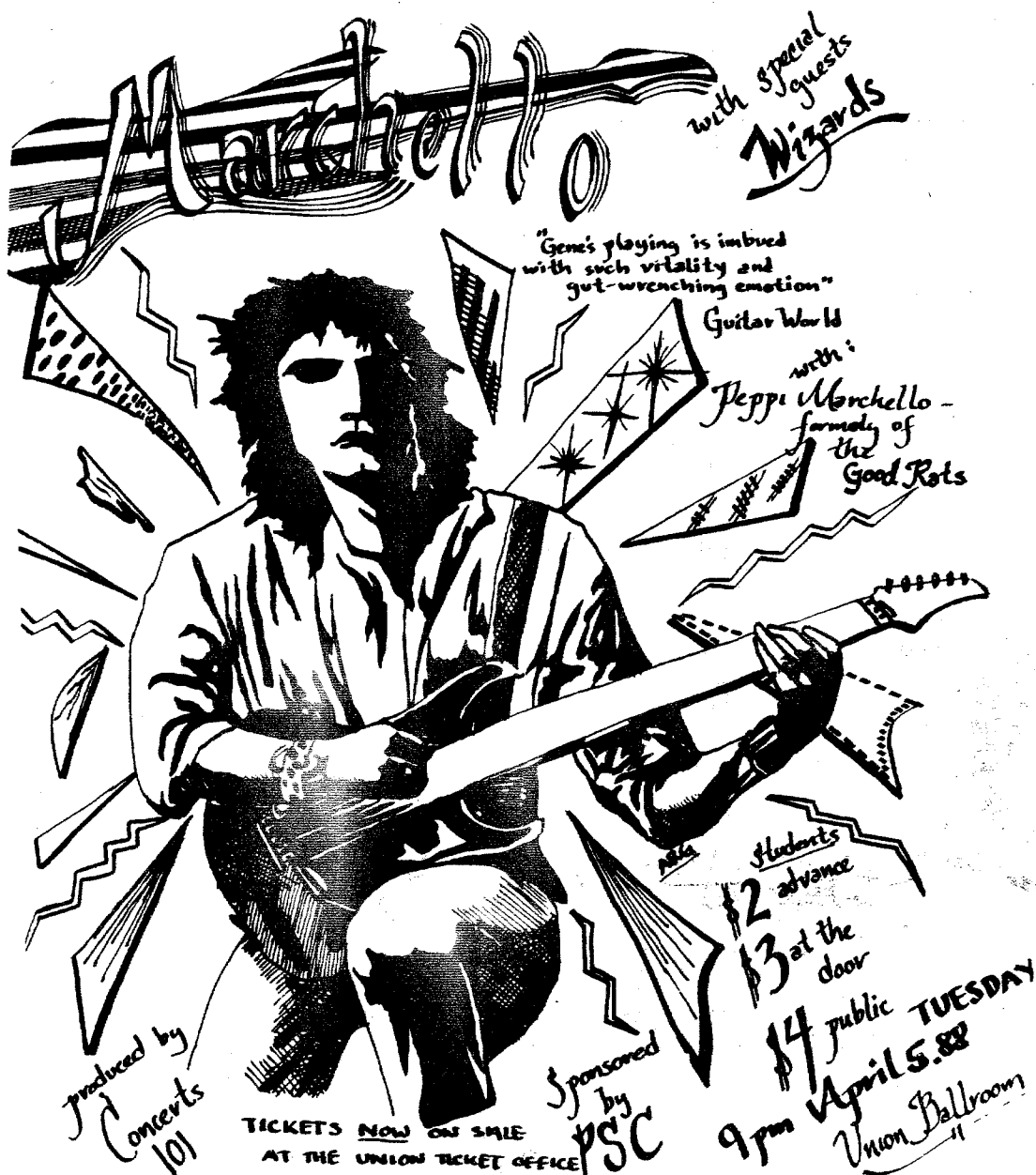
Student Polity Association

The office of the president announces the inauguration of a series of informal open house meetings, at which all members of the university community are invited to meet with president Marburger and senior members of the administration.

The first such open house will be held on Tuesday, April 5th, from 2:30 to 5:30pm in the bi-level of the Stony Brook Union.

Refreshments will be served.

○ co-sponsored by the university senate and Polity ○



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Jackson Confuses Junkies

by Richard Wieda

This year's Democratic Primary Season has brought the usual joy, bewilderment, and opportunity for analysis the Democrats so like to offer to serious political junkies every four years, and if turmoil and unpredictability are the measure of how generous the Democrats' offer is, then the 1988 campaign rates rather high indeed. The Democrats rarely choose a nominee early in any primary season, preferring to unleash six or seven candidates with sledgehammers into debates, fundraisers and thirty-second television spots for at least two months before considering any of them seriously. Campaign '88, as usual, has not failed to excite serious junkies everywhere.

A month ago, five candidates remained, tumbling toward the July convention in a muddled mass made all the more complicated by the results of the Super Tuesday Primaries. At that point in the campaign, Governor Michael Dukakis held a slim delegate lead over the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee. Senator Paul Simon's feeble candidacy was mired somewhere behind, hoping for his homestate primary to rejuvenate the air in his campaign bubble, while Representative Richard Gephardt was facing a last hemorrhage of his support, which was oozing over into the Dukakis and Gore campaigns.

The serious junkies and analysts were now studying their charts, debating the merits of a Dukakis nomination. Was the Massachusetts governor, perhaps the most mainstream of the candidates, the man with the broadest appeal for a November electorate? Or did the right-wing foreign policy stance of Albert Gore have a better chance to challenge George Bush, the obvious Republican candidate in the fall. Regardless, most analysts said, the field was still as muddy as an Everglades swamp, and if Dukakis is pushing himself as the inevitable nominee—well, fine, we'll see.

But a lot can change in a month, and if there's such a thing as a political earthquake, then the Jackson campaign has caused one and caught almost all of the political seismographs off guard. Over all those months while they were watching Dukakis, Gore and Gephardt call each other horrible names, something was building in the foreclosed farm fields, the crowded inner-cities, and the campuses around the country. That earthquake broke in Michigan, where the Jackson campaign steamrolled over the well-organized, heavily-favored Dukakis machine, and completely shattered the campaign outlook and theme that the serious analysts had spent months developing. Jackson trounced Dukakis by more than a 2-to-1 margin, receiving 95% of the black vote and a surprising 35% of the white vote. After the Michigan caucuses, Jackson now trails Dukakis in the overall delegate count by less than five, and what George Bush once called "The Big Mo" is certainly lined up in Jackson's corner.

The serious political junkies who have covered campaigns for years are stunned. When Jackson first decided to run for the nomination in 1984, they wondered why a black

man with little political experience would bother to run when he knew he couldn't win. After Jackson won five states in the pervasive Super Tuesday primaries here in 1988, they asked the question, "What does Jesse want?" In the aftermath of the Michigan landslide, the political pundits are now shaking their heads, examining their Gallup poll sheets for missing pages and pondering the question: "Jesus, can he win?"

Jackson himself scoffed at the embarrassment of the serious observers in a recent ABC Nightline interview, noting that, "a campaign of authenticity and soul beat a campaign of technology and money. It's flesh-and-blood winning over high-tech." This might be something the serious political junkies overlooked as they were typing their campaign articles into their IBMs for deadline.

All this has become a grave concern for the Democratic Party Establishment as they watch the slim Dukakis lead begin to dwindle. They're witnessing another McGovern and this is more than enough impetus to keep them tossing in bed all night, plagued by the terrifying nightmare of a Jackson ticket. No one in the party actually believes he can win in November, although all of the Establishment officials who are voicing this opinion wish to remain anonymous. There is no assurance that Jackson won't run away with the convention, however, which makes for some very interesting news and a lot of fear in the various Establishment headquarters.

There is more anonymous talk that if Jackson begins to storm the Convention with a lot more delegates in his camp than in anyone else's, maybe a more moderate Democrat can be induced into entering the race as an ABJ candidate (anyone but Jackson; a similar ABM effort was unsuccessfully mounted against George McGovern in 1972). But that movement has been dismissed by all the Party officials who have chosen to go public with their opinions. Mario Cuomo, who every moderate Democrat wishes would really, really enter the race, admitted last weekend that if Jackson entered the June 7 California and New Jersey primaries with the most delegates and largest popular support, "Well, I don't see how we can ignore him."

This is creating a scary dilemma for many Democrats, which is almost inevitable every four years. If they fail to nominate Jackson and he has the largest delegate and popular support, they risk splitting the party irreparably. Yet, if they do nominate him, many feel they risk the probable fact of the White House remaining Republican real estate for another four years. Truly the stuff anxiety attacks are made of.

Much of this nonsense still fails to address what are the most important issues in the post-Michigan hours. Although Jackson has stunned everybody by winning or at least placing second in 26 out of the 36 state contests, he has yet to broaden his support from the overwhelming black and liberal white fringe of the party that his campaign has relied upon. He has made an admirable effort to moderate

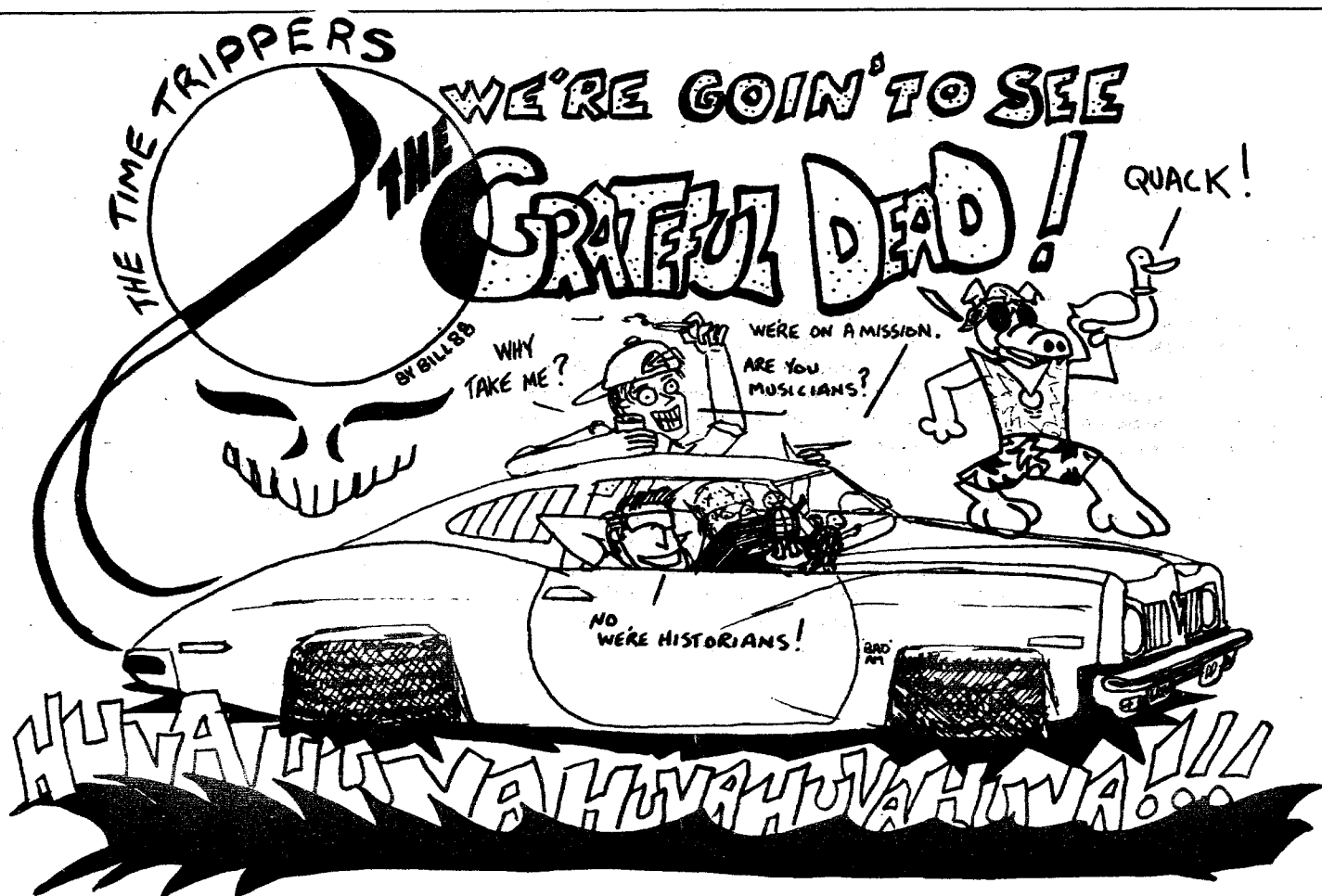
his views from the essentially ultra-liberal platform he ran on in 1984, declaring drugs, jobs, and the stagnation of the American economy as his primary concerns. He says that Americans have undergone a cultural transition in the last twenty years, and that what used to be a "radical battleground is now an economic commonground."

More and more, he is appealing to that same displaced, left-behind electorate, both black and white, that McGovern won over in 1972. But, to use that tired old cliché, it remains to be seen if Jackson can actually gain major support in areas of the country where white voters share the same social and economic needs as minorities. Up until now those white voters have preferred to place their support in the Reagan-Bush camp. Now, with the media about to center more of its attention on Jackson, as well as its scrutiny, he will have his chance.

The scrutiny of media attention on Jackson opens another question about his candidacy, which is: how sound are his views and ideas? Until now, Jackson has been treated very gently by the media and his fellow candidates because no one thought he could win. Serious political junkies liked to hear him speak, but never wrote down anything he said. But with the spectre of his '84 debacle completely erased by the Michigan win, Jackson will undergo the same rigorous examination that his opponents have.

Many of his views, although well-articulated, are riddled with holes. His suggestion for a National Health Plan to help subsidize Social Security is plagued by the same inflationary monster that has eaten away the money from the Social Security coffers. His assertion that it was he who freed the two American soldiers who had been shot down during the Libyan Raid, and not President Reagan, doesn't ring true. Obviously the Libyans released the prisoners to him so that they could embarrass the Reagan administration. His solution for countries who compete with the United States economically by using cheap labor is to impose sanctions on them so that they'll grant their own workers a minimum wage. Jackson doesn't say how he's going to impose his own will on a multi-national corporation, however, or even a country that cannot be hurt by sanctions.

Jackson has much going for him in the coming weeks. Although he recently lost the Connecticut primary to Dukakis, he still has the momentum from the Michigan win. Dukakis was expected to take the New England state anyway and, as his campaign manager admitted, "we're still sort of against the ropes." Jackson must begin to appeal to a much wider spectrum of voters, however, if he is to provide any real challenge to Dukakis. His message is a bright, articulate, optimistic one, and the combination of his campaign themes with his momentum from the Michigan win and the media blitz it generated, might carry his candidacy all the way to the convention and the magic number of 2,082.



Missed Musings

by Rob Rothenberg

The latest album by the Throwing Muses, *House Tornado*, is a bit of a disappointment. I have mixed feelings about it: although it has a uniqueness and feeling not heard in most of today's new music, it lacks the spirituality of their previous album, *The Fat Skier*.

The band itself is rather unusual. With three women guitarists and a male drummer, the Throwing Muses present a rare, feminine point of view. Their lyrics are original in quality and abstractedness, while their music is a loose blend of new-wave, country-western, and folk.

House Tornado sounds, unfortunately, like the Throwing Muses honed-down and tightened for commercial palatability. There is some variety of music, but it's not as noticeable until one listens to the album more than once. Many of the songs seem to revolve around the same few chords. The overall sound of the album doesn't hit me



well; there is a very subtle "busyness" about the music that grates on the ears at times. Although the lyrics are paradoxical and interesting, the music is the opposite and the effect is lost. The feeling of *Fat Skier* is absent from *House Tornado*. Musically, it is genuinely unmoving and uninspiring.

The music, especially on the second side of the album, is so uninteresting that listening to it became a chore. At times I experienced such severe ennui that I had to stop playing it, deriving more pleasure from the silence that followed.

There are a few songs that do stand out: "The River" and "Mexican Woman" are the only "saving graces" of the album, with "The Marriage Tree" to a lesser extent. The song "Juno" was a good contrast (with its irritating qualities).

Overall, the album is fair. There is a vast sea of inferior albums, but quite a few better ones exist. Apparently, the Throwing Muses could have used the invocation of the muses for this one.

Upcoming Music

April 1 <i>Chick Corea/Gary Burton</i> at the Blue Note —thru April 3 <i>Good Rats</i> at the Showcase —and April 2 <i>Lionel Hampton</i> at the Jazzport	April 9 <i>Asleep at the Wheel</i> at the Lone Star <i>Astrud Gilberto</i> at IMAC <i>Gaye Bikers on Acid/</i> <i>Pop Will Eat Itself</i> at the Ritz
April 2 <i>Humble Pie</i> at Sundance	April 15 <i>Billy Bragg</i> at Roseland
April 8 <i>Ahmad Jamal</i> at Jazzport —and April 9 <i>Screaming Blue Messiahs</i> at the Ritz <i>Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers</i> at Roseland	April 16 <i>Iron Butterfly</i> at Baystreet
	April 19 <i>Max Roach</i> at the Blue Note —thru April 24
	April 26 <i>Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger</i> at the Westbury Music Fair

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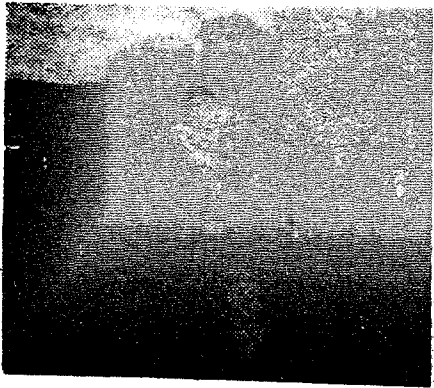
of the violence. Child abuse is much more horrifying when viewed within the context of a domestic scene where none of the family members notice it.

"The Door," written by Stephen Fox and directed by Bill Bruehl, is the first of the night's two surrealist plays. A man newly arrived in the country enters an office and asks a secretary behind a desk if he can gain access to a door in the back of the office, the gateway which leads further on into the building. She answers his question with an answer and then questions his answer to her first question until the two become embroiled in a swirling dialogue of innuendo and observation. They spend the rest of the play contemplating the door she won't let him walk through, the recent relationship they have initiated because he would like to go further on into the building and she holds the key outpost to the entrance point, and what it all means (or maybe what it doesn't all mean). "The Door" raises a lot of questions and offers few answers, but it does uncover some very important themes and observations that are rarely contemplated, if only because of their complexity.

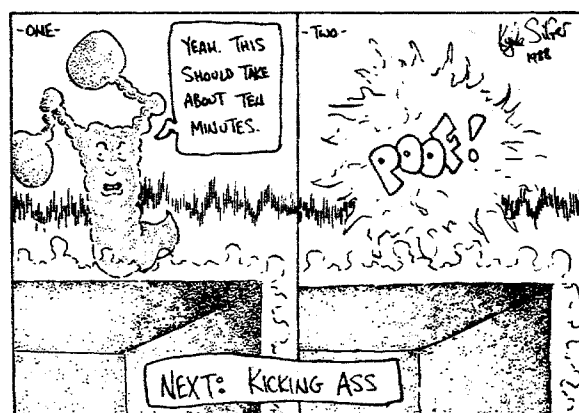
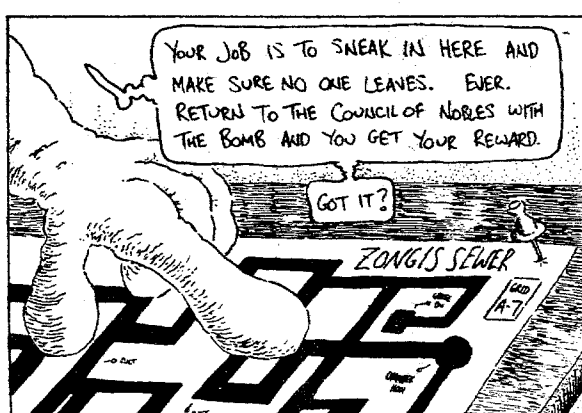
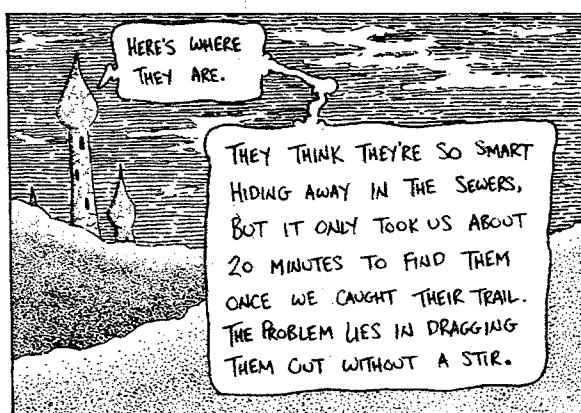
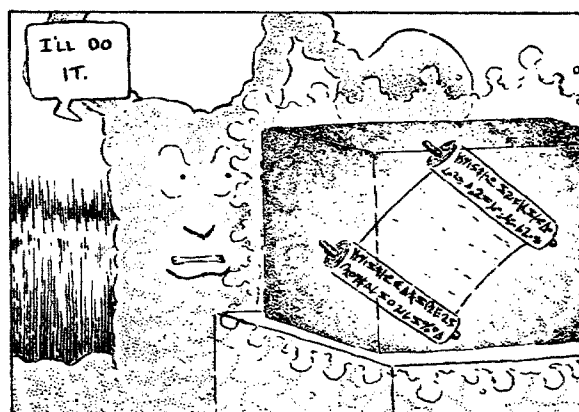
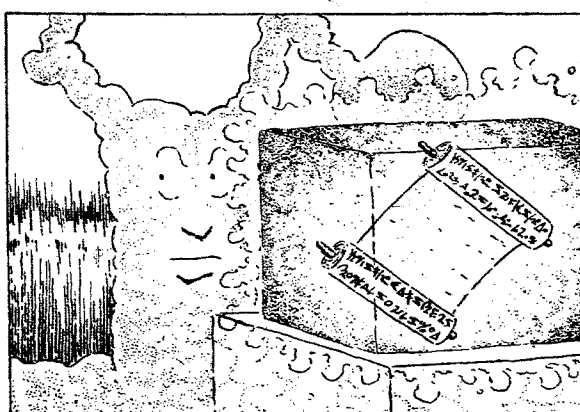
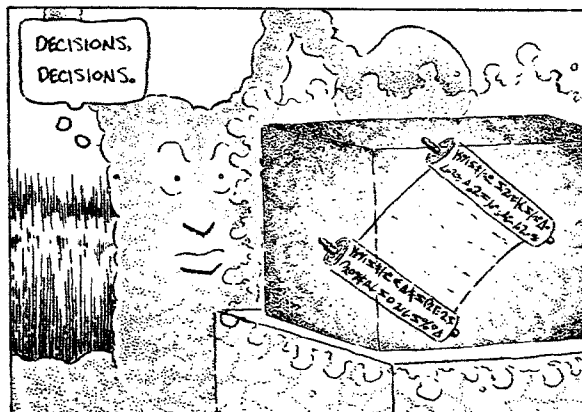
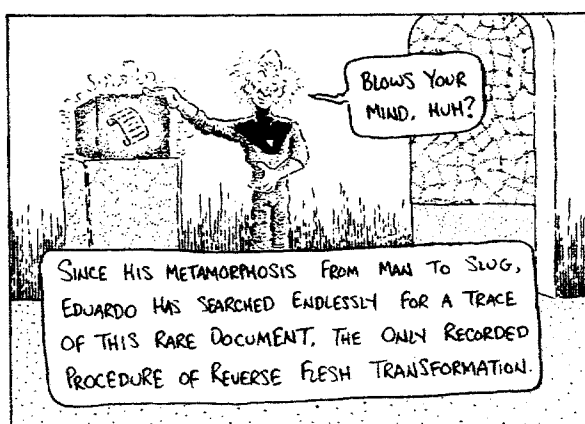
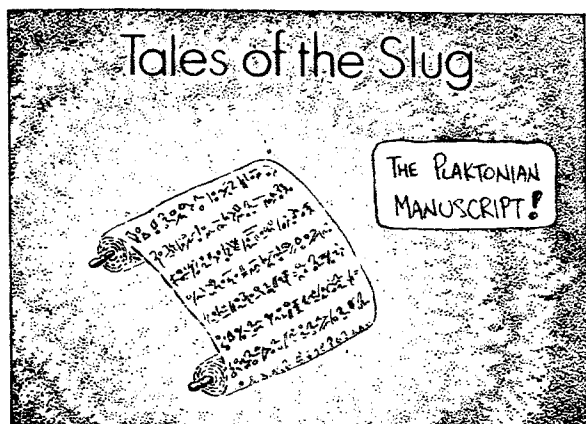
The final play, "Scratched Records," written and directed by Andreas Mielke, is a strange scene in a darkened bar that, beginning with simple feminist and sexual overtones, turns into a frightening panorama of controversial themes that pervade

this modern, cynical world. Near the end, a fetus is found carelessly discarded in the bar's garbage can, a truly catastrophic gift left by some faceless war criminal, yet even the characters turn a callous shoulder toward the corpse, unwilling to devote any emotion to the tragedy. In this bar, no one really cares about problems, and even if they do, it's still convenient to turn the lights down and place a "Sorry, We're Closed" sign on the window. Although the play does pack some power to it, the explication is uneven. There are many themes circling around in the action, but it's difficult to exactly pinpoint them without extensive analysis, which is the major problem with this play. With some work, however, it could conceivably become an effective drama uncovering the nightmarish cynicism and callousness which infects 20th century attitudes.

The entire evening at the Calderone, located on South Campus in Nassau Hall, is an enjoyable exercise into the imprecise arts of writing, acting, directing, and the theater. After the shows, much of the audience remains to discuss the various scenes and plays with all of the actors, directors, and writers. Questions are asked, problems are revealed, and opinions are confessed. The only thing that is taboo is to ask one of the writers: "Why did you write that scene like this when you could have worked it like..."



vaseline
melts
rubber!



Five Easy Pieces

by Richard Wieda

The Welldigger's Contemporary Theater is sponsoring an event at the Calderone Theater this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night. Billed as a night of "Dialogues, Monologues, Plays, and Scenes," the evening unfolds as a potpourri of drama, tragedy, and comedy that ranges over a large emotional spectrum. The shows are all part of a workshop to help non-professional playwrights explore the flesh and spirit of their dramatic ideas and vision, with the aid of some very talented performers and a live audience.

The evening opens with a one-women show, a lovely afternoon conversation with a pretty lady in a typical middle-class living room. It soon turns into the horror story of this woman's physical imprisonment within a real metal cage for more than a month because she has fallen in love with a suitor her father finds unfavorable. Using the local setting of small-town, nineteenth-century Long Island to really bring the horror home to the audience, "A Visit with Miss Smith," leaves a lasting impression throughout the evening. Written by Claire Nicolas White and directed by Grethe Holby, the show is made all the more disturbing by the personal flavor of the visit. This conversation becomes almost too real for words, as Miss Smith describes her imprisonment and then writes it off as her father's prerogative over her. The experience of the show at that point is like being struck in the chest with a shovel.

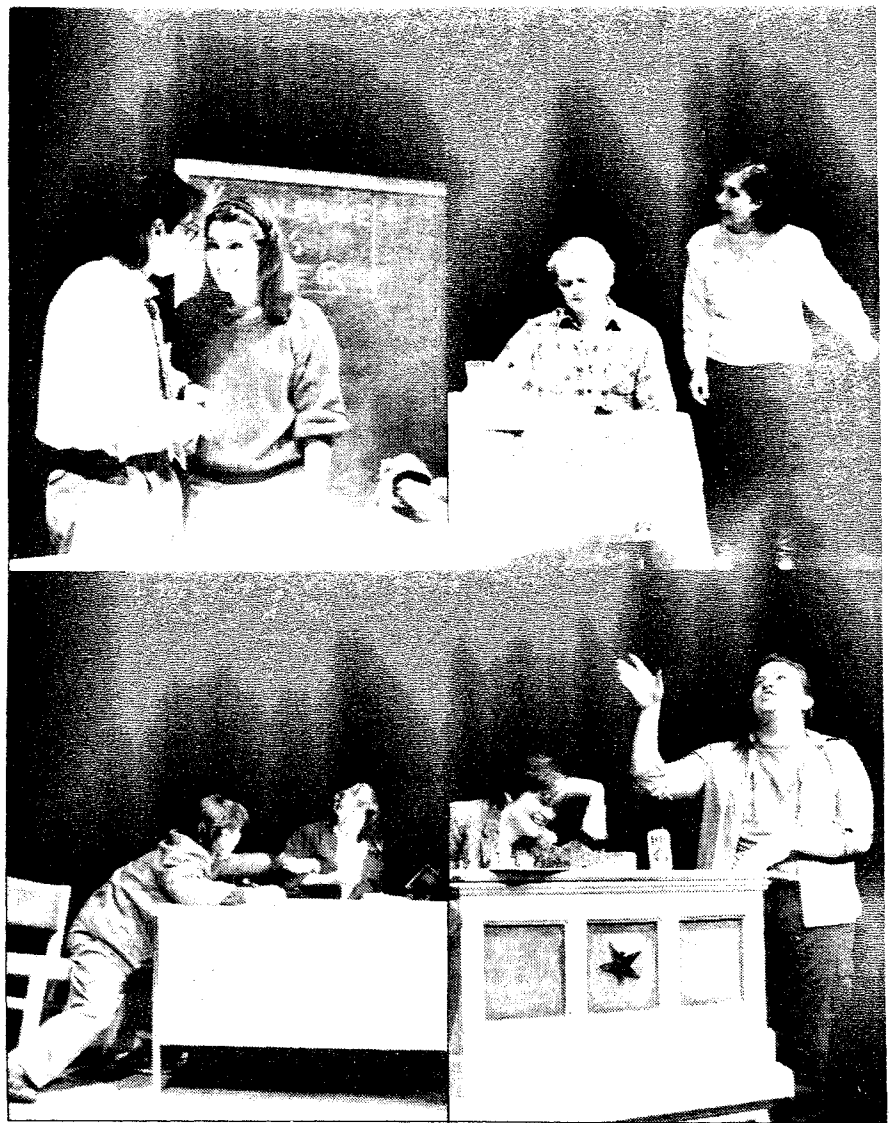
"The Name of the Game," written by August Franza and directed by Justin Dennis, is a satirical, sexual story played mostly for laughs. In it, the most talented student

of an unnamed college class attempts to divulge the knowledge she holds to her professor—that he is a 2000-year old Indian warrior. She is certain of this because she remembers once nursing him back to health after he had been wounded in some particularly nasty warfare that took place, of course, 2000 years before. The name of Shirley MacLaine pops up several times throughout the proceedings to lend some intellectual validity to the girl's story, but even that skillful ploy cannot quite convince the professor that a very old Indian brave lies dormant somewhere behind his eyeglasses and stylish suit.

The third play, "The Right Family," is another emotional shovel piece, shattering the serenity of the darkened stage with a vivid exhibition of family violence. Written by Maria Slatkin and directed by Maria Kraniclis, the play begins as a tranquil domestic dinner, with a family discussing various topics as they eat ravioli. When the conversation turns to the past, and specifically the sister's recollections of the rampant child abuse in the family house that her brother can't—actually, doesn't want to—recall, the stage explodes into a display of how child abuse, almost unconsciously, filters from generation to generation. As the brother furiously denies his sister's allegations, he randomly slaps his young son Jimbo for not eating the ravioli or forgetting to use a fork when he finally does.

The image of the play most striking is the child himself, alone on stage at the end, beating his stuffed animal for not being a good boy. This play receives the most audience reaction, people shifting uncomfortably in their seats and nervously twitching their hands because of the personal aspect

continued on page 10



PhotoEdBridges

by Karin Falcone

While it seems that much of the art world aims to surprise by turning the past inside out, to shock with originality by mutilating the images behind those limbless icons of the ancients, Robert White renders the human figure with uncommon respect. Although the uneasy layman may expect

bronze statues of nudes to be cold, classical, and monumental, White's exhibit of sculpture and drawing in the Fine Arts Center Gallery seems closer in spirit to the current widespread exhibition of winter-pale calves and shoulders on these first warm days of the season.

Any aloofness that these sculptures may project is dissolved in the comfortable ease and meaning of the tilt of a head, a slouch,

Carven Images

the curve of an idle hand. The distant gaze of "The Wanderer" is more meaningful due to the subject's conspicuous absence of legs. The waist-up study draws us to notice the folded arms and the figure's intent stare at some point far beyond the gallery walls. The dry hue of terracotta brings to mind hot sun and dusty roads. The medium, as in all the pieces, is chosen with keen respect for the subject. The earliest work, "Garden Figure," is rendered in stone. The blocky texture of the surface playing against the sloping form of the young woman is the closest any of the pieces comes to that modern theme of altered antiquity. Less formal carved cherry wood is perfect to show the smooth golden earthiness of the subject of "Young Girl."

The scale of each work is also especially well chosen. Most striking are the two bronze sculptures of children. Delicate and petite, their faces smooth, their diminutive hands detailed, we are drawn into their endearing tininess and exquisite innocence. In "Portrait of Alida Jay," the bronze even has a bit of the metallic sparkle of newness. In contrast, "The Ploughman" is deep and black and large, with hulking musculature: the personification of physical labor and strength.

Other pieces are equally outstanding. The sculpture of Salome must be observed full circle to be fully appreciated. Her garment ripples so ephemerally it inspires awe. The half-submerged "Bather" has unintentional shock value in its place on the gallery floor. "The Dance Director" could be none other than the director of the "Dance of Death": his skin is drawn, teeth bared as he eerily assesses his creation in action (somewhere before his eyes).

"The President's Jewel" is perhaps the most familiar Robert White work as this university—unbeknownst to many. It is the widely reproduced, circular Stony Brook emblem.

In the drawings shown, it is interesting to see the sculptor's choice of angle, since in sculpture, the viewer can freely choose his own angle and change it. White's simple pencil drawings show the ease and serenity of the figure while in exceptionally odd but tastefully comfortable positions. In "Reclining Nude No. 1," the subject's eye peeks out from behind her leaning arm almost incidentally, yet it draws us to notice her humanity in a subtle way. White does not just present a collection of bodies. His art does not neglect that these are human forms, and the work is all the richer for it. The bust portrait of Steven Green has uncommon humanity: the too-full lips and long, furrowed brow are not pretty, yet I could not pinpoint what exactly the artist had done to render a man's face so intensely intriguing.

I spent a long time circling White's latest work, this year's "Four Nude Dancers." At every angle, their positions—frozen lively movements—are serene. Each tiny statue is purely graceful. The tilt of their heads is the key to showing their interplay. In lightly stepping around their glass display case, I felt much like a stalking, unobtrusive fifth dancer. I felt their movements because I controlled them with my own step. How optimistic it is to note that this late work was far different from any other shown and was yet so exceptionally strong. (Robert White: Selected Works, 1947-1988 will be on display until April 16 in the Fine Arts Center Art Gallery.)



Photo © Vinnie Fish

"His art
does
not
neglect
that
these
are
human
forms..."