

# The Stony Brook Press

Thursday, May 1, 1980

Vol. I, No. 13

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## Statesman Issue Delay May Spur Legal Action

by Melissa Spielman

The delay of an issue of Statesman last week has resulted in possible legal action against four affiliates of the newspaper, and impeachment proceedings and a threatened legal suit against three members of the student government Council.

Polity Vice President Lisa Glick, Treasurer Lori Reckson and Secretary Alan Price allegedly placed two full-page advertisements advocating a mandatory student activity fee into the April 21 edition of Statesman.

That edition was intercepted and destroyed by former Statesman editors-in-chief Mark Schussel and Jack Millrod, ex-news writer Leslie Millrod and arts editor Neil Butterklee. Schussel then had another version of the paper printed, which omitted the ads, and a story on Frank Jackson, spokesman of the Progressive Alliance of Stony Brook Organizations (PASBO).

According to Reckson, Price and Glick were with her Sunday, April 20, when Statesman asked her to provide the paper with a photograph. They accompanied her to the offices.

Once there, she said, they

made arrangements with Statesman Business Manager Russ Prince to take out the ads. Prince would not comment on this.

"No mention of money was made," said Reckson. Price agreed, saying that Prince "said the ads could only be house (free) ads, for legal reasons." Reckson suggested Statesman might have agreed to run them at no cost because "they knew they'd dissolve with Polity and everyone else" if the activity fee did not pass.

Reckson and Price explained they were eager to see the ads in because they feared that students might vote the activity fee down in that Wednesday's Polity elections. "We felt we had to make sure that students were informed" of the fee's purpose, said Price. Although the mandatory fee has traditionally passed with little trouble, this year the anti-fee stand of the newly formed PASBO, a bargaining collective of several Polity service organizations, caused some concern.

"It was a threat," said Reckson. "Others may disagree, but I'm very interested in seeing Polity exist, and we (herself,

Price and Glick) wanted to take every precaution to see that people knew what (the fee referendum) meant." She added that the rest of the Council "really didn't seem to worry."

"We spent the rest of the night making the ads," said Price.

But the Council members were later connected with an article, of unknown authorship, which Schussel said "appeared at Statesman."

He explained, "It was just about Jackson's political past at Stony Brook and the numerous allegations made and charges brought against him."

"Because we had a large amount of news copy that night," Schussel continued, "and we were restricted to a 16-page paper based on advertising, I felt that it was more important to inform the campus of the news and to bounce this feature story. However, late in the night, Statesman's business manager informed me that the student government was willing to put in two additional ad pages, thus enabling us to expand to a 20-page issue."

The Jackson story was put into the issue, although Schussel said

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## Marburger: a 'Grand Visionary'

by Chris Fairhall

From the 1960s until 1978, John Toll claimed that he would help Stony Brook become the Berkley of the East. Although Toll abandoned his dream to become president of the University of Maryland, the new university president, John Marburger III, declared, "I think the grand vision is still appropriate."

The 39 year old physicist and Dean of the College of Letters, Arts and Sciences at the University of Southern California was unanimously approved on April 23 by the SUNY Board of Trustees as Stony Brook's third university president. His appointment marks the end of a two year search which started in 1978 after John Toll resigned the post.

In a telephone interview earlier this week, Marburger said that Stony Brook has come a long way since its inception, and he is optimistic that the university will continue to grow in many areas. Citing the faculty and student body, he said, "The intellectual resources are second to none."

In addition to the faculty and students, Marburger said he was impressed by the rate of construction at Stony Brook, and that "it is quite likely to proceed in the future." Although Long Island is geographically isolated, Marburger likes the location of the campus, especially its close

proximity to several high technology parks.

While Marburger believes that Stony Brook has a lot going for it, he also conceded that the University has its problems. "Some of the feelings of frustration and pessimism are a result of expecting too much too fast," he commented, in reference to the idea that Stony Brook would have reached the acclaim of a Berkley by 1980.

Perhaps the best evidence of Stony Brook's growth is the number of buildings on the campus. In addition, the school has excellent departments in the physical and social sciences, and the Fine Arts Center is earning the university a name in the performing and musical arts.

However, Stony Brook is not without its faults. Although it has subsided, there was a high incidence of vandalism last semester. Only last week, three different groups of students protested against various administrative policies of the university, and even the student government. Many campus residents are not happy with their living conditions, and all students wish to see smaller class sizes.

Although he has not gotten enough into "the politics of Stony Brook to get into the plans" yet, Marburger concedes that the administration needs to change its emphasis regarding



John Marburger III

university policies. "There are still some areas that have to be caught up on," he said.

"One of the most important things is the need of

communications," the new president resolved. "One of the keys here is the notion of an academic community. It is a concept that has to be paid

attention to." Marburger added that greatness for the university is soon approaching as "all the elements for it are there."

# TAs Threaten Second Strike

by Vivienne Heston

In response to the cut of 28 Sociology Teaching Assistant positions, TAs in that department announced at a Graduate Student Organization (GSO) meeting Tuesday that they would go on strike.

At the meeting, other departments voiced support for the strike, but were not certain of how their colleagues would show backing. Suggestions ranged from withholding grades and giving incompletes to an all-out strike.

The meeting came a week after the GSO Action Committee implemented a two-day work stoppage after months of unsuccessful attempts to improve the Graduate Assistant-Teaching Assistant programs at Stony Brook.

In December, GSO Chairman Scott Chubb had sent a memo to Dean of Graduate Studies Jacob

Bigeleisen requesting a meeting between the Dean and GSO senators. At the meeting, held December 11, the senators expressed their concern over the SUNY budget cuts and the hiring freeze of state employees.

In addition, the senators cited research done by the Computer Science department concluding that their stipends have not kept up with inflation. The figures show that a 1979 stipend has only 62 percent of the buying power of a 1967 stipend.

Also discussed were exam policies, funding for fifth year graduate students, and health care.

But nothing came out of the meeting. Chubb said that in February Bigeleisen sent him a memo "which addressed a few technicalities, but carefully avoided any of the real issues, like stipends versus inflation

rates, cutbacks, and health care."

Bigeleisen said, "We have made every attempt within our power to fund graduate students."

During the next two months, the Action committee, concerned primarily with the effects of inflation and cutbacks at Stony Brook, began to organize graduate students from various departments. On April 4, the committee drafted a petition of demands including: full funding for graduate students for the average length of time required to complete the PhD program in their department, with a minimum of five years; a base salary of \$4,800 per year; and an annual cost of living increase at least equalling the cost of living increase received by faculty.

The deadline for a response was April 14; there was no reply. On April 17, a coalition of

graduate students organized by the Action Committee decided to strike the following Tuesday and Wednesday to demonstrate their "anger and frustration with administration," as one graduate TA explained.

Those two days, April 22 and 23, were bustling with activity. A group of women occupied the administration building, the Progressive Alliance of Stony Brook Organizations (PASBO) tried to shut down the student government offices, and bomb scares were rampant. An observer remarked, "What is this, 1968 or something?"

On the 22nd, rallies, petition and letter-signing campaigns, and a lot of sunbathing gave the campus a festive air, as some undergraduates boycotted their classes in sympathy with the graduates. The following day, class attendance was even lower, though still not poor.

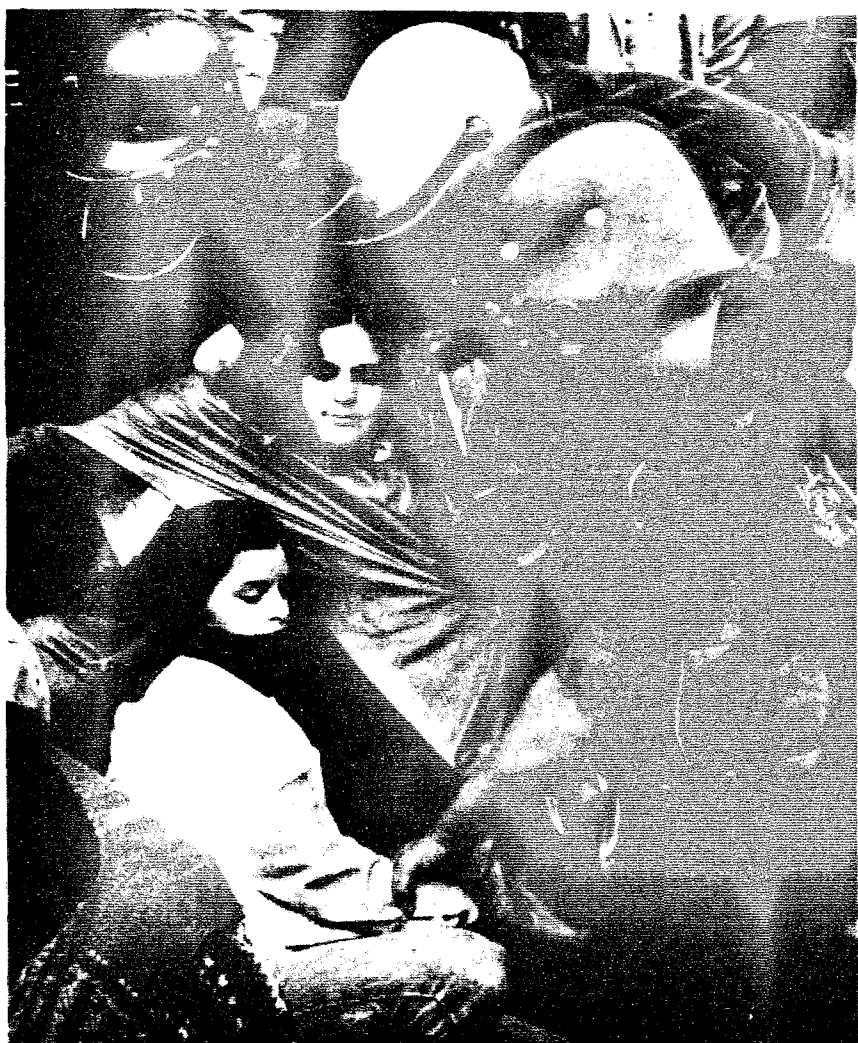
"I was surprised to see so many students going about their business as usual," remarked one TA.

"Are you kidding?" interrupted an enthusiastic undergraduate. "My Chem lecture was almost empty—usually I can't find a seat."

The TA rally on April 23 in front of the administration building lasted for most of the afternoon. Singers and rock bands entertained the crowds which gathered. Dozens of speakers—professors, undergraduates, and GSO members—came to voice their support.

"The rally is a great success," proclaimed GSO Action Committee organizer Dan Watenburg. "Everything is going really well."

But so far, none of the students' demands has been met, although the minimum stipend was raised from \$3,550 to \$3,800 for the 1980-81 academic year.



Protestors arrested at the Pentagon.

## 'People United' Protest Nukes

by Tricia Boyle and Larry Riggs

Washington D.C. — An estimated 37,000 people turned out here in cold rain last weekend to protest nuclear power and arms. Thirty thousand rallied peacefully at the Capitol and later at the Washington Monument Saturday, and between 5 and 7,000 engaged in impassioned civil disobedience around the Pentagon Monday.

As many as 300 people were arrested Monday for civil disobedience at the Pentagon. Among the arrested were longtime anti-war activist and author Benjamin Spock, and David Dellinger, one of the Chicago Seven.

As he was being led away by police officers, Spock shouted, "There is a risk of tens of thousands of lives so Carter will look like a strong man. Why isn't everyone out here today?" At the same time, the crowd chanted slogans including, "The whole world is watching," "people before profits," and "shut down the Pentagon."

The civil disobedience activities began at 11:30 Monday morning when two groups converged on the Pentagon from the 14th Street and Arlington Bridges. At first, the group was calm. Suddenly, the protestors began singing, "We Shall Not Be Moved," and shouting, "The people united will never be defeated," and "One, two, three, four—we don't want a nuclear war; five, six, seven, eight—we don't want to radiate." Immediately, they began to throw blood and ashes, and to write on the Pentagon walls.

The Coalition for a Non-Nuclear World, which sponsored the four-day event, did not sanction the civil disobedience. Said one spokesman, "People are encouraged to do what they want according to the guidelines of the coalition." He added, however, that "Any civil disobedience will not be approved. Therefore, anyone of the coalition arrested for such is doing it at his or her own risk."

Most of the demonstrators belonged to either the Vermont-Yankee Decommissioning Alliance or the Dogwood Alliance of Fayetteville, Arkansas. A spokeswoman from the Vermont Alliance who requested anonymity, said the group was determined to take part in civil disobedience to make those inside the Pentagon know "that the people were there."

After blood was thrown, a woman who called herself "De-escalation Franklin" rubbed her hands on the walls and wiped them on an American flag. "By putting the blood on the flag," she said, "I'm making it pure." She said she was "determined to get arrested." When asked why, she responded, "I'm doing it for my children."

Around 12:30, a former Marine Captain set fire to his uniform, knelt beside it and cried. A flyer that he had distributed stated, "I have come today to break my 13 years of silence. I have come for public confession and repentance. God's call to this government and military is to an act of repentance."

Throughout the rest of the day, people spoke, resisted arrest, shouted and carried flags and doves made out of bedsheets.

"This was the beginning of the Survival Summer," said one member of the Dogwood Alliance, summing up the day's activities. The crowd began to fizzle out at about 3 PM.

Saturday's rally and march were considerably more peaceful, although almost six times as many people participated. The crowd gathered at the foot of the Capitol from 10 AM until 12:30, when it marched to the Monument. There, such familiar folksingers as Pete Seeger and Bonnie Raitt sang and spoke while the crowd stood around and played frisbee in the pouring rain.

According to Stony Brook Environmental Action (ENACT) member Eric Corley, one of about 80 Stony Brook students attending the rally, the whole crowd was considerably less enthusiastic than at both last May's rally and the Musicians United for Safe Energy (MUSE) concert last October. "There were only about 10,000 people there and they all seemed to be drugged out and were not into it," said Corley, adding, "I hate to say it but the only way we'll all get the spirit again is with another accident."

The Stony Brook contingent, nevertheless, "Stayed optimistic throughout," said Corley. "They kept the spirit very well."

Ironically, a park police lieutenant said that his officers, most of whom were tired after having worked for 18 hours, implicitly supported the crowd.

The rally broke up around 5 PM.

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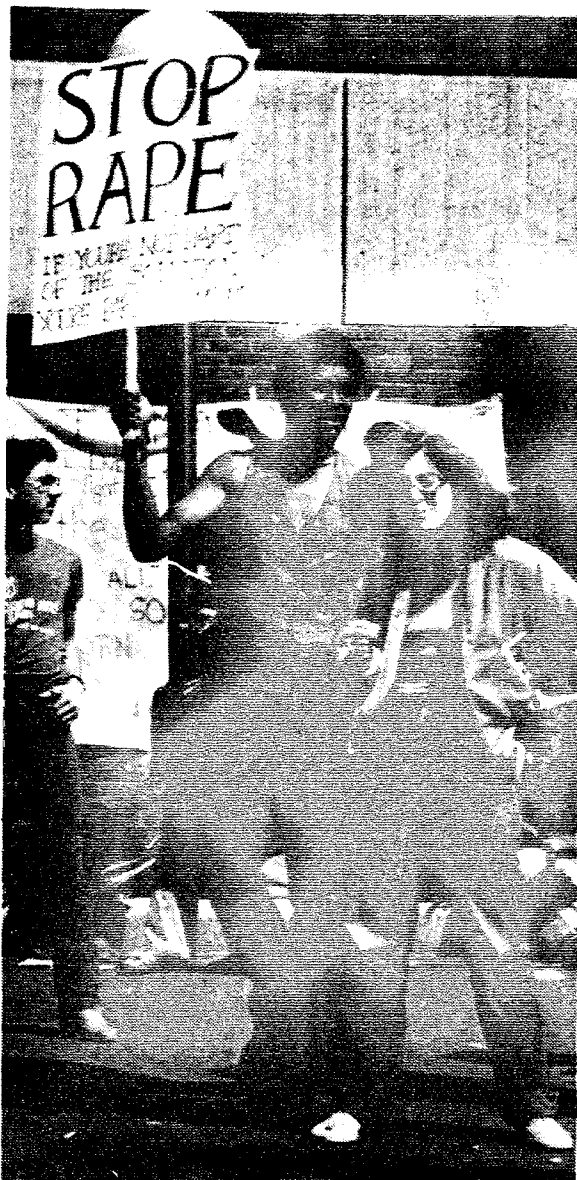
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Supporters of women's coalition rallying in front of the administration building.

## Women's Sit-in Outcome: Concessions, Committees

by Jesse London

It was probably the most political afternoon on campus since a busy day in 1968. With a variety of campaigns and causes being promoted concurrently, there was an abundance of leaflets, banners, pickets, posters and propaganda flying. But according to Toni Bosco of University Relations, most of the phone calls to her office the following week concerned the women's demonstration.

Amid the variety of strikes, protests and occupations of April 22, about 25 women representing the Coalition of Stony Brook Womyn for Action rallied on the Academic Mall and then headed into the Administration building for a sit-in which lasted three days.

The women were demanding an affirmative action plan to achieve an equal number of male and female faculty members, rape education and a rape crisis center staffed by professionals, vandal-proof outdoor lighting on campus, and a women's studies major.

After being watched and counted by Security, visited by Vice President for Student Affairs Elizabeth Wadsworth, interviewed by the press (the first page of last Thursday's Nassau-Suffolk section of The Daily News bore a story on the sit-in under the headline "Charge Gang Rape on College Campus"), and being threatened with arrest (about half the protestors were actually counting on getting themselves arrested), the women took down their banners, folded their blankets and ended their sit-in late Wednesday night.

A meeting with Dr. Richard Schmidt, the acting university president (who was quoted as saying of the women, "I hope they're having fun," and who later apologized for joking about the sit-in), was scheduled for the following Monday.

The meeting of over a dozen faculty members and administrators, and representatives of the women's coalition, resulted primarily in the formation of sub-committees.

Bosco said that Schmidt made a commitment to the

women to try to find funding, space, and a 24-hour hotline for a rape crisis response center.

Schmidt also said he would set up a committee of at least three women to hear complaints of sexual harassment on campus.

Another committee was formed to look into funding for an expanded walk service. The Polity Hotline walk service operates only until 1 AM.

"There is no shortage of committees at Stony Brook, that's for sure," remarked one of the activists.

Coalition member Karen Oil said, "It's very convenient for them to keep us in committees and out of trouble."

Regarding campus lighting, it was pointed out that \$80,600 worth of new outdoor lighting is on order, and that the rewiring and other provisions are complete. Schmidt promised, "The lights will be installed this summer."

Another demand made by the coalition, that half of the faculty be women, seems less likely to occur in the near future. Bosco explained that since about 85 per cent of the faculty are men, 35 per cent of those men would have to be replaced by women to achieve a split.

Wadsworth said, "If the University were to say that we were not going to hire anybody but women in the next five years, we would have law suits on our hands."

Finally, the demand for a women's studies major was discussed. The provisions in the University budget are for the maintenance of the program at its current level (it is now a minor, with only two professors.). However, the final budget is not complete.

Wadsworth said attempts to establish a women's studies major must deal with the problem of "status quoism," which she said includes racism, sexism, elitism and "other isms."

The Coalition promises to continue the fight. Oil asserted, "Next year, almost all the same women are going to be involved, and we can continue."

## Council Members Deny Budget Threat

Continued from page 1

that when he "found out that Russ Prince showed the Jackson story to three Polity officials—Glick, Reckson and Price—something seemed suspicious." Reckson and Price, who denied connections with the story, confirmed they had seen it, but said that while they were at Statesman they had seen practically every story.

Schussel said that at 9 AM Monday he went to a class, and returned to Statesman after the paper had been taken to the Smithtown News to be printed. Then, he said, "I was taken aside by a Statesman editor and was told that if we had not printed (the Jackson) story, our contract with Polity for next year would have been in jeopardy. The editor said that council members had told Russ that our funding could be cut."

"As far as I was concerned," he concluded, "government officials were trying to control the content of a newspaper."

The council members deny that such a threat was made. Said Reckson, "Everything that was in that contract was voted on last week." She added, "I don't think they'd even have dealt with us if we'd threatened them."

Said Price, "Everyone knew down there that if Jackson and PASBO succeeded in getting the voluntary fee through, there would be no newspaper. They agreed with us."

Other Statesman editors also discounted a threat. "I'd say that Polity and Statesman had a mutual interest in seeing the mandatory fee passed," said Managing Editor Tom Chappell, explaining why the advertisements were run. As for the Jackson article, he said, "The idea behind putting that story in was to give the campus some idea

of the person behind the controversy."

Acting Editor-in-Chief Ben Berry also rejected the idea of a blatant threat on Statesman's contract, but added, "I think that there was implicit pressure. As long as we're getting money from Polity, it's always in the back of our minds."

"I decided the issue should not be distributed on campus, and I attempted to stop the presses," said Schussel. However, the press run was nearly completed.

Schussel said that he, Butterklee and the Millrods met the delivery truck and sent it back to the Smithtown News. Once there, Schussel said he removed four pages of the issue, including the Jackson story and the two ad pages, and instructed the News to print a 16-page issue.

So that none of the 20-page issues would get mixed in with the new papers, Schussel said that "the four of us brought them to the Huntington town dump." Nearly all of the 9,000 copies were destroyed.

But Prince stopped the second press run, Schussel said, when he discovered what happened. He added, "When I returned to Statesman after 5, I was greeted by a group of angry editors, who were all threatening legal action."

Statesman's editors decided not to press charges, but Chappell said he and some other editors are still considering private legal action.

By this time, word that something had happened between Statesman and Polity—no one knew quite what—had leaked, and rumors and accusations flew. There was special curiosity about the origin and details of the Jackson article. Although they did not know or

would not disclose the author of the article, Statesman editors on all sides of the argument agreed that the article was not libelous—in fact, that it did not make Jackson look particularly bad.

"That story was, in no way, in my judgment and in the judgment of many other editors, libelous," said Schussel. Jackson "was put in a rather good light," asserted Berry. "It was a very objective article." Chappell admitted, "I found the story kind of boring. It actually made Frank look pretty good—a lot of other people who read it said that."

Word of transaction brought about trouble for Glick, Price and Reckson. At a Council meeting April 23, filled with impassioned speeches by the class representatives and by Frank Jackson, the Council voted to impeach the three.

"All we want to get out of this is the facts," explained Sophomore Representative Mike Kornfeld, adding, "We never would have voted to impeach them if they hadn't walked out of the meeting." Glick was not present at the meeting, and the other two left before impeachment was brought up.

The major charges against them, said Kornfeld, were "abuse of power," in allegedly coercing Statesman to print the two ads and the story, and "misuse of student activity fees," in allegedly agreeing to pay for the ads.

Although Reckson said the ads were originally free, she explained, "After the papers were stolen Statesman incurred a loss of \$1,500. Russ called and said, 'If we go with the 20 pages, are you prepared to pay for the two ads?' (Polity President) Dave Herzog said to go ahead if we believed it was the right thing to do."

Herzog, after repeated attempts, was unavailable for comment.

"We expected there to be a retroactive motion on this allocation" by the Council, Reckson added. However, the paper containing ads was never distributed, and no money was owed.

But this expectation of a retroactive motion provoked bitterness among the class representatives. "(Price, Glick and Reckson) feel that the three of them are the Council," complained Kornfeld.

Of the impeachment vote, Reckson said, "I am the Polity

Treasurer. I will be the Polity Treasurer. I am completing my term."

At Tuesday night's Council meeting, Jackson threatened to sue Price, Glick and Reckson primarily for their actions concerning Statesman.

Jackson had encouraged the Council to impeach the three, claiming that such a move would bring PASBO "back to the fold" of Polity. After threatening the suit, Jackson said he and other PASBO members "had spoken about legal action" before the impeachment, and that impeachment "would make the suit easier."



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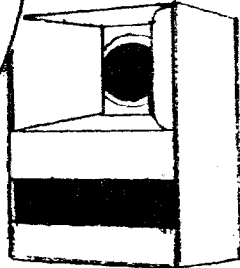
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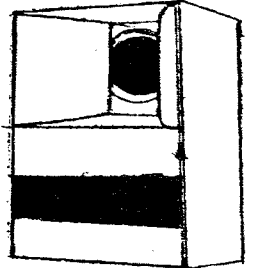


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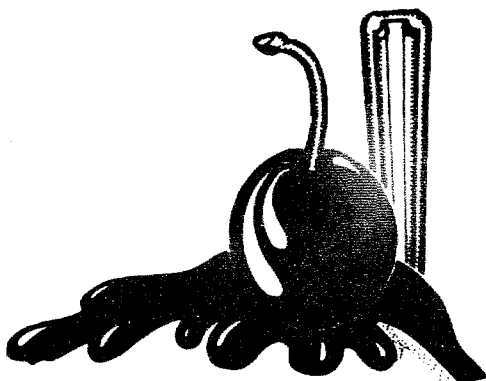
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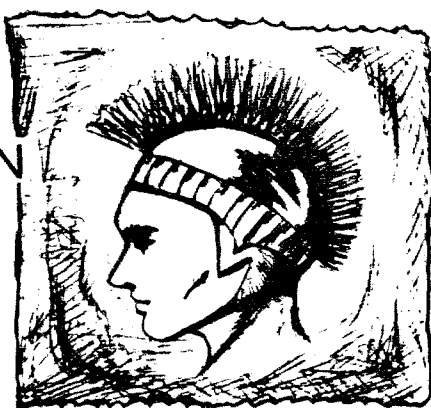


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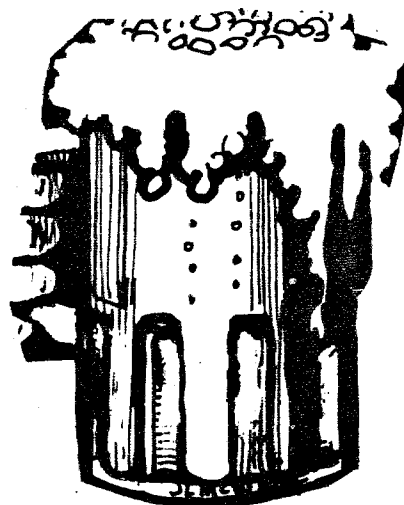
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# Passion, Pain ... Growth

"We may affirm absolutely," wrote Hegel, "that nothing great in the world has been accomplished without passion." If Hegel was correct, then certainly Stony Brook is in for great accomplishments.

If nothing else, the first era of Stony Brook's campus has been marked by passion: political in-fighting, resignations, rallies, protests, sit-ins, demonstrations, firings, hirings, births, deaths, and violence. If perhaps the intensity of passion of the sixties has slacked off a bit the last few years, then the events of the last few weeks give testimony to the passion lurking beneath the lackluster surface.

At the threshold of a new decade, and with a new president ready to step into position, it seems that Stony Brook is indeed passing from one era to another. The massive, pervasive construction that was both the boon and the bane of the campus has all but ceased. The grounds, once host to incessant activity and change, seem now to lie dormant, in muted anticipation of things to come.

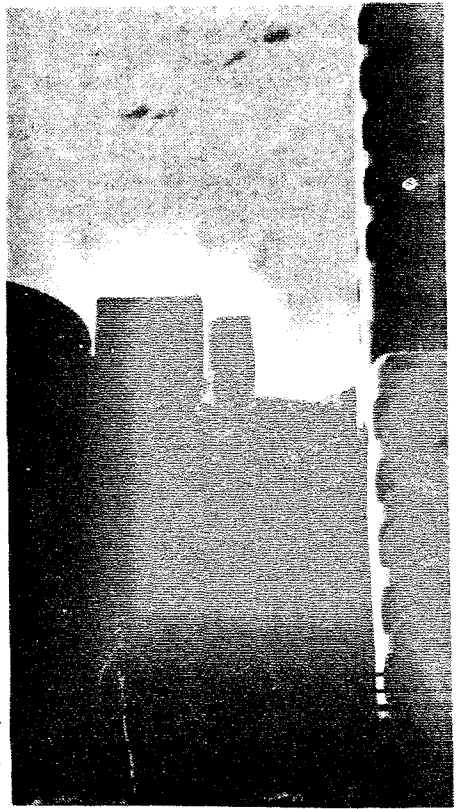
And what's to come?

The old saw has it that out of pain comes growth, out of turmoil, progress. There was a time, months ago, when a small group of angry editors struck out on their own and created a newspaper. In the months,

the issues since, that paper has grown, learned, faltered, persevered—even incorporated. That paper, this paper, now has every prospect of being a respected campus fixture, one that will grow, learn and falter with the University.

John Kenneth Galbraith wrote: "People are the common denominator of progress. So .. no improvement is possible with unimproved people, and advance is certain when people are liberated and educated." It is our hope that the Press can contribute to the liberation and education of the students of this University in particular and the campus community in general.

With the era of physical construction behind it, Stony Brook heads for an era of educational, spiritual construction—a shoring up of what Presidential nominee John Marburger called our "academic community." Postulating the dawn of a new day, is it too optimistic to conjecture a tinge of excitement?



One way man can give his life meaning is to create works of art. Here, he has a chance to express his deepest emotions in a way that is distinctly his own; and if those art works are valid, they can fill the void in other's lives.

John Paul Sartre and Alfred Hitchcock were major figures of our time. The contributions of these men have influenced our culture, our philosophy, and the way we think about ourselves. Hitchcock's grim wit and Sartre's unique existentialism will not soon be forgotten. Their passing is noted with sorrow.

**Our next  
and last  
issue will  
appear  
May 9.**

## The Stony Brook Press

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# Inspector Hound Dies of Distemper

by Patrick Giles

The Theatre Arts Department's production of Tom Stoppard's "The Real Inspector Hound" has a dismal, foggy surface that did not clear in my four successive viewings. In fact, not since "The Fire Beneath" has a theatrical evening at Stony Brook subjected me to such torture, and both curiously enough, were quite brief (though a bogus intermission has been wedged into "Hound.") The clear intelligence, wit and ingenuity of the script—often unfairly denounced as "Slight" or, as Kenneth Tynan puts it, "a facetious puzzle,"—have been subverted and replaced by inept staging and lumbering pace.

Two theater critics, acquaintances and rivals, sit in the front row of a dreary English provincial auditorium watching a dreary English murder mystery packed with the staples of the genre. Through a stunningly intricate sequence of reflections, allusions, and stratagems, they gradually lose their objectivity towards the drama and—literally and figuratively—enter it, with dire consequences. I can't disclose additional details of "Hound's" plot without spoiling the beauties of Stoppard's dramaturgy, which, though severely maimed, still manage to exist in this production. "Hound" was written one year after the dramatist's first success, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead," (1967), and has been unfairly subordinated to the lesser ranks of Stoppard's work. It is brief—no more than 60 minutes running time—but the sheer density of structural innovation, the delightful originality of conception and, of course, that wonderful, wonderful language...well, go see it and you'll understand why I admire the text so. Or maybe you'll greet it with same aplomb Moon and Birdboot, the two fictional theater critics, extend to the seemingly harmless performances they preen and bicker through, the same performance which affects their lives in quite startling ways. If I have an abiding affection for "The Real Inspector Hound," it is because it demonstrates, in its own perverted way, how lasting an effect the theater may have on people's lives. It dramatizes the ever-shifting boundaries that demarcate and safeguard drama and experience, stage and auditorium, actor and spectator, calculation and spontaneity; and, in its final sequence, demonstrates that the seduction of one world by the other is not as carefree as it seems.

One of the playwright's funniest devices lies in the perpetual banter of his two critics, who may be seen as alter-egos. (Stoppard began his professional career as a critic, journalist and gossip columnist, according to the Dramaturg's notes in the "Hound" program. He also weaves the identities of Moon and Boot—with variations—throughout much of his literature, and has acknowledged his affection for those two stooges.) Moon and Birdboot's constant critical orations are

not merely amusing in their hyperbolic absurdity; they may also be taken as predictions of their own destinies, misreadings of their current situation or—the reason I'm mentioning them here—very astute comments on the play Stoppard has placed them in, "The Real Inspector Hound." During the second intermission of the mystery, Birdboot proclaims, "It is at this point that the play, for me, comes alive. The groundwork has been carefully laid, and the author has taken the trouble to learn from the masters of the genre. He has created a real situation, and few will doubt his ability to

theatrical evening; the text has been kept from them. It has not been realized. Second, there are talented people in "Hound's" artistic staff, among them the designers, all of whom, for the first time at Stony Brook, are students. Melissa Maravell's costumes suffer least from the production's misconceptions: her gowns for the women—the purple dress for Lady Cynthia Muldoon (Gail Anne Schnader) and radiant peach gown and kimono for Felicity (Linda Barnett)—carry the intended echoes of the 1920's with an additional flair and grace. The costumes for Inspector Hound, Major

mentioned in the director's note in the program have nothing to do with the play: they are just tap-dances drumming the truly significant elements into the ground. In fact, the only thing I learned from this production of "The Real Inspector Hound" was that the director did not understand the play he was directing.

Surprisingly, however, several fine performances may be discerned amid the muck. Philip Alan Zach is excellent as Major Magnus: he clearly understands the type he must play, his function within the dramatic mechanism, and brings precision, clarity and freshness to his appearances. My only quarrel with his work lies in his final metamorphosis. (Again, I cannot say anything more specific.) I just wish his vocal shift were more pronounced. Nonetheless, the performance is a success, and the actor's ability to turn himself into "The crippled half-brother of Lord Muldoon" is impressive. Gail Anne Schnader brings a similar control to her rendition of Lady Cynthia Muldoon. Ms. Snader's voice is a blessing—free of any Long Island distortions. She moves with the mechanical grace Lady Cynthia demands, and she understands that parodying a genre does not mean deriding it. Her expressions and tones are excessive but modulated. A very fine performance is also delivered by a newcomer to the Department, J. Rabkin. Ms. Rabkin brings an almost masculine toughness to the role of Mrs. Drudge, the housekeeper who never fails to materialize whenever someone else is delivering a death-threat. Ms. Rabkin's charming voice and face, his admirable figure, and his witty skill with feminine wiles, make him an attractive addition to the acting group here, and if you ask me, his next role should be Ophelia.

The other roles are played with sporadic amusement and insight, but are generally flawed. Mark deMichele has a terrific entrance as Simon Gascoyne, but (though the actor is abreast of his character, he loses force in several moments. (Due to an injury, Mr. deMichele's role in the Saturday night performance was credibly played by Adam Weiner, with his role being played with admirable rigidity by Gary Schulman.) Linda Barnett is limited and vocally repetitive as Felicity; I wish this fine young actress had been given more guidance. And Richard Zimmer's Inspector Hound had several funny moments: Zimmer is a gifted comic, but would be better able to use those gifts if he would learn how to speak.

Howard Owen Godnick and Michael Sheinkopf are the two luckless critics. Neither commands his role. Godnick lacks the hyperbolic excesses of the professionally-frustrated Moon. Most of his line-readings are toneless and mundane, and there are glaring mispronunciations. (Worst on: "eclat" pronounced "A CLOT!") Mr. Sheinkopf has trouble hitting the vocal notes as well—he brings forth a contrived voice that is more squeak than song. Neither is capable of grasping the intricacies of Stoppard's language; and they often seem rudderless, adrift in the production. Sheinkopf has one dazzling moment: that irreversible step into the drama he has been witnessing when, in a rapid transition, he enters the stage-action and becomes its center. There is a rapture in Sheinkopf's manner, the giddy swooning of Birdboot romantically thriving in a theatrical world (at last!). It is wonderfully funny and curiously moving, and everything the performance should be.

This unfortunate "Hound" saddened me, since it is the last production I shall review at Stony Brook. I wish the season could have ended on a more optimistic note. But it is poorly-thought, careless work such as this that seriously impairs any hopes toward worthwhile theater at Stony Brook. I hope in future seasons students and faculty can raise the caliber of work to level of quality and consistency that, at present, still largely remains a dream.



Eric Kahan

resolve it with a startling denouement." Each of those comments are specific, nourishing illuminations of "The Real Inspector Hound": the attention to structure, craftsmanship and, most importantly of all, the author's awareness of genre. Stoppard knows so well the terrain Agatha Christie and others pioneered that he is able to subvert it and still write a classically correct text through the subversion. For the Real Inspector Hound is definitely not the Real Inspector Hound, the mystery resolves itself on unanticipated levels. It is in this knowledge and daring that the play sails so gracefully. It is the lack of these elements that founders "Hound's" current mounting.

Director Gordon Armstrong's staging of the play is curious and compelling in unpleasant ways: somehow, he has taken this tightly-knit, carefully planned drama and, astoundingly, completely undone all its joints and stitches. The production is robbed of Stoppard's humor and richness: instead, clumsy conceptualizations and ancient shtick lumber with painful gait across the Theatre Two stage. This is distressing on a number of counts. First, the audience is deprived of a valuable

Magnus and Simon are witty and informed; the designer has studied her play and translated its impression to the stage. But the set and lighting design, caught within the misreadings and crudities that typify this production, suffer, and Marian Keating and Bob Leon try their best to remedy this. Ms. Keating has an unusual palette (the onstage drawing-room is in various tones of purple) and a sharp sense of scale. (The furnishings include an enormous couch that, in the designer's words, "looks like it wants to get up and walk away by itself." Perhaps it has seen the play.) Mr. Leon's lights lack the bold effects characteristic of the genre. At one or two moments, though, there are traces of the visual flamboyance this "Hound" needed. (I especially enjoyed the lights dimming as the blatantly false chandelier rattles and shakes.)

Still, this "Hound" is a penance for this viewer. The direction seems ignorant of the type of theatre Stoppard is writing about. The murder mystery has its own codes, repertoire and semiotics. Stoppard's careful specifications and observations on this genre's mechanics and execution are ignored. Instead of placing the critics and their fabricated auditorium behind the play-within-the-play (thus placing them in direct opposition to the "real" audience), the director has them enter and caper through the real auditorium and sit in a box at stage left. They are thus often inseparable from the drama alongside them, and often forgotten by the audience, which just concentrates on the mystery. In other words, the opposition of the critics and the performance, the counterpoint of action and analysis, is impaired. The intricate spirals of reason, narrative and language the critics wrap about the play are reduced to flat, boring chatter. There is little awareness of the timing and rhythm that any good comedy demands. Besides, where is this production set: England? New York? Syosset? The melange, vagueries of accent, and setting are inconclusive. And since all these crucial elements are fudged, the total effect of the story, its marvelous, rug-pulling dislocations, are obscured. The sight gags, "business," and "obligatory moments,"

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# Todd Falls Short of Utopia

by Mary Thomey

When a group of performers have a broad appeal, from the lovers of pop to the hardest of rockers, there is bound to be a strong sense of excitement in being able to view them in concert. Such was the case last month when Todd Rundgren and Utopia played to a sold-out crowd in the Stony Brook Gym.

I have to admit that as concert time rolled around, I was not exactly straining at the bit or tearing at the SAB ushers to get in and to my seat. I had seen Todd Rundgren before and knew what his shows were and weren't like. Now, I must confess this show was not what I expected. The concert was assertive and impressive but with many strange quirks and effects. My involvement and interest in the show waned frequently. Nonetheless, between the beat parts I was genuinely entertained.

The concert's two sets must be treated separately because they were like two different shows. After opening the show with "Road to Utopia," from his new album *Adventures in Utopia*, Todd and the band continued through the first set with "Caravan," "Rock Love," and other strong Utopia numbers. The music in the first half of the show was high energy rock, technically well managed and performed. The songs were popular FM chart-buster types, and the audience loved them. The set was tight and fast moving, with few breaks, maintaining the driving momentum set by the first few numbers. It was, however, repetitive at times and, altogether too typical a rock'n'roll show for my taste.

The first set featured Todd Rundgren as part of Utopia and not vice versa. That's fine if you like Utopia, but I think most of the people were there to see Todd. Rundgren relies mostly on strong vocals and lilting harmonies as crowd pleasers, and his few real guitar leads were skillful but self-indulgent. On the whole, the first half of the concert was competent and acceptable but

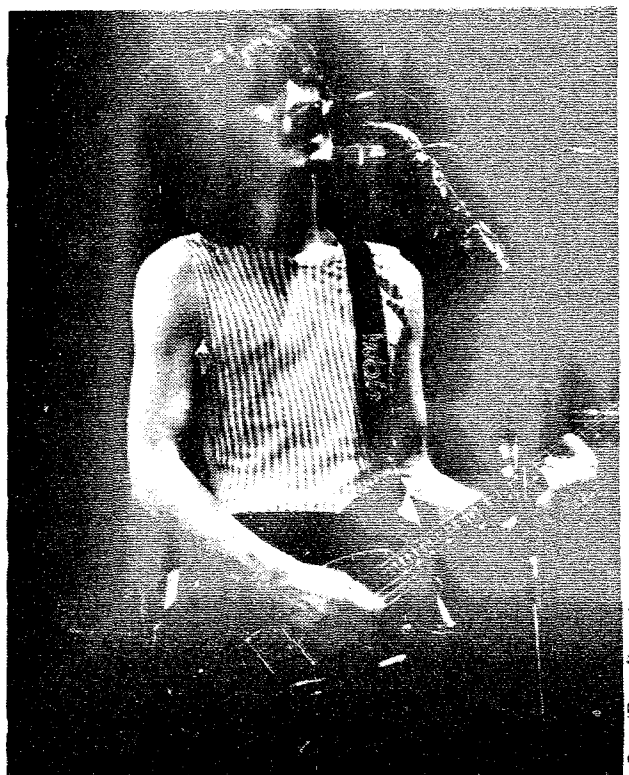
barely memorable.

When the lights came back up, we found ourselves in an interesting, imaginative, flashy, classy, confusing, and totally different realm. Physically, the concert was different. The band came out, amidst clouds of white smoke, in dressy, Devo-ish dentist outfits; the drums were mounted on a Meatloaf motorcycle creation; and in the corner of the stage, there was a white Liberace-style grand piano (sans candelabra). Stylistically, the second set was different as well: it featured Todd in everything, from classical to acoustic to new wave music. Psychologically, too, it differed. At least this half was not typical.

The second set opened with a beautiful piece of animation, perhaps the classiest event of the evening, accompanied by the less than lovely rock rendition of Ravel's *Bolero*. (Rundgren's performance of Bo Derek's second biggest hit was not worth a 10.) The show continued through a few new wave inspired numbers—might as well cover all bases, I guess—and later into some nice old and acoustic songs. The latter was the best received by the audience despite its perfunctory delivery. This part of the concert relied too heavily on the video magic, media-hyped effect of the lights, the costumes, and the films. These crutches were imaginative, interesting, and brilliant, yet totally misdirected.

The musicians, John Wilcox, Kasim Sulton, and Roger Powell, were all superb. However, the audience never got to know them through the costumes and catchy tunes. In general, the vocals, harmonies, Powell's keyboards, and Sulton's bass were excellent.

The worst thing about the show was the clumsy promotions embodied in it. From "We Love Long Island," through "Buy our records," and "Get us a TV show," the



Todd Rundgren: Gimmicky and Schizophrenic

sweep was all downhill. It didn't ruin the concert, but had the music not been so good, it would have. Looking back, the concert was gratifying yet strained. It tended to be gimmicky and schizophrenic, but at least I wasn't bored.

# Rufus Raises Ruckus, Bros. Bop Beautifully

by Jeff Zoldan

It is a rare occurrence when an opening band surpasses the headlining act in quality and virtuosity. But that is precisely what happened when The Brothers Johnson opened up for Rufus and Chaka Khan two weeks ago in the Stony Brook Gym.

One of the biggest disappointments any concert can produce is when it fails to live up to its potential because of poor acoustics, mechanical difficulties, or other technicalities which can usually be averted. Such was the case with Rufus and Chaka Khan. Playing to a very receptive crowd, Chaka and company were hampered with an over-amplified sound system that robbed them of their usual mellifluous output and wrought havoc upon the ears of the audience.

One of music's premiere female talents,

Chaka Khan possesses a raw vocal range which jumps from high pitched (is it live or is it Memorex?) to sultry and sexy. She can belt out a song with the clarity and distinction of an opera diva. At times her voice will dazzle the listener to the extent that he will replay her record just to be assured it's really her and not an instrument.

The problem with her performance here was that there was no control knob that could turn down the volume. The intensity of Bobby Watson's bass, Kevin Murphy's keyboards, and David Wolinski's synthesizer was so overpowering that Chaka's lyrics were barely audible. On "You've Got The Love," usually a very mellow ballad, Chaka's normally soaring crooning was shrill and without any substantial depth because she was trying

to sing over her band. C'mon guys, the idea of playing music is to play with your lead singer, not over her head.

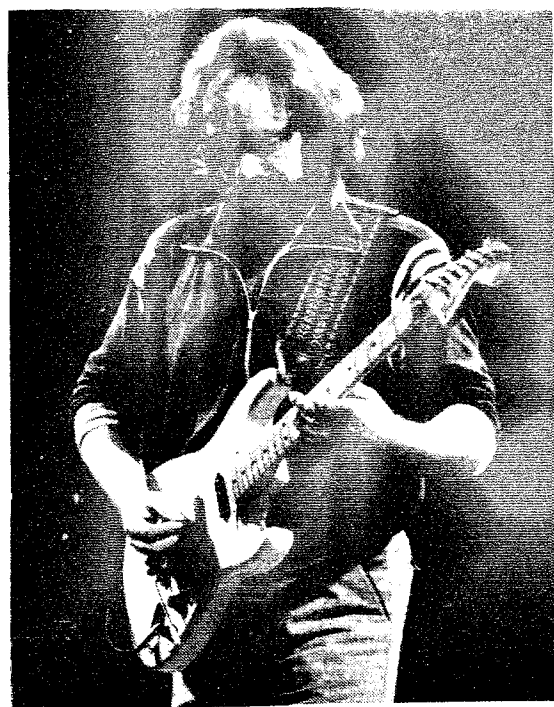
However, the show was not devoid of all pleasure. Tony Maiden's lead vocals were crisp and clean, totally lacking the harshness that was the norm of Chaka's performance that evening. And it was good to see Chaka back in shape after having a baby last year. Nevertheless, Rufus and Chaka Khan were disappointing for their failure to provide the excellent blend of soul-disco-funk for which they are famous.

Opening the show for Rufus and Chaka were The Brothers Johnson, a duo backed by nearly a score of musicians and vocalists. The Brothers, led by Louis on bass and George on guitar, combine jazz, funk, and disco to make some very

appealing music. With three platinum albums to their credit and one presently bulleting up the charts, The Brothers are not the run of the mill unknown band opening the show for a big headline act.

Their stage presence is very interesting, especially Louis' extremely impressive bass playing. At many points of their hour long set, one felt the strong urge to get up and dance, a desire so incredibly absent during Rufus' performance.

The Brothers Johnson are a tight band of musicians who provide a well-fused brand of rich and various musical idioms. The music they played, considered by many ignorant, close-minded rock'n'rollers as blasé or banal, was refreshing and teeming with ebullient vitality and energy.



Dave Mason: Melodic but superficial

# Mason Ignites Low Spark

by Jeff Zoldan

At first it promised to be another evening spent listening to a musician formerly associated with a major rock'n'roll band. What with the dust still unsettled from Jack Bruce and Friends' appearance here last month, it would only seem logical that Dave Mason would try to recreate the old magic of Traffic. And by opening his show at the Stony Brook Gym with "Feelin' Alright," he only served to confirm the suspicions of this skeptical writer.

However, all hopes of hearing Traffic's music as performed by one of its mentors were quickly dashed as Dave Mason and his band played a number from his soon to be released LP *Old Crest On A New Wave*. The tune, entitled "Paralyzed," contains Mason's usual throaty vocals and biting guitar licks. Since it was the only song from his new album performed that evening, it was difficult to judge if Mason has produced anything new in his latest endeavor.

But one was able to discern whether Mason's live concert appearances have undergone any change with the acquisition of a new touring band. It can happily be said that Mason has not deviated from his usual repertoire. However, it can be sadly noted, too that Mason has deleted

most of the songs he had included in his past live performances. Absent from Mason's show last month were some old Dave Mason and Traffic classics. In their stead was a rendition of Cream's "Crossroads," a song which featured Hans Olson, the opening act, on harmonica. Olson's vibrant and uplifting harp playing was an excellent backdrop to Mason and his band's tight jamming style.

Despite the cohesiveness of Mason's band onstage, particularly Mark Stein's keyboards and Jim Krueger's rhythm guitar, a lack of pure pose and intent was very much evident throughout the course of their 70 minute set. One felt a superficiality present in all the songs, and a feeling on Mason's part of wanting to get off the stage as soon as possible. The encore, "Take It To The Limit," a poor choice considering the almost endless number of tunes Dave Mason has authored, was perfunctory and void of any deep emotion, despite the well-wishing statement he made to the crowd prior to its presentation.

In short, Dave Mason left this writer very frustrated because of the multivarious and diversified talents that he failed to display in concert here.



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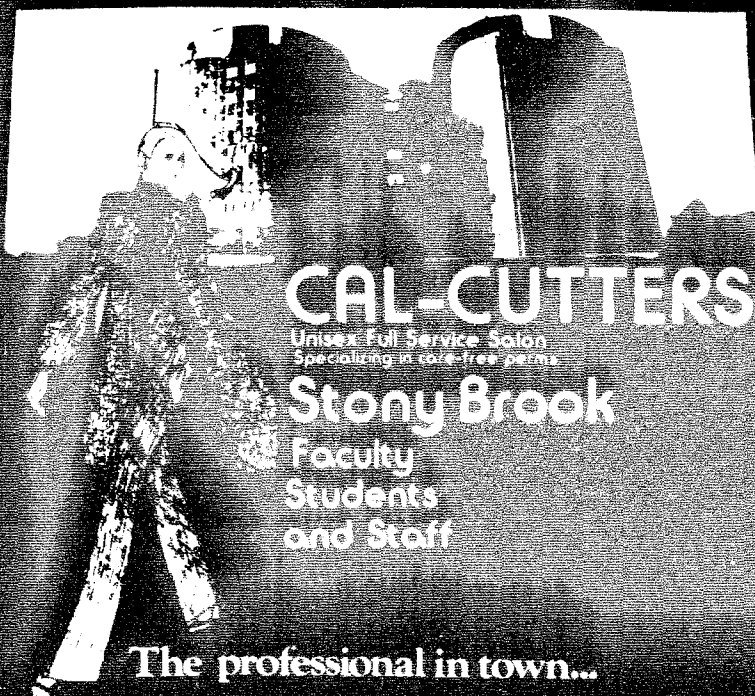
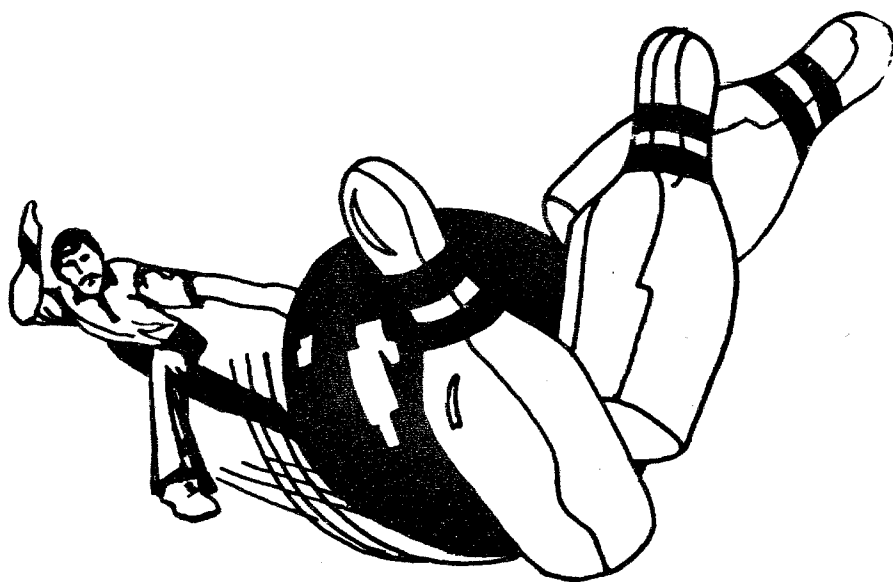
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