

NRC Report on Shoreham Challenged

by Scott Higham

While the NRC (Nuclear Regulatory Commission) has dismissed 30 construction defects at the Shoreham Nuclear Power Plant as unfounded, a former plant employee has revealed documentary evidence which shows that poor welding was performed on a safety-related system.

The employee also claims that the inadequate welds were accepted for economic and political considerations.

According to a former employee at the facility, who requested anonymity, construction delays, higher interest rates on loans, and stricter Nuclear Regulatory Commission controls contributed to a LILCO decision to proceed with a Hydro-Static Pressure Test in spite of the poor welds. The test is used to inspect various components of the plant and marks the end of the construction stage, and the beginning of start-up operations.

"Once the Hydro-Static is performed," the former employee explained, "LILCO would probably experience less pressure from its opponents and ratepayers" who are outraged at the rising costs of Shoreham, and its numerous delays. Originally slated for June, the test was postponed until September 22, 1979 because of construction delays.

The safety-related reactor recirculation system plays an important role in pumping coolant through the reactor's active core, where fission occurs. The system is similar to 23 others which were ordered shut down by the Atomic Energy Commission (forerunner of the NRC) in 1974 because of leaks found at plants in other states.

The deviation in the system is in the 28 inch recirculation pipes which are connected directly to the reactor vessel. In the original design, there was a plan to have two one-inch pressure instrument connections. However, it was later decided to remove and plug the connections, which the engineering department deemed unnecessary.

The work was done by Courter and Company Steam Fitters Union during the summer of 1979. It exhibited two discrepancies; first, Site Quality Assurance (SQA) found that incorrect weld wire was used to plug the holes, and second, the fillet size of the weld did not meet the inspector's specifications.

General Electric, the plant's engineering firm, was soon thereafter requested to decide whether the deviations should be accepted. The "deviation from specification" was accepted by General Electric and Shoreham's Site Engineering Office.



Construction surrounds Shoreham's cooling tower.

However, the former employee alleges that LILCO accepted the deviations because it did not want to delay the Hydro-Static Pressure Test again, which would have further increased the cost.

LILCO spokeswoman June Bruce, was unable to locate the documents in question and refused to speculate on the impact of delaying the Hydro-Static Test.

Since 1969, LILCO has raised its construction costs at Shoreham from \$261 million to the present \$2.2 billion, making it the most expensive commercial reactor ever. Shoreham's cost per kilowatt hour is expected to average double that of other nuclear power plants in 1983.

While LILCO insists that Shoreham is needed to provide Long Island with electricity, during the period of the plant's

construction, Long Island energy needs have decreased. According to LILCO spokeswoman June Bruce, peak demands fell from 3,107 megawatts in 1977 to 2,919 in 1979. In addition, Newsday reported that sales of electricity dropped by 1.1 percent in 1978.

Claiming that Shoreham will provide about 30 percent of Long Island's energy needs in the 1980's, LILCO officials have said that blackouts will be commonplace if the nuclear reactor is not completed and operational. Shoreham is scheduled to begin operation in 1983, although a LILCO official in 1979 said there could be blackouts in 1981 if the plant was not operational.

LILCO's problems with Shoreham began in 1969 when the company purchased a General Electric reactor system. The reactor was originally intended to occupy a site on Lake Cayuga, New York. But when strong public opposition defeated the proposed plant there, LILCO arranged to buy the pre-fabricated unit for Shoreham. The NRC later discovered that serious problems may exist with this particular Mark II Reactor, and three General Electric Engineers noted in 1976 that there are "alarming safety inadequacies in the reactor's containment building."

Nuclear Physicist Michio Kaku of New York's City University

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Couples Discuss Campus Cohabitation

by Lawrence A. Riggs

(Several of the names in this story have been changed to insure privacy).

When Jeff Sussmann and Diane Cambey decided they wanted to live together on campus, they approached several Residence Life officials. All of them turned the couple down because University policy prohibits cohabitation in the dormitories. Frustrated after speaking to officials in the Student Affairs office the two turned to the Polity Senate which, in January, overwhelmingly passed a resolution proposing experimental, limited, voluntary cohabitation in the dormitories. the Student Affairs office, the two turned to the Polity Senate which, in January, governing board) at its next meeting on May 22, calls for establishing voluntary cohabitation in Stage XII Quad, co-ed suites in Kelly, Roth and Tabler, and co-ed halls in G and H Quads, according to Council student representative Larry Siegel. He said that so far, the sentiment of the rest of the Council is not clear.

Meanwhile, many couples now live together on campus. They arrange this by making couple switches, taking advantage of single rooms, or other circumstances.

There are no figures available concerning the number of couples living together because it is not sanctioned. "Officially it doesn't exist," said Residence Life Director Claudia Justy. "Unofficially, I see ads (for couple switches) in Statesman, so I assume people cohabit."

Bruno and Toots live in Tabler Quad. Bruno is a senior with a high grade point average who plans to attend law school next fall. Toots is a sophomore psychology major. The two have lived together in Toots' suite since January. They decided to do so because "we had lived together over the summer," said Bruno. "It worked out well." The two had been seeing each other since last Spring, and have considered engagement.

Bruno said he does not feel cramped as the only man in a women's suite. "I have so many friends that if I don't want to be there, I can be with them." Also, Bruno said that his suitemates "are more courteous to me than they are to each other."

"They like him," said Toots. "They think they're unique because they have a male suitemate." And there are no problems with using the bathroom, as the women stay out when Bruno is inside and vice-versa, although "Sometimes I forget to put the toilet seat down and they get annoyed."

"When he's in the shower we stay out," said a suitemate. Otherwise, "the only difference is that I have to bother to put on my robe."

Rose is a senior. Two years ago, she lived with her boyfriend Elmo in his suite, also in Tabler Quad. She decided to move in after they had gone out for two months. She explained, "I was having difficulties with my suitemates and I was spending

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warned in a lecture here April 23 of the dangers of the General Electric Mark Series Reactor. Kaku cited a brief history of Mark Series accidents:

In 1970, at the Dresden Nuclear Station in Morris, Illinois, a Mark I reactor safety release valve malfunctioned, causing extremely high water levels in the reactor building. After reviewing the accident, three GE engineers, Minor, Hubbard, and Bridenaugh, reported, "We came very close to losing that reactor."

Another Mark I accident at the Brown's Ferry Plant in Alabama involved a seven-hour fire causing water levels in the reactor vessel to drop unnecessarily low. The reactor came dangerously close to going critical, and Minor, Hubbard, and Bridenaugh quit General Electric, denouncing the Mark Series Reactors at a San Jose press conference in February, 1976.

Two years later, the three engineers were hired by Suffolk County to provide technical advice and a report on the Shoreham Plant. Midway through their study, the Suffolk County Legislature fired them, claiming the costs of their report were excessive. But County Legislator Floyd Linton as reported said, "What we've seen is the success of the (Long Island) Lighting Company intervening in the intervention process."

To this date, no other consulting firm has been hired to assist the county in its intervention at the undetermined federallicensing hearings.

After abandoning the original plant site in Huntington, and deciding on Shoreham, LILCO applied for a construction license. In 1973, the Atomic Energy Commission granted LILCO a construction permit after three years of hearings. These were the longest licensing hearings in the AEC's history.

Later that year, the Long Island Business Review reported that LILCO released a letter to the public stating that, "Much of the public campaign against the A-Plant now under construction at Shoreham is based on irresponsible, emotionally dishonest arguments designed to appeal to people's fears and ignorance. There is nothing wrong with opposing LILCO's plans on the basis of solid evidence, but we can see no reason why scores of people should be left powerless in the future, if power can be provided safely, cleanly, and efficiently."

It was not until 1979, when Matt Cachere was tried for trespassing at Shoreham during the June 3 demonstration, that LILCO was confronted with any solid evidence.

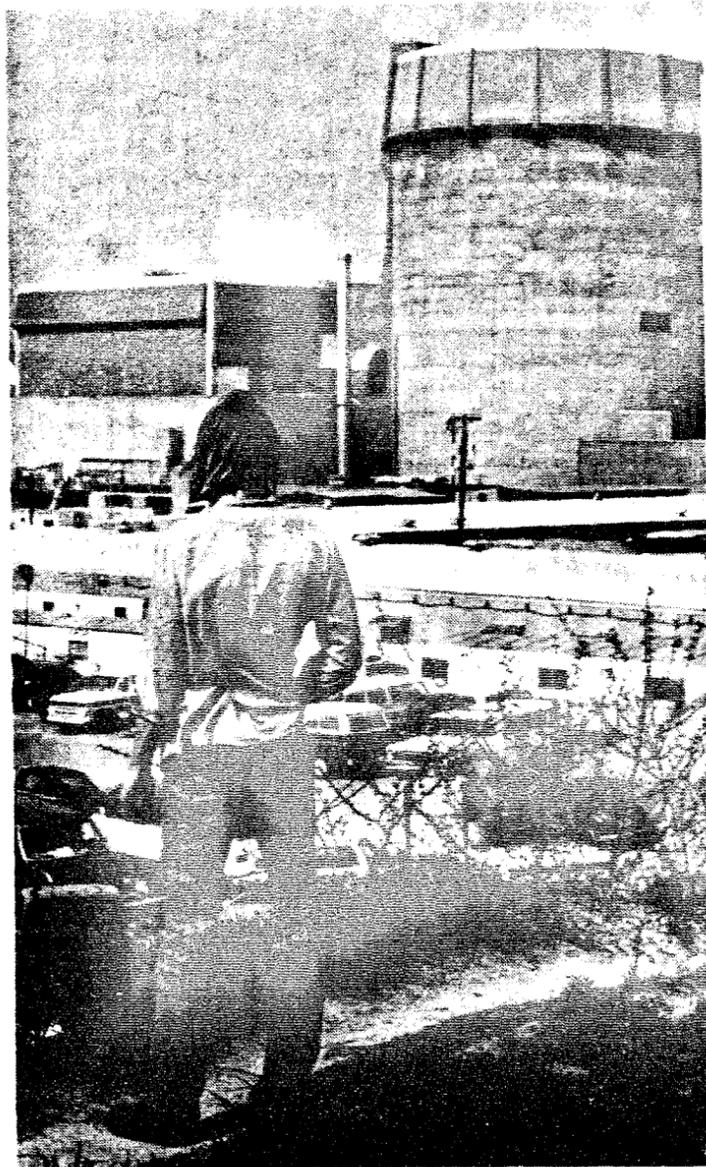
Newsday reported that several hundred Shoreham documents were found at the Southold Town Dump, but physicist Michio Kaku claimed that over 18,000 were

discovered. Documents designated as Field Deviation Requests, Engineering and Design Coordination Reports and Non-Conformance Reports, all described various design changes and alleged defects.

Cachere maintained throughout his trial that the 600 demonstrators arrested for trespassing at the plant were justified because they were protecting the public by delaying the construction of Shoreham's "threat to life." Newsday reported that Kaku, expert witness for the defense, testified that the documents were "nuclear related problems involving critical parts of the reactor." But Joseph Navarro, Shoreham's Project Manager, disagreed: "The problems detailed in the dump papers are not serious. The documents dealt with routine, minor modifications in the plant's design that have nothing to do with safety."

Although the NRC found two minor weld discrepancies stemming from Cachere's allegations, Esther Park, a leading Long Island nuclear opponent, reportedly called the investigation a whitewash and doubted the NRC's credibility.

The former Shoreham employee will supply the NRC with documentary evidence some time before the unscheduled licensing hearings.



Press/Dana A. Bruner

SB Show Moves to Off-Broadway

by Mike Jankowitz

Just like Georgia politicians, successful plays often have plain, humble beginnings. Every show that makes it to Broadway or off-Broadway had to have its beginnings elsewhere, usually someplace far removed from the prestigious glamour of New York. Sometimes they start in excavated warehouses, sometimes in rural reconstructed barns, sometimes in converted church basements still hung over from a cub scout shindig of the night before. And sometimes they even start in the insufficiently-supplied theater spaces of state university centers.

To the trickle of avid theater-goers and

curiosity-seekers who came to see last year's Theatre Department production of "War and Peace," such assumptions probably never even occurred to them. Little did they know that faculty member and former department chairman A.G. Brooks would end up taking his production of Erwin Piscata's adaptation of the Tolstoy novel to New York, where, after special limited engagements and a lot of the usual refurbishing, it would finally end up at the American Palace Theatre, which is, according to Brooks, "about as Broadway as off-Broadway can get."

This, of course, was no small feat. The novel has undergone several transitions

into the artistic media, albeit least successfully onto the stage. It was made into a full-length feature film twice, first in the '50s starring Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer; then in a 7-hour version by Soviet filmmakers; it was also adapted by the BBC into a sixteen-part series starring Anthony Hopkins and Alan Dobie, shown in this country on public television. However, for obvious reasons, any transition to the stage was, because of the very nature of the novel, bound to be fraught with difficulties. The incredible number of characters, the sweep and scope of the sense of time and place, and the spectacular and nearly limitless vistas of Napoleonic warfare and aristocratic materialism, all contributed to form a seemingly insurpassable barrier between Tolstoy's words and live theater.

But in 1936, Erwin Piscata, a noted playwright in the field of "epic theater," along with Alfred Newman, not only surpassed the barrier but elaborated on the book as well, achieving an artistic breakthrough, but finding few commercial producers willing to gamble on such an apparent long-shot. Up until now, that is.

Producer Rick Hobard has taken the core people from last year's Stony Brook production, tacked on a professional cast, given the show a first-class treatment (in some cases, a red carpet reception), and finally placed the show in a comfortable commercial setting. Whether or not the show pays off in a financial sense remains to be seen, but the production does offer a unique experimental diversion in a season abounding in surefire revivals and original scripts wrapped in conventional, easy-to-swallow packets.

The present show may be unfamiliar to those people who saw the production at Stony Brook. The attempts to portray sweep and spectacle have been (for the most part) sacrificed in favour of a more intimate, quicker paced perspective. The number of characters has been decreased, and a new character, a narrator, has

become an integral part of the play. The play is decidedly shorter and, as of this writing, there is no intermission.

But department costumer Timothy Miles has continued his design for costumes, and Assistant Professor Steve Pollack is doing the technical work for the show. Students Rosemary McMullan (Assistant Stage Manager), Jay Schwartz, (Assistant to the producer), and Dave Oberon (Sound) will also continue with the production at the American Palace Theatre. Much of the cast will continue, as well, including former Stony Brook student Michael Kovaka, who appeared in the original Stony Brook production. (In addition, acclaimed actor Kevin Conway has recently been cast in the role of the narrator.)

According to Brooks, the show is now more "attuned to commercial realities," and the production has had to deal with a "different set of considerations" than those confronting it at Stony Brook. One of the major considerations were those concerning the actors. Whereas at Stony Brook, there was never a financial problem with the people working on the play, in New York it becomes a matter of, as Brooks puts it, "not 'do I have the people' but 'can I afford the people.'" Because of this, the crowd scenes were eliminated.

Brooks also felt that it was necessary to change much of the focus.

"In Stony Brook, we emphasized the romantic aspects as well as the differences between the aristocracy and the peasantry," Brooks said. "In New York, the key thrust is the anti-war aspect."

Brooks said that he was not so much excited as pleased.

"I'd be much more excited if I thought that it was going to run for three years."

He did say that it was "nice to see our own people work on it; to see my faith in their abilities pay off. It was pleasing to all the people involved that they did good work. Now that's exciting."

A final personal is tough to write, especially since I haven't written one in my four years at this zoo. I'll never forget the good old days when there were no RHDs, to break balls, M-80 fights, BB gun fights, playing killer frisbee until every light was smashed, going to the suites and getting rowdy, turning over cars in Tabler. Lived on four different halls but call the old A-1 my home. Roy Boy, "Chonkie," Paulo, Stevo, Arn, "Davey Boy," Greg, and "Chuckago." Food fights in Lackmann. Greg, winning the drinking contest, stealing that keg from Kelly and selling the tap. Arn making homemade bombs from blockbusters and setting them off at 5 AM. Throwing a refrigerator out an A-3 window. Burning "Cocknose" and Boner's door down. Chuck; wrestling till one of us was unconscious. Steve, "Killer Car Chases," neatly running over a dozen Stage XIIers. "Davey Boy," clubbing, rafting down the "Phoenecia Rapids" and me breaking my ass, then going mountain climbing wasted. "Lather Man" at Langmuir. (Galente called me "Laser Man," what a dick!) Tool, Russo's Garage. "Give me a wrench! I gotta fix my car!" Serious mud mechanic. Blowing lunch at Beefsteaks and then drinking a case. Speeding for finals and doing "braus" to mellow out. Going for "Tang." Poopchute Netty. Horseshit breath Ellen. Me getting N.S.U. at record 13 times in one year. Pissing on old people; having shit fights. The "Physics Connection." Working at the "Loon" and ripping them off blind. Winning the wet underwear contest, "Big Balls Q." "Have you ever been to Chicago?" Smeigma parties. Chick, the "palace" has collapsed. Making ends meet. You ripping off tapedecks; furniture and sticking London broils down your pants. The "Kate Connection." "Joe, did you light the fire?" "No! Serious Gandhi Movement!" Watching "Davey and Goliath" wasted off our ass. Chick, to survive, remember it's "Every man for himself!" I seriously do not think I will ever have another chance to behave like such a "crispo" again. I won't miss Stony Brook, but I will miss the crazy bastards I've mentioned in this exciting letter. Well; we have one more "serious" party to attend. (Beefsteak zooing and then Davey Boys.) Let's make it the craziest of all. Serious oot toots. Take care fellow sick fucks, all I ask is that you never "growup"! Ha ha.

Your lifetime friends,
Bugs

ADVERTISEMENT

Resident Couples Discuss Cohabitation

Continued from page 1

most of my time there anyhow." The two of them are now engaged.

"We got along really well," said Rose. "They liked my company." Here, too, the suite apparently had few problems adjusting to the presence of a suitemate of the opposite sex. "The guys wouldn't run around in towels after they took showers," said Rose, adding that she stayed out of the bathroom when someone was in the shower. "But after a month it was comfortable."

In all the suites interviewed, the general feeling toward the suitemate of the opposite sex was that towards a brother or sister. "We functioned more as a family," said Rose. "It was a very small suite."

Most of the couples living together said they preferred to do so in a suite. "You can contain your goings-on to the privacy of six people," said Rose. Inga, a junior who once lived with her boyfriend in a women's hall in H-Quad, also feels the suites are better for living together. "On the halls, people would ridicule anything you do." She said that she even stopped visiting some of her male friends on the adjoining male hall because she would be hassled every time she walked by. "There's more freedom in the suites," said Bruno. "Also, people are a lot more mature."

Regardless of the accommodations, students choosing to live together meet problems both trivial and crucial. Several of the women interviewed, for example, found that men were sloppier than they. In Rose's suite, "Guys tended to be more dirty. The dishes were left around and there was shaving stuff all over the bathroom." Accordingly, she found herself cleaning up after them. "I felt for a while like I was being a housewife." But she called a suite meeting after a while and the problem was resolved.

Belinda, a freshman who last semester lived in the suite of her boyfriend, Joe, also a freshman, found herself in the same position. "Once they cooked chili and left in the pot for a week," Belinda said.

Another, more profound, problem is the lack of privacy students encounter living in the suites. Belinda was a little apprehensive at first when she moved into Joe's suite in Kelly Quad. "I felt like I was taking away from his roommate's privacy," she said. Even after living there for two months, "I still didn't feel right, even though they treated me really nice."

"If you have a fight," said Rose, "everyone can hear you and if you're making love, everyone knows."

Cohabitation also engenders a lack of freedom. "There's only one freedom I don't have and that's not being able to bring a girl back to the room," said Bruno.

"But before living together, you have to decide that you're not going to be with anyone else." He added that he does not



think it a good idea for freshmen to cohabit. "It would stymie growth."

Joe agrees. "Suppose you met someone you just wanted to go out with? If you decide to live together, make sure you never want to go out again."

At the same time, cohabitation creates certain expectations. "When you're living together, you take it for granted that you'll be spending time together," said Toots, adding that it is disturbing for her to come home and find out that Bruno has made plans that do not include her.

Finally, cohabitation can affect grade point averages. Both Joe and Belinda attributed their poor academic performance to living together. "When you live so close to someone, you need some time where you can lock yourself up in the room to study," said Joe. "I couldn't study when Belinda was cleaning up—dusting my speaker cabinets." Because they were living together, "I stopped going to some of my early morning classes," said Belinda. On the other hand, Toots said, "I was not a studious person at all before we lived together." Now, she says, her grades have improved.

Nevertheless, all those interviewed except for Joe and Belinda felt it was a positive experience. "Everyone should live with a person before they get

married," said Rose, for the benefit of "seeing the person 24 hours a day in good times and bad." Bruno feels that living

still get along." He added, "College is supposed to prepare you for real life."

Rose found she actually got along much better in Elmo's suite than in her former female suite. "When I was living with Elmo, I was the center of attention," she said. Her suitemates would say things like, "Gee, Rose you look beautiful." It was an ego booster.

"I'm more comfortable with guys than with girls," said a suitemate of Bruno and Toots. "Guys are better people. They're less catty and there's no competition."

Claudia Justy does not approve of cohabitation in the dorms. But she said that she does not do anything about cohabitation unless it comes to her attention, either through complaints or through personal ads for couple switches in Statesman. In any case, the problem is dealt with by Quad and Residence Hall Directors.

Another reason Justy disapproves of cohabitation is that students may be doing something "under protection of the University" that their families might condemn.

This is a point of contention. While Bruno's father knows of the arrangement, Rose told her mother of it only after she had lived with Elmo for seven months, and never told her father. She did have an interesting confrontation with the parents of one of her suitemates.

"Jim's family lived upstate and they came down once to surprise him. I answered the door in a towel," Rose said. "I was so embarrassed. They didn't know who I was and Jim had to explain." She described their reaction as one of disbelief. "But they seemed to be glad it was not their daughter."

with Toots strengthened their relationship.

He said that living together on campus tests "if you can live in a 10 by 10 cell and

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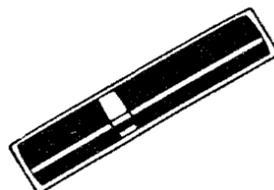


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J. Geils Band Parties at the Palladium

by Jeff Zoldan

Well, those bad boys from Boston have done it again. They've added another chapter of raunchiness to the large book of rock 'n' roll. *Love Stinks* is everyone-who-has-ever-gotten-fucked-over-in-a-relationship's chance to voice a rebuttal to the age-old, syrupy supposition that love is the greatest thing that could happen to you. And the J. Geils Band say it so well that I'm beginning to believe them.

I have two friends who swear by J. Geils' new endeavor, the satirical, biting, and often poignant *Love Stinks*. Between both their love lives, after the bickering with their boyfriends is over, you could plot several soap operas with daily installments. "He loves her, and she loves him; he loves somebody else, you just can't win." What could be more true?

To make matters even more exciting, the J. Geils Band took to the road to support *Love Stinks* and last month brought their show to the heart of New York City. The moment the boys hit the Palladium stage, with the force of a three megaton bomb, it was quite clear we were in for a night of rock 'n' roll partying. And a party we sure as hell had.

Peter Wolf, the hyped-out and raunchy (I can't think of two better adjectives to describe him) lead singer, was in rare form. His funky dance steps were exciting and vibrant, making up for the touch of hoarseness present in his vocal arrangements. But it wasn't his flashy dancing that stole the hearts of the sold out crowd that evening. It was the courage and charisma he displayed by jumping into the seats to break up a fight between an over-zealous security guard and an avid J. Geils fan. Anyone who has ever attended a show at the Palladium can tell you how those muscle-bound, macho security guards sometimes like to assert their authority at other people's expenses. Well, that time, Peter Wolf asserted his authority: "Ain't gonna let no fighting spoiil this house party tonight. If anybody wants to fight, they can come up here and fight in front of everybody."

Early in the evening, the boys popped a few quick ones off from *Love Stinks*. "Just Can't Wait," your typical J. Geils, gut wrenching, hard core rock 'n' roll number, was highlighted by Magic Dick's impressive harp playing and

J.'s cool guitar picking. They led right into "Come Back," a song with a heavily pronounced bass line and a



J. Geils Band: Gives a new meaning to raunchiness.

crisp guitar solo (once again) from J.'s hot fingers.

Strutting around the stage, slapping hands with the audience, Wolf did not let up. Belting out the words from "Southside Shuffle," he sure as hell shuffled. With a snappy black and white, horizontally striped cloak on his

back and a strobe light pulsating down upon his head, Wolf looked like he was fading into that unknown region called the twilight zone. Man, can that white boy dance!

Now, if you have to use a model to point out the meaning of coolness, check out the J. Geils Band. J. Geils, the band's namesake, is a living paradox. He exudes an aura of equanimity and coolness, while at the same time, his fingers smoke as they come flying off the frets of his guitar. During "One Last Kiss," his solo was virtually orgasmic. The notes were hitting so high, they were getting nose bleeds. And combined with Magic Dick's virtuoso harmonica solo, the song brought the art of jamming to epic proportions.

The band never let up the energy and electricity that was present from the moment they stepped onstage. The rhythm section of drummer Stephen Jo Bladd and bassist Danny Klein kept the music hot through the night providing the energy for some especially exciting tempo changes on "Night Time," another gem off *Love Stinks*. Seth Justman's keyboards were right on target, as he oftentimes let loose on the ivory with the ferocity of a tiger in heat.

Looking back at that fateful Friday night in April, I'm amazed that there wasn't one singly definitive highlight. There were scores of them. Everything the boys did was strong, powerful, and above all, tight. From the title track of *Love Stinks*, with Magic Dick, dressed in an all black leather suit (he looked like Super-fly), providing the deep baritone chant of the now infamous "Love Stinks," to their classic rocker "Give It To Me," the J. Geils had their shit together. The driving momentum of the night didn't let up until the boys performed five (yep, count 'em, five,) encores. And even that wasn't enough. The audience waited two long years for the J. Geils Band to return to the Big Apple, and they weren't going to let them get off the stage without making up for some lost time.

The raw power of the J. Geils Band made its mark at the Palladium that night. With a brand new blockbuster album and an overwhelming live appearance, one couldn't ask for much more.

Many thanks to Cynthia Pallotto for being the humanitarian that she is.

Danko/Manuel Band Together at MFP

by Jeff Zoldan

It's been a few years since The Band's *Last Waltz*, and much to my chagrin, little has been heard from them since. Levon Helm has just finished his first acting role in *A Coal Miner's Daughter*. Garth Hudson is screwing around somewhere, appearing now and then as a guest on somebody's album. Robbie Robertson is involved with some Hollywood movie deal, and God only knows what Richard Manuel has been doing. At least only God knew what he was doing until last month's appearance with Rick Danko at My Father's Place. Joining up with Rick Danko, the former bass player for The Band and the only one who still actively tours, Richard Manuel broke a silence that muted his golden voice since 1978.

Billed as "Rick Danko and Richard Manuel with a special band of friends," the show at MFP was a semi-renaissance of the Band. What with two of the three lead singers from The Band sharing the same stage, one could not help but hear some of the songs that made these two famous. And sure enough, the first song of the evening was Robbie Robertson's famous one, "Stage Fright."

Danko's vocals were strong, his bass playing impressive, and his stage presence very clownish. Sporting a black pullover shirt and a pair of jeans, Rick has not lost any of the youthful exuberance from the glory days of yore. And Richard Manuel, looking trim and fit, appeared as if he has spent the last few years stuck away on some Caribbean Island.

After opening with one Band classic, Danko, Manuel and company launched straight into another, "King Harvest Will Surely Come," this featuring Manuel. Seated at his Hohner clavichord, Manuel belted out the lyrics of the song with a

power that made one sit up and take notice. As a long time admirer of Manuel, I was surprised at the clarity and suavity of his mighty vocals. Gone from his intonation was the grittiness that plagued him throughout the many years spent on the road.

Over the course of the short evening (they played two 45 minute sets), the band performed a diversified selection of material. "Crazy Mama," an old J.J. Cale blues number, was performed with the cohesiveness of a band that has played together for many years. Blondie Chaplin's lead guitar work was inspiring and arousing, a good substitute to Robbie's old strutting and strumming style. Blondie, to those unfamiliar with him, was a member of the Beach Boys for several years in the early 70's. His guitar style is reminiscent of the wailing sound produced by Eric Clapton, and he and Danko mesh well on their long, tight jams.

One of the many high points of the evening occurred when Danko sang the moving classic "Unfaithful Servant." Accompanied only by the piano, Danko's voice cracked a bit at the start of the tune, causing him to start clowning around during the rest of the number. Despite his unintentional parody, the high quality of his voice shone through.

With the addition of Richard Manuel, the group has acquired an extra dynamic force that Paul Butterfield, Danko's previous touring partner, never gave. Butterfield's consummate harmonica playing lent an air of raunchiness to the blues numbers that the group performed. On this occasion, however, the blues were light and bouncy, teeming with high-spirited vivacity.

Overall, the show displayed the fine



Rick Danko (top) and Richard Manuel (right): No stage fright from these two.



talent of Danko, Manuel, and their band. The overriding element in their performances was the unequivocal fact that they all enjoyed being on stage playing some very fine music. It was refreshing to hear some of music's finest performers engaging in what they do best: playing before a very receptive and appreciative audience.

Fellini Cute and Captivating at MFP

by Sheena

In the midst of the latest deluge of mediocre female lead-vocal pop bands, there is reassurance in the knowledge that with a bit of studied perseverance one can secure a reward of authentically entertaining musical talent. Suzanne Fellini is one of those prizes. Although this band is obviously cashing in on a popular trend, their live performance last month at My Father's Place proved them to be one of the frontrunners along with the currently top-rated Pretenders.

The show was broadcast over Long Island's WLIR-FM as one in a series of free concerts that tend to attract a varied crowd, from hard-core punkers to trash rockers to basic folksy mellow-outers. Everyone must have been exposed to the playful hit single, "Love on the Phone," thus expecting something delightful—and possibly trendsetting? The band may have sensed this and presented the first song in overdrive, drowning themselves in a jumble of too much power and verve.

Eased of initial tension, they broke into "Bad Influence," playing on a slower rumba-type beat. With this second song,

Suzanne's vocals became more prominent as the band faded properly into place. Hard Elton John-styled piano chords rang through the air while Suzanne's pony-tailed stream of fluff followed her behind every hop and strut.

The surprise delight arrived in the form of local star-legend Pepe Marchello, lead singer of the established Good Rats. An old pro in stage manners, Pepe jaunted right up front, grabbed a mike and received the announced title of "One of the original bad boys." Serving as a smartly rehearsed move to warm the audience up to the band, he joined in "Bad Boy," a song that could have been written with him in mind. Next it was Pepe's showcase as he allowed Suzanne to participate on his "New York Survivor." This coupling was one of the highlights of the evening as Suzanne let her hair down. She and Pepe pointed accusing fingers and groins at each other while belting out "New York is a tiger-You are an alley cat."

The band continued past Pepe with a weak rock and roller, then struck heartily with "Permanent Damage." All of the males in the band crooned powerfully and

harmoniously while watching Suzanne clutch her breast melodramatically, holding down the palpitations caused by "...damage to my heart." The stagey follow up took advantage of the audience's wild proclamations of acceptance as well as the supposed hurt suffered in the lyrics of the last song. Speaking of hugs and acting flustered over losing something, Suzanne searched and came back with an armload of teddy bears. She flung them into the crowd (a la Pepe and his rats) as the band backed her on a slow rhythm and blues rendition of—you guessed it—I just wanna be your "Teddy Bear."

Striving to be recognized as our peers, they threw in a proven winning shot: "This song is dedicated to the one I used to love." The mention of WPIX-FM, defunct as we knew it, never fails to entice scattered moans of despair from contemporary New Yorkers these days. "Without Rock and Roll you're never gonna go to heaven" sounded better than it might have without the inspired dedication. The five piece band was then introduced by the lead singer as "hot, happening and single."

Figuring we-they were prepared for the

big payoff, they socked it to us with a perfectly executed version of "Love on the Phone." They carried the fast motion song without missing a beat or leaving out an orgasmic quake. It is a nonsensical ditty ("...it's so hard when I'm feeling on fire and all I can hold is the telephone wire...") that makes only too much sense to anyone who has ever conducted a long distance love affair. A taboo subject taken to extremes, it gives us permission to personally commit a forbidden release.

Suzanne Fellini sings her lyrics descriptively, overrenunciating every syllable. At times she seems like a grown up Rachel Sweet; maybe a bit more believable. With her hair down, she resembles a lithe and worldly Lorraine Newman. Either way, she is captivating and so cute.

Reclaiming the stage for an encore, she beckoned nervously, "I never heard such a crowd cheer so loud." It was warming to see her so honestly happy. Everyone was pleased that evening as we were left with smiles and bounces in our hearts.

Mi-Sex Plays with Passion, The Tourists Ride High

Mi-Sex

by Sheena

Arriving fifteen minutes late at My Father's Place two weeks ago to catch Mi-Sex, the fear of not being able to find a prize seat and missing the opening song were paramount on my mind. Trying to ignore the scattered handful of cars in the parking lot, I approached the door with hesitant hopefulness. Upon entering, I was provided with an abundant selection of seats, this due to the whopping total of eighteen people already present in the quaint confines of MFP. I figured the matter deserved a bit of heavy pondering. Eying a ravishingly handsome gentleman with a very content smile on his face, I decided to make my approach. I proposed my theories on the subject: the lack of exposure due to the demise of WPIX in New York; the underplay of this band's type of futuristic, computerized sound (Devo and Gary Numan are the only similar artists thus far to have broken through commercially in this country); and failure to promote or advertise on Long Island as an individual sector apart from NYC...He kept smiling. Time for a drink.

A very personable chap alighted on the seat next to mine and proceeded to chatter about the night's record-breaking attendance. I told him that if I was a member of the band I would feel insulted by the turnout. He replied, "Who? Us?," motioning to himself and the handsome gentleman with the smile.

After I informed him of my intentions to review the performance, he jotted down a few notes of his own in my book. He then rambled on about the hardships of life on the road, life as a rock star, life as a sex idol, etc. With much skill, I reverted the conversation back to serious business. He seemed delighted with the opportunity to boast of their accomplishments (four out of eight Australian rock grammies) and a strong following (sellout crowds in Australia, Europe, Los Angeles and New York's Mudd Club). Hailing from New Zealand, they spent 75,000 promotional dollars in America and claim to be impressed with the results. So what's the problem with Long Islanders? He didn't appear to care.

"Mi-Sex" (a term invented by poet John Foxx to replace uglier ones like masturbation and autosex) hit the stage with a sharp black thud and a hint of a giggle. Under the circumstances, I had the feeling that I was judging a final dress rehearsal rather than experiencing a concert. It was good practice for the band and a potentially powerful musical exertion for a large crowd. The combination of well executed, computerized light and sound effects with lyrical comparisons, such as "production (line)" and "seduction," created an effect of geometric, yet raw, muscularity.

Serious musical capabilities were revealed through each of the songs, while lead singer Steve Gilpin revealed himself through little zippers situated in strategic spots on the fronts and backs of his thighs. No one could actually catch him pulling them open and closed, nor was anyone prepared for the rocky stream of sharply written tunes that continuously accosted their ears. Mi-sex performed for the lackadaisical few that evening (C'mon, won't somebody dance with Sheena?) as if they imagined us to be the record agents with the magic contracts behind our backs. They receive this reviewer's stamp of coolness.

Major international hit "Computer Games," with its



human and robot-like pops and squeaks, landed like an energy equation put to violent use. Pessimism seems to have replaced love as a major theme in most of the work: "When the world dies I wanta be with you"; "We'd love to rearrange your mind...change your mind." During a playful moment between lead singer and lead guitarist, the passion turned from teasingly sexual to a scarily, yet realistically, simulated strangulation. They seem to be preaching that love breeds pain and thought breeds violence.

Influenced by the likes of David Bowie, Iggy Pop (admittedly), and The Stranglers, Mi-Sex is a more easily accessible touring band than others. They can pump out enough heat and symmetry on stage to satisfy any of their own discriminating record-listening fans. Too bad much of Long Island won't face the future and accept the intelligently existential warblings and warnings of the talented innovators who are creating new music today. There is much to appreciate.

Coming up at My Father's Place:

May 9: Jeff Lorber Fusion
May 11: Blood, Sweat & Tears
May 24: Selector

The Tourists

So many original bands these days are obtaining international tour status and household names via a single FM chartbuster. The Tourists have reached what will probably be the apex of their career the easy way by producing a modern, sparse, humped-up version of the touching Dusty Springfield heartwrencher, "I Only Want to Be With You." Such a catchy tune could make even the shyest hummer sing out in public. If you had been at My Father's Place on April 16 you would have witnessed a full house at least lip-syncing (if not singing) the words with gut emotion.

At the foreground of the stage one couldn't help but notice lead singer Ann Lennox, a gangly broad with short cropped blonde hair who might easily be mistaken as the twin sister of ManFrom U.N.C.L.E. Ilya K (you know, not Napoleon Solo, the other one.) No one could accuse her of attempting to appear overtly sexy or teasing. She looked misplaced and slightly uncomfortable as she jumped from behind her keyboards to center stage and back again, continuously, as if impatiently awaiting a command to freeze in a specific position.

The band as a whole seemed thrown together; they weren't cohesive as a group. Too many influences clashed, pitting each musician against the rest. The long haired bassist periodically tended to lead the band off in disparate directions. What successfully meshed as progressive sounding rock (reminiscent of 10 CC), suddenly switched onto the southern boogie track, catching listeners and dancers off balance.



The performance of a number of likeable but quickly forgettable songs filled the show with enough action to keep hands clapping and spirits high. It's too bad that most of the impressive songs were ultimately somebody else's (seems to be a common affliction these days). "Ticket to Ride" didn't quite stand up to the original but was dutifully accepted...okay, actually the audience ate it up. Maybe they were drunk.

The Tourists have the ability and stamina to draw enough fans for live concerts. Their material is pretty and listenable on the turntable, but their visual presentation tends to handicap them. The potentially classy image created on their album Reality Effect, is dispelled when the possibility of any definite style vanishes as the physical stage is mounted. A non-discriminating public, though, will appreciate their music substantially enough to bestow the riches and marginal fame desired by these mixed up rock and-or rollers.

—by Sheena

Fusion, Rock, and the In-Between

Kittyhawk

Kittyhawk

What they call "new" nowadays is really nothing but old hat. New wave is just a throwback to the early 60's, and punk is something that the Who have been for the past sixteen years. But now there is something that can actually be labeled as "new." And it is called Kittyhawk.

Kittyhawk is the name of a new band that originated from Los Angeles. With roots buried deep in rock, jazz, and classical musics, it is not surprising why

their debut album, *Kittyhawk*, can communicate to music lovers of all kinds.

What's so unique about the group is their instrumentation. The band, made up of four members, utilizes guitars, percussion, saxophone, and Chapman Sticks. What is a Chapman Stick, you ask? To be honest, I really don't know. It's a new ten stringed instrument that sounds like a cross between a piano and a guitar. Since I've never seen one or know how it works, I was very anxious to hear

what kind of sound it makes. All I can say is that it's quite hard to describe, and you'd be better off hearing it for yourself than having me explain it to you. Regardless, what makes Kittyhawk so different is that they are the only ones who use them on a national basis. This is not something to be taken very lightly, for some big musical heavyweights have expressed deep interest in the band. Pat Metheny wanted to produce their album, and Leo Kottke is just one of the many admirers of Kittyhawk. That's good enough for me.

It's no small wonder why Metheny wanted to produce Kittyhawk. The sound is so akin to his own that, logically, he would have been the most ideal person to have produced it. "Chinese Fire Drill" is the best example of the Metheny sound. The song opens with lots of percussion, slowly building up to a Pat Metheny-ish sound. Dan Bortz's droning guitar in the background gives off the impression of a subdued Pete Townshend.

Kittyhawk is fraught with pearls of music. There are many fine tunes for the serious musical cognoscente. Paul Edwards' Chapman Stick is a very interesting and unique instrument that lends an air to the beautiful tunes present on this LP. It would be foolish not to listen to Kittyhawk, for to listen is to love.

by Jeff Zoldan

Gentle Giant

Civilian

Gentle Giant's long awaited new release, *Civilian*, is the group's first studio album since *Giant for a Day* in 1978.

The band has always been open-minded about incorporating different styles into their music—this time there are definitive new wave overtones on a few of the cuts (*Giant's* new music is lyrically quite simple—no heavy messages here. For the most part, the music is high velocity rock'n'roll.

Grinding out an impulsive electronic sound along with all kinds of audio gimmickry, "Convemnt (Clean and Easy)," describes the "modern way of living." This song works particularly well with the new wave beat, as does "Underground," leaving this writer with the feeling of riding on a subway.

However, set in the midst of this basically rowdy album is a mellow surprise. "Shadows in the Street" is emphasized by excellent keyboards and some very fine vocals by Derek Shulman. Together, Gentle Giant has produced an extremely melodic and pretty song.

Gentle Giant fans will most likely find *Civilian* an album well worth waiting for.

by Nancy Bellucci

Linda Ronstadt

Mad Love

That cute girl from out West, the one whose boyfriend is

always making an ass out of himself in public, has released another album. It's called *Mad Love*, and according to the dilettantes of rock music, it is Linda Ronstadt's affirmation of new wave. Well, all I have to say about this is that the only thing new wave about *Mad Love* are the colors of the album cover and sleeve: hot pink and black.

One thing is certain, though—no one can blame Linda for not copying other people's arrangements. Six cover versions of songs by Elvis Costello (her favorite songwriter) and the Cretones appear on the LP. And the all have the exact arrangements of the originals. C'mon Linda; give us a break.

On "Party Girl," Linda's Elvis C. imitation doesn't quite make the grade. A bit too wimpy for my taste, although her voice is excellent (as it is throughout the entire album. But one must question her taste when one hears a piece of rabble like "Cost of Love." The lyrics are so trite that one often ponders the thought of throwing up. However, on "Talking In the Dark," Linda attains perfection. Her voice reaches a pitch that even Elvis C. wouldn't (or couldn't) gripe about. It's my favorite song on an otherwise dismal album. Maybe next time around she'll go cabaret.

by Jeff Zoldan



Kittyhawk: Innovative and captivating.

'Betrayal': Revealing and Stimulating

by Eric Brand

With the exception of a good game of softball I can think of no better way to spend a Saturday afternoon than at a Broadway show. And without exception I'll take a brilliant script acted to the nines by great actors any day. As I saw Harold Pinter's *Betrayal* last week, you can imagine I was very happy.

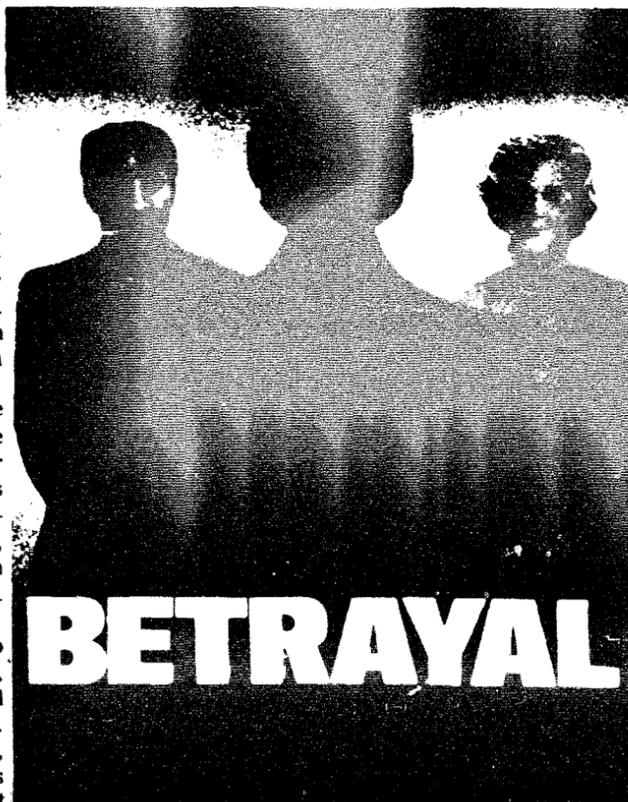
Jerry, Emma and Robert, poor souls, are not nearly as happy—at least not when the play opens. For it is the end of Jerry's and Emma's love affair, and the ramifications of this sadden Robert, who is Jerry's best friend, and—oh, yes, Emma's husband. It is a menage-a-trois of sorts fit for a soap, but Pinter adds a twist, beginning the action at the end of the affair and wrapping up with its inception, creating a fascinating exploration of dishonesty.

The three are played by Raul Julia, Blythe Danner and Roy Scheider, as a British press agent, his wife and his best friend, upper-class Britons all. (It is amusing to note that Mr. Julia is a New York actor born in Puerto Rico and doing a British accent. It is an accent, by the way, that the three do marvelously.)

Ms. Danner has been increasingly heralded as the finest young American actress on the stage today. Her appearance here does nothing to diminish this tribute. Her performance was terrific: gritty, sensitive even frothy. In what was possibly the tensest moment of the play, man and wife confront one another over her affair. She lies in bed in a hotel room in Venice; he stands across the stage. With a tense flick of her toes, the actress portrays all the indecision, all the fear, shame, love, and fury that she feels. The power of the acting was such that with no other movement, without a sound, we can feel the enormous energy that crackles between the two. Now, that's entertainment. (Further, I find Ms. Danner graceful, charming, intelligent, and indubitably more sexy than any of the numerous Cheryl's running around on TV. Maybe it's her posture.)

The accomplished Raul Julia does a commendable job as the amoral friend. It was at his insistence, we discover, that the affair began, and it is mainly through his several revelations that Pinter explores the trappings of betrayal. When Emma reveals that she has told Robert of the affair, he is outraged. He is far more concerned with Robert's ignorance of the affair, than the fact that it is with his best friend's wife. And when he discovers that Robert's actually known about it for quite some time, he feels he's been betrayed! Jerry enjoys playing word games, always hinting at his meaning. Mr. Julia is deft at saying just less than he wishes us to know, and imbuing it with enough meanings to leave us speculating. Pinter uses this to point

out the other characters' evasiveness. The dialogue abounds with questions ("What are you trying to say?"), parries (I'm not trying to say anything. I'm saying precisely what I wanted to say," assumptions (I thought you knew,"), and misunderstandings, that with a wink, or a nod of the head, are finally met with realization and a great "Ahhh." Or are they? We're not sure, because they're not sure. Such is the nature of betrayal.



Roy Scheider, (who missed the Oscars—he was nominated for *All That Jazz* because of this show: good for him!), turns in a bravura performance. Very evident beneath the veneer of British calm and manner lies the injured pride of a betrayed husband. Thanks to the clever script and its topsy-turvy order, we know that Robert is aware of the affair early on, and his words and gestures convey far more meaning than they might have otherwise. Mr. Scheider subtly presents the smugness of a man who knows—knows what's going on, and knows where he stands. And he plays the situation to the hilt, mining it for all the double entendres, hidden accusations and pointed probing he can.

The result is that we are on the edge of our seats the entire evening, guessing at who knows what, when and how. The subject is honesty, or the lack of it, and Pinter has us questioning everything in a vain search for the truth.

Peter Hall's direction complements the script beautifully, drawing the most out of pauses, glances and motions, bringing a polish to the performances and the production. The sets and lighting by John Bury are serviceable and neat. And the Trafalgar is a beautiful little theatre, decked out in maroon with gold trim. The sightlines were fine, the atmosphere intimate.

I had, however, one major difficulty with the play. For though the audience is certainly rapt with the play, it is basically an intellectual involvement, rather than an emotional one. The characters are quite serious about themselves and each other, but because they've removed themselves to avoid inevitable pain, we too are removed. The sorrow we feel is an objective one, and not at all personalized. (I'm not sure if this is related to the fact that the characters and their creator are British, but it does seem to me that those English chaps, on the the whole, are awfully removed, rational types.)

Nevertheless, the evening's message is not dulled by this. In the final scene, we are privy to the first move toward the affair. Jerry tells Emma that his life, without her, is all emptiness, absence and desolation. They are merely words, representing his shallow attempt at luring her. But they succeed, and the initial betrayal leads to a sequence of deceptions, misfortunes and misgivings. We are overwhelmed with the idea, viewing events with this hindsight-foresight, that once the choice is made, the results are inevitable. Having witnessed the end of their relationship and the breakup of the marriages, we are aware of what this betrayal will lead to: true emptiness, absence and desolation.



Memories Great and Small

As a larger number of seniors each day are gloating over about finishing their last class at this university, and as they are reminiscing about the scores of midnight runs to Jack-in-the-Box, another year at Stony Brook winds down to an end.

Those who have been here in the past four years have seen some of the most rapid changes at any educational center. To begin with, there was John Toll, University President for 13 years, who left Stony Brook in 1978 to head the University of Maryland. Granted, it is not uncommon for an administrator to seek a better job, but when it was followed up by the fiasco with T. Alexander Pond, which led to Richard Schmidt as the second, and present acting university president, a lot of people were left dumbfounded.

And it was for good reason. Not only does Stony Brook have run of the mill hassles common to any university, but as it is young and has grown so fast, it has additional problems. Included are problems relating to student life here, and others involving funding. And while Stony Brook seemed to have stable leadership, shock waves were sent throughout the university system when the Board of Trustees dismissed Pond as acting president.

Several months later, Richard Schmidt came to the rescue. While Toll and Pond appeared more interested in administrative manners, Schmidt showed he was concerned for students. As the newly elected Polity president was introducing himself at orientation as Herzog, Schmidt was much more casual, greeting incoming students with, "Hi, I'm Dick." And throughout the year, Schmidt continued with his open attitude towards students.

While Schmidt was responsive, other administrators here did not seem to follow suit. There were numerous problems with Residence Life, including tripling, relocation and RA-MA selection. The student government in trying to fight fire with fire took the University to court over the relocation, but was handed a disheartening defeat.

Next was the situation with bars in the dormitories. The student run, student owned businesses which have become a tradition at Stony Brook were threatened with closing by different areas within the administration, including Finance and Business, Residence Life, and the Office of Student Affairs.

Woes with Residence Life and campus bars were in the spotlight much of the year, and so too was vandalism. To combat the rampant acts of vandalism committed during the late fall and early spring semesters, the Crime Prevention Unit was established. This created friction between students and the administration, which was further complicated when the CPU became involved with drug use.

Just two weeks ago, the radicalism which marked Stony Brook in the 1960's seemed to come back as the campus was ablaze with rallies. The Progressive Alliance of Stony Brook Organizations, composed of 12 minority groups, took over the Polity office in an attempt to get more funding and recognition. Across campus, graduate teaching assistants rallied throughout the academic mall, also in search of more money. Perhaps the most tenacious group was that of about 25 women representing the Coalition of Stony Brook Women for Action. The women were demanding an

affirmative action plan, rape education and a rape crisis center staffed by professionals, and a women's study major. The women rallied on the academic mall, and then held a vigil in the Administration Building lasting three days.

But as most students are not personally involved with what is written in the papers, a judgment of the university cannot be based on the actions of a relative few.

For Pat in B-3, or Mike in D-11, or Cathy in G-2, the remembrances of Stony Brook will be the midnight missions of espionage and sabotage as they attacked their neighboring halls with water and shaving cream.

Especially before midterms and finals, is there anyone who has not cursed the dawn, realizing the sun's rays mean there is no way to get all the studying done for that big one?

Who can ever forget the crazy hallmate who decided it would be a good idea to give you a change of environment by reconstructing your room on the tennis courts? Or, what about the suite down the hall, which always seemed to have enough alcohol to inebriate all of Stony Brook, and then threw the parties where you swore that happened?

How can you ever forget throwing a couch on that poor guy's car, or, better yet, when everyone got together and carried off the Volkswagen?

Who can forget about those weekend breakfasts at Pancake Cottage? Everyone remembers the day that that couple walked in, and the room became silent. After all, if you wanted to find out who slept with whom the morning after, PC was the place to go.

Ah, yes. Memories of the Brook.

With this issue, The Stony Brook Press goes on vacation. We will resume publication next semester.

We would like to wish all our readers a great summer, and to thank everyone who supported us in our first year.

The Stony Brook Press

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New Vinyl



Rotten Surfaces in PiL

Johnny Rotten. The very name undoubtedly conjures up one wild image or another in the minds of most people. Johnny Lydon (nee Rotten) has made his American return with the LP *Second Edition* under the guise of a new name and a new band.

Although the group, Public Image Limited (PiL) features ex-Sex Pistol Lydon and former Clash guitarist Keith Levene, *Second Edition* sounds like neither of those two bands. In fact, exactly what the album does sound like is hard to explain. The music doesn't rock'n'roll, boogie, bop, or hustle, but you can (I'm told) dance to it.

The record is produced in a unique way: The bass mix is the loudest I've heard on any LP and the drum sound is crisp and up front. The top layer of music, made up of guitar, vocals, and occasional keyboards, floats in and out of the speakers like a passing fog, loosely anchored by the bass and drums. Many of the tracks feature the distinct vocal contortions of Lydon, who attacks the listener with some of the year's most thought provoking lyrics.

Public Image explores a lot of new musical territory, but as is often the case with experimentation, not every

attempt is successful. Over the course of this two record set there are both high and low points. Many of the latter are caused by a lack of restraint. Some of the songs would have been more effective if they had been a bit shorter, like the ten minute "Albatross" or the seven minute "Poptones." While some of the tracks drag on too long, the album itself is very short. The double LP clocks in at about 60 minutes, but the short sides do have one advantage: the sound quality is exceptionally high.

When the music and the words jell, and this happens more often than not, the results are exciting. Such is the case with the sung-spoken selection called "The Suit" and the import single "Memories." There are three instrumentals on the album, two of which, "Socialist" and "Radio 4," are engaging endeavours which successfully continue PiL's stretch of rock music's conventional boundaries.

Despite the album's shortcomings, *Second Edition* is definitely worth a listen. It should be very interesting to hear what PiL's next project will sound like, but until then this record will satisfy many of my own listening needs.

—by Gary Pecorino



Aptly Named Cretones Crash in Debut

In her *Playboy* interview Linda Ronstadt says of The Cretones (I'm not sure if they deserve "The" leader Mark Goldenberg: "He's writing some of the best rock and roll today." Perhaps this is why Ms. Ronstadt covered three of Goldenberg's songs on her latest. These three and seven others can be found on The Cretones first (and probably last) album: *Thin Red Line*.

I agree with Ronstadt to some extent. Goldenberg's tunes are catchy, even if they do have banal lyrics. However, around the middle of side two the material becomes, as the title suggests, thin. I do have to give the Cretones some credit, though. They did come up with the exact same versions of "Justine," "Mad Love" and "Cost of Love" (even the times and the arrangements are the same) before Ronstadt. However, these rawer versions, combined with Goldenberg's strange vocals, force me to admit that Ronstadt, despite cloning the

songs, added something to them. In fact, the only difference is that Ronstadt emphasizes the last syllable longer in songs like "Mad Love" and "Cost of Love." You might say that Ronstadt puts a little more love into it. Something is wrong when you can copy songs but improve them.

The Cretones' problem is a familiar one: The songs are all too similar. While the basic melodies are quite good, the lack of variation eventually leads to their demise. The better cuts are the ones mentioned (I'll take Linda's word for it) but there is not much distinction between any of them. The Cretone's biggest problem seems to be what word to put in front of the word "love."

Thin Red Line is an a propos title indeed. The melody lines are indeed thin and the lyrics are red for love. On the Chuck Barris scale, in order to add a circular line to the straight ones they already have, they will need a more diverse repertoire.

—by Larry Feibel

Marshall Tucker Ends a Decade

In these days of the Bo Derek syndrome, The Marshall Tucker Band's latest offering is appropriately entitled *Tenth*. Actually, the title refers to the fact that the band has been together for a decade of music, as well as the number ten's connotation of fullness, excellence, and perfection. The subliminal meaning, however, may be the ten different styles found on the LP, all of which differ from the success formula that has gained them the cult following they presently enjoy.

Yes, my friends, The Marshall Tucker Band wins the 1980 Billy Joel award for turncoat of the year. They have gone the way of their Southern brothers The Charlie Daniels Band (can Skoal commercials be far behind?) and toned down their hard southern rocking sound to a conglomeration of many different forms that will make you check to make sure that you are not listening to the Top 40. The cuts are mostly stock arrangements with very little of Tommy Caldwell's trademark freestyle guitar.

"It Takes Time," the single with AM crossover probabilities, is a normal ABBA song which contains Caldwell's only real guitar solo on the album, albeit a trite one. Tommy Caldwell's "Without You" is, of all things, a soul influenced ballad with the flute and harmonica especially reminiscent of the Philly sound.



What else have the Tucker boys cloned, you ask? "See You One More Time" is very similar to Dire Straits, especially with Caldwell's Mark Knopfler-like guitar riff.

"Disillusion" is a funky jazz piece with a Carlos Santana-style solo, except with much less improvisation. Glen Campbell

goes electric on "Save My Soul," and the mellow tones of The Eagles appear on the ballad "Foolish Dreaming," a song which lacks any semblance of a tune. Their creativity is at its apex in "Jimi," which takes, you guessed it, a Jimi Hendrix guitar lick straight out of "The Wind Cries Mary."

Don't get me wrong. This album isn't bad. In fact, if you like the aforementioned (which this writer does, for the most part), you will be very pleased with this effort. The fact remains, however, that die-hard Marshall Tucker fans will be surprised, if not disappointed.

In rock music there is a fine line between enjoyable and original. *Tenth* may not be original, nor does it have much to say, but the way it is said makes it enjoyable. While this album may not be for die-hards, it will undoubtedly be successful anyway. The Marshall Tucker Band will have a chance to improve its vocabulary on eleventh through twentieth.

—by Larry Feibel

Allmans: Southern Blues Come North

by Jeff Zoldan

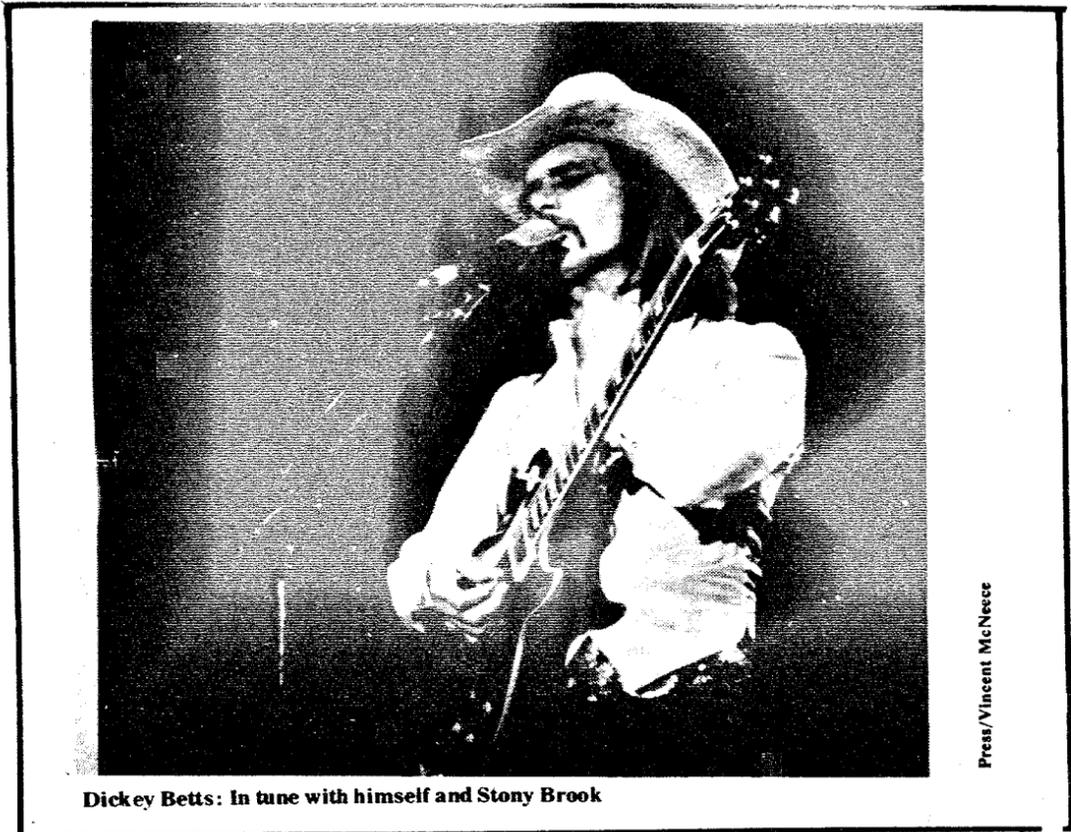
Deftness and maturity were the focal points of Wednesday night's Allman Brothers Band performance in the Stony Brook Gym. The amazing musical abilities of each of the band's members, coupled with (for the most part) the many years of concert and studio experience, provided the excited audience with what was, in this writer's mind, the best SAB concert of the year.

The show was unique in several ways. For one, the Allmans usually play in big arenas, not college gymnasiums. So it was quite a treat to see them play in a small gym instead of Madison Square Garden, where nose bleeds are common occurrences. Also, this concert was not one of fifty or sixty semi-consecutive dates that the Allmans play in the course of a tour. Thus, we had the opportunity to see the band refreshed and without the weariness that accompanies long tours. And, this will sound superficial, at the start of the concert, there were many tickets still waiting to be sold. No reason to wonder why; how many college kids can afford to pay 13 dollars for anything, let alone a concert?

At first, the evening appeared to be starting on a very bad note. Having kept the audience waiting an extra hour, the Allmans finally clambered onstage. No sooner than they started was one aware of the grace and nimbleness with which Dickey Betts played his guitar. After watching him pick away, it is quite obvious that, to Betts, the guitar is not merely an instrument. Rather, it is an extension of his soul, each note played being a former part of himself. Betts makes the sound of his guitar come alive only in the way of the immortal Carlos Santana.

Complementing Betts' extraordinary playing was the inimitable, Cher-less, tooth-achy Greg Allman. Seated behind his keyboards, Greg was pretty mellow throughout the night. The audience got their first taste of Greg's bluesy vocals with "You Can't Take It With You," performed near the start of their set. His organ playing was forceful and energetic, a pleasant filler to the rhythm and lead guitars.

Despite the cohesiveness of the Allmans, they tended to occasionally over-indulge in the course of their jams. During "Jessica," a sprightly instrumental, the focus was lost because of the excessive duration of the tune. And the last encore of the evening, "Tied To A Whipping Post," lasted approximately fifteen minutes before it was over.



Dickey Betts: In tune with himself and Stony Brook

Press/Vincent McNeece

It's not simply the length that made the songs falter. It's the lack of anything substantial in the context of the song to justify its extensiveness.

The Allmans, like the Grateful Dead, employ two drummers, an uncommon entity, especially in these days when double bass drums are rarely seen. Butch Trucks and Jai Johanny Johanson (Jaimoe), both highly gifted and talented, share the honors on drums and percussion. During the show's first encore, "Pegasus," the obligatory drum solos took place. For fifteen minutes, Trucks and Jaimoe were far from impressive. The only thing proven

at its culmination was a fact known all along: they play very well together. Give me a Dead drum solo anyday.

Bonnie Bartlett's powerful vocals rounded out the Allmans' sound very well. She and the newly acquired bass player are the most positive additions the Allmans have made since their reunification two years ago. Despite the evening's late start and the occasional overindulgence in jamming, the Allman Brothers Band were in rare form. Kick yourself in the head if you missed this one. Dickey Betts alone was worth the price of admission.

Bromberg Falls Short of Potential

by Steve Sinkoff

Last week's David Bromberg show in the Stony Brook Gym was not the best concert this writer has seen during the past SAB concert year. It was, however, an enjoyable evening that provided a good time with good music.

Special guest Scott Jarrett, a guitar-vocal soloist, opened the evening's show close to schedule (the SAB stage crew unloaded and set up Bromberg's equipment faster than any other crew on the tour), with wine and cheese-style originals and renditions of the Beatles' "Norwegian Wood," and the Band's "Up on Crippled Creek." Though Jarrett's originals displayed many fine qualities, his entire performance was out of place. I would have cheered a whole lot louder for him in the Hobbit Hole or the Rainy Night House.

David Bromberg and his seven-piece band came on soon after and commenced to play what had been rumored to be his very last Long Island appearance and possibly his last concert tour ever.

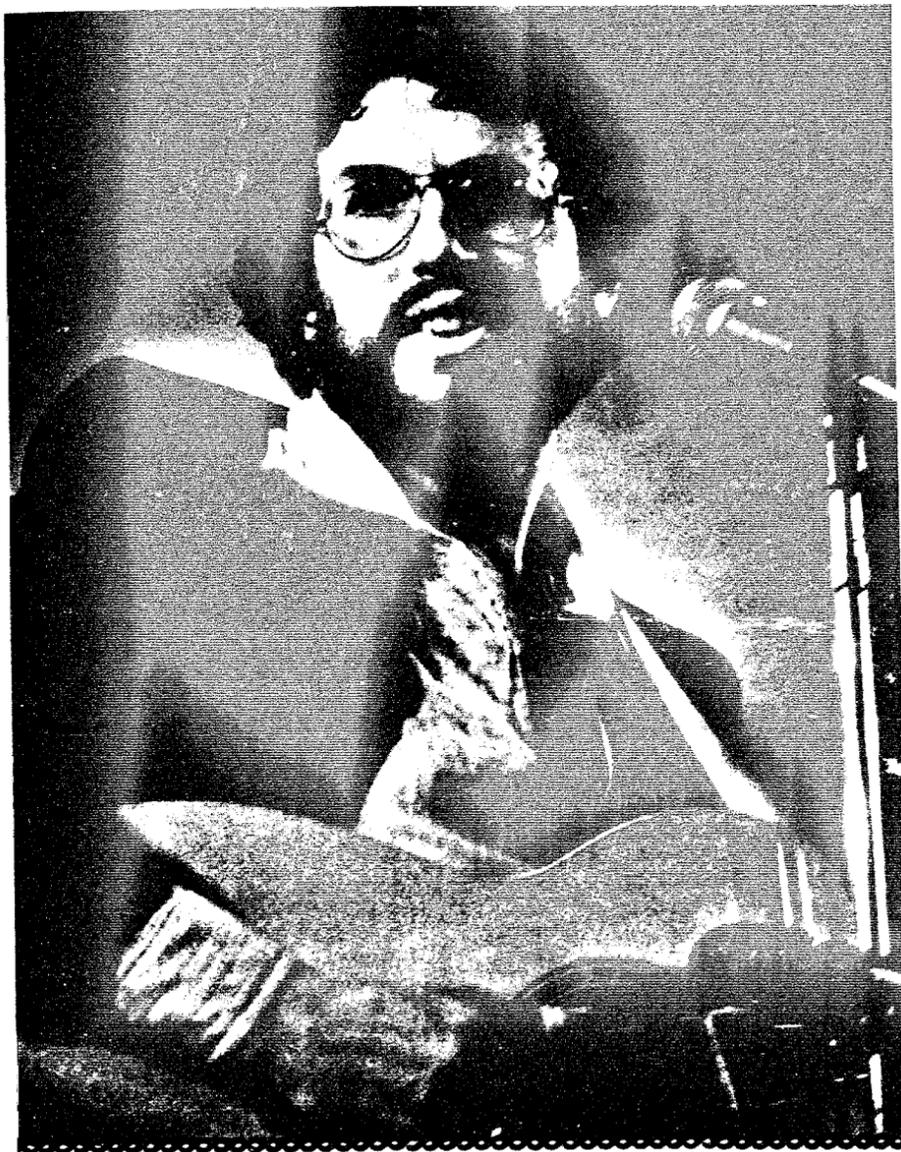
The first number was very traditional country-bluegrass and featured solos by all of the band members. Five of the players, including Bromberg, were multi-instrumentalists. Instruments played through the course of the evening were sax, flute, trombone, flugel horn, trumpet, mandolin, violin, acoustic and electric guitars, ball, and drums. Some of the band members had as many as three instruments in common.

The second song of the evening, "What a Wonderful World This Could Be," one of David Bromberg's more popular numbers, was aimed directly towards the audience. The lyrics humorously addressed the topics of school, classes, studying, etc., and featured "dueling" electric guitars.

As the show progressed, it became clear that many musical styles would be explored and that no two songs in this concert would be played in exactly the same fashion. Bromberg and the band shifted easily from swingy jazz to rock and roll, country waltz, funky blues, ragtime, bluegrass, soul-blues, folk-rock, and back again.

The music grew hottest in the latter part of the show when "Travelin' Man" and "Oh, Sharon," two of the most popular numbers of the evening, were played in succession. "Travelin' Man" featured Bromberg's classic, quick-rapping, funny musical monologue and a bit of audience participation ("She what?"). During "Oh, Sharon" Bromberg had a one-man conversation, with his electric guitar giving voice-like replies.

The combination of David Bromberg's never-ending wit and the consistent level of virtuosity displayed by all the members of the band brought forth a very fine concert. This writer, however, was not satisfied. He would like to have seen Bromberg hold the spotlight much longer than he did. Instead, most of his solos were of short duration, and an attitude of "we are a band, not a soloist backed by session men" dominated most of the show. In fact, each band member, with the exception of the bass player and drummer, tended to take as many as three solos per song. These solos were quite professional, but not nearly as dynamic as Bromberg's, whose solos sparked the audience with his deep sense of statement. The inertia David Bromberg is so capable of gathering was repeatedly diluted, as other band members took the spotlight, often as little as eight measures later. Perhaps this is why his popularity has waned since the days of "Mr. Bojangles." Nevertheless, I will always regard David Bromberg as one of the few performers who stand on a plateau exclusive to only the most diverse and entertaining performers.



David Bromberg: Diluted inertia

KHARMA vs KRAMER

by Alan E. Oirich

I should have sensed something was wrong when Beverly started making my French toast in the wok, but who could know what troubles were therein foreshadowed. Sure, I understood that she wanted our child to have everything that she had. But I don't like the idea of my son in an embroidered dress, pony tail and beads. This is the story of my ex-wife, who joined a cult and decided to split for the coast, leaving me with my son.

She turned the knob and a thin stripe of hall-light fell on Billy's bedroom floor. She walked in slowly to say goodbye before I arrived home. She approached the sleeping five-year-old and woke him gently by slamming her tambourine and singing, "Hare krishna, hare krishna, krishna krishna." The child awoke abruptly, puzzled, and with a sudden headache. His mother had introduced him to his first artificial hangover.

"Mommy?" he wailed wispfully.

"Billy," she said, "can you say, 'Hare krishna?'"

"Happy Knish Ma?"

"Good enough."

"Why, Mommy?"

"Well, Billy—you see, the world has great troubles and apostasy

"I told you I don't like being called a carnivore!"

"Well, you are!" she pouted.

"Well, you are!" I parodied her, making the Junior Birdman Salute by encircling my eyes with both middle- and fore-fingers.

"Fine," she said. "Consume our friends and relatives and destroy your soul."

"What?? You're unbelievable. So it's immoral for me to have pastrami on rye because the cow and I had the same dinosaur as great grandfather?"

"In a way, yes."

"Oh damn, you're a nut—you know that? You and your Woodstock - generation - I - saw - Janis - Joplin - live - let's - go - to - Washington - Square - Park, mar'mentality. And your yoga, your Pina Coladas, and getting caught in the rain, and trying to sell flowers to my allergist. Do you have any idea how embarrassing it is to tell a business associate that the weirdo who tried to sell him funny little books in Penn Station is my wife? Go! Get lost! Be gone, for all I care—you...you female George Harrison, you and your...Sanskrit graffiti! If you're going to write sayings, at least write sayings I can understand, not that... Kryptonese!!!!"

bars, and Coca Cola. Then I received a knock on the door. "Telegram," a voice said. "Eastern Union." It was from Beverly, and written in some language that looked like spilled ink. Luckily, a Shinto priest lived next door, and he translated it for me.

She wanted to meet me in a health food restaurant in Greenwich Village. I went there the next day as she had asked and saw the sign. "Yup!" wiq yuppied. "This must be the place: 'Jolly Polyphemus'." It was just like any other health food restaurant, really, except that every waiter was a cyclops. "Eye, eye, eye," I bemoaned. Discovering she hadn't arrived, I tipped the head waiter to keep his eye open. Then, a ruckus in the street heralded my tambo-tapping, bell-jingling ex-wife. As the door swung open all eyes turned to her, one at a time. Outside I heard her friends singing and trying to convert some wino, as she ohmed over to sit at the table with yours truly.

"I'll get right to the point," she said, twiddling her beads. She sighed and played the rim of her glass with tambourine-worn fingers. "I want Billy."

"WHAT?" I bounded in. "Now, all of a sudden you want him? You've got to be kidding! You think I'd let your troop of toga-wearing misfits raise him selling flowers on the Horace Harding Expressway? No way Bombay! Forget it, Honey." After I completed my self-righteous tirade, she went on calmly.

"Look, if you don't turn him over to us—I mean to me—voluntarily...well, we'll just have to take the matter to court."

"Okay, you certifiable nutjob," I exploded, "two can play at that game," and I dipped her pony-tail in the duck sauce.

Scoring with My Wife

As promised, she took me to court. I was rather unprepared: I hadn't dreamed she meant tennis court. It was unfair from the beginning—I knew that her backhand was far superior. Her racquet was ornamented like a sitar and she spent nine minutes in lotus position talking to it before the game.

I took a swig from the flask in my briefcase. (Where would I be without my "fifth" of pure Mount Laurel sparkling spring water?) Guzzling a few more effervescent droplets, I raced toward the center of the court. It was time for Beverly, the plaintiff, to serve. "More than she did while we were married," I grumbled, recalling years of Stouffer's frozen broccoli and tahini dinners.

She slammed the ball toward me, while pleading to the referee-judge. She began: A child... (I returned her serve masterfully, if I do say so myself)...deserves... (she hit it back)...the love... (hard slam to the left)...the love... (she returned it)...of a family... (I bashed it fast to center court—she returned it with the snap of her infamous backhand)...and of a mother. (We volleyed violently)...When I left Billy and my husband, I sought holiness, and love... (slam)...and now that I've found it... (whack)...I want to share it with my son... (bam!)"

Her miserable backhand shot faked me out. I missed the ball. Her score was fifteen, but at least I had love. She prepared to serve again, as I resolved not to have my son included in her net gains. This time I played better as I spoke my piece: "Your honor... (whack! I returned perfectly)...I really feel that (fwak)...Beverly's claims are..."

"Out of bounds!", the Judge ruled.

"Out of bounds, indeed," I chuckled. I went on—we went on.

"Your honor... (whack)...I don't see... (slamm) what automatically makes someone a better parent... (-phwopp)... simply by virtue of the fact that they sell little plastic flowers... (I missed an easy shot.)"

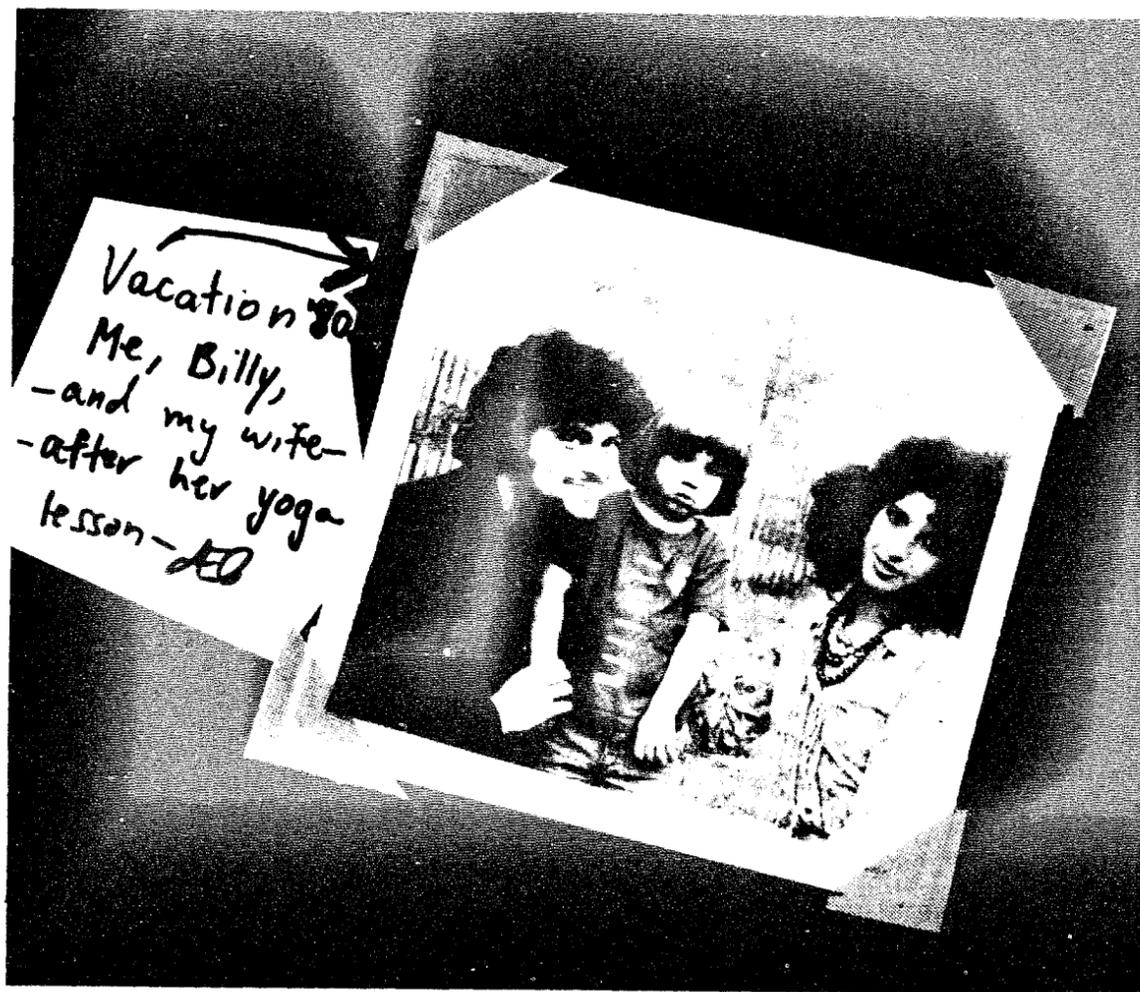
By the end of the game I knew who was Victor. He was the kid with bad skin, Victor Butterbaum, who was selling popcorn in the stands. I also know who had won. It was Beverly.

"It was a set-up," I thought to myself. But it was too late. Whatever the racket was, I was to lose my son to this moron tabernacle choir.

The next weekend, Beverly rang me from downstairs. She asked me to come alone. I told Billy I'd be right back and went down. I was astonished to see that she was dressed in a three-piece suit, trench coat and snap-brim hat.

"I got a job," she explained. "I was approached by the CIA and found that I could find both spiritual fulfillment and big bucks. I'm doing undercover work for them, infiltrating other far-out religious factions, like the Moonies and the Republicans. So you can keep the kid—I'm too busy anyway." I was too happy with her change of soul to be fastidious about why or where or what or anything.

"So, give Billy my love, and tell him that if he's eighteen by November, to vote for George Bush." Bev slinked off and I had a thought of writing a novel about her CIA work: *The Spy Who Came In From the Cult.*



Photo/Eric Wessman Special thanks to Zachary Corral for his excellent impersonation of a child-AEO

"You mean like macaroni?"

"No, no! Not pasta! Apostasy. It means...everyone being bad."

"Mommy, you mean the whole world is bad?"

"Well, it's not good. And that's why we say, 'Hare krishna'."

"Mommy, how is that gonna help?"

"It couldn't hurt."

"Oh." She kissed the child, and explained euphemistically that Mommy was going away until Judgment Day.

"Do you know when that is, Billy?"

"After Wednesday?"

"Uhh, (sensing an easy out), yes, yes. But not immediately after Wednesday."

"Oh." She slinked out the door, leaving the child a present: a six-armed teddy bear.

A Half Hour Later

A half hour later, I walked in the front door and she confronted me with an ultimatum.

"Alan," she announced, "either I'm leaving, or I'm going away."

"Beverly, that's the same thing."

"Why must you always correct me?"

"Probably because you're always wrong."

"I hate being so damned predictable."

"I knew you were going to say that."

"Goodbye, Alan."

"But Beverly, what of Billy, and of us?"

"I am spiritual, no longer bound by things physical."

"But what about our relationship? It doesn't have to be physical—it could be sexual!"

"Krnvr," she grumbled to herself.

"You just have no faith, Alan."

"No faith, Beverly? Of course I have faith! Didn't I buy you a bamboo microwave oven, just so you could have your minute rice in twelve seconds?"

"Well then, Alan, this is goodbye."

"Nanoo-nanoo," I good-riddanced her.

She took her clothes and the Citicard, (which didn't really matter since the "secret code" was her mantra, and I had no love of communing with far-Eastern deities every time I needed cash).

The Next Morning

Billy came into the kitchen the next morning and asked for cereal. I placed before him a bowl of Sugar Frosted Flakes.

"What's this?" he asked me.

"Whaddaya mean: what's this? It's cereal. You know: Tony the tiger? Grrrrrrrrreat—yummy—you know?"

"Billy stared at me as if I was insane. He was evidently unimpressed with my rendition of a Saturday morning commercial break. "Mommy," he explained, "always gives me natural earth cereals with scallion roots, roast beans, nuts, dirt, and only soy milk."

"Soy milk?" "Good heavens," I thought, this isn't my son, it's Euell Gibbons."

Months Later

The months passed (as months tend to do) and I had gotten Billy all deprogrammed and back to the American dream of Doritos, Goobers, Raisinets, Baby Ruths, Clark

'Cruising' Crashes Cruelly

by Patrick Giles

The most fascinating element of the Cruising controversy is not the determination of gay activists to stop the picture—for in many ways they have little choice but to try—nor the utter amorality of the filmmakers and the studio bankrolling them. No, the real fascination resides on two facts: 1) the truly awful quality of the movie itself, and 2) its nonetheless insistent disturbance of many people's consciousnesses, my own included. Never have I been so perturbed over so cinematically worthless a picture.

Two weeks before seeing Cruising, I purchased a paperback edition of Gerald Walker's novel (same title) with a furtiveness I hadn't exercised since I bought a copy of John Rechy's Numbers at a drugstore down the street from Holy Innocents Grammar School. There was something reprehensible about buying a book which, I'd read, so cold-bloodedly aimed to capitalize on a very real and present danger: the silent persecution of inner-city homosexuals by single and ensemble assailants, and the virtually total shroud of secrecy with which these crimes are treated by police and the media. But as I read Cruising, whose author, by the way, is a writer for the editorial page of the New York Times (!), my indignation faded to boredom and I wound up chucking the book within a week. A similar experience lay in store for me when I attended the film, which I also did with a furtiveness I hadn't exercised, etc. (Sneaking to see the film was expensive: a Tootsie taxi, a full-priced ticket, and dinner at Jack-in-the-Box. The wages of sin.)

Both novel and film stick to the same premise: a gay killer is loose in New York. The cops recruit a young heterosexual, who vaguely resembles Al Pacino, to cruise various suspicious-looking men in gay bars, most of which, in author's and director's viewpoints, are crammed with thousands of suspicious-looking men, who proceed to indulge in what are made out to be thoroughly ugly, grotesque, disgusting, reprehensible actions described with meticulous, omnivorous passion. Since I never finished the novel, I do not know if the film develops and concludes along the same lines as the novel. If it does, then both suffer pointless reels or pages of exposition, lifeless characters, and a conclusion that no one, including the actors or director, seems to understand. In other words, if all the fuss hadn't been made about this film, I'd probably have viewed Cruising and left the theater without any intention of thinking about it again. Probably.

But there is more to Cruising than its miserable quality, which I'll nonetheless deal with presently. The film is structured around carefully-spaced acts of physical violence; just when real boredom starts to set in, another murder, assault or whatever snaps you bolt upright in your seat. Since Cruising's screenwriter and director is William Friedkin, a man who has not been known for his taste and gentility (The French Connection and Exorcist), the brutality did not take me by surprise: you should know what to expect from a man whose most successful picture features an extreme closeup of a twelve-year-old girl rending her hymen with a crucifix. And Cruising does not signal a new trend in Friedkin's career. The film opens with pieces of male bodies lazily floating down the Hudson River. Police demonstrate miracles of intelligence: they know, right away, that these severed parts were once gay men, and that their butcher was a crazed gay psychopath. How they come to this conclusion about the severed parts is not revealed. Perhaps the wrists were limp. At any rate, the cops are deeply concerned, and decide the only way to catch this madman is to use a decoy. Since, as everyone knows, there are absolutely no homosexuals in the New York Police Force, and absolutely none that they could borrow from the FBI or forces in Suffolk, Upstate or New Jersey,

they logically pick a young, heterosexual cop and plunk him in the center of the gay nether world. This young cop looks a lot like Al Pacino. And he whines and sneers like him too. In fact, the character is played by Al Pacino, whose toneless, dull performance does not work. You might be interested to know that when news of the film first reached my ears—it was in June, 1979, just before Arthur Bell sounded the first Cruising alarms in The Village Voice—most of us were surprised Pacino had been selected for the role. I was standing near the pool table in a very pleasant, popular bar on Christopher and West Streets called The Ramrod, and news of the movie didn't seem to perturb anyone. What did upset people was the selection of Pacino, who, nearly everyone around me agreed, was getting old, "past his peak," and was not nearly so desirable a number as Richard Gere.

Most of Cruising focuses on Pacino's immersion into this nether world. It is here that the film became, for me, truly disturbing, because I know many of the places Friedkin bases his settings on,



know many of the types of people the extras in the film strain to emulate, have gone to school with these people, or to work, or to church with them, and thus, I know that the movie's representation of them is an absolute crock of shit. Pacino's innocence and curiosity have many levels which could be of great interest and excitement to an actor, filmmaker, and audience. The notion of a supposed outsider entering a covert culture of real outsiders teems with its own fascination. What a ridiculous predicament for an ordinary, hardworking young cop to be in, especially if his fascination and devotion threaten to become less professional and more personal. This is an avenue the movie avoids; it's too busy following its stickpin hereo down more shocking, profitable streets. As the cop penetrates his new turf more fully, leering details pile up onscreen even faster than the corpses: the film becomes a Travelogue, made by a filmmaker who does not understand his subject and does not care. Besides, if he did understand it and filmed that comprehension, he would not have the possibility of earning 50 million dollars, which is the original sum Cruising's producer, Jerry Weintraub, "conservatively" estimated it would gross pre-television sale. This was when the storm of rebellion over Cruising was at its height, when controversy was thought to attract hordes to the theaters. Fortunately, most spectators have stayed home, and Cruising is not likely to spawn any overt remakes, sequels, or imitations. But its misrepresentation, its absolute ignorance, indifference, and cruelty towards an entire portion of human beings remains, and can't be comfortably forgotten.

It doesn't make much sense to finish a synopsis of the movie in any detail, because the story lacks coherence. I will say, however, that the person whose face

has been conveniently and repeatedly thrown into shadow is caught, and that though this happens, we are left in the dark as to whether he committed all the murders, and if so, why. (The one absolutely clear fact about the killer is that he studies at Columbia.) We also, curiously enough, manage to miss any scenes where the hero is seen participating in the disgraceful acts the camera ravishes. Thus a large section of the movie—the central figure's point of view—is sidestepped. What does Pacino do when his work includes participation? Does he play passive? Turn himself off? If not, what is he into? Leather? Standard stuff (reciprocal fellatio, fucking, etc.)? When, in the penultimate encounter, cop and killer face each other and the latter asks, "How big is it?" and the former replies, "Party size," you wonder: who taught him that? I couldn't deal with the reality of watching a cipher for two hours, I needed to know how he felt. But those perpetual showcases of sweaty people who always seem to equate sex with brutalization and telephoto closeups curtailed any

and runs up West Street for several blocks, branching into other avenues. I shift to present tense in the middle of that sentence because, while the people who lived on those streets are beginning to move to other neighborhoods, such as Brooklyn Heights and the Upper West Side, an enormous number of gays still circulate along that strip of bars, discos, abandoned piers and private clubs, some of which are "hard leather" places, others friendly neighborhood hangouts or trendy dancehalls. The neighborhood doesn't have the excitement and adventure it had for me several years ago, and I don't think this is because I'm older, but because everyone's getting tired of the same routine. For an entire generation, much time was spent in fascinated pursuit of a night on Christopher or West Streets; the exhilaration of at least one area of interaction with one's peers was enough. Now, however, time has passed and more people have joined the crowds. They are moving to new places, looking for new ideals. But the adventure of the neighborhood and the mystique of those bars and backrooms remains. It is, believe me, a romantic feeling. There is a recklessness, a courage, and a liberty to leather that many people find compelling. I remember a T.A. of mine at NYU who was determined to structure his life around the leather scene and its risks. He later died from an amyl nitrate overdose while standing outside the Anvil, an almost legendary leather club which has since turned private to lower its number of homicides. This person's death was eulogized by his friends with something resembling awe. He had risked his life for fantasy, for doing what he was driven to do! That risk, that romantic, doomed image, was one many gay people fell for at one time, and still do.

A film needs to be made about this. Somehow, the almost impossible range of contrasts within such a small, insular society should be brought to the screen. The flagellant at the Anvil who works for Catholic Charities by day, or the couple who met during the Second World War and have lived together ever since, provide far more interest and excitement than Friedkin's masturbatory fantasies of gigantic men maiming each other in Eastman-color. Cruising is even more reprehensible than any porno-flick: it tries to exploit not only its performers but the entire population they supposedly represent. The fact that its victims are resisting is a welcome sign, but not a happy one. For little change will result from picketing Cruising. Even if people don't see the film, the majority of them will not change their minds about gays. Fear and confusion of homosexuals, and hostility towards them, will continue. I don't like admitting that living with that is something that will always be with my generation, and, almost certainly, the next one. But the magnitude of the problem is staggering. Among my friends, family, and teachers, there are instances of every attitude: the straight boys who are hesitant and angry, even resentful, the girls who are scornful or compassionate, the people who don't understand that, even if they're unaware of it, they too are touched and diminished by the bigotry. And one person's anger can do very little; it is often brushed away as an irritant. A crowd's anger can be squelched or, when it becomes profitable, assimilated and exploited. You may not think all this has tied in with a movie called Cruising, but it has because Cruising, beneath its veneer of painting a true portrait of "a segment of" homosexuals in America, reveals just how much work gay people have ahead of them, how much they have to do not to "remedy" their "sickness" but to reduce the malignancies of those who label them sick. Cruising is a lousy movie, but the ease of its financing, filming and mass-distribution is more upsetting than anything onscreen.

opportunity for any insight or characterization, available.

William Friedkin first achieved notice through his direction of another gay film, The Boys in the Band. That film, too, reduced gays to flat, stereotyped images, but those nannies, cowboys, and token homophobes seem almost desirable compared to the types in Cruising. The men in the latter film all wear leather and denim, big beets and boots (or else, rarely, expensive sneakers), and have faces pressed into permanent, lascivious sneers. They all grunt and sweat a great deal, and appear to do nothing else in life except fistfuck in corners or string each other up on racks. In Friedkin's world, sex is synonymous with violence, abuse, and death. There isn't a single instance of an affectionate moment between two men; the possibility of this ever being a reality—that one man's relationship with another may be fruitful, gentle, positive—is not considered by the movie. In the first place, the filmmakers have decided that such a positive image would not sell; and, second, the savagery of the leather world they've fantasized over closely correlates with their own. When you watch those endless, graphic scenes (oh yes, every gay bar is filled with racks and dirty corners—gay people have nothing to say to each other, anyway), your stomach doesn't turn over what the people do, but at the almost obscene eagerness with which it is staged and filmed. It is Friedkin's sadism that is frightening, not his subjects'.

Gay leather is, as any editorial or gay activist group will tell you, only a minority of American gay life. This may be true numerically, but I have always perceived it as spiritual attraction. The most popular gay neighborhood, until recent years, ran down Christopher Street, fanned out slightly at Sheridan Square to other parts of the Village, and then takes a right turn just before falling into the river