

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. 9, No.1 ● University Community's Weekly Paper ● Sept. 11, 1987

Hymn. 1.

C Aeléstis urbs Je-rúsa-lem, Be-áta pá-cis ví-si-o,
Quae célsa de vivéntibus Sáxis ad ástra tóllé-ris, Spon-aé-
que rí-tu cínge-ris Mílle Ange-ló-rum míllibus. 2. O sórte
núpta próspéra, Do-tá-ta Pátris gló-ri-a, Respérsa Spónsi
grá-ti-a, Regína formo-síssima, Christo jugá-ta Príncipi,
Caéli corúsca cí-vi-tas. 3. Hic marga-rí-tis émi-cant, Pa-
téntque cúnc-tis ósti-a : Virtú-te namque praévi-a Mortá-
lis il-luc dú-ci-tur, Amóre Chrí-sti pérci-tus Torménta
quísquis sústinet. 4. Scálpri sa-lúbris íctibus, Et tunsí-ó-ne
plú-rima, Fábri po-lí-ta málle-o Hanc sáxa mó-lem cón-
stru-unt, Aptisque júnc-ta néxibus Locántur in fastígi-o.
5. Décus Pa-rénti débi-tum Sit usquequáque Altíssimo,
Na-tóque Pátris único, Et ínclý-to Pará-clito, Cui laus, pot-
é-stas, gló-ri-a Aetérna sit per saécu-la. Amen.

†. Dónum túam Dómine decet sanctitúdo. (T. P. Allelúia.)
‡. In longitudínem diérum. (T. P. Allelúia.)

The Fourth Reich

And yet another year has rolled around. It's hard to tell the color of the tide, though, much less what direction it's flowing.

But so far, there's a stench lingering in the air, signaling a tide thick with sludge, slung down our throats by our benevolent keepers. Our keepers include every part of the Stony Brook system, from the President right down to your local R.A.'s. These people are determined to have control over our personal lives and decisions by threatening students with eviction, if they do not heed to the proper line of thought.

Life on campus is in a sad state, and we can grope or act accordingly. The decisions made by you this year will have a profound effect on the social life of this campus for years to come.

Apparently, things are tight this year as a result of what Residence Life feels was a blatant lack of regard for the alcohol policy last year. This year, they armed themselves with an attitude of "we'll show them," determined to create ideal students, who are thoroughly de-clawed and conditioned. This, according to their mushy minds, will fulfill the prophesy of placing Stony Brook on the academic map. This is being done through discipline and robotics.

The core curriculum is harder, major requirements are more difficult, and so far more warning letters have been given out for ridiculous infractions, (i.e., having too many people hanging out in a room without filling out the proper forms) than in its entire history.

What a stupid plan. If Stony Brook wants to compete with top schools, it should look at how they treat their students. Perhaps the idea of treating people

with respect, letting them make their own decisions, and giving them adequate food and housing is a mistake made by many top schools, and it is up to Stony Brook to re-direct them from human tendencies, and steer them down a course of total control.

It is control over how we act and think for the next few months that is what they want. But after we give them that, what else do we have?

The rules haven't really changed over the years, but it seems that this is the year that they're finally being enforced. The reasons they haven't been enforced in the past is that most of the rules are completely asinine and nobody was stupid enough to take them seriously. There is nothing wrong with getting drunk occasionally. There is nothing wrong with having seven people in your room at once, unofficially. There is nothing wrong with not reporting your overnight guest by 10 p.m. and plain wood lofts are fun, cheap and safe if one is careful enough not to set it ablaze.

Somehow, though, someone convinced alot of people that these infractions are so bad that punishment for some of the aforementioned infractions is dismissal from the University. And who's gonna nail you? Your friendly helpful peer adviser/role model/part time Beer Police R.A.

Beware of these tyrants. For the price of a room and a blurb on a resume, they have sold their souls. That have been told that it's you or them, to clean up their hall or start paying full price for Daka.

It's amazing the amount of garbage a person will swallow when they feel the person doing the dishing is on their side. They're paid employees who go through

a serious training seminar, which conditions them to believe that they have a moral obligation to clean up Stony Brook.

Most of them are slimeballs who would turn in their own mother for a pat on the head and a milkbone.

This is a general rule of thumb, however, there are some R.A.'s that will allow fun to exist as long as they don't know about it.

What has to be remembered is that we, the students, are ultimately in control. They got the warning letters, but we got the numbers. These are extreme times and they call for extreme measures. Mass disobedience is in order.

To succeed, this has to be done slowly and carefully. The first step is to lay low and be careful for the first couple of weeks. Feel around, find out what your R.A. is really like and how often your R.H.D. comes around. Have parties and enjoy them, but keep your doors closed and trust no one.

Drink beer out of cups and if questioned, say it's non-alcoholic, while accidentally spilling it on your inquisitor. There's strength in numbers, and that's just good to remember. Also remember no one is allowed in your room without your permission. "Go to hell!" is often an appropriate phrase for unwanted visitors. If you have a loft, get a rubber stamp that says, "fireproof" and stamp it on you wood.

Remember, you don't need permission to get a keg. Pull it into the woods, or bring it to a house off campus.

Most of all, have fun, there is a lot of time spent outside of class here. It is up to you to make the most of it. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.



photo box by Ed Bridges



The Stony Brook Press

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TENT CITY TOTALLY TORN

Evictions are coming! Evictions are coming!

by John Dunn

The Tent City protests continued throughout this past summer and into this semester, with little sign of the issues being worked out soon.

The first Tent City had been erected outside of the Administration building on April 20th. It had been erected and remained up as a protest over the lack of Administrative action towards the plight of graduate students as well as university housing problems.

There was then a large outcry from those involved in the demonstration over the eviction. The University issued on May 22, a list of provisions as to the erection of Tent City. Demonstrators would be allowed to erect their tents outside the Physics Building until 5:00 p.m. June 15th, at which point the students would once again be considered trespassers. Tents were erected on the provided site the next day.

On June 12th, the residents sought a temporary restraining order from federal



Workers disassemble another unoccupied

The demonstration continued onwards, apparently drawing support from President Marburger, who was quoted in the April 30th Newsday as saying "I don't see anything wrong with it (Tent City) as long as the weather is nice."

Things changed, however, on May 16th when Dr. Robert Francis, Vice President for Campus Operations, issued a memo to the Tent City residents which gave them one hour to remove themselves from the site or face arrest. Using Section 535.3, from the SUNY Board of Trustees' Rules for Public Order, in Part 535 of Title VIII, Francis issued the memo at 6:00 p.m. on a Saturday night. The section uses states, "No person, either singly or in concert with others, shall ... willfully damage or destroy property of the institution or under its jurisdiction, nor remove or use any such property without authorization; ... refuse to leave any building or facility after being required to do so by an authorized administrative officer." No reason was given why the University waited almost a month before taking such action.

court, claiming that such action by the University would be in violation of their first amendment rights to free speech and assembly. Federal Judge Wexler denied the restraining order and instead set July 1st as the date for a hearing on the injunction.

June 15th arrived with a considerable amount of fanfare from the residents of Tent City as they readied a barbecue in preparation for the 5:00 p.m. deadline. However, the guests, Public Safety, failed to show up. The students were later informed that the University would allow them to stay up until July 2nd, by which time the ruling from the court was expected.

The court date on July 1st settled nothing. Judge Wexler stated that he would render a decision based on written testimony that could be entered up until July 8th, as soon as possible after that date. The next day, July 2nd, the residents of Tent City were informed at 6 p.m. that they would have one hour to remove themselves or face eviction. This time the residents decided to stay put and let the University make the next move.



Workers disassemble a tent as Herb Petty and the crowd watch.



Workers disassemble the first tent, that of the Stony Brook Press.

As a crowd of spectators watched, University officials moved in, shortly after 7:00.

When asked on what the grounds of the eviction were based on, Gary Barnes, Director of Public Safety, responded, "On the grounds of President Marburger." Armed with a memo from the President which expressed his concerns about campus security, Barnes ordered University workers to dismantle the site. As the Public Safety officers watched, the unoccupied tents were dismantled, dumped on trucks and transferred to Public Safety where

resident to leave and then dragged him or her out. Chris Vestuto, former GSO President, asked the officers that he be charged and arrested before being removed. He was then dragged from his tent by Public Safety officers as workers dragged the tent from beneath him.

The last tent contained several residents who held themselves together to resist eviction. Those students were dragged out, with some being tossed to the ground.

Kim Taylor reported suffering neck and head injuries after being tossed to the ground, and Nadine Griffiths suffered a knee



Part of the crowd of onlookers gathered outside the Physics Building viewing proceedings.

students were allowed to pick them up the following morning.

The entire time, Tent City residents protested the handling of the tents to both Public Safety and to the crowd of spectators that had gathered from nearby buildings. Also during the same time, residents, spectators, and the Stony Brook Press tried to learn the identities of those involved in the eviction. Only Gary Barnes identified himself at that time with the other Public Safety Lieutenants saying nothing and officers refusing to give names or badge numbers.

At approximately 7:40, the trucks returned, ready for another load. This time, all the remaining tents were occupied. The first resident removed, undergraduate Chuck Flanton, was removed without prior warning or any warrant for trespassing. The next few evictions, officers asked the

injury after being dragged out and tossed to the ground by a Public Safety officer. Griffiths says that the University is covering her medical bills.

As the final tent was tossed on the truck, Tent City residents, along with several spectators, sat in front of one of the trucks as it attempted to leave. Once again, Public Safety officers dragged the protestors away and tossed several to the ground.

Phone calls were then made by several people to Public Safety to have someone come in response to the injured residents. All who called were repeatedly hung up upon by the operator.

The next day, several Tent City residents met with President Marburger to discuss the events of the previous night. Unsatisfied by that discussion, several residents re-erected their tents later that afternoon.

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COMMUTER COLLEGE ELECTIONS

Will be held on
Septmeber 15. 10am to 5pm in the
Commuter College
room 080 in the Union

PLAY

Fall Schedule:

9/12 Amityville *
9/19 Surprise
9/26 C.W. Post
10/3 Hofstra *
10/10 Columbia *
10/17 Seton Hall *
10/24 Maritime
10/31 Devil *

• Home Games

RUGBY

Practices Tu-Th at 4:00
We at 6:00

On South P Field

Call 928-5667

ask for Bill

'Kill' Means 'Body of Water' in Hopi

by John Kunz

New York State is by far the nicest state I've ever lived in. It's got everything anyone ever wanted: beaches, lakes, mountains, farms, supermarkets, amusement parks, marshland, crack... The only thing it doesn't have is a decent sized gorge. But there is one thing about New York that pisses me off: The names! That is, the names of the towns and cities. For example:

1. Horseheads, NY. What kind of mafioso, animal-hater name is that? Why don't you just name your town frog-balls?
2. Warsaw, Boston, and Rome. C'mon, there are 26 letters in the alphabet. A six letter name can assume over fifty million forms; do you have to name your town after someone else's?
3. Weedsport. What could possibly motivate people to name their town Weedsport?
4. Grand Gorge. Sorry, there's not a grand or even decent sized groge within a thousand miles of NY. At least Niagara Falls has a falls worth naming a town after.
5. Lackawanna. The name speaks for itself.

My favorite town is Fishs Eddy. Not Fishes (fish-ezz) but

Fishs (fishsss).

There are some towns whose names are more than funny, more than stupid. They're morbid. I'm talking about the towns with the suffix 'kill'. Like Fishkill, NY. What does that say? Yes indeed, we kill fish here; day and night, through thick and thin. Then there's Peekskill, Catskill, Cobleskill, and Plattekill. What is this obsession with killing? I'm a pacifist and an animal lover so this sort of thing bothers me, but I was never bothered so much as I was on August 28, 1985.

My friends Otis, Leslie, and Denis, accompanied me from Buffalo to Bradford, Pennsylvania on a dual mission. The first priority was to get Otis to Bradford to meet up with his ride back to Milwaukee. The second priority was to buy grain alcohol for a Buffalo fraternity party that evening. On our way down we passed through a town just outside of Salamanca called Kill Buck. Kill Buck! What a name! Why don't you just name your town 'Torch Chipmunk'. Otis and I were very upset. We couldn't let this go without a comment, so we rolled down our windows and started screaming at the pedestrians, "Hey buddy! Why don't you just call your town 'Mame Baby', or 'Mutilate Nun'?"

I was so incensed. I just wanted to leave Kill Buck, NY.

But Otis needed cigarettes, and when Otis needs cigarettes the world stops. So the world stopped, and stopped at Ned's Foods in charming Kill Buck. We stormed in, Otis looking for cigarettes, me looking for justice.

"Where's the owner?" I screamed, "Where's Ned?"

"Right here," said the very old man behind the counter. "You boy's lost?"

"Yeah!" screamed Otis. "we got lost between 'Castrate Child' and 'Rape Teenager'."

"Yeah," I interjected, "We're looking for 'Puree Fish', we must have taken a wrong turn at 'Massacre Virgin'."

The old man smiled his two teeth and said, "You boy's is in the wrong state." Technically, he was right. Otis was drunk and I was in an infuriated state. So infuriated that I clenched my fist, pounded it on the plywood counter and screamed, "Listen, old timer, where the hell do you get off calling your town Kill Buck!"

The veteran just smiled again and said, "What's a matter boy, ain't ya ever shot a deer before?"

Otis never got his cigarettes.

slept two nights on a Greyhound still can't find america though the trout fishing is great gotta waste six hours in Portland little old lady from the east crys "it's hard you know with no place to go" USA Today weather page as her guide she wanders about the depot asking "have i gone mad?" finally the sky opens the streams run crystal clear the air is sweet in a small town with nothing quite near crossed over bridge a man standing there he tore the head off a pigeon as he rightfully claimed "it's for his own good, it had been maimed" as i stood dumfounded in the shadows with no doubt that the world ain't so complex if you reason it out while the sun here shines the same color every day you can get all you want if you know what to get since the games we all play remain just the same i asked the big trout what's it all about? he spat in my face and said with a grin "the rules in this case might allow you to win" so we all remain lost aloof just the same yet it doesn't matter very much when you're insane—

Son of Dunn's Damnations



Andy Gerb, graduate-philosophy, views the proceedings from the safety of his tent.



Nadine Griffiths, undergraduate, screams in pain as she is injured during the eviction.

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That night, at 8:30 p.m., Public Safety officers evicted the protestors and charged them with obstructing government administration, a misdemeanor. Seventeen students were arrested and are scheduled to appear in court October 5th.

Griffiths said, "At 6:00 p.m., Barnes gave us notice that we would have one hour to remove the tents. At 7, the tents were still up so Public Safety officers came out of the Administration building shortly after to the site (which was back at the original protest site outside the Administration building.) They asked people to leave their tents, all of whom refused. People were then arrested, taken to Public Safety and booked while the tents were confiscated. Public Safety ran out of handcuffs and film during the arrests, but all of the officers were exceedingly courteous."

Tents were re-erected and students were subsequently arrested on July 7th, 9th, and 14th, and charged with the same offense.

A total of over 40 arrests were made during the four dates as both sides awaited a decision from Judge Wexler concerning Tent City.

During this time, several residents of Tent City had been handing out information to people on campus in front of the first Tent City site. They announced to the campus community that several times, on June 30th, July 2, 6, and 9, they had offered to voluntarily disband Tent City under negotiated conditions. Their offer consisted of the following: 1. decrease on-campus housing rates by 10%, Stage XVI (where a 3-bedroom apartment is \$1,100 per month)

"...Officers asked the resident to leave and then dragged him or her out. Chris Vestuto former GSO president, asked the officers that he be charged and arrested before being removed. He was then dragged from his tent by Public Safety officers as workers dragged the tent from beneath him..."

by 20%. 2. Set aside 20 rooms for emergency short-term housing. 3. Set aside 200 rooms for low-income student housing, and 4. Make a firm commitment to fix the heat in Stage XVI prior to this coming winter.

The residents asked President Marburger to respond with counter-proposals of his own if he found these terms unacceptable. Administration did not acknowledge receipt of the demands or make any counter-proposals. Another flyer handed out questioned President Marburger's concern about campus safety and asked why dorms across campus had broken windows and locks.

A decision from the courts was finally handed down on July 15. The ruling said that the tents could stay up but only during the day. President Marburger then issued a notice which said that, "tents and other structures that accommodate overnight camping must be dismantled each day one half-hour after sunrise. If you do not comply with this order, the University will take all appropriate action deemed necessary to enforce this directive." Sunrise and sunset will be determined by the times listed in the daily papers.

So far, despite requests from the GSO and the protestors, Marburger has refused to drop the charges against those arrested.

From this point, the Tent City residents have decided to canvass and inform the university community through flyers and signs. Every Wednesday, tents will go up and residents will gather at the site from noon until dusk to rally and inform passerby of what is happening.



Kim Taylor is dragged from a tent by two Public Safety officers.



Smile! You'll be in the paper.

COCA

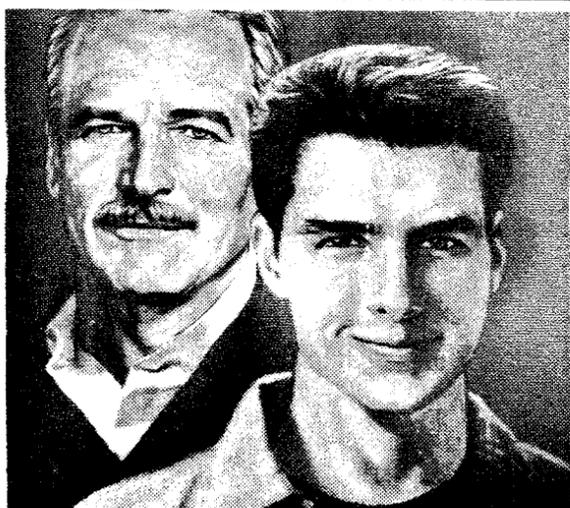


September 11, 12. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00
Platoon

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

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

Mel Gibson stars as an LA narcotics cop who has been assigned to the homicide division and teams up with a cautious black veteran, played by Danny Glover. Glover can't tell if Gibson is a crazed, sharpshooting cop, or if he's just acting that way. For guys who like cheap humor and action, for girls who dig blue eyes, Australian accents, and Mel Gibson's naked ass. 107 mins.



October 9, 10. 7:30, 9:45, 12:00
The Color of Money

Martin Scorsese's **Color of Money** picks up **The Hustler's** Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years later. Fast Eddie has been away from the pool table since he defeated the legendary Minnesota Fats, an act which got him blackballed from the game for life. Fast Eddie, portrayed by Paul Newman, is lured back into the arena as the manager of Vincent Lauria (Tom Cruise). Lauria is gifted, but naive, pool hustler who is on his way to becoming the loser that Fast Eddie had been in **The Hustler**. 117 mins.

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

Another Spielberg-backed film directed by Joe Dante (**Gremlins**), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short. Comedy-adventure-Spielbergian-marshmellow-cotton-candy-won't-you-please-pass-the-popcorn-and-the-kleenex-please movie about a test pilot trying to escape from the body of a supermarket clerk after a botched experiment.

October 23, 24. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00
Crimes of the Heart

Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek portray three sisters— all are beautiful, all are southern (seductive accents, *very* seductive), and all are wacky. A day in the life of three eccentric women. Based on the play of the same name. Look for Sam Shepherd as Doc, he is excellent, as always. 105 mins.

October 30, 31. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00
Nightmare on Elm Street III

The latest in Wes Craven's Freddy Kruger series, combining horror and humor in the most entertaining horror flick of the year.

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

Kevin Costner, all shit-eating grin and pathetic machismo-cool portrays bootleg-fighting crime-stopper Eliot Ness. Robert De Niro is excellent as Al Capone, Sean Connery shows off his scalp as Costner's right-hand man. A Brian De Palma orgy of super slo mo gunfights, deaths, explosions, liquor, broads ad nauseum. Bring a good bottle of bourbon with you, it'll help.

November 13, 14. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00
Beverly Hills Cop II

Eddie Murphy returns to the screen as Alex Foley. He's back in Beverly Hills with Judge Rhinehold in a comedy adventure.



November 20, 21. 7:00, 9:30, 12:00
Children of a Lesser God

Academy award-winner William Hurt stars as an unorthodox teacher whose new assignment is at a remote school for the deaf. He manages to get into a complicated love affair; Marlee Matlin makes her debut as the mysterious object of his passion. She is a beautiful but angry young woman who is determined to remain in her own silent world. A powerful study of two people struggling to communicate their innermost feelings. 119 mins.

date and time

Angel Heart

Mickey Rourke stars in a fifties story about a down-on-his-luck detective hired to locate a missing singer. Somewhere along the plot, however, the disappearance becomes a murder, Rourke becomes the suspect, the movie becomes occult. (*Huh?!*) with Robert De Niro and Vanessa del Rio.

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

Predator

Oh, when will it ever end? Arnold Schwarzenegger plays an American military officer fighting his way out of the Central American jungle. He kills, hacks, and slays "superhuman forces" after his abortive attempt to rescue allies imprisoned by bandido guerillas. For immature audiences only.

HILULEL

This semester's film forum will view Jewish life in Eastern Europe through films devoted to that subject. Through a fictional drama depicting the relationship between a Jew and a Polish non-Jew, the classic Yiddish story of Tevye the milkman filmed in Eastern Europe, and the documentary of the last century of Jewish life in Poland, these films offer a glimpse of a life and a culture no longer with us.

November 18. 8:00

Fiddler on the Roof

The spectacular screen adaptation of one of Broadway's most successful and best loved musicals. Filmed on location in Eastern Europe, **Fiddler on the Roof** is a powerful film, a celebration of a people's survival.

October 28. 8:00

Angry Harvest

An artfully made and brilliantly acted film about a Polish farmer who harbors a young Jewish woman during WW II. Polish-Jewish relations are highlighted by the love/hate/dependency relationship between the pair. A piercing and powerful film that was nominated for an Academy Award in 1985.



December 9. 8:00

Image Before My Eyes

Jewish Poland before its destruction was the largest and most important center of Jewish culture and creativity in the world. Ironically, the last generation of Polish Jews is better known for its annihilation than for its achievements in life. Through rare films, as well as through photographs, memorabilia, music, and interviews with survivors of this lost culture, **Image Before My Eyes** vividly recreates Jewish life in Poland from the late nineteenth century through the 1930's— a unique and now vanished era.

TUESDAY FLIX

September 8. 7:00, 9:30

The Mission

A moving historical account of a Jesuit mission efforts to preserve for the native indians a sanctuary from the ravages of rapidly increasing Spanish and Portuguese colonialism. Starring Robert De Niro. 128 mins.



September 22. 7:00, 9:30

The Virgin Spring

The Virgin Spring grimly depicts a father's ruthless vengeance for the rape and murder of his virgin daughter. Directed by Ingmar Bergman, it is filmed in highly contrasting black and white to evoke an imaginative medieval world. 88 mins.

October 20. 7:00, 9:30

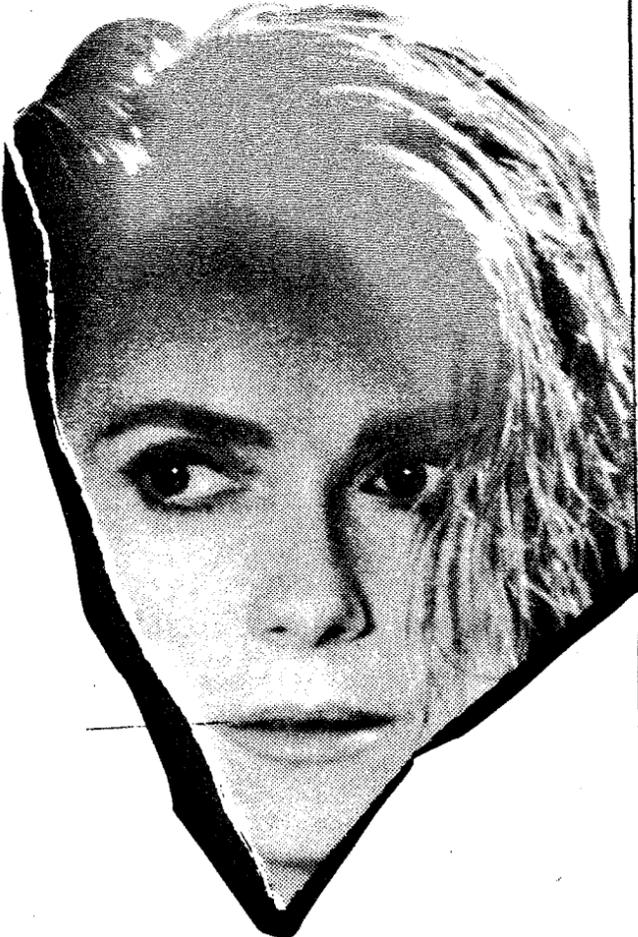
The Bicycle Thief

An Italian film about an impoverished Italian laborer and his son and the bicycle that is essential to their survival. The father is forced to steal from another man that is as poor as he is in order to survive.

November 10. 7:00, 9:30

Experience Preferred but not Essential

An English comedy about a timid college girl who embarks on her first summer job at a resort hotel in Wales. Lacking experience, she is plunged into the adult world. 75 mins.



October 6. 7:00, 9:30

Scene of the Crime

A French film about a son and mother who are accosted by an ex-convict and are thrust into an unknown world of death and brutality. 90 mins.



December 1. 7:00, 9:30

Heat and Dust

This romantic story about a modern Englishwoman and her great Aunt is brought to you by Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, the pair that surprised everyone with the critically acclaimed *A Room with a View*. In *Heat and Dust*, the aunt, a pretty young wife of a British civil servant in the twenties, innocently succumbs to the pleasures of India, as well as one of its princes. Sixty years later, her niece finds herself in the same situation.



**security/cleanup positions available for
weekends and tuesdays
—please apply in Polity Suite**

**for further information please contact:
The Committee on Cinematic Arts
chairman— Hemant Patel
treasurer— Dan Shinnars
632-6472**

Campus Cinema

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8 The Mission	9	10 A Clockwork Orange	11 Platoon	12
13	14	15 Star Wars	16	17	18	19
20	21	22 The Virgin Spring	23	24	25	26
27	28	29 On the Waterfront East of Eden	30	September		

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3 His Girl Friday Scarface	4	5	6 The Untouchables	7
8	9	10 Experience Preferred but not Essential	11	12 Pink Floyd The Wall	13 Beverly Hills Cop II	14
15	16	17 Dr. No From Russia with Love	18	19	20 Children of a Lesser God	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	November				

October			1	2	3
			Repo Man	Lethal Weapon	
4	5	6 Scene of the Crime	7	8	9 The Color of Money
11	12	13 Lord of the Flies ...If...	14	15 Liquid Sky	16 Innerspace
18	19	20 The Bicycle Thief	21	22	23 Crimes of the Heart
25	26	27 Psycho Strangers on a Train	28	29 The Meaning of Life	30 Nightmare on Elm Street III

1	2	3	4	5
Heat and Dust			Angel Heart	
6	7	8 It's a Wonderful Life	9	10 Harold and Maude
11 Predator	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25
26	27	December		

AMERICAN



September 15. 7:00, 9:30

Star Wars

Everyone has seen it. Everybody knows all about this one. If by chance, there are one or two people out there that haven't, go see it. Best comic-book action around. 121 mins.

September 29. 7:00

On the Waterfront

Elia Kazan directs Marlon Brando in this winner of eight Academy Awards. A hard-hitting drama about corruption in the Longshoreman's Union. A major achievement in American cinema. 108 mins.



September 29. 9:30

East of Eden

Elia Kazan's adaptation of John Steinbeck's novel. A violent and tense story of family conflict and a boy's yearning for parental love. Starring James Dean. 115 mins.

October 13. 7:00

Lord of the Flies

Based on Nobel Prize winner William Golding's novel, this film is the story of schoolboys marooned on a tropical island after a plane crash. The story recounts their regression into savagery—a result of the survival instinct and the lack of adult examples. 90 mins.



October 13. 9:30

...If...

The first of director Lindsay Anderson's trilogy (...If..., O Lucky Man!, and Britannia Hospital) of films revolving around the changing character portrayed by Malcolm McDowell. ...If... is concerned with the time spent by McDowell in a boarding school. His wit, cunning, and charisma allow him to transform a small group of non-conformists into out-and-out revolutionaries. Simply incredible. 111 mins.

These two films are dedicated to Paul Hewson

October 27. 7:00

Strangers on a Train

Alfred Hitchcock, the master of suspense, demonstrates his flair for staging in this classic thriller. Aboard a train, Robert Walker strikes up a conversation with Farley Granger. When Granger reveals his desire for a divorce, which his wife refuses, Walker suggests that he kill Granger's wife if Granger kills Walker's hated father. 101 mins.



October 27. 9:30

Psycho

Scary. Flawless. Hitchcock. Enough said.

November 3. 7:00

His Girl Friday

Howard Hawks directs Cary Grant in this funny, fast-paced, sex-change remake of the play *The Front Page*. Ace reporter is quitting the city paper for the married life...and an escaped murderer is a news story too tempting for her instincts to resist. The rapid fire dialogue is a classic of the period delivered by top performers and given an added boost by the romantic angle added to this version. 92 mins.



November 3. 9:30

Scarface (the original)

Scarface has been ranked as one of Hollywood's quintessential and best gangster films of the 1930's. Produced by Howard Hughes, directed by Howard Hawks, it tells the brutal story of organized crime's pinch on the city of Chicago during Prohibition. Paul Muni gives one of his best performances as Tony Camonte, whose only redeeming value is the love he has for his sister. 90 mins.

November 17. 7:00

Dr. No

Ian Fleming's fearless secret service agent 007 made his screen debut in *Dr. No*, the film that set the style and tone of every spy movie made since. Sean Connery plays James Bond, who in this film, is investigating the mysterious happenings on a Jamaican island. Ursula Andress is the gorgeous Honeychile Rider, the first in a never-ending series of Bond Bombshells.

November 17. 9:30

From Russia With Love

In the second big hit of the Bond series, 007 is lured into a lethal trap laid by a beautiful Russian spy (Daniela Bianchi), and is pursued by a trigger-happy KGB assassin.

December 8. 7:00, 9:30

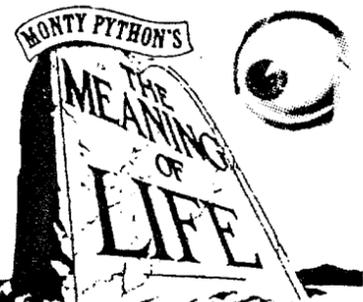
It's a Wonderful Life

Perhaps Frank Capra's best film, this warm human/comedy drama has become one of the greatest Christmas classics of all time. Jimmy Stewart is superb as a small town businessman whose loyalty to his family and friends has always taken precedence over his own personal desires and freedom. When financial burdens threaten to destroy him, Stewart decides to take his own life on Christmas Eve because he considers himself a failure. A guardian angel interferes and shows Stewart what life would have been like in town had he not been born.

CINEMA



FILM



FESTIVAL



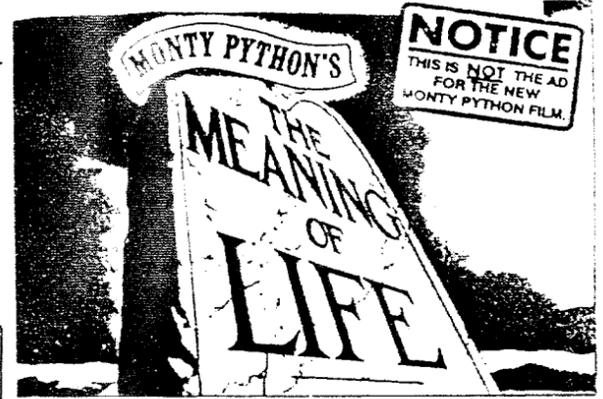
007

CULT CLASSICS



October 29. 7:00, 9:30
Monty Python's Meaning of Life

In this scathing social satire, the sacrilegious satirical six have taken up the monumental task of explaining the meaning of life. This relentless and irreverent insanity leaves nothing and no-one untouched. A hilarious, rude, vulgar, and gross film.



September 10. 7:00, 9:30
A Clockwork Orange

Malcolm McDowell is brilliant as the thoroughly evil disciple of Beethoven, Alex. Based on Anthony Burgess' novel (with the conclusion omitted, thanks to Mr. Kubrick), *A Clockwork Orange* is one of the most powerful statements on violence, fear, and love of torture ever produced. Electronic music by Walter/Wendy Carlos adds to perfect touch to Mr. Kubrick's vision of a world devoid of hope or humanity.

December 10. 7:00, 9:30
Harold and Maude

The best black comedy ever made. Hal Ashby's film of a wealthy death-obsessed teen-ager (Bud Cort) who

stages a string of phony suicides before falling in love with eighty-year-old Ruth Gordon. Cat Stevens' music, some written specially for the film, sets the tone perfectly.



October 1. 7:00, 9:30
Repo Man

A surreal glimpse at the inner-city lives of automobile repossessors. Harry Dean Stanton stars as an aging repo man, eager to bestow his moral code and wisdom upon an unwilling Emilio Estavez. Great music featuring the Circle Jerks. If there is anyone that hasn't seen this flick, don't miss it. "A repo man is always intense..."



November 12. 7:00, 9:30
Pink Floyd The Wall

The explosive sound of Pink Floyd and the visual genius of Alan Parker are combined in the haunting, gruesome tale of a rock star going insane.

October 15. 7:00, 9:30
Liquid Sky

Liquid Sky brings together New Wave subculture and science fiction in an excessively visual film. It is rendered in a palette of neon and day-glo, psychedelia and sunsets. Vicious little aliens come to earth seeking

nourishment in the form of a chemical produced in humans during orgasm. Heroin also satisfies the aliens' need. Junkies and lovers better keep one eye over the shoulder at all times. Lots of perverse sex, lots of weird music, lots of dual role-playing (*Is it a guy or is it a girl?* Send your answer to the SB Press). 112 mins.

UNION BOX OFFICE HOURS

Located in the Union Lobby

**Monday-Friday
10:30am-12:30pm
1:30pm-4:00pm**

And

**Thursday Evenings
7:00-9:00**

CREDITS

**This brochure was
compiled by
Hemant Patel**

**Layout by
Craig Goldsmith
Mary Rafferty
Joe C**

**and produced at the
Stony Brook Press**

INFORMATION

COCA presents first-run films Friday and Saturday nights in the Union Auditorium. Admission \$1.00 with SUSB ID, \$1.50 without. Tickets available at the Union Box Office or at the door.

American Cinema presents a double feature of a particular American genre on alternate Tuesday nights in the Union Auditorium. There is a separate admission for each film: 50¢ with SUSB ID, \$1.00 without.

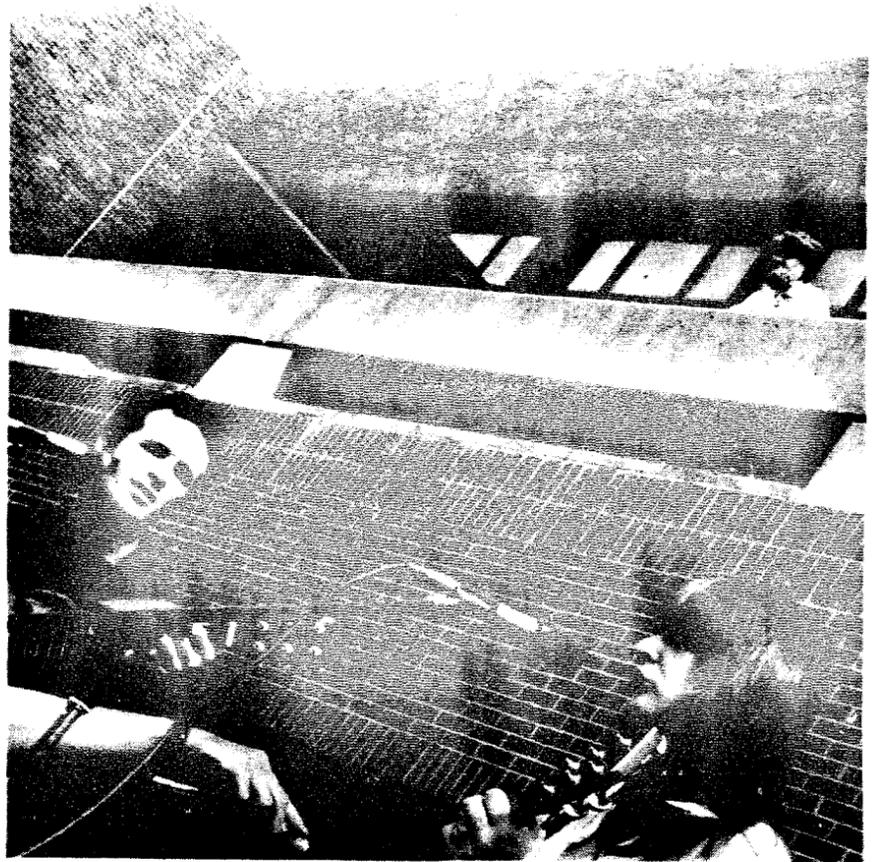
Tuesday Flix presents international and independent cinema every other Tuesday night in the Union Auditorium. Admission 50¢ with SUSB ID, \$1.00 without. Tickets available at the Union Box Office or at the door.

Cult Classics presents underground and above-ground cult films for all the mutants at Stony Brook. Admission is 50¢ with SUSB ID, \$1.00 without.

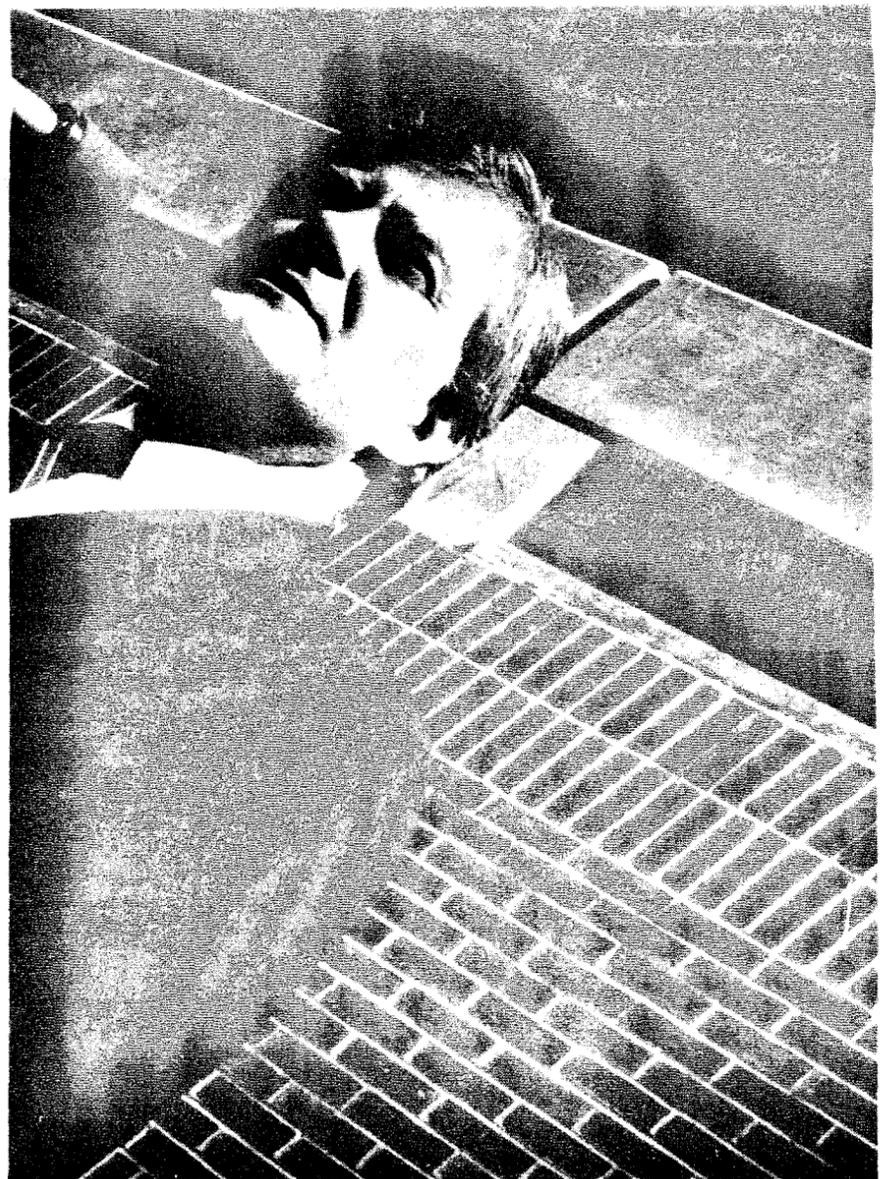
WILL THE REAL PROTESTORS PLEASE STAND UP



Grad. students protest one more problem with the administration: ONE breached agreement. Long live the status quo. Striking could return.



In the 'I told you so...' bin, the new semester brings no graduate student insurance, radioactive daycare space, and 41 court cases pending against former Tent City residents. Unrest will probably ensue.



University president Jack Marburger sports his \$28,000 raise at the recent GSO Rally for Insurance and Daycare affordable on a grad student's whopping \$7000 a year budget.

Blurbs by Kirk Kierkegaard.

Tired Of Just Hanging Out?



photo by Albert Fraser

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TO GET INVOLVED, COME DOWN TO THE WEEKLY PRESS MEETING
IN ROOM 020, CENTRAL HALL, EVERY MONDAY NIGHT AT 7:00,
OR CALL 632-6451.

BROWN PLAGUE HITS CAMPUS

Stony Brook campus is once again in the shadow of the brown plague. The free thinking and other students have lived peacefully (and sometimes incoherently) for the last eleven months in the shadow of the brown plague.

The plague has struck out homes, severing the flow of intoxication to those statistically deemed unprepared and under twenty-one (yet fit for taxes, military assault, rent, overdue rent bills, etc...).

Recently, a group of students sat in their friend's dorm room enjoying quality in a case of domestic beer. Laughing, they were quite unaware that the brown plague had slipped into the hall and caught sight of these possible beer-consuming offenders. The plague-man rubbed his side, where his gun would be, and stood, peering into the doorway.

He said, "Kids, I want to see your ID." They obliged, producing their little state-issued plastic cards, while declaring that they had lived long enough to acquire the moral rectitude needed to drink booze. The officer stated the choices: produce the plastic or pay a fine to god or the holy legislative ghost.

by Whitey Bones

Another group of students on a similar hall decided that they would throw a party for the friends that they hadn't seen all summer. They feverishly gathered together \$200, a third of the cost of tuition. Trucking to the distributor, they had high hopes for a heavy dose of relief. But the brown plague struck again. It oozed away from the scene with \$200 worth of alcohol, and left behind two warning letters. So we, who have reached the flooded plateau, twenty years high, were saved by the plague from the black-hooded evil drinker. Us cloaked children pay a mere forty or fifty thousand dollars collectively for the privilege to live in a clean and spacious dorm room on campus. They learn slowly from a great and obscure philosopher— "With wealth comes not freedom."

With politics came the brown plague, a purge by the state's wealth appointed minions, here to enforce god's good will on us (our self-appointed, self-paid-for god, the state). The brown plague can easily be avoided though, if the doors are shut and barred, brown paper bags are worn over the head. And unsafe sex is avoided in public places. Fortunately, the brown plague is a political disease. It lingers about as long as jellyfish season in summer.

Street Trash

continued from page 11

irrelevant; the pain of watching must be so great that your American consumer drive is temporarily disengaged. Then you have to think about what you're going to do when you get out. After all, you probably reserved at least the next two hours for the film and various post-viewing activities, and if you came with a bunch of other people you'll probably have to wait in the car until they all come out. It's a tricky business, and one not likely to occur too often in a moviegoer's life.

Until *Street Trash*, I had never been able to do it. Sure, I'd been sorely tempted with *Maximum Overdrive* and *Liquid Sky*, but through a supreme effort of will, I held out for the sole purpose of being able to say "That SUCKED!" and not have someone tell me how it got real cool at the end.

Well, to hell with that. I probably can't even describe the scene I walked out on without violating several obscenity laws, but here goes— this big tough villain guy is near a fence, threatening some other guy with a knife, when a penis pops through a knothole and sprays urine all over the villain guy's face. Okay, that's pretty offensive, but after watching this movie for forty minutes or so, it's fairly easy to guess what the villain guy is going to do next. I mean, he's got a big knife, right? And there's this penis hanging there, right? So, yeah, he cuts the penis off, and then there's this shot of its owner looking mildly disturbed, like maybe he's lost something or other. Yep, it's supposed to be funny, and maybe it would have been almost tolerable if it had stopped right there, but it doesn't.

Instead, we are treated to about fifteen minutes of this severed penis being kicked all over the junkyard to generic "zany chase" music while its owner scrambles after it in a nightmarish perversion of keep-away. About the sixth time the screen lit up with a lyrical slow-motion shot of a plastic penis tumbling against the blue vault of the sky, I knew it was time for me to go.

Street Trash is a phenomenally crude and offensive film. Its humor and acting are on the level of bad pornography, and though it possesses a few scenes (two, up to the penis) of mildly diverting gore, these moments are as straw before the gale. This movie stinks. Bad. The only thing I've seen that can offer an adequate comparison is the similarly horrible *Toxic Avenger* (released on video by the same outfit that brought you *Street Trash* on celluloid), and if you thought that film was a marvelously well-crafted bit of tongue-in-cheek escapism, then *Street Trash* may not nauseate you too much. If, on the other hand, you're expecting something with, say, the stark visuals of *Eraserhead*, the pervasive anxiety of *Night of the Living Dead*, or the genealogical degeneracy of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, forget it. Rent all three and have a nihilist blow-out, but, if you value your life and your reason, stay away from *Street Trash*.

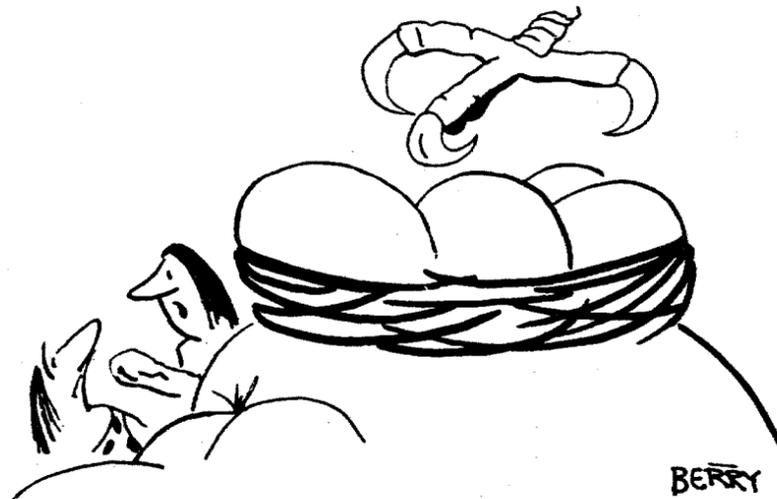


A BUM



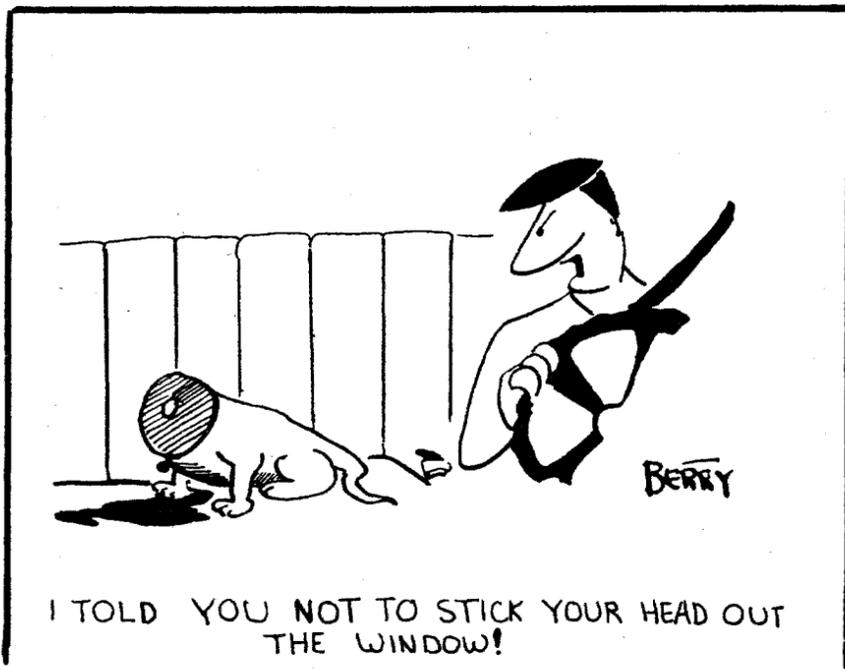
BERRY

A STARVING
ARTIST



BERRY

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR OHLETTE?
SPANISH OR WESTERN.



BERRY

I TOLD YOU NOT TO STICK YOUR HEAD OUT
THE WINDOW!



Without The Press...



Things Could Be Even Worse

Join The Press



Press meetings are held every Monday night at 7:00 p.m., in room 020, Central Hall. Get Involved.



Release Yourself

continued from back page

munity of man based upon the unity of common experiences, is ultimately achieved.

After graduating from Columbia, Ms. Bourke-White settled in Cleveland near an industrial smoke-stacked, rail-roaded, milled cosmopolis in the Cleveland Flats. With echoes of early modernist endeavors toward an industrial utopia redeeming us of our suffering, Bourke-White sought out patterns within the world she had settled in, capturing the drama-energy and rhythmic hard pulsations of the late American Industrial Age. The exhibition chronicles one hundred and ten photographs taken by Bourke-White between the years 1930 and 1954. They document and record her career as a photojournalist for magazines such as *Life* and *Time*. From her work in photographing industrial situations she moved on to investigating man's and woman's experiences in the US and USSR, during WWII in Europe, within the struggle for independence in India, in coal mines in South Africa, etc.

Organized by the Joe and Emily Lowe Art Gallery, Syracuse University, this exhibit amounts to one of the more important and socially relevant exhibits this campus has seen in a long time. It will be on display until November 14 in the Fine Arts Center Gallery, Tuesday-Saturday, noon to four. There will be a video taped presentation of Ms. Bourke-White's 1932 film *Eyes on Russia* in the gallery on Wednesday, Oct. 28 at noon.

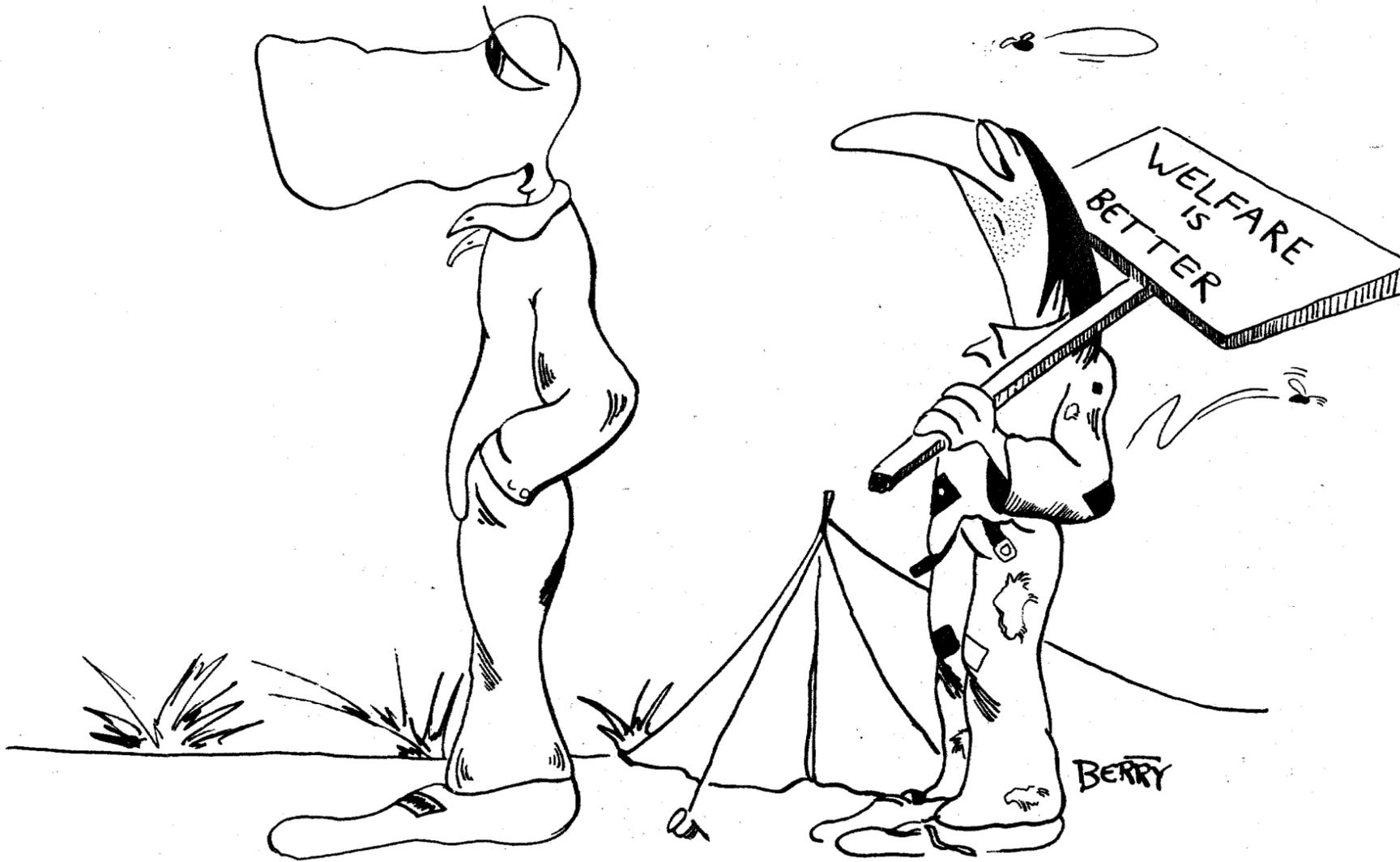
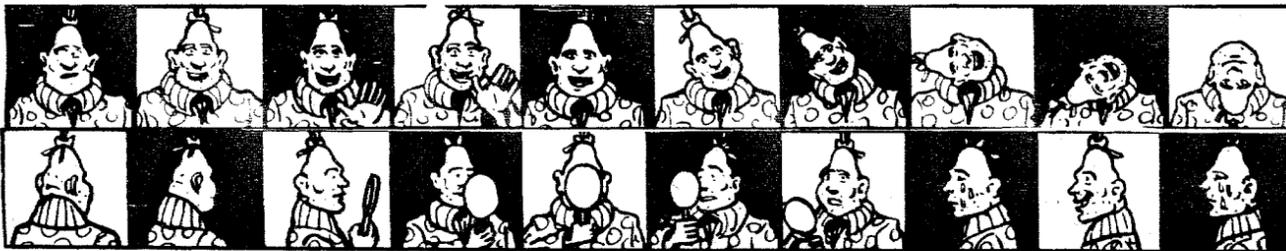
Kubrick's Kuality

continued from back page

has produced such a vast wealth of work, the viewer comes to expect a level of quality. This is what was so painful about *Full Metal Jacket*, my expectations were incredibly high. His last film was *The Shining*, in 1980, one of the few horror films that is really frightening. Kubrick demonstrated tremendous understanding of the nature of Evil, of the feelings of entrapment and solitude that lead men to the brink of the abyss. He should be hitting his stride by now; his years of experience coupled with the maturity of his age should allow him to produce his finest work. Woody Allen's films get better and better as he gets older, more sure of his craft. I had hoped that the same would apply to Kubrick. I was mistaken. Mr. Kubrick has taken a step back with his most recent film; I hope that his next piece of work will live up to the highest level of quality that his ability and experience will allow.



WE'RE COMING TO GET YOU



"IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK"

STREET TRASH

by Kyle Silfer

A few months ago in Houston, I had the profound displeasure of viewing *Street Trash*, a film that recently made its New York-area debut with a few "Special Midnight Sneak Previews" aimed at the splatter-movie crowd in specific and the curious in general. The eye-catching ad in the *Village Voice* quotes some British radio personality (Tommy Vance, Radio 1, if that means anything to you), who describes the film, rather glowingly, as *Eraserhead*, *Night of the Living Dead*, and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* all rolled up into one.

Well, it ain't.

In fact, *Street Trash* is just a rotten, mean-spirited little exploitation flick chock full of sleazy sight gags, ethnic stereotypes, rape jokes (har de har har), and day-glo gore. Now, the gore I can live with, because I'm the kind of guy who considers *Dawn of the Dead* to be - quite seriously - one of the best American films of the past few decades, but after only a few minutes of exposure to

the rest, you begin to feel those immovable joints in your skull shifting apart after centuries of evolutionary fusion and soon you realize that you must either leave the theatre or let your head explode.

we knew absolutely nothing about. On the basis of a one-sentence write-up in the Festival guide, we chose *Street Trash*, and what had once been a pleasant outing changed forever into a Kafkaesque night-

elements being the colorful gore scenes that cropped up occasionally to relieve plot tedium. But after a half an hour or so, our sneering chuckles began to collect in our throats, festering there like stillborn children (sort of), and we began to realize this was no ordinary dumb gore flick. The jokes we were supposed to laugh at grew progressively more obscene as the film unfolded. The change was subtle at first, difficult to detect as one bad gag followed another, but gradually the cumulative effect crept over us like a mantle of cold slime.

The first clue that there's something fundamentally twisted with *Street Trash* comes fairly early on. During a scene in a liquor store, a wheelchair-bound handicapped guy (a *real* wheelchair-bound handicapped guy) falls out of his chair (*really* falls out of his chair) and knocks over some bottles. The owner screams at him to get back into his chair and get out, which, clumsily, the guy does. That's the joke; everybody laugh at the freak (which some obligingly did).

We get a reprise of this theme when the bum-hero of the film passes a (real) guy with no arms smoking a cigarette in an alley way. The bum says, "How's it hanging?" or something similarly inane and the gag is that the guy, of course, can't really reply, so the camera lingers on him just long enough to establish this fact, then moves on. Ha ha.

Now, you may ask yourself why someone would participate in this type of crass exploitation, but then there's a pretty well-established tradition of it in American films from Rondo Hatton's days as the Creeper (where, due to a glandular disorder, his face served, *sans* make-up, as that of a ghoul) to last year's *Aurora Encounter* (with its alien played, also without significant latex enhancement, by a prematurely aged child). This tradition is not just relegated to the dubious exhibition of physical handicaps, either. The question you should be asking yourself is: Why would *anyone* appear in this film at all?

How about this sequence: our bum-hero finds a prostitute gagging outside a hotel. She's drunk, so she thinks the bum is really the big-shot Hollywood type she's just left. The bum takes her back to his hide-out in the junkyard where he has pretty explicit sex with her while the "street trash", the denizens of the junkyard and surrounding area, watch in secret, reacting with pantings and slobberings, to the scene they witness. Now this is supposed to be amusing, but here comes the really funny part. After the bum is finished, the street trash tear apart the walls of his hideout, drag the screaming prostitute away and rape her. The next day her body is found by the lumbering junkyard superintendent who leers at it and begins unbuckling his pants as we cut to another scene. Hilarious, eh?

By this time you may be getting some idea of the film, even though I haven't described its threadbare plot (all right, this liquor store proprietor finds a case of evil booze in his cellar and sells it cheaply to bums who then melt into toxic slag when they drink it; that's all you need to know). *Street Trash*'s level of quality is such that when it achieves the coarsest kind of low humor, it is at its very peak of artistic accomplishment. When its values are compromised even slightly, the results are almost unbearable.

Ever walk out on a movie? Just stand up and plow through the projector beam to the door while everyone watches you go? It takes some doing. First you have to convince yourself that the money you spent is

continued on page 9

"...And there's this penis hanging there, right? So yeah, he cuts the penis off..."

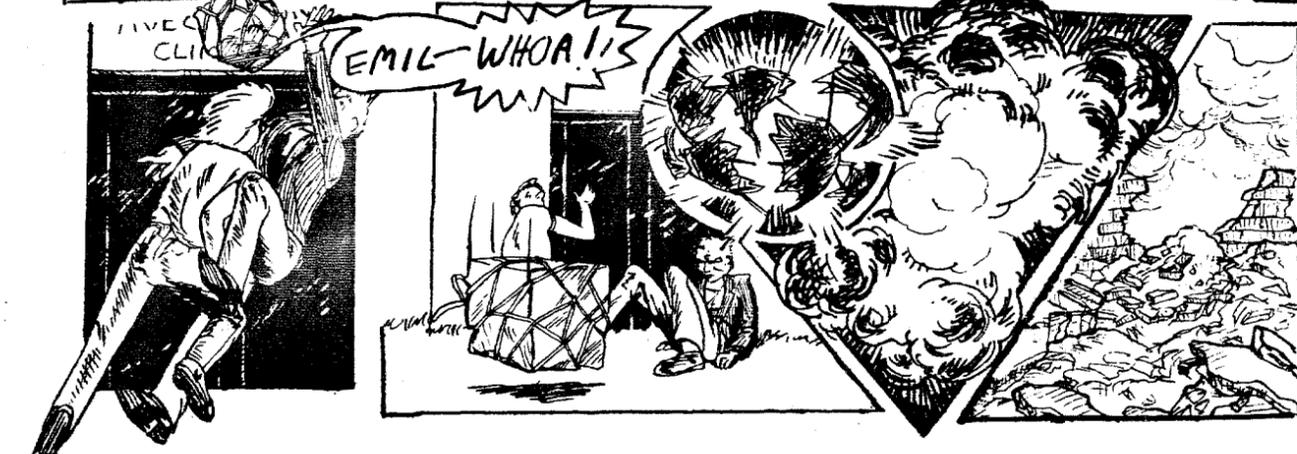
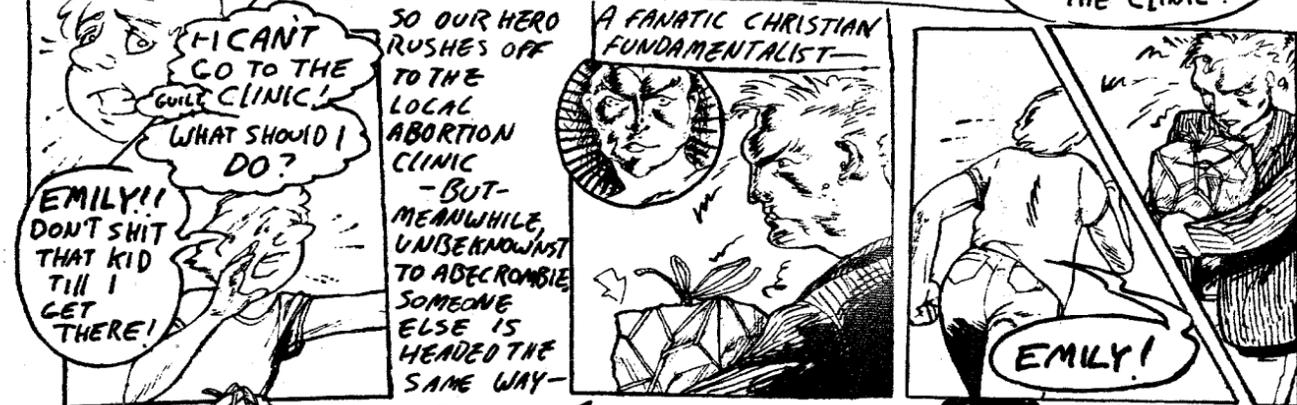
I saw this thing with a pack of my friends after an abortive attempt to see *Swimming to Cambodia* resulted in our stumbling into the Houston Film Festival with about thirty seconds to choose between two movie

mare of nausea, loathing, and death. Pretty close, anyway.

At first, we were inclined to laugh away the film's brainlessness. It was, after all, incredibly stupid, its most cerebral

Abortion Man by Artemis

ABORTION-MAN'S CAREER BEGAN UNEXPECTEDLY, WHILE HE WAS STILL ATTENDING COLLEGE, WHEN HIS GIRLFRIEND EMILY GAVE HIM SOME SURPRISING NEWS.



On Film

by Craig Goldsmith

I have more respect and admiration for Stanley Kubrick than any other director. He has produced a large body of work, and he is one of the few filmmakers around who can say that many of his films have been flawless. Most directors, I would think, would be happy to say that they have produced even one film that matches the quality of a Kubrick film, Kubrick has produced at least five perfect films (*Paths of Glory*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *Lolita*, *2001*, *A Clockwork Orange* are just a few that come to mind). The others are near-misses, and even those films which are flawed are still so fucking good. *Barry Lyndon* was a groundbreaking film, the model for so many derivatives. It was so lush in color and detail in its description of Eighteenth Century Europe that the eye couldn't possibly take it all in in one sitting. Every sequence (relying heavily on *mise-en-scene*) was arranged with a painter's eye for detail, color, and composition. No-one had produced a film anything like *Barry Lyndon* in 1975, and the Hollywood copy-cats could never equal it. *Barry Lyndon*, however, was seriously flawed, mainly because Ryan O'Neal was terribly miscast for the title role.

This seems to be a problem for Kubrick, his fuck-ups are just that—fuck-ups. A man that listened to eleven-hundred pieces of music in order to find just the right sound for a nine-minute scene should have the foresight and the instinct to judge whether or not an actor is appropriate for a role. Mr. Kubrick has always retained total control over the elements which go into a good film. He edits much of his own work, casts, selects music, assists in writing the screenplay. He has made so many films in which he overlooked *nothing*, so it is hard to understand why he allows such potentially great films to crack at the bottom. I find it frustrating to watch a movie that just misses, that is so goddamn good, but just fails to click inside.

It had been seven years since Mr. Kubrick's last film, the longest hiatus from cinematography in his career. Rumors had been floating around for a few years that the



American-filmmaker-in-England was scripting a new movie. Then the rumors became definite—Kubrick was going to film a Viet Nam movie. A real Viet Nam movie. Fan-

Unfortunately, *Full Metal Jacket* is one of Kubrick's few seriously flawed films. It is perhaps his worst film to date; I have seen all of his films except *The Killing* (based on a Jim Thompson thriller novel). It just didn't click. Modine was miscast in the role

of the Marine journalist for *Stars and Stripes*, and he is probably the major fault in *Full Metal Jacket*. He is irritating and unbelievable. Remember *Visionquest*, that flick of a few years back about a high school wrestler? Yeah, that's Modine. I can't remember his first name, it's Todd or Biff or Matt or Kevin or something. Who knows. I was dumfounded when I connected the name in the credits with the face. *Him?*

Why? Everytime he appeared on the screen, which was often, I cringed. I just sat there muttering *He did it again He did it again Kubrick got some asshole up there instead of someone who knows how to act Why Why Seven years for this? Why?*

There is also something else about *Full Metal Jacket* which makes it less than should be. I still haven't been able to finger it, although I've been thinking about it since June. Maybe, hmmm, I don't know, something about the flavor of the film just didn't sit right in my stomach. The spices were all there but the proportions were wrong. It just didn't satisfy.

Aside from its flaws, *Full Metal Jacket* oozes Kubrick from every pore. The harsh coldness of the Marine Training Center, the gloom and privation of a bombed Vietnamese city-cum-war zone, the death's head grin of a machine gunner, the pleasure of taking a shit. Kubrick's technical prowess has not stopped growing, even if his creative instinct has taken a holiday. Nobody puts you *in* it the way Kubrick does. Immersion is the word that comes to mind. Kubrick is a master at drawing the viewer in, playing with his head and heart, and then spitting him out again into the sunlit streets wondering what the fuck has just happened.

Full Metal Jacket is perhaps the first war movie based on Viet Nam—it is not an LSD inspired nightmare, nor a good vs. evil melodrama, nor a chronicle of the dissolution of friendships. It is, first and last, a war film. In that, it is unique as Viet Nam film. It is the story of men who go to war, men who survive and men who die. It does not pretend to philosophize on the meaning of modern society, it doesn't muse on why the U.S. of A. involved itself in southeast Asian conflicts. Mr. Kubrick has made a gloomy, cynical, painful study of modern warfare, the warfare of Americans in the last quarter of the twentieth century. And as such it works well.

I don't like to compare *Full Metal Jacket's* quality with the quality of other Kubrick films, perhaps I am not taking it enough on its own merits. But when an artist

continued on page 10

Photography

by Ed Bridges

Find yourself in the picture. Reach inside yourself for the most general qualities: you are a human, you breathe, but most of all you feel pain and suffering. Some people are good actors and hide it, but it's there nonetheless. These connecting qualities are where human experiences all merge and become a starting point for all kinds of amazing and beautiful things. For example, the leaders Mahatmas Gandhi and Martin Luther King started from this perspective and began a union of peoples who were united by this most basic experience: suffering. It is through this collective union of people that we, as a people, can take steps to understand more fully some of the pain that is felt in the world. However, we must still suffer as individuals for that is our lot as mortals—although we are in a group, our suffering as an individual must be realized, externalized, acknowledged as individual suffering.

Her images transcend the absolutes of time and space that the subjects are bound to and become archetyped reminders, often jarring, of the comforts and anesthetics that we often submerge ourselves in. Simple, graceful gestures and gazes are captured that have a natural quality, arising only as a response to surrounding conditions filtered through inner experience: directly representing their feeling and thoughts without pretension nor gimmick.

Margaret Bourke-White's photographs represent, or act as a treatise for, her experience. Seen in a retrospective exhibit, they act in a collective manner that speaks of the human condition and Ms. Bourke-White's search for the human heart: that determination, or will to power that her subjects display. Not self-consciously, but given their context and the forces acting upon them, is drawn out of them, giving

RELEASE YOURSELF



them meaning and reasoning for being alive in the worst of times. It is the forces surrounding these individuals that gives them character and that carves their faces with their experience. Ms. Bourke-White reacted to the heroic strength of the individual tested under strain or pressure. Some failed and whole families were poisoned. Some overcome the struggle and then find their friends didn't. The lucky ones survive and are able to embrace in triumph. Most, however, simply get on with it; they wait on lines, or work the spinning wheel and the subterranean gold.

Overall, there is strength. Faces look you straight in the eye as testament for experience and suffering. Ms. Bourke-White, one of the (if not *the*) best photo-essayists of the twentieth century, in her determination to 'get the story', captures moments of startling expression that hold you long enough to make you believe that you can understand that individual's position, even though the image of suffering is completely removed in space and in time from the actual events and people involved. The subjects captured involve extremely complex expressions of experiences of all kinds (personal, economic, dramatic, social, etc); Ms. Bourke-White reserves a respect for her subjects regardless of the ideological, political, or economic 'coat' that they may wear or happen to be thrust into. This respect is evidenced in the honesty and straightforwardness of her compositions: innocent people shown performing that which moves them, portraits of people who do not evade her (or our) investigating gazes.

Ms. Bourke-White attempts to find and maintain a constant and unobstructed view of the dignity of an individual glimpses of suffering (individuals in a group) that Ms. Bourke-White's vision of a global com-

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