

*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

Vol. 9, No. 2 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Oct. 1, 1987

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"Vote or else!"

Headroom

Polity was busy last week, with an invalid election, serious accusations made to and from two out of the three Presidential candidates and the only member of the activity board worth a damn was fired.

Polity's consistency is remarkable; however the sense of awe turns sour when one thinks about the blatant corruption and machine politics that go on up there. Boss Tweed was good at what he did but these people are jokes. The only thing that keeps them going is that nobody seems to care. Whoever can stomach getting involved with childish schemes and petty mind games can obtain a position in our student government. Forget about a genuine desire to learn about politics and government, or a genuine desire to work at bettering the lives of the student body, these people are there for their own egos. This is extremely dangerous because people like that will always work to enlarge and satisfy their own selfish needs, leaving the students with nothing.

So some people wonder why there's apathy on this campus, why shouldn't there be? If you get involved with people who only care about themselves and their own groups, you waste your energy and you're bound to get trampled, especially if you're honest and alone. Frank Vaccaro is a perfect example of this. Frank was more qualified for his position than anybody else in

this school. He approached his job with a serious intent to do work as efficiently and honestly as possible. Unfortunately Frank was an individual, he had a mind detached from the prescribed SAB thought. He booked small shows that had a greater appeal to a wide variety of tastes, keeping in mind one common denominator: having a good time. Frank was fired for some of the most bogus reasons ever drummed up by people who felt threatened by his initial success and the possibility that he may single-handedly turn Stony Brook activities into something worth going to.

The person replacing Frank happens to have close personal ties with other SAB heads as well as having the exact same haircut as the rest of them. He is much less qualified but will fit into the machine just fine. Now everyone can all go see Zebra together, with big smiles on their faces.

What is truly appalling is that more than one person had to agree upon this. The Polity Council had to fire him. SAB walks through Polity like it wasn't there. It seems Polity has a mission: to keep the clique going because if anyone else finds out what's at stake, who knows, the students might end up with something.

The issue that Polity should think about is a 20% voter turnout for their elections that mean 80% of the students think that student government is not worth one minute of their time. They have to convince students that student government is worth their time and should be taken seriously. Nevertheless, it's impossible to do that after the last week's elections.

It seems that the charges made were no more than campaign tactics intended to slander opposing candidates. Cohen, because his main supporter and benefactor is acting President Paul Rubenstein, gets the most pull up in Polity. Using that they were able to convince the election board that Levitt was in the wrong using little or no substantial evidence. Levitt tried to do the same against Cohen and so on. The only useful information out of the whole deal is that Dorcelly kept his nose clean sticking to the platform and nothing else. And now Brad Jones is making a legitimate bid for the write-in vote.

The best solution in dealing with our student government would be to completely ignore them, but they have our money. If you care at all about what your school will do for you, now is the time to start a club. So through the hassle, get some of your money back and spend it wisely. It would be a shame to waste it.

The Press welcomes your letters and viewpoints. You hear that? We want your input. We really do. This is your school, if you've got something to say that you think could make a difference, then say it. Just bring it down to us at 020 Central Hall. Typed and double-spaced please, so that our typesetters don't go blind in the wee hours of the morning.

—Photo Box—

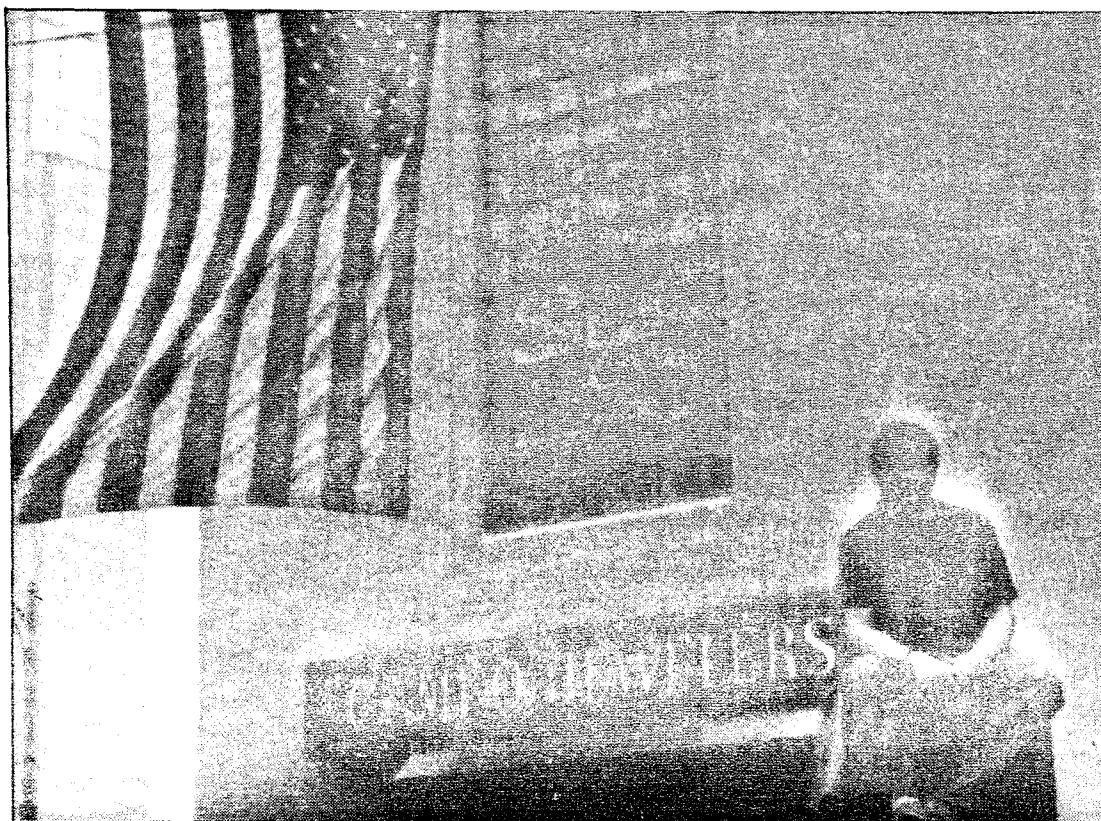


photo by Ed Bridges

The Stony Brook Press

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DUCK! The Elections Are Coming

by Kerry Puckhaber and Alexandra Odulak

Voting has been rescheduled for today, October 15, because of the ambiguities that have risen from the previous election. Whether Craig Cohen unjustly slandered Brian Levitt or vice-versa is controversial. Rumors are flying in both directions. It is unclear as to which candidate is guilty and the Judiciary isn't disclosing any information on the matter yet.

One source claims that Brian Levitt is the guilty party because he and his representatives harassed members of the Judiciary and solicited votes. However, had these charges been proven, Levitt would have been out of the race. Levitt feels that the rumors are simply rumors and the new election will be a second chance for Polity and the candidates. His opinion states that the election was made invalid because of petty arguments that arose during the complaint hour, that takes place after voting hours. His harassment charges were brought up by the Board of elections but he stated that he and those linked to him were only ensuring that voting was fair and kept their eyes open for otherwise. Regarding Ben Katz, Levitt feels that he shouldn't have split up the votes into piles or made any assumptions. However, the three candidates were still willing to drop complaints and not have a re-election. Postponing it another week only infringed on valuable time, and of course, money.

Upon speaking to Craig Cohen, he was most annoyed with Katz's quoted figures of the election and the publishing of those numbers. It is illegal for the ballots to be separated and put into piles before official counting. Katz shouldn't have had access to any figures for his quote. Cohen felt that the numbers damaged him because they gave



Write-In Candidate Brad Jones.

Levitt an edge by having a majority vote. In addition, the election board informed Cohen that they thought the figures were more or less equal for all candidates and not as lopsided as Katz's numbers. However, since official counting had not begun, neither Katz, nor the election board members should have an idea of what the results may be.

Cohen was also unhappy with the Statesman's printing of these numbers because of the damage they have caused for his campaign. As a result, he insisted that the Statesman print a retraction on page 1, the

same place where his position had been harmed. He was promised twice that a correction, as noticeable as the mistake, would appear.

Jacques Dorcel's comment included: "there is no smoke without a fire."—those were his sentiments on the election. He was not involved in any of the allegations because he felt he "respects rules and regulations. I am there for the students. My only reasons for running are the students." If elected, he promises to work for housing improvements, a looser alcohol policy, better social programs, increased parking and

anything else the students feel need improving. He plans to take surveys of both resident and commuter students and use their input as the backbone of all his decisions in Polity. In conclusion, he said, "You may know why the first election was cancelled or you may not. Rest assured, I am still here to serve you honestly, as always."

Another candidate now running, Brad Jones, is willing to deal with the obstacles facing him involving the red tape of Polity. "Polity has a lot of internal problems. While the latest incident is not Polity's fault directly, it's indicative of its performance in the past." Jones wants to attempt to penetrate what he feels are inefficiencies of the organization. His opinions of the rumors are just that, rumor. They went too far, got out of hand, and will be difficult to prove or disprove.

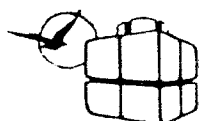
Polity felt that the only solution was to reschedule voting. This election will be supervised more carefully, and security enforced. There will be only 1 voting box per quad, candidates and representatives must be outside 100 feet of the ballot boxes. In addition, each candidate will be allotted only 750 posters and will be forbidden to personally finance any more for themselves.

Which of the 4 candidates is most capable of carrying out the office of Polity President? According to the Constitution the job entails: being spokesman of Student Polity, supervising the execution of the Student Council, appointing members of all committees (with the allowance of vetoes), preparing agendas for Council meetings and Senate meetings and many other responsibilities. The question is which candidate can do it and handle the students' trust properly.

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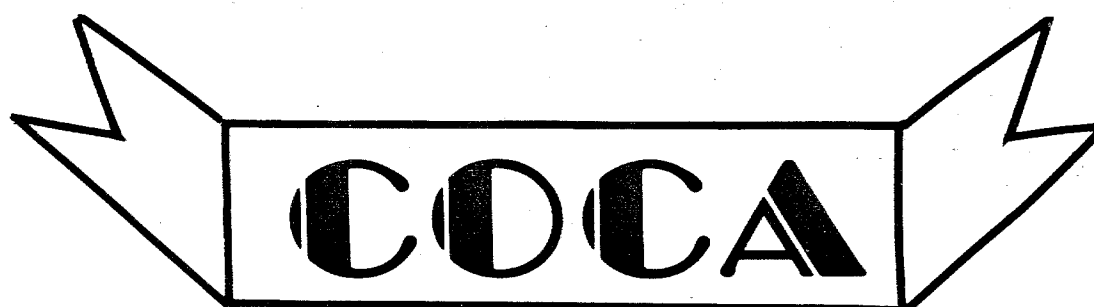
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The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly

A Taste of the Good

by Karin Falcone

Several weeks ago I read in the Bio Library, which is truly a beautiful place, so beautiful and quiet and clean and airy I fell asleep drooling over the phylum Mollusca. As I jump spastically awake, I notice the calm all around me that sensuous surroundings can give. I leave and look out on the expanse of lawn in front of Roth and feel so content that I realize that there are times I really like this place. I mean, the campus really is pretty to people from Brooklyn and Queens. But somehow there's more to it than that.

Coffee from the Loop is the best coffee on the face of this earth while on the way to a lecture in Javits. It is secure knowing that Javits is made of bomb-proof cement (It really is!). There are now dollar-changing soda machines in many of the academic buildings with new names, and even some of the buildings whose names haven't changed. SBS has the nicest bathrooms around and my roommate likes the ivy garden between Psych A and Psych B.

We live in the dorms and we happen to think the dorms are OK. There are ledges at the tops of the dorm room walls, which are great to hang speakers from. We can look out our window and see Battle of the Bands during G-Fest, see a fight in the middle of a pit hockey game, and hear choruses of 'Ammann eat me/Gray sucks' at the oddest hours of the day or night. Most people pay to experience such excitement and rowdiness. We can drink what we want in our room with the door closed and have caged pets. Kelly has balconies and a mandatory weight loss program. Roth has swings, Stage XII has a new name and empty ping-pong and pool tables and Tabler is pretty to people from Brooklyn and Queens. But the true luxury of the dorms are the showers: Stony Brook has great showers compared to other major (private!) universities. At Rutgers the showers are like modified gym locker rooms. At Harvard the showers are made for short people. At Brandeis there's no pressure and at Yeshiva no partitions. But the clincher is Boston University. The frosted glass doors allow others to see in,

but you can't see out. I don't know, but I'd rather have a sideways library than backwards shower doors. When one can't eat well, sleep well, study well or party, at least you can count on a good shower, provided there's hot water.

You can study well in the new quiet study area in the library. It is clean and comfortable and much too brightly lit to fall asleep in. Academically there are some great teaching professors here if one takes the trouble to find them. Our grad students are dedicated or they would have left before fighting to make changes allowing them to stay. All professors and teaching grad students are required to have office hours for our convenience (many schools do not require this). Above all Stony Brook is a competitive research institution. If professors are not devoting most of their time and energy to research and publication, regardless of any other more subjective factors, they will not be granted tenure. And those students destined to be the failing 25% in the average 100 level math/science/engineering course will be weeded out also. Stony Brook is making a name for itself, and this will yield a valuable return as we cash in our 4½ year certificates when we enter the Money Market. It was our parents' financial good sense which deposited us here to begin with.

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When someone comes to Stony Brook for the first time, they already know what to expect from the opposite sex. No one is misled into believing that anyone has any noble intentions: Stony Brook has the best looking guys with the least amount of brains looking for the most sex from the widest diversity of women. And Stony Brook women have the most amount of clothes and the highest degree of ambition to find one of those foxy guys and take a little money off his hands, preferably long term. And when we do find something higher or at least different than the usual intentions of getting one's rocks off or bejewelling one's appendages, it is gratifying and satisfying beyond the average cliché.

Despite popular belief, there are lots of ways to meet people and spend free time at Stony Brook. Orientation is a fine place to start. EOB is the bar on campus and GSL is for those with less clothes. Rainy Night House, Harpo's, the bowling alley and even the front of the Union are fun hangouts. If none of that's for you, there's a thriving and diverse population of student clubs, organizations, and athletic teams. It is through these that we can truly express ourselves. As a public institution, Stony Brook cannot stifle expression of our political, cultural or sexual orientation. We can walk through the Union and read communist literature provided by Red Balloon, listen to the sounds of a reggae party provided by HSO and buy artwork created by students from the Union Craft Center. We take for granted this valuable freedom of expression, which is so often manipulated or censored in other places. If anything, these organizations suffer more from our own apathy than from any blow administration could render.

If nothing on this campus excites you (why are you here?), the LIRR is conveniently located for speedy escape. Too expensive? Don't worry, the long length of winter and summer vacations means less train rides home, and less time spent here, even if a study week before finals might be nice.

And all those things so typically college are not altogether missing here: fraternity pledges, protests, guest speakers, plays, performances and parties. Take advantage. We won't get these years back (That is why, dear administrators, we are so sensitive to having them systematically restricted, not because of moral defect). And of course there are all those things and people unique to Stony Brook, things I almost forgot: WUSB, farmer's market, the tallest chemistry building in the world, as well as other amazing feats of architecture (see masthead), Tuesday Flix, Senior Weekend, and everybody from the sweet lady in the Union ticket box office to the leading scorers of punt return in the division, the Patriots. There may not be consensus but there certainly is a mix here.

So you may read this mere list and not be too impressed. Many of us are here for reasons beyond our control. Whether we like it or not we will still be here tomorrow and the next day. If nothing else, you can count the days until graduation. The real world is waiting.
(Special thanks to everyone who helped contribute to this article.)



PRINTED PHILOSOPHY

by Socrates Gianis, Jr

The philosophy club wishes to announce that this is the first publication of the philosophy club journal within the Press. The journal expresses the thought of the Philosophy club. We started our discussion this week by asking 'What is the worst problem about civilization today?' We felt that in order to establish what the problem was we first had to have a premise in which to base our evaluation. First we came up with the idea that man is either an animal bent on survival, or a reasoning being who strives for happiness in a civilized way. Civilized here would mean man seeking to gain knowledge and perspective on how to live with the rest of humanity in a way that supports an ethical system which finds value in the individual and the society.

to seek equality and heterogeneous living among each other.

With that issue put on the back burner we advanced to questioning again if our society promotes healthy living. An example was offered to focus the discussion. The grading system in most schools places great importance on overall achievement in terms of letter grades. Little emphasis is placed on one's general character as a human being. Why is it that grades are considered important, when it certainly stands to reason that people who are honest and thoughtful of others form the key ingredient of a successful and peaceful society.

So we finally got back to the question about the worst problem about civilization. We felt that Lockian capitalist economic systems have a tendency to 'isolationism' in

"What is the worst problem about civilization today?"

The club then moved to address the problem in the context of what the educational system in America could do to further the goals of a civilized society. Then an interruption came from a group member who said we hadn't solved whether man is civilized or not. This inference led to an important insight. Man can be interpreted in two distinct ways. First, man can be evaluated in terms of how his labors are of value to the rest of society, and second, he can be appreciated for his merits as an individual, his heart and soul being the measures of his character.

The group came to a stand off as to whether man was really reducible to his instinctive 'Will to power' or if man innately conceives of morality in his mind because it is an inevitable course for intelligent beings

which an industrial nation alienates the individual of his pure sense of self. A country that was founded on the principle of the importance of the individual now seems to have strayed from its original intent. We have short-sightedly grown to value success as the measure of one's functionality and in extreme cases simply the value of one's material worth. So we can conclude that there was a valid problem in our world but we are left to just try and make sense of it all.

We ended our discussion for the day wondering if anyone was going to try and write about these issues. Well, the hope is that in reading our journal we can stimulate people around campus into maybe thinking about the way they do they things they do.

Student Show

by John Gabriel

In the Union Gallery, from September 21 to October 7, George Krauter and Kristin Rusin displayed some of their paintings and sculptures as part of a series of student exhibits which will continue throughout the semester.

Mr Krauter's pieces are divided between student work that shows a real talent and mastery of technique, and original work, which belies a surreal sense of humour that should be familiar to anyone who has ever glanced through a copy of *Heavy Metal*: his original work doesn't so much reflect, as refract, reality. Whether it's the light-hearted *Card-Game on Ares*, in which a man, who looks like Lou Albano, and a rather large centipede blithely ignore the wonder of the surrounding universe with an almost existential indifference, concentrating instead on their card game, or *Aftermath* — staring at its purple craters and yellow sky, one wonders, "Aftermath of what?" and then doesn't want to think about it — his science-fiction images provide a distancing, mysterious fantasy while commenting on our day to day living.

Among his student pieces, *Cubist Still Life* is a technically good, if melodramatic, work, a storm of grey and black, oranges and reds. The more conservative *Monkey Mask Still Life*, however, is a pleasure to behold; one senses a calm joy in the delicate

pastel-like shading of the oils.

In conversations, Ms Rusin has admitted she loves color, and here in her paintings it shows. It is most vivid in the abstract works like *Diptych: Drapery and Abstract II*. One can sit for an hour just soaking in the mood of aesthetic joy infused in these works; they are beautiful designs of color and texture. In *Abstract I and Collage*, the paints are layered across each other like strips of paper, creating a hodge-podge of color playfully resembling collages.

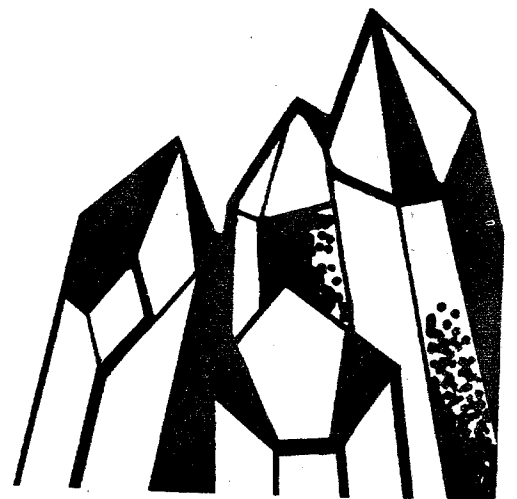
The representational works merge design naturally with the represented objects. In the beautiful *Woman with Fan*, her dress blends into the background designs and the painter's world becomes her cloth.

Everyone should try to catch the work of these burgeoning artists over the succeeding weeks. The next show is scheduled to run from October 12 through the 23rd and will feature the work of Steve Chinn and Don Gerber.

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34. Warren Zevon
35. Inca Babies

by Stephanie Long

Classic black and white films are being colorized, or undergo a process of having color electronically added to them by computer. The companies that do this make money selling the colorized films either on videocassette or to television stations. Businessmen say it's capitalism at its best. Film-makers everywhere cry in outrage. Artists say it's profane ripping-off at its unethical worst. The majority of the public see this going on out of the corner of their eye and say, "Yeah, so? What's so wrong about colorization, anyway?"

People argue there isn't anything wrong with it. "How could colorized films be bad if they're selling?" Well, TV will buy anything fashionable, hoping to cash in on a trend. As for individual videocassettes, maybe people are still intrigued by the novelty of it. But colorized films being advertised, mass produced, and much more accessible feeds the misconception that color is better. A classic shouldn't be colorized so more people will see it. It managed to become a "classic" without color. People should have the chance to appreciate the films in their original state. What about the drama of the film noir of the 40s? What about the atmosphere of a film era that will never come again?

"But it doesn't matter. Rent the old version, or adjust the color on your TV set." First of all, the colorized versions are what's being pushed in the video stores as much better. Anyone willing to get the originals has to search. Secondly, a colorized film doesn't just turn into its original state with the TV color warped. These films were made with the very intention that they would be black and white. Lighting directors spent hours checking the shades and highlights for just one shot. The whole discipline of cinematography concerns itself with the lighting levels and ambience. Colorization covers all that up with one murky swoop. Even without the colors themselves, there are all these nebulous greys to contend with.

Even worse, colorization isn't done very well. "Black and white is so fake. Color makes it more realistic." Computerized color is flat and homogenized. Because of

technological limitations, one shot can have only so many colors in it. In the film, every room can be three shades of the same color. Every person, no matter what age, gender, or nationality, has the same shade of skin color. In fact, every color in the colorized-film spectrum seems to be a dubious pastel. And this is an improvement over the tried-and-true, skillful black and white?

Another problem with the color is its bleeding. The color drips off the object it's supposed to be coloring. If nothing in a film moved, it would not matter. Unfortunately, there are some things on film that insist on

not only action, but fast action. A pronounced example is James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy". Cagney is hoofing with great vitality, and the blue of his outfit is an amorphous blob a step behind him (Dance lovers are thrilled about that).

Perhaps people don't notice, or don't even care. "Artists are just overreacting, as usual. They're so temperamental." They're upset about that powerful demon, money. Money is the anathema of artists. Film is big business. Let's face it, no executive sitting at his desk felt colorization was a great artistic inspiration. Someone wanted to somehow resell old movies to gain money. When the colorized version of a film is sold, what cut of the profit do any of the people involved in the original creation of the film get? Not one purple cent. These "all new" tapes are sold as if the plastic silt of color makes it an "all new" product. Does spray-painting graffiti make a subway "all new"? Because there are no precedents, copyright laws are flagrantly infringed. Film makers use profits for the budget of their next film. Colorizers use profits to make more profits. Funny, how counterfeiters were once criminals.

After all this argument, it may seem weird to say this is all beside the point. At the core, people want respect for what they do. Colorization happens because "It's only a movie." Film is regarded as trash, and any further defacing won't hurt. Sure, this may be true for many commercial movies. But the explosion of ersatz, cheaply-made sell-outs put to blame the buck-chasing corporate people who run the industry, not the genuine film artists out there. Modern technology has provided the most efficient, creative medium of artistic expression available to the most people. This isn't a license to cheapen it. Film makers go to school, experience internships, and spend their lives doing what they love.

Why is a novel, a sculpture, or the "legitimate theatre" so much more respectable? No one, artists or otherwise, wants his or her life's work considered garbage (especially if that opinion is based on the people who are only in it for commercial reasons). To use a tired cliché, it's like saying to Leonardo as a moustache is etched onto the Mona Lisa, "It's only a painting!" It's total contempt for films and everyone who makes them: screenwriters, producers, actors, musical scorers, camera operators, editors, sound coordinators, and especially artistic directors, costume and set designers, cinematographers, and the film directors. All these people have no say about colorization. It's a much more complicated issue than a little tint.

Rumor is, someone in Congress has proposed a bill that makes colorization illegal, something like the Film Integrity Act of 1987. Unfortunately, this only protects films made in '87 and after, and there won't be an abundance of black and white films being made today. However, it is interesting to note the number of contemporary directors who choose to use black and white over color. Woody Allen made *Manhattan*, *Zelig*, *Stardust Memories*, and *Broadway Danny Rose* without color. Even many MTV videos use the archaic black and white. However, colorizers feel their duty is to improve old films. It seems to be a no-win situation. Unless people altogether boycotted colorized films.

BLACK AND WHITE

—Viewpoint—

NAVY KILLERS

by Rob Gilheany

About a month ago a group of anti-war activists staged a demonstration in California. They were resisting the US Navy transporting weapons to El Salvador to the Contra terrorists fighting the Republic of Nicaragua. The form of their opposition was sitting down on the tracks that the Navy uses to ship the ammunition down to its destination. Normally the activists get arrested for disorderly conduct (civil disobedience). Their point is made and the train moves on. This time the US Navy tried to murder them by running them over. Most of the activists got out of the way, but Brian Wilson did not. He was hit by the train and had both legs amputated. I heard from a friend that Brian Wilson just got out of the hospital and his life is no longer in danger.

Where was the media? The mainstream media is very good at telling us when a presidential candidate gets laid, when a TV minister falls from grace, when a preppie kills his lover in Central Park. But when the US Navy tries to murder an activist we get a deafening silence from the networks and mainstream papers. I think this story should have been the lead story in the media every day for the last month. I would like to have known how he was doing. I would like to know who was responsible for ordering the Navy train to kill the peace activist. If you remember Kent State in 1970, it would be interesting to see if anyone is brought to justice for this atrocity.

Brian Wilson was one of the courageous veterans who formed the Fast for Life to stop Contra aid last year. The Stony Brook Press did an excellent story on them last spring by Chris Kushmeric and Sanford Lee. These veterans don't want to see young people sent down to fight another illegal and immoral war. The Fast for Life was inspirational. Last spring HOLA (Hands off Latin America) organized a 10-day fast and a day fast ending in a festival

which raised \$4,000 to rebuild a rural infant feeding center in Estali, Nicaragua that was destroyed by the Contras.

Last July 19th was the 8th anniversary of the Nicaraguan Revolution in which the people of that country ended 35 years of Somoza dictatorship. I met Brian Wilson in San

Francisco's Unitarian Church where a celebration was underway (Brian Wilson was more than a Vietnam veteran who opposes Contra Aid. He's a big St Louis Cardinal fan. He talked about the Gas House Gang Bob Gibson. I talked about the Mets. We agree on Contra aid).



Brian Wilson after being run over by a Navy ammunition train.

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If your answer is YES, just follow this procedure:

Go to the Polity Suite on the second floor of the Union and pick up a club/special event registration form, budget request form, and a copy of the PSC by-laws.

Once you have completed the forms, you have to make an appointment for a PSC hearing. This is done by signing the PSC agenda sheet in the Polity Suite which is available at the receptionist's desk. This may be done on the following days: Thursday, Friday, and the following Monday. All forms must be submitted when an appointment is made.

**PSC hearings are held on
Wednsdays from 6pm to 7:30pm**

If you have any questions, either call 632-6460 or come to the Polity Suite and speak to either Neil Auerbach, chairman; or Mark Joachim, treasurer.

Urban Blight

*Saturday-- doors open at nine pm
\$5 with SBID, \$7 without SBID
in the Union Ballroom
courtesy SAB and Center Stage*

—On Film—

by Kyle Silfer

The main problem with **BEST SELLER** is that you don't know the editor is the cop's girlfriend until you read the production notes. Other than that, it holds up fairly well.

It's a thriller, and a good one, written by Larry Cohen (a man who has made a curious reputation for himself writing and directing such low-budget critical/popular/cult successes as *IT'S ALIVE*, *DEMON*, and *Q*), directed by John Flynn (a guy I never heard of before), and starring two damn fine actors who don't generally get 'star' billing: Brian Dennehy and James Woods.

Dennehy is the aforementioned cop: Dennis Meechum, a seasoned veteran of the force who supplements his income with the occasional crime novel. His success in the latter vocation has made him something of a celebrity but suddenly, due to the death of his wife, he contracts both a serious case of writer's block and an imposing array of financial obligations. Enter Cleve (Woods), a professional assassin estranged from the major corporation he helped create through the plying of his specialized trade. He wants revenge, and his sinister plan is that Meechum should switch to non-fiction and write an expose guaranteed to be—yep—a best seller.

Unfortunately, the corporation is considerably displeased with the pair's literary aspirations, but as Meechum and Cleve refuse to back down (each for radically different reasons), confrontations between authors and subject grow swiftly more deadly. Add to that classically intriguing situation Cleve's borderline psychotic personality, Meechum's vulnerable teenage

BEST SELLER



daughter, and an unsolved crime from the distant past that bears disquieting relevance to present events, and you have a gripping, intelligently crafted film with a disturbing subtext of psychological perversion.

But I'm making it sound too good. Let's rag on it a little: True, the performances of Woods and Dennehy are first-rate, and Whatsisname's direction is stylish and engaging, but it seems as if **BEST SELLER** suffers from the celluloid equivalent of Alzheimer's disease. Ah, hell, that's not accurate at all, but the point is the film is underdeveloped and vague in areas where you wish it wasn't, and little things like Meechum's editor being his girlfriend even though you'd never figure it out in a jillion years really undercut the good qualities of **BEST SELLER**, simply because it IS so superior to the average movie. Cleve isn't explored enough, Meechum isn't explored enough. In fact, no one is given the character development you wish they'd get because they're INTERESTING, damn it!

And another thing. You'd think that, even with a severely limited budget, the one thing to lavish attention on (especially in light of the fact that it's going to be featured in the confirmatory denouement shot that lingers in the audience's collective mind as they make their way out of the theatre into the parking lot) would be the 'best seller' itself. I mean, how much cash could it cost to hire some competent graphics people to make a convincing dust jacket? Well, whatever it was, Flynn and company didn't spend it, because the book looks bad. Real bad. Like a high school graphics lay-out project that earned a C-minus.

Good flick, though, overall.

Theatre

TARTUFFE

Moliere at Theatre I

by Mary Rafferty

Tartuffe opens tonight, and no kidding around—this is a show that you don't want to miss.

The story, this particular production being an entertaining modernization of Moliere's play, revolves around a duke and his family, and how they are taken advantage of by the wicked Tartuffe. Tartuffe (played by John Cameron) initially is taken in by Orgon, the father (played by Bill Kovascik) as he is posing as a pious poor man. The father is duped by Tartuffe's alleged "piety". The family tries to convince him of Tartuffe's true nature but he won't listen. In fact, he wants his daughter to marry Tartuffe.

A series of hysterically funny scenes follow. Dorine, the maid (played by Georgia Aristidou), tries to talk some sense into poor Orgon and ends up getting chased around with a broom. Later, she tries to incite Mariane and Valere, her boyfriend (played by Andy Steiner), to stand up against Orgon, a scene not only memorable for its humor, but also it's fine staging.

The scenes become painfully funny. Orgon falls deeper under Tartuffe's spell, casually singing Tartuffe's name to the tune of "Amen". Most of the time we run into Tartuffe, he is chasing Elmire, Orgon's foxy wife (played by Nance) around from room to room.

There were, I must admit, a lot of characters I wanted to punch out, but whether or not I liked them, they all had me laughing, and all performed well.

John Cameron is superb in the title role. Both his costume and character bring to mind southern baptist evangelists, a very subtle and interesting dimension that he's added to his role. And yes, you'll love to hate him—he's a wonderfully despicable Tartuffe.

Bill Kovascik shows his abilities as both a

fine actor and great physical comedian in the role of Orgon. Very gullible, very dopey, very funny.

Georgia Aristidou steals the show, prancing around in fish nets and a tight little black dress, carrying a hot pink featherduster—perhaps the only one of the characters you didn't want to punch.

Lori Fike also adds a humorous dimension to her character, Mariane, playing her as a Valley Girl, giggling and dancing around the house with headphones on, cracking up the audience everytime she opened her mouth.

Nance as the beautiful Elmire handles herself quite well, displaying great versatility as an actress.

David Reichold, also a terrific physical comedian, is successful in his portrayal of the nerdy but angry son, Damis.

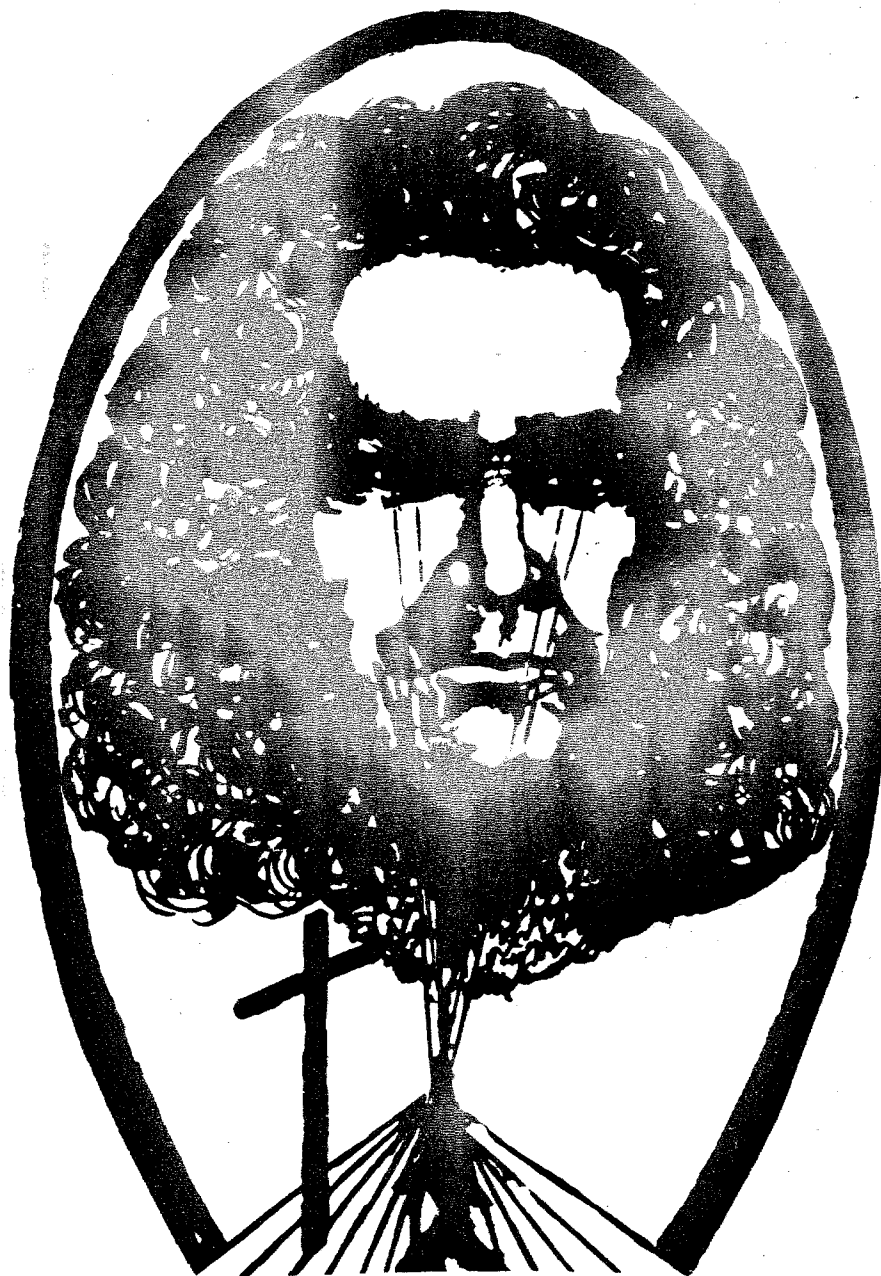
Andy Steiner had the audience collapsing with laughter in the role of Valere. Let's just say he was a perfect match for his Valley Girl girlfriend Mariane.

The supporting cast, including Nadine Griffith as Mme Pernelle, the officer played by Monique Summers, the Bailif played by Dick Huckle, Flipote played by Sonja Menton, Laurent played by Jim Calauccchio, and Cleante by Perrin Salat, should also be commended for all their fine performances.

On top of amazing performances by all, the set by Michael Sharp, costumes by Julie Ables, and lighting by Peter Fox were incredible.

Tom Neumiller, the director, and Julie Mairs, the stage manager, should be congratulated for putting together a fine and virtually flawless show.

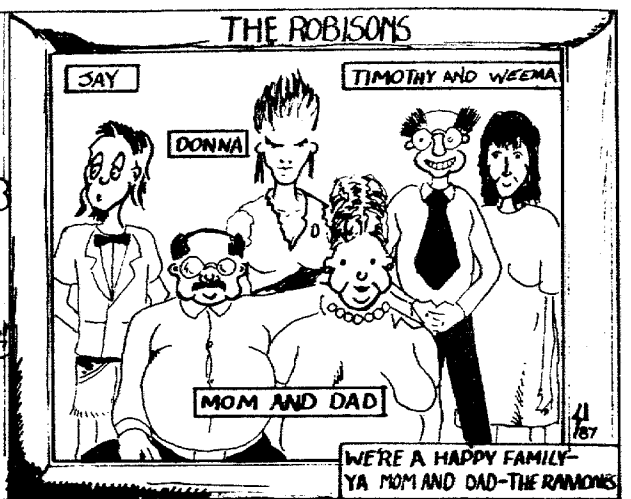
Tartuffe will be performed October 15th through the 17th at 8 pm, October 18th at 2 pm, and October 22nd through the 24th at 8 pm in Theatre I of the Fine Arts Center. Don't miss it.



Happy Family

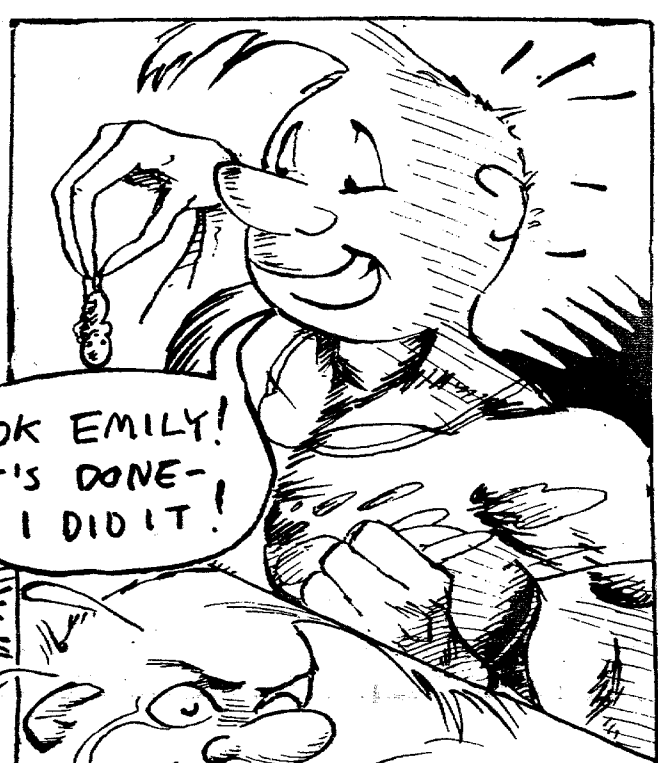


FLASH



Abortion Man by Artemis

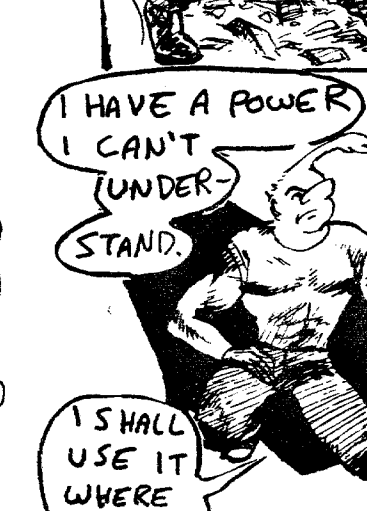
AS THOUGH HE HAS DONE THIS A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE, ABECROMBIE SLIPS HIS DEFORMED HAND INTO HER. MUSCLES FLOW AND SHIFT WITHIN HER, AND THE FOETUS SEEMS TO SLIDE INTO HIS HAND.



TOO BUSY WITH FAMILY PROBLEMS, ABECROMBY DOES NOT NOTICE A CERTAIN FIGURE EMERGE FROM THE RUINS.



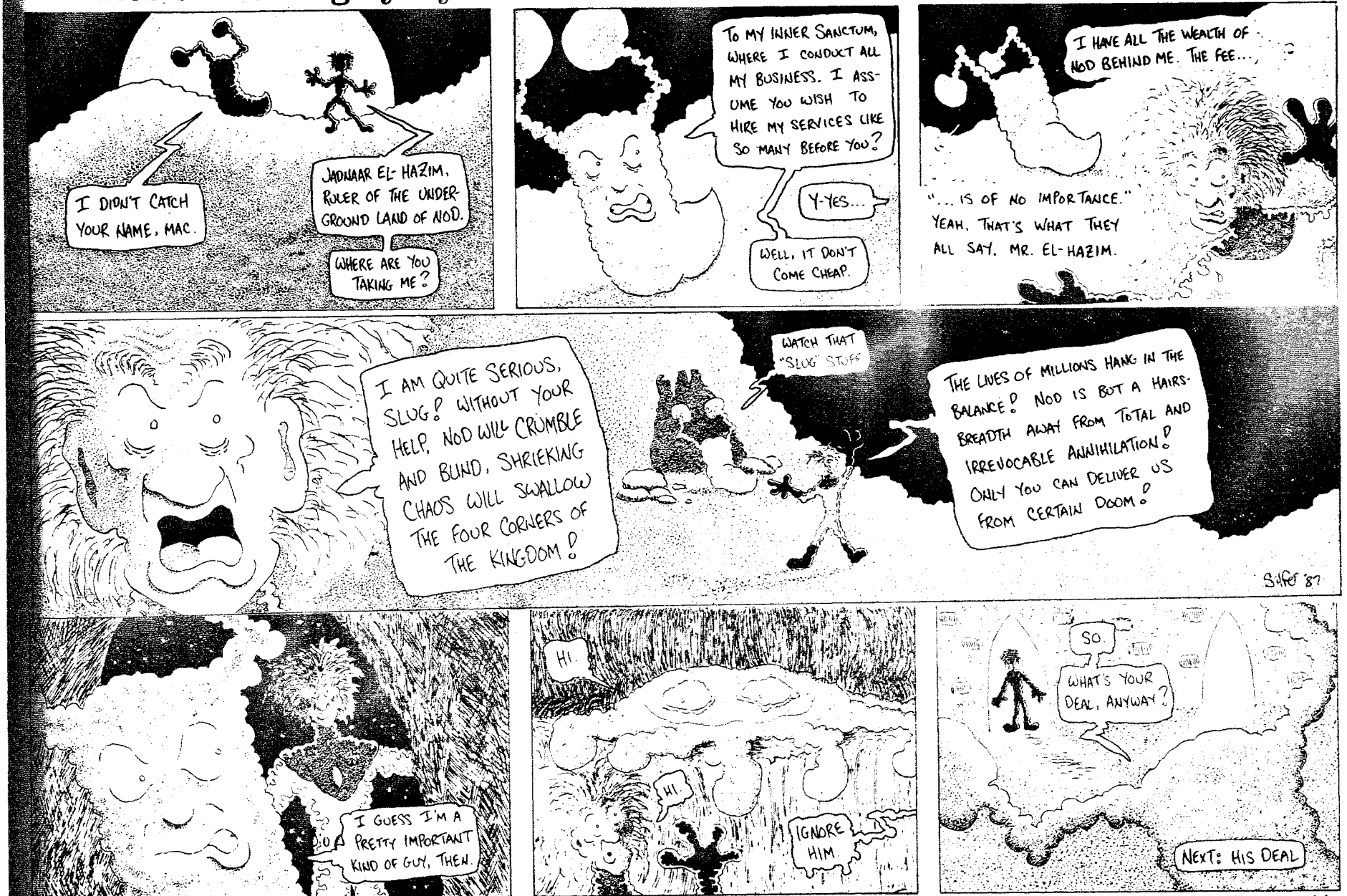
A FEW DAYS LATER...



AND THUS ABORTION-MAN WAS BORN.



Tales of the Slug by Kyle Silfer



by Ras Mike

Wha'da Bumba RaasssKlaat! The first words I heard him say as I arrived at the Air Jamaica terminal, JFK airport. He was furious, well-vexed at a security guard stationed at an X-ray baggage machine who questioned him about a dark mason jar filled with a fermented concoction. When he explained that the jar was filled with a special blend of herbal extracts used for a health tonic, the wryly smiling man in blue uniform quickly called over his two clones who examined the contents closely, hoping to determine it an illegal substance.

Dis is Blood Klaat harassment! he shouted, making sure the increasingly large line of passengers behind him were aware of the incident. At this moment the lyrics of one his songs ran through my mind—*I'm a steppin' razor, don't you watch my size, I'm dangerous, I'm dangerous...* By chance, the guards must have read my mind, as they silently handed back the jar to the six-foot-plus Tosh, and allowed him to pass freely.

Upon witnessing this action, I recalled the story of how Peter claims to have been paralyzed by three *duppies*, or evil spirits while in Jamaica with friends one evening. The only way to get rid of them, to his discovery, was to call out the Jamaican slang word *BumbaKlaat*, a word you don't want to address to a machete-toting citizen of Jamaica. Tosh later recorded a popular song by that name relating to the experience. "Word, Sound, and Power". Peter Tosh lived by that concept, it also being the name of his backing band.

Peter Tosh, born Winston Hubert McIntosh, October 19, 1944, is a man who endured more trials and tribulations in forty years than most people will see in two lifetimes. Feel no pity, mind you, or you will miss the point of my mentioning this. Most of the burdens he has brunted were the result of acts of defiance against the unjust laws of men, and his intentions were duly justified "by the Laws of the Most High God, JAH Rastafari" who Tosh, as all Rastafarians, know as his Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia.

Known as "drug peddlers" and "criminals", among other negativities, the Rastafari implore the general public to shed these false statements, and to hear of their true cultural identities, best portrayed by the syncopated reggae music that is gaining popularity worldwide. The Rastafari are not a mind-controlled cult following, and indeed the Rastaman is not always Jamaican, or racially restricted, as evidenced throughout the world.

Peter Tosh was among the few in today's society who govern themselves, standing up for his rights and the rights of others along side of him. He was a theocratical revolutionary, realizing that his soul is presently incarnate in Babylon, and therefore despised the injustices of the *shitsem* (system). He abhorred violence, using irony as a weapon (he played an electric guitar fashioned after an M-16), and was an uplifting voice among the people of his birthplace, Jamaica, West Indies, and of those spanning the globe.

I was puzzled when Peter chose the smoking section on the DC-10 when given the choice before boarding, as I knew his distaste for cigarettes. Even his queen (wife), Marlene Brown, glanced inquisitively at him, when I was then struck by a thought that only Peter Tosh would conceive of.

Marijuana or "herb", a sacrament among many of the Rastafari, has always been advocated by Peter Tosh. His first album *Legalize It* (1976), on CBS records, although banned from commercial airwaves became an instant classic, and to date Tosh has recorded close to a dozen songs on the subject, including the latest "Nah Goa Jail (for Ganja No More)" on his *No Nuclear War* disc released two months ago on EMI.

Using the herb has worked both for and against Peter, as he was many times the victim of severe life threatening police brutality in Jamaica when found with a lit-up spliff and refused to extinguish it. He was



Dis Is Blood Klaat Harassment!

once severely beaten after a thirty minute scolding of Jamaica's then Prime Minister Michael Manley at the One Love Peace Concert before a crowd of 30,000 in 1978 for not legalizing marijuana. It is interesting how the three proponents of this concert, Jacob "Killer" Miller, Bob Marley, and Peter Tosh have all been eradicated tragically.

This same concert was attended by Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones, who, impressed with Tosh's fortitude, successively signed him to the Stone's label, producing the albums *Bush Doctor*, *Mystic Man*, and *Wanted: Dread and Alive*. Disagreements brought his involvement brought his involvement with Rolling Stones Records to a halt and Tosh's *Mama Africa*, *Captured Live* (a 1985 Grammy nominee), and *No Nuclear War* were released by EMI.

Peter Tosh believed in obtaining levels of spirituality, and as they progressed, so did the knowledge of the Truth of Life. He reached the highest level in this dispensation of on Friday, September 11, 1987 in Kingston Jamaica, when his 'immortal soul' passed on to perform other works.

The circumstances surrounding his brutal execution by three assailants in his home are still not clear. Two other victims, Wilton 'Doe' Brown, Tosh's herbalist, and JBC radio's Jeff 'Free-I' Dixon were also slain. Four others were wounded, including Tosh's wife and manager Marlene Brown, and his drummer Carlton 'Santa' Davis. The four have since been released from the hospital in good condition, yet are reluctant to comment on the shooting. Propaganda reports by the Jamaican government have caused contradictions among the world's press.

Robbery was first indicated, so was a drug-link, as could be expected, but both motives can now be ruled out by overwhelming evidence and testimony. Three days after the shooting, the police reported that the incident may have been motivated by enemies made by Marlene Brown in Kingston, and that Tosh was merely 'in the way' during the argument preceding the execution.



So far the only points clear are that Dennis Lobban, known acquaintance of Tosh and many other musicians in Kingston, and two others arrived at Tosh's home in Barbican, Kingston, and once invited inside, entered the house with the intention

of executing Peter Tosh and anyone who was witness to the slaying. The seven victims were forced to lie on the floor after a verbal argument between Lobban, Tosh, and Brown ensued, and then over 40 rounds of ammunition were fired, bullets even killing Tosh's pet poodle.

It has also been reported that Tosh and Brown were pistol-whipped before being forced to lay down, when Tosh laughed at Lobban as he told him he was robbing him. The assailants escaped by motorcycle, and Lobban is now in police custody, again, as he was recently just released from prison.

We were descending into Norman Manley International Airport in Kingston as Peter inhaled the last of the burning aromatic herb from his classic British-made pipe, smiling as he listened on his walkman to the commentary I had made of US politricks (politics) during one of my radio shows, with his song 'ONLY THE POOR MAN FEEL IT' providing a musical background. His smile indicated that his musical works are permeating the minds of progressive people, that the shares of suffering he has forgone were not in vain, for they provide educational lessons to the youths of today; that wherever there is oppressive forces, there must be applied equal rights and justice!

Indeed, his fist-flaring 'fight against apartheid' on the *Equal Rights* lp (Columbia records) preceded much of the sanctions-including works for opposition to South Africa's horrendous government, and the song has been re-cut and re-released on *No Nuclear War*. This explains why, in Jamaica, before a Peter Tosh concert the crowd would be calling for 'Teacher'. Tosh has even been credited for educating Bob Marley and Bunny Wailer, musically, culturally, and spiritually when they formed the Wailers group in the early 70s, disbanding after two album projects, *Burnin'* and *Catch A Fire* (Island Records) to pursue solo careers.

Reggae has now lost one of the last remaining militant artistes, and perhaps this rude awakening will inspire many to pick up where this righteous Rastaman has left off. Where one has fallen, a thousand more shall stand. When it can be determined that this execution was a bold attempt to silence a powerful voice among the 'sufferahs' in Jamaica (the fact that elections are to be held in a few months have raised many eyebrows), there will undoubtedly be an upsurge in the world's musical expressions, and polytrickal awareness can be heightened to the altitude Peter Tosh wanted it.

After twenty minutes of waiting for immigration to clear us in Jamaica, Tosh, Brown, and I pryed our way into the anxious crowd as the luggage came forward on a conveyor loop. As we waited, Peter said he'd make a copy of the tape I lent him, and send back the original. I gave him the tape to keep, feeling honored he'd even ask for it. Yet his humbleness did not surprise me, for as I was beginning to see, Peter Tosh was like any man, only wanting the respect and dignity his actions and work inferred.

The last I saw of Peter that afternoon, he was going through customs, once again yelling and cursing at a uniformed attendant holding that dark mason jar under close scrutiny.

SUNY Stony Brook will pay tribute to Peter Tosh on Thursday October 15 with a special concert in his honor. Reggae dub poet Mutabaruka will recite a capella and the reggae band Super Classics will appear in the Union Ballroom.

More reggae bands are lined up in late October and November as the Tribute to Peter Tosh continues...

Ras Mike is a host of *Rockin' Iration*, on WUSB 90.1 FM. Tune in on Friday nights from 7-9 pm for Rastafari culture and reggae music. He is also 'Dreaditor' of *Dread Corner*, a Blackworld regular feature, a reggae music promoter, musician and songwriter.