

The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

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I wanted to bring the dead cat with us for good luck, but Legs wouldn't let me.

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# Walkin' Blues

The 300 space faculty/staff parking lot on the north side of the gym will soon be replaced by a foot extension to the building. In turn, the resident lot on the east side of Kelly will become a faculty/staff lot. A flyer announcing this also stated that ticketing and towing will be quickly implemented so students get accustomed to the new situation. The extraction of any parking spot on campus is simply assinine. Then to have students pay for this blunder is both insulting and infurnating.

The shortage of parking lots at Stony Brook is abominable. Instead of trying to rectify the situation, our administration is making things worse. So far a curb was built between The Loop and the Psychology building taking away a dozen prime spots. There was

no need for the curb and overwhelming need for those spots. Now commuters wanting to use the Library at night park on the grass behind Central Hall. Catching on to this new lot, Administration dumped piles of sand on the grass hoping it would stop the disobedience. People still park in that area, cleverly avoiding the sand. We now have just as many cars as well as some nice lumps of dirt to stare at. The question is whether Admin does such a thing out of principle or stupidity. Obviously sand is going to hurt the grass as much as tires, so it seems that they are doing their best to create an us against them situation. What we need is an effort to find a viable solution to the lack of parking on campus, not spiteful gestures given to us by an Administration who would otherwise complete-

ly ignore the fact that we are indeed faced by a serious problem.

Students need their cars as much as faculty/staff people and both need a place to park. Until the issue of parking is recognized and addressed by Administration, three things should be done. First, everyone who has had a problem parking on campus should write a letter to President Marburger informing him of the problem. Second, Every ticket received should be fought. This at least lets someone know how you feel about having \$7.50 lifted from your pocket. Third, keep finding new places to park. If enough people park their towing will be impossible. The new lot behind Central Hall is proof of that.

Who knows? Maybe the next thing built will be an additional parking lot— until then, bundle up.

*The Press welcomes your letters and viewpoints.*

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Come to the Press meetings, Monday nights at 7:00, room 020 Central Hall, or call 632-6451 and ask for Ed.

**Read  
The  
Press**

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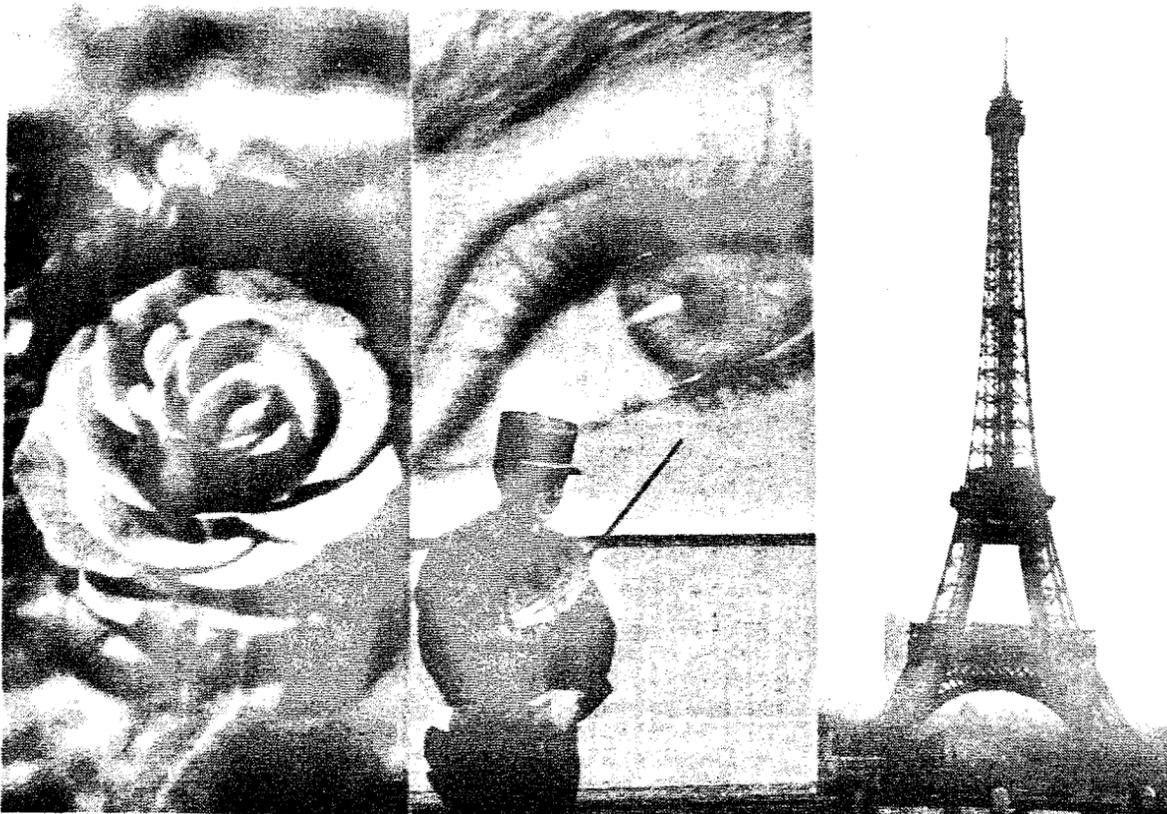


photo by Ed Bridges

# Fight for Your Rights

by Ryder Miller

"Ask any commuter about parking, and they'll sign (petitions), ask any woman about safety, and she'll sign (petitions) but they think they can do nothing, so they do nothing." This is what an angry student said to me after the HELP meeting on Wednesday night, Nov 18. HELP, Housing, Environment and Living Problems, is run by Ester Lastique, chair person of the SASU women's caucus. HELP is a student interest group concerned with safety issues, tenant rights and improvement of health issues at Stony Brook. HELP hopes to empower students and organize events in the future which will make an impact on student life. Help focuses on poor lighting, and the refusal of Stony Brook to upgrade security, particularly in the form of purchasing a blue light emergency phone system which has saved potential rape victims on other campuses. Lastique said, "The college walk service is inadequate because it is understaffed and underpublicized." She also said that "New York State had a special project fund which could be applied for." HELP feels that these problems stem from the fact that residents at Stony Brook University are not treated with the same respect or given the same civil rights as residents living in substandard conditions in the public sphere. Furthermore, the administration at Stony Brook does not recognize students as adults, by not allowing students to run professional events with alcohol outside of the Union Ballroom or

Tabler Cafe, even if only those who qualify under state law are allowed to be served.

HELP plans to wait until next term to hold an event which will bring these issues before administration. The event will take place when there is enough student support, then the administration won't be able to avoid the issue by acting like only a few students are involved.

"They think they can do nothing, so they do nothing."

The real problem was that it is very hard to get strong student support these days, even about issues which directly affect them. Students are either uninterested, too busy or just apathetic. It is also possible that there are some students out there who don't feel that they can make a difference. This is silly because at a school like Stony Brook the people who directly affect your

life are closer than they will ever be in a city or a government. Like Mick Jagger says, "You can't always get what you want/You can't always get what you want/But if you try sometimes you just might find/You just might find, you get what you need." Also, "The people united, can never be defeated" or if you're a pessimist, "The people united will sometimes win and sometimes lose."

For those students who feel Stony Brook is their home, and are concerned about these issues, HELP has weekly meetings at 9 PM in the Union, room 237.

Coming up this week concerning some of the same issues will be the 2nd meeting of the Transport Committee of the Polity Senate. The meeting is on Thursday Nov 19th, at 7:30 PM in Whitman College. Students' input on transportation problems is essential. Spokesmen from Public Safety will be present on Friday, Nov 20th. Also on Friday, at 10 o'clock in the Jacob Javits room in the library (just off the stairs on the second floor) State Senator Ken Lavelle, chairman of the Higher Education Committee will be holding a public hearing to ask for student input about acquaintance rape for the bill he has on the senate floor. As chairman of the Higher Ed Committee, Ken Lavelle has a lot of power over what happens on state college campuses in New York. And as our representative, if informed of the problems we face at this school, he may be able to help us.

## by the way

Radio City Music Hall  
Nov 24th: Jazz guitarists George Benson and Earl Klugh. One show only at 8 PM.

Through Jan 6th: "The Magnificent Christmas Spectacular," starring the Rockettes. Further information: (212) 757-3100.

### Westbury Music Fair

Nov 22nd: B B King and The Gregg Allman Band. 3 and 7 PM.

Dec 6th: Kenny G ("contemporary R&B/pop with a strong instrumental base"). 7 PM. Further information: (516) 333-0533.

### Intermedia Arts Center in Huntington

Nov 27th: David Bromberg. 8 PM. Further information: (516) 549-9666.



# Where's The Wet Food

by Ryder Miller

Despite the popular conception that the ocean will provide food for the growing masses of the future, research and technical problems in harvesting the ocean's bounty has made it clear that the ocean does not possess the unlimited resources we used to believe it did.

Aquaculture and fishing make available aquatic organisms for human consumption. Aquaculture is the manipulation of the life cycles of aquatic organisms for the benefit of mankind. It is similar to farming, whereas fishing is akin to hunting. The aquaculturist has production capabilities which are not possible to the fisher, such as harvesting organisms out of season. Aquaculture also makes possible genetic engineering and provides more control over production.

Despite the fact that aquaculture has been practised in civilized societies as early as 2000 BC, it has only recently made it into the eyes of the American public.

In the late sixties, in response to the growing world hunger problem, research was aimed at determining whether the ocean could be used as a more viable food source. The optimism of the scientists exploring this question sent a message to the general public which was false. Scientists reported advances in aquaculture, reporting to the general public that it was possible to increase yields and produce organisms which weren't economically feasible to produce before. There was no documentation that man would some day be able to harvest the enormous potential of the sea, but that was the message the American

public got.

Most people misconceived aquaculture as this new high tech field which could scoop up all the ocean's bounty. People had visions of extensive plots of seaweed growing over the ocean surface and huge harvesting machines. People believed, and some still do, that the food of the future is seaweed.

### Where is aquaculture today?

Food production by aquaculture has been growing at a steady rate of 6 to 8 percent per year over the last decade. Fisheries which have only increased production 2% annually have been showing signs of depletion due to harvesting greater than sustainable yields. In 1981, aquaculture produced 13% of the edible fish and shellfish, approximately 85% of all sessile mollusks, and 67% of the algae which is used for food, condiments and colloids.

Even though aquacultural production is increasing and fishing techniques are improving, it appears that we are approaching our maximum sustainable yield, which is the maximum yield we can harvest from the ocean without causing ecological damage. The damage due to overfishing results in lower harvests in the following years.

The maximum sustainable yield has been estimated in a number of ways. One way, the tropho-dynamic method, calculates primary productivity and then traces consumption up the trophic, or consumer, levels of the food chain. This determines how much energy is available for fish growth from the

amount of photosynthetic energy absorbed by plankton. The most reliable studies based on this approach indicate the potential harvest to be about 150 million metric tons per year. This includes organisms which we do not use at present and which cannot be economically harvested. Modern day yields are about half this.

Other methods used to determine maximum sustainable yield tend to produce lower numbers than tropho-dynamic method. The fishery-based method uses actual data from fisheries and takes into account the practical limitations on fishery production.

Aquatic foods were estimated, in 1977, to provide 2% of the calories and 13% of the world's supply of animal protein. Even though these numbers appear small, food from the sea is tremendously important locally and this protein is essential to the survival and well-being of millions of people.

In Japan, a nation with 18,000 miles of coastland and a population half the size of the United States, the average Japanese citizen eats 70 pounds of fish each year, six times what the average American eats. For Japan, fish products are essential and aquaculture is viewed as a means to safeguard their fishing industry.

In third world countries like Panama, aquaculture has been used in integrated plant and livestock systems. A system of man-made ponds that recycle livestock waste can be harvested manually and can provide fish for a small village.

What limits the amount of food that can

be harvested from the ocean is not the amount of primary productivity on the ocean's surface, but a method for harvesting this production directly. Photosynthesizing plankton captures energy from the sun and converts it into useable forms of carbon. Consumer organisms capture this primary productivity by ingesting plankton, whereas fish and some of the organisms produced by aquaculture tend to find energy by eating consumers. Between each level of consumption the amount of energy available to the next level decreases by 90%, which means the amount of energy found in fish and the products of aquaculture contain 1 to 10% of the initial primary productivity produced. Also, harvesters are forced to stick close to the shore by the price of fuel and the cost of labor, which makes it unprofitable to go too far away from land. This means the productivity of most of the ocean is not available.

In conclusion, it appears as if the major step needed to make the ocean a more viable source for world food production is an economically feasible method to harvest primary productivity directly. Until such a method is developed, we will be dependent upon agriculture for our normal fare, and the ocean will not provide a solution to the world's hunger problems.

I would like to thank Prof Mirriam of the Biology Department and Prof Siddall of Marine Sciences for their help in putting this together.

# POLITY

*Want better ROADS, PARKING, and BUSTING?*

*come to the  
Transportation  
Committee  
Meeting*

*at*

*Whitman College  
on Tonight, at 7:30pm*

*It's Time We Did Something*

★

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## ATTENTION ALL STUDENT POLITY FUNDED CLUBS

Budget Request Forms for the  
88-89 school year will be available  
Friday, November 20th in the  
Student Polity Suite. The forms  
must be handed in by December  
11th, at 5pm.

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# Mayflower Madam— Ms. Barrows at the Brook

by John Gabriel

On November 17th, Sydney Biddle Barrows, the former owner of the Cache escort service, commonly known as the Mayflower Madam, gave a lecture on her experiences in the escort business at the SUNY @ Stony Brook Fine Arts Center. Her lecture raised a number of questions on the nature of business and capitalism in America. The most disturbing was, "If you can give it away, why can't you sell it?"

Sex as a commodity. It's an interesting concept, but is it wrong? As Ms Barrows described it, her approach reminded one of the restaurant business. The idea was to keep the customer satisfied so the girls would get a larger tip (in addition to the average \$75—150 per hour too). As in the restaurant business, the main course usually took the least time; for waiters, it's 10—15 minutes, for the working girls it was even less, about 5 minutes. The rest of the time was consumed in making the customer comfortable and keeping them that way.

Not having known any other madams, it would be difficult to say whether Ms Barrows was typical of her profession or not. She had the obviously two-faced personality of a department store manager, a sort of idiotic worship of capitalism and the qualities of a good worker (punctuality, neatness, and the ability, called concentration, to be absorbed by a demeaning and trivial task). This was combined with a half-assed attempt to act human, to have an under-

standing sense of humour as long as it doesn't get in the way of getting the most out of your workers. This isn't surprising given her first job training in the managerial program of Abraham & Strauss; she was the quintessential yuppie.

It's impossible to condemn her for what she did. The hypocrisy which condemns the sale of sex and companionship is only a sacred cow designed to keep capitalism respectable. Seriously, if we can treat a necessity like food as a commodity, why not a leisure activity like sex? Sydney Barrows ran a good business. Her employees even had a comprehensive Blue Cross/Blue Shield plan, which is more than most businesses offer. The women who worked for her were mostly students, models, or actresses, and they had a choice—they could devote themselves to the attention of a man for a minimum of \$75/hr or work elsewhere as a retail store clerk or janitor for as little as \$4/hr. With the high cost of living in Manhattan, can you blame them for their choice?

The fault isn't in the people who treat sex as a commodity, but in the system that teaches us to treat everything as a commodity. Socialism and Communism are no panaceas either; government standardization of equality denies each person's need to feel that they have a special quality or ability that makes them somehow better than the next person. In such a system, prostitution, catering to this need, would surely flourish. Perhaps it would be best to legalize prostitution, especially for the opportunity it would give us

to control the spread of STDs. Enforced safe sex and physicals would certainly be cheaper than the \$3000 we spend each day for each prostitute we jail.

As for Ms Barrows, she pleaded guilty to a Class D misdemeanor, which is slightly worse than a traffic violation, and was let off with a \$5000 fine, because the DA's office was unwilling to reveal her upper-class client list. If we legalized prostitution, these services would probably continue to be run by people like her, but that's better than having them in the publishing industry and the college lecture circuit where Ms Barrows is now ensconced. **Mayflower Madam**, an account of her experiences running an escort service, was a recent best-seller, and she's currently at work on a guidebook entitled **How to Survive Being a Wasp**. There are also plans for a third book to be called **Real Girl**, which she called "a good idea that should sell a lot." Pretty revolting, huh—can you imagine Dostoevsky calling **Crime and Punishment** a good idea that should make a lot of money?

It all comes down to the ethics of exploitation. "If you can give it away, why can't you sell it?" The moral obligation should be left to the buyer. Drugs are ostensibly illegal because of their physically harmful side-effects. Legalization and regulation of prostitution, however, would be detrimental to its physical side-effects, the spread of STDs. It may be a lousy job, but someone is going to do it anyway.

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# Jethro Tull

by Joe Castelli

Jethro Tull has a new album out called **Crest of a Knave**, which they are currently promoting with a tour. Not having seen Tull since the **Broadsword and the Beast** tour, I was of course excited to have floor seats for what promised to be a great show.

We met at my apartment a few blocks from the Coliseum to get the flow going. I had not heard any of the new material, so a friend gave me a feel for what it sounded like—typical good Tull in the style of **Heavy Horses**. And it was.

Tull opened the show with "Songs from the Wood" in grand fashion. They never lost it. They played the good oldies like "Hunting Girl", "Skating Away", and "Locomotive Breath" which seemed to be the only songs that the juvenile crowd were familiar with.

Surrounded by fifteen year old heavy metal chicks wearing tight pre-faded jeans, half-shirts, and too much makeup, I thought it would be a terrible evening. But despite the shallowness of the crowd, Ian Anderson pulled it off.

*"The band was aware of patrons who had gathered for the feast..."*

Still featuring the rejuvenated, stylish guitarist, Martin Lancelot Barre, the music was hot. The new tunes, "Farm on the Freeway" and "Steel Monkey" were surprisingly well done. However, due to a poorly mannered audience, the lyrics became blurred at times, but if you were able to ignore the bovine crowd, Tull was spectacular.

It is obvious that **Crest of a Knave** was not an album released for the hell of it, or for money, as many of the exceptional, talented, serious, thoughtful bands of the 80's are doing. You know the great ones—Bon Jovi and Cinderella. Or Motley Crue. No, **Crest of a Knave**, as every Jethro Tull record, has come from the heart.

As the show progressed, I could sense that the band was aware of the patrons who had gathered for the feast. The band looked at each other with disbelief. Yet this would not spoil the concert for those few who, out of loyalty to the days of old, had come to hear the minstrels.

The high point (there were many) peaked during "Heavy Horses", and of course "Wind Up". Tull plays the Brendan Byrne Arena on Sunday, so check it out.

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# Tired Of Just Hanging Out?



photo by Albert Fraser

**Join the World's Foremost College  
Feature Weekly:**

**The Stony Brook Press**

In the spring, we will continue to meet Monday nights  
at 7:00 in room 020, Central Hall.

**Be There**

# Communication

by Steve Loren

Due to limitations of space, and the assumed audience this article will meet, the topics dealt with will be treated generally. I will begin by making the assumption that has been more systematically by Mead, that language is essentially dialogical and hence knowledge in the sense that language makes possible presupposes community and not innate capacities in the human subject that would allow one in the absence of community to be rationally productive. An important consequence of this assumption is that the world itself becomes constituted; it is a social product and to the extent that there is a community of agreement with respect to knowledge of any kind, there is concomitantly the construction of a world object. World objects admit of many degrees of varied ability of many different of meaning that correspond to greater and lesser "determining forces". Some examples of larger and more inclusive determining forces are democracy, monotheism, etc., while examples of lesser determining forces that may reside in some of the more inclusive ones may be punk-rocker, yuppie, etc. Thus a world object for any individual describes greater and lesser degrees of community corresponding to the actual forces of knowledge constitution specific to each level. All this boils down to is the simple notion that legitimacy itself becomes a function of the particular prevalence of a given world object. As an example, a Buddhist claim of the nonexistence of a monotheistic god amongst a group of Catholic priests would not be deemed as legitimate by the group. This question of the legitimacy of statements having to depend on the world objects on which they are uttered is not so simple and innocent a thing as one may first suspect.

In an increasingly technological society such as ours, concerns for productivity, economy and efficiency become of prime importance. As a result of this, object worlds themselves on many levels fall prey

to dominating legitimating themes such as productivity and efficiency, thus effectively relegating other heretofore dominant themes less and less priority. So, for example, we have the common experience symptom of people going pre-med not for the concern for fellow man, or for the furtherance of biomedical knowledge, but rather for the attainment of economic security. These other goals may not be completely suppressed but are nonetheless rendered as secondary and parasitic upon the more important and more worthy motivations (money). Countless examples can be given of such phenomena and these are not the prime object of this study.

For Mead then, implicit in the idea of the use of language is the tendency towards cooperation and the striving for a utopian society. The condition for language then is the evolutionary necessity for cooperation in the human species. For Mead then, the type of reason required by the conditions for language is communicative reason. Communicative reason respects the subjectivity of individuals and aims toward a greater appreciation of the freedom of man, of the subjectivity of man. Such communicative reason allows for a respect of the individual, and this respect allows for men to unite by virtue of their tolerance of differences, of the recognition of the other as a subject. Such communication allows for a wide variety of human constructs and values to arise, and enriches the possibilities of creative discourse.

When we look at modern technological society we see that instrumental reason or means-ends rationality has exerted a strong influence. This means-ends rationality allows us to look at our peers less as subjects and more as objects, and as a result of this and the grand legitimating themes imposed by technological society, individual creative subjectivity becomes impoverished. What this means is that as the legitimating themes of technological society become more prevalent and hence the means-ends rationality more widely adopted, commun-

icative interaction will respect less and less the value of the subject, and as our alienation from subjectivity continues so does our alienation continue from the process of communicative rationality. What this ultimately results in is a "univocalized" social discourse that accepts as valid only a narrow range of "world objects" that become defined more and more by the legitimating themes of technological society. Thus we have an insidious return of Orwell's 1984 not implemented in terms of a controlled language (Newspeak), but by a prevalence of legitimating themes that pervade our society. Another consideration that should be mentioned in this very incomplete survey is the following: For Mead the condition for the continual improving of the human condition lies in the process of communicative reason; subjectivity must be respected for the interests of human freedom to be realized. What follows from this is simply the notion that as we become further and further removed from communicative reason by the continual adoption of the legitimating themes of technological society, we become less able to continue to

realize "better" societies, societies that respect freedom in the true sense of this word, respect for subjectivity and diversity.

To summarize this sketchy article, we have the notion of "world objects" constituted by "agreements" of groups of individuals (convention), these world objects are varied and complex and often can be analyzed in hierarchical terms of genus-species relationships. We have the notion of legitimating themes which describe the kind of acceptable discourse in any given world object. We have discussed how the legitimating themes of modern technological society have extended beyond their "functional realm" into the social sphere, and have thus changed the character of the different world objects. The most debilitating (in my point of view) of these legitimating themes promotes a means-ends rationality which impoverishes the human individual and limits social progress. This conclusion is arrived at, in part, by the adoption of Mead's principle of communicative rationality.

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## PRINTED PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Undergraduate Philosophy Club

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Know Thyself — Socrates, 460 B.C.

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I yam what I yam — Popeye, yesterday

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## Buddha Lives in the Park

by Steve Schmitz

Before I say anything more, I just want to say something about the title of my article last week, "The Great Transcendental Wisdom." I apologize if it sounded arrogant. That is not the impression that I wanted to bring across. The article was originally titled "An Attempt at Me." I wish I had kept that title. Instead, it now sounds like a circus show. Come and see THE GREAT TRANSCENDENTAL WISDOM.

Anyway, to get back to the subject of my writings, I am trying to share with you an experience. Intellectually, it is an easy experience to grasp, but to actually feel it makes a big difference. So, you may be able to follow what I say, but do you feel it? Have you experienced it?

So, in reading my writings, try not to be logically critical of what I say since the experience which I speak of transcends logic. One can talk of it logically but to feel it, it is no longer logical.

Also, as I mentioned before, there are an infinite number of ways that this experience can be described. To have this experience, one sees that all the descriptions of this experience are describing the same thing. But if one has not had the experience, then it is hard to see that the same experience undermines all of the different descrip-

tions.

And what are some of these different descriptions? Well, to start off with, I could say that this experience has been described in many different languages, including physics, psychology, music, religion, art, literature, philosophy, etc.

When one has the experience, one sees the simplicity of everything while at the same time seeing the complexity of everything. Jesus talked of this, as did Lao Tzu, Buddha, and many others. I will try to talk of this experience through these people and also draw upon my own form of expression. A friend of mind is also helping me with this project. He feels it, brother.

Here are three different philosophical descriptions:

Here is a quote from Lao Tzu:

Tao produced the One.

The One produced the two.

The two produced the three.

And the three produced the ten thousand things.

The ten thousand things carry the yin and embrace the yang, and through the blending of the material force they achieve harmony.

Lao Tzu calls the experience Tao, which means The Way. Tao is seeing yin and yang,

the two opposing forces, and seeing beyond them. Seeing that they do not exist. They were created by this nothingness, Tao.

Jesus said:

"The kingdom of Heaven is like a mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field. It is the smallest of all the seeds, but when it has grown it is the biggest of shrubs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air can come and shelter in its branches." Here, Jesus talks of the simplicity leading to complexity and also complexity and also complexity leading to simplicity since the tree will produce a seed.

Steve said (ha ha):

**Black and White**

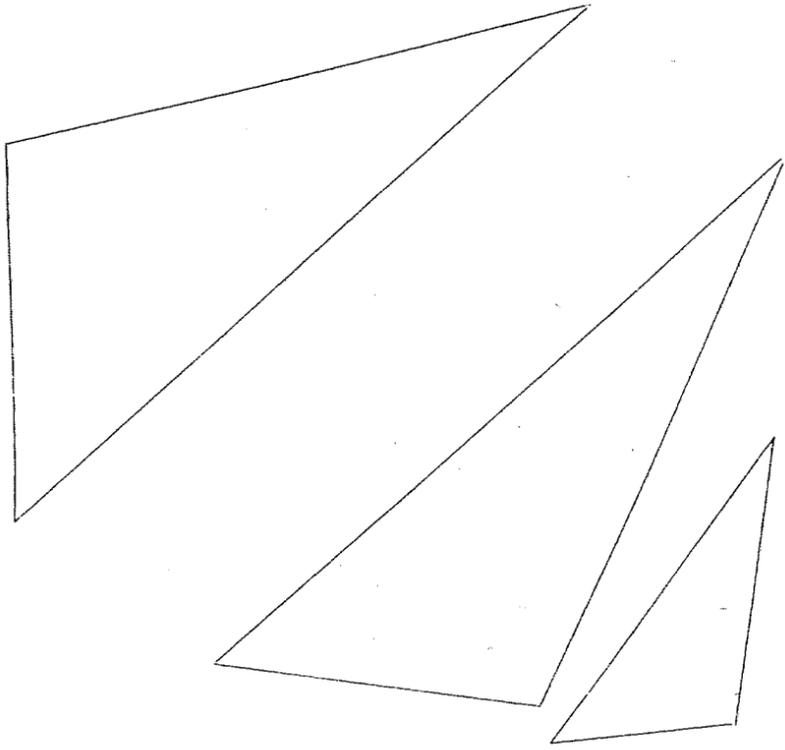
Are deceiving. One suggests that there is nothing there and the other suggests that everything is there. And they are both lying.

Now, let me talk of simplicity and complexity in terms of society and civilization. Society started out very simply. However, through the years we have complicated it. People talk of our civilization being dirty. I do not believe that this is true. I can find errors in it but not anymore than in past civilizations. True, our civilization has become more complex but so has our thinking.

I am not saying whether or not it is good that we progressed down the road of complexity.

I just want to say that things exist, whether it is solely in our minds or not, things exist. Now, the perceiver just perceives an object without defining it. A scientist will perceive the object and define it. Now, we as a civilization have just been going down the road of defining things. Since our descriptions are more complicated and with minute details, we feel that we are closer to the object of description. I feel it is virtually impossible to know something through breaking it down into its smallest parts. The true knowledge comes when one just perceives the object. Unfortunately, all of us are scientists to some extent. The experience of enlightenment is the experience of just perceiving. So, for example, we will look at a tree but not identify it with the word "tree" or any other preconceived idea of what it is. It is virtually impossible to know an object through defining it because an object has infinite number of definitions and to know the object one would have to know all of the definitions and know their relation. However, when one has enlightenment, one sees the object for what it is and still realizing that there are definitions which describe the object so that we can communicate the object to others.

# STUDENT POLITY ASSOCIATION



*Something's Coming to Stony Brook...  
That's Going to Change the Way You  
Think about the Fine Arts.*

## Stony Brook Performing Dance

**Join Us,  
Watch Us.  
We're Coming, Soon....**

*Mondays & Tuesdays*

*9:30-11pm*

*Dance Studio*

*6-6882*

*Stony Brook At Law will be  
having weekly meetings every  
Wednesday at 8:15pm in room  
W3510 of the Main Library.*

*All welcome.*

*Bring a friend along.*

## *Gay and Lesbian Alliance General Meeting Notice*

*Thursday's at 8:30pm  
Union Room 231  
11/19 Guest Speaker from GLAC*

● *Refreshments Served* ●

# The Smiths Are Dead

continued from back page

The Smiths' debut album, **The Smiths**, was first heard on England's BBC radio show hosted by Peel in April of 1984. Its airplay received much deserved attention because as one Brit put it, "The lyrics when we first heard them were so sad and riveting. One could identify with Morrissey's morbid attitude towards everything. It was novel."

The Smiths' second album, **Hatful of Hollow**, is regarded by many as their best. The album is a compilation of all the songs from **The Smiths** and their B sides. Success followed the album and with increased publicity, the characterization of Morrissey as a tall, dark, handsome, gay poet emerged.

In 1984, the Smiths' third album, **Meat is Murder**, was released. This was their shortest album and it bombed on the charts. Some fans claim that new bands have a turning point where the style of music that makes them known and revered is suddenly changed for the worse. Some feel **Meat is Murder** was this change. Fans were no longer able to relate to Morrissey's lyrics; they felt them to be no longer personal. Others believed that Morrissey's head had swelled.

Smiths fans were now divided. There were those who thought Morrissey to be some sort of a pompous, whining freak. They deserted. This image could be displayed in "Nowhere Fast" off **Meat is Murder** when Morrissey sings confidently, "I'd like to drop my trousers to the world/I am a man of means of slender means/Each household appliance/Is like a new science in my town." Yet, there are those fans who listened to the sick humor and liked it. These fans were able to comprehend Morrissey's meaning at the end of that song when he sings, "and if the day came when I felt a natural emotion/I'd get such a shock I'd probably lie/In the middle of the street and die/I'd lie down and die." Even though some may have been incensed by Morrissey's apparent "superiority", the Smiths did in fact change. Morrissey's lyrics, although still depressing, were now wrapped in sardonic humor. The title song, "Meat is Murder" is enough to make a meat eater become a vegetarian. With its crying cow noises and vile descriptions of tearing the flesh of innocent animals and savoring their juices upon your tongue, it surely succeeded in making many trash their meat spaghettios.

In 1986, **The Queen is Dead** gave the

Smiths' remaining fans more sick humor than ever. Morbid humor was displayed in the song "Cemetery Gates" when Morrissey sings, "A dreaded sunny day/So let's go where we're happy/And I'll meet you at the cemetery gates/Keats and Yeats are on your side/But you lose/Because Wilde is on mine." **The Queen is Dead** thematically deals with the need to be loved and respected, mixed in with an "I don't care" attitude. In the song, "I Know It's Over", Morrissey even tells his mother that he can "feel the soil falling over my head." Does Morrissey's expression of death signify he has AIDS? Hopefully not.



In 1987, **Louder than Bombs** was released with 23 cuts, including seven classics from **Hatful of Hollow**. Original songs on the album included "Panic", "Shoplifters of the World", "Shiela take a Bow", "Is it Really so Strange" and "Ask". These all reached the top five on WLIR.

With **Louder than Bombs**, the Smiths were getting more airplay. Their lyrics and music were more confident than ever, almost insane. In the song "Panic", Morrissey lashed out at DJs by singing clearly, "Burn down the disco/Hang the blessed DJ/ On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down/ On the provincial town that you jog 'round/ Hang the DJ, Hang the DJ, Hang the DJ." The chorus ("Hang the DJ") was sung over and over by a contingent seemingly composed of thousands of infants. Surprisingly, this song reached number one in London

and on WLIR.

Their most recent, and last, album, **Strange Ways Here We Come**, lacks humor and echoes of 1984 when Morrissey's lyrics were solidly sad. Its ten cuts deal with death and unhappy love situations. Some feel that this is The Smiths' best album and is how they should be remembered—reflecting their original style of 1984 before the addition of lyrical humor.

The first song, "Hello", has a steady beat. Morrissey's voice comes across powerfully yet with an air of self-inflicted pain—"But don't mention love/I'd hate the pain of the strain all over again." Although only

byes/I know it's serious."

The last tune on the A side is a great sad love song called "Stop Me if You Think You've Heard This One Before". Marr's sad melody is perfectly suited for Morrissey's voice. He sings—"Or so I drank one/ Or was it four/And when I fell to the floor I drank more/Nothing's changed/I still love you/I still love you/But only slightly less/Than I used to."

"Last Night I Dreamt that Somebody Loved Me" is yet another sad love song. It is more depressing and touching than the other songs because Morrissey's voice whines (as some Smith haters would say). His voice is at its worst or best, depending on where you're coming from. Marr's music fits the somber mood perfectly as the listener slips back to the tone of 1984. The song reveals a real connection with some emotions people hide. Morrissey sings rawly, like he's about to cry—"Last night I dreamt/That somebody loved me/No hope/But no harm/Just another false alarm."

"Unhappy Birthday" is the only hint on the entire album that a dash of humor still exists for the Smiths. Only the Smiths can sing this warped type of song and get away with it. Morrissey sings, "I've come to wish you an unhappy birthday/Because you're evil/And you lie/And if you should die/I may feel slightly sad/(But I won't cry)." Is it funny? That is a question of taste, but the ending is anything but funny. Morrissey slips back into despair singing—"So drink, drink, drink/And be ill tonight/From the one you left behind." Sniffle.

One gets an inside glimpse of the music business from a very opinionated song called "Paint a Vulgar Picture". The title almost speaks for itself. Morrissey sings—"BPI, MTV, BBC/Please them! Please them!/Sadly this was your life/But you could have said no/If you wanted to/You could have walked away/Couldn't you?" Poor Morrissey, it is worth being famous? Is the big commercial machine trying to manufacture him as a mass-produced entity? He won't succumb.

Although Marr has left the band, he won't ever be in contact with anyone as poetic and real as Morrissey. Marr would have been wise to have had a long talk with Morrissey about his depression and tried to work out the problems with the band. One can be sure though, wherever Morrissey goes, his followers will too, as long as there's a market for a performer true to his feelings.

## Flash, Flair, and Finance

continued from back page

masquerades as humor. It's easier. And violence masquerades as dramatic conflict, too. That's easier than developing a situation with credible characters."

Here's a great story told by Federico Fellini, the reknowned Italian director. Even after winning two Oscars, a treasure to the studio system, he had trouble finding a poducer for his next project. Producers wanted him to make the same films over and over again. When Fellini refused a lucrative deal on an uncreative project, an American publicist told him "Maybe in Italy it's being a poet to turn down this sort of money, but if you do it in America, you're a ———." Fellini was too delicate to submit exactly what he was.

Money has always been the embolism in the artistic vein. Artists are dropping like flies from strokes, and audiences are getting bored (if not offended). But wait, there's always hope. Around the fifties, Broadway underwent a revolution. The costs of putting on shows became exorbitant. Slowly, the Off- and Off-Off-Broadway theaters were formed. These gutsy little companies

didn't have the flash, flair, or finance of the big guys, but they had some innovation. Companies have come and gone, but quality shows are made. The film industry has an analogous expansion—the independent film industry is born. They aren't too well known, too securely backed, or too well fed, but they're out there. And now, some of them are making it big.

Independent films may be picked up for distribution by major studios. **Platoon**, last year's block-buster Viet Nam movie, was made by independent Oliver Stone. Who would have imagined that a film made by an outsider would receive such critical acclaim? The two can occasionally coincide. It was quite a surprise when the 1984 Academy Award for best picture went to **Amadeus**, distributed by Orion, but made by the Saul Zaentz Company (who is he?). Just two years later, NYU Film School student Spike Lee would get his film project for NYU, **She's Gotta Have It**, released to general success. The trend, most inspiringly, seems to be growing respect and availability of independent films. The public can only take so much crap.

The first film to be made in communist China, **A Great Wall**, was made by independent Peter Wang. He feels that the independents are the artists of tomorrow. They have the innovation and willingness to take risks. (An interesting side note— **A Great Wall**, while being critically successful, wasn't widely distributed. The film **Tai Pai** was made by a large motion picture studio, and was touted as the first major motion picture made in China. Costing probably ten times the cost of **A Great Wall**, it was considered a sure bet since it was based on a best-selling book. As it turned out, **Tai Pai** was both a commercial and critical flop.)

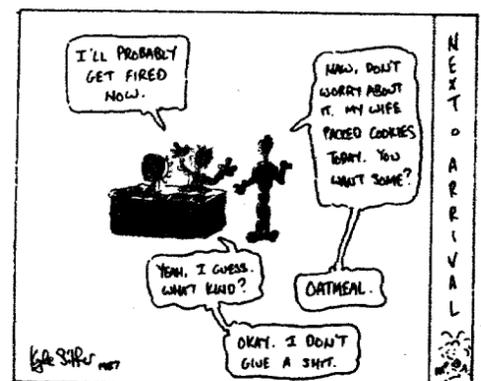
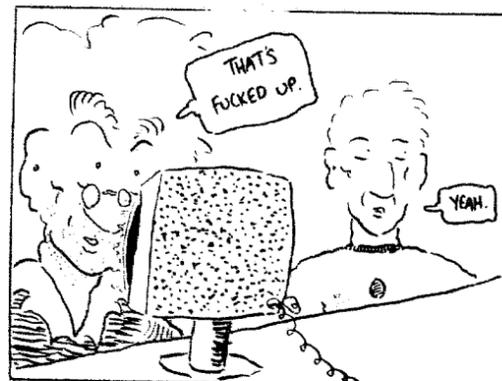
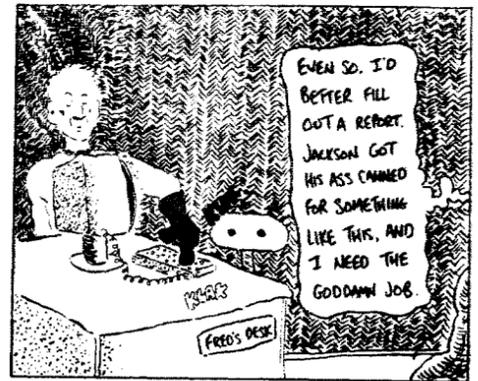
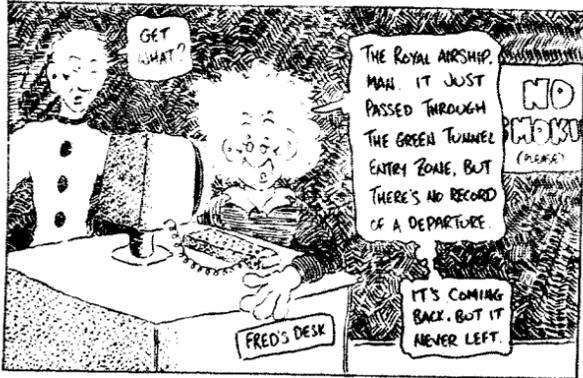
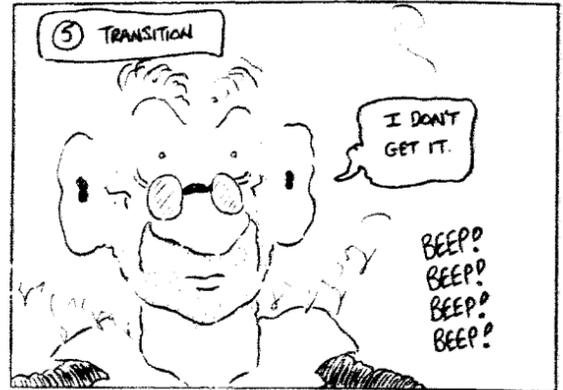
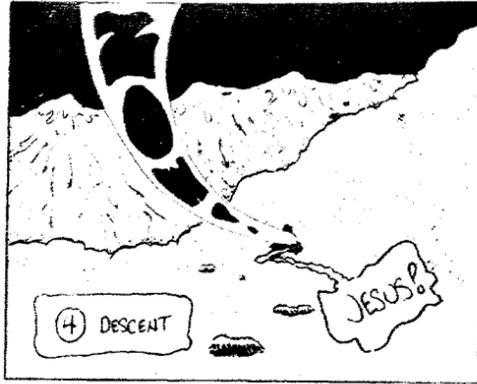
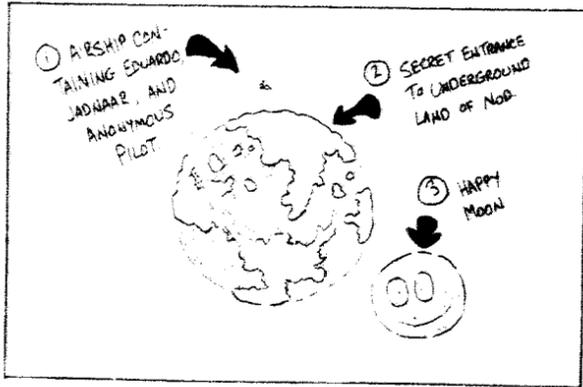
The "adult film" seems to be making a comeback. Adult film not meaning porn, but a film that is both intelligent and stimulating. For instance, **Fatal Attraction** is thrilling for everybody, but much more so for married couples. Even the studios are beginning to acknowledge that there is an adult market out there. The VCR may have made the market more visible. Believing that adults just didn't go to the movies, studios did not make any adult films. But now, even at the risk of a minimal run in

theatres, a film can prove to be very lucrative once on tape and available to the homeviewer. Also, independent films were not only being seen but being seen by many people. And the fact remains that all age groups like to be entertained, but entertained well.

One ally for the quality film was David Puttnam, who, as a producer was responsible for such varied films as **Local Hero** and **The Killing Fields**. Columbia Studios, looking for a risky change, made him their chairman. Things looked promising. He wanted to make mature, artistic projects. Most unfortunately, he resigned out of fear of complications in a merger with Tri-Star Productions. It was a great loss, but it epitomizes the need for freedom and pressure of business.

Businessmen cannot beget art. It's as simple as that. But artists and filmgoers alike are fed up with the sorry condition of the modern film. The winds seem to be slowly taking a new direction. Quality may be back in vogue. The hope of the future goes to the independent filmmaker.

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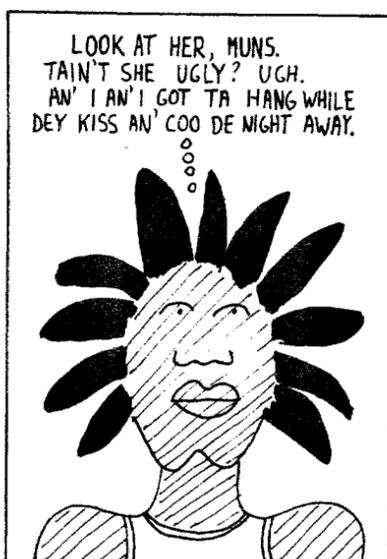
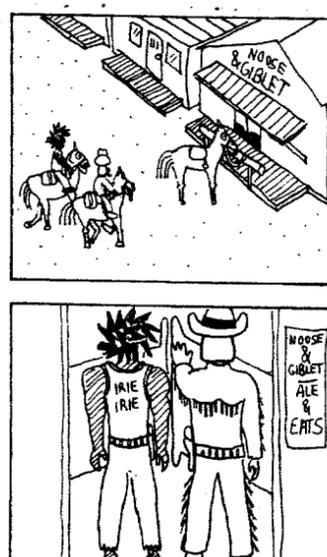
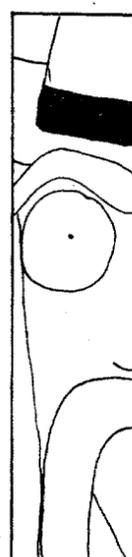


# THE SAGA OF MACK MAGRAW

C.J. MORGAN

"GET UP, STAND UP  
STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS!"

THE SHOOTING AND SMOKING SESSION COMPLETED, MACK AND RAS MEAN RIDE INTO TOWN TO SEEK LUCY'S HELP. THE "NOOSE & GIBLET", BESIDES BEING CHEAP, IS THE ONLY TAVERN IN TOWN THAT SERVES RASTAMEN



by Craig Goldsmith

If Nick Lowe and Elvis Costello had a baby, his name would be Andrew Roblin. Roblin, a local musician from Nashville, and his band the Upstarts, have just released their first record on Roblin's own Upstart Records label. The disc, produced by Roblin and Upstart bassist Anthony Isabel and drummer Jeff Stallworth, is an uneven, yet crisply arranged and produced effort. The songs' content range from trite, high school lust songs to off-beat, tongue-in-cheek odes to Dr. Ruth.

There are seven songs on the disc (six really, as the last track is a dance mix version of the first track), which makes for a short record, but at six bucks in the mail, you can't expect sixty minutes of music. The first track, "Forbidden Love", is very mainstream, very commercial, very polished. It is this tune that Roblin hopes will gain some airplay on college radio stations. With a good hook in the refrain and simple, direct lyrics—"People say our love is bad/Coz they're scared of what they never had"—this tune should appeal to listeners who don't need great lyrics and do need a song to tap their feet to.

The second track, probably the record's finest, is a tribute to that incorrigible sex shrink, Dr. Ruth. Titled (you'd never guess) "Dr. Ruth", the tune pays tribute to the old TV theme song "Rawhide" (remember the Blues Brothers?). You can even hear someone singing "rawhide, rawhide, rawhide" in between the whip sounds. With a funky western beat, and Roblin's best guitar work, the song describes the singer's feelings towards the diminutive demi-god of the late night TV airwaves—"You said I'm Okay/I'm not too weird/You take my call/You take my heart/I love you Dr. Ruth/Give me good sex/Good sex/Good sex with you/OH Dr. Ruth/Please tell me the truth". It's a tight, funny little song, that only suffers because of Stallworth's ill-timed dance-hall beat drumming.

"The Boy Who's Looking" is not too noteworthy, except that the lead guitar riff is the riff from "Pretty Woman", by Roy Orbison. The lyrics follow the same general theme as well—Roblin, walking in the street, is "lookin' for the girl who's lookin' for the guy who's lookin' for a girl". Great.

"Watch Out for the Humans" sounds like an average of all the songs on Elvis Cos-

# Upshot of the Upstarts



tello's *This Year's Model*, but without either the technical skill or Costello's scathing lyrics. The guitar riffs are the same, the beats are the same, but the words contain none of the insight that Roblin tries to bring to the tune—"What makes people lie and cheat/What makes people steal/Somethin' deep in our hearts that never heals/Watch out/Watch out for the humans". Fine sentiments for the eighties, but clichés don't make it click. And if Elvis ever heard the

song, he just might sue for copyright infringement.

The last two songs on the disc (the very last song is the dance mix of "Forbidden Love", which, even taken on the merits of dance mix, leaves something to be desired) seem like two tunes straight out of the Nick Lowe Pop Song Hall of Fame. It might have been better if "Hey Lonely Girl", an attempt to reach, you know it, a lonely girl,

and "Is Something Going On?", a little ditty about infidelity, had been left off, and the disc released as an EP (it almost qualifies as an EP already, because of its brevity). Lowe might be honored at the influence that he has all the way across the ocean down in Tennessee, but these songs are neither as catchy nor as crisp as Lowe's pop masterpieces.

Some background. The press release that accompanied *Upstart* describes Roblin as a journalist and musician, who was once held prisoner at Graceland (Elvis Presley's mansion in Memphis) on the tenth anniversary of the King's death this past August. Roblin was covering the scene for *Chic*, a porno magazine, and apparently some of his interviewees became a little irate, and the security guards detained Roblin for half an hour until Memphis police ordered him released. "After seeing the huge crowds at Graceland, I think Elvis was a prisoner there. Elvis and I have that in common now," Roblin said in the release. This intrigued me, so I gave Roblin a call at the Upstart Records office in Nashville.

My main concern was why did Roblin think that this little anecdote would be of any concern to a paper? I didn't understand why a musician trying to hype his first record would want to advertise that he is a writer for a porno rag. But Roblin informed me that what happened to him at Graceland is of importance to a college paper, as his first amendment rights had been infringed upon. Maybe, but pointed out that many people, especially the Bible Belt Presley fans, might object to being interviewed for a porno magazine. He said "I'm a freelance writer. That's how I make my living." Hold on, Andrew, a writer? I asked if he expected to make any money on the record, and if he made money playing live. He told me that he plays bars and clubs in Tennessee and the Carolinas, and that between bar gigs and writing, he manages to the bills. In regards to the album he said that "It's remotely possible [to make money on the record]. If I sell 5000 copies, I'll do a little better than break even. It's sort of a labor of love." He also mentioned that he writes for *Hustler* now—"They pay better."

So if you've got six bucks lying around gathering dust, and you want a disc that you can tap your feet to, a disc where you've heard all the riffs and all the ideas somewhere before, send it to Upstart Records, Box 3483, Nashville, TN, 37219.

# George Harrison Clapton, Ringo, & Elton

by Robert Becker

I was riding along in my automobile when I heard this catchy little tune "Got My Mind Set on You" with some familiar little guitar licks. "No, it can't be," I said. But it is! George Harrison has a smashing new album out entitled *Cloud Nine*.

*Cloud Nine* is George's first album in five years. The album contains eleven songs, one of which, "Got My Mind Set on You", is a song written in the fifties by Rudy Clark. All the other songs are written by George Harrison or in collaboration with Jeff Lynne. The song "That's What It Takes" was written by George, Jeff, and Gary Wright. Lynne also helped produce the album and you may recall him as the "L" from the seventies band ELO.

The album has a very tight, crisp and clear sound to it. The people who can be held accountable for this sound are none other than some of George's good friends: Eric Clapton, Ringo Starr, Jim Keltner, and Elton John. The title track contains some of

George's most exquisite slide guitar work. The song "Just For Today" is one of the finest on the album and is reminiscent of the songs found on his first solo album *All Things Must Pass*. The song's message is the freeing of one's self from the bonds of the material world. In this freedom we leave behind the problems in the life which we create. "Someplace Else" is a song with a similar thought on spiritual enlightenment. This song is carried through with George's familiar weeping guitar style.

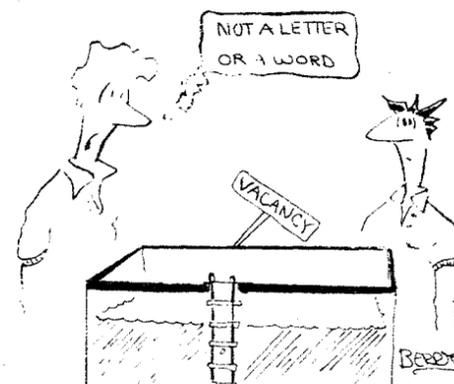
"Devil's Radio", a hoppin', rockin' tune, is a complaint about all the shit and gossip the mass media throws at us day after day. "Pollution of the highest degree," is how George phrases his feelings about gossip. The songs highlight Clapton's wild lead guitar licks. In "Wreck of the Hesperus" he knocks gossip journalism down a couple notches. This song is a fun romp with word play as is evident from the lines "I'm not a power of attorney/But I can rock as good as Gibraltar." This word play is similar to that from the song "Greece" off of the album *Gone Troppo*.

Included on *Cloud Nine* is a tribute to the Beatles, a song which captures the sound of the Fab Four. Most likely that is due to the rhythms that Ringo lays down on the drums on this track. The song is called "When We Was Fab" and the lyrics tell of the strange feeling it was for the Beatles to wake up one day and find themselves amidst the hysteria labelled Beatlemania.

He expresses the break-up of the Beatles with the Dylan line "...it's all over now baby blue". George ends the song with a melodic sitar arrangement that warms the soul.

"This is Love" is a peppy little love song that sounds like some of the tunes George wrote in the seventies. The ELO style keyboards make this song sound trite and can easily get on one's nerves. The song isn't ruined by this but it loses some of its sincerity.

*Cloud Nine* is nothing less than what can be expected from Harrison. In fact his solo work since 1970 has been consistent and of high quality. It is apparent that George has a deep feeling for his music and all one can possibly hope is that he keeps sharing this feeling with us all. Thanks, George.



by Kyle Silfer

**H**arvey Fierstein's *Safe Sex* is subdivided into three self-contained, thematically-linked segments, so I figure this is my big chance to indulge in a similar vein of literary stylistics, right? Right. So here's the deal: the following Roman-enumerated sections (to coin a phrase) are entitled exactly as the corresponding acts in Fierstein's play, and each contains a witty and informed analysis of the appropriate bit of dramaturgy.

Ready? Go.

**I. Manny and Jake**

A pretentious abstraction of homosexual courting in the era of AIDS. Bogus poetry. Leaden symbolism. Oblique, fragmentary dialogue. Morgan Margolis and Reuben Goldman (Manny and Jake, respectively) struggle to provide pathos and sympathy, but ersatz sighs in no way redeem Fierstein's pointlessly enigmatic discourse. Toxically artsy, but not without some merit (the damned cool lighting, for one thing).

**II. Safe Sex**

An extravaganza of seriocomic conversation: two guys in their pajamas thrash it out over intimacy, jealousy and (naturally) sex. Morgan Margolis is back (howdy), this time as Mead, recently-returned lover of Ghee (Anthony Morelli), and the heated discussion that blossoms between the two characters after an abortive attempt at "safe sex" veers wildly from the comic to the somber, with indisputably entertaining—and occasionally unnerving—results. Mor-

elli, in particular, instills the proceedings with a hell of a lot of life; his inspired delivery and engaging (if classically homosexual) mannerisms provide boffo laffs, dude. And the dialogue ain't too shabby either: alternately blunt and scalpel-precise, as it's often found in the real world. A good way to keep the audience around through...

*One Ten Minute Intermission*

**III. On Tidy Endings**

The clincher, such as it is. From mere theatrical sketches (one more of a doodle) we reach a fully realized drama. A man contracts AIDS, dies, and leaves his estate to both his ex-wife (Robbie Van Der Veer) and a more recent lover (Morelli again). The two

beneficiaries meet to take care of unfinished legal business, but—of course—certain things are said, certain tensions displayed, and before you can say "character interaction," there's something mighty complex going down up on that stage. Again, Fierstein jogs more than a few laughs out of the audience (his Author's Note: "Never lose your sense of humor."), but it is the intricacy of relationships delineated that carries "On Tidy Endings" through to a satisfying conclusion. Acted with conviction, too, by cracky, even down to David Reichhold's willful teen-aged *deus ex machina*.

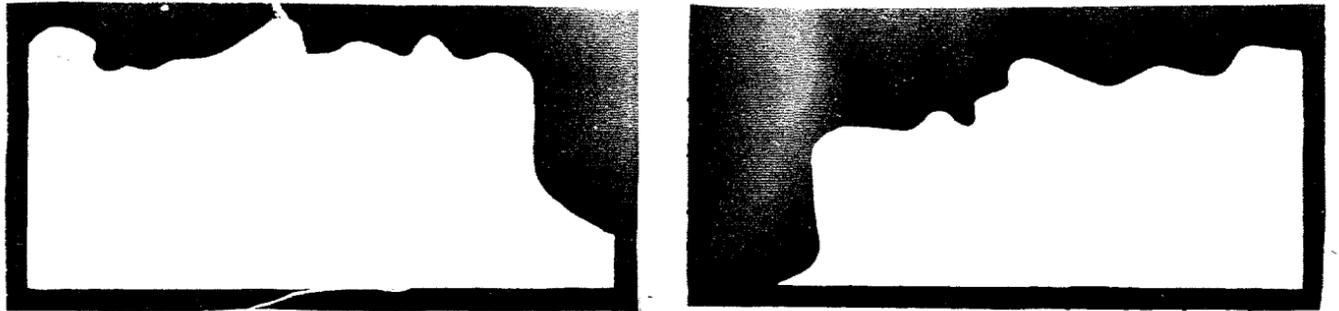
Ah, free of the paradigm.

Each of these three acts involves AIDS, but none of them is explicitly *about* the virus. What is dealt with here—in varying degrees of effectiveness—are human de-

sires, fears, and indifferences in the face of disease and death. With a faintly exploitative title like *Safe Sex*, you might expect the theatrical equivalent of an advice tract, but the only information of that kind to be found is discreetly inserted in your program (courtesy of the *Village Voice*) to ignore or peruse as you desire.

*Safe Sex* is a solid production from SUNY Stony Brook's Department of Theatre Arts, enhanced by evocative lighting (Brian Miller), wintry set design (Michael Sharp), and thoroughly [positive adjective] direction (Robert Alpaugh). Its last performances are scheduled for 8:00 PM on November 20 and 21 in the Fine Arts Center right here on this very campus, and since it doesn't stink (I've made that clear, haven't I?), go see it or there'll be trouble.

# Safe Sex



Vinyl

## The Smiths Break Up



by Quinn Kaufman

**T**he Smiths, reknowned for soothing the minds and bodies of many melancholy college students, recently released their last studio album *Strangeways, Here We Come*. Unfortunately, this news was accompanied by the announcement that guitarist/music-writer Johnny Marr is leaving (MTV claims that Marr is joining the Pretenders). This time it's for real and it's permanent.

Lead vocalist Morrissey, that openly depressed, yet lovable, celibate, bisexual lyricist has announced that he will go solo. Morrissey is well known for his sexually ambiguous lyrics, but in the absence of Marr's harmony, the structure of the band collapses leaving behind only a normal tweetering rhythm section. One DJ said, "Marr probably left because he was sick and tired of writing music for a sick depressive."

*continued on page nine*

On Film

## The Commercial Beast Ravages Hollywood

by Stephanie Long

**W**ho makes films? Filmmakers, one would think. However, in the studio system predominant today, businessmen rule the industry. The independent filmmaker, usually small and obscure, is beginning to grow. Original, artistic films, a rarity among the Hollywood set, are being seen under the independent label.

One phenomena that has developed is the Curse of the Sequel. Critic Jeffery Lyons aptly complained about seeing so many "roman numerals". Unfortunately, businessmen in the film industry, by nature of the job, are not restricted to matters of finance. As film researchers point out, they make creative decisions without being schooled in drama, writing, or the visual arts. The filmmaker proposes a film, the businessman decides if it will be made.

**"The modular movie— stamped out as if by a cookie cutter, only the titles and stars changing from season to season."**

Hollywood has become a city of calculated commercialism. The professionals in charge now have a great deal more education than the fledgling film companies that started out there. But they lack the risk-taking enthusiasm. If a businessman loses money for the company, he gets fired. In this pressure-cooker environment, managers have to be very careful, often at the expense of artistic integrity. The projects that are considered are the safe, popular ones, with ideas that are "already proven". What was a success in the past is assumed to be the only thing with any chances of succeeding in the future. Donald Spoto, the chairman of film studies at the New School for Social Research, calls this the modular movie— "Stamped out as if by cookie-cutter, only the titles or stars changing from season to season. What little there is of story remains much the same." This is good for a photocopying machine, but not an art form.

Movies are reduced exclusively to frothy entertainment, no-content commercial hits. Basically, that's why they call it show business and not show art. This cheapens film as an art medium.

The biggest group of moviegoers is those in the 14 to 25 year old range. This makes the biggest movie module of all the teenage movie. Mel Brooks admitted that he gears his movies towards a twelve year old mentality. The formula is infantile story plus sex, not comfortable for young children or adults. How ironic that these corporate middleagers make a living by telling teenagers what they like to see. Sex and violence is fine, but when every movie is largely gratuitous sex and violence, come on. This connotes, in essence, that anyone below adult age cannot comprehend anything else, nor is a film suitable for depicting anything else. Spoto writes, "Vulgarity

*continued on page nine*