

THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 10, No. 2 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Sept. 29, 1988

Free speech and peaceful assembly are fundamental to the University as a center for open inquiry in the search for knowledge and insight. The University is strongly committed to the protection of these rights for all members of the campus community. These rights, however, bring with them a concurrent obligation to maintain a campus atmosphere conducive to scholarly pursuits and respect for the rights of all individuals. Assemblies, demonstrations, distribution of leaflets and similar expressions of First Amendment (referred to generically as "demonstrations" from now forward) are permitted on campus so long as they do not infringe on the rights of others or interfere with the essential operations of the University.

predators..... page 3
demagogues ... page 3
vermin..... page 7
guerillas..... page 11
swine..... page 12
grunts back page

LIVELY UP YOURSELF

Authority is a tricky thing. It is incumbent upon those in authority to educate those less knowledgeable, to point out mistakes when they are made, to prevent unnecessary and unjust action. That is what authority is all about.

Many people cry out for authority, whether they want to be told that everything's alright, or if they want to pass the buck, or if they simply want to be educated. When a leader, or a teacher, or an administrator abuse their power, or turn the other cheek when the time comes for them to take action, the damage done is immeasurable.

A case in point is Michael Behm and his ferret experiment. In our conversations with Behm, it was readily apparent that he did not carry out his research for kicks or for the sake of making a snuff animal film. He did what he did because it was easy. It never occurred to him that what he was doing was purposeless, that it was wrong. It is the responsibility, the job, of such a student's professor to point out that there are better methods for studying ferrets. A teacher's duty is to educate, to give the younger the benefit of experience. That's what education is all about. To turn the other cheek because it might be difficult to

tell a student that he is wrong—because it's not the professor's job to question ethics—is not institutionalized cruelty, but institutionalized apathy, institutionalized laziness.

The situation gets even stickier when the leaders of a community censor the learning materials that undeveloped minds can get their hands on. Where is the line drawn? When a small group of uptight, narrowminded hypocrites (thanks John) takes it upon itself to deny the inquisitive certain books because the books don't mesh with their chosen and overbearing values, how can there be any hope for the future? But who is to decide what materials can be really damaging to a young or inexperienced mind? That's why we elect politicians to office, or allow our community leaders to decide for us.

But who, these days, really expects our chosen leaders to consider our best interests when writing the law, or the school book list, or managing a campus? This is a cynical time, yet Nixon's resignation, the fumes in the Lecture Center and the HSC, and the Reagan administration's perpetual scandals have not quenched the desire for real leadership. This year's presidential election is so pathetic, that

the lack of leadership is unbelievably acute.

There's been a breakdown of some sort, because our possible leaders are the product of our society, the society that holds up authority figures as heroes, yet has no respect for the leaders that rise from our own ranks. What kind of people have we become when none of our children are fit to lead their generation, and no one is surprised that this is the case? Many of you reading this right now probably think that this is just rehashing the obvious, but is it really obvious? If it is, if everyone is so smart, then why don't more people pick their teachers brains for knowledge? Why don't more people register to vote? Why don't those who know better—or think they know better—do things like write for a campus paper, or help run an activities board? One thing to be said for those in authority, they at least have the initiative to try to change things, whether they get off on the power of doing it their way or whether they think they're on a mission from god.

It seems universally accepted these days that we are running ourselves into the ground. It also seems that everybody grumbles and groans that our leaders don't care, don't try, and don't have any skill whatsoever. The next generation of leaders is us. If we are so cynical, so gutless, that we throw our hands up in the air and say *No, it's too late, everybody else already fucked it all up*, then how can we expect our own to lead us in twenty years? How can we expect our leaders now (at least those who have a grip) to take us seriously? How can we expect them to want to teach us?

CORRECTION: In the Sept. 15th issue, we reported that Fred Dube was granted a trial by jury. This decision is still pending. The Press regrets this error.

—Letters—

Distortion

To the Editor:

It is the policy of the Department of Public Safety to have an honest and open relationship with the press albeit local student newspaper or national media.

I granted an interview with your paper and that interview was recorded. The article that appeared [Sept. 15] did a tremendous disservice to the men and women of this department. Some things were taken out of context and I was misquoted on others. I was present at the Student Union and the officers of Public Safety acted in a professional manner under very difficult conditions.

The implication that officers of this department were intoxicated are [sic] absolutely false. Just as I believe that members of my department be accountable for their actions, I would expect that your paper will act responsibly and print an appropriate retraction.

Sincerely,

Richard M. Young
Acting Director

Dept. of Public Safety

Mr. Young: Although you mention several instances of inaccuracy in Ms. Kaufman's article, the only one you actually refer to specifically is your statement about the Public Safety officers that were involved in the Union incident last Spring. The quote that appeared in the article—"Officers admit they were intoxicated"—was, as you point out, recorded by Quinn Kaufman. Ms. Kaufman has always taken great care to assure that quotes are indeed accurate, and the tape will bear that out in this case. Although what you said during the interview may not be what you meant, Ms. Kaufman had no reason to think otherwise.

Choose No Crooks

To the Editor:

T. Bones' commentary "Voting for Democracy" was a mixture of perceptive analysis and poorly drawn conclusions. Bones accurately described the candidates when he called them crooks and pointed out that neither one of them is a good choice. However, advising readers to vote for someone on the grounds that this is the best way for them to take part in a peaceful revolution is neither sound advice nor a good assessment of the election. It will not be a revolution. Our present two party system assures us of this. Each candidate's objective is to show that he is different from the other guy, but not different enough that somebody might notice. They differ slightly on issues but not at all in philosophy. Both parties believe that it is the government's business to meddle into almost every aspect of the lives of its citizens (despite Republican rhetoric to the contrary).

By encouraging students to vote Bones is telling them to vote for more of the same statist policies we have been getting year after year. These policies have led to our decline economically and to the usurpation of our liberty. A vote for either party is worse than complacency because it not only allows the boat to keep sinking, it helps it along. Anybody who is really concerned with the welfare of our nation has two choices. The first is: don't vote. Instead of choosing who the "crooks will be crooking for," choose no crooks at all.

The second choice is to cast your vote for the Libertarian party. I realize most people who are reading this have never heard of the Libertarian party and I

don't expect people to vote for them on the basis of what I have written here. However I encourage anybody who is really fed up with the statist-quo to find out more about it. The Libertarian party is the only party for self-government. This means allowing people to live their lives as they see fit (as long as they don't prevent others from doing the same). Anybody who would like more information about the Libertarian party should contact Suffolk County Libertarian Organisation at (516) 928-7467.

Mark Turiano

P.R.

To the Editor:

Billy Capozzi—Who is he? What is he? And what does *Don't Disturb Matter* really mean? Considering that you folks are a newspaper (a news-paper), why don't you let the campus know about this guy? He apparently has a show on Holloreen at the Fanny Brice Theatre on campus; what will it be like? The Underdogs just came back from touring with Debbie Gibson; how can they also be Billy Capozzi's band? It seems like it would be quite the stretch. Does Billy Capozzi also write plays? I saw two plays with his name on them, and was wondering if it were the same person. He was also in *Hair*, I believe. If a person can do all this on campus, what else does he do in other places? I speak for a lot of people who have been wondering for a long time. Let us know about this Stony Brook student—a quick interview, or review—anything.

Thanks,

Trish Canson

The cover is a quote from the "University Policy on Free Expression" issued this month by the President's office.

The Stony Brook Press

Executive Editor Craig Goldsmith
Managing Editor Kyle Silfer
Associate Editor Quinn Kaufman
Assistant Editor Karin Falcone
Editor Emeritus Michael DePhillips

News and Feature: Joe DiStefano, John Dunn, Rob Gilheany, Paula Tishin, Rich Wieda

Arts: Miriam Kleinman, Alexandra Odulak, Robert Rothenberg, R. Sienna

Graphics: Ed Bridges, Sanford Lee, C.J. Morgan, Mary Rafferty, Joseph Sterinbach, Warren Stevens

The Stony Brook Press is published quasi-weekly on Thursdays during the academic year and summer session by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded not-for-profit corporation. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising call at 632-6451.

Staff meetings are held weekly in The Press offices on Monday nights at approximately 7:30 pm.

The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of our staff.

Phone: 632-6451

Office:

Suite 020 Central Hall (Old Biology)
S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-2790

Gratuitous Violence

Ex-Student Charged With Animal Cruelty



From PETA's edited and titled videotape.

by Kyle Silfer

Following a September 22nd press conference held jointly by People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) and the Bide-A-Wee Home Association, SUNY at Stony Brook has initiated a review of circumstances surrounding a research project by Mitchell Behm, a former undergraduate student who graduated from the University in May of 1985. Bide-A-Wee,

"the largest privately funded humane society in greater New York," asked for assistance from PETA, "the nation's largest animal rights organization," when it obtained a videotape of laboratory-bred animals being attacked by domesticated ferrets in experiments at Stony Brook. The tape depicted what PETA charges to be "numerous violations of state animal cruelty laws and regulations and of the

Federal Animal Welfare Act." It fell into the hands of Bide-A-Wee, PETA stated, when an officer at the Suffolk County Police Academy—which loans video equipment and tapes as a community service—discovered the incriminating material on a returned tape and subsequently contacted Seymour Sub, the group's attorney. Behm and his faculty supervisor Dr. George Williams, a professor in the Dept. of Ecology and Evolution, were identified as the experimenters by PETA investigator Kyle Owens.

At the conference, Sub said, "We are not attacking Stony Brook. We're going public because we think it's a public concern." Nevertheless, PETA has been in contact with the Suffolk County district Attorney's office and is considering legal action against both Behm and the University itself.

Time, though, may run out for Behm's prosecution—by the New York State statute of limitations, animal cruelty is prosecutable for two years after the crime has occurred. According to PETA, the experiment took place sometime during the school year 1984-85, and Behm, now residing in California, left the state before the two years elapsed, thus leaving him vulnerable to legal action upon his return to New York. In a telephone interview, Behm told the Press that while he could not recall the exact date of the experiment, he indicated it had occurred before the month of his graduation (May 1985). Furthermore, he stated,

"I didn't leave New York State until May of 1987," more than two full years after the alleged crime.

When presented with the possibility of an expired statute of limitations, Owens said his organization had not confirmed any such information, but admitted his doubt that the DA's office would, in any event, spend the time and money required to



Mitchell Behm in 1985.

extradite Behm from California for animal cruelty (a misdemeanor).

Behm, a biology major while studying at Stony Brook, was participating in an independent study program under Williams when the experiment occurred. "I had been applying to medical school," Behm said, "and I needed to do research." Searching for

continued on page 4

Freedom of the Press

...Can Only Be Found Consistently If You Own a Press

by Joe DiStefano

All day yesterday I ate, breathed, and shat censorship. The marathon censorship blowout was held in the newly-dubbed Staller Center of the Arts. Several "card carrying" members of the American Civil Liberties Union were present, including the group's president, Ira Glasser.

I was surprised at the small to non-existent student presence. The admission price of three dollars was certainly within the means of most students. Perhaps they were turned off by the promotional literature—"Student with Current ID (on a space available basis)"—but it was more likely another outbreak of mass apathy.

Mass apathy, mass complacency, and mass ignorance are nasty effects of censorship which enable governments to operate outside of democratic ideology. Glasser pointed out that in order for a democracy to function properly, the public must have accurate, unbiased information to make responsible judgements. In a society where decisions are made for the masses by an unknown, unelected minority, the democratic ideal can rapidly decay into an Orwellian scenario.

Who decides what textbooks are used in our schools? A few people who can, if they wish, impose their individual value judgements upon a society. These people have banned such odious titles as *The Catcher in the Rye*, dictionaries, *The Crucible*, and that lurid rag, *Alice in Wonderland*.

Glasser asserted that most censorship goes unnoticed until someone takes issue with it. Most people do not view motion picture ratings as censorship. Members of the Motion Picture Association of America are not elected, their guidelines have never been published. The public does not know who they are, yet they determine the public's opinion of certain films. Determination of what is acceptable, obscene, or otherwise should be left to the individual.

By its very nature, censorship is difficult to detect. One of the subtleties raised by Glasser in his speech: is altering school curricula censorship? Government is especially adept at concealing censorship. According to Glasser, most classified "Top Secret" policy is known by other nations, but kept secret to avoid criticism. Who classifies this information and according to what criteria? Obviously a certain degree of secrecy is required for national security matters. To censor material to prevent free discourse upon it, however, is undemocratic.

The sugar-coating of American policy with anti-communist ideology to make it more palatable to the public is one instance of information manipulation by the government.

In a panel entitled, "The Experience of Censorship and Thought Control," Stony Brook professor Choichiro Yatani recounted an incident in which he was denied admission to the US and jailed for six weeks. Upon his return from a disarmament conference in the Netherlands, Yatani was accused of being a communist, a subversive, and a national security threat. Yatani is optimistic and believes that "with open-mindedness, America can regain productivity and democracy."

Thomas Paine once said: "Freedom of the press can only be found consistently if you own a press" Free press has a direct relationship to the right to privacy. This was Harvard law professor Arthur Miller's topic at the lecture which concluded the conference.

Miller declared freedom of the press the most distinctive of American rights, calling it "pathological." Miller cited several instances in which the press has stepped beyond its bounds, exploited individuals, and breached the right to privacy. Days after saving President Gerald Ford from assassination by Sarah Jane Walker, the ex-marine responsible had the fact that he was gay broadcast across wire services. This incident is similar to censorship in that it

continued on page 12

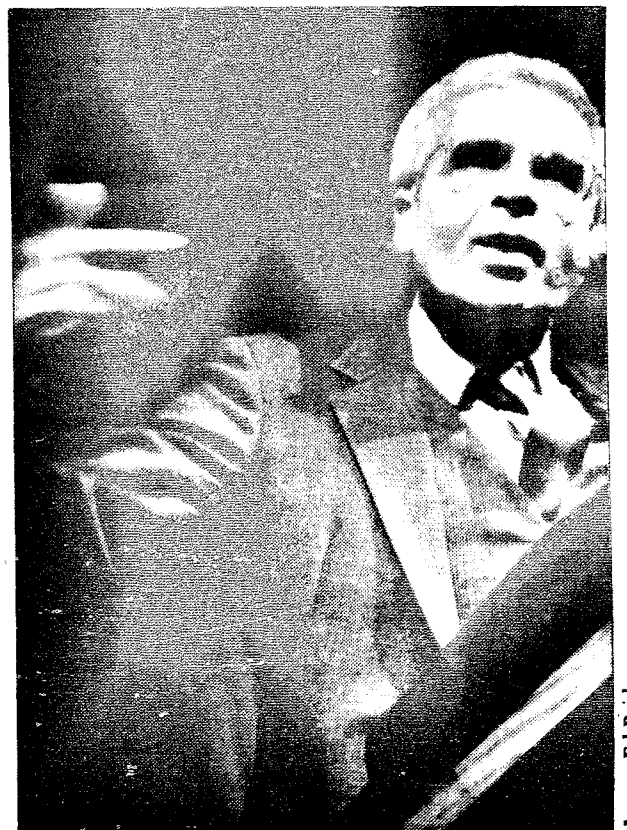


Image: Ed Bridges

"They are the watch ferrets of society."

— Arthur Miller on the free press.

Sept. 29, 1988 page 3

Dunn's Question Of the Week

ROLM—The mere mention of this word gets an immediate response from people on this campus, generally a wince, obscenity, or barrage of words on what's wrong with the system. These responses are not coming from happy campers but from a campus that once again is suffering from a lack of communication between students and administration. One side says the thing is an albatross, the other says, "Problem? What problem?"

ROLM—Where should I start? Most of the responses have already been covered in different media sources so they can quickly be mentioned: the cost, the inflexibility, the lack of a choice, credit lines cut off with money still in the account and the general temptation to throw the thing at the nearest wall. Of course, there are a few other "minor" problems: no direct calls to Canada, people having fun switching things and callers around as well as the problem that will occur if the computer system crashes. (Spend your last quarters on the wash, condoms or the nearest payphone). Let's not forget my favorite: the nice voice which politely informs me, "I do not understand this command."

Evidently the Administration has never heard of the adage "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Basically the university took the one thing here that worked and replaced it—replaced it with a system that comes in "nodes" and has a ninety-page instruction

booklet; a system that is so complex, the university offers staff workshops and distributes a newsletter on how to work it, which means either the university assumes students are brighter than the staff or else feels the staff is more important when it comes to learning how to work the thing.

Of course, the ROLM system is eventually supposed to be an asset to the University. I believe that was the same term applied to the Chapin apartments before someone hit the self-destruct button. This whole fiasco doesn't surprise me though, not with all the other contradictions on campus. A new phone system is installed in dorms in need of funds for repair. Money can be had to wire the dorms for cable but not to fix hazardous conditions on campus. The University President announces that 25 positions will have to be removed from the payroll a year after he receives a \$30,000 a year raise. One could go on and on.

It will be interesting how long the University continues to spend the taxpayers' dollars on the ROLM system. Perhaps it is not too late for the University to examine the terms of breaking the contract and returning to a system that people are happy with. Hopefully this time, the Administration will ask the campus its opinion about proposed phone systems. The present situation seems like the perfect script for the next AT&T (or MCI, Sprint, the choice is yours) commercial.

Last May, Pres. Marburger said, "By most measures, Stony Brook ranks in the top 1% of the nation's universities." Since I haven't figured out why, help me out. For what reason do you or don't you believe this?

Respond to:

Question of the Week, SB Press, Suite 020, Central Hall

Ferrets and Bunnies

continued from page 3

ideas, he came across an experiment on predatory behavior in "some European science journal," and decided to repeat it for academic credit. "I was just duplicating research that had been done before," he said.

Neither the director of the Division of Animal Laboratory Resources nor the Laboratory Animal Users Committee, the two authorities then able to authorize the usage of laboratory animals on campus, was informed of the experiments. According to Daniel Forbush, Vice President of Public Relations, there was "some record of this," but "it's not a detailed description," only a proposal submitted by Behm in April 1984 to receive academic credit for a study of ferret behavior and "the potential of using ferrets in practical applications, such as rodent extermination." No research protocol, however, was detailed, and the University has yet to find a record of the proper forms being filed.

Behm, according to PETA, raised the animals involved himself, something he had been doing for profit throughout his college career, thus avoiding the need for funds from the University and providing the opportunity to conduct the experiment without seeking administrative approval. The only question that remains at this point is the role played by Williams in securing academic credit for Behm. Forbush said he

didn't "have any reason to think that [Behm] didn't" obtain credit for the experiment, despite the fact that none of the proper guidelines were met. Williams is presently on leave at Queens College in Kingston, Ontario, and repeated efforts by the Press to contact him have been unsuccessful.

Behm resents the implication that he is guilty of animal cruelty. "I've seen worse things on National Geographic," he said. "I am really a great supporter of animal life. To paint the picture that I am some sort of criminal is really unfair." To PETA's allegation that he conducted similar experiments at home for "personal enjoyment," he replied: "That's totally untrue...I have had pet rabbits and pet mice, the whole works."

The essential objection of PETA and Bide-A-Wee to Behm's experiment was reiterated in the statements of Dr. Mark Lerman, medical director of Lifeline for Wildlife, who spoke at the press conference: Experiments of this type, he said, are repeated endlessly by undergraduates, who, like Behm, need to show research on their medical school applications. The experiments are "redundant" scholastic assignments held by students and professors in the same light as homework, strictly designed to "further the academic careers" of undergraduates. "What it really comes down to," Sub added, "is...an effort to prevent unnecessary suffering."

MURDER SEDUCUTION PARANOIA

are all fine words, very descriptive, but they are not what this ad is all about. This ad is all about the Stony Brook Press, a last ditch attempt by a small group of American Youth to make sense of our world and our university. If you want to be part of what we do (who wouldn't) come down to our regular staff meetings at 7:30 Monday nights. We need writers, photographers, and paste-up artists—or people who want to learn how to do any of these things. We also need someone who makes really good coffee and won't make us pay for it. The Press, Suite 020, in the basement of Central Hall. Wear old sneakers.

Making Connections

TV Comes to SB

Sports Bus Service

by Joe DiStefano

The Office of Student Affairs and the Dept. of Communications Management Engineering (CME) are drawing up specifications for a campus-wide cable television system. The Administrators hope to have the system, which will be available to students and faculty, installed by the spring term.

According to Donald Marx, Director for CME, the system will provide the campus with clear reception of channels two through thirteen, UHF band channels, and three channels which can be programmed at the University. Marx, who has been trying to provide the campus with cable television for quite some time, is enthusiastic about the project. "There's no end to the potential of the cable." He added, "There will no longer be a need for students to place unauthorized equipment on the dorm roofs."

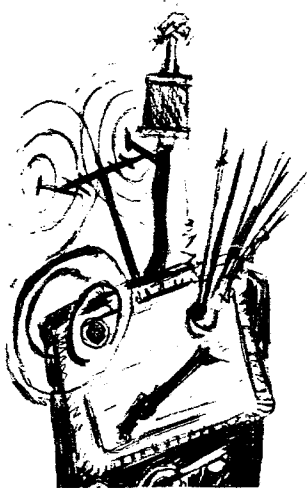
Marx cited installation of the ROLM-phones as crucial to the cable system when ROLM's contracting firm agreed to install cable lines free of charge while installing to ROLM system's lines, which began two and a half years ago. The residence halls were completed by August 15th.

The location of a satellite dish to receive the broadcast signals has not been chosen, however, the signals will be transmitted to the Educational Communications Center, and then relayed to various locations. Consideration is being made of using the Center's television production facilities for

campus programming.

University officials estimate the cost of this project at \$400,000. To cover this expense the University will receive a five year loan from a state program which offers low interest rates for educational institutions. Local advertising is being considered as a revenue source, said Emile Adams, Associate Vice President for Student Affairs. "There is no intention to charge students," he said.

Since the University's concern currently lies with the installation of the system, little thought has been directed towards programming. Adams stated, "It's not our intention to use Brookhaven Cable."



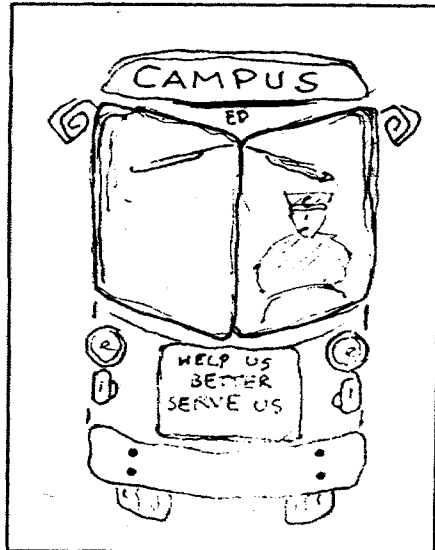
by John Dunn

In an effort to boost school spirit by increasing attendance at athletic events, the University will be offering weekend bus service to home games of Stony Brook teams. It is hoped that students will take advantage of the service to turn out and show support for all the teams involved.

According to Hugh Mulligan, Director of Auxiliary Services, the idea had been in discussion for some time with John Reeves, Director of the Dept. of Physical Education and Athletics. The catalyst for implementing the service came from a number of Stony Brook students who expressed a desire for such a service, the logic being that more students would attend events if the long walk out to athletic fields was removed.

All that was needed for the service to start was the approval of funds to pay for drivers. "The equipment is there," said Mulligan. "It was just a matter of receiving money to pay overtime for the drivers." The service will start October 15th with the women's soccer team and due to the move to Division I next year—playing Ithaca. Service will be continued the week after that for homecoming, and further service will depend on usage.

"The service is for now, on a trial basis," according to Mulligan. "Obviously if only four people are using it, the service would be discontinued." The initial schedule will consist of one bus making a loop of the



dorms to the athletic fields. For major events, a second bus will make a run from the South P-Lot. If the service proves successful, the possibility exists that it will be expanded to take Stony Brook fans to away games of the Patriots. "We'll first look at how well the initial service is used before making any long range plans," Mulligan said.

Schedules for the service will be released in the weeks to come. Students are encouraged to voice their suggestions to the Dept. of Auxiliary Services, located on the first floor of Central Hall (Old Biology).

Footnotes

ON CAMPUS

Live Radio Forum October 4

The State of Our Nation, Its Peoples, and the Un-resolved Issues Facing a Newly Elected Administration is the subject of a live broadcast from the FAC (whoops! Staller Center of the Arts) at 8pm on Tuesday, October 4th. Moderated by Joel Rosenthal, Chair of the History Department, and broadcast on WUSB 90.1, the forum encourages the active participation from both the audience and call-in listeners.

In an effort to be both fair and interesting, a panel of faculty, clergy, and one (count 'em) student will discuss just how deep the pit is that our nation is currently falling into.

Mysteriously, Tad Horton, of Media for Social Responsibility, who organized the forum, has not included any undergraduates on the panel; MSR's newsletter states that the graduate student panel member "will discuss those...aspects of...our nation which concern, not only graduate students at Stony Brook, but may affect graduate students on every campus."

See Mars, Meet Chicks

A series of "Astronomy Open Nights" begins next Friday (October 7) at 8pm in Harriman Hall 137. A multi-media lecture—"Organic Matter in Space—the Precursor to Life?"—will precede a viewing session with the university's small telescopes (involving, it is alluded, the planet Mars). Call 632-8221 or 632-8232 for "further information."

Poets Back to Back

The Poetry Center, located in Room 239 of the Humanities building, presents "this season's premiere event"—a double-header reading with poet/translator Anselm Hollo and poet/activist Kathy Engel. All the literary action takes place next Thursday (October 6) at 7:30pm. For details, call Graham Everett at 632-7373.

You Too Can Be Royalty

If Charles and Di have that lavish lifestyle that really gets you envious, enter the Homecoming King/Queen contest. You too can be loved and admired by your peers, you too can ride a float at the front of the Homecoming Parade. The future is in the palm of your hand if you get your application—a short essay about why you love Stony Brook and why you want to be royalty—in to the Alumni Office by Friday, October 7th. Then all that stands between you and fame is a 3-5 minute speech before a panel of students, faculty, staff and alumni. If you are lucky and talented enough to win, University President John Marburger will crown you October 22nd at the Patriots Homecoming game. Applications are available in the Alumni Office, Admin. Building, Room 330, 2-6330. May the force be with you.

Silent Cinema

Pandora's Box, a silent film starring Louise Brooks, will be presented as part of the Stony Brook Film Society's 1988-89 film series on Wednesday, October 12, at 7pm and 9:30pm in the Union Auditorium. The film will be introduced by Professor Jim Harvey and preceded by a reception with tasty refreshments at 6:30. Admission is \$2.00. More info: 632-6965.

Institute of the Air

Stony Brook is actually spending money, quite wisely, on an Atmospheric Sciences Institute that will conduct studies of such phenomena as the thinning of the ozone layer. The institute is also designed to help attract graduates to the field of atmospheric research. Acting Director Rober de Zafra said, "We see an important—indeed vital—future for atmospheric sciences in our increasingly perilous global situation." Science trying to correct its own blunders: what could be better?

Voter Registration Rally

In case you haven't realized yet, it's election year and if you aren't registered, you can't vote. Besides the presidential election, New York's Senate seats are up for election, many congressmen, both houses of the New York State Legislature, and Suffolk County legislative seats. Since there are so many students here that can potentially vote, and since NYPIRG won the right for students to vote from their campus addresses this year, the Student Voter Registration Coalition is putting on a bit of a registration party on Tuesday, October 4th, in the Fine Arts Plaza.

Starting at 12, the fest will be host to live bands, faculty speakers, United States Student Association representatives, a DAKA barbecue at 4 (some DAKA cafeterias will be closed, so watch out), and friendly people who will help you to get your registration form in. RAs in the dorms will be speaking to residents the night before the rally about your voting privileges in Suffolk County. On Wednesday, October 5th—which has been dubbed Statewide Student Registration Day—the Coalition will have tables all over campus where you can fill out registration forms.

Remember, if your voter registration form is not postmarked by October 11th, you won't be able to vote on November 8th. For more info, call Kit Kimberly at NYPIRG, 2-6457.

OFF CAMPUS

Dube at Apartheid Film

The critically acclaimed film, *A World Apart*, will be shown on Sunday, October 2, at the New Community Cinema in Huntington. The showing, which starts at 2:45pm, is sponsored by the Suffolk County chapter of the New York Civil Liberties Union, and will feature a discussion following the film by Dr. Ernest Dube, late of the Stony Brook Africana Studies program. *A World Apart* starts Barbara Hershey and tells the story of a white South African couple who dedicated their lives to fighting apartheid. Should be appropriately inspirational and guilt-allaying. Call 234-9403 for details.

STUDENT POLITY ASSOCIATION

Enjoy the Experience.
Join the Yearbook
Call 632-6453

S P E C U L A T I V E
Y E A R B O O K

Are you gay, lesbian, or bisexual? Do you think you are? Are you interested in learning about another minority, or more about your own? Do you support equality and reject prejudice? Then come to the Gay and Lesbian Alliance meetings—every Thursday, at 8:30pm in the Student Union room 231. Or drop by our office: Union Room 045-B. Or call 632-6469.

SKYDIVING

The Parachute Club
Meets Every Tuesday in
Union Room 213 at 7:30pm
Our Next Trip is Oct. 15th

REGISTER TO VOTE

Voter Registration Rally
Tuesday, Oct. 4th
In the Fine Arts Plaza
from Noon 'til Seven

Come Find Out How You Can Register To Vote, During Statewide Student Voter Registration Day. And While You Find Out How To Register, Check Out Live Student Band ALEKAN CIRCUS at 4pm, And The Barbecue (Courtesy of DAKA), Also at 4. There Will Also Be Faculty and USSA Speakers.

Remember: If Your Registration Form
Is Not Postmarked By
October 11th
YOU CAN'T VOTE
NOVEMBER 8th

Clubs and Organizations
Introduce Themselves!

October 11th 10am to 4pm
Union Fireside Lounge
and Courtyard

STUDENT
ACTIVITIES
FAIR

"We Has Met the Enemy..."

by Rich Wieda

The country seemed to slip deeper into the depths of madness and depravation last week, as bizarre and twisted accounts of deranged mass murders, rampant violence and random vandalism washed the Campaign '88 coverage off the airwaves and from pages of the nation's news services. While George Bush—readying himself for the first of two presidential debates with Michael Dukakis—fumbled through a speech at a midwestern flag factory touting his fervant loyalty to the Republic, and the Dukakis campaign swung back to New England to shore up the rapidly deteriorating home turf vote, ordinary citizens with families and enormous mortgage responsibilities were being mutilated and gunned down all across the nation by maniacs with vague grievances against society. All told, there were seven needless funerals last weekend that just wouldn't have been held in senseless, irrational violence was not a regular occurrence in America. But suddenly it is, for whatever sick, twisted reason, and the obituary pages of late have loaded down with the names of people who didn't go gentle into that good night...

A quick synopsis of the week's events read like this: A man, naked but for a pair of sneakers and a red carnation safety-pinned to his chest, ran amuck in St. Patrick's Cathedral, flailing at horrified worshippers with a large, metal prayer book stand and muttering incoherent phrases about the rising cost of indulgences. He eventually bludgeoned a 77-year-old man to death with his weapon before police managed to shoot and kill him. Apparently the man, a Cuban emigre who arrived in the United States during the flotilla of other Castro outcasts in early 1980, had had a long history of mental problems, and had visited Bellevue at least twelve times in the last eight years.

Another lunatic walked into a Chicago auto parts store and wordlessly fired upon and killed two workers, missed a third, then fled to a nearby school where he killed two more people before he was finally brought down in a gun battle with a lone police officer. A Chicago police department spokesperson said in a prepared statement that authorities were unable to determine the man's motivation for the killings.

Meanwhile in less fatal news, a service was held in Brooklyn by thousands of Orthodox Jews to mourn the torching of a synagogue and the destruction of six Torah scrolls in the ensuing fire. The vandals, two local youths of 15 and 12, also painted more than a dozen swastikas in parts of the synagogue left untouched by the flames.

In the national news, a former Florida state official was arraigned on first degree murder and manslaughter charges for the slayings of a judge, a lawyer, the man's former sister-in-law, and the severe beating of his ex-wife. State Attorney Jim Appleman called the defense's mental health testimony a "bid to gain sympathy for a coldly calculating killer."

And finally, according to ABC news, a seven-year-old boy was arrested for pulling a gun on two of his female classmates and "demanding a sexual act from them." The boy's name and the exact nature of the sexual act were not disclosed by the Police.

So that's it, a rundown in the week that was, September 18-24, 1988. The world has become a foul place when the *New York Times* Week in Review section begins reading more like a tentative script for the next Charles Bronson thriller than news. How do you begin justifying these items of recent news and still keep a sane, optimistic view of the world? There's enough insanity and weirdness here to make me wonder if the country that George Bush has been raving about throughout the campaign is the same one I've been reading about in the newspapers. It just seems that the nation in the headlines is a lot more vicious, twisted and bloodthirsty than the Norman Rockwell portrait that Bush has been depicting for the media and the electorate. Then again, maybe I haven't examined the Rockwell/Bush home-spun painting close enough, and I've somehow missed the subliminal mass murder and torture sketches in the upper right hand corner. Or maybe they're just not meant to be viewed by the conscious eye. You never know...

Perhaps I'm overdoing this rambling diatribe and over-exaggerating the effects of the recent outbursts in the process. It's not like I haven't been accused of overkill before...but somehow I think this is different. Depravity and madness are confusing things to gauge, and yet when more than one rancorous individual a week takes to the

streets and begins plugging bullet holes into all the human flesh his eye can see, they also become a lot more tangible. Tangible and disturbing enough for me to have actually torn out the old Bible from beneath an ancient Jim Morrison biography (that's how long it's been since I've actually opened Gideon's book), and page through Revelations to see if there's anything on a second-grade boy's demanding fellatio at gunpoint as the final sign that the end is near. I haven't found it yet, but I'm going to keep looking. I bet you it's there, right after a prophecy of a powerful, industrial nation being presided over by a goofy, cartoon character with a penchant for afternoon naps and the irritating habit of addressing his wife as "Mommy"...



"It just seems that the nation in the headlines is a lot more vicious, twisted and bloodthirsty than the Norman Rockwell portrait that Bush has been depicting for the media and the electorate."

In the meantime, there's some graceful prose characterizing a humble, peaceful, tolerant soul who went by the name Jesus, just a regular, blue collar kind of guy with carpentry as his employment. After reading some of the gospels for the first time since grade school last night, I get the feeling we've come full circle since that time two-thousand years ago, and if that tolerant, humble, peaceful soul really was God, he might be packing his luggage and reserving his airline tickets for a return visit soon, to once and for all settle humankind's doubts on such themes as love, peace, non-violence, and forgiveness. And as Robin Williams noted, probably in the guise of an angry, unemployed sheet metal worker named Bubba this time around, with some debts to settle with men like Jerry Falwell, Oral Roberts and Spiro Agnew.

No, I'm not getting religious in my middle-aged twenties. I was never any good at the pious, devout Christian thing, any more than I'm good at the properly eloquent Menckenesque social critique trip. No, I'd rather just rant and

rave on paper and ignore the logical, coherent, systematic argument that works all the way through. But I'm just a product of my generation and society, and when you've been taught by your president that you really don't have to be a clear, concise thinker to actually have people take you seriously, can you blame me?

Unfortunately I'm off my topic again, rambling on about violence and bloodshed and the Bible and Reagan and are they all interrelated? I've got a copy of *The Essential Lenny Bruce* on the table, so I can thumb through it at will for some much needed perspective. The radio is blaring away in the background, and one of the stories running this hour is the arraignment of a nineteen-year-old Great Neck man who blew away both his parents because they didn't like the color of his girlfriend. Ironically, at least I should commend the kid for detesting racism...

Now George Bush is reciting the Pledge of Allegiance and slandering Michael Dukakis as a closet fan of Karl Marx. Later, Dukakis will be on the air to sing "God Bless America" and declare that he has evidence tying the Vice President to war crimes, including a rare picture of New Haven George drinking beer with Herman Goering in an underground homosexual bar in Paraguay.

As the campaign rolls on, you just get the feeling that these two guys don't know what the hell is going on, which is probably the only statement about the election that makes any sense. The real issues—crime, a dissipating environment, dissatisfaction with the American Dream as it stands today—are ignored, shoved under a carpet on inanities and meaningless gestures. No wonder people are walking into Burger Kings with automatic weapons, when the men who are supposed to be solving the problems that trouble you most don't know they exist. That's not the sole reason for why someone slaughters five people in Chicago, but it has to be a solid part of it. When you take a guy with already flawed genes, bombard him with the myth of the American Dream, show him the lifestyles of the rich and famous, tell him about what a great economic revival this country has been experiencing—while he sits at home in a dirty undershirt listening to his wife bitch about living under the poverty line, his kids screaming about being the only house on the block without cable, and the home he's mortgaged his life for physically apart around him—you can see how he might wake up one morning and decide to become a maniac. Thankfully most people do not...but you can almost see how.

Granted, most mass murders do not experience those circumstances, they start out manic to begin with, but there are some who do begin cleaning that shotgun when reality does not live up to expectations. Lenny Bruce had it all pegged right when he said, "We're all taught a what-should-be culture, which means a lot of bullshit. Because instead of being taught, this is what is, we're taught the fantasy, man. You know, if we could just SHAPE up and ADMIT, the jails would start to empty out."

Yeah, maybe that's it. Maybe if we all woke up one morning and said, "Hey, this is it, it probably isn't going to get any better than this," there would be fewer problems, less rape and violence and murder. The conflict comes, however, when all the politicians, the television shows and the religious people tell you differently. The American Dream is almost like a shot full of immaturity to last you throughout life, youthful idealism that isn't lost by your twenty-fifth birthday. It's really hard to forget something that you've been taught all your life.

Hell, I can't admit that. That's why I'm shocked when I hear accounts of mass murders in Fresno, or a rape at Stony Brook, or brutal genocide in Cambodia. Because I really do believe that things will get better, both in my own personal life and in the world, and I really do believe that people have been evolving and getting better over the centuries, and will continue to do so. There are those calloused pessimists and cynics who see the worst in everything, who aren't the least bit surprised by the Holocaust of Charles Manson. In Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*, a character magnificently played by Max von Sydow discusses a television documentary about the Holocaust and says, "All these blinded intellectuals crying, 'How could this happen?' The question isn't how could something like this happen. The question is why doesn't it happen more often." I don't buy that point of view any more than I buy George Bush's assertion that he was ignorant of the Iran/Contra scandal. But after a week like the last one, you have to start wondering.



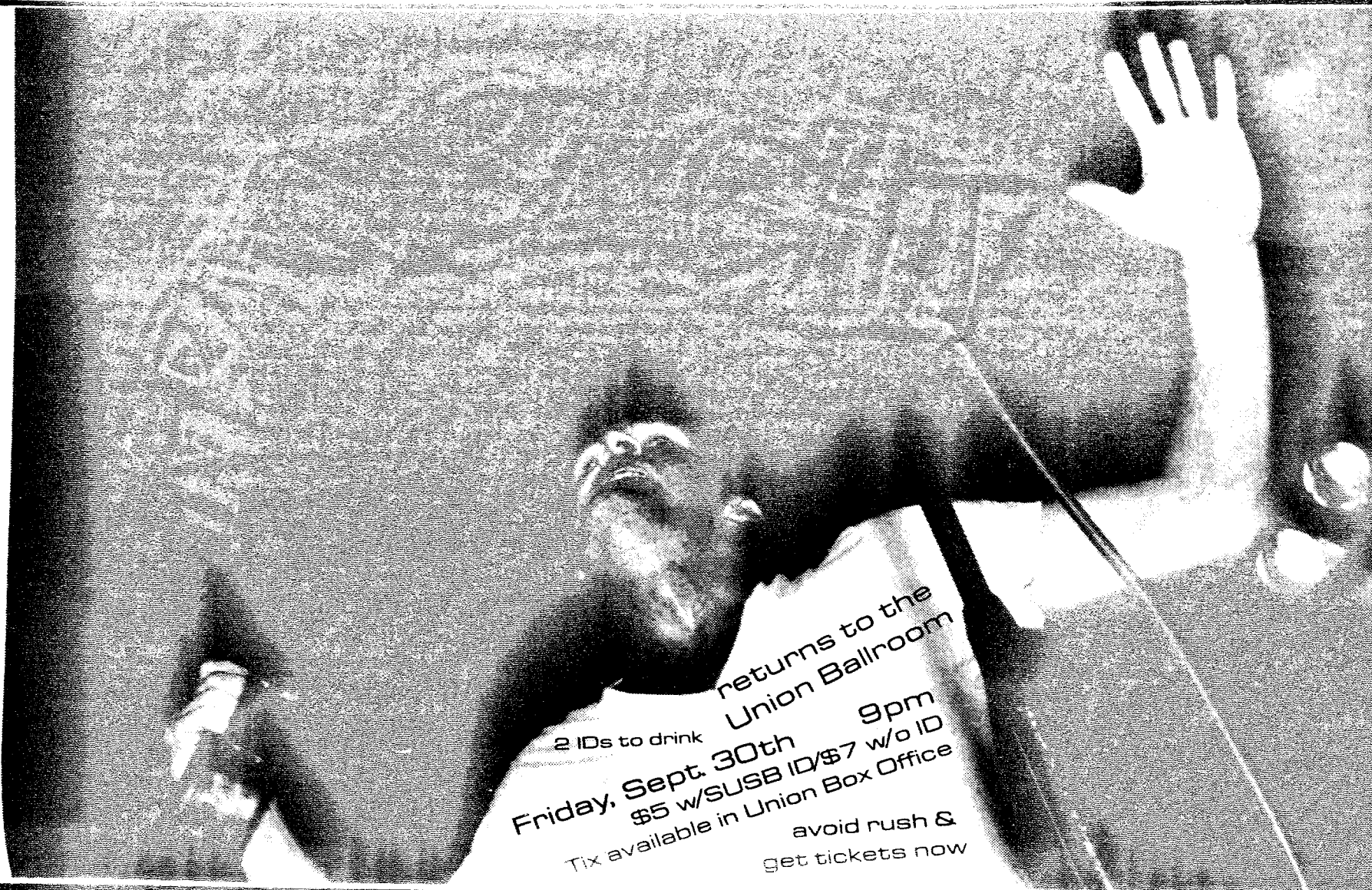
©WARREN STEVENS JR.



My head it pains, but I must
lead the herd. I
will find a
new
trail.

I will
protect the herd. They followed me
to this strange
place.

Where the sun burns.



2 IDs to drink
 returns to the
 Union Ballroom
 Friday, Sept. 30th 9pm
 \$5 w/SUSB ID/\$7 w/o ID
 Tix available in Union Box Office
 avoid rush &
 get tickets now

STONY BROOK CONCERTS PRESENTS:

Camper Van Beethoven

Regarded by many (Rolling Stone, Spin, Billboard) to be the next big thing in pop music.

—Wednesday, October 19 in the Ballroom

\$3 w/SUSB ID—\$5 w/o tix on sale 10/3

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Hold your ears, your hats, and your socks on.

—Friday, October 21 in the Gym

\$11 w/SUSB ID—\$13 w/o tix on sale 10/7

Jorma Kaukonen and

Rick Danko

What more can you say? Two of the best in the business, right in your own backyard.

—Saturday, October 22 in the Gym

tix on sale 10/7

\$8 w/SUSB ID—\$10 w/o

Fishbone and

New York Citizens

Fishbone and their horns for a special Halloween Show.

—Friday, October 28 in the Ballroom

\$7 w/SUSB ID—\$10 w/o

Peter Tosh Day

with Burning Spear

One of the haaaaardest reggae bands around. Rootal! With special guest

Crucial Force.

—Monday, October 31 in the Ballroom

\$5 w/SUSB ID—\$7 w/o

Jimmy Cliff

"Many rivers to cross, and I still haven't found my way over..."

—Sunday, November 6 in the Gym

Albert Collins

"The most powerful blues guitarist in the world."

—Musician Magazine

—Monday, November 7 in the FAC

Tony Byrd

South African music from the lighter side of the fence.

—Saturday, Nov. 12 in the Union Auditorium

\$3 w/SUSB ID—\$5 w/o

Ini Kamoze

Jamaica's most compelling reggae man.

—Friday, December 9 in the Ballroom

\$5 w/SUSB ID—\$7 w/o

Buy All Tickets in Advance in the Union Box Office

by Craig Goldsmith

The nightmare made flesh is the best way to describe **Patty Hearst: Her Own Story**. Directed by Paul Schrader (*Cat People*) locks you in the closet, fanatic Symbionese Liberation Army members screaming revolutionary epithets, poking at you with rifle butts, proclaiming guilt and complacency. **Patty Hearst**, based on Hearst's own book, completely and without doubt or uneasiness, assumes that Hearst was really kidnapped, that she really did breakdown while being held 57 days in a closet. And Schrader brings his expertise with dreamy, surrealistic scenes to a new level of sophistication; gone are misty, hallucinatory effects for atmosphere's sake. Schrader instead makes such effects serve his purpose. The sequence in the closet, nearly 20 minutes long, is illusory, claustrophobic, disorienting. The figures of the SLA waver in the light; quick cuts of Hearst's childhood, hallucinations of being buried, of her family and fiancé fade in and out: the rich, beautiful girl losing her footing in reality.

Patty Hearst is told by her captors that even her father—capitalist/facist—doesn't love her enough to part with his fortunes robbed from the people. He fails to meet the SLA's outrageous ransom: \$70 in food for every person in California, at a cost of \$400,000,000. Goodbye reality, hello survival instinct. The SLA even offers her a choice: to be set free in a safe place, or join their army. Totally jello by this time, Hearst is incapable of making a decision, of telling if SLA leader Cinque (pronounced *Sin-Cue*) is making a serious offer. She joins and isn't even sure if she's playing along in order to survive or if she's just so much putty to be molded.

It is only when Hearst passes a ritual test of initiation that the characters' images come into focus for the first time. Hearst's blindfold is removed, and she is treated to her first sight of the SLA—one huge black man (Cinque) and a roomful of white women and men who tell her that only black leadership will win the struggle, that white people are too fucked up by their own guilt and prejudice to do anything right, that the revolution is coming. The SLA is a quirky, colorful bunch: Cinque, the prophet, general, and love-god ("I have lived with the people, I have fought for the people, I have fucked the people..."); Teko, the second-in-command, who puts shoe-polish on his face and acts like a bro' in front of the mirror, one dreamy boy who likens himself to Che Guevara; a host of young white women perform—under Cinque's watchful eye—topless calisthenics. As it turns out, the SLA is heavy into free love. Actually, they call it "comradeship". It's not long before Hearst feels the embraces of several of the men, and not a few of the women. Cinque

To Live and Die In the SLA



renames her Tania, the real Che's lover, and she's in real deep. Memory of herself as Patty Hearst is fading.

Natasha Richardson is incredible as the burnt-out, swiss-cheesed Hearst. Her eyes are dull, nearly lifeless. She moves as if living in syrup, one-foot-in-front-of-the-other-put-hand-in-pocket-get-matchbook-raise-hand-open-cover-of-matchbook-take-out-match-close-cover-strike-match-raise-hand-to-cigarette-tip-inhale-slowly-think-harder-try-I-am-happy-to-have-headaches-happy-to-be-constipated. Not quite a zombie, more like an inpatient after electroshock therapy. The circuit is dead.

This is the film's most striking aspect, it's depiction of total alienation, of disassociation. Whether or not the events in the film are what really happened is irrelevant. You can buy Hearst's story that she was really kidnapped and held prisoner if you want to, but it doesn't matter. **Patty Hearst** shows what it would really be like. Richardson's

occasional narration keeps the film focused on Hearst's frame of mind. And even as Hearst's identity is fractured, the SLA's motives remain ambiguous. Patty Hearst stated in court that the SLA didn't brainwash her, that her memory is hazy, that she just didn't know how she felt.

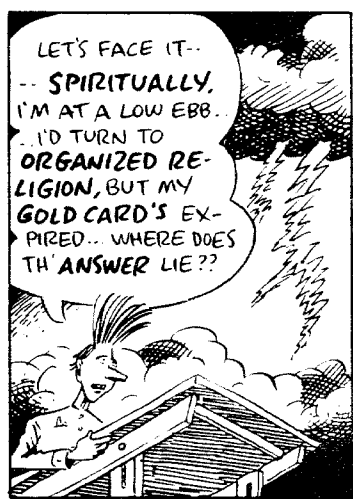
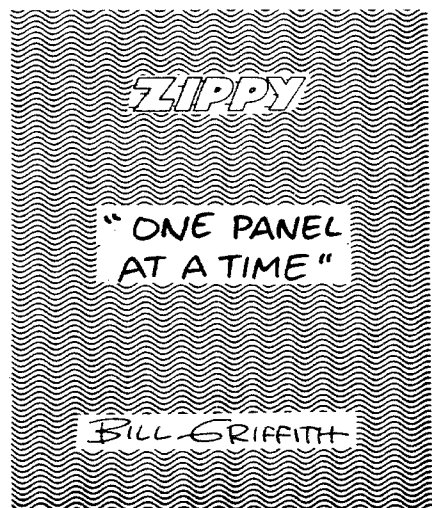
In the film, the SLA doesn't brainwash Hearst per se. More like playing a brutal head game, purely for kicks, not for any particular motive. The SLA comes off as the Bob Dylan of revolutionaries. They enjoy put-ons, hip private jokes, and intimidation through sheer self-confidence. Cinque is so obsessed with his own superiority, and his white followers so convinced of his righteousness and their own inadequacy, that they are nearly innocent. This makes the whole breakdown process even more frightening. It's not intentional, not even tangible. Hearst can't fight it; there's nothing to fight. Drowning in quicksand over a period of two months.

What's really great about **Patty Hearst** is that Schrader shot the film (by today's standards) on a nearly shoestring budget of 4.5 million, and in only four weeks. Necessity forced Schrader in many cases to craft the film to work with time and budget restrictions. Many of the film's sequences are the way they are because it was simply not possible or feasible to shoot them any other way (just as the once revolutionary cuts of early French New Wave films were often the happy results of patchwork corrections). But **Patty Hearst** doesn't display any amateurish qualities—it is tight, direct, and efficient (like the guns of the SLA). The cast of relative unknowns is perfect, their voices, gestures and looks matching their characters and their situation.

The directing is crisp and thoughtful. From the opening shot of Berkeley, to the tribute to the famous security camera videotape of the bank robbery, Schrader presents vivid snapshots of captivity and acquiescence. While it might have been easy to gradually follow Hearst through her stint with the SLA, drawing the viewer in slowly, Schrader throws it at the screen right away, bang, bang, bang, precise, well-aimed and well-timed shotgun blasts. No time is left to digest what is happening, it's happening now, the closet door slams open and closed repeatedly—by the time people and places come into focus, it's too late. It's a dangerous way to make a film. Audiences like to identify with a character before the shit hits the fan, and many films are crafted with that in mind. Schrader gambles; the **Patty Hearst** that-once-was is gone before there is time to know her. And although the closet sequence (due to Nick Kazan's script) borders at times on the episodic—this is stage one of your breakdown, this is stage two, etc.—Richardson's portrayal of a self-turned-plastic is scary and painful. An existential vacuum.

The only point not in Hearst's favor has little to do with the quality of the film itself, but rather it's choice of the subject matter. For us young pups, **Patty Hearst** is something of a media legend, but our actual memories of her captivity and surprising appearance in an SLA bank robbery are generally dim (my strongest recollection of 1974 is that Nixon resigned). But for older Americans, Hearst's story was one seen in the papers every day, the video tape blasted itself all over TV screens. This film may not appeal to people who were there (one 68-year-old man said, "Why would I want to see a dramatization of her robbing the bank?—I saw it on TV a hundred times"). When the *Son of Sam* movie is made, how interesting will it be for us, who read it and saw it every day on TV?

If anything, **Patty Hearst** is not a dramatization, or a biography. The real events on which the film is based are merely the jumping off point for a bleak tale of personal obliteration.



An American Swine

Hunter S. Thompson's Gonzo Sequel

by Rich Wieda

Hunter S. Thompson's Gonzo Papers, Volume Two have been riding high on the New York Times best seller list in recent weeks, crammed in between the endless Shirley MacLaine new age sequels and the usual Donald "I'm a millionaire and you're not, nyah, nyah" Trump biographies.

Generation of Swine, or what Thompson terms *Tales of Shame and Degradation in the '80s*, continues the savage journey into the heart of the American Dream that Thompson has made a strange career out of, and last chronicled in *The Great Shark Hunt*. If the new Gonzo Papers are any indication of where Thompson has been heading in the Reagan eighties, and, ultimately, the direction of the American Dream as well, readers should prepare to tread some turbulent waters.

Thompson's in a foul mood this time out, spewing venom from God knows where on everything that looks even vaguely like it was spawned by American society. By the time you finish off these tales of shamelessness and horror, you'll either be heading off to your travel agent with the terror-stricken intent to purchase a one-way airline ticket to Pago Pago or hopping into your pickup with a shotgun and handful of Molotovs to speed off to Aspen and settle some differences with America's premiere doctor of journalism. (I just called him up and left a nasty message on his machine.)

Generation of Swine is a compilation of Thompson's most recent work, a weekly syndicated column which has appeared in one of those Hearst newspapers on the west coast. The fact that Thompson's articles are appearing in a newspaper owned by that thug, and are actually appearing on a weekly basis, really says something about the quality of the good doctor's work: it just ain't what it used to be. His articles are much shorter, given the constraints of what a daily will print, and so the usual wide range which Thompson has been accustomed to roaming within has been condensed into two or three hardcover-sized pages. Unfortunately, the loss of print has been more detrimental to Thompson than his advance in years, or, for that matter, than all the amounts of LSD he has managed to gobble since the late sixties.

Thompson certainly works best when he's given a generous allotment of print, when he has the time to ramble through his story with numerous tangents and sideroad ravings, until he finally ties together his various themes into a usually coherent, if always frenzied, coda.

He doesn't have that kind of chance here. By the time he's received the kickoff and getting his offense rolling down the field,

the two-minute warning is sounded. Without the time, he's forced to throw the bomb, and if that fails, settle for the field-goal. More often than not the bomb falls incomplete, and Thompson simply doesn't have time to really stomp on the terra here—and so the articles are often less than satisfying.

The space restraint might be a godsend, though, given the fact that bitterness has managed to infect his soul faster than cir-

and Agnew with every part of his existence. Unfortunately, not all of today's villains warrant the same contempt and derision that the Nixon team did. Although Thompson saddles them with the same hatred anyway. You get the sense that he almost misses his old football buddy to kick around, especially when someone like Don Regan just doesn't elicit the same horror.

Nonetheless, *Swine* holds some of the old fun and comedy within its pages, and the

can't run, much less hide. He will be lucky to get off without doing time in Federal prison, doing push-ups on some filthy asphalt basketball court with people like Poindexter, Secord, and the apparently berserk marine Lt. Colonel Oliver North. They will all be locked up, and they will take many others down with them..." Uh-huh. Bush is currently running in a tight presidential race with Mass. Gov. Michael Dukakis, while North, Poindexter and Secord are all vacationing together in Bermuda, smoking Cuban cigars and sipping tropical drinks.

Thompson doesn't regret the dominance of men like North, Meese, and Poindexter in the eighties. However, no more so than he laments the amount of heads that have rolled in the American guillotine known as the media scandal. People like Gary Hart and Joe Biden—simple, decent men who made minor mistakes incomparable to the war-crimes of the Reagan Reich—but were eaten alive in a country where cannibalism is the preferred form of nourishment. No Sir, the way Hunter figures it, any country that destroys men like Hart and Biden, and elevates swine like North to hero status not only "demands degenerates, but deserves them."

Ultimately, every facet of the 1980s sickens Thompson, from the political and religious scandals that have destroyed the self-proclaimed pedagogues of our country, to the final horror that if, "rain is poison and sex is death...then there is not much left except T.V. and relentless masturbation." Perhaps the sense of despair that pervades the book (unlike previous works when there was always the possibility for some optimism) can be summed up in his eulogy for the eighties generation, a pitiable generation of swine:

Reagan's children must be proud of him. With AIDS and acid rain, there is not much left in the way of life and love and possibilities for these shortchanged children of the '80s. In addition to a huge and terminally crippling national debt, and a shocking realization that your country has slipped to the status of a second-rate power, that five American dollars will barely buy a cup of coffee in Tokyo, these poor buggers are being flogged every day of their lives with the knowledge that sex is death and rain kills fish and any politician they see on T.V. is a liar and a fool.

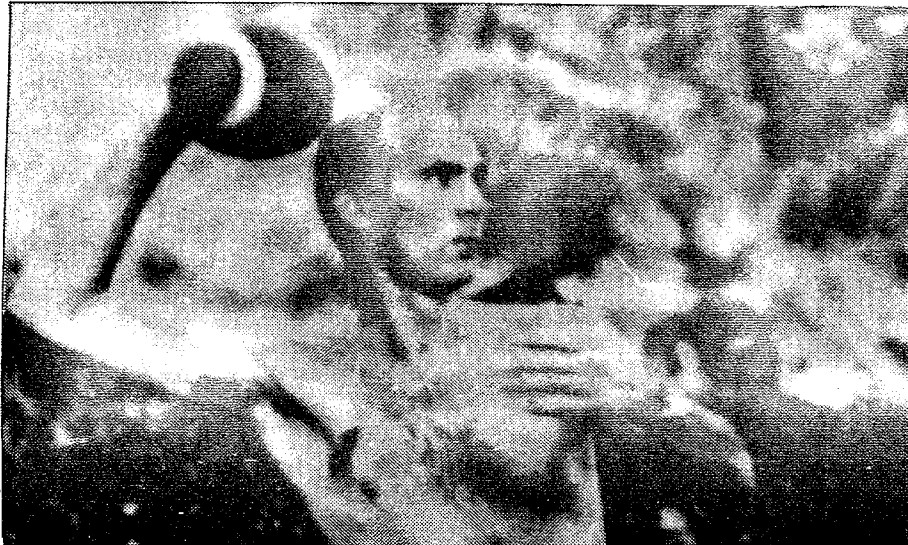


Image: Annie Liebovitz

rhosis has swelled his liver. Thompson no longer just overindulges in vicious, exaggerated attacks, he overindulges them on everyone, indiscriminately and without exception. Thompson hates everybody, which wouldn't be a problem if his diatribes made sense, but they just don't.

After justified attacks on soulless folks like Ed Meese, Pat Robertson, and Ferdinand Marcos, all of whom Thompson claims will spend eternity kicking around in the filth and muck they so dutifully wash off daily here on earth, he then laments the conception and birth of people like Ted Koppel and Sam Donaldson. Now, as annoying as Donaldson is, are his sins really comparable to those of a criminal attorney general, a greedy and hypocritical televangelist, and a murderous former dictator with the wealth of his nation (and his wife's wardrobe?) placed in a Swiss bank account?

Through many of these articles there is an overwhelming sense that Thompson doesn't really care about his subjects, but is living off his reputation as a frenzied, irrational madman with a perception of reality so crazed and warped that it actually makes sense. His anger seems contrived these days, and you get the feeling that he's going through the motions the way an apathetic married couple celebrating their second decade together do in the bedroom. In the old days, you knew he hated Nixon

usual Thompson recklessness and propensity for the correct amount of slander without just cause for litigation still abounds. He perceptively analyses the Iran/Contra scandal as more far reaching in effect and precedent than Watergate, although he misreads the American public's reaction to it. "Gordon Liddy was cruel," he notes, "but he never did anything remotely like running a neo-nazi shadow government out of the white house basement, skimming millions of dollars off of the top of illegal arms sales to hostile foreign governments, or selling weapons to hate-crazed international terrorists like the Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran, who was paying North millions of dollars for TOW missiles with one hand while admittedly using the other to finance the 1983 bombing of the U.S. barracks in Lebanon, which killed nearly 300 of North's own people."

Right on track, Thompson knows that as vile and venomous as Handleman's and Erlichman's crimes were, American citizens and soldiers abroad weren't slaughtered as a direct result. But times have changed, and eight years of the Howdy Doody Administration have sedated America's psychological and emotional self into a dull, mellow apathy. No one was upset by North, or cared, although Thompson didn't quite see it that way. He envisioned the American public as rearing an ugly head the way it did against Nixon. "George Bush

Information Clampdowns

continued from page 3

involves the perpetratorless crime of information control.

Miller noted a phenomenon which often seems like mass-media's lust for investigative reporting. In describing reporters' relentless searches for information, he likened them to ferrets. He decried "cowboy journalists" who employ harassment and trespassing. He spoke of the necessity of a free press in a democracy and declared: "They are the watch-ferrets of society."

Another important issue examined in Miller's presentation was the ease of information control and theft now possible because of current technology. Thirty seconds out of a thirty-minute interview—ZZAP—instantly transmitted nationwide. Who selects these thirty seconds and do they accurately portray their subject? During his opening speech, Glasser joked that he has perfected the art of producing ineditible interviews—by constantly repeating the point.

While speaking on information theft, Miller called workers who maintain data files for corporations, such as

airlines, wizards. He noted a growing fear in American society of personal information being used for less than noble purposes. He also hinted at the dehumanization of individuals through their records; i.e. identities transferred to magnetic media.

Like the movie sez: "Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain." The media wizard may often be mysterious, but as responsible citizens we must at all times be aware of the spell the written word, and alterations in it, can weave.

Broken Barricades

Multi-Media Exhibit in the Union Gallery

by Miriam Kleinman

Next time while walking past the commonly ignored Art Gallery on the second floor of the Union, don't ignore it. Stop and step inside and see something you may have never seen before. The show that ends tomorrow is called *Anticipation*, a post-modernist exhibit by the artist, painter, and poet Eduardo Rada Bernasconi.

Anticipation has everything. A feast for the eyes, ears, and mind, its function is to present to the recipient an active, stimulating and resonant art-atmosphere. Bernasconi does not offer merely one art form to review, he instead offers a synthesis of art, music, and poetry. The artist says, "my mind is a synthesizer," incorporating the stimuli of the outside world into a large fusion box.

Everything is a process. The exhibit is unfocused, with no straightforward beginning, middle, and end. There are posted instructions explaining the intentions of a post-modern gallery. On a typewritten page Bernasconi gives descriptions of the idea, plan, set, and activities of the gallery. Alongside are pictorial plans of the show's layout. This corresponds with the theme of "creative improvisation," using a gracious informality instead of the usual rigid trade of designing an art show.

Bernasconi employs three keys in developing his gallery—building, working, and living. The first days of the show consist of the process of building and decorating the room. This procedure, like the sketched layout, adheres to the notion that art is a

process, not an end in itself. But he forms more than an art gallery; he creates a place to work and live. The artist spends much of his time in the gallery—drawing and playing musical instruments—all utensils being part of the exhibit. "My gallery is to be my house," Bernasconi reflects. So he sleeps there too.

Well, what do you actually see? A lot—from the first glance you notice a jumble of objects, textures, designs and colors of creatively arranged stimuli. The exhibit begins on the outside, with a taped frame on the window. The focus of this frame is three more frames arranged in the interior, offering a three-dimensional "picture" of an intermediate image. To the right is a typewriter on a stand. It holds everything a late-night college studier would have: incense, cigarette butts, a light bulb and some spare change (all pennies of course).

This is just the show window, and the inside is just as eye-expanding. Colorful pastel drawings are pasted on the walls in a non-linear fashion. Odd objects are juxtaposed throughout the walls and floors: old sneakers, paints, benches, tapestries, and more.

One repeating image in the show is that of picture frames. Some are around the drawings, others surround materials unconventional for framing. This places the interest of the viewer in a different mindset. Frames draw attention and importance to the most mundane sources. They also can define what an art object is and what is not. A work of art that is framed is granted more respect for being the chosen image of focus and appreciation. Bernasconi wittily frames the



Artist and poet Eduardo Rada Bernasconi.

most ordinary objects to alter the viewer's preconceived notions on what to focus upon.

There is more than just sight exposure—music is played, creating a refined aura. The music is either performed live on the piano or synthesizer, or on tapes played in a regular box. Also, to add to the encompassing cultural milieu, a poetry reading will be held in the gallery tonight at 7pm. The artist is

also a poet, integrating all forms of the arts in one domain.

These are the reasons why the gallery looks so inviting. It is open house for the senses to be stimulated. It is a warm, un-intimidating atmosphere that looks like the funkiest dorm room around. But there is a process more profound than that, a kaleidoscope of images and forms creating a cultural center within the Union abyss.

Down and Out When You Ain't a Soldier

continued from back page

Leader, 5 Points for Successful Concealment, 5 Points for Sitting your Control Base (remember the color-coding kids—white boxes are tips to be filed in your cranium, yellow boxes give details such as where to locate your latrine when setting up an Operations Post). Where photographs are not available to illustrate a point made by the text, macho military illustrations takes up the slack. The sight of grim faced soldiers, done in grey and ochre pastels, fighting against Argentinians for the Glory of the Queen nearly brought a tear to my eye on several occasions.

The best laughs can be gleaned from the photographs, however. Where real photographs of real soldiers really killing each other were not available, *Combat* uses either pictures of Cacutt's military enthusiast friends playing soldier games or photos of men on training missions. The thing about these photos is that the men don't have the death-look in their eyes that soldiers in real conflict display. And they never look dirty, or tired, or scared, or as if they've been away from home for two years. When the text describes the danger of a US SEALS team being dropped into the water under enemy fire, and the photo shows blonde, blue-eyed Americans smiling and laughing on a dingy in a Mediterranean sun, the book somehow falls short of importing the seriousness of warfare, of the necessity for military skill, or of the possibility of death.

What's even worse is the barely concealed provincialism of the British author. For a book that makes use of American colloquialisms and flashy magazine graphics as a



US Special Forces in Viet Nam.

selling point, when *Combat* tells you what not to do, it always uses Americans as examples—for example, it shows you an

American soldier in Viet Nam whose camouflage might leave him dead, and then it shows a Brit doing it right. Americans are only shown in a good light in two ways: the Americans' incredible military equipment and the skill of the US Special Forces. But even in the long section on the Special Forces, Cacutt explains that the British equivalent, the SAS and SBS, are not discussed because the SAS will not discuss any of its techniques, unlike Americans, who see no problem explaining general methods. As far as the Special Forces go, Cacutt explains that, "much of the *modus operandi* must remain secret and in the manner of the British Army's SAS and SBS it is far better kept that way." Well golly—just makes me want to spit unfortunately for Cacutt, not only does he constantly elevate the skill of British soldiers over American soldiers—who have saved Britain not once, but twice—he fails to mention Great Britain's one great contribution to military technology: the Harrier jets, capable of landing and taking off vertically. Sorry you forgot, Len, it would have been a great chance to rub it in the upstarts' faces.

While some parts of the book are common to all armies, the section on urban warfare is particularly British. It explains how to occupy a hostile city, how to set up roadblocks, how to quell a domestic insurrection. These are things the British are very good at, after all, they've had lots of practice with the Irish Catholics. The photographs of Ulster are chilling, and although it

is perhaps not a soldier's place to question why he is doing something, to coldly explain how the British have occupied Northern Ireland, distantly examining techniques while ignoring the faces seems to undercut Cacutt's reason for writing the book: how to win a war, war supposedly making life more agreeable for somebody, somewhere. No-where are these sections on how to combat foreign soldiers when your only weapons are axes and stones, or how to protect civilians (a soldier can protect as well as kill, right?) when their town is being overrun. But, as they say, *C'est la guerre*.

Well, I guess that only leaves one more point: the horrible quality of the printing, courtesy Dai Nippon, Hong Kong. Not only do the chosen typefaces often cause headaches if read more than five minutes, but errors sprout up everywhere like weeds in dung. Whole chunks of text are often missing, or the order of paragraphs is incorrect. It's also strange that the parts that are genuinely interesting are usually the parts that contain the worst errors. Just when you've worked yourself into a salivating frenzy, gobbling up military knowledge that just may help you during WWII, a sentence is missing, or the words degenerate into gobbledy-gook. It's enough to make you want to go out and shoot somebody with an M16A1 rifle (Hey—I'm learning already!). Maybe the errors are intentional, however. It'll make the reading public want to buy *Combat II: Cursed Mud*.

Pyschotropic Hysteria

by T. Bones

As well-groomed Robyn Hitchcock opened his September 20 show at the Ritz with bewildering detachment for a "captain of chaos": "I'm going to start by saying I want no correspondence with the audience. You're the audience, I'm a performer...and there's no point even trying...I don't know what language is, really."

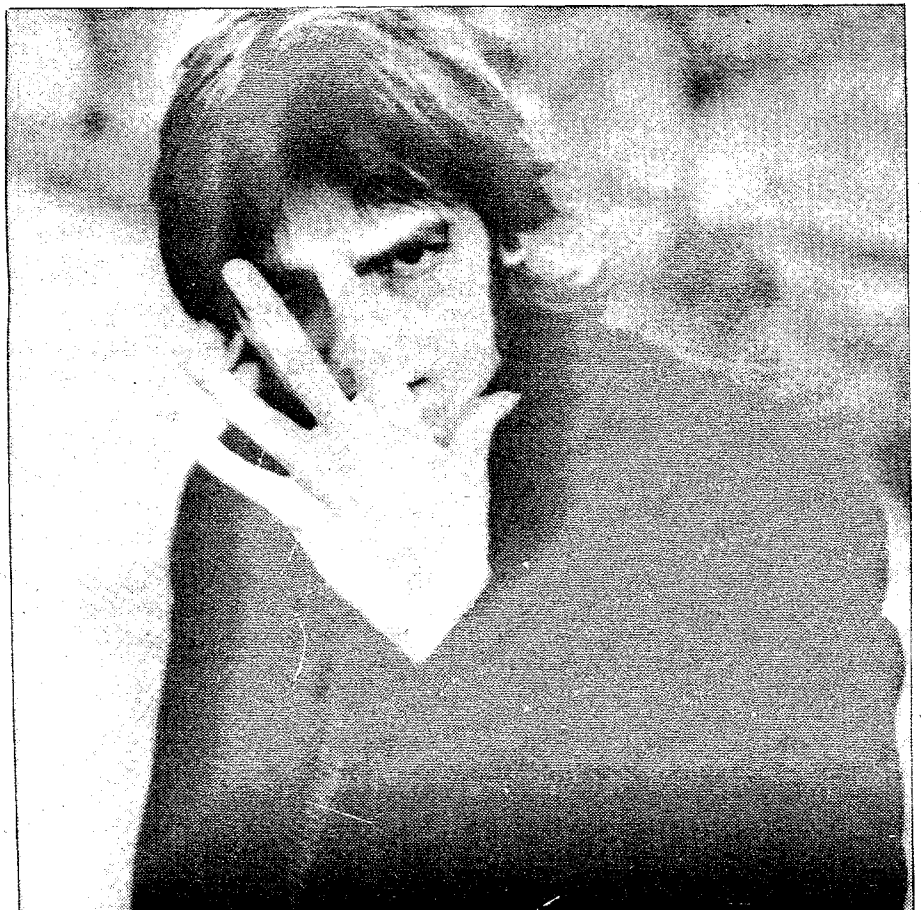
With this statement and two stiffly played songs, it seems he was trying to get over being ripped off backstage by a member of his "audience." But he played "My Wife and My Dead Wife," then "Acid Bird," and to many his bright tulip-embossed shirt was transforming itself...

He spoke of Bs: "There's a bee back here...and a bat behind the bass amp...there are bees in your ear...and Bob's your

ginal guitar leads in long, psychotropic solos. He didn't give the bass player enough time, though, and he gave the drummer none. He *did* give Peter Buck (of REM) some time on guitar when he came on stage. They collaborated on a song called "The Lizard," which threw the crowd into a frenzy of desire. There was a mad rush at the bar just after the song ended because everyone was thirsty from dancing or just confusion after such a long bout between two hysterical guitars.

After Hitchcock made his opening statement and I noticed no piano onstage and he played two flat openers, I thought to myself, "Has Robyn Hitchcock been swallowed up by commercialism?" But after "The Lizard" I knew that any pop voyeurs present were hiding in fear under the staircase, wondering why they had come to see such a confusing spectacle.

By the end of the show, the crowd was



Robyn Hitchcock

uncle!"

He talked in between nearly every song, spinning tales and telling jokes that had few logical connections. Even when speaking, the gripping lilt of his voice had a disquieting effect on the audience, no matter what he said. His verbal assault seemed a contradiction to his opening statement, but it wasn't; they weren't even sentences, really. And although he looked a lot like Sting, he wasn't a pedant on a stage.

He used these short monologues either because he couldn't afford an analyst or as an effective substitute for a piano. Why there was no piano, I can't say, but without one he sounded at times like Bruce Springsteen on acid and at others like Syd Barrett going sane.

Nearly all songs played were double their original length. On most he added very ori-

neurotic and dangerous. The show started cold and professional, but now was burning out of control and the crowd liked it.

Hair flying, he appeared for his encore laughing in a fresh tie-dye, waving his tropical shirt in the air, I thought to myself, "Are Robyn Hitchcock, the Grateful Dead, and Suzanne Vega in some sort of tyrannical collusion to take over Manhattan? Will Jerry Garcia run for Mayor?"

Robyn seemed to notice that everyone had become severely disturbed. So, for encores, he played "Baby, You're a Rich Man" (Beatles) and "Eight Miles High" (Byrds). He did fresh, harried versions of both, but it seemed to quiet the crowd. Everyone became loose, and seemed to forget the professional nature of the show. People left slowly, smiling dreamily and singing: *Eight miles high...and falling fast.*

CLUB CALENDAR

Thursday, September 29

Wynton Marsalis
at the Village Vanguard
—thru Oct. 2

Phyllis Hyman
at the Blue Note

Max Roach & M'Boom
at SOB's

Sham 69
at CBGB's
—and Sept. 30

Friday, September 30

Son Seals
at the Village Gate
—and Oct. 1

Michael Brecker Band
at the Bottom Line

The Mercury's
at Garvins
—and Oct. 1

Cru. osuckers
Deadly Blessing
Dead On
Nemesis
at Sundance

Saturday, October 1

Philip Glass
at IMAC
—and Oct. 2

The Godfathers
at the Ritz

Graham Parker
at Bay Street

Jack Bruce
at Sundance

Sunday, October 2

Amy Grant
at Nassau Coliseum

Graham Parker
at the Ritz

Outburst
Breakdown
at CBGB's

Prince
at Madison Sq. Garden

Monday, October 3

Tommy Conwell &
The Young Rumlbers
at the Bottom Line
—and Oct. 4

Tuesday, October 4

Aki Takase
Maria Joao
at the Knitting Factory

Stanley Turrentine
at SOB's

Chuch Mangione
at the Village Gate
—tru Oct. 9

Wednesday, October 5

House of Usher
at the Lone Star Cafe

Thursday, October 6

Pentangle
at the Lone Star Cafe

Baba Olatunji &
His Drums of Passion
at SOB's

Urban Earth
at Fat Tuesday

Friday, October 7

Warzone
Sick of It All
Raw Deal
24-7
Spyz
at Sundance

Sly & Robbie
and the Taxi Gang
at the Beacon

Christian Death
at CBGBs

—Benefit Performance—

Ahmad Jamal
Johnny Griffin
James Moody
—and others
at Town Hall

Saturday, October 8

Max Roach
at Imac
—and Oct. 9

The Toasters
at CBGBs

David Lindley &
El-Rayo X
at the Ritz

Spyrogyra
Kenny Rankin
at the Beacon

Sunday, Oct. 9

Morgana King
at Fat Tuesday

Buckwheat Zydeco
at the World

Monday, October 10

Jack Bruce
at the Bottom Line

Kronos Quartet
at IMAC

Thursday, October 13

UB40
at Madison Sq. Garden

Friday, October 14

The Radiators
at the Ritz
—and Oct. 15

Commander Cody
at the Lone Star Cafe

Tuesday, November 8

"Fear and Loathing on Election
Night 1988"
w/Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

information

□Beacon Theatre.....(212) 496-7070
74th & Broadway

□The Blue Note.....(212) 475-8592
181 W. 3rd Street

□The Bottom Line.....(212) 228-7880
15 W. 4th @ Mercer

□CBGB's.....(212) 982-4052
315 Bowery @ Bleeker

□Fat Tuesday's.....(212) 533-7902
190 3rd Ave.

□Felt Forum.....(212) 563-8300
@ Penn Station

□IMAC.....(516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave.

□Knitting Factory.....(212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston

□Lone Star Cafe.....(212) 242-1664
5th Ave. & 13th St.

□The Ritz.....(212) 529-5295
11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave.

□S.O.B.'s.....(212) 243-4940
204 Varick St.

□Sundance.....(516) 665-2121
217 E. Main St., Bayshore

□Town Hall.....(212) 840-2824
217 E. Main St., Bayshore

□Tramps.....(212) 777-5077
125 E. 15th St.

□Village Gate.....(212) 982-9292
Bleeker & Thompson

□Village Vanguard.....(212) 349-8400
7th Ave. South

□Westbury Music Fair.....(516) 333-0533
Brush Hollow Road, Westbury

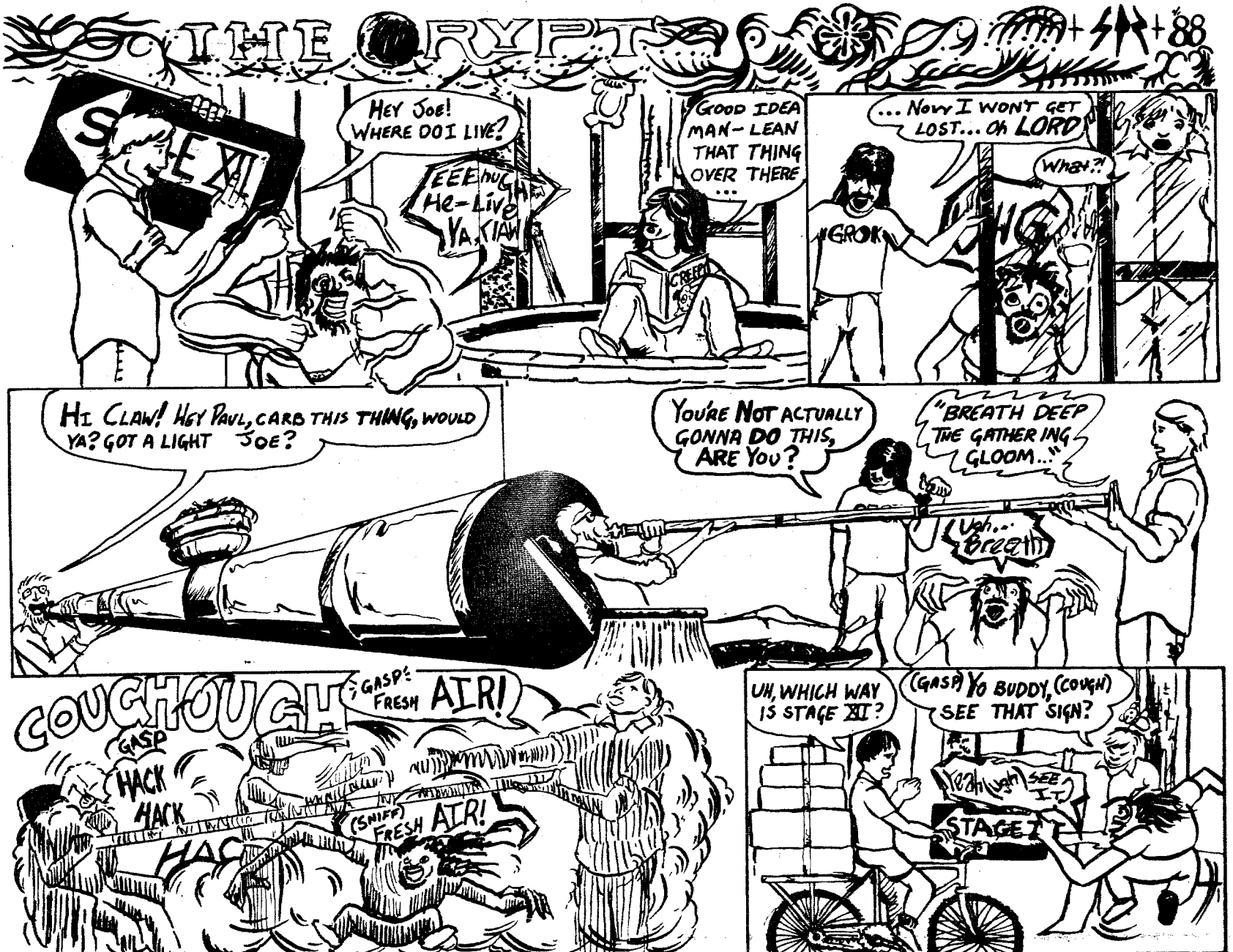
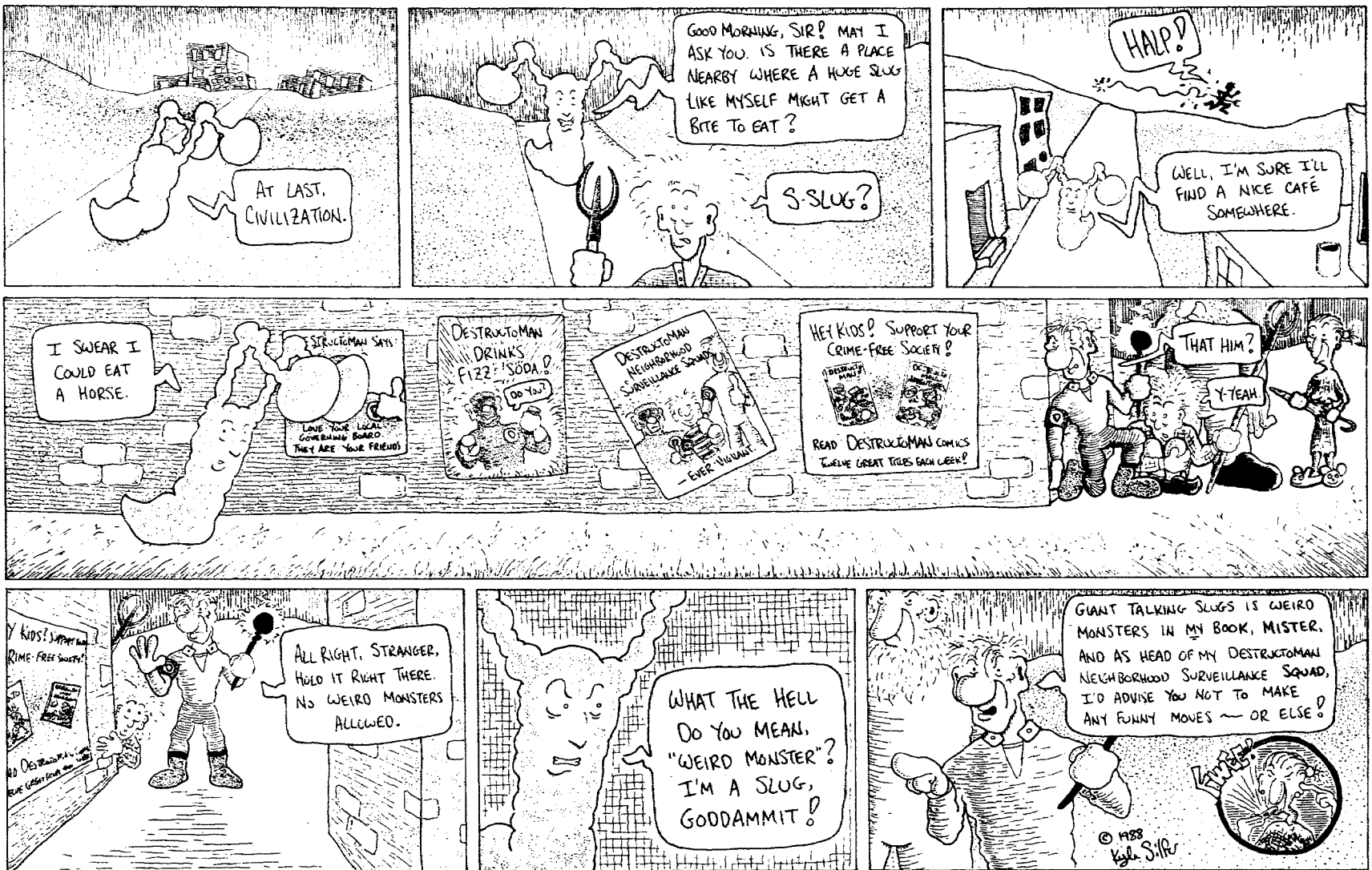
□The World.....(212) 947-5850
254 E. 2nd Street

THE SLUG AND THE VIGILANTE: A Scientific Romance

BY KYLE SILVER

"MORALITY IS SIMPLY THE ATTITUDE WE ADOPT TOWARD PEOPLE WHOM WE PERSONALLY DISLIKE."
- OSCAR WILDE

PART TWO: ENTER THE SLUG



Lunar Vibes

Jemeel Moondoc Quartet Plays SB

by Karin Falcone

On Saturday, September 24th, the Jemeel Moondoc Quartet brought their innovative brand of jazz to the Union Auditorium. Playing before a large but dwindling audience, the quartet presented an uneven performance of diverse Moondoc compositions.

The livelier pieces were the most successful parts of the first set. Moondoc's saxophone led the quartet through the energetic "Nostalgia in Times Square." Punctuated with a long, flamboyant drum solo by last-minute substitute Pheeroan Aklaiff, the song was a crowd-pleaser. Moondoc, a small, frail-looking man in fuchsia silk and round, dark glasses, proved to have a light-hearted stage presence. The demure, elder guitarist Bern Nix, and intense bassist William Parker, both towering men, flanked Moondoc on either side.

There appeared to be the potential for exciting interplay, but the next few numbers were highly improvisational mood pieces which generally had a lulling effect. Nix's uninspired strumming of chords helped make the sound rather psychedelic. The piece took a radical turn with Parker's bass solo, which resulted in many audience casualties. Avant-garde, yet hot and colorful, it danced the line between obtrusive music and anarchical sound. As Parker put bow to bass and proceeded to make the two whine, the exiting posse boisterously acknowledged that they had heard something they were not expecting to hear. At least one member of the audience gently dozed until well after the lights went up at the end of the first set.

Image: Ed Bridges



Jemeel Moondoc in the Union Auditorium.

Though they wrapped up with a more energetic tune, the quartet lost much of the crowd during a twenty minute break. The remaining listeners, however, were more intrigued.

The second set had more character and interaction than the unbalanced beginning. The warm lighting hinted at a different setting. Seated before a cocktail and a candle, gazing through smoke, the mood might have

been magical.

Beginning with the lively, swinging, "Campbell's Soup," the improvisation gained emotional coherence. Nix began to display some of his guitar artistry by bridging his strumming with warm resonant solos. The high point of the show was a piece called "Ruby's Riches," an inspired mood piece featuring Moondoc on coronet. The final tune, a McCoy Tyner composition, re-

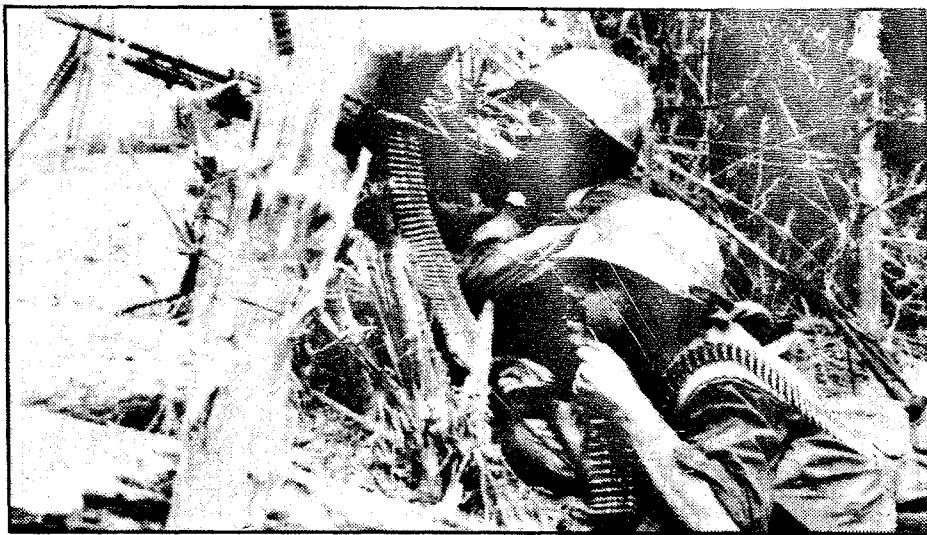
quired several false starts before Moondoc was satisfied. Genuinely amused, he turned the difficulty into an entertaining moment. The quartet wrapped up by completing the successful final number to a pleased audience.

Keen talent, managing to capture moments of elusive inspiration and let them happen, made for a rather successful evening of jazz.

—Pulp—

Attack! Attack! Attack!

Learn How to Kill, Maim and Destroy



US Marines in the Viet Nam DMZ.

by R. Sienna

If *Soldier of Fortune* magazine were to write a textbook on modern warfare techniques, *Combat* would be it. However, *Combat* is a glossy, full-color how-to book edited by Englishman Len Cacutt. Cacutt has, according to the introduction, "had a privilege of visiting British and foreign military units in many parts of the world and has had first-hand experience of a number of modern weapons." What he really does for a living is not

mentioned, but judging by his writing and his considerably large love affair with state-of-the-art military technology and tactics, he seems the sort who plays at soldiering without ever actually putting himself in danger. You know, the kind of guy (or girl, as the case may be) who shoots pellets of paint at his drinking buddies on weekends and visits the firing range weeknights after work. But enough of Mr. Cacutt's inspirations.

Combat's introduction sets the tone: "Our fate is no longer in the hands of our rulers, it lies in the verbal manoeuvring of

our politicians, who are the last people to do physical combat, using words with which to instill a national fervour into their people. Swords, we have been told, can be turned into ploughshares—but what do you do when someone steals your plough and turns it into a weapon?" This little excerpt is the only time that *Combat* even comes close to making sense (except for the little tidbit of advice on page 65 that says "There's never time to relax on the battlefield."). It also points out a basic problem with *Combat*, the glorification and romanticizing of a huge death-machine: the modern army. The particular problem with *Combat* is that the author is English, and the only two real military conflicts that he can use as examples are the successful British invasion of the Argentine Falklands and the not so successful occupation of Northern Ireland. The former, of course, was one of Great Britain's last efforts at remaining a colonial sovereign, the latter is simply disgusting.

So, the book points out, should you be endangered, this little manual may save your life. The only problem with this lame justification for an over-blown collection of military photographs and diagrams is that most of the techniques and practices described are dependent on sophisticated military equipment, such as laser sights, army issue machine guns, helicopters, tanks, submarines, and infrared night vision goggles. Not exactly suff available to

even the most out-going survivalist. There is an entire section—about 45 pages—that deals with how to form ten helicopters into an attack formation, how to fire laser guided TOW missiles, how to drop a squad of men on the ground. And even that would be alright except that the book doesn't make any sense. Each section begins with a full page color photograph of a Rambo-type smeared in camouflage paint, flexing his muscles and pointing a gun at the camera. Flashy graphics often make reading difficult; it's hard to tell sometimes where to start reading. Little boxes of text are superimposed on the pages and pages of color photographs without any regard to comprehensibility. And to top it all off, a book that purports to explain military stratagems to the layman often employs military terminology that isn't even defined. And Cacutt loves acronyms, perhaps they lend an air of authority to a book that gushes Glitzy Graphics (GG), Fancy Typefaces (FT), Overdetailed Diagrams of Military Formations (ODMF), and Weekly World News Style Section Covers (WWNSSC). The section covers are the best, sporting titles such as "Attack! Attack! Attack!" "Killing Tanks," and "Stalking the Target."

There are white boxes scattered throughout the book—like recipes for the harried housewife—that contain points of successful operations: 4 Duties of the Platoon

continued on page 13