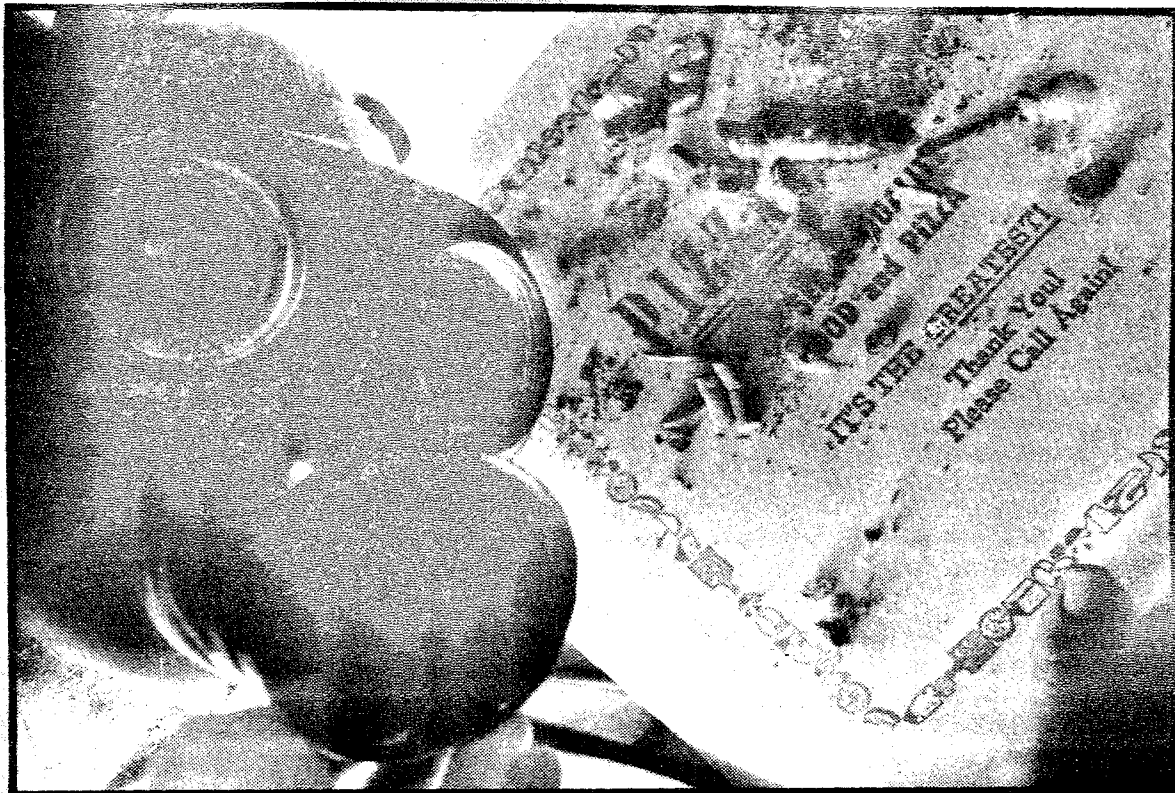


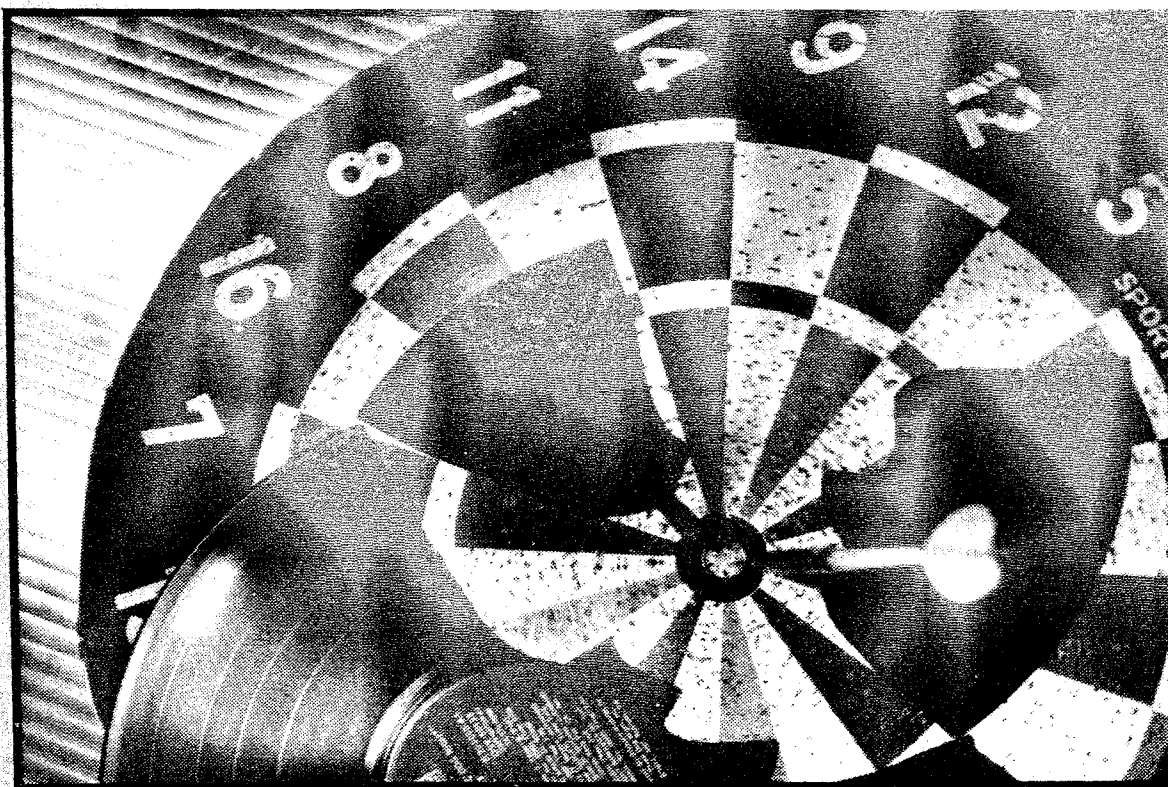
THE  
STONY  
BROOK

# PRESS

Vol. 10, No. 6 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Dec. 1, 1988



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# DO YOU REMEMBER?

Those of you who were here last semester may remember a half-hearted attempt by certain members of the Polity Council to rewrite the Polity constitution, an action that is now long overdue. Alas, that effort was quashed by the inability of last year's council—remember all the in-fighting, kids?—to get a handle on what should be done *before* the April elections rolled around. Any changes in the constitution would have to be ratified by the Senate, and approved in a general referendum by the student body. The Council wasn't able to move fast enough for any ratified changes—such as new offices—to show up on the April ballot.

Well, the Council this year has shown a great deal more maturity and cooperation than last year's. However, the Council members who were big on writing a new constitution were not re-elected (we won't go into *that* here). Memories are short up at the Suite, but this year's Council has enough of a grip on the mechanics of running the student government that with some careful thought during the next few weeks, there should be no problem writing a new constitution at the beginning of next semester. Last year's Council was barely able to keep the machine running; this year's Council has the chance to provide a much-needed change in direction.

There are two major problems with the constitution as it stands now: unclear definition of duties and lack of accountability. The Council is currently comprised of a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and the Class Representatives. The real difficulty with such a set-up is that specific duties—i.e., dealing with the Provost, or Residence Life, or the Athletic Department—are not handed out to a *position*, but to the *person* who is most suited for handling the job. This results in confusion, occasional overlapping of efforts, and, when the Council screws up or fails to move in time, the blame lies with the whole Council rather than any one office.

Some of the proposals made last year suggested a number of Vice-Presidents be elected, each with

clear-cut duties. There would be a VP of Programming, who would deal only with the Concert Board, clubs, COCA, and the like; a VP of Athletics, who would deal solely with the Intramural and NCAA teams (who claim the majority of Polity's budget); a VP of Academics, who would deal with the Provost's office, and coordinate the Student Teacher Evaluation booklet and student membership on academic committees; a VP of Finance, really just a name change for the treasurer; and a VP of Public Relations, who would make sure that word about Polity's activities gets out to the campus media and the general student body (remember the Polity Newsletter, all you oldsters, that used to be mailed to dorms a few years back?).

If positions such as the ones described were implemented, not only would elected officials know exactly what was expected of them, but voters would be able to elect the person best suited for the job. Such clearly defined duties would also make it easier to troubleshoot actions of the Council. If, say, the academic office of Polity is not up to par, the person or persons responsible would not be able to hide behind a mask of anonymity. The blame, rather, would lie with the VP of Academics.

The duties of the current VP (renamed Executive VP in the new nomenclature) would remain the same (assisting the President and chairing Senate meetings), but it is high time to eliminate Class Reps from the Council. As several of the Reps themselves noted last year, their duties are ill-defined, and such a large and diverse constituency is nearly impossible to represent adequately. A good idea would be to give Class Reps seats on the Senate, thus allowing the academic classes representation—which they surely deserve—without the inherent clumsiness of the current system.

It was also suggested that Building Presidents be automatically appointed Senators. This would make the connections between Polity and the dorms much more direct, and would help ensure that the Senators

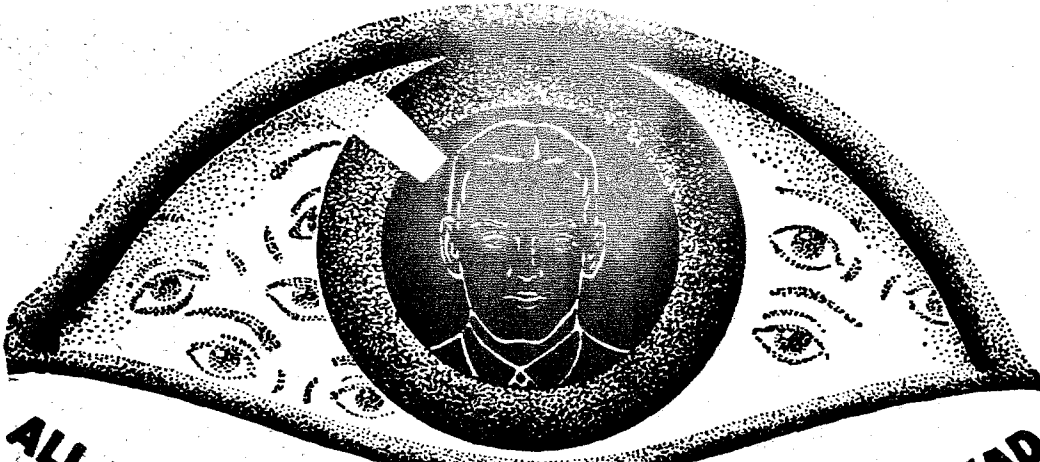
be truly interested in what's going on (just making quorum at the Senate is often a problem).

The Judiciary is also in serious need of an overhaul. Right now, there are ten Judicial seats, and it has often been a problem in past years even *filling* the seats. Add to that the fact that the Judiciary has been utilized less and less during the past four years, and it is clearly time for streamlining. Reduce the number of seats to three, and have the Council appoint candidates and the Senate ratify the choices (just like the government of the good ol' USA). Voter turnout last year was a dismal 10% (and if any one voter actually knew all the names on the Judiciary ballot and was able to make an informed decision, call us: you deserve a prize). The appointments should also have a term of two years, granting the judges some sort of political immunity. In case you don't know, the Judiciary exists to mediate disputes between Polity and the Administration, between clubs, and between clubs and Polity.

There is plenty of time to draft a constitution placing new offices on the April ballot. All it would take is a little will power and brainstorming during the first month of the semester. Get it through the Senate, put the referendum out by the third week of March, and that would give hopeful candidates enough of a lead to get a handle on what offices they want to run for. This year's Council has a serious opportunity to go down in the record books as the group responsible for transforming Polity from a Mack truck to a Corvette.

Cover photos by Ed Bridges.

Collage by Playboy Magazine.



**ALL EYES ARE ON THE MAN WHO LOOKS AHEAD**

**A MAN** cannot conceal ability. And the man who is determined to go some place and is doing something about it cannot conceal that either. His associates feel it and his superiors recognize it. The man who looks ahead knows the importance of training, and other men who have looked ahead and gone some place know. **The Press** offers the right kind of training. Look ahead — mail this coupon!

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# A Rising Stink

## Pizza Fumes in the Hospital

by Quinn Kaufman

Malodorous pizza fumes from the University Hospital's main cafeteria are drifting into nearby offices, causing employees to experience dizziness, nausea, headaches, and burning eyes, according to Dr. Basil Dolphin of Occupational Medicine.

Since April, Dolphin said, about ten employees from the cashier's office have been ill because of powerful garlic and onion odors. The odors are most bothersome from 9:30-10:30 am, when the cafeteria directly behind the office begins making pizza in ovens that do not ventilate properly.

"The smell is horribly nauseating and disgusting," said an employee who wished to remain anonymous. "[It is] a mix of bad soup, mop water, or garlic. We say to each other, 'What's for lunch today? Smells Italian.'

"The air problems are extremely irritating," the employee continued, "Earlier this month [November] when the ovens were installed, there was a metallic smell from a small gas leak. We were told it was not that bad, but they managed to get funds to fix it over the weekend."

John Marchese, Assistant Director of Environmental Health and Safety, took numerous air tests after first being notified of the problem in April. Results revealed that the office posed no health hazards. He said, however, that the air problem is a nuisance because the office was found to have "negative pressure," causing it to receive a larger amount of pizza fumes than it normally would. With "positive pressure," the odors would not be shunted into the office.

As a result of this finding, Marchese added, newly-funded air ducts will be in-

stalled. The installation of the ducts is the responsibility of Ron LaValle, Deputy Director of Operations, who could not be reached for comment.

Dr. Debra Melik, also of Occupational Medicine, complained that "the office space is not sufficient to accommodate the

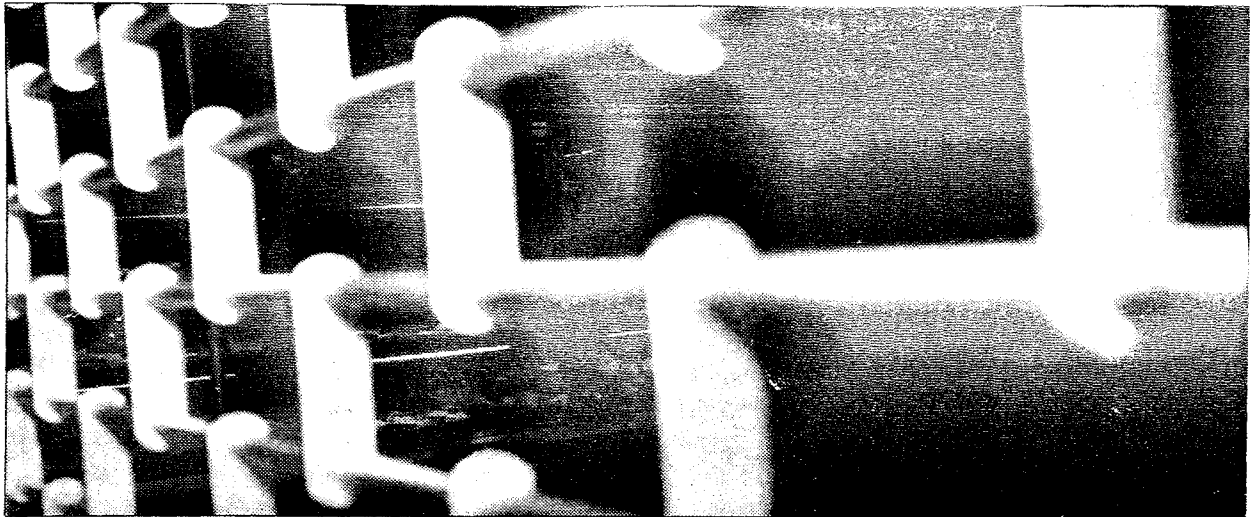
number of employees," and has been trying in vain to find out just when the ventilation will be repaired. According to Melik, phone calls to people regarding the repairs have not been returned.

Maxine Simson, Director of Communications at the hospital, claimed the air

problem seems to be "no big thing. It may be just the complaints of some disgruntled employees or something." Even though the smell may be a nuisance, she said, "there is nothing toxic in that office and it has been proven."

"The smell is horribly nauseating and dizzying. The smell is a cross between bad soup, mop water, fish and garlic—I mean people can't even eat the pizza because of all the garlic. We say to each other 'What's for lunch today? Must be Italian.'"

—hospital employee



The vicinity of the odor.

Image: Joe Sterinbach

# Crude and Slippery

## Oil Leak at the Power Plant

by Joe DiStefano

The on-campus office of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) is overseeing the clean-up of an unknown quantity of No. 6 fuel oil found floating on the ground water beneath the University's power plant. The leak, believed to be several years old, was discovered in September 1987 when Physical Plant engineers undertook the project of replacing four out of seven 50,000-gallon underground tanks.

According to George Matrott, DEC sanitary engineer, "There is no indication of how much oil was lost."

Dr. Carl Hanes, President Marburger's Deputy for Special Projects, called the leak "fairly sizable." He added that the chance of the spill spreading or seeping is minimal, since "we're talking about No. 6 fuel oil, which is like tar when cool."

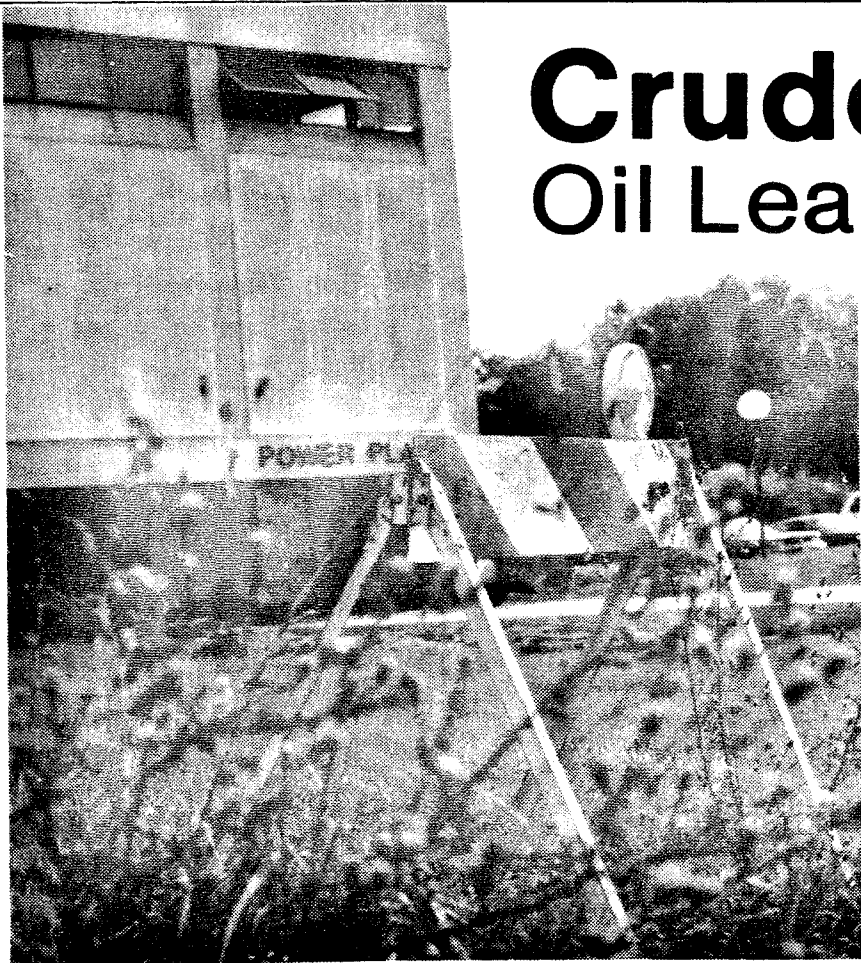
Fenley and Nicol, the environmental consulting agency employed by the University, believes the leak ranges from five to nine-and-a-half inches deep.

Last August the DEC worked alongside the consultants to remove the oil with a 550-gallon three-well automatic recovery system. As of this date 480 gallons have been removed. Fenley and Nicol expect recovery to take over a year. It is unclear whether the oil is to be disposed of or recycled.

The University has scrapped the project to replace the four underground tanks, having opted instead to contract with LILCO to install gas transmission lines. LILCO is funding the project which, when completed in January, will supply two of the Physical Plant's four boilers with natural gas.

The replacement of the four tanks would have cost \$527,000, whereas conversion of half the Physical Plant's boilers to gas will cost \$300,000. According to administrators, natural gas will also save on maintenance costs and eliminate the expense of oil storage.

Tuncay Aydinalp, Assistant Vice-President for Physical Facilities, denied the switchover to gas was prompted by any faults in the oil tanks.




Construction at the Power Plant.

Image: Joe Sterinbach

Stony Brook Concerts, the Minority Planning Board  
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# Dunn's Conundrum

## Off P-Lot Poses Parking Problem

by John Dunn

Two years ago I wrote about the most dedicated group on campus: the commuters that parked in the dirt lot opposite Stony Brook Florists. They'd park in "Off P Lot" because it was the most convenient spot on or off campus since for some their homes are closer to campus than South P Lot. Unfortunately, the LIRR turned the lot into a giant sandbox this fall, causing them to park, god forbid, on campus.

So they picked the closest parking lots on campus: the LIRR commuter lot and North P Lot only to find out there was a parking problem. The commuter lot had only a few spaces open and people other than Stony Brook students were parking in North P Lot, marked *student parking by permit only*. North P had been taken over by sewage plant workers who, until the arrival of displaced Off P commuters, had parked illegally without any hassle for two years. The displaced students chose the next best thing: the grass area between the LIRR commuter lot and North P Lot whenever North P filled up.

Commuters parked on the grass and weren't hassled by anyone for the first month and a half of the semester. Then came October 17th and the ticketing of 5 cars parked on the grass area of "Off P Lot." The Off P commuters were not overly pleased wondering why (1) Public Safety hadn't noticed illegally parked cars for the first month and a half of the semester and (2) why no one ticketed the illegally parked workers despite

repeated complaints. People knew it was illegal but assumed that it was being condoned since the University hadn't taken action all semester.

**"...President Marburger is going to try and get Stony Brook's best and brightest to work on the problem. He is seeking nominations for two Presidential Fellows on Parking..."**

Public Safety Responded that parking on the grass was illegal and that they couldn't tell who was a worker since commuters weren't required to have stickers yet. One student wondered why Public Safety

couldn't deduce that thirty cars parked at 9am next to the construction site probably were not students. The students also wondered when Public Safety was going to act against the sewage plant workers (maybe when the sticker deadline passes?). To that Public Safety responded that they may or may not ticket the illegally parked workers. Despite the impression that students were on the losing end again, Public Safety decided not to ticket the 15 plus cars parked illegally on the grass the next day and haven't ticketed anyone parking either on the grass or in North P Lot since.

There was something else to make the situation even more intriguing. The North P Local run by Campus Bus Service doesn't run to North P Lot because of the way the lot is constructed, combined with the illegally parked sewage workers. On its way to the railroad station stop, the bus has been stopping at a bus stop sign that is, by sheer coincidence, right next to Off P Lot. Nice, except that the shelter was sitting unused in North P Lot. Enter the physical plant which, after sitting on a work order for awhile, finally moved the unused North P shelter to Off P in mid-November.

Everyone's happy, right? Wrong. The LIRR finally opened its high-level platform on the south side. Thus all the commuters came over to the commuter lot to take advantage of it. That took up any spare spots Stony Brook students could find. Plus, on some mornings, LIRR commuters are parking in (on?) Off P Lot which causes it to

occasionally fill up. When this happens, the lucky students get to park in places located in the twilight zone of legality. (I'll plead the 5th on where it is).

Ah-hah, try to follow me now. We have LIRR commuters parking illegally on University property where students are parked illegally because workers are parked illegally in the students' spots. The LIRR commuters can't be ticketed because students would have to be ticketed who'd complain about the workers who'd have to be ticketed. There is a solution which makes no sense at all (it surprises me that the University hasn't tried it yet). The students would park in North P and the workers would park on the grass, putting both groups at opposite ends of their objectives.

The situation at present has everyone parking illegally and no one getting ticketed doing it, which unfortunately is the best alternative available at the moment. We're hoping that it gets some maintenance during the winter, particularly when it snows, but that seems unlikely since it's not an official parking lot.

Fortunately, for the Off P Lot commuters and the campus in general, President Marburger is going to try and get Stony Brook's best and brightest to work on the problem. He is seeking nominations for two Presidential Fellows on Parking who will work with the administration on a special initiative to recommend both long-range and short-range solutions to campus parking problems.

### Footnotes

#### ON CAMPUS

##### Do It Yourself Opera

On December 11th the Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra will hold its annual *Messiah Sing-In*. Would-be opera stars who own a score to this Handel work can voice their talents for free at 3pm in the Staller Center Recital Hall.

##### 3 Women, an Actress, and a Director

Film buffs will have the rare chance to rap with director Rosa von Praunheim and actress Maria Piscator after a viewing of the film *Dolly Lotte and Maria*. Show and commentary at 6pm on Tuesday, December 6th in Library E4340. Sponsored by the Humanities Institute.

##### Rasta Flick

The musical/narrative documentary *Rockers* will be shown by the Stony Brook Film Society on Wednesday, December 7th at 7 and 9:30pm in the Union Auditorium. Directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, features groovin' tunes by Peter Tosh, Burning Spear, and other reggae practitioners in a "joyful, irreverent mixture of fiction and documentary" that celebrates Rastafarian culture. For further dope (get it?) call 632-6965.

##### Irish Rogue

*Translations*, a play by Irish playwright Brian Friel, is the last chunk of theatre to be presented this semester by Fannie Brice Productions. The work, a full-length drama dealing with "the politics of Ireland and the difficulty of communication through language" will be performed this evening through the 3rd of December, and the 8th through the 10th. The theatre is ignominiously located at the foot of the Stage XII Food Mall.



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The International Organization of Rosicrucians will be happy to receive the requests of those who believe that worthiness and sincerity determine the right for one to have such wisdom; to them, a copy of "The Secret Heritage," a fascinating book, will be given without price.

### Student Groups Get Lip Service

The Department of Student Union and Activities will furnish you with a document to record student involvement in registered student organizations (like, say, the Press). The Student Development Record (SDR—love those acronyms) is your big chance to impress future employers or grad schools with your extracurricular diversity. So if you're spending all your valuable time at Stony Brook laboring thanklessly for a faceless student group, proper recognition is at last at hand. (Of course, it'll cost you a few bucks—ten, to be exact—but that's America, right kids?) Brochures and sage advice on the SDR are available in Union Room 266.

#### OFF CAMPUS

##### iBasta Ya!

Twenty bucks in advance will get you into the doors of the Palladium Theatre in Manhattan on Sunday, December 4th for Resist in Concert, a we're-mad-as-hell-and-we're-not-gonna-take-it-anymore festival. Acts include Sinéad O'Connor (and her scalp), Mutabaruka, D.O.A., MC Lyte, Soul Asylum, Shinehead, The Washington Squares, and host of others that the ad doesn't list. But more is promised. Show starts at 3pm, and resisters in concert are assured that the fun will continue "til late into the night". Call (212) 227-6268 for info.

##### Sexcrime at B.U.

Watch out cohabitators, the sexual revolution may soon be little more than a hazy recollection of the days before The Sex Pistols, condom dispensers, and sexless, black-garbed musicians. The administration of Boston University has completely outlawed overnight guests at B.U.'s dorms. The university president said that "the majority of the parents support such a policy." Doesn't matter if you are over the age of consent, doesn't matter if you are signed in. Can't play, can't stay.

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**and The One-Two-Crew**

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KI BART NEESE '85



# Coke Through a Tube of Glass

by John Dunn

Coke. Despite changes in the product, it is still the king of the market. Its power has created a large number of loyal followers over the years who consume it with an almost fanatical devotion. I know because I was one of them.

I had dabbled with Coke for as long as I can remember, but I didn't become a heavy user until my senior year in high school. Going away to college, a lack of money, and I had to cut back to occasional use. In Delaware I discovered a much better product—the *real thing*—that could be consumed in a way unavailable to people in New York. I purchased it in small amounts, as my budget allowed; took some with me when I left.

I've stocked up on my supply every three months because once you've had this stuff, you don't go back to the old. You don't care about snorting bubbles up your nose. When you're a Coke fiend, you don't care who sees you using it. I've realized I'm a chronic user. I've decided to come clean about my habit. I admit it:

I drink Coca-Cola™ in glass bottles.

Yup, I'm the one guzzling down Coke from 6½ and 16 oz. bottles. I suppose you could call it a habit when I drive 200 miles to pick them up. (Okay, there are other reasons I go down there). I get them at Soda Town in New Castle DE located at the intersection of U.S. 13 and Rt. 273 but please don't all rush in there at once. For the record I pay \$4.99 a case for the 6½s and \$6.19 for the 16s. That works out to 21 and 26 cents a bottle (plus a dime deposit), respectively.

There's something special about the glass bottles. It improves the taste of Coke. Plastic bottles and metal cans impart their particular flavors to the product while the glass doesn't change the taste. The whoosh it makes when the bottle is opened and the tonality it has when you blow on it are unique. It has that certain indescribable something not to mention the status symbol it has in areas where glass bottles are unavailable.

One of the fun things about bottles is that most of them have the cities of the bottling companies printed on the bottom of the bottle. There's the big cities like Chicago, Dallas, Kansas City and Atlanta, Coke's hometown. On the other hand, there's the smaller places like Cornelia,

Georgia. Now there's a place that sounds like it belongs with Coke. Names like Biscoe, NC and Columbus, NE make one visualize smalltown America. That alone makes the bottles special. There's also the cases they come in. Nowadays they're phasing in the plastic crates but you can still get the good old wooden cases. There's two designs: red with white lettering and the older yellow with red lettering. The yellow ones have the slogans that used to be plastered on them:



Image: Joe Sterinbach

you'd buy Coke: "Drink Coca-Cola In Bottles" and "There's Nothing Like Coke." Even the cases have cities on them, on the inside with the city and year of when and where they were made: Chattanooga 1968, Charleston, SC 1978. No wonder I don't return the cases when I return the bottles. If Soda Towne doesn't want 'em, they ain't gettin' 'em.

The bottles appear to come in several printing designs. The original type had raised glass lettering; nowadays they

have regular printing. There's a few different designs: white lettering with the words one pint, the same except one is 1 (not one); white lettering with the phrase money back bottle on one side and return for refund on the other. The other design I have is the same as the latter except the Coca-Cola and Coke lettering is on red labels. This is all on the 16 oz. bottles, the 6½ I have all have design three.

I buy a three month supply when I go down to Soda Towne but my current supply is dwindling with school my pretzel plus a Coke a day, plus everyone wants a bottle so I have to ration them out so I can make it until January when I go down again. I don't want to go into withdrawal symptoms during finals week. If you're desperate for some, contact me and maybe I can become your dealer for a small fee so you can get for "fix."

Fortunately for those people on the Island unable to travel long distances to get Coke, the Coca-Cola Co. will be selling their product in the vintage 6½ oz. bottle for Christmas. Available only in Atlanta, New York state and a few mid-western states, will be the replicas of ones used in 1957 which carried the slogan of "Sign of Good Taste." They're heavier than the current 6½ oz. bottles, will carry raised, rather than printed markings, and are not returnable. The carriers will be corrugated cases similar to the wooden crates. According to Coke's official historian Phil Mooney, "It was simply produced as a unique holiday feature, a throw-back to the good old days." The original bottles are worth up to \$5 each on the Coke memorabilia market. If the limited sales are successful, they may return next year to a wider audience. They should be available at local beverage distributors by the time you're reading this.

For those of you who have the audacity to drink other sodas ("pop" to you Midwesterners) I offer the following information: Pepsi hasn't offered their product in glass bottles on Long Island for quite a few years citing recycling problems. 7-Up offers their products in glass bottles as drinkers well know. RC is somewhere in the twilight zone along with its vending machines; (the only RC vending machine I know of being at the Getty station in St. James).

Drink Coca-Cola™ in glass bottles, but beware; it's a habit forming experience.

## — Viewpoint —

# None Dare Call It Conspiracy

by Mitch Cohen

Twenty-five years ago last week, President John F. Kennedy was murdered in Dallas, Texas. The official government report, issued by the Warren Commission, promulgated the fiction that a lone madman, Lee Harvey Oswald, assassinated the President. In spite of the vast and still growing evidence to the contrary, the cover-up continues. And yet, the American people, by an overwhelming 68% (according to the latest surveys), do not accept the official fiction, and believe that President Kennedy was murdered as part of a conspiracy.

And with good sense! Two decades later, and after a lengthy investigation by the House Subcommittee on Assassinations, that body of Congress concluded that there had indeed been a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy, and it requested that the Department of Justice re-open the case, which the Reagan Administration has refused to do.

But it hasn't just been Reagan's men that have stonewalled further investigation. Every administration, Democrat and Republican alike, from Lyndon Johnson's to the present, has perpetrated the huge hoax on the American public, apparently expecting that people would be so outraged by the truth that it had to be kept from them.

There are many inconsistencies, and even outright falsehoods, in the official version, but at its core is the attempt to prove that a single assassin, firing three, and only three, bullets within 5.6 seconds from a 6th floor window in the Texas Book Depository Building, killed Kennedy and severely wounded Texas Governor John B. Connally. Oswald's Marine Corps records show he was lousy shot, even with the finest equipment. Yet we are supposed to believe that he could fire, with extreme accuracy, three shots from an old Italian rifle with a shaky scope within 5.6

seconds, when the FBI's expert marksman, in re-enacting the supposed scenario, needed at the very minimum 3½ seconds between shots! Such quick accurate firing was judged to be an impossibility for one person, even the most skilled.

One might also be curious as to why the rifle originally brought down from the book depository right after the murder, and briefly exhibited as the assassin's rifle (before a different model suddenly appeared), had—unlike Oswald's—no telescopic sight.

**"...the American people, by an overwhelming 68% (according to the latest surveys), do not accept the official fiction, and believe that President Kennedy was murdered as part of a conspiracy."**

One might also wonder why the nitrate test indicated that Oswald had not fired a rifle of any kind.

In order to keep its account within its three-bullet maximum (because anything more than that would of necessity require another assassin), the official version had to invent what has become known as the "magic bullet", which not only tore through Kennedy, but then entered Connally's side (who was sitting in the front seat), crushed five of his ribs and then pirouetted through his wrist bone and entered his thigh, to be found on Connally's stretcher virtually intact at Parkland Hospital. One might inquire how it could

be that the sum total of bullet fragments recovered from Connally's thigh weighed more than the amount lost by the bullet on Connally's stretcher, giving additional credence to Connally's contention that he was hit by more than one bullet—which again would put to rest the three-bullet fiction.

One might also ask, why were all autopsy photographs and X-ray records locked away "in the interest of national security" for seventy-five years when they would clearly resolve the controversy of the number of bullets, and the direction from which they were shot? Why did the members of the Warren Commission refuse to even look at that absolutely critical evidence.

And, finally, this devastating new evidence: under the Freedom of Information Act, journalist Mark Lane recently obtained a receipt issued to Bethesda Naval Hospital, where the autopsy on Kennedy was performed, from the FBI for a bullet removed from Kennedy during the autopsy—a bullet the Warren Commission claimed couldn't exist, and whose existence had been concealed from the American people for a quarter of a century, because of the damage the dead bullet would do to the single assassin hoax, after having completed its damage on President Kennedy! So much for the "magic bullet" theory. What will they think up next to protect the murderers?

Even Jack Anderson, who for many years trashed those who claimed President Kennedy was killed by a conspiracy, has now reversed his position and claims that organized crime killed Kennedy—which only deflects the growing attention being paid to the role of a number of now-familiar CIA operatives in assassination. You might remember some of their names from the Watergate days, and later from the Iran/Contra cocaine-smuggling events of the past few years. But we'll get to all that.

# CLUB CALENDAR

## Thursday, December 1

Herbie Mann & Jasil Brazz  
at the Blue Note  
—thru Dec. 4

Tom Paxton  
at Hofstra Univ.

## Friday, December 2

Mighty Sparrows  
at S.O.B.'s

Danzig  
at the Ritz

Kix  
at Sundance

James Cotton  
at the Lone Star Roadhouse

## Saturday, December 3

Doc Watson  
at the Bottom Line

Eugene Chadbourne  
at the Knitting Factory

## Sunday, December 4

★Resist In Concert★  
Sinead O'Connor  
D.O.A.  
Soul Asylum  
Shinehead  
Mutarabuka  
Washington Squares  
MC Lyte  
Michael Rose  
False Prophets  
Trouble Funk  
and more...  
at the Palladium

Sun Ra Arkestra  
at the Village Vanguard

Allen Ginsberg  
Vincent Katz  
at the Knitting Factory

## Monday, December 5

Wild Blue Marlins  
at the Lone Star Roadhouse

## Tuesday, December 6

The Fleshtones  
at the Lone Star Cafe

## Wednesday, December 7

New Riders of the  
Purple Sage  
at the Lone Star Cafe

Rude Buddha  
OK Savant  
at the Bottom Line

## Thursday, December 8

Soul Asylum  
at CBGBs

Ozzy Osbourne  
Anthrax  
at the Meadowlands

Loup Garou  
at the Bottom Line

Prophet  
at the Cat Club

## Friday, December 9

Warren Zevon (acoustic)  
at the Town Hall

Smashed Gladys  
at U.S. Blues

## Saturday, December 10

Hot Tuna  
★acoustic & electric  
at the Ritz

Buckwheat Zydeco  
at the Lone Star Roadhouse

Emmylou Harris  
at the Beacon

Los Lobos  
at Carnegie Hall

Sun Rhythm Section  
at the Lone Star Cafe

## Monday, December 12

Christian Death  
at the Cat Club

## Wednesday, December 15

Jane's Addiction  
Cycle Sluts from Hell  
at the Cat Club

## Thursday, December 15

Humble Pie  
at the Lone Star Cafe

## Friday, December 16

Miles Davis  
at Indigo Blues

# Information

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# WUSB 90.1 FM

# TOP 35

1. Sonic Youth
2. Stay Awake
3. Billy Bragg
4. Ultra Vivid Scene
5. Waterboys
6. They Might Be Giants
7. Dinosaur Jr.
8. Poi Dog Pondering
9. Dead Can Dance
10. Downsiders
11. Public Enemy
12. FALL [12"]
13. Cocteau Twins
14. Feelies
15. KMFDM
16. Psychic TV
17. REM
18. Royal Crescent Mob
19. Le Mystere de Voix Bulgaires
20. Red Lorry Yellow Lorry
21. Fishbone
22. U-men
23. Laibach
24. Ministry
25. Wolfgang Dress
26. Trotsky Icepick
27. Lime Spiders
28. Balancing Act
29. Skinny Poppy
30. Talk Talk
31. Motorhead
32. Donner Party
33. John Lurie (CD)
34. Repeman
35. Secretions

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## Soft Machine Live at the Proms

Reckless Records

This "never before released" album is definitely one of the Soft Machine's best. It is an *utterly cool* bit of late sixties/early seventies progressive soft-jazz/rock improv (live at the Royal Albert Hall). Three long cuts that'll make you get off your ass and dance.

Reckless Records, 1401 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

—Robert Rothenberg



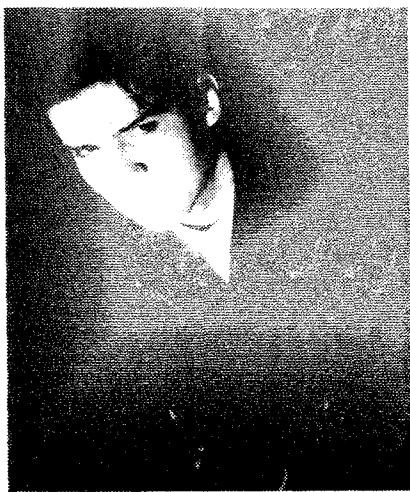
## Pussy Galore Sugar Shit Sharp

Caroline Records

Loud, obnoxious (bordering well on offensive) noise that somehow manages to groove like a really *bad* garage band. This ep is classic Pussy Galore.

Caroline Records, 5 Crosby St., New York, NY 10013.

—R.R.

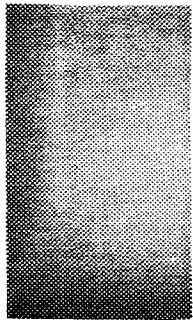


## Lloyd Cole and the Commotions Mainstream

Capitol

Their first album, *Rattlesnakes*, is the kind of record that tingles your wistful tooth, if you have one, the way the first few albums by Elvis Costello and the Attractions did. Get the picture?

Lloyd Cole and the Commotions, through nebulous inspiration and poor production (as on their second album) have disappointed once again with their first album for Capitol records, *Mainstream*.



"My Bag", the strong opening cut, finds Cole rappin' like Roddy Frame. The rest is just too sensitive and whiny. Is the album's title track a wry commentary ("One for the money/Two for the money")? A more important question: do we really want to hear the insipid personal gripes of a bored white guy? Lloyd Cole needs inspiration.

—Karin Falcone



## Siouxsie and the Banshees Peepshow

Geffen

An assemblage of deep, rhythmic songs (where the percussion isn't too overbearing), some commercial cuts, and an irritating track or two mixed in between. Slightly better than dance-pop. *Peepshow* sounds like Siouxsie, though the band has done much better. At best it makes a sort of upbeat background noise for fourteen-year-old girls in black.

—R.R.



## Psychick TV Allegory and Self

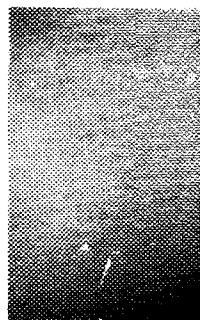
Fundamental/Temple

Subtitled *Illustrations in Sound*, this disc is a transcending mixture of surreal music/noise and philosophy. Probing the Dionysian centers of the mind, *Allegory and Self* is a groovy/wavy bit of work preaching PTV's brand of hallucinogenic pagan spirituality. (The album includes a booklet of art, lyrics and Temple ov *[sic]* Psychick Youth propaganda).

PTV has mellowed out for this lp—what an included press release called a "newly

Some records courtesy WUSB 90.1 FM

# New Vinyl



## Flower Concrete

Rough Trade

Just rock'n'roll with hints of dirge and punk. Flower is not overly original, but they play their genre well. It's not in the rhythm but in the feeling here. *Concrete* deserves a listening.

Rough Trade, 326 Sixth St., San Francisco, CA.

—R.R.



## Flipper Sex Bomb Baby

Subterranean

Noise that makes you understand, feeling too tangibly human, with a taste in your mouth, instead. *Sex Bomb Baby*, a compilation of singles and stuff, is a fine tenth birthday celebration for Flipper. Even if you missed it the first time, even if you're not really into that stuff, this is rich. The guitars feel like the way your nerves sound half the time because you're still thinking—thinking of all the times you've been had, of getting away from the jail term of your life, of your lover—on the basest of terms, of going shopping, and if your children will look like monsters because you're living on a toxic waste site. Do listen to "Brainwash"—never mind, forget it. You wouldn't understand anyway.

Subterranean Records, Box 2530, Berkeley, CA 94702

—K.F.

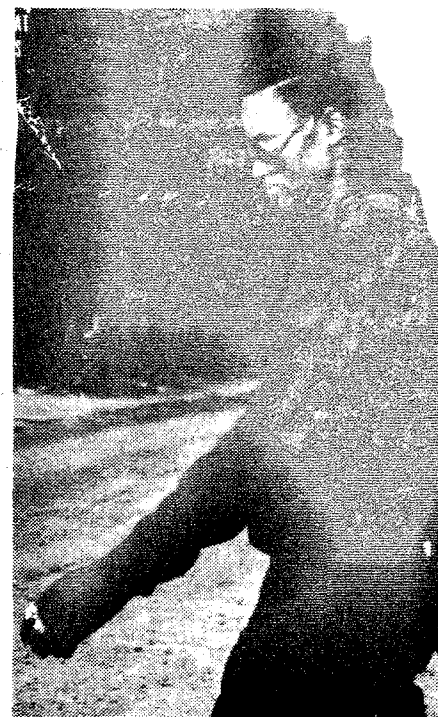


## Feelies Only Life

A&M

Typical ho-hum neo-psychedelia. Nothing original—imitating every other pop neo-psychedelic band, down to the Velvet Underground cover of "What Goes On." The disc is OK—it'll grow on you if you listen to it several times. Otherwise it's just a waste of vinyl.

—R.R.



## Unity Shinehead

Elektra

Oh, how this grows on you! From Kingston straight up to White Plains. The title track, and opening cut, "Unity", is, ironically, completely incohesive, patched together. The rest of the album is lastingly great. It's a man called Shinehead, rapping and reasoning, "Word up, raggamuffin, dis a de troot... Right?" Listen to "Who the cap fits" and it's Rakim-like rap and Eric B-like simple, then the following cut, "Golden Touch" reggae that puts Ziggy Marley to shame. And "Chain Gang" is such a great single to hear on the car radio. Fans of mainstream reggae will not be disappointed.

—K.F.

# "Soldier of Music"

continued from back page

those sounds naturally. The violin being a non-tempered instrument you can find notes in between the notes. You know our notes go from C to C#. But in between there are a lot of notes there. That's why, earlier in my career, it was difficult for me to play with piano players, because their notes are so fixed. I wasn't searching for other music. I think people, especially third world people, naturally have a tendency to hear "other" sounds which some might call primitive scales or primitive notes. But the violin is an instrument that can get to those notes easier than a lot of others can. A lot of string instruments can get there, and the trombone, for instance. But I maybe accidentally came across that from hearing it but actually now I've sort of perfected that. I know exactly what to go for now.

You've worked in a lot of different contexts, from solos and duos to sextets and larger ensembles. Do you prefer any particular ensemble size over another?

Different ensembles, for me, are like different voices and I say different things within each structure. But, if I had to make a choice it would either be a trio or quartet because I get a chance to play more and to develop more in terms of solos. I consider myself primarily a soloist. Trios and quartets allow me to explore the depths of what a solo can bring to the music.

Part of being a soloist, for you, is being a composer, as well, in order to create the structures within which to solo. Could you say a few words about composing for your violin and the instruments you play with?

A lot of things that happen to me in my career weren't designed; they happened empirically. One of the reasons I had to compose — I was forced to — is because there wasn't a lot of music written for saxophone leads. I just took that structure and generally took the attitude of the horn and put that together with the violin in mind, and that's how a lot of my music is created. I think in terms of the horn as a front instrument but I also hear the violin in that place. In the beginning it wasn't really chic to play the violin "hard."

Do you feel any influence from the great violinists of the past like Stuff Smith, Ray Nance, Eddie South?

That came much, much later. Like, right now I'm currently doing tributes to Stuff Smith and working hard on trying to resurrect a lot of his compositions. I might even play one at the Stony Brook concert. I really love his music. I wish I would have heard it growing up because I would have appreciated the violin differently. I didn't realize how much I had in common with him until I started studying and researching what he's accomplished. He died in 1967, but when I look at what he's done, I sort of went the same route. And he's playing like the devil, so I love it. But earlier, it was only the music of Eric Dolphy, Coltrane, Jackie McLean that I was studying because I was trying to emulate the sound of the saxophone. The way they breathe on the horn, I was trying to put that on my bow. It's really always been a saxophone-type approach to the violin for me.

That's interesting, because you work a lot with a violin/trumpet front line. On the *Untitled Gift LP* (Anima Records), which in some sense is an homage to Ornette, you brought in the great Don Cherry, one of Ornette's most important collaborators over the years. On the last two sextet albums you've worked with trumpeters Ahmed Abdullah and Roy Campbell. Like so many great sax players you seem to have a unique rap-

port with trumpeters. How do you feel about the brass horns?

First of all, I'd like to say Don Cherry did me a big favor coming in to do that record with me. And, actually, working with him allowed me to hear the blend between violin and trumpet. There is a natural harmony between the two. And, when I think of it, I think of Ray Nance (veteran soloist with the Ellington Orchestra) playing both instruments and it seems very natural in that sense. I have a tendency to lean towards what's really natural, what's happening, rather than trying to fabricate something.

Your music is very challenging and can also be very demanding and difficult. You have said that you are trying to be "as accessible with my music to as many listening ears as possible." Can you elaborate on this?

First of all, for me, the audience is very, very important. All artists have a different perception of that. But, for me, the audience is as important as the music. Once we are in the room together, and we all become one, then I can actually create, I think I have the green light, the vehicle to go ahead and try to explore some different things, and I know they're there. So, for me, whether they're in the room as a listening audience or buying the albums, it's important to try to reach them with basic communication. Earlier, I was a lot more distant, or away from the audience. I was concerned, but I thought I had a lot of things to say in terms of exploring. After all those explorational trips I took I settled down my music to make something a bit more cohesive to be able to communicate to a larger audience. I find that's very important because if I play a set in Los Angeles I can play that same set in Tokyo and it will be appreciated as well. To have an international or worldly or universal concept in your music is very important to me. So I'm an advocate of trying to make music as universal as possible, and that's accessibility.

Jazz has always been allied with the struggle for social justice. Do you see jazz as having an impact on political consciousness?

I see all art as having that sort of impact, whether people admit it or not. The people that were leading revolutions, most of them were poets and artists on some level. Their appreciation of art was connected to their politics. Most people would rather not have the politics involved and try to keep the music in an apolitical vacuum. But somehow it doesn't work that way. If we play the music that's in us and we play what we are and we are what our music is then there's no way I can not play and still have to go through the same changes, after I leave the bandstand, as a black man in America.

You've been recording for Soul Note and Black Saint Records for the last several years. These two sister labels, based in Italy and only available as imports, are the premiere jazz labels in the world. They have made it their business to record many of America's greatest jazz artists, artists who are not being offered the opportunity to record by American labels. Soul Note and Black Saint have documented a decade's worth of historically important American music (from Max Roach to the World Saxophone Quartet) that may not otherwise have ever been recorded. What is the reason for this situation?

Why do American musicians have to perform and record on European labels? That's a political statement in itself. We could approach it artistically, economically, or socially or what have you, but there will be politics involved in that on some level. This particular person, Giovanni Bonand-

rini (producer of Black Saint and Soul Note), has a strong love for the music, and he could have been anywhere. He's based in Milano but he could have been in Brooklyn or Stony Brook, anywhere, and I think he would have done the same thing. A lot of American labels are, in fact, recording more American jazz musicians today. It's just that the music they're recording is not as adventurous as some of the music other musicians wish to play. If you want to record in America you have to play the game of playing music that has been played already, as far as I'm concerned, and people will probably be more likely to buy it. But that's not my program. That's not what I'm out here doing. My program is to try to express as much as I can express and to share as much of what's inside of me with other people. To try to pick up that kind of expression and market it would be difficult for anyone. Giovanni Bonandrini is taking a chance on doing that.

To many critics and observers of the jazz scene, you and several of your peers represent a renewal for jazz. They see you as re-energizing the music, within the great tradition that goes from Louis Armstrong through Lester Young through Charlie Parker, etc. They see you giving a real positive push to that music after what many regard as the stagnation of the 70's. They see you giving jazz a direction as it heads into the 90's. Do you agree with this assessment and, if so, do you see it as a responsibility or, perhaps, a burden?

I do agree with that, but I see it as a responsibility because it's like people passing the baton to you and for you, in turn, to pass it on in a certain lineage of the music, the real music. What people sometimes promote is not necessarily the true black music that I know of. I feel I've received it from guys like Woody Shaw and Wilbur Ware and a lot of the soldiers of the music who might never get the recognition they deserve. Guys like C. Sharp, Clarence Sharp, who people hardly know of, but he's right in that history. I never got it directly from a person like Stuff Smith, but I feel I'm in the tradition of a Stuff Smith except that it's 1988. I definitely agree, but not that it's a burden but that it's a responsibility. It's an oath I took when I picked up the instrument, like a viking picking up the sword. If I don't do it correctly, if I don't do it justice, then I should stop doing it.

What types of music do you listen to when you find the time to sit down and throw some records on the turntable?

I listen to a lot of Salsa: Eddie Palmieri, Tito Puente, Fania All-Stars, because I love to hear the rhythms of that. A lot of it reminds me of the African Yoruba rhythms. Then I'll put on a lot of modern music, Bartok, Stravinski, etc. I might not listen to jazz a lot, though in periods I do. Recently, I've been listening to Booker Little a lot. I've been studying his phrasing. But I listen to Chinese music, whatever I can get my hands on or see live. It's all important. I don't like to get locked in categorically to one kind of music, as far as my listening goes.

Over the years you have been involved with many collaborative projects with artists from other disciplines, poets, painters, etc. What have you been doing lately in this vein?

Just as I spoke of a universal approach to music that I have, I see all the disciplines of the arts interconnected like that. Right now I'm working on violin and congas with a group called Ecuelecua, a Puerto Rican theatre company which presents theatre geared for the family. [Billy will be performing with Ecuelecua on Sunday afternoon,

December 4th, at Charra's on East 10th St., NYC.] It's wonderful, because I see my music very visually; I see it as literary, too. I see it in forms that are non-musical. This gives another shape to it, another identity. I constantly have been working with other mediums, like painting. I just wrote some music for a play by Ntzoze Shange that we did at the University of Southern California. All this writing for other art forms makes me see my music a lot better.

Are there any other projects you're working on that you'd like to share with us?

I'm working on Antebellum Slave music, which is music prior to the Civil War. I've made a demo tape of two tunes with just violin, trumpet, and bass drum because those are the instruments that were used around the plantation during that time. They were very difficult to do because there's not much reference you can use except for the spirit you think they were originally done in. I think they are very authentic, though, as close to the truth as we can get. Spirituals are a form that probably continued from this music, but I'm more interested in the music that signalled to the people to get off the plantation on a particular night, that it was time to get away. I have received accounts from oral expressions by slaves, but there are no actual documents of the music itself, the players of this music could not jot it down. Most black musicians didn't write until they met the Creoles in New Orleans much later. There are a lot of accounts of Europeans that I have to read and then not read at the same time. Their accounts are debasing but that's the closest I can get to some kind of official, authentic documentation. So it's from those accounts that I get part of it. A lot of the songs come from folk jigs — the lyrics might have been changed and some of the inflections might have been changed — but that's what the slaves heard.

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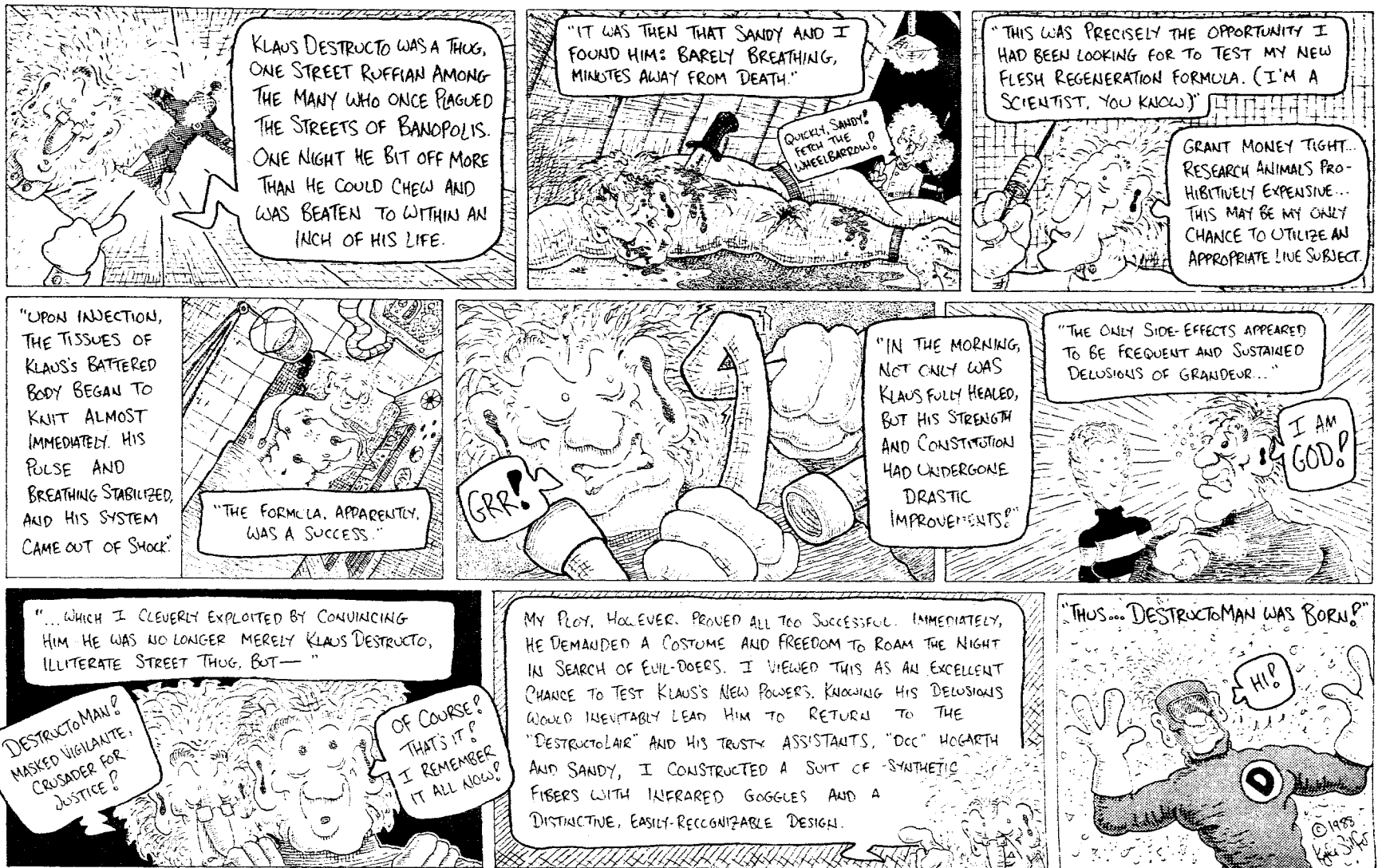
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# THE SLUG AND THE VIGILANTE: A Scientific Romance

BY KYLE SILVER

"SHOW ME A HERO AND I WILL WRITE YOU A TRAGEDY." — F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

## PART SIX: THE ORIGIN OF DESTRUCTOMAN



Ink

## 350 Pages of Gloss

continued from back page

Seventies, Eighties) boast that *Playboy* was all over the trends before the trends existed, that *Playboy* even helped create a few trends itself.

Now while some of this may be true, Hef's editors forgot what Hef told them. The issue contains so many literary and photographic gems that originally appeared in the pages of the magazine that the editors (and Hef) have every right to be proud. But rather than let the issue—and the magazine—stand on its own, the editors allowed their little celebration of the magazine's continuity to degenerate into an exercise in masturbation. The issue is chock full of excerpts of excerpts: the magazine that is the self-heralded publisher of the best and the brightest (and the bustiest) in the interests of space, condensed, yes condensed, almost all of the work that appears. It's maddening. In an effort to squeeze as much of the magazine's history into 350 pages, the stories and articles devolve into teasers. They give you a taste, without ever paying off. Just like the snapshots of the girls. And all the while you are told how cool the magazine is, and how cool you are to be reading it. The only written material that comes close to delivering is the Robert De Niro interview, the only new material present (except for the 35th Anniversary Playmate, Fawna MacLaren, who is thoroughly indistinguishable from any other Playmate). Wow, the first in-depth De Niro interview ever. But, in spite of the *Playboy* Interview's glorious history (no joke, they've interviewed everybody at one time or another, from Jean Paul Sartre to

John Lennon to Jimmy Carter to Fidel and His Beard), the De Niro interview is a teaser. De Niro slams the interviewers tape recorder off as soon as the questions cross the line of privacy, or if asked to comment on other members of the movie-making set. You gotta admire De Niro for that; he doesn't allow himself to be picked apart in the interest of the media, even for so prestigious a publication as *Playboy*.

Now in case anybody thinks that the point of *Playboy* has been missed; it hasn't. The essay that introduces the "Fifties" finishes with a friendly reminder—"But let's not kid ourselves: The primary appeal of *Playboy* has always been its Playmates, and we wouldn't have it any other way." *Playboy* itself points out that if you took away the girls—the centerfold—you would have a high class literary magazine. But the girls are what it's all about. And there are plenty of them. Marilyn Monroe (before JFK), Brigitte Bardot, Sophia Loren, Joan Collins (three times), Jessica Hahn, all of John Derek's wives (Ursula, Linda, and Bo), Sharon Tate, Vanna White, Kim Basinger, Madonna, most of Hef's ex-girlfriends (and his current wife), and too many more to list. But these are all celebrities, not your girl-next-door Playmates (and again, *Playboy* tells you how cool they are that they shot many of the photos before fame hit). Even ladies like to look at the photos of the celebrities (for "nostalgia's sake" I was told); I've already had to wrestle the magazine away from several women (pant, pant, gimme that!).

Sprinkled through the issue are other

tidbits too: the ultimate *Playboy* bed, cartoons, the *Playboy* Advisor ("What's the deal with tie tacks?", "Can masturbation affect the way you have intercourse?"), the columns *Men* and *Women*, and of course, the *Playboy* Forum, which this month (Jan. '89) calls for the decriminalization of currently illicit drugs. All sorts of neat stuff.

But ultimately, the magazine wears thin. You gotta wonder, if the regular *Playboy* reader is so together, so in control, so manly,

lives the *Playboy* life. The magazine is an honest extension of what he believes in. You know he doesn't need to read *Playboy* for his kicks, he gets 'em for real.

But since publishing is a business, like any other, *Playboy* has got to hype itself, and its readers, as representing the cream of the crop: the enlightened, fun, self-assured playboy who has no trouble getting women, mixing drinks, and discussing social mores in the same gesture. *Playboy*



December, 1953.

so in tune with Hef's 150,000 word *Playboy* Philosophy, why titillate with pictures? Why not get the real thing? Hef did it. He's got a mansion, a hot new wife (or girlfriend, as in Barbi Benton in the 70's) every ten years, twenty year old girls fawning all over him, and he never has to get dressed. Hef, whether you like his philosophies or not,



January, 1989.

*After Hours* on page 23 begins "Thirty-five years ago, if you read *Playboy*, you were one of the 70,000 coolest people in America. Right now, you're one of the 12,359,000 coolest people in America and one of the reasons we're celebrating." You'll never see the magazine say, "You're so cool that you can be Hef. Wash your hands and go get laid, you sod."



# Naked Words & Naked Broads

## The American Dream: Playboy at 35

by R. Sienna

Reeking of Lagerfeld Cologne ("Power begets power.") and sporting 350 high-gloss pages, the Thirty-fifth Anniversary issue of **Playboy** arrived at the Press offices this week. The issue is something of retrospective of the first 3½ decades of **Playboy's** existence: included are articles, stories, humor pieces, bland simplistic social analysis of the "decades", and of course girls, girls, all chosen by the editors in attempt to represent the best of **Playboy** since the magazine first hit the stands in December, 1953. The cover of the issue proclaims that **Playboy** is *The Magazine That Changed America*, it also claims a higher-than-usual \$5 price.

Now, Hugh Hefner is a guy that has to be satisfied. Obviously he is doing something right. He's rich. His magazine boasts a circulation higher than **Newsweek**. His hometown of Chicago has honored him with various awards (including Hugh Hefner Day). And he's always surrounded by California bombshells dying to take off their clothes. He's *Hugh Hefner* for chrissakes, well preserved, pajamed, the quintessential embodiment of the male American dream.

After all, that is what **Playboy** is all about: it was intended to be a hip, intelligent forum that—as Hefner puts it in his intro to the issue—provided "a publishing home to authors whose work was too lusty or iconoclastic for other magazines." And the girls. Don't ever, ever forget the girls:



Hugh Hefner, his wife, and his bunnies.

"the wholesome, unselfconscious sexuality of **Playboy's** 'girl-next-door' Playmates conveyed—to men and women alike—the unsettling and exciting message that nice

girls like sex, too. That sex isn't sniggering or sinful. It's what life is all about." Thanks for the wisdom, Hef. But for a magazine that purports to tell it like it is, and throw a full

punch—and it often does, much to feminists' chagrin—the girls are self-conscious: posed, lighted, air-brushed, dressed up. Beautiful as they may be, the girl-next-door Playmates after 420 issues blend together as one big blur of a Playmate. And the semi-innocent poses try to have it both ways: Yes, say the girls, I'll take it off for the money and exposure, but I'm not *dirty*. I won't spread my legs the way those *other* girls in those *other* magazines do. What **Playboy** has done, under the guise of a new sexuality, is dress up pornography in new clothes. At least **Penthouse** and **Hustler** own up to what they're doing with the ladies: guys, we know you like 'em, so here they are. C'mon Hef, give us a break.

Now as for the issue itself, the editors blew a big chance to really, really kick ass. The *Playbill* on page 7 starts off with a Hef quote (yes, another one) that admonishes the editors to "do an issue that will get the essence of **Playboy** without any pretense. Do an issue that a reader will savor, not one that the editor will gloat over." The *Playbill* then lists all the hep contributors, describing how cool **Playboy** was to have all these great writers in their pages, many before becoming famous (i.e. Jules Feiffer, Shel Silverstein, Ian Fleming, David Mamet, Woodward and Bernstein, Vladimir Nabokov, Woody Allen, the list goes on and on). This attitude is pervasive throughout the magazine. The short essays that supposedly distill the essence of eras (Fifties, Sixties,

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### —Spotlight—

Over the last few years Billy Bang has reclaimed the violin for the world of jazz. In his hands the instrument provides a hard-swinging focus for his compositions which are a striking blend of hard bop, funk, free improvisation, and modern classical music. The buzz surrounding Bang is very loud among jazz listeners. He will be bringing a quartet of violin, electric guitar, acoustic bass and drums to the Union Auditorium on Saturday, December 10th at 9pm. Call 632-6464 for ticket info and check out Billy's last two sextet albums on Soul Note Records, *The Fire from Within* and *Live at Carlos I*.

#### Interview by Robert Franza

My first question for you is a collaborative question coming from many of the people involved in producing the concert you'll be doing here at Stony Brook with your quartet. Everybody wants to know if Billy Bang is your real name and, if not, how did you choose it?

It's not my real name. The name I was born with is William Walker. Bang was given to me, it was a tag up in the Bronx when I was a teenager. Most of the people had nicknames up there, like Popcorn and Peanut, crazy names. They had a cartoon out called "Billy Bang Bang and His Brother Butch", and that's what they started calling me. So it stuck with me since that time. I've gotten used to it [he laughs] and sometimes I call myself that first before my other name.

You studied classical violin in your youth. The violin is a somewhat rare instrument in jazz. There have been a number of great violinists, but it's not such a common instrument. How did you become interested in improvising on the violin within the framework of jazz?

## Billy Bang

### 1277 Violinist



I studied early in school when I was a kid, for maybe three years. It was not the heavy classical music, but they have to give you classical training for that instrument. Later, I put the violin down and started playing some drums in prep school and I started playing more percussions and more rhythms. After I came out of the Army in 1968 I started playing the violin again, hearing a lot of the New Music (Free Jazz), particularly Leroy Jenkins. I heard him playing the instrument up front, like a saxophone, and my interest came back again.

By that time Ornette Coleman had already introduced his somewhat bizarre and very controversial style of violin playing. What influence did his concept of the violin have on you?

What Ornette did was explore some colors of the instrument that I'd probably never heard before, especially on his album *Live at the Golden Circle* (Blue Note Records). The concept he used was very open; it wasn't so much into phrasing and particular notes, it was a lot of bowing and a lot of different things a violin can get. So it was good for me to hear that, because what I had been trying to do was more or less to make that more concise, that particular color that Ornette plays on the violin, making it with more notes and more pattern.

Some aspects of your adaptation of Ornette's violin concept seem to have led you into exploring non-western approaches to music. People very used to hearing classical music would say you're playing notes that are in between the notes (of the tempered scale), that you're getting timbres out of the violin that don't belong there in the European way of thinking of the instrument. Have you done this consciously?

Not originally. When I came back to the violin the second time I was hearing a lot of

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