

The Stony Brook Press

March 20, 1980

Vol. I, No. 10

Increase Is Likely For Cooking Fee

by Melissa Spielman

The expected increase in the cooking fee is being protested by students who believe that the existing fees are misappropriated.

Assistant Business Manager John Williams, who oversees the dorm cooking program, explained that the fee, charged to residents not on the meal plan, must be increased from its current \$25 per semester if the cooking program is to continue. However, some students contend that expenditures could be trimmed so that an increase would be unnecessary.

"Basically, what we see is a lot of waste in the program," said Rich Bentley, the Polity liaison to Finance and Business. "You have to question it."

According to an audit of the cooking program from Finance and Business, in the period from April 1, 1979 to February 28, 1980, about \$145,500 of the \$252,500 expended went for cleaning, extermination and equipment maintenance. The remainder was spent on administration, including \$36,600 in fringe benefits and \$5,000 paid to a Residence Hall Director.

Williams explained that "salaries always cost more than anything else." The RHD, he said, was paid to write a dorm cookbook, which is scheduled to come out in several weeks.

"Who gets paid \$5,000 dollars to make a damn cookbook?" demanded Polity President David Herzog. Herzog, who serves on the Dorm Cooking Evaluation Committee which Williams chairs, said, "I

believe that there's no reason for the increase. After receiving the audit, I see that over \$30,000 is going to John Williams and his secretary alone. They should not get paid exclusively from the cooking fee if they're going to be working on other areas."

Although Williams said the salaries of himself and a stenographer are taken only from the cooking fee, they do not work exclusively on the cooking program. "I think it's up to the University to be able to use people in the various areas where they're needed," he said, adding that the University could not otherwise afford their salaries.

Before the administrative cost of the program was an issue, other aspects of its management were questioned. A common complaint has been that while all residents pay the same fee, those in the halls are provided (in theory) with a stove, sink and dishwasher on every hall, while those in the suites get one cooking hood and table per suite, and one stove and one dishwasher per building.

"It would be difficult for me to try to separate" the hall from suite residents in terms of the amount they pay, said Williams. He asserted that those in the suites "are not getting less service—the only ability they don't have is to use a stove."

Another complaint is that even hall residents may have problems using

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R.C. Anderson



Richard Schmidt

President Search: 'It's on the Upbeat'

by Chris Fairhall

The search to fill the post of university president is winding down to an end, and it is very different from last year's statewide battle which ended T. Alexander Pond's administrative career at Stony Brook.

Pond was Executive Vice President for over a decade, and was appointed Acting President by the Stony Brook Council after John Toll left the position to head the University of Maryland in June, 1978. He was selected by the Council to become the permanent president, but in an unprecedented action in April 1979, the trustees of the State University of New York rejected him.

The Council, which is the local governing board of the University, resubmitted Pond's name a month later. Not only did the trustees reject him again, but he was soon replaced with Dr. Richard Schmidt, the current acting university president. Though Pond is officially on sabbatical, he is not involved with the search process. And as a result, said search committee member Pete Palmer, it does not look like there will be any "political shenanigans" this year.

One of the shenanigans referred to is that the Council did not heed the advice of last year's search committee recommendation. Palmer, a professor of Earth and Space Science, is vice chairman of this year's search committee. He believes the process will be improved because the Council is "not going into this with their minds made up

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Drugs: 'To Be Found If You Want Them'

By Chris Fairhall

Student government leaders, low-level administrators, and students who say they are involved with drug use at Stony Brook contend that up to 70 percent of the residents here use marijuana on a social basis and a smaller percentage use harder drugs, but that for the most part drugs are not abused.

"I'd say about 70 to 80 percent of the people on campus smoke pot," said Polity Vice President Lisa Glick. Polity President David Herzog estimates about 60 percent of campus residents smoke marijuana. "The fact that there have not been enough studies to actually conclude marijuana smoking is harmful" is the major reason for its high incidence, said Herzog.

With regard to amphetamines, barbituates, cocaine and other hard drugs, Glick said they are used, but not that often. "There's a wide variety of people on campus, and they'd be using them wherever they are," she said.

Commuter Senator Randy Bluth said that many illicit drugs could be found on a campus as large as Stony Brook. "Drugs are available on every campus...If you want them, they are there. I have never seen anything forced on anyone on campus...They are there to be found if you want them," he explained.

Herzog feels that peer pressure does not have a great effect on inducing students to use illicit drugs, but he does note "a tendency" to be cajoled by "your fellow

Drugs at Stony Brook Part II



students." Herzog explained that it is similar to alcohol use. "If you're on a hall where people are drinking and drinking night after night, the chances are better that you will grab a cup of beer."

As many campus officials have pointed out, a student usually has made a decision about using drugs before entering college. "When someone reaches a certain point in their life...when they feel something is harmful, they can avoid it," said Herzog.

O'Neill Resident Hall Director Susan Laguile, and Resident Assistant Alyssa Klerner feel that students are not forced into trying illicit drugs. "I think there's

availability," said Klerner. "But as far as pressure, I don't think there is much."

Bubbles is a former campus resident who used to sell illicit drugs, primarily marijuana, and cocaine to a lesser degree. During his first semester here, Bubbles started to experiment with different drugs. "You could put it on certain amounts of peer pressure...growing pains in a way...I wanted to expand that aspect of what I know. And to experiment, and always check out the unknown," he explained.

Describing peer pressure, Bubbles said, "It's not direct. It's not excluding somebody because they're not doing something... It's more of what the younger person feels... It's not 'you can't stay with us'... You can do that." He added, "So, it's not really peer pressure. I don't know what to call it though."

In terms of how open he is about using drugs, Bubbles said, "I walk across campus all day long with pot in my knapsack." So long as he is not carrying a large amount of marijuana, he added, "Put it this way, I feel safe blowing a joint in the Union building."

Klerner, describing her hall in O'Neill, said 10 percent of the residents there use marijuana when socializing. She draws that interpretation "from talking more than anything else." She added, "A lot of it is personal, though" and that students there are not open about it.

"If she walked by," Klerner said of the RHD, students would not be open with drug use in front of her. "I don't think they would be as open with me as with Alyssa," said Laguile. The RHD added, "Here, they are discreet about it."

Although the "halls" include G and H Quads, there seems to be a tremendous difference between the two in connection with drug use. For example, there seems to be less drug use in O'Neill than in Henry James in H-Quad. However, as many sources throughout the university have pointed out, information concerning drugs is largely by word of mouth, and may not necessarily be reliable.

Discussing the social use of marijuana in James, RHD Braulio Rico said "grass is used a lot." With regard to residents who use marijuana about once during the week,

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On The Inside

Students discuss being gay at Stony Brook.

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Amiri Baraka interviewed on his arrest.

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"The Scarecrow" is reviewed.

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The Clash in concert.

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From the Inside Out: Gays at SB

by Melissa Spielman

There is a room in the Stony Brook Union which attracts an unusual amount of curiosity. Sometimes the door is attacked with fire and graffiti, sometimes the room's occupants are harrassed, but, most often, people simply stare in as they pass.

The room belongs to the Gay Student Union, and the relatively benign curiosity which it tends to evoke seems to characterize the attitude of heterosexuals towards gays at Stony Brook. There is sexual separatism and hostility here, but homosexuals contend that for the most part, Stony Brook is not a bad place to be gay.

"I get shocked sometimes, expecting people to react in a certain way," said GSU member Lea Marari. "I'm beginning to realize that a lot of people don't care; I'm beginning to feel very optimistic."

The size of Stony Brook is often cited as one reason for this. "I can lose myself in it, I can remain somewhat unknown," explained Cindy (not her real name). A GSU member who wished to be identified only as David said that Stony Brook is more tolerant than many other schools because "it's more diverse."

"There's a large amount of tolerance," said Randy Neff, "but even among the people who are tolerant there's ignorance." Randy participates in a panel of students which discusses homosexuality with psychology and sociology classes. As he reposed on a couch in the GSU, from time to time comfortably looking out at the hall, he explained that a typical question asked of the panel is, "Why are you gay?" I ask them why are they straight. They say, 'Don't you ever feel the need to sleep with a woman?' I answer, 'Don't you ever feel the need to sleep with a man?' They say real fast, 'Oh, I understand what you mean.'

He continued, "This one guy in class said to me, 'How do you feel about little boys?' And I said, 'Probably the way you feel about little girls. Just wait 'til they grow up.' Also, people ask rude questions like, 'If you're attracted to people with the same body parts as you, why don't you just look into the mirror and get off?' I just try to explain that gay people have the same emotional needs as straight people have...we have the need to be held and loved just like anybody else."

Another commonly asked question, according to Lea, is "Don't you want children?" Her answer is, "I do. There are ways of having children without having sex. Also, we are capable of having sex for the sake of having children."

"Through doing those panels," said Randy, "I've found that the people on campus who are anti-gay are a very small minority, but they're a minority with a big mouth." That minority also finds non-verbal ways to express hostility. Last week, after proposing an alternative lifestyles counseling service to the Stage XII B legislature, Alex Garbera found the door to his room scorched. "The stuff in my room was coated with soot," he said. "If I'd been in the room I could've had smoke poisoning." And Randy said that last semester he and his roommate brought male dates to a party in his building, and were mimicked and followed to their room by two residents, who also broke through the door.

The harrassment can be covert as well. There is, of course, the stigma against males who are publicly affectionate. David recalled, "There was a party on our hall and there were two girls dancing together, which is normal in our society. Then we came in, and when the music stopped, they immediately ran and got two boys. There's a subtle message there...I really didn't appreciate it at all."

When asked to what extent they feel separated from heterosexuals, gay students had varied responses. Lea explained that because of her involvement with the GSU, "Ninety percent of my friends are gay, but I have nothing against straight people." Cindy responded,

"Ninety percent of my friends are straight." Said Randy, "Ninety percent of the population is not gay, and we can't separate them from our lives."

There is a separation of hangouts. There are several bars in the area aimed at a gay clientele, although some heterosexuals patronize them as well. "The gays that are out have a different type of lifestyle," said GSU member Michael Smith. "A lot of straight people love the gay world—they're called fruitflies."

"The only straight bars I go to are the

administrative level to deal specifically with problems of gay students. Explained Wadsworth, "Nobody's asked for them. It sounds awful, but it's the truth. Noone's tried to educate me about what's needed here."

The counseling service which Alex had proposed to his college legislature was intended not only for gays but for heterosexuals who have problems related to homosexuality, such as difficulty in dealing with gay roommates. Although he said the legislature was "very supportive"

cause."

Karen Oil chose the Women's Center because the GSU "is not at all political." She explained that unlike the GSU, the Women's Center "goes into capitalism and racism, and how they tie into sexism."

Karen's feminism separates her from male homosexuals. "My whole life is about feminism—and it just isn't so for the gay guys I've met." She is not disturbed by isolation from men, explaining, "If there are men who feel the same way about feminism as I do, fine. But they're just not here."

Karen believes that gay women who do not separate themselves from men are less concerned with feminism—"They don't see the connection between lesbianism and feminism." She also believes that heterosexual feminists cannot be totally dedicated because "you're creating artificial barriers between you and other women...Everything you're working for is for women, but you're still going to give your love to a man—it just doesn't make sense."

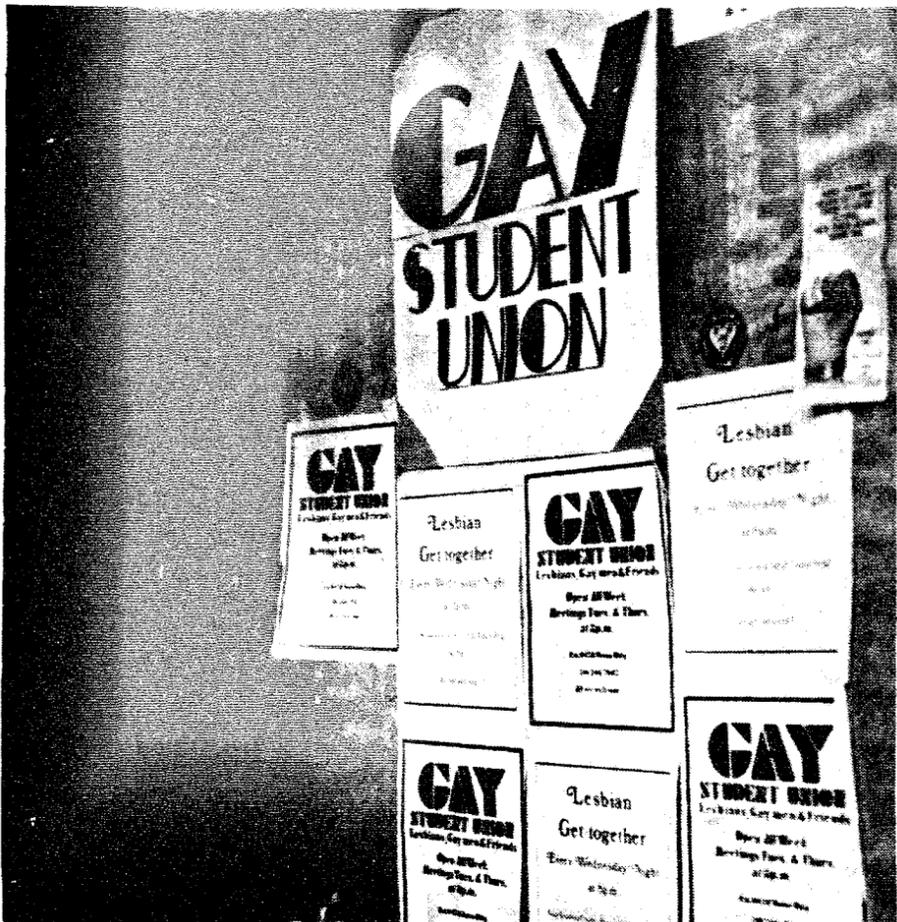
"One of the things that would be most frustrating to me if I were a lesbian," said Shawn, "would be not knowing whether to get involved with the Women's Liberation Movement or the Gay Liberation Movement. You get involved with the Women's Liberation Movement, you get a lot of homophobia. You get involved with the Gay Liberation Movement and you find a lot of sexism. And the same thing for third world gays. Gay men are people, we're subject to the same socialization process as everyone else."

Although there are far fewer women than men active in the GSU, Lea said, "The women and men in the Gay Student Union are very much together." She added, "I don't see any reason to block off half the population just because they're members of the opposite sex." Jenny (not her real name) agreed, "I have nothing against men. I like men."

But there are different problems of separation facing Lea and other bisexuals. "Bisexuals are usually not taken seriously by gay people or straight people," she explained. "Straight people usually say it's just a phase. Gay people say you're just on your way to accepting being gay."

"There is something in this society that insists on throwing you into a category and locking you there," said Jenny, adding that both gays and straights are trying to grab you into their category."

Lea recalled that "last semester the pressure (in the GSU) was very strong to be gay. I had trouble telling my friends in the GSU that I was bisexual. This semester



ones on campus," said Randy. "I went to the Benedict Saloon...I noticed people talking and saying, 'He's got an earring.' They didn't like the way I danced, they thought I looked like a faggot. But the thing that pissed me off was I was dancing with a woman. What else do they want from me?"

For the gays who live on campus there can be special problems. Reactions of heterosexual roommates and suitemates range from total acceptance to blatant hostility. Lea, who is bisexual, said, "I had a roommate who would refuse to leave the room when I had a woman over, but would volunteer to leave the room when I had a man over."

Ellen Shannon, the Residence Hall Director of Gershwin, recalled one gay in her building who "would have a roommate move in, and 24 hours later (the roommate's) face would appear and I knew exactly what he'd be up here for. This happened four of five times. It's always, 'I don't mind, but I feel uncomfortable.'"

Some gay students would like to see a question on housing applications asking residents if they would mind living with a homosexual, or even allowing applicants to request a gay roommate. Said Lea, "I find that gay people have so many troubles being accepted, life should be made easier for them."

Vice President for Student Affairs Elizabeth Wadsworth said that this would not be done "for the same reason we don't let people request black roommates or Jewish roommates...it's discriminatory." When asked if Residence Life has any policy regarding gays with housing problems, she replied, "I think that we cheerfully and probably insensitively ignore the problem." She added, however, that it is easy enough for anyone with a housing problem to move.

There are no programs on the

when he discussed the service, due to the anti-gay sentiment in the building which manifested itself in graffiti, ripped posters and his burnt door, "We can't have the counseling service in the building—we need a relaxed atmosphere." He does not yet know where else to look.

For now, the GSU is the only campus organization for gays. Its office is small and comfortable, with couches and gay literature. There are about 100 active members, several of whom are from outside the University. Although the GSU holds functions such as the gay festival

'I just try to explain that gay people have the same emotional needs as straight people have ... we have the need to be held and loved just like anybody else.'

—Randy Neff

scheduled for next week, the panels, parties, and a gay show on WUSB, its primary purpose, said Michael, is for people "to come down and feel relaxed."

There are gays at Stony Brook who steer clear of the GSU, for a variety of reasons. Some are afraid of being known as gay—as David explained, "Everyone knows before they come down here how often they walked by the door—looking." Some, said GSU member Shawn Abele, won't have anything to do with the GSU because they think it's for gays "who can't make it in the bars." Some, said Michael, "just don't like the attitude"; Shawn explained, "The attitude here is that if you're not out to everyone you're less than some people." And some go to another campus organization. "A lot of women go to the Women's Center rather than the GSU," explained Lea, "because they identify more with the women's cause than the gay

it's very different—people have no trouble at all coming out as bisexual."

It may be a long time before people have no trouble coming out as homosexual. At Stony Brook, Lea estimated "most gays aren't out." But as Michael pointed out, "It's only been recently that the whole topic has been discussed." And as it is discussed, the understanding grows.

"For some reason," said Karen, "I'd thought a lot of people (at Stony Brook) hate gays, but it's not true. Most of them are confused, or it's not an issue in their lives." In all, she asserted, "They're really supportive."

But as Ellen Shannon observed, "a lot of special interest groups are formed...if there is a problem. They grow out of a need." And although the door to the GSU is open to the hall, the fact that it needs to exist at all means acceptance has not come.

Students: Pot's Widely Used, Not Abused

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Rico said, "I'll say 75 percent, 80 percent." He added that students in James are fairly open about their use of drugs.

While students in O'Neill are said to be discreet, it does not seem that the same holds true for James. "They will smoke it in the hallway. They will smoke it downstairs ... and I have seen people advertising 'ludes in the end hall lounge," said Rico. Of course, there are different interpretations of the incidence of what Rico described.

Lonnie Murov is a sophomore who has lived in James since he came to Stony Brook. He said that from 85 to 90 percent of his building smokes marijuana, and he tried to illustrate how open James residents are about the use of marijuana. "If you just pass by the hall, and you see someone smoking a joint, they won't invite you in," he said. "But if you know them, that's another story."

Though Rico has been James RHD for less than a year, he lived in the suites as a student. By comparison, he said, "Either there were less drugs over there, or they were advertised less than they were here."

Murov agreed that drug use is more pronounced in H-Quad than in other areas on campus. "There's more use here to the point I know people want to move to the suites so there's less drugs around them so they can study." This seems to imply there is less studying in James compared to elsewhere, but Murov explained, "A person who wants to study will study, and a person who wants to get high will get high."

The Snake is a junior who has lived in Benedict since last fall. He did not discuss the number of students in Benedict who smoke marijuana, but rather the amount of the drug that is used. "I'm going to say that my hall is the average hall... If we take the average girls' hall, let's say they smoke 50 percent less than us ... The average on a day is about an ounce. You times that by the amount of halls..."

If the Snake's assumptions are correct, that would mean that about three-fourths of a pound of marijuana is smoked each week in Benedict.

In light of the recent arrest in connection with a Benedict resident possessing a bong pipe, the Polity Vice President said, "Talking about drugs is a large amount of

the conversation on campus."

Glick said she senses a lot of talk in G and H-Quads. "... wherever anyone was arrested ... the atmosphere in the quads is becoming like a morgue ... Everything is locked up, quiet..."

"People are just scared about midnight arrests and harassment," she continued. Members of the Crime



Press/Jim Fowler

Prevention Unit, a specially-trained campus police force, "just walk up to people now, and say where can we get quaaludes," which is one of the more popular drugs on campus to use at parties.

The University Business Manager is ultimately in charge of the Crime Prevention Unit. He explained that the primary purpose of the unit does not have to do with drug use. "It's only in the course of their activities," he said.

However, the CPU will take action if it finds illicit drugs. "If in the course of their activities they come across the use of controlled substances, they'll take appropriate action." With regard to the Benedict student who was arrested, he said, "If the situation happened again, they would take similar action."

The situation Madonna refers to is that a student was reportedly seen walking into a hall bathroom with a bong which had resin in it. In addition, it was reported that he had a gravity knife, and a small vial of marijuana.

Although estimates range from 60 to 90 percent of the student body smoking marijuana, officials throughout the university contend there is nothing that sets Stony Brook apart from other campuses. Herzog explained, "It just seems that the drugs are available, but I wouldn't call the amount of drugs excessive."

Herzog said that the campus has an undeserved reputation from the 1968 drug bust. "People tend to identify Stony Brook with drugs due to the unfortunate bust in the 1960s," he said.

With emphasis on the word "not," the O'Neill RHD said of her college. "We do not have a serious problem." Klerner, the O'Neill RA, agrees that drug use, at least in her college, is not a problem. She also said that the 1968 drug bust has left its mark. "Stony Brook has had a reputation since the 60s," she said.

"There are people who smoke pot every day ... There are people who are addicted to drugs," said Rico, the James RHD, who is one of a small number of officials interviewed who said that.

In the last issue, The Press ran a story in which many administrators in the health services and public safety area said that drug use is widespread, and that it is a problem. Agreeing in principle with Rico, but not with the word addict, Murov said, "There are users, there are abusers, but I don't know of any addicts."

The consensus on campus is that Stony Brook is no different than any other university in terms of drug use, although there are no statistics kept on the matter. Whether it is widespread is also a matter of opinion.

With regard to the most widely used illicit drug at Stony Brook Bubbles estimated, "Maybe a thousand pounds of pot goes down this campus a year."

Presidential Search

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like they did last time."

In addition, the ways in which the search committee and the Council interact have been changed since last year. A major problem was created then, because the search committee ranked the candidates. "If the Council had its way, it would have kept the list unranked," said Palmer. "Meanwhile, the names got out," and it was learned that Pond was ranked fourth in a field of five.

Last year ill feeling grew between the Council and the committee because the Council twice rejected the committee's first choice. In addition, the state Board of Trustees did not want a candidate from campus to run for the position; they feared that some potential candidates would assume that one from campus would be given preferential treatment, and therefore not consider the position.

In addition to these problems from last year, Council President R. Christian Anderson last month offered to resign as head of the search committee. "It developed because of one little event that occurred at a Council meeting," Palmer explained. The incident, he explained, was that the search committee met without informing Anderson.

According to Larry Siegel, the student representative to the Stony Brook Council, the search committee of which he is a part serves as a "homework" and "recommendation" body. The group consists of students, faculty and non-teaching professionals, alumni, representatives from the Council, and the Board of Trustees.

Although the tension from last year's search is still lingering, and despite Anderson's reported offer to resign, Siegel said the process has been running smoothly. "The general feeling between the Council and the committee is that things are working well," he said.

Palmer agreed, citing a great deal of faith and trust between the groups now that Pond is no longer in the spotlight.

From last October until this week, the search committee has narrowed down a field of 200 applicants to 11. Siegel said, "We're on the original schedule that we had in October." Ultimately, the search committee is supposed to present a list of names to the Council. The Council will then present a list of names to the trustees. "The search committee is to narrow it down to as many qualified people as there are."

Discussing some of the 11 candidates, Palmer said that there are minorities and "at least two women" who are being considered. Siegel added that some of the candidates who have been interviewed are from academic institutions.

While the search seems to be going well, there are problems unique to Stony Brook with which the candidates must contend. The University President is paid \$54,500 per year, which is a relatively low salary for that position. There are state regulations limiting the power of the president, and as the state is faced with budget cuts, there is great concern that funding for the state university system will decrease.

Palmer said that the problem of fiscal cuts in schools exists nationwide. "If we think that things are different here than anywhere else, then just look around... It's not significantly better in the other guy's backyard," Palmer said.

Although there are other problems which may lead a candidate from Stony Brook, Palmer said the University has a number of unique assets. He explained that many top administrative positions are vacant, and that search committees to fill them have been waiting for the new University President to be chosen. "Whoever comes in as president can bring in his own crew," said Palmer.

Palmer is confident about the search. "It's on the upbeat," he asserted. "After next week, it's out of our hands."



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Fee May Increase

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stoves. Herzog said that by walking through the halls he found that the ratio of stoves to students is 64:1.

Herzog has not been satisfied with the Committee's role. "The students were never given effective input," he contended. "We have not been going over the inadequacies of the program. The first day that this committee met, they were thinking about raising the fee."

The majority of students responding to the committee's recent survey are dissatisfied with the program. However, 81 percent would like to see the program continued but only 29 percent said they would support an increase in the cooking fee.

Williams said a fee increase is necessary for several reasons. "The fee has stayed the same for seven years, but everything

has increased. The proportion of students using the equipment has gone up, we've had to get more supplies, more oven cleaners." In addition, "The program is subsidized right now by the maintenance department. The program is not supposed to be subsidized by anybody."

The size of any increase has not been determined, although figures ranging from 25 to 100 percent have been considered. Also proposed was a prorating system, where students on a partial meal plan would have to pay a portion of the fee.

The committee will submit its recommendation regarding the fee to Finance and Business.

"If they try to implement this increase," said Herzog, "I think it would be pretty crazy for students not to organize against it. When they increase it once, it's just a precedent to increase it year after year, and we have to stop it."

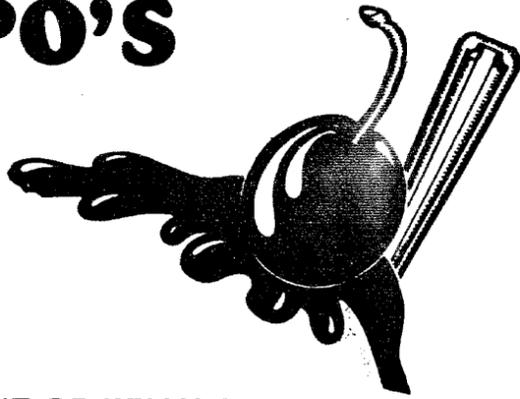
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Baraka On His Arrest: 'I Didn't Resist'

by Vivienne Heston

On the evening of June 8, 1979 Amiri Baraka, his wife Amina, and four children witnessed a police attack and a bizarre string of events which led to the indictment of two police officers on charges of harassment, and a resisting arrest charge against Baraka. Mr. Baraka, who is an internationally lauded poet, playwright and essayist, teaches Africana Studies at Stony Brook. On Tuesday, March 4, he granted an interview to The Press. Excerpts from the interview follow.

Press: What happened on June 8th, 1979?

Baraka: My family and I were sitting in our car, on 8th Street near the movie theater at University Place, with the door open, we were double-parked. My wife and I were arguing. It was just before 8 P.M. because I was on my way to the theater. I had a play running which I directed and wrote... I was on my way to pay the actors - it was not a great amount of money. Suddenly, somebody grabbed me from behind, by the collar. He twisted me around onto the car and hit me in the stomach with his night stick. I doubled over and fell to the ground.

Press: Was anything said to you?

Baraka: No, no not anything at all. I came up to my feet asking "What's going on, what's the story?" at which time a lot of pushing around started.

Press: So, then you resisted?

Baraka: Well, that's what they say, however, I didn't resist at any time. What I did was try to keep them from beating me to death. I think it's a normal reaction when somebody tries to hit you that you put your hands up. It certainly wasn't premeditated.

Press: What was your wife doing during this?

Baraka: She was out of the car trying to find out what was happening. The cops then started grabbing her and throwing her around.

Press: How many police officers were there?

Baraka: Four officers. I perceived only three at first. Then another appeared from somewhere. They started wrestling with us. One of them dropped his knee into my stomach. I was thrown to the ground and dragged across the pavement to the police car. I was shoved into the car and had a gun pressed against my head.

Press: What happened to your wife?

Baraka: They took my wife in a separate car and brought her to the precinct.

Press: Which precinct was that?

Baraka: The sixth precinct in Manhattan. We had four of our five children with us. And they left the kids in the middle of the street... We got to the precinct and finally the cops brought (the children) in. The kids came in just in time for them to see one cop jump on me. This cop got into my pocket and took the money from my wallet, so I said 'don't take that money,' because I had had experience with them before where they didn't give it back. There were a few hundred dollars in it for the actors. When I told him not to take the money, he threw me up against a soda machine.

Press: This is all occurring in the 6th precinct?

Baraka: Yes, in the precinct, in front of my kids.

Press: Had anyone as yet informed you why you had been arrested?

Baraka: No. It was here that the incident changed - when they started going through my wallet. They scuffled about the money (between themselves). Somebody - this black policeman - recognized me, and when they realized who they had, they were forced to come up with some good charges.

Press: Why would they do that?

Baraka: Because they knew I would sue them. That's really what this trial's all about - to stop me from suing them. It's my belief that they were simply mad. First of all because we (my wife and I) were arguing. Somebody might have told the cops that 'some people are arguing' and when they came up (to our car) and saw that it was some black folks, rather than just going through 'What's happening? What's going on?' and so forth, they were just going to subdue me. I guess they thought that after hitting me I would lie out on the street and beg for mercy. Finally, when we asked why we were here (at the precinct) - they said, 'Well, we got you for beating your wife.'

Press: Did you strike her?

Baraka: No. My wife said, 'Well, that's (the charge of wife-beating) obviously a lie, and even if it wasn't, you'd never get anybody to say it happened - so why are you saying it?' 'Well,' they then said, 'he (Baraka) was beating us.' That was the second charge. The third charge was possession of a deadly weapon and we said 'Well, what is it?' And they said, 'You know the weapon you people always carry.' (They were referring to a switchblade knife.) The fourth charge was interfering with government processes. And the fifth charge was resisting arrest. Resisting arrest is always thrown in! It could be anything. You can actually resist arrest verbally.

Press: What about the photographer (Ken Kristler, a professional photographer took pictures of the incident.) When did he come into play?

Baraka: Well, that happened later, after I finally got out. First, they wouldn't tell my wife where I was. She got on the radio and started telling people to come down to the courthouse. Hundreds of people came down. They let me out. I remembered seeing a photographer taking photos while all this stuff was happening. So a week later we put an ad in the Village Voice asking the photographer to come forward—he came forward. The guy had a lot of photos... from the photos it was obvious not only that I couldn't have resisted but that (the cops) were whipping my ass! There is no way in the world you can resist, handcuffed and dropped down on your knees. So I talked to this guy, Kristler, at this bar and at first we didn't talk money, but he said he would obviously want some and I said that was alright with me. The first deal was - he told my attorney five (\$100) bills for the photographs - which was high but I said, 'that's cool.' In the meantime Kristler gets a lawyer. I mean, he really got greedy. So the lawyer calls and wants \$5,000! So my lawyer said, 'You must not know anything about criminal law.'

Press: When did the D.A. subpoena the photographs?

Baraka: The day after the phone call when the two lawyers talked about the \$5,000. The phone may have been bugged. Some of the photos we saw disappeared. We never saw them again. In fact, in court, Kristler said he never showed us photos, only slides.

Press: In other words he lied?



Poet Amiri Baraka at an Africana Studies rally.

Baraka: Yes, they had the photos. Once they (the District Attorney's office) had them... you know. And this poor guy (Kristler) who thought he was going to make some more money out of it. He didn't get any money - just harassment. Once they got the photographs then they're evidence and they don't have to pay for them.

Press: What happened to the photographs?

Baraka: Well some photos were brought to Court. But the photos that were brought to court were not all the photos we saw. They obviously couldn't destroy all the photos, that would be too weird. But they presented enough to say, 'These are the ones - there were no more.'

Press: Could the photographer not have testified?

Baraka: He did testify - sure he testified, but he was frightened. He said what the Prosecution wanted him to say. He was their witness. We had to subpoena him to make him come to court.

Press: Before the trial - What did the Grand Jury decide?

Baraka: The Grand Jury threw all the charges out except for resisting arrest. My wife was charged too - and all of those charges were thrown out. The only charge left was resisting arrest. The Grand Jury indicted two of the cops for harassing me. The Judge wouldn't let us mention the fact that two of the cops had been indicted because that would have given us a case.

Press: You said that the jury selection was imbalanced?

Baraka: Yes, it had only one black on it, which in New York City is unbelievable. It was the usual railroading job. In court they brought the police in—the police always tell the truth. They bring a knife in, they wave the knife around, although the knife could not be admitted as evidence because I wasn't charged with possession. The

Grand Jury threw it out. But all they had to was wave the knife that one of the police officers said they had found so the jury would see it.

Press: Was it your knife?

Baraka: No, it was any knife. It was not offered as evidence, and it was not proven where it had come from.

Press: How was it admitted into the courtroom?

Baraka: In the policeman's pocket. He just went in his pocket and pulled it out and then there were 'Objections! Objections!' But it didn't matter. It had done its work. So, the jury came back and found me guilty. I got sentenced to 90 days, even though the Probation Department recommended against it since I had a job and a big family—obviously I wasn't going anywhere, yet they said I should be locked up to serve as an example to the community that they cannot resist arrest. They cut loose this robber on the same day—the New York Post did a story on—they cut this armed robber loose to go to a funeral. But they sentenced me to 90 days and they wouldn't even give me any bail to file an appeal. They sent me directly to jail that Friday.

Press: What day was that?

Baraka: December 28. They did it that day because there was a long weekend.

Press: Where were you sent?

Baraka: To Riker's Island.

Press: How long were you there?

Baraka: Four days. I was released on the afternoon of New Year's Eve.

Press: Did they then allow bail to be posted?

Baraka: No. I got out on my own recognizance—they could have done that on Friday—there was no money involved.

Press: What was the procedure involved?

Baraka: You then have to appeal. What usually happens is when you have a job, a family and it's obvious that you're not going anywhere, you get bail while you file your appeal.

Press: Have you started the appeal yet?

Baraka: Well, first we sent for the transcripts (of the trial). You have to get those, they will cost us between \$2,500-3,000. Once we get the transcripts, then based on our lawyer's analysis, we can file an appeal.

Press: From June 9 (day of Baraka's release) until December 28 (last day of Baraka's trial, and first day at Riker's) what was going on?

Baraka: Well, a lot of waiting really, and going back and forth to court. We went to court eight or nine times... You go once—it gets postponed. Another—the police can't make it. We went to the Grand Jury a couple of times... They keep you coming. Finally, we had a trial—it lasted two weeks.

Press: Has this been costly?

Baraka: Yes—financially, but also time and energy. It takes up all your energy and all your money and resources. At the same time, I'm being slandered. They say I beat up my wife, which is why, they say, we went through all of this.

Press: Will you still sue the police?

Baraka: Yes, though it's difficult to sue once you've lost your case. We probably will file a suit anyway. But they knew that I'd sue them, and having gone through this sort of thing before, they knew that they had to cover it up. They do similar things like this to oppressed minorities all the time.

Press: In your incident, do you feel if you had been white, it wouldn't have happened?

Baraka: No, but I think if I had been white they would have asked me what was going on, to move the car. It would have been a more serving of the people to the people relationship. The cop might have said 'Well, you've got to move your car, sir,' or 'What's going on sir?' But he definitely would not have pulled me out of my car by the back of the neck and started hitting me in the stomach. I hadn't done anything. The car was double-parked. My wife and I were arguing—but I hadn't done anything. I had my back to them. I couldn't resist with my back to the police. They even admitted that they pulled me out by the back. Although there were conflicting stories from the police they admitted it, a couple of them.

Press: So now you're waiting for transcripts?

Baraka: Yes and the lawyers are going over the theories of law connected with the trial, as they remember it. They have to wait for the transcripts to actually analyze what happened.

Press: How has your family been through all of this?

Baraka: Fine, our only problem is financial. All the money we've spent on this damn stuff. Like the transcripts. We could be using it on many better things. People have been very good, though. We've had a lot of benefits. We had a Third World Rally-Poetry Reading where we raised \$400. There's a program on March 10 at the Harlem Cultural Center. A novelist named Sam Greenway is doing a dramatic reading, raising money for me. On the 21 of March there's a fund-raiser at a bar in Newark (Amiri Baraka's hometown). So, we're raising the money—which helps.

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WESTBOUND

	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
P.J. S.C.	6:45	7:15	8:00	8:45	9:35	10:15	11:00	12:15	1:00	1:45	2:30	3:15	4:00	5:30	6:15	7:00	7:45	8:30	9:15	10:00
P.J. STA.	6:47	7:17	8:02	8:47	9:37	10:17	11:02	12:17	1:02	1:47	2:32	3:17	4:02	5:32	---	---	---	---	---	---
P.J. P.O.	6:49	7:19	8:04	8:49	9:39	10:19	11:04	12:19	1:04	1:49	2:34	3:19	4:04	5:34	---	---	---	---	---	---
BROWN'S F.M.	6:50	7:20	8:05	8:50	9:40	10:20	11:05	12:20	1:05	1:50	2:35	3:20	4:05	5:35	---	---	---	---	---	---
MARIO'S	6:54	7:24	8:09	8:54	9:44	10:24	11:09	12:24	1:09	1:54	2:39	3:24	4:09	5:39	---	---	---	---	---	---
PAN. COTTG.	6:55	7:25	8:10	8:55	9:45	10:25	11:10	12:25	1:10	1:55	2:40	3:25	4:10	5:40	---	---	---	---	---	---
S.U.N.Y. PIZ	6:58	7:28	8:13	8:58	9:48	10:28	11:13	12:28	1:13	1:58	2:43	3:28	4:13	5:43	---	---	---	---	---	---
H QUAD	---	7:30	---	9:00	---	10:30	---	12:30	---	2:00	---	3:30	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
ADMIN.	7:00	7:31	8:15	9:01	9:50	10:31	11:15	12:31	1:15	2:01	2:50	3:31	4:15	5:45	---	---	---	---	---	---
UNION	---	7:32	---	9:02	---	10:32	---	12:32	---	2:02	---	3:32	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
KELLY	---	7:33	---	9:03	---	10:33	---	12:33	---	2:03	---	3:33	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
TABLER	---	7:34	---	9:04	---	10:34	---	12:34	---	2:04	---	3:34	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
SO. CAMPUS	---	7:35	---	9:05	---	10:35	---	12:35	---	2:05	---	3:35	---	---	6:30	7:15	8:00	8:45	9:30	10:15
S.B. VILL.	7:05	---	8:20	---	9:55	---	11:20	---	1:20	---	2:55	---	4:25	5:55	---	---	---	---	---	---
COV. MALL	---	7:45	---	9:15	---	10:45	---	12:45	---	2:15	---	3:45	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
ST. JAMES	7:15	---	8:30	---	10:05	---	11:30	---	1:30	---	3:00	---	4:30	6:00	---	---	---	---	---	---
S.H. MALL	7:25	7:55	8:38	9:25	10:15	10:55	11:40	12:55	1:40	2:25	3:10	3:55	4:40	6:10	---	---	---	---	---	---

EASTBOUND

	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.												
S.H. MALL	8:00	8:42	9:30	10:07	---	11:42	1:00	1:37	2:30	3:07	4:00	4:37	5:30	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
ST. JAMES	---	8:55	---	10:20	---	11:55	---	1:50	---	3:20	---	4:50	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
COV. MALL	8:10	---	9:40	---	---	---	1:10	---	2:40	---	4:10	---	5:40	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
S.B. VILL.	---	9:00	---	10:25	---	12:00	---	1:55	---	3:25	---	4:55	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
SO. CAMPUS	8:20	---	9:50	---	---	---	1:20	---	2:50	---	4:20	---	5:50	6:30	7:15	8:00	8:45	9:30	10:15	
TABLER	8:21	---	9:51	---	---	---	1:21	---	2:51	---	4:21	---	5:51	6:31	7:16	8:01	8:46	9:31	10:16	
KELLY	8:22	---	9:52	---	---	---	1:22	---	2:52	---	4:22	---	5:52	6:32	7:17	8:02	8:47	9:32	10:17	
UNION	8:23	---	9:53	---	---	---	1:23	---	2:53	---	4:23	---	5:53	6:33	7:18	8:03	8:48	9:33	10:18	
ADMIN.	8:24	9:10	9:54	10:35	---	12:10	1:24	2:05	2:54	3:35	4:24	5:05	5:54	6:34	7:19	8:04	8:49	9:34	10:19	
H.QUAD	8:25	---	9:55	---	---	---	1:25	---	2:55	---	4:25	---	5:55	6:35	7:20	8:05	8:50	9:35	10:20	
S.U.N.Y. PIZ	8:27	9:12	9:57	10:37	---	12:12	1:27	2:07	2:57	3:37	4:27	5:07	5:57	6:37	7:22	8:07	8:52	9:37	---	
PAN. COTTG.	8:30	9:15	10:00	10:40	---	12:15	1:30	2:10	3:00	3:40	4:30	5:10	6:00	6:40	7:25	8:10	8:55	9:40	---	
MARIO'S	8:31	9:16	10:01	10:41	---	12:16	1:31	2:11	3:01	3:41	4:31	5:11	6:01	6:41	7:26	8:11	8:56	9:41	---	
BROWN'S F.M.	8:35	9:20	10:05	10:45	---	12:20	1:35	2:15	3:05	3:45	4:35	5:15	6:05	6:45	7:30	8:15	9:00	9:45	---	
P.J. P.O.	8:36	9:21	10:06	10:46	---	12:21	1:36	2:16	3:06	3:46	4:36	5:16	6:06	6:46	7:31	8:16	9:01	9:46	---	
P.J. STA.	8:38	9:23	10:08	10:48	---	12:23	1:38	2:18	3:08	3:48	4:38	5:18	6:08	6:48	7:33	8:18	9:03	9:48	---	
P.J. S.C.	8:40	9:25	10:10	10:50	---	12:25	1:40	2:20	3:10	3:50	4:40	5:20	6:10	6:50	7:35	8:20	9:05	9:50	---	

WESTBOUND TO SMITH-HAVEN MALL					
LV.	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM
Homestead	7:35	10:05	1:04	3:30	5:45
Coram	---	---	---	---	---
Two Guys	7:45	10:10	1:10	3:35	---
Terryville	7:54	10:21	1:21	3:43	5:54
Port Jeff	8:00	10:29	1:30	3:55	6:02
Nesconset Shopping Ctr.	8:05	10:33	1:34	3:58	6:09
Fox Theatre	8:10	10:38	1:38	4:03	6:20
H Quad	8:22	10:50	1:48	4:14	6:21
Student Union	8:25	10:52	1:50	4:15	6:22
Kelly	8:27	10:54	1:52	4:18	6:23
Tabler	8:28	10:55	1:55	4:19	6:24
Admin	8:30	10:57	1:57	4:21	6:25
Nicolls Rd Strathmore	8:34	11:01	2:01	4:26	6:26
Coventry Mall	8:38	11:05	2:05	4:28	6:27
Rickels	8:40	11:07	2:07	4:29	6:28
Smithhaven Mall	8:45	11:10	2:10	4:33	6:30

EASTBOUND TO CORAM					
LV.	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM
Smithhaven Mall	9:00	11:25	2:25	4:45	6:30
Rickels	9:07	11:30	2:30	4:50	6:35
Coventry Mall	9:10	11:33	2:33	4:52	6:37
Nicolls Rd Strathmore	9:13	11:37	2:36	4:54	6:39
H Quad	9:18	11:40	2:40	5:00	6:45
Student Union	9:19	11:43	2:42	5:02	6:47
Kelly	9:20	11:45	2:44	5:04	6:49
Tabler	9:22	11:48	2:46	5:05	6:50
Admin	9:25	11:51	2:48	5:06	6:51
Fox Theatre	9:31	12:00	2:55	5:14	7:05
Nesconset Shopping	9:33	12:01	2:58	5:18	7:09
Port Jeff	9:40	12:05	3:05	5:25	7:16
Terryville	9:45	12:10	3:10	5:30	7:21
Coram	---	---	---	---	---
Two Guys	9:50	12:15	3:20	5:35	7:26
Homestead	9:55	12:20	3:30	5:40	7:30

EASTBOUND TO RIVERHEAD			
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Smith-Haven Mall (Macy's & A&S, Korvette's)	10:20	3:30	---
Barons	10:35	3:40	---
Nesconset Shopping Center	10:38	3:43	---
Port Jeff. Station (Plaza)	7:30	10:43	3:48
Mt. Sinai (N. Country Rd.)	7:40	10:48	3:53
Miller Place (Post Office)	7:45	10:51	3:56
Scotty's Corner	7:47	10:54	4:00
Sound Beach (Post Office)	7:55	10:57	4:03
Rocky Point - Rt. 25A & Broadway	8:00	11:03	4:09
Shoreham - Randell Rd. & Rt. 25A	8:05	11:05	4:11
Wading River Rd. & Rt. 25A	8:10	11:07	4:13
N. Wading River Rd. (Little Flower)	8:20	11:12	4:18
N. Wading River Rd. & Hulse Landing Rd.	8:22	11:14	4:20
Rt. 25A & Rt. 25 (Calverton)	8:27	11:18	4:24
Rt. 25 & Rt. 58 Intersection	8:30	11:21	4:27
Fresh Pond Rd.	8:35	11:24	4:30
Ar. Riverhead (Country Ctr.)	8:40	---	---
Ar. Riverhead (W. Main St. Bus Stop)	8:45	11:37	4:40

WESTBOUND TO SMITH-HAVEN MALL			
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. Riverhead (W. Main St. Bus Stop)	8:55	12:40	5:10
Fresh Pond Rd.	9:02	12:51	5:21
Rt. 25 & Rt. 58 Intersection	9:05	12:53	5:23
Rt. 25 & Rt. 25A (Calverton)	9:08	12:56	5:26
N. Wading River Rd. & Hulse Landing Rd.	9:13	1:01	5:31
N. Wading River Rd. (Little Flower)	9:16	1:04	5:35
Wading River Rd. & Rt. 25A	9:21	1:09	5:40
Shoreham - Randell Rd. & Rt. 25A	9:23	1:11	5:43
Rocky Point - Rt. 25A & Broadway	9:25	1:13	5:46
Sound Beach Village (Post Office)	9:30	1:18	5:51
Scotty's Corner	9:33	1:25	5:55
Miller Place (Post Office)	9:37	1:35	6:00
Mt. Sinai (Post Office)	9:40	1:38	6:05
Port Jeff. Station (Plaza)	9:47	1:45	6:15
Nesconset Shop. Center	9:52	1:50	---
Barons	9:55	1:53	---
Smith-Haven Mall (Macy's & A&S, Korvette's)	10:02	2:00	---

Please be at all bus stops 10 minutes prior to departure time
 Additional Stops will be made by hand signal along all routes
 Any questions, suggestions and/or problems call Polity at 6-3673

Editorials

Responsibility of Freedom

Freedom of the Press and Innocent Until Proven Guilty are maxims at the heart of American Society. And yet, since the birth of this nation, these two ideals have been at odds.

The latest event to bring this conflict to mind is the recent murder of Dr. Herman Tarnover, author of the best-selling *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*. Accused of the killing is Jean Harris, headmistress of a prominent girls' private school. The crime and arrest have received extensive coverage in the news media. But it is not the amount of reporting at issue here; it is the integrity involved.

Reporters, so close to criminal and civil proceedings, inevitably form personal biases, which unconsciously and imperceptibly influence a story, and thus the public. Reporters often intentionally editorialize in their writing as well.

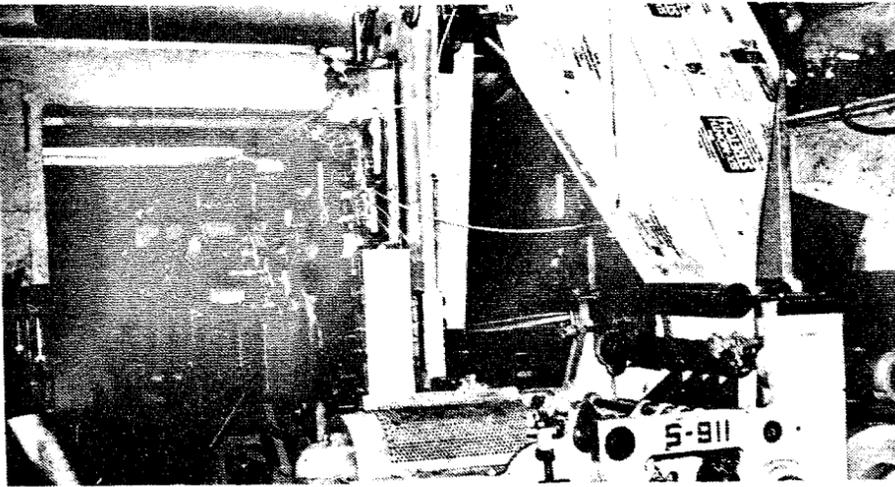
Unlike most businesses, journalism has no clearcut rules and regulations, no guidelines other than the consciences of the journalists themselves. Because of the First Amendment, forbidding Congress to abridge the Freedom of the Press, the news media may perform their duties with relatively little fear of rebuke or rebuff.

And biased reporting is tolerated—often condoned—by a publisher or producer. Any circulation department will tell you that sensationalized news sells papers. And in a capitalistic society, selling newspapers is first priority. (Within two years of his takeover, Rupert Murdoch turned the newly-sensationalistic *New York Post* into the largest selling afternoon paper in the country.)

Unfortunately, the profit motive and biased news severely infringe upon the constitutional rights of a citizen to a trial by a jury of his peers. Too often, a journalist presupposes guilt and supplants the all-important function of the jury. One television journalist illustrated this arrogance when he stated, "There are areas where we are right and the courts are

wrong and there is no compromise."

This view, of course, is not a modern phenomenon. On August 14, 1918, the *Evening Telegram* demanded in its editorial, "Let it be seen that the German agent and his native accomplices do not escape."



Trial Judge Cushman answered in the *New York Evening Post*, "It is more important that the defendants get a fair trial than it is that the guilty be punished."

The list of rights infringements is long, and is capped by the strange death of Dr. Tarnover. Is there anyone in the news-consuming public who is not convinced Jean Harris killed Tarnover? An analysis of three major daily newspapers illustrates the dangers inherent in the reporting of news.

On the morning of March 12 *The New York Times* reported on its front page the shooting death of Tarnover and the subsequent arrest of Harris.

To the paper's credit, the facts in the case seem to be placed according to their importance, and no statements were made by the paper without attributing them to participants in the situation.

A news medium must always be on the alert to attribute information. A viewer-readership places its trust in the news medium and expects objective, scrutinized reporting. A reporter must be wary of stating rumor or speculation as fact. In its

coverage of the Tarnover story, the *Boston Globe* posits the two main characters "had known each other for some time," that she was "said to be a frequent weekend visitor at Tarnover's estate," and that he was found "shot Monday night in an

educated the daughters of the affluent and powerful.

Late Monday night, their world fell to pieces.

Police...said they found Herman Tarnover unconscious on his bedroom floor, bleeding profusely from four bullet wounds in his hand, arm and chest. Within an hour, he was dead.

What possible conclusion could the reader draw but that the headmistress had killed the doctor? It seems so obvious...

To its discredit, the television news coverage was no better. Due to the brevity with which all stories must be reported on the air, the "less-important" verifications and identifications of sources were left out—accepting witnesses' stories and police reports as fact.

And news can be biased in ways other than the style of writing. Factors such as length, placement, accompanying photographs or film, and whether the story is done at all, can greatly influence public opinion.

The inherent dangers of sloppy journalism are obvious. Biased news will encourage a biased public, and possibly result in biased juries.

Arthur Taylor, President of the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1976, warned his colleagues: "Within their expanded responsibilities, journalists also must realize that there are other rights to be balanced with press freedom—privacy, a fair trial, simple human dignity." It is an important point, and one which must be learned and relearned—both by the best reporter with his eye on page one and the publisher, with his eye on the financial ledger.

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., one of the great journalistic scholars, once wrote, "Freedom from something is not enough. It should also be freedom for something. Freedom is not safety but opportunity. Freedom ought to be a means to enable the press to serve the proper functions of communication in a free society."

Amen.

Letters

Exploitative Ad?

To the Editor:

Recently, a series of ads were run in *Statesman* requesting centerfold models for a Canadian magazine. In response to complaints made by students to the Women's Center, two of the women working with the Center called the source of the ad to request information about what this ad entailed. Both women were told different pay levels ranging from \$250 to \$8,000. Although this person claimed legitimacy, he would not reveal either the name of the magazine, or the type of photography involved.

When we requested that *Statesman* pull the ad, the Advertising Manager came down to the Women's Center to tell us that this was a legitimate ad and that the photographer was a well-known photographer with whom he had worked previously on

other advertising lay-outs.

The Advertising Manager refused to acknowledge that our information was valid and intimated that we had actually concocted this story to our own advantage. He followed this by saying "don't give me any of your c-t s-t" at the "provocation" of being called "patronizing."

We feel that on a campus where many of the students are in their first "unprotected" environment, most students having financial problems, this type of exploitative business should not be advertised or condoned by campus publications and administration or school funded organizations. We ask for that ad to be pulled and a full investigation be initiated into this business.

The Women's Center Collective

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Three Movies: Selling the Imagery

by Stephen Tiano

Artists, in the very broadest sense of the word, create representations of life. The success of an artist, of an artist's work, relies not on the truth of what is created, but on whether the images presented are "bought."

A trio of current movies, *The Rose*, *Being There* and *American Gigolo*, tell stories very much concerned with the selling and buying of images. These three films examine a handful of characters who are caught in different ways in the grinding, crunching wheels of "the star maker machinery" as in Joni Mitchell's song "Free Man in Paris." They probe more deeply into the lives of their central characters, the three people—"bought" images, really—who at first project rather superficially, almost as stereotypes. By the time the consequences of being bought seem obvious, the long, hard focus of all three films reveals the central characters as fuller beings, at once blessed and condemned by their humanity.

The Rose is perhaps the simplest of the three stories. Told in a relatively straightforward narrative style, no surprises crop up. It parallels, though not exactly, the life and death, and the rise and fall of Janis Joplin. It is this sense of biography that leads to one of the film's major flaws.

Like Joplin, who was born and raised in Texas, Bette Midler's character comes from the south: Florida. The way she lights up for her audiences, one knows that "The Rose" seeks the love and acceptance she—and Janis—never received from her peers when she was growing up. Once again, like Joplin, "The Rose" cultivates her gutsy image as a hard-living, heavy-drinking, raunchy-mouthed, rocking and rolling southern lady who has learned all about the blues. And how to sing them, too.

The fact the "The Rose" sings amazingly well may go along with the movie's most serious fault, the inability to see Midler on the screen as nothing more than a piece of merchandise. The fault lies not in the star, but in the script. She comes across as more of a song-stylist than Janis Joplin actually was, and in doing so, projects only an image of being able to sing crazily.

The glimpses one gets of "The Rose's" past keep with the film's one-dimensional view. Midler tells of taking on her whole football team. How really trite! And in an encounter with someone from her high school days, the image of southerner as pig is so blatant that it appears designed to reinforce the old saw: "The south's sure to rise again, 'cause shit floats."

Unfortunately, the script's poor plot and predictability do not end there. Supposedly set during the sixties, *The Rose* never establishes that time period as a context in which the story should be viewed. "The Rose" seems to succeed almost totally on ability. Joplin, although tremendously talented, wore her membership in the legion of the alienated in a manner that, retrospectively, seems to have guaranteed her status as a legend once she died, even if she had not been able to sing people to tears. Then, too, Alan Bates as Midler's manager, charged with "stoking the star maker machinery behind the popular song," reeks of seventies cynicism. The movie gets stuck in time, between images.

Finally, another sterling performance by Frederic Forrest goes to waste. Fresh from triumph as Chef in *Apocalypse Now*, he transforms a role that resounds with cliché and tedium into a true portrait of a man who must give up a loved one or give up his selfhood. He rises above the character of a chauffeur with a heart of gold, working at a script that lacks selfhood from the start. He and a vibrant Bette Midler do not tell a story about imagery; rather, they present half-baked visions of such a story—in spite of the greatest effort.

Being There succeeds totally on the basis of a brilliant screenplay, superb direction, and hallmark acting Jerzy Kosinski's script, based on his own novel, captures the book's essential thought: most people will believe what they want to believe. *Being There* is the story of a man, Chance, who has lived his whole life within the confines of a rich man's house and garden. Before "the old man's" death, his only contact with the world outside comes through watching television. He cannot read or write. When he must leave the house he has spent his whole life in, his prospects seem dreadfully dim. But the man has not been called "Chance" for no reason.

Director Hal Ashby has taken this script and molded what could have been a mild fantasy into something of a comic adventure that leaves one feeling chilled. The vision summoned up by *Being There* is of a world where people are caught up in their own concerns, a world where they fail to catch the literal implications of an honest, though unknowledgeable, man. And perhaps for no other reason than to subdue the jarring effect of the film, Ashby runs the end credits over a ridiculous out-take in which Peter Sellers pretty well reduces himself and the rest of the crew to mindless laughter. As if to say: "Don't



Peter Sellers in 'Being There': filling society's vacuum.

take the movie too seriously," after the viewer was unable to do anything but that.

In probably his finest work, Peter Sellers looks and acts nothing like the ineffectual bunglers he has made a career out of playing. Viewers expecting to find Inspector Clouseau will be sorely disappointed. Sellers projects an air of quiet, if vapid, dignity. From the moment one meets him as Chance the gardener, he presents not a hint of deception. Ever ready to admit all he does not know, Chance metamorphoses into Chauncey Gardiner through no will of his own. There lies the point on which *Being There* turns. The story suggests that although Chance lacks all schooling, direction, and any hint of



Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton in 'American Gigolo': creating and escaping from an image.

sophistication, society at large composes a far greater vacuum. And society will make a Messiah out of Chance; he is "bought" without even putting himself up for sale.

Melvyn Douglas and Shirley MacLaine also gleam in *Being There*. They play a rich and powerful married couple who provide Chance with a launching pad once he leaves "the old man's" house. As charter members of society's vacuum, they bear a peculiar kind of guilt, wanting so badly that perception actually serves to confirm their desires. Setting the stage for Chance as they

do, Douglas and MacLaine pull the string on a whole series of black jokes. For instance, through Douglas, Sellers meets the President—Jack Warden, who reminds one of what JFK might have been like at sixty. Questioned by the President about the economy, Chance replies with talk about the garden. Douglas assumes that Sellers speaks in metaphor and the President goes on to quote Chance in a televised speech.

By film's end, it looks as if Chauncey Gardiner is a cinch to be nominated for President. And he has not changed one iota from his first appearance onscreen. The degree to which he has been misunderstood is remarkable, but one cannot help worrying for the future of a Messiah on this earth.

Of the three movies, *American Gigolo* offers the greatest difficulty. In it, writer-director Paul Schrader continues his story of America, a story that goes as far back as *Taxi Driver*, on to *Blue Collar* and *Hardcore*. Schrader's vision always strikes one as slightly warped; his heroes invariably behave in some deranged violent manner. For all of that, they get the job done, making a mark against some of the same issues and villains many of us feel helpless against every single day.

Perhaps the scope of what Schrader means to say this time around is far too wide; or else the business of directing from his own script proves too demanding. For whichever reason, Schrader has clearly overextended himself. Richard Gere is fine as Julian, an escort, translator, and stud for hire—a bigger talent and more successful in the role than one can imagine John Travolta, who was originally picked to play Julian. But by the time Schrader offers his ending—salvation through love—the audience has been thoroughly convinced by Gere that Julian exists in a solitary dimension, that, as he says to Lauren Hutton, "comes from this bed" and nowhere else.

The whole theme of salvation from a role that one has cultivated for oneself, and then becomes trapped in, seems a noble idea to explore. But it is an idea that has not been pursued fairly. Instead of any awakening taking place during Julian's real life, he is "framed" for a murder he did not commit, a somewhat contrived situation, and this scares some honest feeling into the character. The motives for Julian's repentance cannot help but be questionable. Furthermore, by the time the woman who loves Julian steps forth to clear him, redemption is a theme which has been beaten to death. And Julian comes across as no more flesh and blood than earlier. Somehow, when he bows his head against a glass partition in the prison visiting room, remorseful over his sins, the scene is curiously reminiscent of the dark screen in a confessional. He seems more of a plastic figurine than

ever before.

American Gigolo exerts a noble but far from perfect effort at best to tell a story similar to the one *Being There* tells. Sans the laughter. At worst, it exploits the notion that everything, by the values implicit in American culture, is a commodity. *Being There* tells the quintessential tale of an innocent billed as a prophet in his own land. And as for *The Rose*, Bette Midler by any other name would still smell as sweet—because imagery cannot cloud every picture.



Press/Dana A. Brussel

'The Scarecrow': Beautifully Visualized

by Patrick Giles

Percy MacKaye's little-known American play, "The Scarecrow," was given a beautifully-visualized production last week by the Theater Arts Department. I wanted to say that straightaway, since I'll mention a number of major reservations with their interpretation, selections, and performances; nonetheless, my objections do not conquer my enthusiasms. I found "The Scarecrow" one of the most interesting productions the Department has ever staged, and if it did seem to lose momentum and obscure central points of the text, I was nonetheless glad it had been staged.

My relationship with the production is certainly strengthened by my affection for the play, which is strong and recent. "The Scarecrow" is one classic of American dramatic literature that most professors seem unaware of. Its roots stem from a sentence in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *American Notebooks* (1835): "To make one's own reflection in a mirror the subject of a story." This message to the self was realized in a more potent, tangible form as "Feathertop: A Moralized Legend," written and published by the same hand in 1852—and the last story Hawthorne published. Fifty-two years later, the tale of a scarecrow bewitched into existence by Satan and betrayed by his own reflection in a mirror began to emerge as a four-act play by Percy MacKaye, a writer-director. Published in 1908, first produced by the Harvard Dramatic club in 1909 (with a cast that included Robert Benchley and Robert Edmond Jones), and unsuccessfully mounted on Broadway in 1911 and 1912, "The Scarecrow" has not yet received the admiration and attention it deserves.

Sporadic production by various illequipped managements has been this play's undeserved fate, though it was produced for the Bicentennial at the Kennedy Center in 1975, and in 1972 was produced for Public Television starring Gene Wilder and Blythe Danner.

Pauline Kael, film critic for *The New Yorker*, wrote that "Americans dream of thoroughbreds, while identifying with mutts." She was writing of the central tenets and paradoxes of the reflector of our national fantasies—films. But she could also have been writing about MacKaye's "The Scarecrow" and his hero, "a nobleman of husks, bewitched from pumpkins" who, transformed into an animate "counterfeit" by Dickon (the devil) ripens, matures and withers within one procession of the sun. Awkward and pathetic, the scarecrow—named Lord Ravensbane by Satan, who adopts the facade of Dickenson, his tutor, and who struggles to keep a grip on his creation—beguiles and confuses a house and then a townful of mortals, and through love is once again transformed, this time into a real human being—and then drops dead, unable to grow any further. Ravensbane's unprotected innocence and his painful sincerity win our attention and emotion. The mortals in the play are mostly stern, pompous hypocrites: they have set themselves up as bastions of order and civilization in the midst of a massive wilderness, intent on imposing the virtues and malignancies of the culture they have abandoned intact to the new land. Ravensbane, born of earth and who soaks up their amenities like a sponge, emits them in bent, peculiar squeezes that expose their silliness. In so doing, he

attracts the fascination and love of Mistress Rachel, a young woman who seeks to escape the same restrictive society. They transform each other into fully-aware, responsible human beings; Ravensbane dares extinction to protect and venerate Rachel, and succeeds so admirably in his desire to become a man that he demonstrates a final proof of his mortality—he dies.

There are many impressive elements in "The Scarecrow's" text—the opposition of respectability and honesty, hypocrisy and disgrace, conformity and alienation, Europe and America—but one that seems the source of some controversy is the language. MacKaye shares Hawthorne's fascination with the emergence of a national sound—there is always a fascination with Hawthorne's juxtaposition of his own voice with the emerging personal, local and historical sounds—and much of the language in "The Scarecrow" is a major struggle for the actors. The director has made a conscious attempt to bring the cast's voices up to that mythical "American Stage Standard," and with a few exceptions has succeeded—"The Scarecrow" is one of the better-spoken productions to be heard on campus in several years. What he does not do is create an understanding of the material, and, thus, deliver its full measure. The text has not been heavily dealt with, and the production seems extremely lengthy and long-winded, even though it lasted only two hours. Cutting was needed. And the dialogue maintained a stiffness in each of the six performances I attended, in whole or in part. This problem is endemic in Stony Brook productions: everyone who has attended one will be familiar with the hesitant, tentative air that often tinges even the best performances.

The most surprising aspect of "Scarecrow" performances is the relative success of the most problematic role. Ravensbane may sound like a gift to any actor, but it's really an absolute monster-role—pathetic and sentimental by turns, filled with physical demands and vocal challenges that are not so much inspiring as tortuous. Adam Weiner is the Ravensbane of this occasion, and for the first three acts moved handsomely, forcefully, through the part. Weiner makes Ravensbane's evolution a moving and totally convincing odyssey: his first, soundless attempts at speech become hilarious contortions of Puritan patois and then eloquent, simple lyrics. The play's entire movement must be demonstrated by the evolution of the Scarecrow's face: from the mindless, jocular grimace of a pumpkin-head to the runimative, perpetual flux of emotions characteristic of the human being. This process became almost palpable in the actor's best moments; but he failed to achieve a similar success in the final, difficult act, which begins with a long, challenging monologue in which the grotesque pumpkin-head in the mirror is rejected for a vision seen in the night sky. The monologue's delivery is stiff and thin. Though Weiner's acting of it improved during the run of the show, he never illuminated the full spirit of the language. The play needs that monologue to carry it to its conclusion, to ratify and sustain the narrative, symbols and characters soon to be annihilated or fulfilled—and since the speech is not realized, the final act fails.

Susan Cincotta has made her debut as a leading lady in the charming part of Rachel. Cincotta's voice is warm and expansive in the lower registers, but she is often unable to

keep it there. When she projects, the sound is often strident; it clashes with the gentle passion of the character. But the actress is thoroughly able to place Rachel before us as squarely as the character confronts Ravensbane—beautiful, restless, uneasily engaged to a respectable squire. Rachel seeks escape in witchcraft, and it is she who covertly purchases from Goody Rickby the Glass of Truth—the mirror which "shows folks just as they are; no shams, no varnish." Cincotta gives a convincing portrait, and in the span of six performances, gained a noticeable increase in the emotional comprehension of her character.

Howard Owen Godnick seemed stranded in the role of Dickon during the opening night performance; this was lamentable since the character controls much of the action. Gradually, however, some solutions to the role became apparent. A sly, calculative sense of humor began coloring and broadening the character's essentials; Satan became witty and sardonic, easily manipulating his mortal charges. But still, despite this large improvement, the character remained unconvincing. Dickon needs a sense of menace and evil, a conviction and force, completely devoid of the fire-and-brimstone antics we're used to from Satanic figures. MacKaye renders Satan a jaded, European dandy brimming with the trappings of Western culture. Ravensbane's struggle to free himself of this ancient, decadent influence must carry the nationalistic conviction the author intended, an aspect missing from this production.

Darlene Amy Orth had several effective moments as Mistress Cynthia, though the actress seemed unable to achieve a basic ease with her lines.

Kevin O'Mara, as the Justice, alone resorted to a heavy British dialect and the result was unfortunate. I also felt that O'Mara was having difficulty evoking the strands of hypocrisy and terror of exposure animating the Judge. O'Mara was able to clearly deliver dramatic moments, but wasn't able to achieve them as fully as was needed.

Very fortunately, the director did not attempt to revive "The Scarecrow" in the acting style it was written for: that full-bodied, flamboyant, melodramatic style that modern audiences snicker at onstage, but revel in on television. The style exists, however, in the performance of Squire Talbot, Rachel's suitor—by Phil Zach. He is strong, passionate, and intense. The voice is full and large, the gestures sweeping and swift; he bursts with conviction and energy. I hated every moment of it. There must be some way to make this character convincing (a mixture of these archaisms and some tougher, objective understatement, perhaps), but this performance isn't it. The movements are cranked out with such machine-like, clockwork precision that I began wondering which actor was playing the "counterfeit" Dickon bewitched. Worst of all, the actor had no sense of the character's development. For three and nine-tenths acts, Squire Talbot growls, snarls, and generally screws up the Rachel-Ravensbane love affair; but then, at the last minute, at Ravensbane's death, the actor suddenly chose to be Contrite. The script requires Richard to bend over the scarecrow's corpse and say, "Dead!" When Zach flung himself across Ravensbane's body, gasped his line and dropped his head onto his adversary's chest, I thought he was either into

Continued on page 10

'The Scarecrow': Impressive Text, Discordant Performance

Continued from page 9

necrophelia or having a muscle spasm. When I realized he was "having a Change of Heart" I grew furious and resentful: I wanted Rachel to abandon her reveries and punch him out.

One of the reasons such a glaringly discordant performance could reach the stage is the direction which is strong on narrative and timing but weak on reason, sense and passion. Tom Neumiller has given the production an even flow and a comprehensive movement. What eludes him are the emotional and thematic sweep the narrative contains. A continuing sense of frustration pervaded my viewings of "The Scarecrow." The long, expositional first act was tedious and dry. Some of this may be due to the Goody Rickby of Stevie Durston—muddled in speech and motivation—but this suspicion of uncertainty increases as the play continues. The grander, richer setpieces are all confused, awkward, unconvincing. It's as if the direction had sidestepped them: the line readings are flat and colorless. In the fourth-act monologue mentioned earlier, the director has apparently tried to circumvent the speech by editing it, and in doing so removed crucial lines, making the speech even harder to act or make sense of. There are moments when one has to scan the confused stage pictures to decipher what is happening: I began wondering if the director was convinced which action was most important.

I am not dismissing his work, or rejecting it. He brings a control to the story, and gets a brisk, tidy performance from the smaller roles. It's just that the direction of a play must clarify the dramatic action, not just construct a general context to set it loose in. It doesn't matter how one

brings forth this clarity. One must train as well as direct student actors. Yet it's infuriating to watch talented people performing in a brilliant text way beneath their capacity. One can't make excuses, point out the level of training, the rehearsal period, or a closely held directing style to an audience: one must amuse, provoke, and satisfy them.

Anyway, it looks remarkable. Douglas Kraner has created a two-sided, revolving set that is very likely the best design he has ever presented at Stony Brook. Kraner's strongest points as a designer—a good sense of

period detail, vigorous selection of material and texture—are given full reign in this work. When one considers the shallow, poorly-built stage he constructed his set on and then watches the result, the quality of achievement becomes doubly admirable. The turning of the revolving stage (manned by Rick Horstmann and Ken Libutti) is the most visually beguiling moment I've seen on our stages; it would be hard to think of a more inventive design for a "Scarecrow" production on this scale. Nonetheless, there is a big, scenic problem: that damned mirror. Inevitably, it was not always easy to glimpse. There is really no solution for this problem on a stage of this size, and the actors didn't help by clustering around the glass as if they were at a peep show. But the illusion—the grisly images of Truth confronting the lovers (eerily incarnated by Ken Libutti and Patti Feldman)—was totally convincing, as were nearly all the special effects, although betrayed by the wretched sound, which provoked a lady in front of me to turn to her husband and ask, "What do they think this is: Theater for the Deaf?"

Some of the lighting made me wonder if the production was Theater for the Blind. There are some striking effects in Steve Pollock's lighting design. Pollock has a strong sense of atmosphere, but here it becomes an annoyance: who cares about shadowy textures when you can't see anything? In the first act, an important visual sequence—the assembling of the scarecrow—takes place in a murky light that makes the series of actions unclear. There is a lovely effect in the climactic scene when Ravensbane sings at the reception and he and Rachel are emphasized in silvery pools of light; but then the audience must strain vainly for a clear image of the entire stage during Act IV.

The costume-period for "The Scarecrow" is the late 17th century, and the gowns, breeches and coats have all been designed by Timothy Miles; in other words, they are superb. Miles, his costumier, Bruce Smith, and his assistants (Melissa Maravell, Marian Keating, and Lauren Kabela among others) worked from authentic clothing patterns—the women wear contemporary corsets, the men coats and collars of the period. The effect is dazzling. It goes beyond particulars of fabric and line and color—coordination: Miles has evoked the spirit of a period, a rough, severe yet seductive elegance, which in its more fashionable forms seems a trace incongruous, absurd in this New World setting. Miles' people seem completely at home in Kraner's settings: for once there is that most difficult achievement, a total unity of style—and the result is bold and satisfying.



Photo/Dana A. Bruscel

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Next Week

The Clash: Playing by Their Rules

by Sheena

The scene outside New York's Palladium preceding the much publicized Clash concert March 7 was a strange mosaic of celebration and tears. Young fans decked out in their best punk-mod attire were tingling with anticipation over the event they were about to witness. But the "chosen ones" who were lucky enough to obtain tickets had an air of pomposity as they sneered at their frustrated peers who tried in vain to scalp those precious tickets to rock and roll paradise. Since the show was sold out in less than three hours, with only one early morning announcement a week and a half before, the tickets became very hard to come by and, needless to say, very valuable. Obviously this was the hottest show of the year in punk and new wave circles, and expectations were so high that it seemed like a dream.

As an attempt to sedate the predictably wild crowd, three opening acts were installed instead of the originally-scheduled one act. Starting the night off were the B-Girls, a cute, unoriginal, but competent all-female pop group that plays local clubs in the New York area. Mickey Dredge followed with some basic Island-style reggae reminiscent of Peter Tosh. He seemed misplaced, surrounded by the predominantly Caucasian, black leather-clad audience, although he did stir some primal movements among the crowd. The third opener, and the best received, was Lee Dorsey, which boasted a black male lead singer dressed in a white three-piece suit backed by a white three piece band. Introduced as Bo Diddley-influenced, they belted out power-pop music ranging from Robert Palmer to the Big Bo himself.

By the end of this act, the crowd was hopping. When The Clash hit the stage, everyone was up on a seat, dancing—or trying to without losing balance—gyrating to the reggae beat; screaming in ecstasy as the band sang its anthems to every dirty little punk in the crowd.

Although this effectively dramatized the urgency of the music, it became extremely difficult to view the performers onstage, particularly the keyboard player, Mickey Gallagher, who contributed on the last two albums. The excellent organ playing which neatly complemented the rawness of the guitars tended to become annoying after a while, only because the instrument and musicians were not visible.

The four members of The Clash were a

bit easier to see. Mick Jones and Joe Strummer on lead and rhythm guitars indulged in a lot of prancing and cavorting. They displayed no wild antics (as reported in earlier shows); only uncontrollable urges to rip apart each note with emotion. Absent from the stage were The Irish Horns, the brass section present on London Calling. But the power sent from the musicians was strong enough to cover the material adequately.

The Clash were originally recognized for their brazen political statements not-so-subtly hidden within their songs, which are built around stories of frustrated working class citizens. This is evident in "Police and Thieves," taken from the first album. In concert, the song was led off with a hand clapping version of "Hit the Road Jack." When the break-in occurred, the crowd was ready for the hottest song of the night.

Harsh, biting lyrics were sung stingingly as the music in the background choked through with its reggae-like bump and grind. At times the vocals were almost pretty, as on "Train in Vain," better known as "Stand By Me," which had the audience dancing in a trance. Although no credit was given on the album, "Train in Vain" does appear on the third side of the recently released London Calling, most of which was covered during the hour and a half performance by The Clash.

Many of the songs seemed speeded up, as if the musicians couldn't control their raving belief in their own blunt statements. It was a powerful exertion, but rendered most of the lyrics indecipherable. Did that bother the masses tottering on their dancing shoes two and a half feet above the floor? Did it worry those wild boys onstage that their intentions might be misconceived? Did it really matter if those words flew by our heads like so much pretty static? Not a chance. We knew what was being said and we caught the most important refrains.

Oddly, the title track from London Calling was spewed out unannounced very early in the show. Since the song is about an important trial on the merits of nuclear war in a socialist society, the song could have been more effective if the audience had been prepared to expect it just then. This move served to educate everyone that the concert was to be directed by the band only. The Clash did not seem to be concerned with a commercially pleasing sequence. They played what they wanted,



The Clash: Blunt statements, uncontrollable urges.

including what they were expected, but did not give in to the receiving end of the concert hall. There were many possible showstoppers, but they stuck to their rules and ended each song when they were done with it.

Unfortunately, the fans could have continued, as on "Wrong 'Em Boyo," a warning not to "lie, steal, cheat, and deceit." Outrageous keyboards accompanied lilting harmonies to form a masterful example of modern music translated through the roots of black reggae, which has become so popular with today's white new wave bands.

Insistent drumming by Topper Headon pervaded the entire show with the power of a marching band. One was kept awake and aware, always ready to receive the transmissions from the blaring hot stage. Thus, everyone was prepared and hungry

for the raucous but neat "Fought the Law," a song which proved the versatility of The Clash, and probably the only one we knew all of the words to.

The Clash have arrived in America—not only to perform for a manic sell-out crowd—but as respected musicians on the popular music scene. Could they be rock and roll stars? Very likely. They have succeeded in rising from the depths of punk-militarism, a concept so abhorred by American music critics. There is now a spotlight where there once was a searchlight. Respect and admiration gained has been well deserved by those boys from Britain who sing about "...how 'Death or Glory' become just another story," but also shove it in our willing little faces. Are we ready for them? We'd better be, because London is calling...and we are there.

Class Enemy: Authentic

by Jeff Zoldan

Many Hollywood B-movies have used high schools and juvenile delinquents as backdrops in presenting their dreary views of youth sub-culture. However, none have ever neared Nigel Williams' "Class Enemy" in their authenticities and parallels with life.

"Class Enemy," a drama currently playing at Players Theatre, uses the metaphor of an English classroom in pointing out some of the injustices of the public education system as experienced by the poor and underprivileged. The play takes place in the present in a classroom at Ballsache High, a state comprehensive school in one of the poorest parts of South London. Superficial remnants of the disciplined British public education system are still evident: school uniforms and the "Master" addressed as "Sir." But in other respects, Class 5K could resemble the "hard case" depository of a senior class in a typical urban American high school.

The production of "Class Enemy" is both energetic and forceful. The action is so thick you can cut it with a knife. Keith Szarabajke is excellent in his portrayal of the bully Iron, who dominates the five other members of 5K in the absence of the teacher. Iron is a firm believer in Machiavelli's old political philosophy, might makes right, and he never lets his classmates forget it. The only challenge to Iron's rule comes from Sky-Light, who resorts to sharp, bitter invective rather than a violent confrontation, a confrontation that Iron would surely win. Alan Silver's Sky-Light evokes sympathy and is rather convincing, despite his occasional lack of an English accent.

The difference between the boys of 5K and the youths portrayed in Hollywood movies is that these London schoolboys are not gang members but just children from impoverished homes. Iron is not your typical bully. Despite his mean, aggressive ways, he is intelligent. It can be said that Iron has already been educated, repeatedly stressing the importance of common sense, or "things that you can use everyday in life." He has gone to the same school that so many of our own fathers have attended, the school of hard knocks.

In essence, "Class Enemy" is the battle of the cerebral versus the physical. Along the way, the audience will see the travails of the poor in the public school system, a system that, in these days of belt-tightening and budget cutting, will only deteriorate.

Players Theatre is located at 115 MacDougal Street in New York City.

GAYFEST

March 24 - 28 (Dress blue denim)

Monday, 24th & Tuesday, 25th

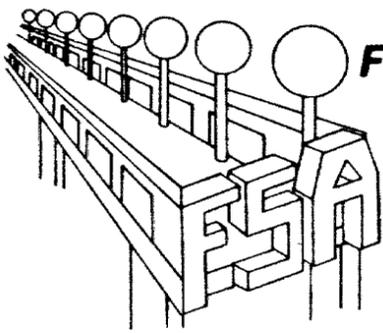
March on Washington Slide Show
Noon - 1 PM Union 231
Coffee free

Wednesday, 26th
Keynote Speaker Jane DeLynn
Author of 'Some Do'
Noon - 1 PM Union 231 Free

Poetry Reading with Tim Dlugos,
Michael Lally and Kevin Killian
8 - 10 PM Union 231 Free

Thursday, 27th
Rock Disco Dance
10 PM Stage XII Refreshments Free

Friday, 28th
Rock Concert: The Blenders and
Jimi Lalumia & The Psychotic Frogs
9 PM Roth Cafe.



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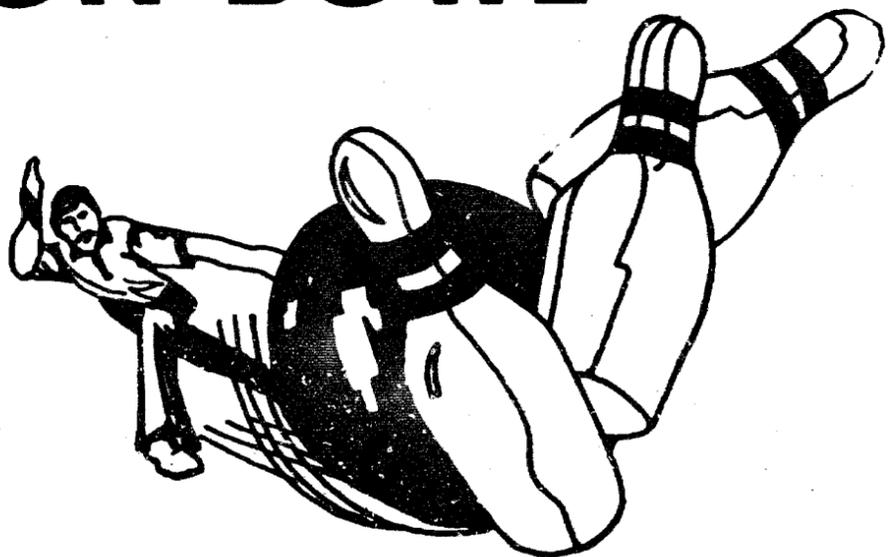
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