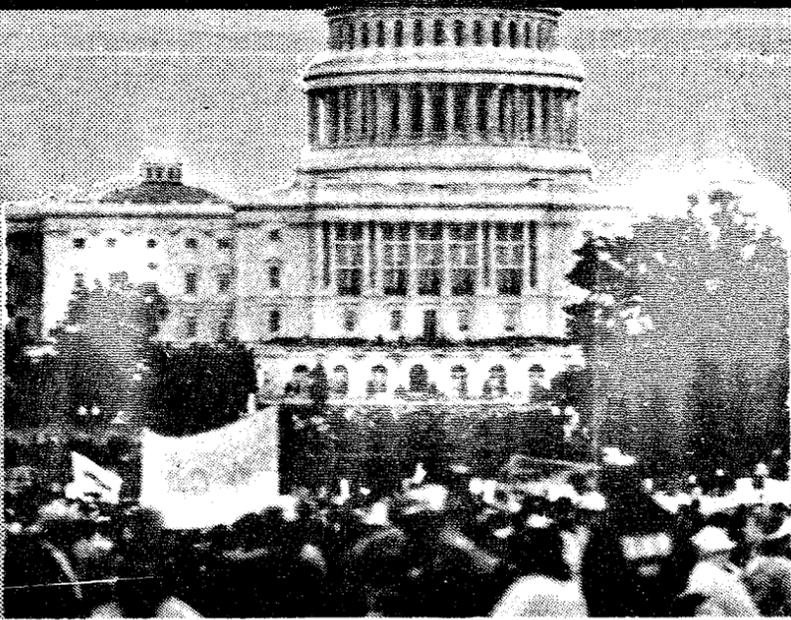


The *Stony Brook*

PRESS

Vol. III, No. 3 ● University Community's Weekly Feature Paper ● Thursday, Sept. 24, 1981



Unions Unite 300,000 Condemn Ronnie's Regime

by Hugh Cleland

"It was some crowd!" That was the way Elsie Owens, vice president of the Brookhaven National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and a worker in the Health Sciences Center spoke of Solidarity Day, held last Saturday in Washington. Ms. Owens was on one of four NAACP buses from Suffolk County that went to the demonstration. When Mrs. Owens' bus broke down at one point, she felt discouraged, she said, until she looked out at the road. "It was just wonderful. All you could see was buses—orange and yellow and red and silver, as far as you could see. It was one of the greatest feelings."

Solidarity Day came about when President Reagan remarked this summer that labor leaders who opposed administration measures were out of touch with their members. Shortly afterwards, Lane Kirkland, the new president of the AFL-CIO, spoke to the national convention of the NAACP, and proposed a demonstration to prove that Reagan was wrong. The NAACP enthusiastically agreed, and so did many other groups—the National Organization of Women, League of Women Voters, Urban League, Gray Panthers, Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, Jewish Labor Committee, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, U.S. Student Association, National Conference of Catholic Charities, and eventually 400 other organizations.

Estimates of the number of protestors range from a quarter to a half million. The Washington police said that there had never been a bigger demonstration in the city.

This reporter, who is a member of the Stony Brook affiliate of the American Federation of Teachers, went down on a bus with other members of the teachers' union from Suffolk County. Although I have belonged to the union for many years, I have not had much contact with members from the public schools, so I looked forward to the bus ride. I went down on a no-smoking bus, the result of some militant rank and file action at the last minute.

Most of the passengers on the bus were women. I noticed someone with the word HUELGA stitched on the back of their jacket—evidence that the wearer was a veteran of United Farm Workers support work. It was raining, and someone said, "I hope it's not another rain like we had at the demonstration against the Shoreham nuke." Others chimed in to recall that torrential downpour, and I knew I was among seasoned veterans.

The folks on the bus were resplendent with buttons and tee shirts. Helene Singer, a former Stony Brook activist who is now a member of the Democratic State Committee and an officer of her union, had the most admired tee shirt: "It will be a great day when the schools have enough money, and the Air Force has to have a bake sale to buy a new bomber."

Ray Calabrese was the bus captain. I knew him because he had been an outstanding member of the Brookhaven town council for four years. he produced picket-type signs for all to carry, large Solidarity Day buttons, and paper hats identifying us as members of the teachers' union. We were informed that we would

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Confusion results from Setauket drug bust

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Double trouble for director Kasdan

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The poet and his one-man band reunite in the park

page 9



Fairness, Dammit

An arbitrary and capricious grading system is making its debut at Stony Brook this semester. Though the plus/minus scale may not be intrinsically whimsical, the inconsistent manner in which it is applied, and the lack of student involvement it represents, throw into question the illogical practice.

Previously, a five-point grading system has been in place wherein a student received no points for a failing grade, one point for a grade of D, and so on to a four point maximum of four points for an A. The University Senate, a body made up mostly of faculty, has voted on an addition to the traditional system. Effective this semester, a professor may choose to include plusses and minuses in his grade report. However, there will be no A-plus or D-minus, and so it will be an eleven point system.

The inherent and obvious problem with this plan is its inconsistency of application. Since the ultimate decision to implement the practice is left up to each professor's discretion, the plus/minus scale does not apply to all students. While Leroy in Lecture Hall 101 is graded by the traditional five-point system, Brunhilda next door in 109 is subject to the new system of plus and minuses. Both of them, however, have reason to worry about the difference.

Firstly, Leroy, a sophomore, has to worry because the newly established academic guidelines require an increased semester average and a higher credit minimum—and this within the shorter, accelerated 13 week semester. If he takes most classes with the eleven-point system, Leroy has to lose out, since he can't get that A-plus, and the difference between a D and a D-plus wouldn't matter with the stricter rules in effect. Though the plusses might be generally beneficial for all students' comes, any minuses will have an equally opposite effect, increasing the chances of more "on-notices" and academic dismissals. An unbelievably high—and probably unjust—20 percent or more of the undergraduate class was placed "on-notice" last year. Undoubtedly, and even more unjustly this year, more will join the list.

Brunhilda's life is complicated by the new rules also. She's a senior applying to med school, and she's got a problem. You see, since Stony Brook transcripts will not differentiate between

which courses carried the 11-point system and which ones did not, admissions departments will be unable to correctly interpret the grades. For instance, Leonardo's transcript includes a brilliant distribution of solid A's, while Brunhilda's application includes an equal amount of A-minuses. Now, Leonardo obtained those grades by carefully selecting professors who opted for the traditional five-point scale; his work may very well have been in the low A range. However, Brunhilda was more concerned with getting a good, diverse education than she was in clever course manipulation, and so her grade report becomes less desirable since many of her professors chose the new plus/minus system. Who do you think will get in? Competition for entrance to med school is so fierce that cumulative averages are inordinately influential, and even minor differences are important. Ironically, a school like Stony Brook should understand this when our own med school accepted only 76 students this year out of close to 3,000 who applied.

One of the reasons postulated for no A-plusses is that grad schools would shift them to an A anyway. This hugely arrogant view does not take into account the many students who will not apply to grad school, who don't even care about grad school. Why should the best grade be the only one without the positive modifier? Why no A-plus?

Perhaps the worst thing about the implementation of this misguided program is the lack of fanfare. The barely audible announcement of the institution of more competitive grading left much to be desired. During registration, students were not told which classes would be graded using the plus/minus system, and most students may still be unaware of their professor's decision. Even the Fall '81 Undergraduate Class Schedule offered no clues about grading policy.

If the program's intent is to more accurately assess student performance, why then is it only partially effected? If its intent is to increase competitiveness, why can some students escape the cut-throat atmosphere, while others cannot? Or is it a program established with no particular goal in mind, just another whimsical decision cast upon students as an experiment, in this still highly experimental university? None of these points can be justified, particularly when student

input into the decision was nil. The University Senate has only a few students in it, and certainly whatever ill-conceived committee came up with the plan has no larger proportion of students on it. The issue was taken to the students only once, in a referendum conducted last year by Polity. They voted down the plus/minus system. But though the vote was close, it could never be interpreted as a call for both systems at once!

As far as deciding between one or the other, it seems like the only benefit of the five-point system is that border-line cases are given the benefit of the doubt by professors (i.e. a 90 average becomes a 4.0). The very idea of a numerical grade representing a student's work must be viewed with skepticism; but if a numerical system is the best of the worst, let it at least be versatile enough to reflect the whole range of student achievements—from the poor performance to the excellent, and all the degrees in between. In other words, the plus/minus system in abstract is a good idea, as it gives the professor more flexibility in grading.

But there is an important caveat, (as VPSA Preston would say), and that is that the plus/minus system is more representative, more fair, only if applied consistently. All professors must use plusses and minuses, or none must. And neither should any be prevented from using the A-plus or D-minus when needed. Implementation must be consistent. Anything else would be unfair and ludicrous in a University situation that professes integrity and excellence.

Finally, regardless of which system offers the greatest benefits—plus/minus, five-point or even notches on an official tree stump—it is the students who must decide the proper system by which they will be graded. It is the students who pay for the courses, the students who take the courses, the students who take the tests, the students who make this University go. If a new grading system is to be imposed, let it be done by student vote, not by administrative whim.

Mini-Editorial

Everyone Gets a Chance

We may be beating the subject to death, but the lack of student involvement in issues which directly affect them places positive communication in a precarious position at Stony Brook. Both the 13 week academic calendar and a plus/minus grading scale have been decided upon without the benefit of meaningful student input.

In next week's issue, the Press will entertain an open forum representing our reader's thoughts on what type of academic schedule you feel should be adopted at Stony Brook: either the 13 week or the 15 week calendar. Include in your argument why one calendar is better than the other and document where possible your rationale. Selection of the strongest and most representative arguments will be made by the Press staff.

This invitation is extended to all members of the University community, and depending on the success of the forum, a student referendum and/or letter-writing campaign will be organized later this semester in an effort towards establishing an academic calendar all students and faculty members can live with.

Viewpoints should be type-written, triple-spaced and not exceed 1,000 words. Slip your arguments under the door of our office, room 020 in the basement of the Old Biology Building, no later than 8 PM this Sunday, September 27th. If you have any questions, please call either 246-6832 or 736-4726. See ya in print.

The Stony Brook Press

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Reefer Madness

by Corinne Schruhl

Though police are hoping for convictions, and the suspects are hoping for freedom, right now the only result of the "marijuana farm" drug bust of September 5 is confusion.

On that day, all involved agree, several Racket Squad detectives and uniformed police officers stormed the house at 446 Pond Path Drive in Setauket. Armed with shotguns, they searched the house, confiscated some marijuana and arrested four people. From there the stories diverge.

The four arrested were Joanne Fuhs, 26, her brother, Ron Fuhs, 20, Paula Simmons, also 20, who is an undergraduate at Stony Brook, and Barrington Brown, 30, who graduated from Stony Brook and has taken graduate courses here. The Fuhs and Brown are permanent residents of the house, according to Brown. They are all Rastafarians, members of the Jamaican based, predominantly black religious-cultural group that takes its belief from the Old Testament and considers marijuana central to both the culture and the religion. Though Brown is the only one among them who is black, Joanne Fuhs insists that "there should be no color distinction. We're like immigrants who adopt another culture on our own."

According to Officer William Jarosz, he and his partner Larry Haines were aware of an alleged "marijuana operation" in Setauket, but knew little else about it. Then according to Jarosz, an acquaintance on the Racket Squad accidentally stumbled upon the house on Pond Path, and seeing from the driveway what he thought were marijuana plants, figured it was the "operation" the officers had told him of. The officers, according to Jarosz, then staked out the house and questioned neighbors.

On Friday, September 4, according to Jarosz, the four people later arrested were seen "pulling and bagging and drying the weed." The officers were waiting for this point, Haines said, so that "we could be sure they were the growers." Jarosz added that "We could also make sure they had intent to sell it," though it is unsure how the police could arrive at this conclusion.

"That's bullshit," stated Joanne Fuhs regarding the alleged harvesting. Both she and Brown insisted they did not harvest the plants Friday. A graduate Stony Brook student in biology pointed out the lack of wisdom in harvesting the crop so early in the month. "If one waits until mid- to late-September," he said, "it would be a more potent substance." This is because as the month goes on, the plants bud to their capacity, and though the leaves make up the bulk of smoked marijuana, it is the buds which are more potent.

Nevertheless, according to Jarosz, the police obtained a search warrant on their "witnessing" the harvesting.

The next morning, Saturday, 15 officers, according to Jarosz, stormed through the front door, armed with shotguns. Brown, however, put the number of policemen at "at least two dozen." The entire procedure, as described by Brown, was incompetent. He said that the officers failed to produce a search warrant when

12-gauge shotgun; a .30 caliber automatic rifle; "unknown" quantities of a "white substance"; "numerous" pills; brass knuckles; switchblade knives; and plastic bags containing about 100 pounds of pot.

Additionally officers picked an estimated 400 pounds of marijuana plants from the backyard, according to Jarosz.

Though this list has criminal overtones, the four were charged only with possession of marijuana. Brown explained that "The guns were legally owned...they were registered because they were used for hunting." He said the white substance was baking soda, and that the pills were tetracycline (an anesthetic) prescribed by a doctor. As for the knives, one, Brown said, was "a scallop knife which Ron uses for fishing," and the other "was a machete [which] I use as a tool, not a weapon." Brown insisted that "The machete was not produced as evidence nor was it returned to me." He thinks it may have been kept as a souvenir of the bust. He was unable to supply any information on the brass knuckles.

As to the 100 pounds of pot supposedly found in the attic by the police, Brown said, "No pot was found in the house, to my knowledge." He did say, however, that five to ten pounds of pot was drying in the shed in the backyard at the time.

The estimated worth of the confiscated marijuana was set by police at \$150,000, but this figure is questionable. At an average of \$300 a pound, 500 pounds of marijuana (100 pounds from the "attic" and 400 pounds "harvested") is indeed worth \$150,000. But that 400 pounds was by no means ready to be sold on the market for the going price. According to Brown, the plants would yield only "twenty to thirty pounds, at most." This was confirmed by the graduate biology student who said that that amount would yield "thirty to fifty pounds outside maximum, because most of the weight—like any plant—is water," and because the stems of marijuana are not used in the end-product. Assuming that 100 pounds of marijuana were found in the attic, and 400 pounds in the yard, the resulting marketable pot would be worth no more than \$45,000, less than a third the police estimate.

The situation was muddled further by a Newsday article that followed two days later. Headlined, "Four Arrested at Marijuana Farm," the story written by William Echikson seemed to suggest an evil dope ring. In his first paragraph he referred to a "marijuana operation" mysteriously identified by informants, and later of "neighbors who told [police] they saw people going in and out of the house at all hours." Echikson quotes Jarosz as saying, "They knew there was something going on, but they didn't know what," the implication being of criminal activity, though there was no direct statement to that effect. The article quoted all its information from the police, according to Newsday Suffolk Desk Editor Stuart Dim, who abruptly terminated the telephone conversation following a brief discussion of the validity of some of the article's claims.

An article printed in the Village Times three days later seemed to attempt to set to rights whatever



Marijuana, similar to that shown here, is at the center of the case.

false impressions were made by Newsday. Also entitled "Marijuana Farm," the story by Ellen Barohn quoted Joanne Fuhs as saying, "It was all slander. Our lawyer is in court now trying to do something about the [Newsday] report." However, Fuhs said that not only is their lawyer not filing libel charges—though she does feel the Newsday article was incorrect—but she "never spoke to [the Village Times] reporter."

At their arraignment Sunday the 6th, they were charged with first-degree criminal possession of marijuana, a Class C felony, and bail was set at \$2,500 for Brown and \$1,000 for the others. Joanne Fuhs claimed there was more damage than just the payment of bail or the hassle of the arrests.

"They desecrated our home," she said, adding that "They urinated on the blankets...I don't know if it was racially motivated, but it was malicious and disrespectful."

According to Joanne Fuhs and Brown, all four are Rastafarians, a religious-cultural group originating in Jamaica. Brown said that in the Rastafarian belief, "We use marijuana not just ceremonially, but for meditative purposes and as medicine." Also, he said, they believe that "Man is a temple, and should be kept clean.... We use marijuana to clean out our system." As a "Rasta," Brown said, he feels "the herb is sacred. It is the wisdom in which we communicate with our god."

A constitutional test of the Freedom of Religion may be in the offing since marijuana is central to the Rastafarian belief. One lawyer told the Press that regardless of religious belief, a criminal act, (i.e. possession) is still illegal and therefore subject to conviction. However, she added, religion is a viable defense and might sway a jury.

According to a spokeswoman at the First District Court in Hauppauge, the four will go before a judge October 13 in an attempt to reduce the charge from a felony to a misdemeanor.

'I had to appear in front of the judge with my housecoat and socks'

asked to do so, and "placed some of us under arrest without reading us our rights." According to Brown and Joanne Fuhs, the four were separated, the men taken outside, Brown, Simmons and Ron Fuhs were immediately handcuffed and placed under arrest. According to Joanne Fuhs, the officers wanted her to take her 18-month old baby with her to the station house. She said that after much insistence, she was allowed to leave her child in the care of a neighboring friend.

"I was asked by the police to come with them in the car," she said. "They handcuffed me, never telling me I was under arrest, nor did they read me my rights." According to Brown, Ron Fuhs and Simmons were allowed to dress, while Joanne Fuhs was allowed only to bring a set of clothes and dress at the station. "I was not allowed to dress," said Brown, "and I had to appear in front of the judge with my housecoat and socks."

Discovered in the house, according to Jarosz, were a

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A Different Approach to Art

By Audrey Arbus

Whether or not you enjoy John Cino's exhibit in the Union Gallery depends very much on your definition of art. Although many might argue that "defining" art is cerebral at best, and in any case presumptuous, when confronted with an exhibition that challenges one's internal non-verbal definitions, it is perhaps better that the question be dealt with openly.

Nevertheless, rather than discuss a topic I am neither fluent in, or decided upon, let me say that John Cino's expressions are meant to be experienced. There is a certain amount of enjoyment to wandering through his forest of braided hemp, to feel with your fingers the sensations of plastic tentacles, to play with art as if it is something to hold, touch and experience.

Cino takes the pleasure belonging solely to the artist—the manipulation of medium, as well as the pure

stimulation of physical contact with environment, and creates a setting where both are proper and accessible.

There is something tasteful in his approach that, while it doesn't believe the seriousness of his expression, it does poke fun at static concepts of art. He opens a new channel for reverence of art, that by its nature, must contradict an old reverence. This is not to say that he advocates going to the Met and touching paintings to commune with their reality. Rather, Cino explores a different approach to artistic expression which mingles vision with sensation, and requires non-passive participation to be fully experienced.

His exhibits in the gallery were by far the more interesting of his pieces, which included one in the Union lounge and tower staircase. The two pieces in the lounge and stairwell were too random to be fully appreciated. The careful thought and disciplined approach that characterized the impact importance of

his gallery exhibits was missing. Although the casual tangle of rope posed in midair above heads was interesting, and, in their way, pleasing to look at, they didn't seem to require thought in their making. As a result, they expressed very little of the artist's intent or imagination.

There is, of course, a bit of the viewer looking for symmetry and geometric pattern in this aestheticism is well founded. It is up to the artist to find expression, to discover his concept (in this case) in the patterns of the rope's configuration. Randomly filled space does not express the artist in his exploration, nor the continual development that should be the goal of any serious artistic approach.

Cino's exhibit is running until September 25th. Go see it and feel it. It's different from other exhibits that have taken up that same (relative) space. But, don't tug on the ropes.

Stray of the Week



"I'm not worried; I can't think."

Depraved Book

By Paul Drougas

The man who invented the MX Pentagon has put together some of his best essays in a book entitled, *So This Is Depravity*. Just published by Washington Square Press, this collection is culled from eight years of Russel Baker's *Observer* columns for the daily *New York Times* and the *Sunday Times Magazine*. Baker's style ranges from ironic wit, ala Buchwald, to modern-life aphorism, as in Fran Lebowitz. Indeed, these contemporaries of Baker are acknowledged by him as inspiration for some of the pieces.

Generally, *Depravity* takes a satirical look at modern American decadence, and Baker finds that it's just as dangerous as the rest of the world's depravity. In one piece he suggests that the depravity on 42nd Street is more at home in Washington, D.C. Moreover, he shows that a sense of decadence has permeated the whole nation, producing a soft, effete society.

In another, more cynical, essay, Baker reveals the destruction of value differences, wherein television of the sixties alternately flashed scenes of horror from Vietnam with "two minutes of the nightmares of living-room America": stomach bulge, headache and the dead battery. Both of these horrors were, and still are, given equal importance, writes kBaker, and are reduced to the same value.

The very diverse, always entertaining, book is filled with habit at a variety of characters, from nature lovers ("You won't believe how much nature I communed with today"), to genetic engineers ("By blending a human gene with a coffee gene, I shall reduce the outrageous price of coffee by producing a man with built-in caffeine").

Occasionally, the author lapses into the familiar restrained style that, while not laughably funny, is often insightful and perceptive. Usually, Baker combines his piquant wit with a true moral conscience (that is, not the Moral Majority's), that makes fun reading with a bite.

The Third Estate: Viewpoint Surviving Reagan

To the Editor:

I read the news today, oh boy. Black children are murdered in Atlanta and Soweto, "our" government sends millions of dollars to a right wing junta in El Salvador to exterminate defenseless peasants. The draft seems inevitable as Reagan plummets the world toward war. Women, Blacks, poor, the disabled, and all those working and unemployed are in danger of losing rights gained through years of struggle. Millions of dollars are taken away from already inadequate social programs to feed the war machine and the only welfare seems to be for the rich. Gays, lesbians, free-spirits and all whose lifestyles don't have the "Moral Majority" seal of approval, face the danger of medieval-style witch-hunts.

We are outraged. We know that many people feel frustrated and impotent. We witness the atrocities committed in the name of the American people and see our money go to feed the war machine and big business. Each person alone may feel that resistance is futile. There are so many issues and things seem so overwhelming that it's hard to know where to turn.

On May 3rd, 1981 100,000 people at the Pentagon and thousands more in cities across the U.S. joined together to raise their voices against the Reagan Administration's callous disregard for human rights and the will of the American people, protest against the administration's propping up of the hated dictatorial regime in El Salvador. The Peoples' Anti-War mobilization (PAM) is the coalition which initiated May 3rd and organized for it nationwide.

But, May 3rd was only the beginning. Since that day there have been hundreds of demonstrations and direct actions across the country protesting the Reagan program of cut-backs and war build-up. There is an energy flowing in America that is putting an end to the myth of the "Moral Majority" and the "Reagan Mandate". PAM is putting together the mass organization that can focus domestic discontent and channel through which millions can resist.

Come to the PAM ALL-PEOPLES' CONGRESS, Oct. 16-18, Cobo Hall, Detroit! The U.S. Congress has proved that it is not interested in the needs or desires of the people. The Reagan Administration has declared

war on the vast majority of people at home and abroad through cutbacks & military adventurism. All of us affected by the cuts and increased militarization. We must join together to fight back and overturn the Reagan program. But how? Our cries of protest to the U.S. Congress and the White House are drowned out by the steady drone of the voices of the rich and powerful, who own and control our government, economy, and all facets of our lives. We the unrepresented of America, must form our own congress, make our voices heard, and begin mass resistance to gain power over the oppressive conditions being forced upon us.

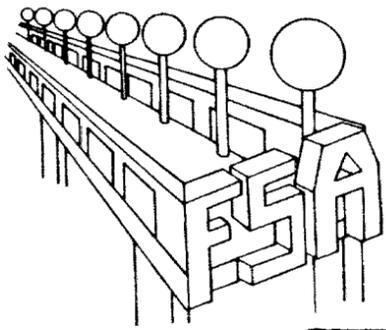
For this purpose, PAM is now organizing for an ALL-PEOPLES' congress to be held October 16-18, Cobo Hall, Detroit. Buses will be arranged by LI PAM, which is extremely active in planning for this major event. Join us. Act now, before it's too late.

Jeanne Lunn

(Jeanne Lunn is an artist active in L.I. Peoples' Anti-War Mobilization, and who edits the LI PAM newsletter)

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NO LONGER LACKMANN

300,000 Condemn Ronnie's Regime

go to a parking lot at a stop on the Washington subway, where we would leave the bus and travel by subway. The AFL-CIO had chartered the whole subway system for the day, and the subways were free. Other buses were going to other parking lots around the city, by pre-arranged plan. The extent of the careful preparations was impressive.

Calabrese also produced a booklet containing the words of some well-known union songs. A music teacher took the bus driver's microphone to lead the singing. People needed some help with the tunes, but soon caught on. Singing union songs has become rather passe in the modern labor movement, but everyone joined in:

*They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle, not a single wheel would turn.
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we learn
That the union makes us strong!*

The words didn't seem so out of date, after all. The Huntington local had some song sheets of their own, which were now passed out. Someone had written some new lyrics just for the occasion. Below is one, sung to the tune of the Notre Dame Fight Song:

*Jeer, Jeer, for Reagan's to blame.
Punish the old, the young, poor, and lame.
Public lands must be despoiled
Keep fat cat business men well-oiled.
Damn the consumer, build neutron bombs.
Cut schoolkids' lunches, increase our arms.
You don't worry, you don't blanch,
You run off to your damn ranch.*

By now, we were all overwhelmed at the number of other buses on the road. Many had hand-lettered signs in their windows. "U.S. Out of El Salvador" was one of the most frequently seen.

When we got to the subway line, marshalls with bullhorns were waiting to help us find our way. Some people were passing out free copies of the Daily World, the newspaper of the American Communist Party. One marshall told people, "That's a Communist newspaper, do with it what you will." (I think he meant: Don't take it). Most people did, anyway. It contained an article describing in great detail that the Solidarity union in Poland was lead by anti-working class elements, and was bad for the country. Before the day was over, the marchers were offered leaflets from virtually all of the tiny Communist groups in the country, and no one tried to interfere. The mood was tolerant and good-



natured. Several gay groups marched; if anyone was upset, they didn't say. A good deal of pot was smoked openly during the day, and no one said anything about that, either, but then this was Washington, and not Ed Koch's New York.

But the main attraction was the people. Linda Dobrich, a Stony Brook senior, was on the March. "It was much more immense that I had anticipated," she said. "People were more together and less apathetic than I thought they would be. I feel optimistic that the people are finally standing up to this administration." Ms. Dobrich, a French major, was in France last year when Francois Mitterand and the socialists won the elections, and she said that the mood in France and at the demonstration were very similar. "People realize that they can come together and change their everyday lives," she said.

Unions massed like regiments to take their place in the march, identified by their bright hats, by banners--"Georgia Machinists," "Iowa Public Employees," "United Mine Workers District 19," and so on. Many unions had bands, including one stirring bagpipe band. The Machinists union had invited Cispes--the El Salvador Support Group--and DSOC--the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee--to march with the machinists, and each group did, wearing the blue and white caps of the Machinists, and carrying their own signs and banners.

It took four hours for all of the groups to march to the rally site near the capital. For a while, I marched with I.F. Stone, perhaps the country's most famous radical journalist, and with Robert Lekachman, distinguished professor of Economics at CUNY. Lekachman spotted John Anderson, last year's presidential candidate, on the sidelines watching the parade, and went over to chat with him. Anderson said he expects to speak at Stony Brook later in the semester.

Two of the most impressive contingents were from the National Organization of Women, and from the United Auto Workers. Ellie Smeal, president of NOW, was one of the main speakers, and while she was speaking, the NOW delegation marched in with hundreds of ERA placards. UAW marchers had signs printed in red day-glo ink. From afar, they looked like some blazing river flowing, their bright signs bobbing as they walked, a seemingly endless stream of men and women.

Elsie Owens marched in Washington with Martin

Luther King in 1963. I asked her how the two marches compared. "Nothing will ever surpass 1963," she said, "but the two marches were really for the same things. Only now we are reaching out to the whole working class." Ms. Owens is a grandmother and has arthritis, but, she said, "I went the whole route. Whatever people chanted for, I chanted for--housing, ERA, peace. Everyone had the same feeling. It was like one big family."

The AFL-CIO had not officially endorsed the march in 1963, though individual unions did. Now the tone was very different. Three of the main speakers were black. Ben Hooks of the NAACP was by far the most electrifying speaker, as he reminded all that "Martin's dream has been deferred too long." The other really stirring speaker was Eleanor Smeal of NOW. "Take a map and color the states that have anti-union laws. Then take a map and color the states that have not passed ERA. You'll find they are the same. If there was no profit to be made for paying women 57¢ for every dollar a man is paid, ERA would have passed long ago."

Is this the beginning of a new labor movement, as organized labor begins its second century? George Meany is gone. His successor, Lane Kirkland, was reputed to be a cautious conservative, but his Solidarity Day speech bristled with militancy, and the whole day had an air of new stirrings and reborn alliances and rekindled hopes. That was the impression of Antoinette Bosco, Editorial Director at Stony Brook's University Relations Office and a long time activist, who was present. "It's the most exhilarating experience I've had in a long time," she said. "I know now that the things I have felt in my heart about the Reagan administration are shared by people all over the country. We are not going to let this country go wrong--this land is our land, like we sang today. The earth's bounties are to share; this was reaffirmed."

Ms. Bosco was on many of the old peace marches, and I asked her how this day compared. "What hit me," she said, "was that it was labor that organized this. They can't say it was some splinter group. These are the people who built the country and sustain the country. The peace marches were very necessary, but this was wider, and that's important. We had Grass Roots America out there with us."

It was a good day.
(The writer is an Associate Professor of History and the recipient of numerous awards for teaching excellence.)

COCA SCHEDULE 1981-1982

FALL SEMESTER

SEPTEMBER

18-19 Up in Smoke

25-26 Redford Weekend:

Friday Downhill Racer

Saturday The Candidate

OCTOBER

2-3 Brando Weekend:

Friday The Wild One

Saturday On the Waterfront

9-10 Blazing Saddles

16-17 Clint Eastwood Weekend:

Friday The Good, The Bad,
and The Ugly

Saturday Outlaw Josie Wales

23-24 The Warriors

30-31 Carrie

NOVEMBER

6-7 Apocalypse Now

13-14 Woody Allen Weekend:

Friday Everything You Always...Sex

Saturday Bananas

20-21 Airplane

DECEMBER

5-6 Bogart Weekend:

Friday Maltese Falcon

Saturday Casablanca

11-12 Raging Bull

SPRING SEMESTER

FEBRUARY

5-6 Elephant Man

12-13 Excalibur

19-20 Kentucky Fried Movie

26-27 John Wayne Weekend:

Friday Rio Bravo

Saturday The Searchers

MARCH

5-6 The Great Santini

12-13 Mel Brooks Weekend:

Friday The Producers

Saturday The Twelve Chairs

19-20 Bronco Billy

26-27 2001: Space Odyssey

2-3 DeNiro Weekend:

Friday Mean Streets

Saturday Taxi Driver

9-10 Last Tango in Paris

16-17 Arthur

23-24 Marx Bros. Weekend:

Friday Horse Feathers

Saturday Animal Crackers

MAY

4/30-5/1 Beatles/Who Weekend:

Friday Yellow Submarine

Saturday Tommy

7-8 Stripes

Free with I.D., Lecture Hall 100, 7 PM, 9:30, 12. No food or beverages.

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FRENCH CLUB meeting
on Friday, Sept. 25, at
3:30-4:30 PM in Rm. N4006
Main Library.
Refreshments will be served!
Everyone is Welcome!

The Poet and His One-Man Band

by Laura Forman and Scott Higham

There were people in the trees, on dumpsters, in the dirt, on the grass. In between the people, there were more people. There were so many people in Central Park last Saturday, that a tree-top and a Gatorade bottle crudely transformed into a restroom since, as one fan put it, leaving your space for the portapotties was like "entering the Twilight Zone." As his friend left for the more traditional facilities, he yelled, "Don't go! It's the Black Hole of Death! You'll never return!" He was, unfortunately, correct. His friend never returned.

During the afternoon, however, most stayed relatively close to their temporary "homes," drinking minuscule amounts of fluids, smoking pot, eating fried chicken and sharing the day with each other in constant anticipation of hearing the poet and his one man band perform their immortal music. The people in the trees? Well, they consumed mass quantities of alcohol and remained content.

By 6 PM, 500,000 people had jammed the park and, just when the crowd's tolerance level had nearly disintegrated, Mayor Koch appeared on the stage and introduced Simon and Garfunkel. "It's great to do a neighborhood concert," understated Simon. "I thought it might have been somewhat crowded, but we seem to have filled the place."

Simon and Garfunkel opened with "Mrs. Robinson" and reflected in their harmonies was an understandable apprehensiveness. Eleven years of expectations had everyone, including the performers, straining for familiar notes and searching for reassuring sounds. But their extraordinary talent as lyricists, composers and musicians were reaffirmed when the duo broke into "Homeward Bound." The song's



A group of Stony Brook students take part in last Saturday's madness.

magic transferred the crowd into a silently swaying mass. The same was true during "America," an ironic and tragic tale of a couple in search of the promised land. Thousands cheered, for the wrong reason, the line, "Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike—/They've all gone to look for America." It became obvious a large part of the crowd was in kindergarden when Simon and Garfunkel broke up.

The dynamic duo briefly departed from the 1960's with Simon's, "Me and Julio Down by the School Yard," but quickly returned to nostalgia with "Scarborough Fair." Performed without the benefit of interweaving and overlapping choruses, Scarborough

Fair nevertheless sent seasoned veterans back a few years while leaving others pondering the significance.

Bringing a large part of the crowd up to date, Simon's "Still Crazy After All These Years," "Late in the Evening," and "Slip Sliding Away," occupied the middle portion of the show. Garfunkel sang his "Heart in New York" and "Bridge Over Troubled Water," but with the addition of "Kodachrome" and "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover," Simon clearly dominated the "individual achievement" portion of the concert.

"The Boxer" ended the set and brought half a million fans to its feet. "Old Friends," "Book-end Theme," "Feeling Groovy," and the always

appropriate "Sound of Silence," were performed gracefully with oft-times soaring harmonies. In their second encore, "Late in the Evening" was repeated while the masses either exited stage right towards the street, or ran towards the illuminated legends.

When the stage lights vanished into darkness, the harmonies of dissidence and love, skepticism and hope, which originated nearly two decades ago also vanished—at least for the evening. But Simon and Garfunkel will linger in the minds of that crowd, reminding them how powerful music once was, and how forceful it can still be.

Film

Mommie Wasn't Dearest

By Nicole Bokar

Mommie Dearest is a brilliant movie that focuses on an acutely neurotic woman and her relationship with her daughter. It is not a movie about Hollywood. The idea that this is the story of Joan Crawford's life appeals to the voyeur in us, but, the movie would have had the same emotional impact had it been purely fictional.

Ultimately, Mommie Dearest is a film which concentrates on a contest of will between mother and daughter. Both characters play for our sympathies and during the course of the movie, we alternately side with one or the other. In the end, the film is successful in making us side with Christina.

At the center of Mommie Dearest is Joan Crawford. From the outset, Faye Dunaway conveys Joan's incredible kinetic energy. Dunaway's portrayal of Crawford is so electric, so gigantic that the audience is stunned into involuntary concentration whenever she is on the screen (which is most of the time). We find ourselves wishing Crawford would relax. We wish she could enjoy a quiet moment with her children instead of incessantly showing them off; disciplining them, punishing them. The thought of spending five minutes in Christina's shoes makes us sweat.

Director Frank Perry made a wise choice in keeping the focus of the story on a mother-daughter relationship rather than enlarging it into another Hollywood saga. After all, the film is about a

tormented woman first, and about a "movie star" second. We see the real Crawford once—"Ice Follies of 1909"—and then only for a moment at the film's opening. Crawford, we are led to believe, was a power hungry, ego-maniacal, compulsive woman who merely channelled her personality into Hollywood. She could have been (and later, sitting on the board of Pepsi-Cola, was) a bitch of a business woman.

In one scene, Christina marvelously played by new-comer, Diana Scaward, asks her mother why she adopted her. Crawford, in a fit of rage, finally admits that, in keeping with her image, she did it for publicity. Confrontation between woman and girl leads to Crawford's attempt at strangling Christina. Crawford brutally abuses her children throughout the movie, but it is at this point, the near murder of daughter by mother, that I could no longer muster any feelings for Crawford. To top it off, Dunaway's Crawford shows no remorse, even though she is totally blind of her sickness. That she could produce a daughter like Christina, sensitive, perceptive and understanding, seems a near miracle.

In an interview by Arthur Bell in The Village voice, Faye Dunaway reveals that she tried to bring out the human qualities in Crawford. "I've always thought that the story of Joan and Christina was about the inevitable misunderstanding between a child of want and a child of opulence. Crawford lived in a fairy-tale world:

Hollywood. She demanded that everything be wonderful for her little girl. But Christina didn't understand what she had: she had no frame of reference. She never scrubbed floors. Or worked, or had a rough time. Crawford was a strong disciplinarian. Christina didn't understand that she had a wonderful life. And that formed the crux of their relationship."

There is a dangerous misunderstanding in these words. What Dunaway fails to recognize is that it is not a child's job, or responsibility to account for the wealth of her parents. Christina did not have "a wonderful life" because she did not have warmth, love, caring and compassion. Christina Crawford would surely agree that, without these assets, money means very little.

Since the character of Christina never acts spoiled by her mother's wealth, she becomes almost too mature, to well behaved for her own good. Ironically, she is the only one in the movie who seems to truly grasp the depth of her mother's pain and, as an adult, she manages to survive with neither parental love or money. Mommie Dearest ends on a bitter note. The soft spoken, always dignified Christina finds comfort in the thought of revenge after her mother dies. We leave the theater hoping Christina will not end up like her mother. It is an uncomfortable feeling.



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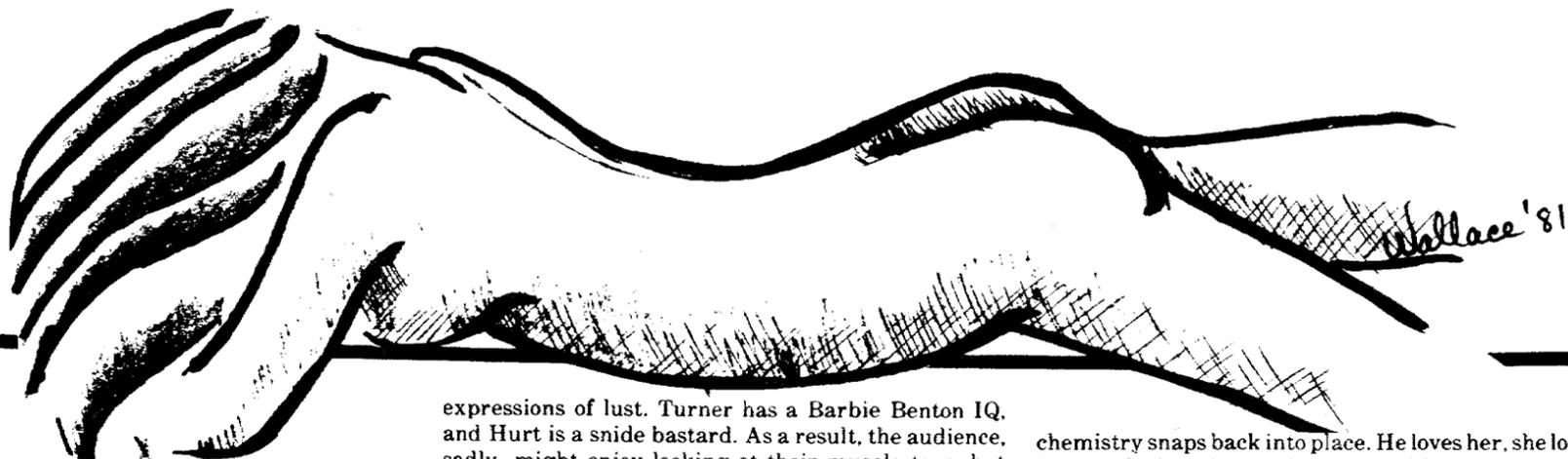
VOTE!

POLITY will be holding elections on October 15. Polity is currently looking for Election Board Chairpersons and Election Board members. Seats will be open for senators, a freshman representative, and treasurer.

POLITY, for the first time in many years, is taking an active role in reaching out to students. During the year there will be many committees formed, with programs and events sponsored to do just this. Fall Fest was a perfect example of what Polity wants to do this year. If you want to get involved now, you can serve on the following committees:

S.U.S.B. Senate, Student Development, Committee on Academic Standing, Academic Services, Student Rights, various management groups, Academic Judiciary, and Union reorganization.

For more information on any of the above, call 246-3673, or stop by room 258 in the Union.



by P.F. Sullivan

Almost every line in *Body Heat* is a double entendre, all having to do with those naughty hot places between our legs, which simultaneously give us our greatest pleasures and cause our most irrevocable downfalls.

William Hurt plays Ned Racine, an incompetent playboy lawyer in Southern Florida, and Kathleen Turner portrays Matty Walker, a married femme fatale who seduces Ned into killing her crooked, wealthy husband and taking the dive while she makes off with the value of the estate. When Ned meets Matty they fall in cigarette ad love. You've seen them in magazines. Tall bronze WASP bumps into gloriously glamorous vixen in clingy cotton, swings around to gaze at her, teeth flashing. She smiles, the slight tension at the corners of her mouth betraying the strain of being so gorgeous and universally admired, and at the same time confidently intelligent and multi-talented--the pose is common, commercial, pervasive. Into this posture, Lawrence Kasdan (script and direction) has added a little sweat--the story is set during a heat wave. He's added forties conceits (like the plot, for instance) and snappy dialogue that is supposed to convey the thrill of openly admitted lust between two intelligent, bored, hot people, but rather often sounds like Rodney Dangerfield. There's some hard R-rated sex. Not a lot of nudity, but suggested fellatio, anal sex, and talk about abused body parts, all meant to thrill. It doesn't work.

What happens is we get a forties film noir without

expressions of lust. Turner has a Barbie Benton IQ, and Hurt is a snide bastard. As a result, the audience, sadly, might enjoy looking at their muscle tone, but does not in the least respect them. It's a bad feeling.

Another problem that arises from the attempted transplantation of a dead genre into today's industry is that, in the story itself, Ned is already too well off. We're shown that he is incompetent as a lawyer, but not that he'll lose his job. In fact he earns a comfortable living by any standard. We're shown that he has frequent, if frivolous, sex, but not that he's particularly lonely or in search of deeply felt companionship. He's so complacent at the beginning of the film that it's hard to believe he'd fall for the rich dame when he meets her.

In forties films, there was often a strong dissatisfaction with life in general on the main characters' parts, even before the film started, and on the purely mechanical level, most *film noirs* were "noir" at least partly because of budget restrictions--darkness and shadows didn't show up the cheap sets. In *Body Heat* all the opulence and glitz is highlighted, and the melodrama of the *film noir* plopped down into the middle of all this harsh light. It quivers and falls over. Not good.

Lawrence Kasdan is also responsible for the screenplay of *Continental Divide*, directed by Michael Apted (*Coal Miner's Daughter*). This one is a comedy about Ernie Souchack (John Belushi), star reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times who gets into trouble exposing a crooked city boss. To protect him from bodily harm, his editor sends him to the Rocky Mountains to interview Nell Porter (Blair Brown), a reclusive ornithologist

chemistry snaps back into place. He loves her, she loves him, and when they realize that neither could survive in the other's domain, they get married (at a train station in Victor, Wyoming), and go their separate ways.

What we have here is *The Front Page* with only one reporter and an editor (one of the virtues of the original *Front Page* was the fast banter amongst the group of sarcastic interesting reporters), grafted onto city mouse/country mouse schtick. *Continental Divide* has also been made specifically for the John Belushi crowd, but even then with total disregard for the audience's expectations.

Belushi is famous for being an uninhibited, unpredictable slob in nice places. He specializes in outrageous juxtapositions--the Samurai psychologist, the white blues singer, Elizabeth Taylor choking on chicken--but in this movie his differentness isn't even inventive. He makes goulash, like his grandmother used to make, and impresses Nell with it. He crusades for truth, justice and the Jimmy Breslin way. Who is his agent?

Much of what is wrong with *Body Heat* is wrong with *Continental Divide*, and that is you can't lift artistic conventions from one era and insert them into another without making appropriate alterations, at least not without being a great deal smarter than Kasdan seems to be. Both of these films fail simply because the forties are not the eighties. Kasdan has, however, done reasonably well with serials--he wrote the screenplays for *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*--but, if you think back on those films, its

Kasdan Strikes Out Twice

the ingenuity-inspiring prudishness of the Hays office. One of the important things about *film noir* murder mysteries was that they managed to deal strongly with evil and sex even under the eye of a righteous censor. The problem with *Body Heat* is that the taboo that would have provided the thrill of watching two evil people--whom we secretly wish are us--indulging forbidden passions and being done in by them, is long gone. We have different taboos. Merely adding sex in 1981, which was impossible to show in 1941 without changing the relationships of the characters, represents conceit and disregard for history.

Body Heat is supposed to be an "adult" film, yet the protagonists behave like teenagers high on their nubility and orgasmic capacity. The only effect the film really has is the double tug of the pornographic, of sex that is simultaneously attractive and repulsive. This is a destructive effect. By divorcing their minds from their bodies, *Body Heat* reduces the characters to panting, sweating, automatons of middle class cynicism. Ned and Matty never really talk in this film; their dialogue is either exposition--details of the murder--or

studying bald eagles for the Department of the Interior. Souchack wheezes his way up to her little cabin in the mountains and she puts up with him, at first with consternation and vehement refusal to grant an interview, then with affection and acquiescence, even letting him accompany her on her visits to eagle nests and perches.

Eventually they fall for each other, but he has to go back to Chicago. However, he's a changed man. He quits smoking, can't write, and walks around like a zombie. Only the death of an informant/friend at the hired hands of the big bad boss revives him, and, back to his old form, he writes bigger and better columns until finally he makes the front page with a story linking the boss to the informant's death. Celebrating in a bar, Souchack declares he's completely over Nell Porter and wants only to write his column for ever and ever. But on that very same front page with Souchack's big story is an announcement that Nell Porter will lecture in Chicago on why we have to save those bald eagles. Though he vows to his editor that he won't go to the lecture, Souchack is drawn irresistibly and the old

hardly the dialogue you remember. Kasdan seems to have mastered the versatility of the hack, and has done so with the complete lack of discrimination that makes the hack disreputable. Further, unlike another young screenwriter of note who has also worked in various genres, John Sayles (*Alligator*, *The Howling*, *The Lady in Red*, *Return of the Secaucus Seven*), Kasdan has made again and again the unhappy mistake of failing to alter the old plots at all before casting them with contemporary characters. This is not so visible in *Empire* and *Raiders* because, firstly, they are both, in a way, period pieces, and secondly, because they were controlled by masters of their kind--slick, fast action (Spielberg and Lucas). But left without any special effects or fantasy elements, Kasdan's mistakes and pretensions are obvious, glaring, and a little offensive.

ERRATA: Last week, in the review of *Lovers and Liars*, I said that Goldie Hawn was in *What's New Pussycat*. She wasn't. I was thinking of *There's a Girl in my Soup*.

New Vinyl

Fleetwood Hack

Stereo Review critic Steve Simels was so right when he termed Stevie Nicks the Ringo of Fleetwood Mac. Her songs are not always the most tuneful, nor does she have the greatest voice. What she did provide was an interesting change of pace and an element that Fleetwood Mac sorely needed to popularize their sound: good old American commercialism.

When the group achieved mammoth success with *Rumours*, it was basically by default. Let's face it, there was not all that much competition

around at the time. Any mention of them being one of the all time greatest is like calling Leon Spinks the greatest heavyweight of all time. In short, however, Fleetwood Mac made some damn good, but not great, music.

The combination of Nicks and fellow Angelino Lindsay Buckingham provided the necessary element to make a struggling, raw English Blues group, marketable, yet, not an overly slick, overproduced drone most Los Angeles acts possess. It was the perfect mar-

riage; something the buying public had not yet seen and something the critics could not condemn.

Which brings me to Stevie Nicks' solo effort *Bella Donna*. Stevie Nicks away from Fleetwood Mac is like a fish out of water, at least aesthetically speaking. This is not necessarily a criticism of Nicks because, if the roles were reversed, and another member would solo, the same would probably be true. In her case, all of the blues influence and spirit of Fleetwood Mac is missing. What is

left is an Angelino, backed by Angelinos produced and arranged by and Angelino. The result is the same slick arrangements and musicianship we've heard so many times before.

Yes folks, you get it all here. Those same Dan Dugmore pedal steel and Waddy Wachtel lead solos you've heard on every Linda Rondstadt album. And what L.A. session would be complete without some fraction of the Eagles. And Mrs. Kunkel, Payne and Glaub, consider this mention of your sons.

Don't get me wrong. This isn't a bad album. In fact, in its context (slick American pop) it is quite good. Nicks' duet with Tom Petty, "Stop Draggin' My

Heart Around" and "Outside the Rain" are quite enjoyable. The remainder is similarly smooth and relaxing with their canned arrangements, and you'll have a good time listening. But if it is something aesthetic, or another Fleetwood Mac album you're looking for, *Bella Donna* falls short of the mark.

Bella donna, the word, in Italian, means a beautiful lady. In English, however, its connotation is a deadly poison. *Bella Donna*, the album, was definitely done by the former, whereas, depending on your musical taste, one could construe it as lying anywhere in between.

-Larry Feibel



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