

*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

Vol. 4 No. 29 • University Community's Weekly Paper • Aug. 15, 1983



**Stony Brook's first writer
in residence**
page 3

**Grad Student Fights
For Rights**
page 2

**Stay Away From
"Staying Alive."**
page 3

How Dull Is "Krull?"
page 7

Subpoena

Attempting to set a legal precedent, Sociology graduate student Mario Brajuha is fighting several legal attempts to seize his research notes compiled over the last year and a half. The university should provide all possible assistance, because this case brings into question the basic rights of researchers in the social sciences.

Under the direction of his dissertation advisor, Dr. Michael Schwartz, Brajuha was working in Le Restaurant in Glen Cove as part of his research. The restaurant burned down and fire marshalls and the Nassau District Attorney subpoenaed Brajuha's notes.

Since then, Brajuha has appeared before a grand jury three times, and he and his lawyer, Simon Wynn have moved that the subpoenas be quashed. He has given some oral testimony, but no one has seen his full notes.

According to Brajuha, "The judge has been made aware of the consequences that the giving of the notes would have on me. The breach of my promise of confidentiality would almost certainly prevent me from obtaining another job and would therefore seriously impair my means of livelihood as well as prevent me from completing my research; my reputation as a scholar would also be damaged."

Brajuha goes on to say, "As far as I'm concerned, I've won the case already, I've gone 4 months without having to reveal my notes, which nobody thought was possible when we started." His lawyer has been working on the case without compensation, but Brajuha has en-

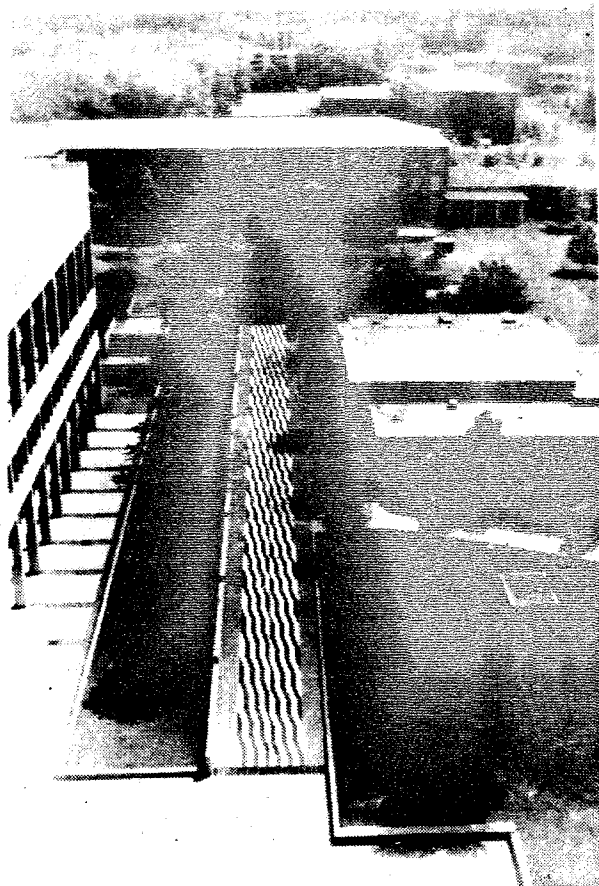
countered a great deal of additional expenses. Some aid came from the Graduate Student Organization this summer, more may come in the fall, and a fund raising group has formed, but it will be very difficult to mount an appeal, if the decision, which is expected within a week or two, goes against him.

Sociology Chairman Norman Goodman has introduced a resolution to the University Senate that urges that scholars be protected from revealing their notes in the same way that journalists currently are. According to Goodman, "I can't believe that there will be any serious opposition." The resolution urges the University to "seek legislative support for this position."

But the University may have to do more. If Brajuha loses this case, the University should consider funding his appeal through the Stony Brook Foundation or some other organization. The importance of academic freedom is too important to be left to chance.

This is the final Stony Brook Press of the summer session. We would like to thank everyone for their support and we will see you all again the first day of school, August 29, 1983.

Photo Box



Letters

To the Editor:

This is to inform the Press that I have resigned my position as stipend officer. I was responsible for verifying the hours and the work accomplished by the stipended executive officers, and signing vouchers in conjunction with Robin Rabii, the Executive Director of Polity, so the officers could receive their checks.

I resigned because the power and responsibility appointed to me were ignored and undermined. For the week ending 29 July 1983, Polity Treasurer Theresa Gobin received an advance on her stipend without Robin's or my signature. For the week ending 22 July 1983, against strong opposition, I signed Theresa's voucher. She had worked 20 hours during 9 to 5 instead of 25 as originally agreed to, though she did work 29½ hours total. She cited personal reasons and illness for her lack of hours during the day. I chose not to take a hard line that week and issued her check, but the next week she abused her privilege and was issued her check without the needed signatures, without anyone verifying her hours. Theresa, in fact, submitted her

voucher, received her check, and cashed it through SCOOP before anyone saw her hours and with only one signature: hers, instead of the required two: hers and Robin's.

The same week (the week of the 29th), Polity President, Dave Gamberg, left Stony Brook for the weekend on Thursday morning. Because of circumstances beyond his control, he needed his stipend right away, yet he never made arrangements in advance to meet with me before he left on a vacation. Robin Rabii verified his hours for that week and issued his check without my signing the voucher first or verifying hours, as originally agreed to.

If the power over the stipends was appointed to me only on paper, then there is no point in my continuing in my position. I hope these incidents bring the necessary attention to the whole stipend issue. What is the purpose of the stipend? Who should really be stipended? How should the work be verified? These questions should be seriously considered by the Senate and the Council.

Neil Pierson
Benedict College Senator

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Ron Kovic

New writer in residence defines his role

The only Vet speaker who managed to make himself plainly understood above the chopper noise was an ex-Marine Sergeant from San Diego named Ron Kovic, who spoke from a wheelchair because his legs are permanently paralyzed.

I would like to have a transcript, or at least a tape of what Kovic said that day, because his words lashed the crowd like a wire whip. If Kovic had been allowed to speak from the convention hall podium, in front of network TV cameras, Nixon wouldn't have had the balls to show up and accept the nomination.

I first heard of Ron Kovic in this passage from Hunter Thompson's "Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail 1972," as Thompson described the anti-war protests outside the Republican Convention.

Two weeks ago, Kovic arrived at Stony Brook to take up the post of Stony Brook's first writer-in-residence.

His autobiography, "Born on the Fourth of July" describes how Kovic was permanently paralyzed from the chest down during fighting in Vietnam, and his subsequent championing of anti-war, veteran, and handicapped causes.

At Stony Brook, Kovic will be writing and lecturing, preparing his three volume "American Elegy" about the Vietnam war and its aftereffects, and completing his next book.

As Dave Morrison, John Tymczyszyn, and I sat down with Kovic and his friend Ginny,

he began to tell us about his upcoming movie debut:

KOVIC: In October, I'm going to be in a major motion picture. It's being made by the German director Wim Wenders, who directed Francis Coppola's "Dashed Hammett". He's directing "Paris, Texas". The screenplay was written by Sam Shepard and Wenders, and I look forward to it.

PRESS: What's the story about?

KOVIC: All I can say is it's about a man and his little boy, and they go trying to find his wife in the desert, and they pick me up.

My first scene is where I'm picked up on a highway out in the middle of nowhere. Fredrick Forrest is going to play the father, and he picks me up. I play a Vietnam veteran, in the middle of nowhere, not knowing where his life is going, hitching out on the highway. They take me into town.

Later I meet them at a bar where I'm shooting a game of pool, and Fredrick Forrest asks me if I can help him to get his wife out of some dance joint she's working in, and he asks me if I can help save her from the bandits that have taken her.

So I go over there and save his wife, and in my last scene I'm popping a wheelie down a hill in my wheelchair, with the bouncers of the bar chasing after me.

That's going to be my first movie. I hope to get into some more acting after that. I've met a lot of people in the film industry, and since I

have the opportunity to be in film, I'm going to do it.

I wrote my first theatrical play this spring, called "Hurricane Street," which is pretty much about a real life event I participated in. In 1974 a 17-day hunger strike in Senator Alan Cranston's office, which I was the leader of, became a national story of disabled Vietnam veterans who took over a senator's office in California to protest the disgraceful conditions in America's Veteran's Administration hospitals, and the poor conditions that veterans were being subjected to on their return home from the war.

This was when there was a tremendous amount of resistance to Vietnam veterans, to talking about the Vietnam war. It's become almost folklore now, popularized with the "Coming Home" movies and the television shows. You know, Tom Selleck has something about Vietnam every other week on his series, so it's a different time now.

I'd like to direct that play.

PRESS: Let's go to how you came to be at Stony Brook.

KOVIC: Well, I actually began a vacation, I spent this last winter in Santa Cruz, editing my three books, the trilogy I've been working on for the last seven years. It's called "After the War: An American Elegy". I had been living in a hotel in Los Angeles for about nine months, after I'd come back from three months in Europe. When I came back, I felt a tremendous amount of energy, and I felt strong and confident

Staying Alive

New Dance Movie Stumbles

by Ralph Sevush

I knew I was going to hate *Staying Alive*. This may seem like an unprofessional attitude for a film critic to have, but actually it's only unprofessional to admit it. At any rate, as Dr. Hunter S. Thompson observed, "Objective journalism is a pompous contradiction in terms."

My natural aversion to this film was based largely on the fact that it was produced, written and directed by Sylvester Stallone—a man whose ego is far greater than his talent;

I have to admit, though, that I was wrong. I didn't hate *Staying Alive*. Hate is much too weak a word for what I was feeling after enduring the longest 1½ hours of my life. Words like loathe, detest, and despise come to mind yet fail to communicate the entire message.

While I didn't exactly love the original movie, *Saturday Night Fever*, I respected the integrity of the film. John Travolta gave a superstar performance as Tony Manero, an inarticulate but sensitive kid trying to escape the drowning futility of his existence. That movie was a gritty, realistic portrayal of a culture in a given time and place.

Sly Stallone, in an attempt to cash in on *Fever*'s success, has manufactured a sequel that scrupulously avoids the virtues of the original.

Staying Alive is a glossy, superficial things moving.

fantasy that transforms Travolta's inarticulate, sensitive Manero into an articulate, insensitive heel clawing his way to the top.

Tony has moved from Brooklyn to Manhattan, and works as a waiter at night, as a dance instructor by day and hustles for his big chance on Broadway.

He is involved with a rather sweet girl, a chorus dancer in a Broadway show. Naturally, he treats her badly and she takes his abuse until he falls for the lead dancer of the show. She is conceited, arrogant and rude which indicates that she and Tony would be perfect for each other.

This love triangle between people we couldn't care less about is supposed to provide the background to Tony Manero's climb to the top of the Dancing World.

The dancing is this movie's bit-terest disappointment. An inane Alley, the Broadway Show in plot with dull characters and banal dialogue can be forgiven in a musical, if the music and dancing can make you forget everything else. After all, the old MGM musicals were hardly Tennessee Williams, and the recent film *Flashdance* is, on most counts, a really awful piece of trash. Yet its dancing is original, energetic, and exciting and the music, while top 40, is fun and keeps

Staying Alive, while high on energy, is low on talent. Stallone uses fast editing, slow motion and cinematic razzle-dazzle to cover up the unimaginative choreography and mediocre dancing skills of his cast.

We never actually see anyone dance. We see them leap in slow motion, then a quick spin, cut to a move here, a move there. The camera never simply allows the dancers to dance because it knows what it will see.

In *All That Jazz*, Bob Fosse used the technique of dance montage but he also fused it with his brilliant, unique choreography and the dancing of such luminaries as Ann Rein King and Ben Vereen. The breathtaking, surreal images he created cannot be reproduced by a hack like Stallone.

The movie's "Thrilling Climax" is the opening night of "Satan's Alley," the Broadway Show in which Tony has danced his way to the lead role. The music, pounding and repetitious, combines perfectly with the dancing, costumes, and set design to create the most absurd vision of a Broadway show that could be imagined.

It is depressing to think about how well this movie's doing. It seems that the pubescent mall rats are coming out in large numbers to

see Travolta's new body up on the screen. I had hoped that I had become cynical enough to accept this and take it in stride but for some reason I just can't.

After all, this movie is pornographic. As defined by the supreme court, pornography has no socially redeeming value, it offends community standards and it is obscene. Like most porno films, *Staying Alive* offers totally uninteresting and unlikable characters, little in the way of plot, and action that initially excites but eventually numbs and bores its audience.

These
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The
Press

Resident Writer Kovic on war, peace and people

enough to put one final push into the trilogy, which had been a difficult project for me, very painful, mostly dealing with the war, the psychological impact on myself and my friends, all my friends who didn't survive, the years after the war, my parents, the town I came from...

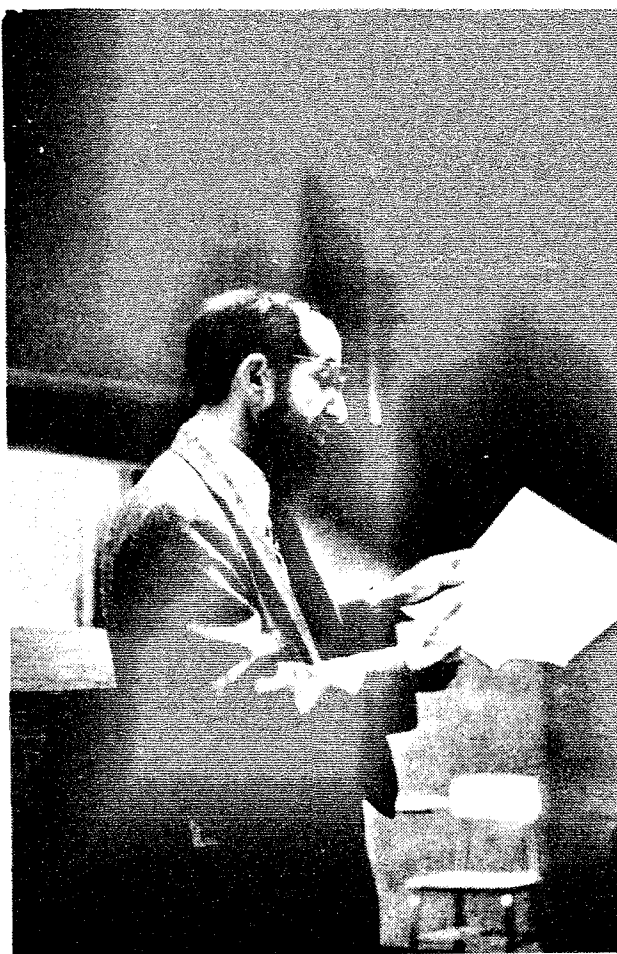
PRESS: How are the books divided up?
KOVIC: One of the books is called "Massapequa", and it's about the town that I grew up in as a boy, it's about the neighbors I grew up with, and a number of them already plan to sue (laughter).

I would say it would be comparable to other American works, like Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology", his series of stories about people in the town of Spoon River.

The whole trilogy is about the baby-boom generation, the expectancy our parents had after they got out of the service, how people moved out of the city to the Massapequa's and Levittowns.

After the sacrifices of World War II it was a great ideal for our parents to go out and have their own dream.

And the dream is not only set in the Levittown's and Massapequa's, but also in Vietnam,



Les Paldy

because the dream was to go to Vietnam. That baby-boom generation was not just to live here, but they were to go 13,000 miles away to another war, and that war was to change them forever.

The books are also about courage, about how even though people are wounded in life, they can keep on living. It's about how my neighbors, who never had to go to a war, were also handicapped by this political and economic system we live under, which in many ways worked these people to death.

PRESS: How do you make the system better?
KOVIC: By writing, by talking, by participatory democracy, by not shunning people like myself, not pushing them aside because you're afraid of the truth, afraid of reality, afraid of my inter-

sity, and the intensity of people who've gone through similar experiences.

I think the country has to move in a new direction, away from selfishness and greed and away from military adventures in Central America, move away from another war like Vietnam. We have to learn the lessons of the past, we have to move toward a more humanistic society, a more caring society.

We want people to know that they really belong, that they count in this society, that they're not just a bunch of isolated people trying to struggle it out each day and survive.

As a survivor of the holocaust of Vietnam, I feel a definite obligation to my own people to speak honestly and to protect our young people from being subjected to the hell that I went through.

All our government seems to be concerned about is making money, but what about the quality of our lives? We can still maintain the system that we have but we've got to move away from the way that we're living now.

Well I moved back and forth, Los Angeles, Santa Cruz, San Francisco, about eighty-seven times. To make a long story short, I was visiting people on Long Island and I was going to go back to California, but I had missed my flight. So I was staying in the Rockville Center Holiday Inn when I called my cousin Ginny and she invited me for dinner. So I went out for dinner, I stayed the night, and then I stayed the next thirty nights. In that month, Newsday did the article on me, and I got an apartment fifty feet from my cousin.

The following day, Les Paldy saw the story in the paper and called me on the phone and proposed the idea of being the first writer-in-residence. We set up a date for lunch. I sat down with a bunch of professors and Dean Paldy and I accepted. They gave me an office, a desk, and a phone, and unlimited freedom to do what I want. So I decided on a structure of two lectures a week. They said I could just come down and write if I wanted, but I love people, I love to talk, and I've been public speaking for 13 years.

I spoke at the Democratic Convention in 1976. I was thrown out of the Republican Convention in 1972. I debated General Westmoreland on "Good Morning, America". I've been arrested 15 times, I've had six trials.

So I felt like I had a lot to give, and I wanted to give it. I love the university environment, and I felt that I could learn a lot by being here.

I've met a number of students already and they're all fascinating, all interesting. They're very learned, they have a very interesting perspective on life.

The last time I was in a university environment for more than a day was when I went to Hofstra University in 1969-1970, and I missed that.

PRESS: What are you working on now?
KOVIC: I have to be real careful with this. I can't tell you everything but Sunday, I just finished a book. I sat down and wrote it in about three and a half weeks, a two hundred twenty page book. I worked myself until I was exhausted. I don't want to say what it's about, but it's about people I've known and some adventures that I've had.

PRESS: So when will the trilogy be published?
KOVIC: I'd like to get it out by July 4, 1984. Viking is interested in it. If not '84, then '85, but July 4, my birthday.

PRESS: How accessible have you found Stony Brook to be to handicapped people?

KOVIC: Pretty good. I do notice that I've got to make a few detours, but I'm really good with a wheelchair. You can get around, no big prob-

lems so far.

PRESS: How do you feel?

KOVIC: I've been in a wheelchair 15 years, and I've never felt better in my life, with my disability, than I do now. I've never felt stronger, I've never felt more able and less disabled in my life.

I don't feel disabled. For Christ sake, my mind is jumping out of my head, it's leaping of this wheelchair, nothing is going to keep me down, it's not going to stop me.

A lot of people say, just treat the disabled person just like anybody else, but we're not like anybody else. We have a disability, we've been hurt and I think that you should treat a disabled person with sensitivity. I'm not asking for sympathy, but what I want is for people to know, I want them to know what I've come through and have to deal with for the rest of my life. I want them to appreciate my struggle and to appreciate the struggle of other disabled people. I want them to respect the fact that life may not be easy but we're dealing with it and we're making something out of it.

I don't feel paralyzed any more, I'm proud of the way that I dealt with my disability, and I



Ron Kovic

love the fact that I can drive now, that I can live by myself, that I can be teaching at a university, that I've been able to write books.

In fact, it's true that everybody is only temporarily able. Everyone's going to grow old, everybody's going to have a disability, and everybody's going to experience the ultimate disability of life, and that's death.

PRESS: As regards both disabled people and veterans, how is this present government taking care of them?

KOVIC: The Reagan Administration? Terribly. The conditions are worse than ever before. Handicapped people are under attack, veterans are under attack. The V.A. Hospitals are still in poor condition. The government is shying away from further investigations of Agent Orange, they don't care.

The Administration in power right now, more than any other one, cares more about its profits, money, and business interests than any other that I can think of. They're very blatantly selfish and greedy.

PRESS: They claim that by improving the business climate, they can make things better for everybody.

KOVIC: Talk to the elderly, talk to the handicapped, talk to the disabled. What about things like LILCO and their 56% cost increase? We've

to start being sensitive to people. You know, for every one person like myself, who survives a disability, there are 15 to 20 other people who didn't survive, who were broken by it.

This government is leading us into another war.

PRESS: Do you really feel that?

KOVIC: Absolutely.

PRESS: Do you expect a war during this Administration?

KOVIC: Yes.

PRESS: In Central America?

KOVIC: Yes.

PRESS: How come?

KOVIC: The provocative nature of our government which is creating a very dangerous atmosphere in Central America. They're provoking, they're setting up similar circumstances to the Gulf of Tonkin incident.

PRESS: Would it be really possible for an Administration to take this country into another war now?

KOVIC: Will this country go to war? Sure. Would the people stand for another? Absolutely. They supported the hostage crisis, they supported the fiasco in the desert. Look how

PRESS: Are you prepared to do that?

KOVIC: Absolutely. Ask me any question right now. What would you ask?

PRESS: About how you lived your personal life, getting around, your love life for example.

KOVIC: It's a very real question. You feel very vulnerable because you're paralyzed from the chest down. You can't have sex normally, the way that you used to have it, you know. What are they going to think? Are they going to reject me? Is the woman going to want more? Is she going to go to another man if I can't satisfy her enough? And on and on. Sure, we'll talk about that extensively. I would completely open that up to whatever people wanted to know.

I'll talk about many things. What was it like being an anti-war activist, what was it like going to jail for the first time? What was it like to meet Al Pacino for the first time? What was it like to speak at the Democratic National Convention? Whatever you want.

Teaching is just sharing experiences, and if I can do that openly and honestly, I can teach a lot. In no way am I the champ or anything right now, in no way am I top of the heap and everything is fine. It's still a goddamn fucking struggle for me. I still hurt very much, but it's not as bad as before. I've had to deal with a lot because of the war. I killed people there, I was part of an ambush that shot up a bunch of Vietnamese children. I had to pick up a child's foot and bandage it back to his leg. I had to pick up the pieces of a friend of mine who had been blown in half by an artillery shell. I can still smell the blood.

PRESS: Were you an activist before the war?

KOVIC: Never. I war for Barry Goldwater. I memorized Douglas MacArthur's "Duty, Honor, Country" speech with tears in my eyes. I volunteered to go to Vietnam twice. I came back whole from 13 months. I was a war hero. I did some of the most dangerous work in the Vietnam war. I did long-range reconnaissance patrols, behind enemy territory, for four or five days at a time. I went on twenty-two long range reconnaissance mis-

sions on my first tour.

PRESS: So was it just getting hit, or was it a number of things that changed you?

KOVIC: There were a number of "pops." A series of pops that led to a change. The first pop happened before I was even shot, and the the Captain burned a village with a Zippo one day, and I wondered what I was doing over there. That was on the first tour.

Then when I killed a man that night, when we shot up the kids, when I got paralyzed, and when I was in the intensive care wards, and I saw people who wouldn't ever have their minds again.

So then I came home and gradually realized I was going to have to live with this the rest of my life.

Another change, another pop was Hofstra University. I really shied away from the student protest movement, I thought they were crazy.

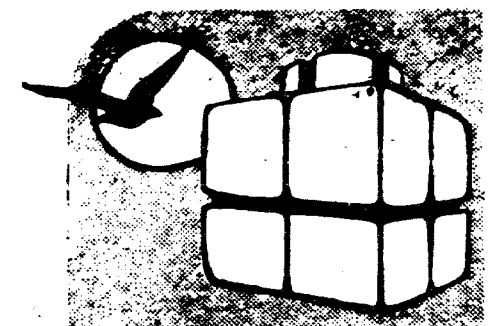
The next pop was in California, 1972, when two undercover policemen posing as Vietnam veterans, who were pushing me in a demonstration, and they decided to arrest me, they pushed me out of the wheelchair onto the street, and I was taken off to jail.

Seven years later one of them came up to me with tears in his eyes and apologized. By then I was full-steam ahead against the war, and I joined the Vietnam Veterans against the war, marched on Miami. I was dragged out of the Republican Convention by Secret Service men after disrupting President Nixon's acceptance speech with two other disabled veterans.

We got within 100 feet of the President of the United States, and you could've heard a pin drop when Nixon started his speech, and we started yelling "Stop the bombing, stop the war."

Four years later, I was to go up on a podium in Madison Square Garden at the Democratic Convention and nominate a draft-dodger for Vice President. I spoke in front of 40 million Americans. It was the greatest moment in my life. The next greatest moment will be in about six weeks, when I begin teaching.

The Stony Brook Press is accepting trainees for staff and editorial positions in news, arts, photo and production.



Summer Session Activity Board presents



MON. AUG 15

DRIVE-IN MOVIES

**Outside Benidict E-Wing. Bring Your Own
Brew & Blanket & Munchies**

9:30 & 11:00



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Union Courtyard Wine, Soda, DJ. - FREE



WED. AUG. 17

FREE BOWLING

Union Bowling Alley 7 -10 PM



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INTERNATIONAL DINNER

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Union Ballroom 5:PM - FREE

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"Krull"

New Film is Less Than Magical

by Daniel Hank

Space...this is where the bucks are. If not for the fantasy aspect, then for the lucrative poster art. Heroes and villains, action and adventure, swords and sorcery, damsels in distress; the *Krull* poster puts all of this together quite well. Unfortunately, director Peter Yates has not done quite as successful a job assembling these elements on film. Yates, who was nominated for an Oscar for *Breaking Away*, has radically departed from quality filmmaking with *Krull*.

The story begins with the reconciliation of two warring royal families by means of an inter-factional marriage. This union occurs so that the families can band together and fight against the evil Beast and his army of Slayers. This idea is quickly shot to hell in the first fifteen minutes as almost all of the good guys are wiped out by the Slayers during the scene-setting wedding ceremony. This is a predictable result of the first battle—and any other battle that might possibly occur later in the movie, because the good guys are equipped with swords and the bad guys have "blasters."

The hero is a typically dashing warrior prince named Colwyn (Ken Marshall). After being rescued from the rubble of the destroyed nuptial castle by a reclusive wizard, Colwyn learns that his bride has been taken captive by the Beast. The princess, played by Lysette Anthony, is quite attractive, all decked



out in a flowing white robe, but has no personality at all. The only reason she drew any charisma points at all is that she slightly resembles one of my favorite poster, uh, calendar girls. She is merely an object for the hero to pursue and rescue.

Before Colwyn retrieves his cress, he has to follow this Obi-wan Kenobi rip-off around, learn the ways of the universe, and climb this enormous mountain to get a magical weapon that resembles a throwing star. The act of trudging up

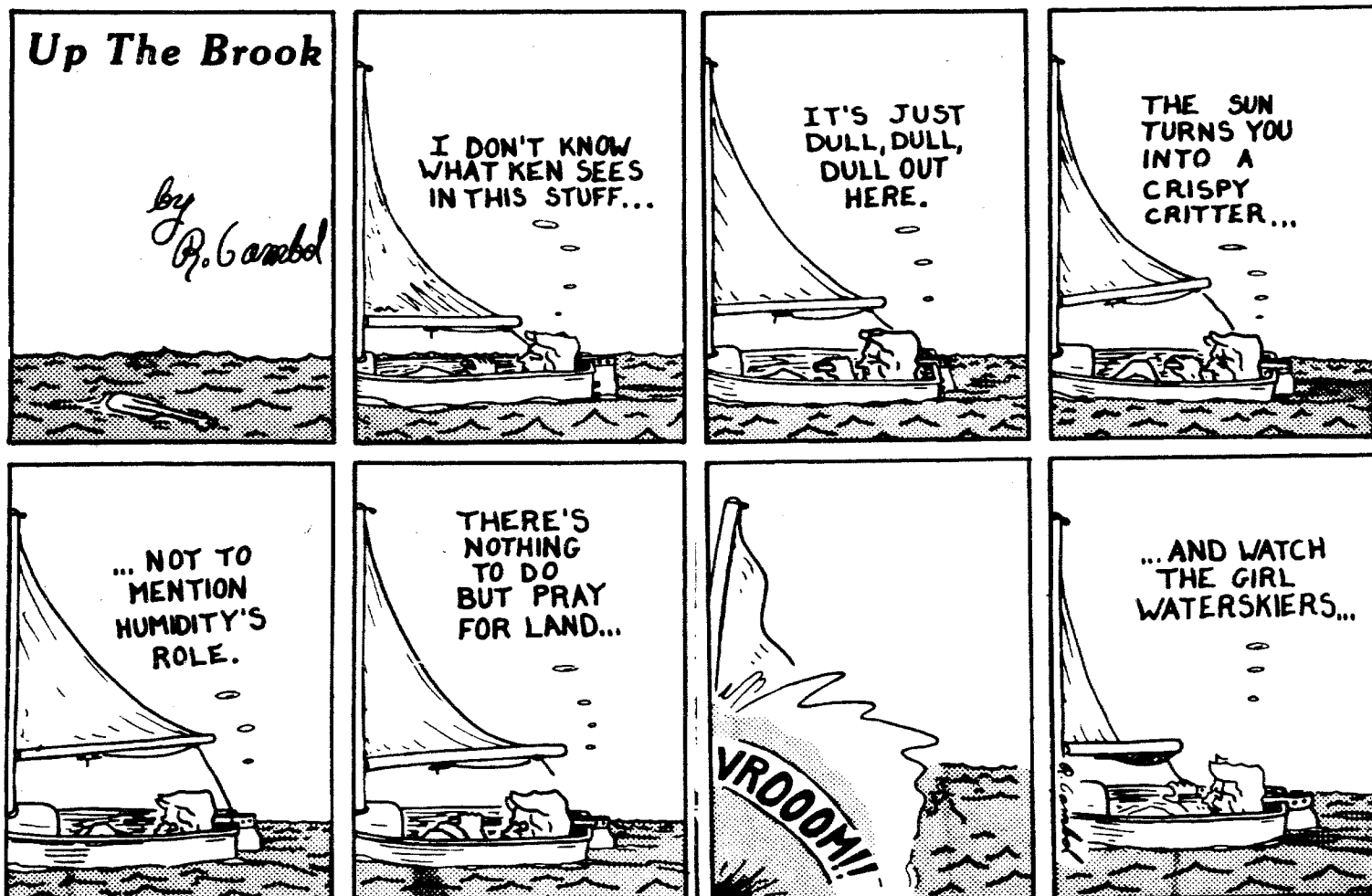
the mountain takes an amazing amount of time in relation to its minimal importance. Weapon in hand, Colwyn bows to Sword and Sorcery rote and charges off in search of the princess with a misfit band of escaped convicts.

The viewers' eyelids flicker leadenly as the band of rescuers goes from one place to another, searching for a way to pin down the location of the Beast's castle, which moves at each sunrise.... The climax has so many special effects spewing around the screen that

you can't really tell what's happening, but by this point you don't really care, you just want to blow your Juju Fruits and go home.

The detracting features of *Krull* are myriad and appalling. James Horner's score was just like many of his other movie scores, just exactly like them—I'm referring to *Wolfen* and *Star Trek II*. The only possible reason for Horner's lack of originality was that he just didn't want to waste good new material on a schlocky film like *Krull*. This excuse I can respect. A dozen or so characters wander through the movie adorned with excellent makeup jobs and mouth-ing incredibly poor dialogue. None of these lost souls does anything to enhance the story or even add to the fantasy atmosphere; they seem to serve no other purpose than to take up space in order to let this quantity of celluloid qualify as a feature film.

Krull is definitely a child-geared film, but even taking this into account I doubt if anyone older than a pre-schooler could find any entertainment value in this flick. The only valid ideas displayed have already been played out in all the previous Space/Fantasy/SciFi extravaganzas. Interestingly enough, the release date for *Krull* which is playing at the Loews Triplex in Stony Brook, kept being pushed back because the studio was afraid it couldn't compete with the other summer fantasies. They did n't push it far enough.



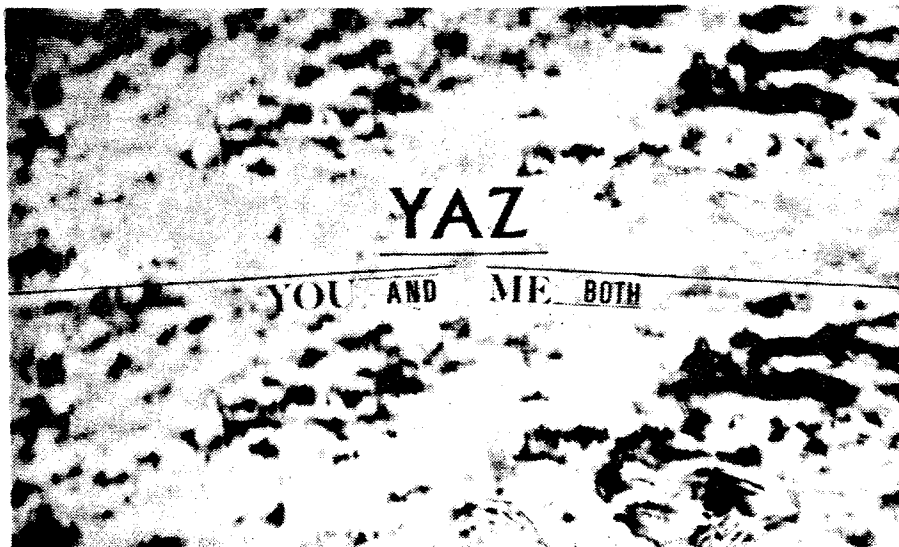
Yaz is still riding high on the new wave

by Kathy Esseks

While everyone else was out eating pizza, dancing, or getting revoltingly drunk, I was holed up at home with my copy of Yaz' *You and Me Both* spinning endlessly on the turntable to my complete delight. Last year, after *Upstairs at Eric's* debuted Yaz on the American music scene with *Only You* and *Situation* played out on every rock station, horrifying rumors of the groups imminent breakup traversed the music industry. Happily for fans of white hot funk Alison "Alf" Moyet and Vince Clarke, a.k.a. Yaz, held together long enough to give us this eleven cut aural picnic.

Clarke guides his synthesizers through dark, orchestral arrangements that insinuate themselves most pleasantly into your cranium. The melodies, somewhat reminiscent of what might happen if you sent a video game to school, bubble along fraught with implications as Moyet's deep, hot-and-cold voice adds the lyrical info.

The two hot tracks also available on the 12-inch single are "State Farm" and "Nobody's Diary," but unless you're only out for those two songs and nothing else in this world or the next, the whole album is worth the effort of scrounging up the extra few dollars. "State Farm" is a dub-song cowritten by



Clarke and Moyet in which perhaps the best effects are the synth blips and Moyet's seductively labored breathing. "Don't it make you feel good? Uhn, uhn..." "Nobody's Diary" is a straight forward pop product with can't-you-just-relate-to-them lyrics--"For the times we've had I don't want to be a page in your diary, babe... another page in your history."--the sort of sentiments that make breaking up less painful, easier to bear; if she's taking it this well, stiff upper lip and all that, why, then, so can you.

At first listen, love, mostly lost love, love forsaken, failed relation-

ships, and the moment of truth that comes after you've both said good-bye are the narrow but universal topics Moyet murmurs about across both sides of the disc. "Softly Over" is a subdued lament with a soft, heart beating in the silence tune to buoy up the pain. The up-tempo swing of "Sweet Thing" and "Walk Away From Love" invite chiming in--if you're alone in the car, shower, or don't have judgmental friends. Nice lines about the gritty truth of a broken relationship: "And you and talk about the good times/ I can just remember bad times."

In the midst of love and a little inability to find oneself amid depression and misery ("Anyone"), the antiwar message of "Unmarked" is a bit of a shock when you're expecting another gentle expression of grief/loss, and instead Moyet's throaty yearning vocals wrap around "There's nothing wrong in dying/ After all, it's just a game...I'm glad 'cos all I wanted/ Was to kill another man." A not-so-subtly ironic little song that makes you listen again and mark the thought. Once you catch the serious note here you can backtrack and find little snippets of it throughout the album--in "Mr. Blue": "Patriot emotion is the cause of the commotion...Soldiers taking orders 'cos we must defend the borders."

One hates to gush emphatically, one prefers to hedge with perhaps and maybe and usually, but on *You and Me Both*, Clarke's execution on his machines is good driving funk all of the time and Moyet's all-enveloping sound is the essence of soulful delivery. Other than playing the entire album at least once a day, all we can do is wait for a tour and rush out to get tickets. Although I've heard lots of complaints lately that new music has fallen into a mire of self imitation, Yaz' latest offering gives the jaded listener a beacon of hope.

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