

*The  
Stony  
Brook*

# PRESS

Vol. 8, No. 12 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Dec. 11, 1986



## Season's Greetings

# A DOLLAR SHORT

Why don't they just come out and say it? Why don't they just say that if you're not rich you should just stay home, forget college, and work in McDonald's forever. Forget about getting an education, forget about getting skills, forget about bettering your station in life, forget about having fun.

No one in SUNY has the guts to just come out and say this, but they all act as if they believe it. Tuition has rapidly crept upward this decade, while financial aid from state and federal sources has dropped dramatically. Even more insidiously, university fees have been steadily growing. Slowly but surely, SUNY's mission is changing from providing broad-based, quality education to the masses through equal access to providing shipshod schooling to those who can afford to pay.

No one is screaming about this. People aren't rioting in the streets and students aren't protesting

the changing nature of the system they are immersed in. Why? Because no one has gotten up and simply announced the results of the policies that the state has been following towards SUNY. They just slowly increment prices upwards, way beyond increases for inflation. A few dollars extra here, a few dollars extra there, and no one objects. After all, who can complain about a few bucks. A few dollars isn't going to keep anyone out of college after all, is it?

But it is, more and more, every year. Like a glacier. One day the ice is miles off, and then suddenly you can go skiing in Georgia. The ice age is here.

Incremental change sounds unobtrusive enough, but once you realize the radical changes it has wrought, without anyone noticing, it brings on a sickening feeling, like bile fighting its way up your throat and into your mouth.

Recently, incremental changes in the public university system in France, away from public needs and towards what students called "elitism," led students to become finally fed up with their education system, and France is currently undergoing the greatest student protests there since 1968. Now they are being called "radicals" but they were not the ones changing their system; it was the authorities. There is a valuable lesson to be learned.

It dampens the legitimate protests that are the lifeblood of a democracy. Neither goals or methods can be debated when everyone is saying that nothing is changing. No street changes? They're not here, try next door. Sorry.

Officials who noodnik the public with incremental changes in policy and costs deserve condemnation. Those who allow themselves to be fooled, though, deserve reproach.

# AND A DAY LATE

SUNY Binghamton students are preparing for their finals next week with a no-classes study week now. Stony Brook students deserve no less. In an effort to start the semester after the Labor Day weekend, the University has shortened the school year, but kept the required work load the same. Forget about cramming this semester, there isn't even time for reviewing.

How can you review when you're still being taught new material days before the final. How can you study an entire semester's worth of work when you have

tests and papers due the penultimate week of school? How can you? You can't. And you shouldn't have to.

While no one likes to delay vacation any more than they have to, a reading week would be a welcome relief for all those students who are in the library so much they have considered changing their mailing address to the reference room.

Controversy existed since the 1970's in the conflict between the 15-week school calendar, which allowed students extra study time, and the much more in-

expensive (for the university) 13-week calendar. The current 14-week calendar is the, perhaps inevitable, compromise.

It is time for the university to re-evaluate the effects of the calendar, and to take action to give students that extra time at the end of the semester. Almost every student is walking around now, muttering, "if I only had a few more hours..." Students may think that it's just their problem, but it isn't. It's a school-wide condition the university can cure. It should.

Cover Graphic by Kristin Rusin



The Press has finally reached the conclusion of its printing schedule for the year, and it's time now for our staff to cram 14 weeks of study into their minds between now and finals. So if you don't see any Press staffers showing their lovely faces on campus in the weeks to come, it's more than likely they're off in the Library freaking out.

## The Stony Brook Press

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# Behind the Asbestos Door

by John Isbell

On the asbestos-filled fourth floor of Old Physics, one room was left unlocked even though administration knew about it and the potential hazard it presented for over a year. In fact, nothing was done until Bill Wiesner, President of the Stony Brook chapter of United University Professions (UUP) threatened to "contact an outside agency, possibly **Newsday**." The entire floor was then sealed off within hours.

Charles Hansen, vice president of the UUP informed Wiesner of the open room containing not only such a large concentration of asbestos that Chris Vestudo, pres-

problem Marburger sent a memo to Robert Francis, the Vice-president of campus operations. Wiesner was of the opinion that something was going to be done "within a day."

Six months later, following the Javits Lecture Center fire, Wiesner decided to see what was done to prevent access to the room. He discovered that nothing had been done with the room; the ceiling tiles were merely shifted into the hallway. He again mentioned the hazardous situation to Marburger, who was surprised that the work had not been done, since he had sent the memo to Francis months earlier.

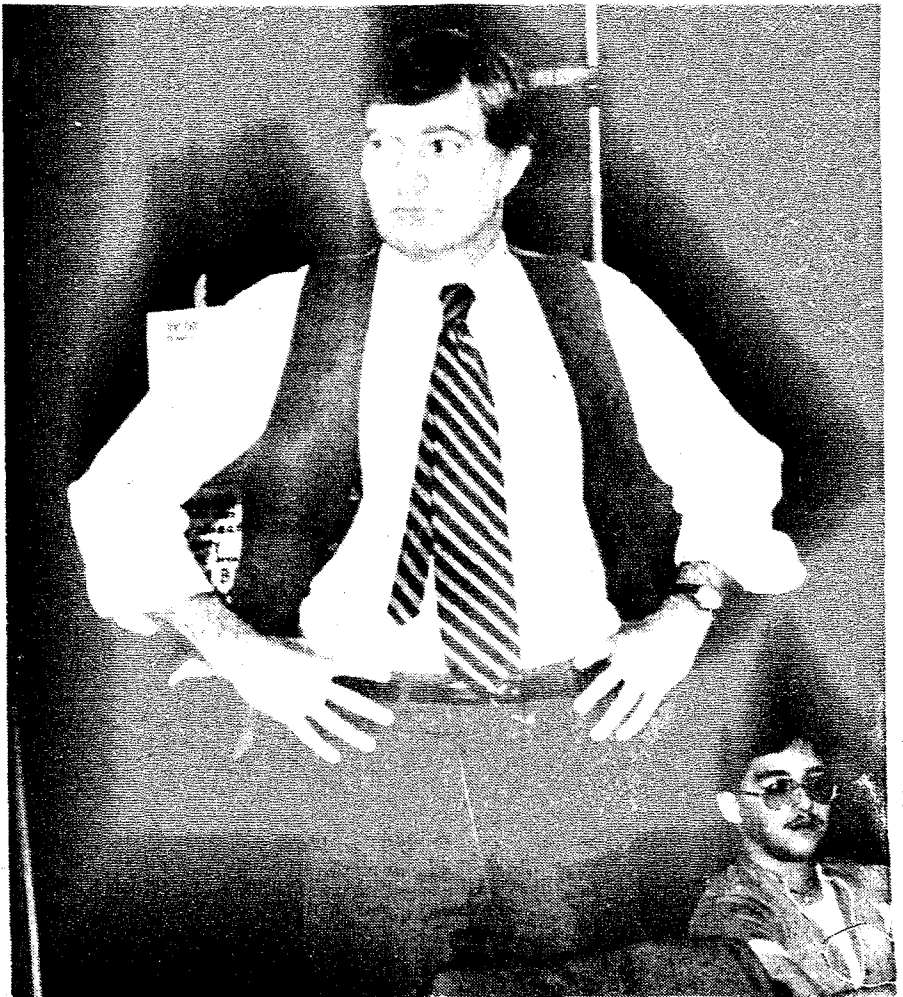
## Wiesner to Marburger: It's now or it's Newsday

ident of the Graduate Student Organization (GSO), described the asbestos as "hanging of the walls like hair," but also a large number of stamped-out cigarette butts.

This situation disturbed Wiesner, so he mentioned it during "at least three" management-labor meetings, the first of which was over a year ago. Since nothing came of this, Wiesner brought President Marburger to the site to point out the asbestos filled room with its broken lock and missing ceiling tiles. This exposed what he felt to be asbestos insulated pipes. After seeing this

Marburger claimed that Francis had the door fixed repeatedly, but that someone kept breaking the lock and "entering the room illegally." Wiesner doubted this, so the **Press** asked Francis' office to send a copy of the memo and the work orders. The memo made it, but the work orders never materialized.

Wiesner said he gave admin that last chance to take care of the problem because he saw no reason in possibly damaging the University's reputation unnecessarily.



Press Photo by Scott Kichter

# The Longest Yard

## Giants: First and Ten

by Mike DePhillips

John Madden controls the NFL and creates an alternate universe in which the Giants exist. That's gotta be it, their playin' perfect football. The Giants have been a pleasure to watch, playing close, exciting football games but usually leaving no doubt in the viewer's mind who is the superior team. What's more in a game that had choke written all over it, the Giants won. They stiffed the 9-2 Redskins and took sole position of first place in the NFC East. This seems like the year at long last.

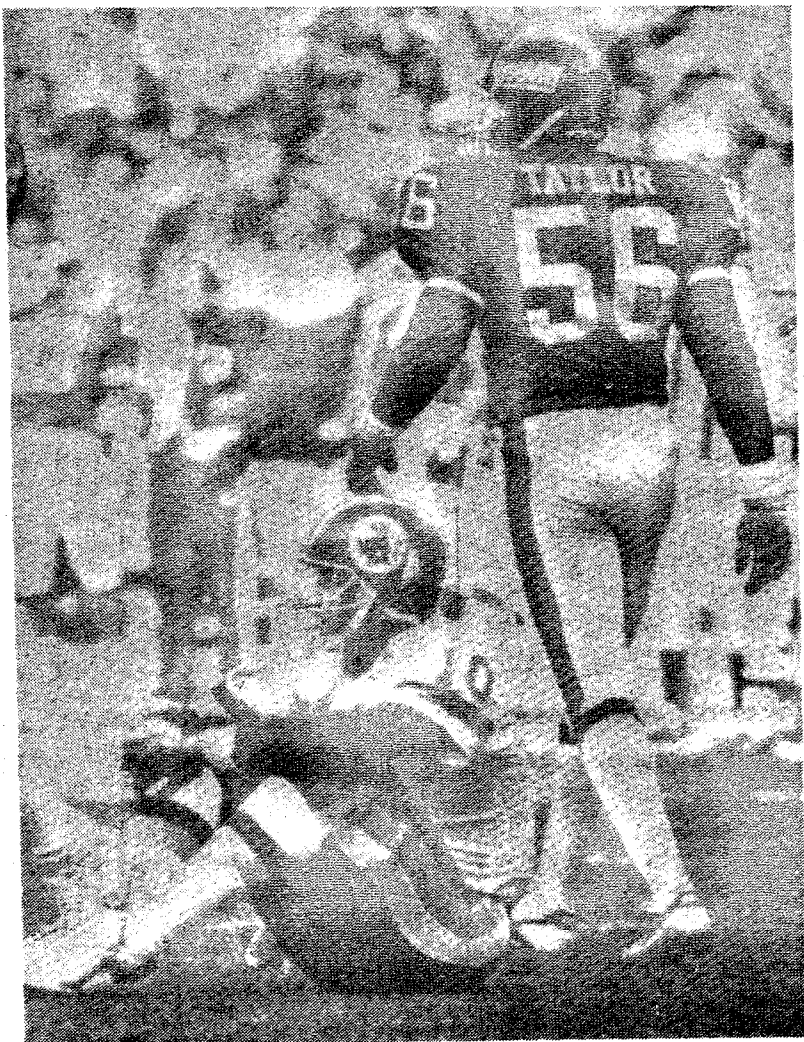
In addition to having a special team, there is a special way in which they are winning. They're doing it with style and grace, sort of speaking softly and carrying a big stick, a really big stick. Like all New York teams (and they are a New York team, New Jersey is just a better place for everyone to start their cars after the game). They have to achieve perfection to earn any respect, no one can deny them this no matter how slow it comes about. Two weeks ago in the Monday night game, the Giants came back after a 17-0 deficit in the second half, shut down Joe Montana, scored 21 points and the announcers were still talking about the incredible first half the 49'ers had. Announcers suck, they really do. None of them really know that much about football except of course John Madden Football and John Madden is synonymous and the Giants are synonymous with John Madden a well rounded tough intelligent sharp football team. From past performance they're unbeatable. The only thing that could go wrong now is that the Giants catch the disease that's all to familiar to them-chokitis.

This year is different though, they've had more than their opportunity to fold and they've won, making each victory seem like a

logical conclusion to each game. The Giants are now 10 and 2 which is the best record in the NFL, it is shared with the Bears but we all know what kind of schedule they've seen. If the Giants win one of their remaining two games or if Washington loses one of their remaining games the Giants will win their first division title in my lifetime. Washington must face Denver (10-9) on Saturday, the Giants have St. Louis (3-10) and Green Bay (3-11) between them and the playoffs. Anything can happen, but if the Giants play half as good as they have been and win both their games they will have home field advantage all the way to Pasadena.

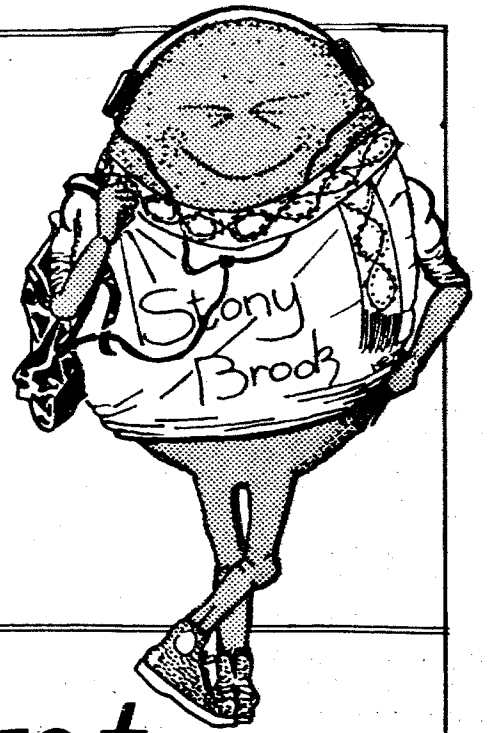
The key to the Giants success lies in their whole game. Even when one aspect lacks the rest of the team fills the void. It's good to know that when Lawrence Taylor has an off day and when Allegre kicks two ground balls to the left of the uprights they can still win. When Morris's rushing game is shot down Simms arm will rise to the occasion. And always credit their offensive line, Simms pass protection has been superb. Case in point, 31 year-old tackle Brad Benson man-handled the Redskins premier defensive end Dexter Manley. Before the game Manley led the NFL in sacks, Brenner held him in check which let LT's 3 sacks bring him past Manley to lead the League - Later, Dex. The Giants defense also caught 6 of Schroeder's passes - Thanks, Jay.

This really does seem to be 'the year'. I can finally say 'Yeah, Phil Simms is a pretty good QB' without getting laughed at. I can also say 'Yeah! The Giants are amazing!' and really mean it. It is time for Giant fans to bask in the glory of victory, sweet, sweet victory. Enjoy.



**Polity Hotline** is now accepting applications for the Spring semester.

If you would like to become a Student Avocado, stop by **room 258 in the Union** and fill out an application (by 5 pm).



*SAB, from Florida, wishes all students a happy and lucrative holiday season.  
Thank you for your support.*

# *student polity association*



The Student Polity Association wishes you a safe and happy holiday season and reminds you not to drink and drive.

*The Eleventh Commandment*

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**Applications are now being accepted for assistant managers and counterpersons.**

Pick up your applications from Barbara in the Polity Suite (2nd floor in the Student Union).

# Talking About Love

Dear Eros:

A couple of weeks ago, I met this girl at a party. She and I hit it off very well, at first. She really turned me on. Anyway, one thing led to another and we ended up in my room. We were fooling around and we were going to have sex. Everything was perfect-but then I couldn't get it up! She kept trying to help me, but nothing worked. After a while she gave up and said, 'What are you-impotent?' I felt about two inches tall, literally. What could be wrong with me? This has never happened to me before.

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous:

First, don't get down on yourself. If this isn't a common occurrence with you (inability to maintain an erection), it probably isn't your penis's fault. An erection is the product of many complex physical and emotional processes. Any number of things can effect a male's erectile capabilities. Do you have a big exam coming up? Have you had a recent death in your family? Anxiety has the potential to extinguish any hopes of achieving an erection. Maybe you were so nervous about 'getting it up' that you just couldn't. Next time, relax. Real life is not a Penthouse forum article. Take your time, and enjoy your intimacy with your partner before concentrating on genital arousal.

Dear EROS,

My gynecologist tested me for chlamydia. What is it? Can I still get it if I'm still a virgin?

Information Seeker

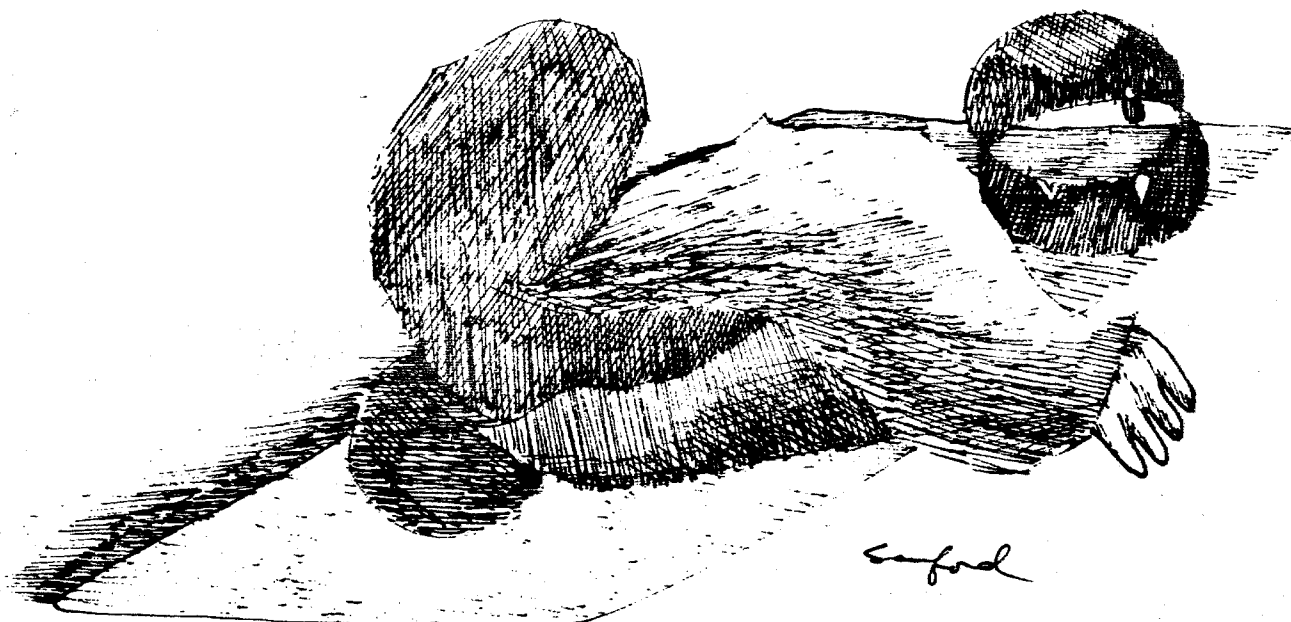
Dear Seeker,

Chlamydia is a highly contagious sexually transmitted disease. A woman can catch it on

her cervix and it could spread to her fallopian tubes and urethra. Symptoms are usually slow to appear and in a large number of cases there are no symptoms. Some early symptoms may include: Slight discharge from the vagina and pain during intercourse. Later symptoms may be: Developing lower abdominal pain and fever, pain when you urinate and sometimes discharge from the urethra. Sometimes chlamydia tests are mandatory during a routine checkup because

it is becoming a very common sexually transmitted disease. When it is not mandatory your doctor should ask you about your sexual history before testing you. If you are a virgin it is highly unlikely that you have chlamydia.

EROS



## Viewpoint

# Under Pressure

## Students Cope With Finals

by Marc Salzman

The Fall semester of 1986 here at S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook is coming to an end, and the level of stress is tripled among the attending students. This stress can lead to irrationality, alcohol and drug abuse, and maybe even suicide among some students.

Many student resident halls set up study breaks, decompression areas at this time in the semester. Mount College, in Roth Quad is planning to have a relaxation area on Sunday and Tuesday nights, in the Main Lounge of the building. They are serving energy foods and drink, and featuring old silent movies. This should be successful in helping students to take it easy and stay sane.

At this time during the semester, the library is completely packed. All tables are taken, and almost every chair is being used. The level of socialization decreases in Current Periodicals, and other rooms, and the level of concentration is sky high. When you walk into the room, you can 'cut' the tension with a knife.

COCA is showing "Back to the Future" this weekend, and there will be other relaxing, social activities, but the motive of this weekend coming up is not socialization, but for cramming in a friend's class notes of classes hardly or never attended. One tries to absorb an entire semester's worth of information in one or two nights in order to achieve high scores on those final examinations, and for those final grades. In order to do this, students may stay up around the clock for the days that are ahead of them.

Don Lukenbill, Mount College Leg. President and a junior majoring in both

psychology and SSI, said, "I don't know what I'm doing, honestly. Sometimes I start little projects that won't take me a long time to finish, just so I can get my mind off studying; or I walk around a lot just to help me reduce my stress. Sometimes you reach a capacity, you can't know anything else. The information tank is full and you just have to get out of the room." When asked if he ever did an all-nighter, he responded, "Well, so far not this semester, but last semester I did, with a buddy of mine. We No-Dozed ourselves to death all night. We just took off, and got the hell off this campus. We went to Heckscher State Park, and got out of Stony Brook."

Tom Larkin, a pre-med student, double majoring in Bio-Chem and Chemistry, and a finals veteran, explained, "I have been in school for about six years now and the best way to relieve stress is not to have it. I've been studying all along, so I don't really have to cram for my exams. Just doing a few problems here and there and that's it. I'm not really cramming as a lot of people are."

In addition to stress, the feeling of aggravation and frustration is tripled. It is not an easy time for the vast majority of students, and to be successful now one can only do the best one can, and relax while preparing for finals. If one gets frustrated, angry, aggravated, and even pissed-off, they will not be able to think clearly. The amount of information one is studying will not remain in the memory bank, and the level of stress will triple. The best thing to do is sit back, take a deep breath, and do the best one can.

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MARC  
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BILL

BOARDS

HERE I AM AGAIN IN MY "PHILOSOPHY OF JUDAIK POLITICS" CLASS AGAIN. WHAT IS HE SAYING? FINALS COME SOON.

EVEN IF I DO GET ALL A'S ON MY FINALS, MY G.P.A. WILL STILL BE ABOUT  $\sqrt{2}$ , AND OVER ALL I'D RATHER NOT SAY

ALL 8:30 FINALS. WHAT A THOUGHT. I'VE SET MY ALARM FOR 8:15 GIVE ME 13 MINUTES TO WAKE UP.

I MEAN A 1.4 IS NOT BAD. IT MIGHT BE MY PHILOSOPHY... "IF THE ANSWER IS WRONG, MULTIPLY IT BY THE PAGE NUMBER."

THINK I'LL GO TO THE UNION FOR COFFEE AND REPUBLICANS. COFFEE TO KEEP ME AWAKE AND REPUBLICANS TO AMUSE ME.

UNION

WINDY?

I DON'T NEED THIS ABUSE. NOT TODAY!

THUMP!

A RAY OF HOPE IN THE DARK VOID OF TODAY! THERE SHE IS... MY CANDY COUNTER GIRL

SHE'S THE ONE WHO THRILLS ME WITH HER TWIZZLERS, TAUNTS ME WITH HER MUFFINS, AND EXCITES ME WITH HER JELLY BABIES!

JUST A WORD FROM HER CAN MOVE ME LIKE A '57 FURY...

SPEAK SPEAK

CAN I HELP YOU?

SUCH POISE

YES I'LL HAVE ONE MUFFIN, A PACK OF TWIZZLERS AND YOUR JELLY BABIES... ER...

DELI

THWACK

CRASH

TO GO PLEASE

WHAT ELSE COULD GO WRONG TODAY? I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO MY ROOM AND SLEEP

CRASH

SURPRISE

IS HE DEAD

HE LOOKS SO COMEAT

HE'S ALIVE. OH WELL.

HAPPY 21<sup>ST</sup> BIRTHDAY!

BILL! YOU REMEMBERED HOW NICE.

WE HAVE A SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR YOU NEXT DOOR.

BIGGER THAN A BREAD BOX? ATIE! A...

COME HERE YOU LUXIOUS LOUNGE LIZARD YOU

DUE TO MARC'S MISPELLING OF DISAPPEARED AND WEINERS LAST WEEK HE HAS BEEN SENT TO...

CARTOONIST HELL

AND WON'T BE BACK FOR A LONG TIME.

THE MGT.

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# Tired Of Just Hanging Out?

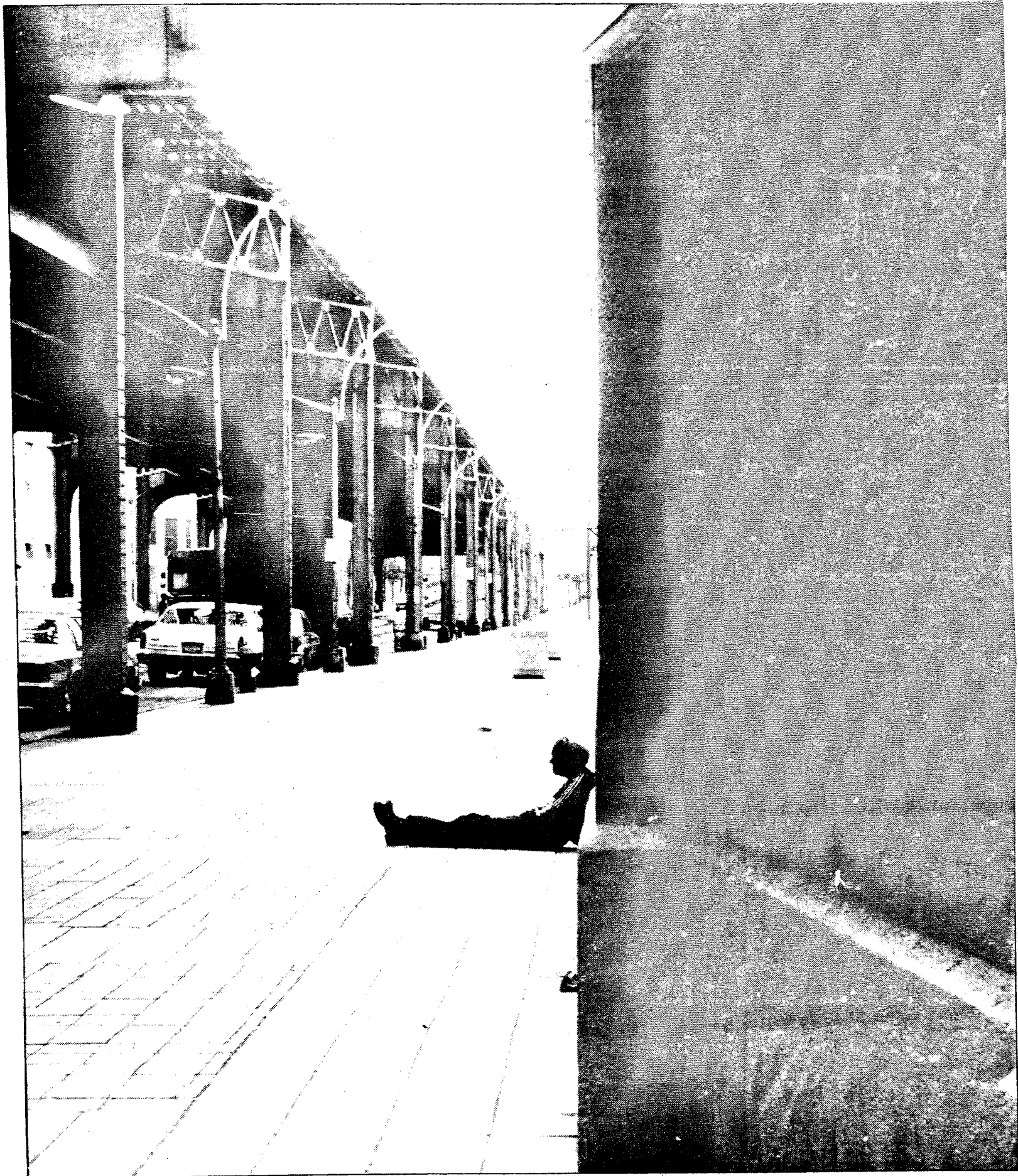


photo by Albert Fraser

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Feature Weekly:**

**The Stony Brook Press**

In the spring, we will continue to meet Monday nights  
at 8:00 in room 020, Central Hall.

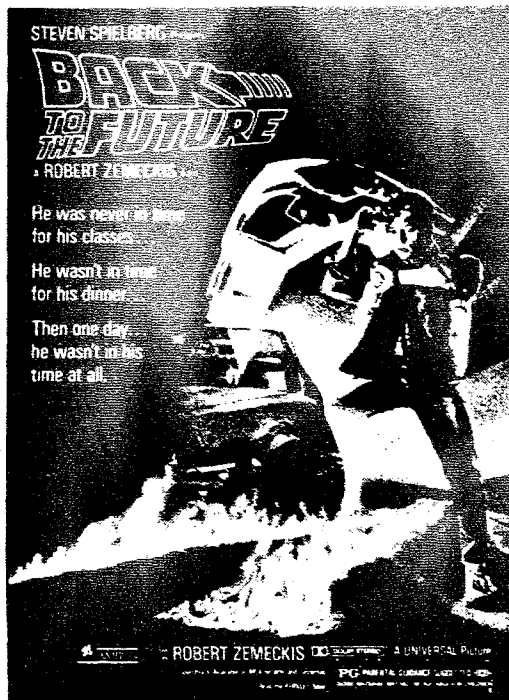
**Be There**

# C.O.C.A.

7:00

9:30

12:00



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Friday & Saturday**

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**Micky and  
Rudolph 7:00**

**Miracle on  
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# Press Anti-Drug Plea

Hey, crack kills! When you graduate from pot to crack, you may get a certificate—a death certificate! You can really go places on crack—Jail! You'll never play on Lou Pinella's team or wear a Member's Only jacket. You know why? Because cocaine is a big lie. Get it—**A BIG LIE**. Take it from Mike Schmitt. He trusts in his ability—he doesn't need cocaine, just the money he made from doing the commercial. If the idea of a baseball player telling people not to do coke seems hypocritical—then you should listen to the words of this nation's first lady, Nancy Reagan. **SHE KNOWS**. She has seen the devastating results of an "Addict on Junk." She knows what it's like to be scraping the back of your desk-draw for a bong hit when you're jonesin and out of cash. Just say no. God-Damn It, for goodness sake just say no. What do Len Bias, Ronnie Van Zant, Buddy Holie, John Lennon and Jimmie Hoffa have in common? They all did **DRUGS** and they're dead! Get it they're dead, **DEAD, DEAD, DEAD**, so don't d-d-d-do it. The Stony Brook Press felt obligated to jump on this righteous and moral bandwagon. Thank you for your continued support.

## *The Daka Cafeteria*

by Gray P. Cole  
To be sung to "Hotel California" by the Eagles

On a Long Island campus, JAPpies everywhere  
Dank smell of detritus, rising up through the air  
Up above in the penthouse, I worked in fluorescent light  
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim  
I had to stop for a bite

As I stood in the doorway  
I smelled a nasty smell  
And I was thinking to myself  
"This can't be Heaven so this must be Hell"  
Then she gave back my meal card, and said "Have A Nice Day"  
Glass was smashing in the room next door  
Nearly scared me away...

*Welcome to the Daka cafeteria  
Such a lovely place (such a lot of waste)  
Plenty of goo at the Daka cafeteria  
For the next four years, you can find it here*

Staff are totally twisted, they're all lost in their dreams  
They got a lot (of) grubby, grubby plates, they call clean  
See them "work" in the kitchen, sweeet slop-house sweat  
I hate to remember, I drink to forget

So I called up off-campus:  
"Please bring me some wine"

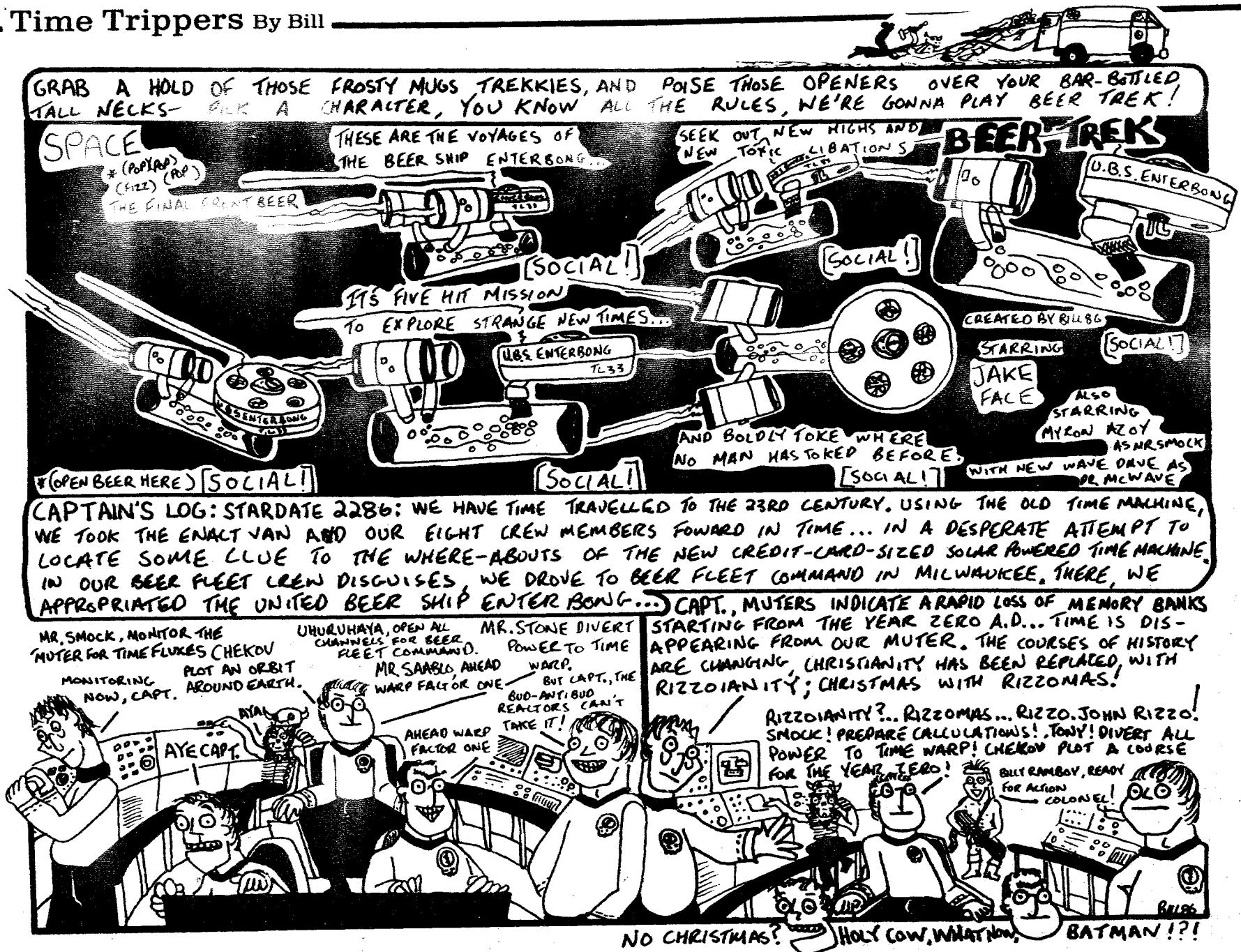
He said, "You ain't allowed no spirits there since nineteen eighty five"  
And still those bastards were serving up stale cake  
Wakes you up in the middle of the night  
With a stomach a-ache

*Welcome to the Daka cafeteria  
Such a lovely place (what a big disgrace)  
Bringin' it up at the Daka cafeteria  
What a nice pigsuill, bring your seltzer pills...*

Splatters on the ceiling  
The cockroaches on rice  
And she said "You are all our prisoners here, so you pay the price"  
And in the murky chambers  
We gather for the feast  
We stab it with their plastic knives  
But we just can't cut the meat

Last thing I remember, I was  
Running for the door  
I had to find the mudtrack back  
To the place I was before  
"Relax" said the can-man  
"You will never get reprieve  
"You can drop out any time you like, but they will never leave."

*The author of this voluntarily eats on the meal plan.*



## The Third Estate: Viewpoint

### Concerts Are Worthless If Nobody Knows About Them

by Jeff Ericks

The Student Activities Board (SAB) provides this university with the Tokyo Joe's Visual Dance Club, Stony Brook Concerts, and various lecture series. Just over the past week, SAB sponsored four major events; a Tokyo Joe's with the first concert in this country by the British group Private Sector, on Friday, a laser rock show on Saturday, a concert featuring Holly Near, whose career included being a part fo the original Broadway cast of Hair and whom for many years has been seen at anti-nuke and peace demonstrations, and finally a concert in the Fine Arts Center by Gil-Scott Herron, a famous reggae oriented musician.

Last year there were complaints that students didn't want to try new things and therefore they were burying all attempts by SAB to run events here on campus. This year, turnout to events has not been better. In fact, it has been much worse, with only a little over 100 tickets sold to the Holly Near concert, about 220 for Gil-Scott Herron, 200 for the Private Sector show at Tokyo Joe's, and a total of about 250 for two showings of a laser light show. This lack of turnout can not be blamed on the students of this university. Instead the blame falls on the shoulders of the students running SAB, the SAB chairs.

Advertising for SAB events this year has been worse than pitiful. Consistently, over half the campus has no idea that SAB is holding an event. Posters are rarely seen in Stage XII, Tabler, and many buildings in Roth Quad. Advertising in the papers is much less than informative as to what the event is, and why a student should spend anywhere from \$3 to \$8 to attend the event.

The types of advertising done by SAB usually include just the name, time, and place of the event as well as how much a ticket costs. This type of advertising works great when you're booking a concert for groups like the Kinks, or comedians like Eddie Murphy. This is because everybody already recognizes their name, and their name alone is enough to convince someone to buy a ticket.

The SAB chairs should learn that if they are not going to spend the time and effort by advertising properly to make an event a success, they should not try to hold an event at all. It will just be a waste of the Student Activity Fee that the Polity Council and the rest of the student population believes is being wasted enough already on this campus.

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# Fragile Circle

## Television Sit-Com At The Calderone

by Craig Goldsmith

John Morogiello, the author of the play *Fragile Circle*, says in his program notes that he is "not really asking anyone to think at all. However, that should not stop those precious few of you who enjoy finding deep significance in a mental vacuum. Go home and think really hard about this play. Tell me what you got from it. And I'll be more than happy to laugh in your face."

For a playwright to judge his own work is a very difficult task, but Mr. Morogiello is quite correct in his assessment of *Fragile Circle*. There is not much to actually think about — *Fragile Circle* is the simple story of two lovers who marry and fight their way through the eleven years that the play covers. But what a funny eleven years. Mr. Morogiello's sense of humor is off-beat and well-timed. The audience laughed. Hard. There is no better way to spend an evening, especially with finals coming up.

The story centers around Jerry, played by Mr. Morogiello, and Debbie, played by Robbie Van de Veer. Scene one opens on Jerry and Debbie attempting to patch up a lover's quarrel that had resulted in Jerry being kicked out of Debbie's apartment. Jerry manages to cavort and beg his way back into Debbie's heart, and the scene ends as Debbie accepts Jerry's marriage proposal.

Scenes two and three describe the events of the next eleven years of their marriage. It is a topsy-turvy marriage; the two manage to fight over the most trivial of matters, ranging from the quality of Jerry's jokes to the way that Debbie pokes fun at Jerry's conversations with his dead mother. Throughout, the one liners and sight gags are flying. Jerry tells

his dead mother that Debbie must love him — "I just puked my guts up all over the kitchen floor and you know what she said? That's all right."

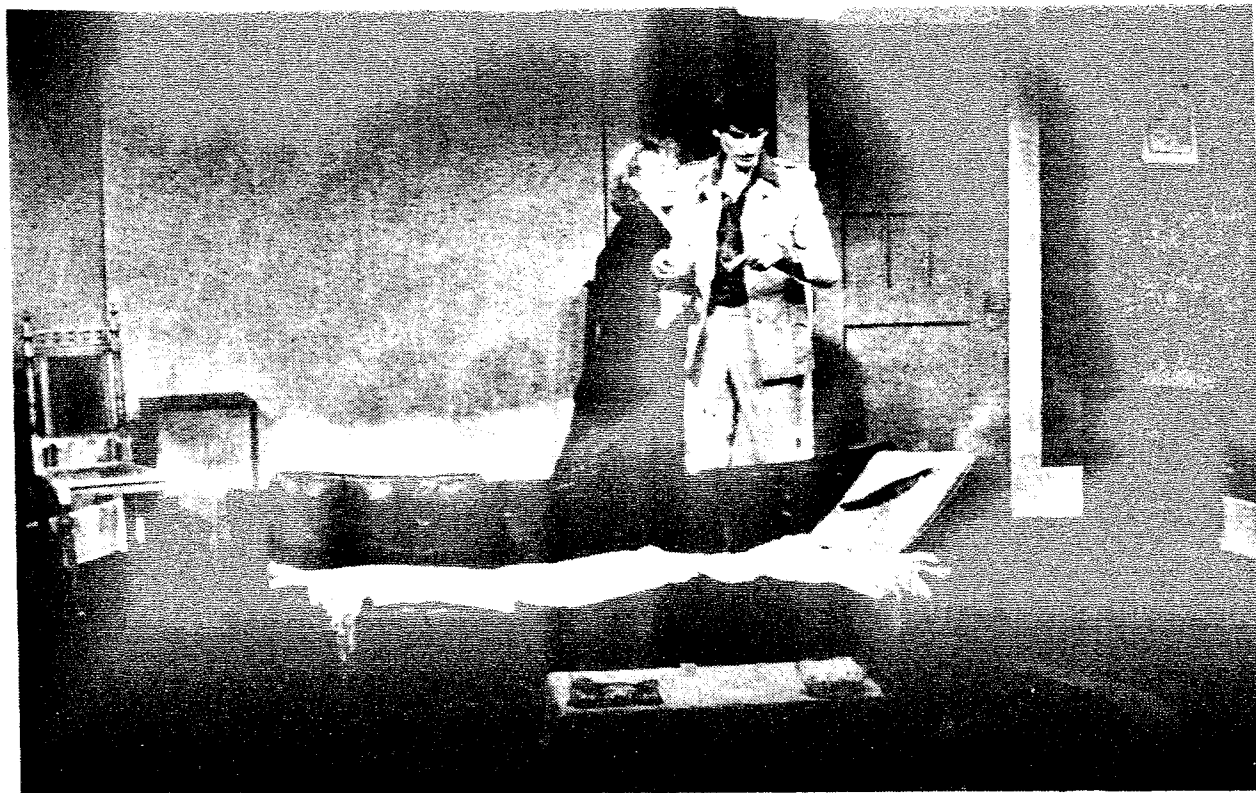
Director Martha Banta keeps the play moving at a quick pace. The jokes are delivered with a punch and a verve that kept the audience giggling almost constantly. I say almost not because some of the jokes were not funny, but because the play is a black

comedy of sorts. The last part of the play is at times quite sad as the couple discuss their feelings of guilt about their failing marriage. The play offers no real insight into marriage, however, outside of the comment made by Jerry — "Sad endings have become cliché. Happy endings have become museum pieces."

Both Mr. Morogiello and Miss Van de Veer provide excellent performances. Miss Van de Veer has a smile that won't quit and

cried real tears (a feat I have never been able to understand). Lanky John Morogiello will be recognizable to anyone that has been here a couple of years as the star of New Campus Newsreels. His is also a gifted comedic actor and playwright.

*Fragile Circle* will be playing at the Calderone Theatre in Nassau Hall, South Campus, until Saturday. Showtime is 8:00pm and admission is free.



Press photo by Jack Zollo

## Architect and Emperor

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In act two, the characters assume a variety of roles and, using masks, get to the less than pure heart of the matter. Judgment is manipulated but cannot be escaped. The playful games of the first act give way to darker frolics at the bar of justice. Escape and justice in Arrabal's world are

both illusory.

The La Mama production uses two sets of actors in the two roles. The pair I saw, Mason and Walker, bring a spirited intensity and commitment to their roles.

For an exciting, creative, and challenging evening of theatre, try *The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria*.

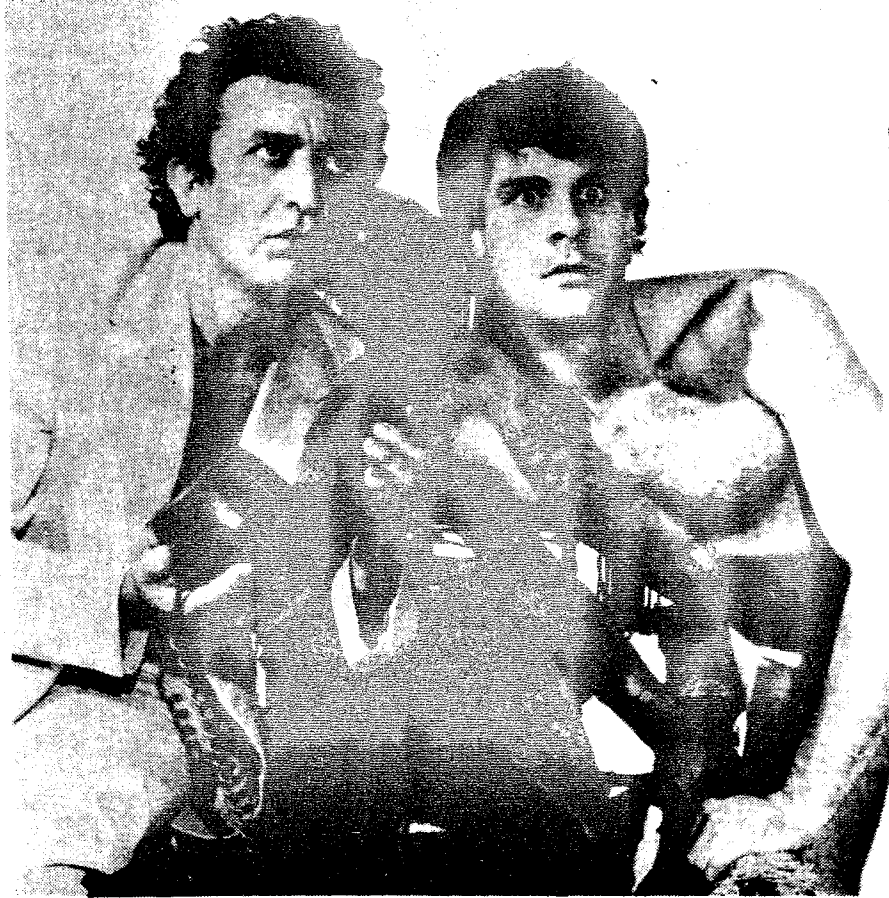


Photo courtesy Martha Swope Associates/Carol Rosegg

## New Order

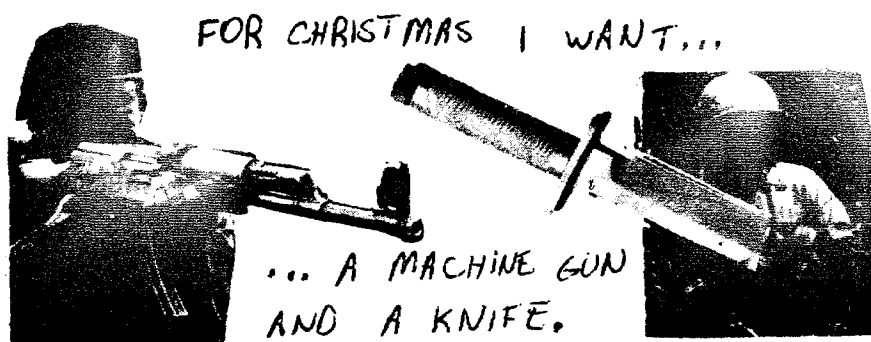
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only give phrases, snap their fingers, sing it... realize they didn't know the title and look foolish, like myself. But I do know this much — fact: Besides opening with "Age of Consent," New Order sang "The Perfect Kiss," "Bizarre Love Triangle," "Shell Shock," and "Love Vigilantes." While in the process of asking the various cult figures about titles during "Blue Monday," the speakers mysteriously boomed out. Mr. Bruno at 1018 explained that the malfunction was caused by some unknown disciple "spilling a drink into the sound boards." And according to him, "the band was really cool about it."

About ten minutes later, New Order resumed its act. John announced that his favorite song was on — it goes, "you've got blue eyes, you've got green eyes, you've got grey eyes." You know that song don't you? No one else did. Besides that song they played, "Get down on my knees and pray", "It's never enough until your heart stops beating", an instrumental, and amongst others, "Every jump counts second". Yes, you probably know the titles and sure, don't I

feel ignorant?

Aside from my hysteria caused by severe heat exhaustion due to the extensions suffocating my head, was the severe discomfort I experienced when I dredged wormlike through the masses to go to the ladies room. There were people crunched up everywhere and in every conceivable place. They were lined up, arm to arm, back to back, split end to split end, and sweat bead to sweat bead within the inferno heat-waved club. When I told Mr. Bruno that I thought the club was too crowded he exclaimed happily "that's really cool, the more the merrier!" Hmmm, well okay, even though I experienced total confusion getting from one part of the floor to the next, New Order and Certain Generals put on a fabulous show. Although Ruth Polsky was not there in body, you could feel through the bands' strength that perhaps she was there in soul, and even though her life was cut off at a young age, her death would not be in vain if all the money collected at the benefit helped out other young inspiring bands presently lacking the funds to get off the ground.



FOR CHRISTMAS I WANT...

... A MACHINE GUN  
AND A KNIFE.

by Quinn Kaufman

Beyond the realm of being one of 3,500 people crushed into 23,000 square feet was the raw delirious sensation of hearing New Order, Certain Generals, and Karen Finley play on Friday, Dec. 5th, at Manhattan's new "1018" club. The concert was a tribute to the late Ruth Polsky in an attempt to raise funds for aspiring, unknown musicians.

The evening was officially entitled, "A tribute to Ruth Polsky," the former booking agent for the now defunct Danceteria. Polsky, who was renowned within the music industry for bringing young bands out of Britain and giving them a chance to make it as musicians in the U.S., was killed by a vehicle outside of the Limelight on 6th and 21st street a few months back. She was killed while one of her discoveries, Certain Generals was performing inside. Mr. Bruno, the manager at 1018 expressed contempt for the Limelight, claiming that they displayed the epitome of disgrace, by continuing to remain open throughout the evening while the infamous Ruth Polsky lay breathless on the former cathedral turned nightclub's sidewalk.

I arrived in the middle of Certain Generals' performance. Their act brought back fond memories of them opening up for the "Cure" performance at the Beacon Theatre in 1984. Unaware at first glimpse of who they were, a rastafarian seated next to me explained that he thought their name was "Slayer" (heavy metal?), but as I moved closer I recognized them as none other than Certain Generals. I'm sure after viewing their performance Friday night, that they could make it on their own without being associated to the '84 Cure show.

Arriving onstage sometime after the Generals was a very strange vocalist from downtown Manhattan named Karen Finley. Decked

# New Order



out in some sort of green prairie outfit, she resembled your average next door neighbor from Greene Street. But don't ever judge a book by its cover. In the one and only song she sang, I saw people's eyes popping out of their sweltering heads as if they were about to vomit... vulgarities like you wouldn't believe. I'm sure her intention was to shock the audience, and she did. She ended her act with a very mild (as compared to the rest of her lyrics) "suck me off."

New Order, another of Ruth Polsky's discoveries, were the main attraction Friday evening and as one of New Order's roadies put it, "they played one of the longest sets ever." Someone, I presume a band member, had the novel idea of the band coming onstage in the midst of a recording of "Age of Consent." While the monstrous speakers blared out the taped song, firecrackers went off and New Order took the stage unexpectedly, and brilliantly finished the song.

Being a New Order fan, I then made a journey to the side of the stage and literally stumbled into the recording booth to take pictures while I left my friend John, my ink and paper, to write down song titles. Although he was not helpful in writing down the actual titles of songs, he did help by writing down phrases to songs.

Forty minutes later, during "Blue Monday," I was completely oblivious to what he had written.

Due to the fact that New Order has a tendency to entitle their songs with perhaps themes that have no relation to the actual content, I found myself asking other New Order fans for assistance in helping me name songs. Believe it or not, out of the five Ian Astbury lookalikes I approached, they all resembled my friend John in that they could

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## On Stage

# The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria

by Marc Stern

Islands have long served authors as arenas for primal conflict. From *The Tempest* through *Robinson Crusoe*, to James Barrie's *Admirable Creighton*, and, recently, Lina Wertmüller's cinematic *Swept Away*, writers have dropped their protagonists on the beach and forced them to confront both society's problems in microcosm and themselves.

For playwright Fernando Arrabal, the island is the ideal setting for *The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria*, which recently opened in revival at Manhattan's La Mama E.T.C. Theatre on East 4th Street. Arrabal uses the island to examine a few small social questions including: sexuality, power and submission, religion, and the existence of God, pedagogy, pederasty, epistemology, the meaning of life, guilt, atonement, justice, and the unnatural limits which humanity imposes upon itself by obscuring natural power by means of cultural artifacts. Just a few small questions.

Arrabal is a playwright with both feet planted firmly in the shifting sands of surrealism and the theatre of the absurd. Despite years in self-imposed exile in Paris, this Spanish writer carries the scars of post-Civil War Francoist culture as his own cross.

La Mama's production does justice to Arrabal's black, satirical vision of a civilization which forces each of us to adopt a variety of personae, games, and masks in



Photo courtesy Martha Swope Associates/Carol Rosegg

order that we might cope with guilt and make it through the day. It recreates Tom O'Horan's much lauded original staging of the play's first La Mama production in 1965. Wonderful lighting by Beverly Emmons and a fine stage set by Bill Stables let you feel the isolation of the island, the power of nature, and the relentless mystification whereby each of us shields ourselves from the world. The island becomes both surreal and alive.

Arrabal's island is initially occupied by one tenant, a savage played with youthful zest by Jonathan Walker. He is without speech, learning, philosophy, or guilt. The island suddenly experiences the emergence of a social order when the self-proclaimed Emperor of Assyria (played with a charmingly manic campness by Miles Mason), the sole survivor of an airplane disaster, arrives and stamps his own topsy-turvy vision of reality on his new student and subject, the Architect. Over time, escape, guilt, judgement, and power become all too twisted around as the Emperor trains his willing student. Culture, updated to suit the mid-1980's 'more holistic than thou' atmosphere - the Emperor tells his imaginary doctor that his imaginary royal daughter will become a shiatsu masseuse - serves as both weapon and chain for the increasingly unregal potentate.

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WUSB would like to wish everybody a healthy, happy holiday season and an enjoyable intersession. Good luck on your finals!

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