

*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

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CUT YOUR STIPENDS

In an attempt to reduce their enormous deficit Polity, on March 3, released a new pay scale for all Polity funded clubs and affiliated groups employing personnel. They reduced rates by dividing situations of employment into two types of events, Alcoholic and Non Alcoholic. Within these events they break down the pay rates into three categories, workers, supervisors, and coordinators. In an alcoholic event workers receive \$3.35 an hour, supervisors \$3.50 an hour, and coordinators \$3.65 an hour. There are to be 8 workers for each supervisor, and one coordinator for a minimum of 3 supervisors.

Their official reason for enacting this plan states, "as a not-for-profit corporation designed to provide programs, activities, and services for the undergraduate student body, Polity is not capable of financially supporting any deviation from this policy."

One can only wonder if the people in Polity are blind, stupid, or, what's worse, care nothing about the people they represent. What were they thinking about when they enacted this plan? The way in which this pay cut is devised, it seems that Polity had Stony Brook's number one financial disaster in mind, SAB. These pay cuts break down in such a way that it is completely catered around SAB's needs without one iota of consideration given to other Polity clubs.

In a state of panic, Polity tried to cover their

already burned ass by abusing and misusing their authority and taking control of Stony Brook's club's already-allocated budgets. This abuse is tailored for the people who have been abusing the Stony Brook activity fee for years, SAB. Who else holds alcohol-related events? What other club employs enough people to have supervisors and coordinators, which means that SAB heads still get a higher rate of pay? They used to do this illegally, but now Polity seems to want to bring everything on the up and up.

So now everything is all honky-dory up in the Polity suites. Our student reps have taken the step so we don't have our student activity fund ripped off and their good buddies, SAB, have pay cuts that they can live with.

A small cut in their recorded pay and a definitive totem pole system is easy to live with, since most of their personal benefits come from under the table. It is even easier for them to live with since you can't employ people if you don't do anything.

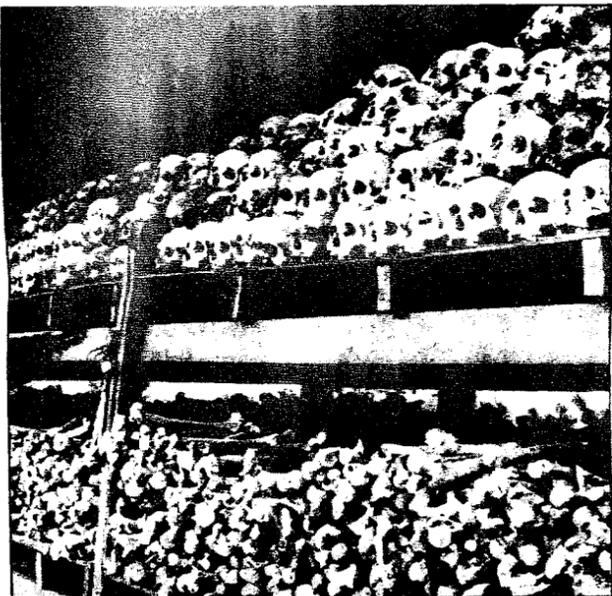
What Polity forgot to think about is everybody else, and how these new pay scales would affect other clubs. Here at the Stony Brook Press, we employ an average of three typesetter an issue. The payscale classifies them as workers at a non-alcoholic event, which means they will now receive below minimum wage for a job that brings \$10 an hour in the job

market. A person drinking and serving beer at an SAB event will receive more pay than a skilled laborer. Typesetting is a skill which takes time to learn and patience to master. This work is usually done when most of the campus is sleeping and SAB people are drinking from kegs that we pay for.

Here at the Press, there are no supervisors or coordinators, just people providing campus a free service. It is done out of what now seems to be a naive idea of making campus life more enjoyable. We are given a specific budget each year, and with this small allowance, the Press, a **not-for-profit** organization, does its best to use the money in the most responsible way possible. The former rate, of \$5 an hour for a typesetter, comes from this budget, as well as all our other expenses. This is a far cry from what they truly deserve. To pay them below minimum wage is a crime and to make us pay them below minimum wage is dictatorial.

It is unfair that students who have nothing to do with the irresponsibility of Polity and the corruption of SAB should have to bear the brunt of a brash and ill-thought attempt at financially saving face.

Maybe to show the students that they are truly concerned with the impudence of student government and their deficit, the Polity Council should cut their \$120/week stipends, and not take money away from those who have earned it.



Press photo by Ed Bridges

Join the Press.

The Stony Brook Press

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Polity Update

The Leviathan Opens One Sleepy Eye

by Quinn Kaufman

Polity has announced that its attorney Mitch Gidden will be trying to get rebates for those students living in Whitman, Mount and Hendrix Colleges in Roth Quad who have not had heat and hot water on a regular basis throughout this semester. The APR, an administrative committee, met with students to discuss the issue. According to Christine Wolff, Polity Secretary, "the procedure for actually getting rebated money back into the pockets of the deprived students will take a couple of months."

Polity will be trying to see why last semester the University parking fines were raised from \$5.00 to \$7.50. Some residential students receive up to 10 tickets per week for parking along the curb in such places as Roth Quad because commuters, faculty or staff took their spaces. Sari Davis, a sophomore resident, claims, "they do not give us enough room to park. They run around ticketing people, overlooking the fact that there are no alternatives for us. They already have so much money and they just want more." She continues angrily stating, "I've already received six parking tickets and it aggravates me... I'm sure they wouldn't ticket Jack Marburger's car."

The snowstorm on February 23rd that buried Long Island under five inches of snow and closed most secondary schools and colleges, except for Stony Brook, has led Polity, in response to commuter complaints, to write a letter to Fred Preston, Vice President for Student Affairs, and John Marburger, President at Stony Brook,

asking them for an adequate explanation as to why Stony Brook remained opened.

The issue was sparked when Polity Hotline received many complaints by commuter students, particularly from Polity Senator Frank Kanter. As a Suffolk County REACT member (an organization linking civilians and police), Kanter says, "the roads were very hazardous. There was no reason in this world why Marburger or any one else should go out in that kind of



weather. And worse, when people did get to school, there was no bus service. The parking lots and streets weren't plowed and walking conditions on campus were horrible. You could have fallen ten times while walking two steps and that's bad." Polity hopes with the resolution that in future snowstorms the University will take every step to insure student safety by closing the school.

The vendors located in the Union lobby selling jewelry, sweatshirts, knick-knacks and sometimes plants and pottery have been told by the University that they will be removed by April 15th.

FSA (Faculty Student Association) board members met to discuss the issue on March 4th and its original deadline to leave on April 1st was extended to the 15th when the University's March planning proved favorably

the vendors as valuable to Stony Brook students. Sophomore Barbara Peck exclaimed that, "It kind of upsets me because you can find a quick birthday present there. It's a good alternative to the overpriced Barnes and Noble... It really sucks."

Arguments against the ousting of the vendors came when antique jewelry vendor, Susan Petretti, came to the FSA meeting with petitions from students. The petitions explained how valuable their services are to students. She also stated sadly, "Our part-time work is valuable to us and it's really hard for us to find such great jobs as this and besides we give \$5,200 per year to FSA for usage fees of the tables."

The administration's objective, according to Wolff, is that "the University does not want them hanging out in the lobby and it's too unorganized. They want students to have full use of the three tables and not the vendors." Student groups such as the Red Balloon, the College Republicans, or Hillel usually occupy one of the three tables in the lobby handing out their literature. The vendors occupy the other two.

Gunning is requesting that the vendors be allowed to stay, not in the lobby, but in an organized weekly flea market in the Union bi-level.

Hoping that in any case the vendors' removal will not be eternal, the April 15th FSA meeting will determine the fate of the vendors.

Polity members active in the entertainment department have created a new production called The Split Image. Lisa Garcia and Lisa Miller, the organizers, say that the Split Image will be a non-alcoholic event and feature magic, psychic, and comical events. The first show will be April 6th at 8 PM in the Union ballroom and three comedians in a "make me laugh" production will be performing.

Gerry Shaps, Polity Vice President and founder of the Golden Bear Cafe in G Quad's Oneill college basement, has announced that it will henceforth feature weekly campus bands every Wednesday at 10 PM that will be performing for free. On Wednesday, March 18, catch The Influence AKA and the Vegetables at the Bear. Admission is always free. And on next Wednesday, March 25, Page 83 will be appearing.

NYPIRG Holds Spring Conference

by Quinn Kaufman

NYPIRG, New York Public Interest Research Group, had its annual spring conference in Albany entitled, "Spring to Activism." The event, which lasted from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon, featured student workshops in food irradiation, lobbying, and enlightening students about what's happening across the country.

Ralph Nader, Paul Conduitt, a St. Lawrence University professor, and Tom Wathes, Executive Director of NYPIRG statewide, worked and spoke with 500 students from 20 different universities. According to Neal Drobenare, Board Chairperson at NYPIRG, "the event was a weekend of skills, training and inspiration."

NYPIRG, which has been "floundering for two years," has established a chapter at Stony Brook that has superceded its friendly competitor in strength, Binghamton University, according to Neal Drobenare. That University had a reputation of being the strongest NYPIRG chapter in the state, but because of increased student participation and organization, SUNY at Stony Brook is now the strongest NYPIRG chapter. According to Drobenare, "Craig Siegel, the recycling coordinator at Bing-

"NYPIRG... has been 'floundering for two years' according to Drobenare"

hamton, was amazed at how organized our local board chapter was, and it all stems from students here at Stony Brook who want to work in NYPIRG doing anything from coloring in posters to lobbying legislators."

Upstate, the Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) was propositioned by NYPIRG to make alternatives for deadly recycling plants on Long Island and all across the state. Drobenare states, "At the start of the first hearing, the DEC didn't realize that NYPIRG existed, but at the hearings, they were grumbling, giving in, saying those NYPIRG people just won't leave us alone." Hopefully, with increased pestering the DEC will see the significance of having alternatives to "dangerous incinerators that cause unknown deadly toxins to enter our lungs."

Other major issues that NYPIRG will deal with include the commencement of a Suffolk County legislative office. Drobenare claims it is designed to get "politics onto campus." There will be profiles taken on all Suffolk legislatures, such as: who paid for their campaigns, who their campaign money is beholden to, the standpoints they take on their issues, and their electoral records will all be looked into by NYPIRG representatives. Drobenare states that with the support of the Suffolk County legislature, we can push through food irradiation blockage and produce more day care facilities on Long Island.

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Attention All Interested Undergraduates

Petitions for 1987 Spring Polity Elections for the following positions will be available in the Polity office (see Barbara) at 3:00pm Thursday, March 19th, 1987. They are due by 5:00pm Wednesday, April 1st, 1987.

President	Senior Class Rep.
Vice President	Junior Class Rep.
Secretary	Soph. Class Rep.
SASU/Student Assembly Delegate	
Polity Judiciary	

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March 27, 28, & 29

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Union Auditorium 7:00pm

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- Q. Busterkeys

Why do we always seem to be on the wrong side?

by Joe Caponi

Stony Brook is a university with many troubles, troubles that, for years, have consistently gotten in the way of it becoming the quality university that it could become. Many of these troubles are due to outside factors, that those entrusted with operating Stony Brook have little or no control over. But unfortunately, an embarrassingly large number of Stony Brook's problems are created internally, by the lack of intelligence, concern, imagination, and energy shown by those very people entrusted with running it. The dismal, and continuing case, of the denial of tenure to Prof. Ernest Dube is symptomatic of the poor judgement and ineffectiveness that characterize Stony Brook as a whole. It also demonstrates the urgent necessity of solving Stony Brook's own problems before we can expect to begin dealing with those problems imposed on us from outside.



John Marburger III

Professor Dube attracted a great deal of attention several years ago when he opened up the topic of the U.N. resolution equating Zionism with racism for a class discussion. Stony Brook has not been the same since. Dube drew virulent criticism from a variety of people and groups, including governor Mario Cuomo. The arguments grew increasingly rhetorical, until whatever Dube had said or done in class became largely unimportant, as people attacked him and the university he worked for. However, his teaching was found to be within the reasonable bounds of academic freedom by a faculty committee, and he was supported by the University Senate, and, at the time, a statement of support from the Stony Brook administration.

The controversy never was forgotten, however, and dogged Prof. Dube in his search for tenure here. Ultimately, four faculty committees, at both the Stony Brook and SUNY-wide level, voted to recommend tenure for Dube, but were overruled, consecutively by former Provost Homer Neal, President Marburger, and former Chancellor of the SUNY system, Clifton Wharton. They claimed that they were merely acting on the academic evidence relating to the quality of Dube's scholarship. Most everyone else, from the Africana Studies department to Newsday, think they knuckled under to outside pressure.

Without further academic recourse, Dube will be jobless after August. He is expected to be suing the University.

Tenure decisions are cloaked in secrecy, and revolve around issues such as publications quality, that can really be discussed intelligently only by experts in the specific field. Teaching quality is a secondary consideration, at best. It is reasonable, though, to assume that tenure committees, (not one but four of them!), are competent to make such decisions, and to assume that they may have been right in consistently recommending tenure for Dube. For administrators to get involved in this type of decision is relatively rare, and when it happens, much greater political dimensions inevitably arise. Marburger and Wharton never cared that much about scholarship.

A very illuminating point in this regard is that, in his letter announcing the Dube decision, Wharton offered Dube the possibility of seeking employment elsewhere in the SUNY System. But, as Blackworld correctly noted in a front page editorial last week, that proposition, "defies logic, considering the fact that Wharton cited Dube's lack of scholarly achievements as the reason for denial of tenure."

What is clear, though, is that, even if one agrees with Neal, Marburger, and Wharton about Dube, they have handled the entire situation in such a miserably lousy way

that they have hurt Stony Brook's reputation with every conceivably interested group, and that, even more importantly, they have hurt Stony Brook.

Saddest of all is that this is in no way an isolated case. Administrative disregard has set Stony Brook back countless times in the seven years of the Marburger administration.

In theory, a university President, and their administration, exists to enhance the ability of a university to achieve its goals of teaching and research, primarily through handling paperwork, budgets, and such, and generally working to enhance the academic and other aspects of campus. In addition, a good President will be a leader, going out to gain more resources for the university, and promoting the best possible atmosphere for the campus.

Our administration does neither of those things well. Consistently, administration's response to problems is to get rid of students (limiting enrollment, tightening grade requirements, imposing stifling rules and regulations, raising fees) or to get rid of faculty (like Dube).

They act as if the university existed for them, and that students and faculty make it difficult for them to do their jobs, rather than the other way around. They justify their actions by claiming that they are done to improve the school's quality and reputation, but has it? Is Stony Brook, in any important way, better than it was before Marburger became President in 1980?

No. It's worse. Administration has no overall realistic plan to improve the school. As the Dube case illustrates, administration crashes blindly from crisis to crisis, being batted about by circumstance, trying to distance itself from what goes on outside the Administration building. They don't know what is happening in the dorms or the classrooms; they don't care.

Certainly, some individual administrators are trying to make Stony Brook better, to help students and faculty, and to get personally involved in the campus. Unfortunately, they are rare, and are usually not in a position to make an important difference.

Specifically, though, President Marburger has been unconcerned with much of what has been happening on campus, delegating as much authority as he can get away with, and generally remaining uninformed about Stony Brook. Former Provost Neal, despite much-vaunted curriculum revisions and other initiatives, has not worked to improve education at the undergraduate level. Instead, he had spent his time seeking research and other grants. The fact that that is exactly what he was hired to do is a big part of the problem. Vice President for Campus Operations Bob Francis' disdain for providing campus services, and, in the case of the Lecture Center fire and heating the dorms, for student health, is well known, and Vice President for Student Affairs Fred Preston and Residence Life Director Dallas Bauman have worked consistently to take away student control of their lives and lifestyles, and the right to make the decisions that affect their lives. Instead of trying to improve the school, administration does things like attempting to take over the student activity fee and the Faculty Student Organization, two of the few things on campus that work well.

On the other hand, new Provost Jerry Schubel has, so far, an excellent reputation as an approachable, concerned administrator, teacher, and scientist. Hopefully, he will stay that way. He will probably not get much help.

Away from the vacuum of leadership left by administration runs much of the faculty. Traditionally the shapers of the academic, and much of the non-academic atmosphere of a campus, many of Stony Brook's faculty have abdicated that role. All too many of them avoid teaching, and when forced into it, avoid students. Some of this is understandable, as administration has placed such a heavy emphasis on research as opposed to teaching, and in addition, they have the Dube example to show them what happens when they open their mouths. But it's important for faculty to realize that, while both administrators and students come and go, it is they that remain at the university, and they are the ones who will have to take the responsibility for being the conscience and leaders of the school, and stop letting themselves be bullied around by admin.

Students are handicapped by a number of factors in trying to improve campus. Primary among these are lack of knowledge of the school's history and procedures, knowledge of goings on in Albany and at other schools, and a lack of time, money and other resources that administration can put against them, whenever they try to accomplish any-

thing. Even considering these factors, though, there is much more that students and student government could do, than they do now.

The students who are demonstrating in protest of the Dube decision are not using Polity as a resource, just as those that demonstrated for SUNY divestment from South Africa last year didn't go through the student government. Unfortunately, they were right in seeing that Polity would not be of help to them, but without the power that only Polity can have, it will be enormously difficult for them to have an effect.

Often students are presented with an administration decision, like the Dube decision, that they dislike, and they go out and fight it. Rarely, they are successful in preventing something negative from occurring on campus, and even more rarely are they able to convince administration to do something positive for the benefit of the campus.

Continually, however, students miss the point. The biggest injustice on the campus scene is not one policy decision or another, it is not denying Dube tenure, but it is the fact that students have been shut out of the decision making process from the start, and so consequently must always play catch up with administrators. It is only when students are able to become part of the decision making process of the university that they will be able to make a serious and lasting impression on Stony Brook. For instance, popular professors have been hammered by tenure committees all through the eighties, successively enraging different groups of students. Yet in all that time, there has been no collected wisdom at the student level about what to do about it.

Currently, students have influence in administration through several channels, either the formal ones of student seats on committees, or the personal influence of Polity and other leaders. But on the really important issues, they are almost always shut out.

The major power that students do have is their numbers, as the thousands of consumers of the educational product of Stony Brook. It is up to them to use it.

In the last months we've seen student demonstrations in France, and even China, that have forced the attention of national governments to student grievances. One does not have to go too far back in U.S. history to see similar events. But can such long ago, or far away events, have any relevance to Stony Brook. Yes, as examples that students need to marshal their resources far better than has been the case in the past, and effectively present their views, before they can expect administration to listen to them.



Fred Preston

The plan then, is straightforward: make student leaders become knowledgeable about the decision making process at Stony Brook, and how to increase student involvement in it. Force student political groups like SASU and NYPIRG, and the Polity lawyer, to use their influence to just that end. Learn the history and procedures of Stony Brook and the state, so students don't get the runaround. Fill the seats of existing committees with students who will work on them, and work to increase student say in them.

Then, have students use the strength of their numbers to force their way into the decisions they should be involved in making. They will not be let in any other way. If everything has gone well up to that point, students will be in the position that they should be, to make sure that debacles like the Dube decision don't occur again.

Reagan Bowl

A Beginner's Primer in Scandal-Watching

by Mitchel Cohen
Red Balloon Collective

It's hard to tell all the players without a scorecard. Perhaps the Tower Commission should have recommended that all government officials (and their legions of private armies, corporate executives, and mafia hit-men) should wear numbered uniforms, as they do in every other sport, and in the television series "The Prisoner." New York baseball fans know that Yankee number 41 is Dave Winfield, and number 23 is Don Mattingly. If you don't know that, you can always look it up in the program, yearbook, or scorecard, which cross-list their achievements year by year and statistical category by category. Sports, after all, is an orderly universe in which there are absolute standards of measurement and clearly defined laws. Consequently, it's almost impossible to "disinform" the sporting public. "What you talkin 'bout? The bum hit only .211 last year, and .190 with runners in scoring position."

Politics, like any sport, has its rules. But they are intentionally designed to appear far more complicated than they really are (Rule number 1). Unless you're really into it, which takes its toll on your soul, you're reduced to tearing your way through the sticky web of abstractions, exposures, strategies and deceit until you, in frustration, give up, saying: "There's no meaning here," and retreat to the more immediately real world of personal relationships, explorations, children, nature—the beauty of life that makes it worth living.

The problem is, we forget to treat political scandals as the sport they are. We get caught up in the maze of detail: Exactly how many kilos of heroin and cocaine were shipped to the U.S. on covert Southern Air Transport flights supervised by retired Air Force General Richard Secord? What was its actual street value (come as close as you can, now, without going over the actual retail price)? Did General Secord beat the previous record of heroin transport, established during his prior mission in Southeast Asia when he was a member of the Special Operations Group, an organization of covert warfare specialists who led the secret military onslaught against Laos twenty years ago? Can't the U.S. government just "say no" to drugs?

Treating it as sport doesn't minimize the revulsion, any more than Steinbrenner's refusal to sign Kirk Gibson two years ago minimized Yankee fans' rage just because it was sport and not "real life." It just gives some perspective to what's going on in government and business so that we don't look to it to be any different than it is. We're free, then, to look elsewhere—to our own lives, and the movements we create—for meaning, while enjoying the spectacle titled: "How are they gonna worm out of it this time?" For instance, it has been reported (and leftists are hard at work checking it out at this very minute) that George Steinbrenner owns large tracts of land in Guatemala. One way of bringing that to public attention would be the "official left" way: give out serious leaflets at his office decrying the immorality of Steinbrenner's investments. But the other way—come on, enter into the *sport* of it—would be to troop through Yankee Stadium on opening day carrying giant banners proclaiming: "Down With Yankee Imperialism."

It's not that leftists don't have the details available to us. We are awash in details! It's just that too many people get snared into believing that they need to uncover all the details before they're able to act, as if the details will make some sort of fundamental difference in *anything*. We don't care if the murderers in power find us credible or not; we only care about overthrowing them, not convincing them they've been naughty!

The Cocaine Connection

Still, you want details? Take Lewis Tambs, the former U.S. Ambassador to Colombia. He ran afoul of Pablo Escobar, the billionaire coke king of Colombia, and of American businessman and CIA agent

John Hull, whose 8,000 acre ranch in northern Costa Rica was used as a staging ground for contra attacks against Nicaragua, and as a depot for coke and heroin shipments to Miami, continuing to this very day, at the rate of over a ton of cocaine each week. Escobar put out a \$1 million contract on Tambs, who was quickly flown out of Colombia and installed at a new government post: Ambassador to Costa Rica, where he remains to date.

Senator John Kerry (D, Mass.) launched an investigation last April into contra drug-trafficking. His staff interviewed Jack Terrell, who had been a mercenary in Central America against the Sandinistas. Terrell told Kerry of a contra plot—backed by members of the U.S. government and by Colombian drug dealers—to blow up the U.S. Embassy in San Jose Costa Rica (with Tambs in it), collect the reward, and blame it on the Sandinistas by planting Sandinista literature on the Nicaraguan contra who was to help plant the bomb. Of course, the Nicaraguan wasn't to know anything about their plans to kill him, making him the patsy. That would have ruined the sport of it all. (He was murdered anyway, shortly thereafter, when wind of the plot surfaced and the anglos were afraid he'd talk.) But two of the mercenaries assigned to participate in this scheme, Steven Carr and Jesus Garcia, refused to go along with it. Carr and another mercenary, Peter Glibbery, were deported to the U.S. and Carr was thrown in jail, from which he wrote:

I've put all my marbles in their corner hoping to get to the truth of things and show how our 'wonderful' CIA are a bunch of ass-fuckers, liars, cheats, and murderers. I'm an American all the way, but I stop at killing other Americans for the sake of CIA wargames.

Carr's testimony was crucial to several court cases. He was to be a major witness linking the arms network in Florida to Americans in El Salvador who were illegally supplying arms to the contras in Honduras and Costa Rica. He was also a link in a Miami gun-running case that included drug trafficking, and he had given written testimony that he personally helped load automatic weapons in Miami for the contras, contrary to the Congressional ban, under the supervision of CIA personnel, and that he rode on the plane to El Salvador. Shortly before a scheduled meeting with *The New York Times*, Carr died of an alleged drug overdose. Most people who knew him claim he was murdered.

journalists including Honey and Avirgan. They began to investigate the bombing. In the course of it they heard from a Costa Rican informant named Carlos of the plan to blow up the U.S. Embassy in San Jose and kill the U.S. Ambassador Lewis Tambs.

Completing their initial investigation, Honey and Avirgan were able to identify the press conference bomber as Amac Galil, an anti-Qaddafi Libyan exile with a reputation, according to *Overthrow* (Spring 1987), "as a top flight professional assassin, having performed jobs for Chile's secret police (the DINA) and Miami-based anti-Castro groups. Honey and Avirgan began receiving death threats. Their friend Carlos was kidnapped, tortured, and killed."

CIA-businessman John Hull filed a libel suit against Honey and Avirgan for asserting that his ranch was used as a contra base and cocaine depot for shipments to the U.S. where their sale funded the contras. He lost his suit when Steven Carr, among others, agreed to testify for the journalists. As Martha Honey reported in an interview with WBAI's Dennis Bernstein in December, John Carr

was the only person who had been willing to talk honestly and openly about his involvement in loading up the plane in Fort Lauderdale with arms and other supplies—some of which were supplied by private aid and some of which he and others had said were supplied by the CIA—and he actually flew with that plane to Ilopango in San Salvador, helped move the stuff onto smaller planes, and accompanied it to airstrips on farms belonging to John Hull in Costa Rica. Hull is the CIA operative in Costa Rica who has been the main person running the contra war in southern Nicaragua.

[Carr] came down here to Costa Rica in the beginning of 1985 with a group of four other foreigners: two British, one Frenchman, and another American. They were, after a number of weeks, arrested at a contra camp on property managed by Mr. Hull, and were imprisoned here for a little over a year. Then they were bailed out of prison and Carr had agreed to testify in a libel suit that John Hull had brought against my husband, Tony Avirgan and myself, for naming him as a CIA agent and as someone involved in terrorist activities including the plot to kill Eden Pastora at La Penca in 1984.

It was extremely bizarre. Steven Carr had gotten out of jail and was staying at our house in the days before the trial. He was literally kidnapped from in front of our house with the help of U.S. Embassy officials. . . . He was put under extreme pressure by the group of people in the U.S. Embassy, who we believed are linked to the CIA, and told that he had to get out of Costa Rica, that if he testified and told the truth at our trial that he would

"New York baseball fans know that Yankee number 41 is Dave Winfield and number 23 is Don Mattingly..."

Carr had earlier been a key witness for journalists Martha Honey and Tony Avirgan, who is a cameraperson for ABC, in a lawsuit brought against them. On May 30, 1984, they attended a press conference held by Eden Pastora, the renegade Sandinista who headed the Costa Rican-based ARDE contras. At this conference, he was to announce his refusal to affiliate with the Honduran-based contras headed by Adolfo Calero, who, before the Nicaraguan revolution in 1979, was in charge of the Coca-Cola bottling franchise there. A bomb went off that killed three people. 28 were injured, including Pastora and a number of

go back to jail.

We received death threats. We live in a constant fear. What we're experiencing now is what we believe is an orchestrated systematic campaign by some people in the U.S. Embassy, and some local journalists who are extremely close to the Embassy, and some of the contra leadership to say that we're KGB agents. . . . We've had a very mysterious break-in in our house, the files were rifled.

The illegal break-in in the home of Martha Honey and Tony Avirgan in Costa Rica does not stop there.

In the past year, in the United States, peace groups have reported over 68 breaking-and-entry black-bag jobs, along with illegal spying on citizens who oppose U.S. government policy, the rifling of files, and political burglaries. In at least one case, one of the burglars turned against his employer, the F.B.I., and reported that he'd been told that the information he obtained had been passed along to the National Security Council of Ollie North. [see Diana Gordon's report, "An Informer's Story: Varelli: In from the Cold" in *The Nation*, March 7, 1987] Additionally, during the last week of February, following a creative protest by 500 people against Southern Air Transport's \$30 million operation at the Oakland Airport (Southern Air is the carrier once owned directly by the CIA and which is used extensively by them. The plane Hasenfus was aboard when it crashed over Nicaragua carrying its deadly cargo of guns and drugs was owned by Southern Air), three organizers of the protest came home to find their houses broken into, and—while nothing of value was missing—their papers ransacked, and contact lists missing. These incidents have been reported to Congressperson Don Edwards, who is also investigating similar break-ins.

Reagan's Vegetable Cabinet: The Tower Report

Reading the mainstream press, one would hardly know about any of this—and this barely skims the surface. The U.S. and the Israeli governments, for instance, did not just begin sending TOW missiles to Iran last year; it's been going on for a decade, with a percentage of the profits being invested in the Colombian drug trade to bankroll the contras. How much of it ended up in the private bank accounts of U.S. negotiator Michael Ledeen (who received kickbacks of \$60 per missile), and other government agents? Who authorized the CIA to turn over to Khomeini, in 1983, a list of 200 Iranians who had been active, many as students in the U.S., against the Khomeini regime, and for what was it exchanged? All 200 were tortured and executed within weeks of Khomeini receiving the list. (This must be an example of what Reagan meant by "moderate elements" in Iran.) How many missiles were on the plane that took McFarlane, Ledeen, and Secord to Iran in 1985, which they delivered personally, as a sign of good faith? What other arms has the U.S. sent to Iran and Iraq? The two countries are engaged in one of the bloodiest wars in history, with over a million people dead, a war in which the U.S. has been arming both sides.

The Tower Commission, which was composed of former right-wing Senator John Tower, General Brent Scowcroft, and the perennial lapdog Ed Muskie, refused to look into any of this. Its conclusion was one that reaffirmed the structures established by the U.S. government, including those of covert intervention, claiming, in the words of Scowcroft: "The problem at the heart was one of people, not of process. It was not that the structure was faulty. . . ." And so we have George "we kicked a little ass" Bush, the former head

of the CIA, whose phone numbers were often called (according to company logs) by drug and arms mercenaries in Central America, and who was in everyday touch with Lt. Col. Oliver North (who's taking the rap) in the basement of the White House, managing thus far to squee his way out of the investigation. ("Oily to bed, and oily to rise.") Reagan complains of laryngitis to avoid the press. CIA boss Casey has a lobotomy on the same day he's supposed to testify about his warcrimes to Congress. North and Poindexter are both drinking the Fifth. McFarlane valiantly tries to kill himself by swallowing a few valiums and ends up incommunicado in the hospital for a week. The boys from Bechtel, Shultz and Weinberger, slip slidin' away to their Saudi benefactors' lodgings. You call this a government? It's a cabinet of vegetables! The Vegetable Cabinet! A vicious stalk of broccoli is in control, Al Haig be damned!

The press asks: "What did the President know, and when did he know it?" as if that's the important question. They'd be better asking "What did the Vice-President know, and when did he know it?" Look at what's really going on, even the little bit laid out above. Do the press's questions have any significance in that context? Do you ask a vegetable questions, any questions at all? You might as well debate a potato.

But it's true. We've forgotten the *sport* in it all. We've left out whole teams, particularly the ex-Cuban mafiosos who play such a large role here, again, just as they did 24 years ago when they felt that John Kennedy was not being assertive enough in trying to open their precious Cuba back up to their drug trade that Castro had shut down upon the revolution's victory there in 1959. Many of the names today are the same as those that crept out of the shadows back then, linked to the assassination of Kennedy. And they still maintain their connections to the CIA, from their bases in Miami and Union City, New Jersey.

Details, details. There are many. Perhaps it would help us follow the story if the job description, and not just the individual, was assigned a number, the way automobiles need to display license plates regardless of who drives them. That might make it easier to trace the murderers through the years, in the Scandal-Watchers' Manual. For instance, we could see that Mr. PotatoHead himself (our President), appointed Frank Carlucci the new National Security Adviser not because of his "forthright integrity", but because he played a similar trustworthy (to the merchants of death) role (give it a number!) in 1982 when, as Deputy Secretary of Defense, he squelched what had promised to be a censorious Pentagon review of Secord's alleged drug-dealing, self-serving operations, and prevented it from being completed. One must be rewarded for good team play, no?

Similarly, we can see that former Senator John Tower (we'll call him, oh, number 18) was not picked out of the blue to investigate Ollie North's and Robert McFarlane's National Security Council, but he has been one of the administration's staunch negotiators at the Strategic Arms Talks in Geneva, stonewalling

the Soviet Union on every proposal to reduce nuclear weapons. As reported in *In These Times* (March 11-17), number 18 (that's Tower and his role, remember) was offered a chance to head the CIA immediately following the report's completion, a post he

declined. Scowcroft also was offered the job. Scowcroft has been a military consultant to Reagan throughout his spudding presidency. "It is some measure of the administration's faith in these commissioners," writes Joel Bleifus in *In These Times*, that Reagan would feel comfortable having either of them oversee an agency that appears to have been so deeply involved in the Iran/contra scandal."

It is not unusual to find, in Malcolm X's immortal words, "the fox guarding the chicken coup." One former number 18 was Nelson Rockefeller, who was appointed to head the committee investigating the CIA for overthrowing the elected socialist government of Salvador Allende in Chile in 1973 to help protect Rockefeller's corporate and financial investments. Needless to say, Rocky gave the CIA a clean bill of health. Another number 18 was Henry Kissinger (followed by Zbigniew Brzezinski. If you can distinguish them from each other at all, you win a free trip to Ilopango aboard luxurious Southern Air. It's not just a job, it's . . .) Shortly after uttering the poignant encomiums: "I don't see why we should have to sit by idly and watch a country go communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people," and "To give food aid to a country just because the people are starving is a pretty weak reason," Kissinger was appointed, as a number 18, to investigate "alleged" abuses by the U.S. and its puppet contra forces in Central America. Kissinger, needless to say, gave the thumbs up to the clampdown. Number 18s always play the same role. Their mouths are always full of chicken feathers. Carlucci is a number 18.

Malcolm also had another favorite slogan regarding chickens. Sooner or later they come home to roost. Some of them are rounding third on their way home right now. We need to scorecard the other players in the Great Scandal so we can cheer on our favorites, compare their statistics, reveal some of the lesser known but important substitutes—for no reason, really, aside from the sport of it, and to make sure they eat their just desserts.

Anyone who enjoys this sort of thing as much as I do should read the bi-weekly column "Beat the Devil" by Alexander Cockburn in The Nation and his column "Ashes and Diamonds" in In These Times. For the best up-to-the-minute exposés of the scandal, tune in to Contragate! every morning at 8 a.m. on WBAI radio, 99.5 FM.

Mitchel Cohen is an organizer with Brooklynites Against Apartheid, and an editor for many years of Red Balloon, the publication of the Red Balloon Collective.

"The Chosen Few"

by Jodi Ellenbogen

Many diseases from days before
Seem not to be here anymore.
Polio killed so many of us.
It's cure was such a plus.
Such remedies are seen throughout
All of history without a doubt.
Strivings towards alleviating ailments of men
Have existed since - I don't know when.
Yet the most blatant disease of all
Still continues to hover tall.
Our University should be the place.
To demolish this fatal case.
Yet even here it does exist.
The disease of ignorance will persist.
But only a person of little sense
Can't see through this pretense.
This is a fight we must all uphold.
If the true story is to be told.
Prejudice is this rampant disease.
Its color is more static than that of trees.
For leaves turn to brown and die
But our illness won't say goodbye.
Naivete doesn't help this matter.
Such shackles we need to shatter.
Hope is still close at heart
For we've made a small start
One thing we definitely can do
Is to see that we're all the "chosen few."



MEL GIBSON
○
DANNY GLOVER

Two cops.
Glover carries a weapon...
Gibson is one.
He's the only L.A. cop
registered as a

LETHAL WEAPON

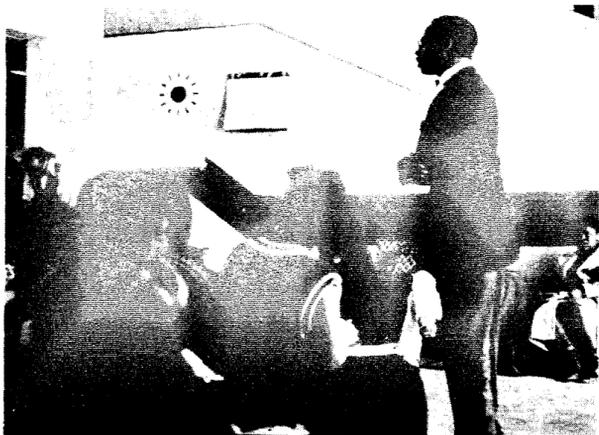
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Thursday, Feb. 26
After listening to Dr. Bruce Hare and a member of the African National Congress speak in the Union about the Fred Dube tenure situation, about 150 sympathizers decide to march over the Administration and put some hard questions to Jack Marburger.



A Choice is Made
When we find Marburger's door closed (unusual, as it is the middle of the afternoon) we knock, and we call out his name. There is no answer, so we knock again. Eventually, a representative from Public Safety appears and informs us that the President is out of town and won't be back until Monday. Dissatisfied by the array of functionaries paraded before us - each of whom has "no opinion" - our intention solidifies; we will wait until Marburger returns.



4:00 A.M.
Fatigue starts to get the best of all of us.



The Morning After
This man wore his bulletproof vest all night; we don't know if he sat on his walkie-talkie or not. We clean up as best we can, and move downstairs.



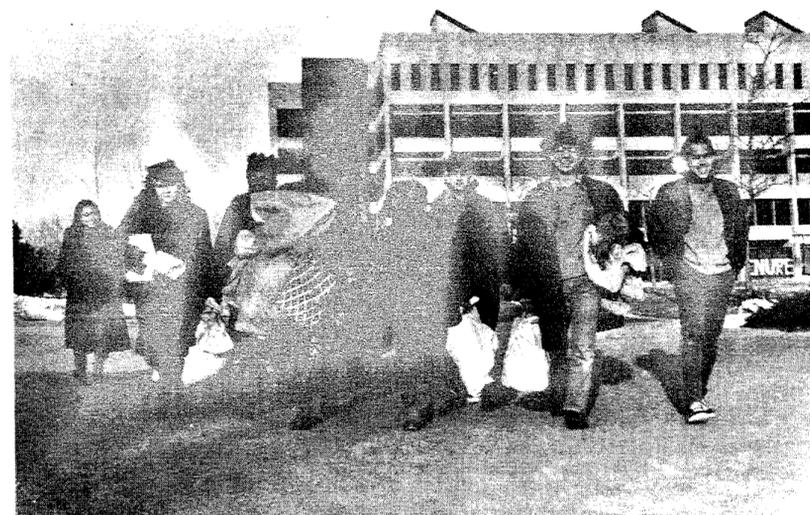
People Settle in and Redecorate
Some of the squatters leave to get supplies (food, blankets, etc.). By 6:00 pm the building is locked and most of them can't get back in. About 20 of us are left occupying the building; about 10 public safety officers keep us company.



Help from Outside
The payphones in the lobby ring all night - the press, the radio, and friends. Hourly appeals for blankets and food are broadcast on WUSB. Soon we find that we have more food than we can eat. Around 11:00 pm Marburger calls from Albany; he agrees to cut his trip short, return to Stony Brook the next day, and meet with a group of no more than a dozen of us. We accept his offer, but we won't leave the building until he comes.

Lean on Me
People sing, listen to reggae, play bongos, guitar, or cards. There are no leaders. When decisions have to be made, the group makes them as a whole. We hear that some of the people who had been locked out of Administration are now sitting in at the library. Runners travel back and forth. We share some of our excess food.

Views From Inside



Reunion
The stalwarts from the library approach the Administration building at about 9:00 am. We're all a bit tired, but still game. We are happy to see each other.

Professor Ernest Dube (center)
The story of Feb. 26 was the story of a beginning - a spontaneous beginning. On March 4 there was a larger, more organized protest, and next week there will be a teach-in. The future of Professor Dube at Stony Brook is still in doubt, but for those of us who believe in academic freedom, there is no question that we must continue to stand up for him.



"Tenure for Dube; We Won't Go Away"
As the morning progresses, our numbers increase to more than 200. At 5:00 pm, Marburger arrives and speaks with a delegation of protesters.



STUDENT POLITY ASSOCIATION

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- * **VANISHING** most rapidly and permanently
*At present rates of destruction, all tropical rainforests
will be gone forever in just a few decades.*

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SUNY — Go to Museum or Union

Experimental Theatre

To the Editor, and Craig Goldsmith:

Thank you for your benevolent review. Two points need to be commented upon, however. The Welliggers are not "mine" and the actresses were not "chosen because of their bodies." These actresses deserve more than a semi-sexist line with which you 'honor' them in your review of my play, *The Introduction of Time to Kashmir*. Indeed, they deserve the highest praise for their work. In contrast to most campus productions, these people were volunteers who committed themselves to extra-curricular work for which they did not receive any academic or social credit. They did it "for the art" and, fortunately in this case, for the fun of it.

I did not choose the actresses because of their bodies, although I did not mind that they brought them along on stage, rather because they are extraordinarily interested and interesting, highly talented, and great people to work with. Without Alia Vecchio (as the obnoxious and ever-nagging sultana), Cathy Kirshak (as the nymph gently floating from innocent lust to the degenerate adoration of symbols), Lisa Ivers (displaying "natural innocence" despite (!) her body), and Lisa Frantzen (as the powerfully operatic motherliness) - without these women acting, my play would not have had a chance to be reviewed at all.

This is true also in respect to the male actors. Obviously, the main actors with many lines find more attention, and I could not agree more with your extraordinary praise of the superb performance by Stephen Fox and Anthoni Morelli. Yet, in a play where ambiguities and innuendoes are important, so-called minor parts are of ultimate significance. What would the show have been without Louis Bellucci's great performance as *Castrate/Satyr*? And was not the marvelously 'disinterested' play by Geoffrey Giannotti as the unconcerned Basketmaker, his quiet contrast to the talks and actions of power and seduction, a great achievement? And what about the powerful ridiculousness of Mike Murphy as seductive Fakir? I am also grateful to Rodney, Deirdre and Thomas, who worked so hard with the limited technical equipment at the Calderone. Volunteers of this caliber are scarce at Stony Brook, so scarce that I had to 'kill' four parts in order to come up with a show at all.

I must mention these names as names of friends to whom I am grateful beyond expression. I am also grateful for the interest the *Press* has shown in reviewing experimental theatre on campus. At least in this respect, the *Press* has proven to be an interesting alternative to the hibernating people at *Statesman*.

Since the *Press* has shown more interest in exciting theatrical events on campus than another Stony Brook paper, I would like to supply you and your readers with some background information on the Welliggers.

The Welliggers are basically a loose-knit group of playwrights headed by Professor Bill Bruehl from the Department of Theatre Arts, and nominally sponsored by the Stony Brook Foundation (that means that there is no budget!) The purpose of this group can be best defined by the two words 'play development.'

The Welliggers have brought together playwrights from campus and community with the declared intent to focus on the development of their theatre plays, i.e., various readings, criticisings, and rewritings precede other forms of public scrutiny. Last year, Marcia Slatkin's screenplay *Promise Land* was also included in such a reading.

After the writers have taken some pains in re-writing their scripts, another reading follows. Occasionally, scripts are presented

to the community but still with the purpose 'play development' in mind. In the Spring of '86 we had the opportunity to produce one act of my play *Benjamin Lay* under the title *The Fruit in the Tree*; in the fall we enjoyed a staged reading of Kathleen Viola's set of grotesque satires, *White Wine*, and, under the direction of Bill Bruehl, we witnessed the staged birth of Claire White's *The Monk* - all in the Calderone Theatre on South Campus, and all performed by volunteer actors and actresses. Bill Bruehl's newest play went even further and, after a reading in Stony Brook's own Poetry Center, was produced in New York City.

Our work is not done for credit even though the performers might deserve more credit at least for the occasionally more visible successes. The Welliggers are unique insofar as they offer a possibility for rare-interdepartmental collaboration and, above and beyond, the even rarer inclusion in their thoughts and work of the artistic sources the off campus community has to offer.

For the playwrights, this means honest, non-commercial, and mostly constructive criticism. For the faculty, this means experimental and often unconventional opportunities to develop their own interests and writing skills. For the students involved, this means participation in America's most recent development in playwriting on and off campus. For all, this means a unique learning experience, being students and teachers simultaneously.

In fact, we would like to invite potential or established playwrights (students, faculty, members of the community) to join us for future readings, always keeping in mind the purpose of the Welliggers: 'play development.' Should a production materialize, all the better. But our main interest has been and will be the exchange of new and creative ideas, and the challenge of established apathy and ignorance.

For further information, you may want to call Bill Bruehl in the Department of Theatre Arts, or me, in the Department of Germanic and Slavic Languages and Literatures.

Respectfully,
Andreas Mielke

Why Did We Fail?

The undersigned comprise the students in Professor Van Baal's Multivariate calculus class (MAT 306.01) for the fall '86 semester. Forty of the forty-six students enrolled in this class failed to pass it. We believe this result reflects the poor quality of Professor Van Baal's instruction, and we suggest that corrective action be taken by the Mathematics Department.

Wholesale failures are an indictment of instruction. There is something fundamentally wrong with a system which allows 80% of a class to fail a course. Such a grading system, based on arbitrary guidelines, measures the quality of the instruction, not the abilities of the students. If the class median falls below the "satisfactory" benchmark, the logical interpretation is that the instructor failed to teach the majority of the class a sufficient amount of material. It is wrong to penalize students for not knowing what they have not been taught.

We sympathize with instructors and university administrators who would like to raise the quality of our graduates. The approach should be to raise the quality of education, which will be mirrored in the students. To fail "unsatisfactory" students may have the same effect on the quality of graduates, but it would do so by unfair means.

The instructor's familiarity with the subject matter is not in question, it is applauded. However, to be an instructor one must not only know the material, but be

able to teach it. When an instructor fails to communicate, the result should not be that the students fail. That would be an unjust punishment. Albeit, an instructor may not be satisfied with over-all class performance. That should be an indication that one instructor is not teaching, not that an entire class is not learning.

What we propose, is that the grades of all students in this course be adjusted to reflect relative performance given the poor instruction. If this is not done, Professor Van Baal's performance will appear to be that of the students who took his course. Our grade in MAT 306 also affects our cumulative GPA.

We request that the instructor's performance be evaluated in the face of this overwhelming evidence of poor teaching. The manner of this evaluation is certainly the Department's concern. The need for it is very much ours. Surely all the poor students didn't coincidentally end up in Professor Van Baal's class. But if these statistics are repeated in other courses, a broader review of teaching capability or enrollment criteria should be considered.

We hope the department will provide students in this section with supplemental instruction to ensure that the knowledge and skills required for an understanding of multivariate calculus are conveyed to whom

they have apparently not been. We agree with the instructor that this material represents basic concepts necessary for passing the course; we also agree that he has not taught it. Merely resolving the problem of our grades will not resolve the educational shortcoming evident in the mass failure of students in this section. If mastering basic skills of multivariate calculus is necessary for our success, how are we to make up what we've missed? Some remedial instruction is certainly in order.

In fact, all of us are eager to work with the Department in remedying this counterproductive experience. We welcome and await your suggestions.

Sincerely,
(students of MAT 306.01)
Mark Hoffman
Jeffrey Allen
Christopher Ricciardi
Adam Kerter
Thomas Marrapodi
Herbert Guerra
Daniel Rubin
Stacy Cohen
Gina M. Musto
Ellen F. Varrone

This letter is a copy of a letter mailed by the above students to Professor Henry Laufer and the Academic Grievance Committee.

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OPENS FRIDAY, MARCH 20 AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE



Dear Eros,

What is PID? What is it caused by? How would I know if I had it?

S.P.

Dear S.P.,

Pelvic Inflammatory Disease, also called PID, is the most common serious infection involving a woman's reproductive system (the fallopian tubes and/or ovaries).

PID is frequently a complication of some sexually transmitted diseases. Any woman at any age can get a sexually transmissible disease and develop PID.

If not promptly diagnosed and treated, PID can damage the reproductive system. Scar tissue can form inside the fallopian tubes. This can result in infertility by partially or totally blocking the tubes, thus

not allowing the egg to enter the uterus. Formation of scar tissue can also increase the risk of tubal pregnancy. Tubal pregnancy, which can be life threatening, is the result of a fertilized egg becoming implanted inside the fallopian tube rather than in the uterus.

Any of the following can be symptoms of PID (the first three are especially important): abdominal pain or tenderness, increased back pain, pain during intercourse, profuse bleeding during menstruation, irregular menstrual cycles, vaginal bleeding at times other than menstruation, nausea, loss of appetite, vomiting, vaginal discharge, burning during urination, chills and fever.

If you suspect PID, get medical attention at once and tell your doctor what you suspect and why. If you don't know where to

go or what to do, the VD National Hotline can give you information about PID & where to go for treatment: 800-227-8922.

EROS

Dear EROS,

I have a question to ask you about condoms. I know you can just buy them in a drug store and that they are cheap, but is there a correct they should be worn?

Curious George

Dear Curious George,

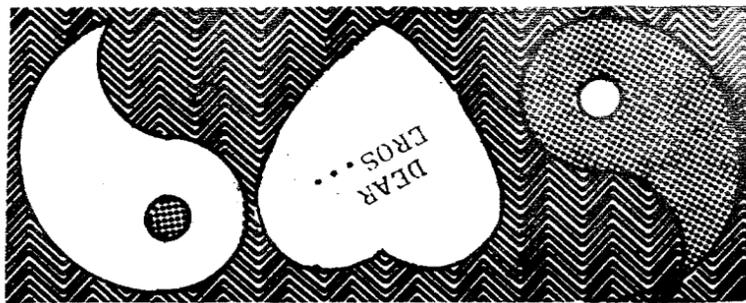
That is a good question, and yes, there is a correct way a condom should be worn. The condom should be put on after the penis is erect, but before there is any genital contact with your partner. This is because sperm can leak out long before the man comes. When putting on the condom leave about

half an inch space at the tip. Be careful as you roll the condom down the penis to push out any air bubbles. Air bubbles can cause breakage.

Immediately after ejaculation the man should grasp the base of the condom (around base of penis) and withdraw the penis from the vagina. It's important to hold the condom on the penis so that none of the male gamete leaks in or near the vagina. Check the condom before you throw it away to make sure there are no rips or tears.

Remember, condoms & foam should be used together, this combined method is almost 100% effective form of birth control.

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Son of the Son of Radiation Parkin' Blues

by Steven Translateur

Recently, Public Safety has adopted a disturbing new policy towards parking rules: they're enforcing them. Tickets are voluminously being handed out as if they were merely flyers to Lubavitch's next gefilte fish party.

In addition, the amount of a ticket fine has been pumped up to an outrageous level which financially struggling students can't pay unless they skip a meal for the money. Moreover, all our favorite parking spots of last semester have been ruthlessly reclassified as Tow Away Zones.

Why this sudden crackdown on rule violators? I found a document in the Administration Building's garbage which holds the shocking answer to this question. It seems that the parking crackdown is just the first step in an overall scheme by the Administration to establish full dictatorial authority over Stony Brook. The following excerpt from the document I found is a chronological outline of the coming implementation of Martial Law over Stony Brook.

After the next snow storm: Using the excuse of a "snow emergency", the President of the University will shut down the campus and seal it off with electric fences. No one will be allowed in or out.

March 20, 1987: Long after the snow has melted, the President will keep the campus sealed off. His excuse will be, "I'm the President, I can do whatever I want."

March 21, 1987: Acting by his own authority, the President will elect himself Supreme Military Commander of Stony Brook.

March 24, 1987: Stony Brook will secede from the SUNY system.

March 25, 1987: Polity will be disbanded when a water main "accidentally" breaks in the Student Union and floods the Polity offices.

March 27, 1987: A curfew of 9:00 pm will be imposed on all students. Anyone caught out past curfew will be maced to death by Public Safety Storm troopers.

April 1, 1987: Roth Quad's Mount building will be declared an exile camp for Stony Brook dissidents. Inmates will be forced to live without heat or hot water.

April 3, 1987: Declared a hero of the Resistance, Professor Dube will be exiled to Mount.

April 5, 1987: Statesman will become the official voice of the Administration's version of the news. (Many will not view this as much of a change.)

It may at first seem ridiculous to imagine that SUNY Stony Brook will soon be run by an oppressive totalitarian Administration. However, on a campus that deals out stiff fines for minor parking infractions, denies academic freedom to professors, and allows residents to go without heat for long periods of time, it may not be premature to greet fellow students with the exclamation, "Heil the Supreme Commander."

S.A.B. Sucks

by Ren Cusk

Stony Brook Concerts, a once popular organization with a fantastic history is about to die. Let's hope that it does. Stony Brook Concerts gets a lot of money from the Student Activity fee, but the people hired to run the organization are so incompetent that the money goes down the drain, whether there is one show or more.

"Stony Brook Concerts is already overdrawn to the tune of \$4,000..."

Thinking of the past-- there was 84-85 when Stony Brook Concerts had some great shows. Some of them you probably remember: Lou Reed, Zebra, Frank Zappa, Santana, the Ramones, etc. Then came 85-86, the start of the fall of SB Concerts. But we still had a few decent shows -- The Kinks, George Thorogood, Hot Tuna, and the Alarm.

Then came 86-87, the year the rains fell. What shows

have we had in the gym this year? Paul Young, and uh, umm, and Paul Young. Oh sorry, I forgot about the Laser Show last semester. You remember, the show during which they blew a fuse.

Well, that's a short history of SB Concert's past few years, and here's the bigger news: Stony Brook Concerts is already overdrawn to the tune of \$2400 on their Polity account. Where did their money go? I'll bet you their excuse will be "Paul Young was *very* expensive." Here's what I say, "Big Shit!"

And that's not the only trouble in doggie land. Activities, a part of SBC, has only \$6000 left in its account. For those students who like to go to Tokyo Joe's to drink, guess what? Only two Tokyo Joe events left for the entire semester. Isn't that great? Boy, money sure burns when it is given to SBC by the Activity Board.

Everybody is familiar with TJ's running out of beer around one or one-thirty. Why is it that the people who serve and work at TJ's, and drink for free, end up with a keg between thirty of them at the chairperson's hall after hours, when the students who pay have to go home? Where does the money made from ticket sales and beer sales go? Does it go back into the budget, or somewhere else? Or perhaps as Mr. Ron Raygun says, "There isn't a need to know!"

Enough said. Let's look at SAB's stage crew. A lot of students apply for stage crew positions, and a few lucky people get them. Who you know in SAB is an important factor in getting such a position. These positions are meant for students. At the Paul Young concert, the stage crew had a quite a few alumni working. Why? Alumni night?

Besides the fact that all these faults exist within the system, it puts the mind to rest that 75% of the SAB committee, which has the right to admit or prevent anyone from drinking at TJ's is under 21. Put's your mind to rest, doesn't it?

Does anyone out there remember Ira Levy? He was the SAB chairman before Mike Fitzpatrick. Well rumor has it that he's back. Supposedly Tymon Young, the present SAB chairman is doing absolutely nothing. Ira Levy is booking the shows (or trying to) for the suffering Student Activity Board.

Since these faults exist within the Board, it would not be a bad idea if SAB were audited to see where they lost money, or if the money just "disappeared". A change in the senior staff would not be asking too much, if Polity proves incompetence within the ranks.

Union Vendors Got to Hit De Road

by Barbara Peck

The University community has a great opportunity to shop right here on campus. Vendors offering a variety of merchandise: jewelry, sweatshirts, plants, posters, and pottery, are only a sample of the items that they sell. They are located at the three tables in the Union lobby during the week, giving us a chance to browse after lunch, to pick up a quick birthday present, or decorate a dorm room. If they were forced to leave as the University wants, we would lose a convenient, inexpensive, and much needed service.

The Administration wants to remove the vendors by April 15. The date was originally April 1, but the FSA board extended the deadline due to student protest via petitions. Christine Wolff from Polity stated, "The University doesn't want them hanging out in the lobby, and it's too unorganized." For the first charge, the vendors are there for a purpose -- at their tables, selling their merchandise. I fail to see why businesspeople would want to 'hang out' in the middle of a college campus, anyway. Secondly, the disorganization could be solved by a simple system where the vendors would be told where to go by the Union manager. It would require little effort to devise a weekly chart where the vendors would have specific table assignments.

A somewhat more complex, but not unsolvable problems is the Administration's desire to put student groups (such as the Red Balloon, College Republicans, Hillel) at all three tables in the lobby. Currently they occupy one or two tables

each day, distributing literature and talking to students. This so called 'underrepresentation' can be rectified by other means. We have two campus newspapers, and a radio station, which are the only media sources students -- especially resident students -- are exposed to. Membership drives analogous to the University sponsored Phoneathon (which is used to persuade high school seniors to attend Stony Brook) could be utilized where group members could reach a large group of students by speaking with them on the phone. This would be especially enticing, as on-campus calls are free under our present phone system. Finally, the University could organize more 'activity drives' where different clubs set up tables in the Union Fireside Lounge. These methods are all means in which the groups can reach students, but the vendors can only sell merchandise *in person*.

These vendors are businesspeople who pay \$5,200 each year for their space. This revenue is potential money that FSA would lose. For the privilege of this space, they offer us their reasonably priced, diverse merchandise. These vendors are honest and reliable -- the jewelry man, for example, took an order for a chain I wanted and had it back at his stand the next day. Most vendors also offer refunds and exchanges, the exception being those vendors that appear on a transient basis. Some of the vendors are even students, the Crafts Center being a shining example. Kicking them out of the Union would deprive some of our

very own students from presenting their club's work. They offer convenience -- most resident students don't have cars and would have no alternatives but to buy goods in the overpriced campus bookstore, or to waste valuable time and money bussing it to the mall. When the first snowfall hit, I was without a scarf and gloves. Panicking at the thought of catching a cold, I walked to the Union. Sure enough, there was a woman selling these items -- taking me all of five minutes to walk there, after the first sight of snowfall in my class at the Physics building. Problem solved.

A proposed way to keep the vendors on campus was voiced by Marc Gunning, Polity president. He is planning to request of Marburger that the vendors be allowed to stay not in the lobby, but in an organized twice-monthly flea market in the Bi-level. But by this, we would lose the regularity of their presence, affecting the day-to-day convenience they give us. Not only that problem exists, but the Bi-level isn't centrally located, being at the North entrance of the Union. Only people from the North doors would pass this entrance, reducing many potential customers. This would discourage the vendors from selling, and therefore would reduce the shopping potential we'd have.

This is our only chance to have a daily shopping forum, and the Administration, as it frequently does, is trying to take it away. Let's hope that for once, the students will win a battle against the Administration.

Dube's Tenure Manipulations

by John Saudino

The pebble that was tossed into the Stony Brook political pond turned out to be a bit of a boulder. The waves may wake up some people and wash away others. However, it is important to see what is at stake in the Dube case.

What is laying on the executioners block here, are three things: 1) The academic freedom of an extraordinary professor. 2) The purity of the tenure process, which is now manipulated by off campus groups. 3) The freedom of opinion at the Stony Brook campus and other campuses in general. The executioners axe can only be stopped by a concerted movement of students and faculty at large.

Professor Dube is an extraordinary educator. His insights speak not from the ethereal vacuum of books but from real experience. After this man was persecuted for his ideas, persecuted for fighting for his peoples freedom, and incarcerated in a South African dungeon, how could he possibly teach about Africa in a decent fashion in the meaningless academic vacuum that permeates university life.

These are real issues that demand real action, not inert philosophical pondering! Throughout history, social movement and social progress has emanated from the universities. It takes someone like Dube to stimulate provocative thought, to overturn some of the sacred cows of American political culture. If merely suggesting that

Zionism *could be* a form of racism, is a line over which a professor *can not* cross, then political criticism and freedom of speech are in a crisis.

However, even this analysis distorts the issue slightly because for the unvigilant onlooker the fallacy might prevail that this is a Black vs. Jew issue. Nothing could be further from the truth. The large numbers of Jewish students in Dube's class who defend him should attest to the fact that this is not an issue of anti-semitism, but rather an issue of politics.

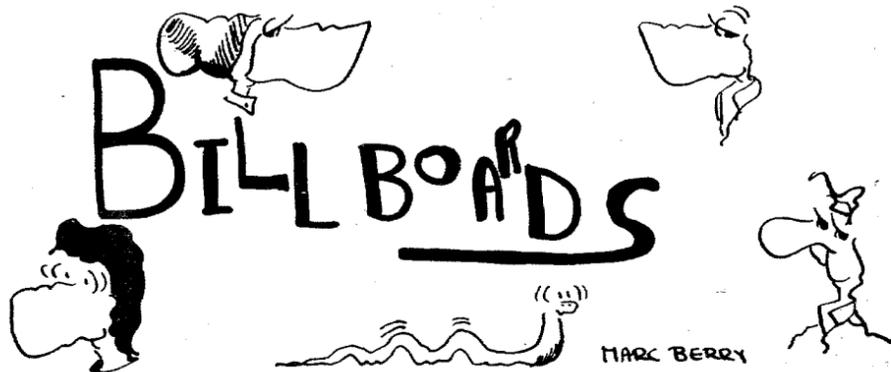
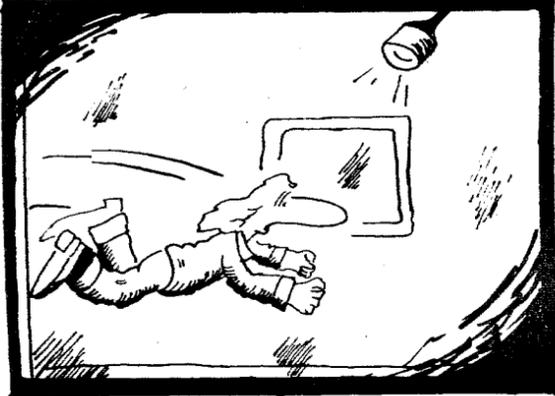
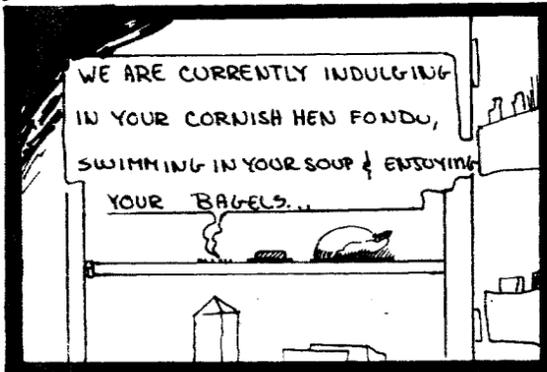
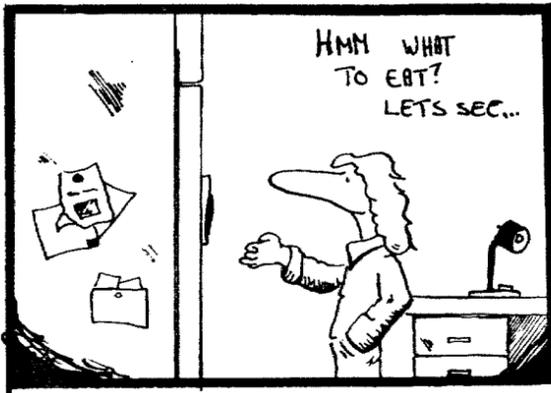
The visiting Israeli professor who distorted Dube's words as well as the media after him should bear the blame for the Black vs. Jew misconception. In his class, Dube merely included material from the U.N. which presented the position that Zionism was racism, a position that Dube himself thought to be simplistic. However, I talked with a Jewish woman who, imbued with the perhaps justifiable defensiveness of many Jews, was outraged at Dube. This was because her sources of information told her that Dube stated outright that Zionism was Naziism; something not even resembling what he had said. However even if he had said these things he would still be within his academic rights.

Whatever off-campus groups manipulated the facts and exerted the pressure, did so for their own *political* benefit in order to make Dube seem like an anti-semitite and strike the

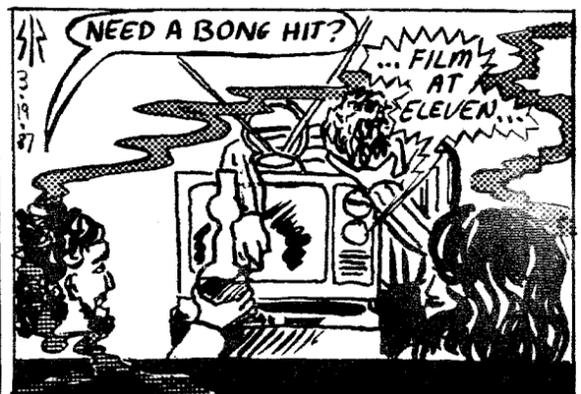
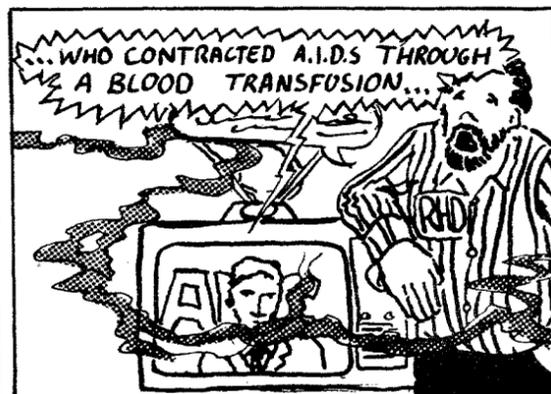
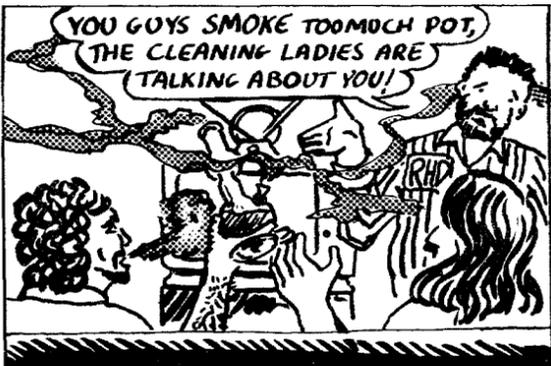
emotional chords in the Jewish community so that the classic dependence of politicians, especially democrats, upon Jewish support would lead everyone, even Mario (disappointment) Cuomo to direct pressure against Dube. These off-campus groups are *political* organizations and their attack on Dube is politically motivated. This is NOT an issue of anti-semitism, but of politics.

"Their attack on Dube is politically motivated..."

Finally, this discussion leads us back to its beginning: to what is at stake. Is Stony Brook better off with Professor Dube and others like him? The answer is a resounding YES. Yes, because he injects into the cold analysis of academia vitality and spirit. He makes the students *think*, he makes them realize their place in the global community, and understand the world of today which is becoming increasingly internationalistic. This is what Stony Brook finds in a professor like Dube, this is why he must stay.



The Crypt





Join The Press

Tin Men

continued from back page

were painfully funny. Richard Dreyfuss has more than proven his talents in pictures such as *Who's Life Is It Anyway* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and somehow we always knew DeVito was capable of more than his stereotypical, one-sided sleazeball role. Here he finally is given a character of substance to prove his versatility.

Hershey also gives an amazing performance as Nova, seemingly transforming her whole character during the course of the movie. Stanley Brock and Jackie Gayle as Tin-men and buddies of Tilley are not only perfect in terms of their appearances, but give very realistic and hysterically funny performances particularly in the scenes at the Diner.

Ichabod

continued from back page

pulled it off. So did Springsteen. But they managed to work within their own styles, carving out a place for themselves in the musical community. Mr. Stowe's music is barely distinguishable from any soppy fifteen-year-old who composes songs in the space of fifteen minutes on his guitar in his mother and father's basement...

There is one good point to Mr. Stowe's first album. The songs are short. Actually, it would not be surprising if some of his songs receive substantial airplay when this disc is released later this year. The songs are perfectly structured for top-forty radio - catchy little hooks for intros, musical breaks of short duration *exactly* in the middle of every song, and choruses that are so inane that they are infectious.

Time Trippers by Bill

(CAPTAINS LOG: STAR DATE UNKNOWN, WE'VE BEEN THRUST INTO ANOTHER RIDICULOUS SUB-PLOT TWIST!)

GOD?

GEORGE BURNZ?

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A WEAPON!

INTRODUCING

NOW IN PAPERBACK!

DONE

ORANGE SHERBERT

OTHER J.C. POON BOOKS BY ORANGE SHERBERT

DONE

DONE MEZZIAH

WELL DONE OR DONE

GOD ENTERER OF DONE

LYRICALS OF DONE

MAJESTIC MOOSE: DONE

DONE II

THE UNHISTORIES

ORANGE SHERBERT

J.C. POON PUBLISHING CO. BILL 87

HE SMELLS LIKE AN IMPOSTER! HE'S A FACE DUNCER FROM THE SMATTERING!

Chapter one. The air was rank with Ozone's blaster burn. Myron lay dead amongst the rumpled corpse of the Banre Tallyx Master Face Duncer. We Beer Ship and Fly Ship crewman have a forced truce aboard this strange Non-Ship from the Smattering. Time unknown...

WE FOUND BEER AND A WYFNO-BONK

AND FUNNY SHAPED TANKS TO GROW LIVING BEINGS FROM DEAD CELL TISSUE.

INSTRUCTIONS

PLACE FINGER NAIL CLIPPINGS HERE

WAIT 9 MONTHS

Chapter three. Stony and Heinz learn how to operate the ship. We take off from this strange moon and fly towards the desert planet below. We find that it is *Wrackus*, also known as *Done*. We meet a Banre Gasserit Witch. We discover that *Uhurahaya* is a woman witch doctor.

HE'S DEAD, JAKE. SMOCK!

Chapter two. The non-ship, we find, is stocked to the gills with food and activities. We find an Axolotl Tank on board the ship. Using this, we make a Ghoul of Myron. A baby form of Myron appears in the tank 9 months later. Chronometer indicates a time incomprehensibly in the future.

HAYA.

Chapter four. The Banre Gasserit Witch and *Uhurahaya* and Myron take the spice *Chillange*. The Banre Gasserit Witch restores Myron's original memories. *Uhurahaya* becomes a Banre Gasserit Witch and receives the gift of *Mother Memories*. Baby Myron is a boy genius.

NON-SHIP

GIANT SAND WYRM (BUS OF THE FUTURE)

LOOK, IT'S SEITCH TABLER THIS MUST BE EARTH!

Chapter 6. Myron finds tools necessary to build another Credit Card Sized Solar-Powered Time Machine. We Rescue *Rizzo and Co.* from the *Freeman Mob* and time trip back to *Stony Brook* in time for *St. Patrick's Day*.

GR. GRAMMAR? GRAMMA? MAMA?

FASCINATING!

Chapter 5. *Rizzo* escapes on the planet's surface; *Finn*, *Ozone*, *Lizard*, and *Buzzard* go with him. Together they find out that *Wrackus* is Earth's Future Post-Nuclear Desert Planet. They meet the inhabitants of *Done*, *Freeman*, who worship *Mobe Deeb*, *The Leezon Al Geeb*.

WHERE ARE WE?

IT LOOKS LIKE SOUTH P LOT.

Pumpkin Head of the Eighties

Ichabod Stowe – Shut Up, Go Home

by Craig Goldsmith

The cover of Ichabod Stowe's record proclaims in huge white letters "The Legendary Ichabod Stowe." Legendary? First of all, this album is Mr. Stowe's first record, and secondly, he is anything but legendary. I doubt he ever will be.

Mr. Stowe's record is a dismal collection of songs that try to be everything that they are not. He attempts to comment on society's woes and troubles. And fails. He tries to romanticize the trials of love and indecision. And fails. He tries to sing. And fails.

In a promo release accompanying "The Legendary Ichabod Stowe," Mr. Stowe says that, "unlike the youth of the sixties, we're more cynical, so the messages of our music have to be a little more subtle." It would do Mr. Stowe some good to look up subtle in the dictionary, because his songs are far from subtle. Rather, they hand out dollops of trite, cliched wisdom that are so simple in meaning that the mind is boggled to find anything to think about. Stale bread comes to mind. Stale Wonder bread.

In "Ain't No One Gonna Stop the Rain," a (fortunately) short little number on acoustic guitar and harmonica, Mr. Stowe sings:

*There's a power
That we all have deep down
And it makes us cover
When we realize
It's us that holds the key
And we'll decide
If we're going to stick around*

The remainder of the song is sentimental drivel about lost direction, which seems to be the general theme of Mr. Stowe's album. Maybe he's been reading too many books by ex-flower children; he laments the apathy



of the eighties. In a tune called "Hiding out at Home," he sings –

*Another day running the bases scared
You slide in, safe at home
You turn the key to try to lock
Cold war realities out of your heart*

The nonsense goes on and on. He finds fault with our society's lack of answers, including his own loss of direction, so why record a record? He doesn't manage to raise any questions of value; he gives off the air of a child who has just realized that life is not just airplanes and baseball games. And even that would be all right, but his lyrics are bereft of any paths that would garner the sympathy of the listener. Even he doesn't seem to care. He sings what read like sad, tearful songs as if he was a bitch in heat. He croons like an off-key Bob Dylan-cum-David Bromberg. If you can possibly imagine an off-key Bob Dylan.

Mr. Stowe's main influences appear to be Dylan and Bromberg, but he is not possessed of either's song writing talent or melodic ability. His songs are sparsely arranged, as are his idols, perhaps a third are simply Mr. Stowe solo on acoustic guitar. His playing however, is uninspired. Competent at best, but without any feel for what he is doing. A better producer might help somewhat, and a singer, and a lyricist, and better accompanying musicians. But that would leave Mr. Stowe out of the picture. Hmmm.

I don't know why Mr. Stowe is trying to follow in Dylan's footsteps – playing so-called "socially conscious" songs on an acoustic guitar. It's been done, and so well that anything else pales by comparison. It wouldn't even be that bad if Mr. Stowe were not so obvious in his idolatry. Elvis Costello

continued on page 15

Film

Tin Men – Aluminum Siding Anyone? Cheap?

by Mary Rafferty

Writer-director Barry Levenson does it again. He brings us yet another amazing comedy about a group of men in Baltimore in the early 1960's. Only a couple of years ago he did it with *Diner*. This year he does it with the recently released *Tin Men*.

Tin Men is reminiscent of *Diner* in a number of ways but more than manages to achieve originality. The two movies share a common hangout for their groups – a diner – but whereas the gang in *Diner* is a group of young men goofing off after graduating high school, *Tin Men*'s subject are aluminum siding salesmen (hence the title: *Tin Men*).

The two main characters, Bill Babowsky, played by Richard Dreyfuss, and Ernest Tilley, played by Danny DeVito, are not your typical protagonists. One can pretty much guess that by their professions. The audience is compelled to feel much the way the one's wife and the other's lover (Barbara Hershey) feels about them: they are shady, self-centered boobs, but strangely likeable fellows.

The plot for the most part revolves around Dreyfuss and DeVito seeking revenge

against each other after they are involved in an a car crash. While they take turns in further wrecking each other's automobiles and lives, we are introduced to their friends and co-workers, whom we soon find to be as

humorously shady as Dreyfuss and DeVito. They are professional hustlers. One finds himself wondering if there is any end to their sleaziness. Not only do they manage to con home-owners into purchasing thirty

thousand dollar aluminum siding that they obviously can't afford, but will go as far as to play billiards over a woman.

Perhaps the most humorous scenes take place after work in the diner. These men argue over who's picking up the check that day, why Bonanza is an unrealistic depiction of the West (for reasons including the 50 year old father having three forty-seven year old sons and none of them ever talking about getting laid) and gloat over all the homeowners they have ripped off that day. Again, much like the characters in *Diner*, one finds these characters immature, pathetic, but very likeably dopey.

Women play a relatively minor role, an aspect that the two movies also have in common. In *Tin Men*, only one, Nova, Tilley's wife, is really developed and only to show how she is used as a means of revenge between DeVito and Dreyfuss. This theme is a long way from being overused and is perhaps the whole core of the movie.

As for DeVito and Dreyfuss in the leading roles, there is no question about it – they

continued on page 15



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