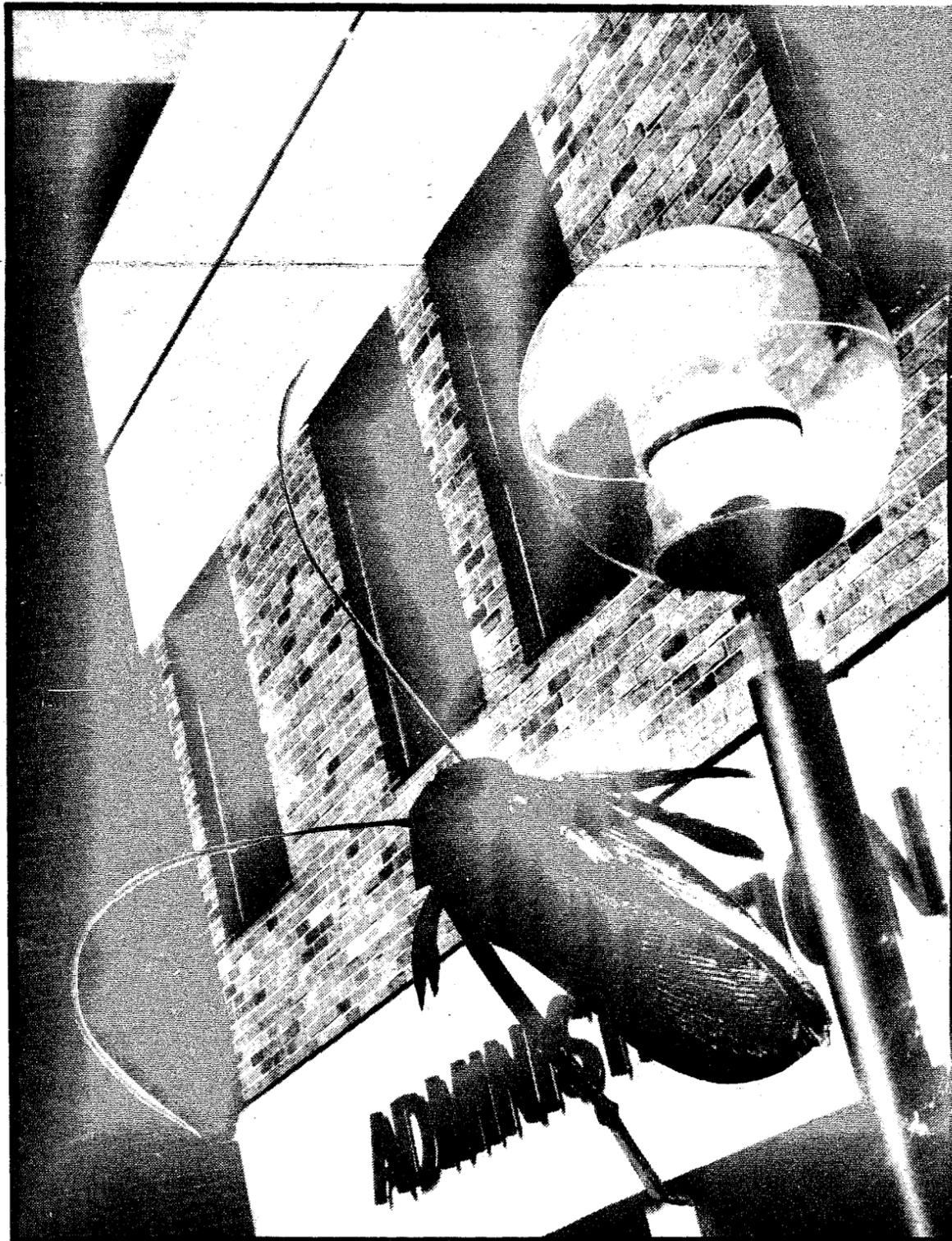


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vo. 9, No. 16 ● University Community's Weekly Feature Paper ● July 18, 1988

HUGE COCKROACH SWALLOWS ADMINISTRATION BUILDING!



YOU'LL NEVER BE A MAN

When SUNY Chancellor Dr. Bruce Johnstone was appointed to his post April 27th, many student leaders questioned whether he would be able to hammer out budget problems with the often obstinate, tax-cutting-conscious Governor, and the even more obstinate State Legislature. While students hope that the head of the SUNY system would do his best to bolster SUNY's pathetically dwindling budget, Johnstone said in April "that tax cuts are deeply important to the Governor" and that "we've seen trimming and reallocating...we'll just have to cut some more", already a sign of reticence that SUNY can well do without.

So it's no surprise to hear that when the State Legislature—with its thoughts turning towards the LILCO settlement and vacation—finally agreed on a budget, that SUNY received a 58 million dollar budget cut. Nearly two million of that will come from Stony Brook's budget, prompting university president John Marburger to say in *Newsday* last week that he might have to eliminate a department in the

near future.

It's already bad enough that the Stony Brook owes almost five million smackers to LILCO for back electricity bills, and that the University is shelling out hundreds of thousands of dollars to renovate the poisonous ventilation units of the Health Sciences Center. Now a department may have to go. What next, a tuition increase? Johnstone said in April that students "see someone in me who is not as resistant as they would like to tuition increases" and a "tuition hike is inevitable in a year". Wonderful.

Johnstone does have his hands full. Cuomo and the Legislature have not exactly been free with the money during the past several years, but offering your hand as food to a hungry man when you haven't eaten in a week is hardly intelligent. Cuomo has been in the national spotlight for some time now, so he wants everything his way, whether it be the ignoble Shoreham settlement or miniscule tax cuts bled from higher education. And the entire Legislature, both the Assembly and the Senate, is up for reelection this

November; nobody's anxious to stymie tax cuts for their constituents.

So do yourself a favor. It's Russian Roulette these days. Which department will it be? Or maybe a tuition hike? Or maybe a lapse in maintenance? Write to Johnstone (see address below) and tell him to work for his \$150,000 a year. Make sure that you and your parents know who is running for your local Legislative seats; if an incumbent gets in, write or call him and tell him that we are the future, that we are going nowhere if the only affordable higher education in the state—believe it or not, that's what SUNY is all about—is butchered in order to plant a cheap, plastic, short-lived feather in his cap.

Chancellor Dr. Bruce Johnstone
State University of New York
1400 Washington Ave.
Albany, NY 12222

LEARN TO HATE IT EVERY MINUTE

Michael Dukakis' recent choice of Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen as his running mate ought to be sending a strong message into the camps of both parties. Gone are the days when the Democratic Presidential nominee panders to special interests, holds meetings with people of every race, sex, creed and color, allowing every little statement to find its way into the party's plank. No, no, this is a year of moderation, or maybe just mediocrity.

Bentsen, a conservative oil man who has inherited the LBJ/John Connally party machine down in Texas, is a far cry from recent VP choices. Bentsen's nomination is a shrewd, calculated move on Dukakis' part to attract the moderated Democrats who have moved over to the Republican side in the last couple of elections. Dukakis has made it obvious that he doesn't want the bleeding liberal tag anymore, and Bush will have a hard time making that label stick now.

The differences in opinion between the two running mates on several issues, and the anger of the Jackson people over the choice may hurt Dukakis, however. Bentsen has voted with the Reagan administration on many issues, including Contra aid, Star Wars, and the Reagan budget. Can this really be a marriage made in heaven?

Dukakis' shunning of Jackson may also hurt him in November. Seven million people cast their votes for Jackson in the primaries, and they may not be eager for party unity in the fall. Jackson was informed of the Bentsen selection by a reporter, not by the Dukakis people, angering the Reverend by not only barring him from the ticket but convincing that him and his supporters are being taken for granted.

It may not matter if the majority of Jackson supporters don't vote with Dukakis in the general election, however. If moderate and conservative Democrats return to the fold because of the Bentsen choice, Bush could be swamped in November. What's still up in the air is how the Democrats will appear at the convention this week and who Bush picks to be his running mate at the Houston convention later this year. If George can Trump Dukakis, or if the Jackson people draw blood at the convention, the importance of the Bentsen choice could diminish, and Dukakis himself may drown at the polls.

Of course, all this nonsense would mean nothing if half the eligible voters ignore the election booth, preferring to remain at home rather than casting votes for candidates they have no opinion about. This is ultimately the problem both parties are facing this year. At least Nixon and Reagan created emotional

elections, whether it was hatred or adoration. Neither Bush nor Dukakis can do that, which is why the choice of a running mate is so important for both candidates. Dukakis did little but get a yawn over his choice, except, of course, from the Jackson camp. This may also happen when Bush announces his running mate next month.

Perhaps this is best though. If Dukakis had chosen Jackson as VP, the Democrats might have faced a tidal wave in November. Unfortunately, the only eloquent, passionate politician has been ignored; we'll never know.

The Stony Brook Press

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The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of our staff.

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Image: Pippy

Where the Money Went Concession Stand in Stage 16

by Joe DiStefano

On May 19 Chapin residents ended a rent strike which began on April 19th. The residents removed \$65,000 in rent monies from an escrow account in time to pay their rent for the 88-89 fiscal year which was due on June 1st.

The rent strike was organized by the Chapin Apartments Residents Association (CARA) in response to a proposed 4.4 per cent rent increase. Outraged residents of the Chapin complex arranged to withhold payment until the administration addressed their complaints.

CARA members managed to decrease the original 10 per cent rent increase to 4.4 per cent and their strike forced the administration to drop the figure to 1.8 per cent. The decrease was made possible by cutting expenses and not billing students for out of service units in the Chapin Apartments.

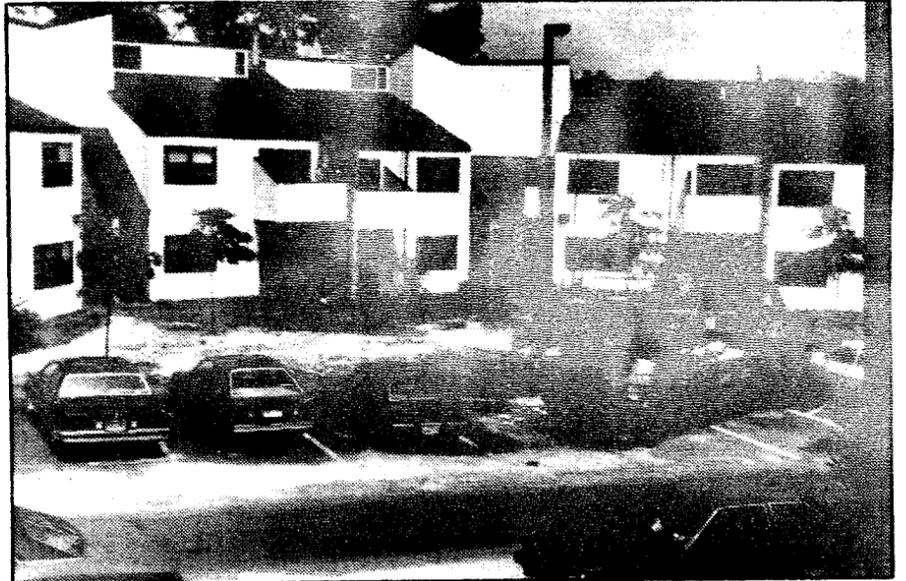
Insufficient heat and hot water was one of the problems listed in a letter sent by CARA to Vice President for Student Affairs Dr. Fred Preston. The letter, sent in April, also requested a rent freeze, more parking, and an alternative to the new mandatory ROLM phone system.

The New York State Dormitory Authority has hired a private contractor for the two year renovation. Gary Matthews, director of the Physical Plant remarked that, "while work started in May, it has been planned for one and a half years." Matthews cited a shift in concern from building to maintenance as a reason for the scheduled repairs.

The first phase of three in the renovation began in May and is currently under way. Interior repairs and gutting of the buildings for structural and heating repairs will follow the first phase which includes roofing, insulating and installing aluminum siding.

Until the heating system is completely overhauled in the third phase, measures will be taken to improve it. Buildings will be gutted two at a time to minimize inconvenience to residents.

In response to complaints concerning the mandatory ROLM phones, administrators granted the choice of refusing ROLM service to residents who previously had New York Telephone Service. The parking situation is expected to be remedied by September with one lot being refurbished and a new one to be built behind the future veteran's hospital.

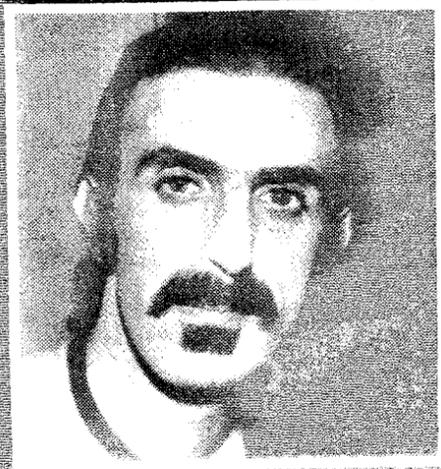


Renovations are underway at the Chapin Apartments.

The three officers who formed the core of CARA have since moved out of the Chapin Apartments. Although CARA has disbanded for the summer, new officers will be

elected in September. Former CARA President Ramona Vogt hopes that "CARA will continue to monitor the progress of renovation."

FRANK
ZAPPA
LIVE!



Starting This Fall
Every Monday Nite
7:30pm Sharp at the
Stony Brook Press
Club 042
Central Hall

Free
Jazz Discharge
Party Hats!



WUSB Walks The FCC Line 2 DJs Suspended

by Rob Rothenberg

Two DJs were suspended from WUSB, the campus radio station, for violation of the new FCC regulations regarding indecency.

Irin Strauss and Arnie Pritchett, both WUSB veterans, aired material containing offensive language (Amiri Baraka reading the poem "Against Bourgeois Art" and a song by Zoogs Rift, respectively) before midnight. The two-week-long suspensions came a month ago, one of them after a complaint by a listener. The decision came from the radio station's executive board and not the FCC.

In response, an emergency staff meeting was called after the incidents to clarify station and FCC policies dealing with obscenity and indecency.

WUSB is requiring all programmers to know the material that they air in order to

avoid future problems. "It's double-checking on the one thing that can really get us in trouble," said Station General Manager Norman Prusslin.

The suspensions and staff meeting also allow the radio station to go on record as attempting to follow FCC guidelines and to prevent any further violations, according to Prusslin.

FCC regulations forbid the broadcasting of obscenities—material which appeals to "prurient interests"—and restricts indecent material—material which contains offensive language or innuendo, but is not obscene—between the hours of midnight and 6am.

Violations are punishable by fines or loss of station licence (WUSB's licence is owned by the State University of New York).

Down and Out in an Easy Chair

by The Not-Ready-For-a-Real-Newspaper
Bourgeois Players

From the Bourgeois Chair will be appearing regularly in the **Stony Brook Press**, and will consist of a series of insightful and poignant observations that have occurred while sitting in and around an elegant plush, green naugahyde recliner. Like our direct predecessor, *Hamilton, Madison and Jay's Federalist Papers*, From the Bourgeois Chair will try to discerningly analyze the present to build for a better future. And as our friend Dan Aykroyd described it, we'll be doing this from a "radical, rowdy roadhouse, where they sit around all day watching television and sucking back beers..."

For those of you interested in the legal aspects of these things, From the Bourgeois Chair does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the **Stony Brook Press, Inc.** or its editorial board.

TANNER '88: Jack's Off and Running

Another Presidential election is upon us, and, as usual when these dreary things roll around, there is again little difference between the candidates. Dukakis and Bush are both dull, unimaginative men with little popular appeal and even less personality. Hell, if we actually voted, we'd rather sit at home watching the Playboy Channel and pull something besides an election machine lever, which is what most people do.

That's why we're now declaring our support of Jack Tanner for President. Tanner, the fictional candidate running for the democratic nomination on an HBO show written by Gary Trudeau, is better qualified to clean up the toxic aftermath of the Reagan administration than either Dukakis or Bush. Tanner is intelligent, witty, liberal, and an exciting alternative from the regular party candidates. His political record is impeccable, and although there was that nasty sex scandal with a top Dukakis adviser recently, Tanner is still electable.

If Tanner chooses a popular running mate—say Jack Nicholson—to counter Dukakis' recent, shrewd choice of senator Lloyd Bentsen as Vice-president, the ticket will have a good chance of succeeding. Of course we could be wrong, and on an early November morning we may all wake up to the **New York Times** headline: "Dukakis Licks Bush..."

What's All This We Hear About Lyme Disease?

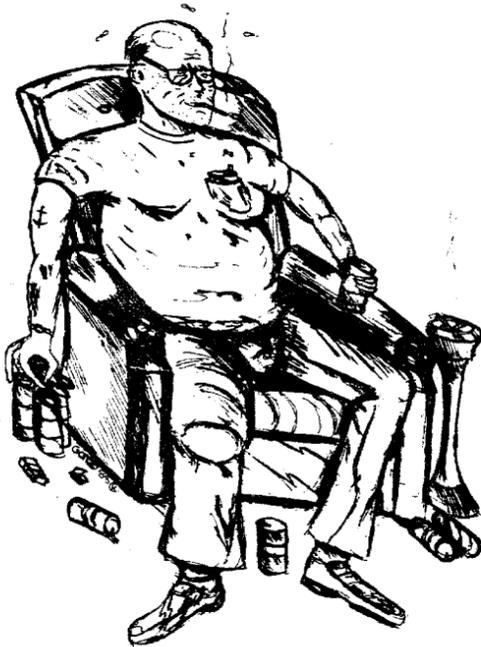
As if we weren't under siege enough already from scary diseases, the suburban/rural regions of Long Island are now host to a new menace—Lyme Disease.

Spread by deer ticks, Lyme Disease (which hits you right in the neurons and synapses) has been described as being "like syphilis without the sex." As a friend of ours described modern society, "You can't lay in the sun too long, walk in long grass, or have sex. And if you have sex in the long grass, in the sun, you're just asking for trouble."

Two Guys Who Don't Get Along

We'd like to introduce this exciting new idea we have for moviemaking which was created after a horrible night of ether binging. It's called *Two Guys Who Don't Get Along and Have to Solve a Crime*.

Okay, now we know you're cursing yourselves and smacking at your heads with blunt objects for not thinking of this novel idea on your own, but fair's fair, since we do have a patent...anyway, think of the acting teams you could use in this type of movie. Maybe Arnold Schwarzenegger as a Russian cop and Jim Belushi as an American cop attempting to solve a case. How about an old guy, like Robert Duvall, and a young one, like Sean Penn? Or a black guy, say Eddie Murphy, or maybe Danny Glover, teamed with a white guy like Nick Nolte, or Mel Gibson, if we can steal him away from those Road Warrior movies. God, the ideas are endless.



Dead Farms

One of our favorite bands is the Grateful Dead. Friends of the Bourgeois Chair have been catching shows from Alpine Valley, Wisconsin, to Oxford, Maine.

In Wisconsin, Jerry and the boys were doing their bit to combat the horrible economic consequences of the Mid-western drought. The \$5-a-car farmers were charging for parking on their fields was probably the only income they will see all year. In Maine the attitude was best expressed by an old man who picked up our hitching friends. He said "You kids are a lot nicer than those Monsters of Rock freaks who were here last week."

The Fat and Filthy Rich Dept.

The venomous Ed Meese, after months of accusations and innuendos, has finally departed from the hallowed halls of the Reagan administration. Okay, now we're not expert political pundits or anything like that, but isn't there something wrong with the highest lawyer in the land becoming embroiled in more scandal than John Gotti? How can an Attorney General be tough on crime when he seems to have such an affinity for it? And don't you think his wife and children should be sold into slavery as punishment? As long as we're going to be tough on crime anyway...

Maybe Black Shorts?

As anyone with any sense has noticed, it's summertime, when heat, humidity, and glare combine to make it much more comfortable wearing loose, light-colored clothing. This fact has escaped those from the pretentious, know-it-all arty crowd, who persist in wearing black turtle-necks and jackets, as a kind of uniform for their intellectual achievements. Shunners of professional sports, American authors, and movies produced in English, our local cultural titans are too cool to be affected by the climate.

Not so for we regular people, however, who have to sweat under both the weather and the pretentious crew's hot air.

It's Miserable

Lately, several of the Chair's friends have ventured into Manhattan to watch the Broadway hit *Les Miserables*. Everyone said it was fantastic, but we're not so sure. For the \$100 or more that a pair of tickets, transportation into and out of the city, and some dinner costs, we think a lot more could be done for poor people in the sewers than just watching them.

An Open Letter to Anheuser-Busch—

As Americans, we have become deeply distraught over the erosion of the values and ethics in our society. Ed Meese, Irangate, and Falwell and their ilk are all examples of the degeneration this country is experiencing. As we grow older we become more and more cynical, and can not place trust in any of our revered institutions. Only the good old Red, White, and Blue remains untarnished in our eyes, and that's why, as we crack open cans of frosty amber things, we are declaring our support and devotion to the Anheuser-Busch people.

True Americans like George Washington and Thomas Jefferson would be proud of those who strive to create that clean, crisp, taste we call Budweiser. For those about to collapse in the gutter, we salute you.

Hot Off the Gonzo Press:

Hunter S. Thompson's new book, *A Generation of Swine*, has just been released. In between liquor swilling' and doberman raising, Thompson has actually managed to make the deadline for his syndicated column and collect this recent work in *Swine*.

Unfortunately, in between liquor swilling and doberman raising, we in the Bourgeois Chair were unable to actually read the book. Next issue, however...

You Can Call Me Zimmie

continued from back page

It wasn't Dylan's speed or technical virtuosity that left his band trailing in his wake, it was his energy and purpose. He was to the point, in the strictest sense. Nothing wasted, nothing missing. There is thought behind every note, every word, but when the note and word is delivered, he makes it seem so easy, so natural, that there could be

no other way to write the song, to sing about the subject.

Dylan's customary acoustic set was pure pleasure: while he generally accompanies himself on harmonica while playing acoustic, at Jones Beach Smith backed him on lead acoustic, often playing an in exaggerated flamenco style. This set included a tune only recently added to Dylan's repertoire—"Aileen Lu"—a scottish folk-song that had Dylan's voice rising and falling (all through his nose) in vocal pretzels that were almost scary.

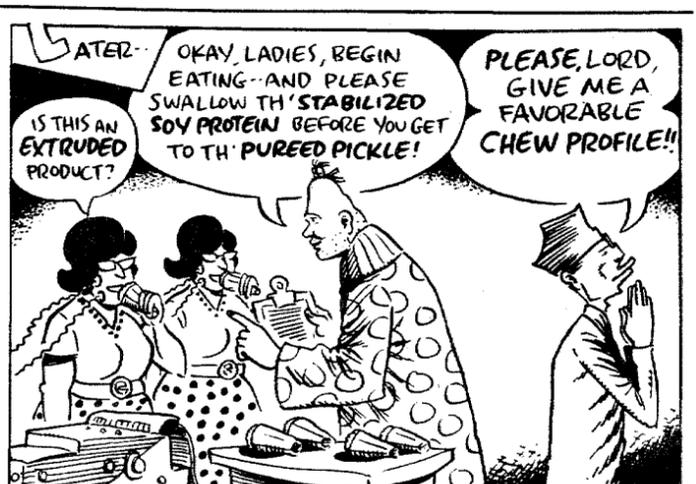
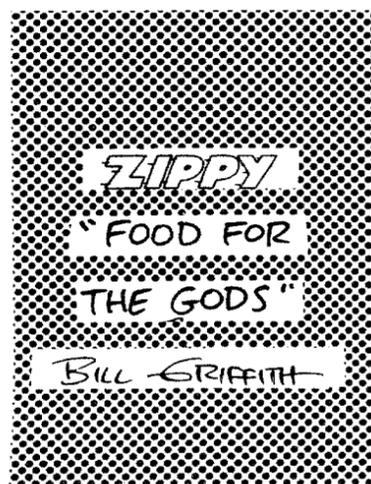
The only thing that I missed was Dylan's usual altering of the words to "Tangled Up in Blue". Every performance I've caught of that tune has seen drastic changes in the

lyrics; the June 30th version was straight out of the studio.

But the real problem with the concert was the audience in the bleachers anyway. Nobody danced. I mean nobody. As soon as the first number began our little group jumped up and danced. Before the second verse someone's hand was on my shoulder, and a voice asked me to sit down. I asked the hand's owner to get up and dance, after all Dylan and his band were dancing and hopping around on stage. But the gentleman politely refused and we politely sat down, wondering how someone could be offended because we were dancing (especially when the people behind us must have been at least 6'5"). But we were a true minority;

nobody else was dancing either.

It wouldn't seem to take much brain power to be able to dance *and* listen to the words at the same time, but it's hard to explain to people who are staring at the stage in rapt attention, never smiling, hardly tapping their feet, that dancing is not a sin at a Bob Dylan concert. Sure, Dylan has been called a poet, but he's not a poet, he's a singer and a musician, he's said so many times. He doesn't ask for silence, he plays music, loud. Dancing and listening go hand in hand, they're not mutually exclusive, neither is gum-chewing and walking. But I'm not one to argue with two thousand other people who are more comfortable on their asses than on their feet.



Club Calendar

Monday, July 18

● *Pere Ubu*
Dream Syndicate
Velvet Elvis
at the Cat Club

Cro Mags
at Irving Plaza

Asha Bhotse
at the Felt Forum

Meat Puppets
Buck Dets
at Maxwell's

Tuesday, July 19

● *Buckwheat Zydeco*
at the Lone Star

Ryo Noda
at Kampo Cultural Center

Murphy's Law
at Irving Plaza

Keith Sweat
Melissa Morgan
at Westbury Music Fair

Toure Kunda
—with the Toasters
at the Palladium

Urban Blight
No Trend
Rare Essence
at Automatic Slim's

Wednesday, July 20

● *Ambitious Lovers*
Defunkt
at Automatic Slim's

Robyn Hitchcock
at Maxwell's

Fate's Warning
Cycle Sluts From Hell
The Trobbs
at the Cat Club

Thursday, July 21

● *Son Seals*
at the Lone Star

Friday, July 22
● *The New York Citizens*
Secret Service
Outside on the
Grad. Chem Plaza
9pm

Vinnie Vincent Invasion
Seduce
at the Ritz

Squeeze
The Smithereens
at Jones Beach

Riot
at Sundance

Robyn Hitchcock
10,000 Maniacs
at Pier 84

Nuclear Assault
at Showcase

James Cotton
at the Lone Star

The Circle Jerks
at Irving Plaza

Divinyls
at the Ritz

Livingston Taylor
Bonnie Koloc
at the Bottom Line

Saturday, July 23
● *John Mayall's*
Bluesbreakers
Koko Taylor &
Her Blues Machine
at the Ritz

Johnny Maestro
The Penguins
at Westbury Music Fair

Oregon
at IMAC

Sun Rhythm Section
at the Lone Star

Doc Watson
at the Bottom Line

Tuesday, July 26
● *The Yellowjackets*
at the Blue Note

Wednesday, July 27
● *Roy Orbison*
Southside Johnny
at Pier 84

Andrew Tosh
Judy Mowatt
at S.O.B.'s

333
True Faith
K-Rouge
Condition Red
at the Ritz

Thursday, July 28
● *Milton Nascimento*
at Radio City

Cajun Zydeco Review
Rockin Sidney
Al Rapone &
Zydeco Express
Allen Fontenot
at the Ritz

Friday, July 29

● *Taj Mahal*
The Nighthawks
at the Bottom Line
—and July 30

Jeffrey Osborne
at the Ritz

Robert Gordon
at the Lone Star

Saturday, July 30
● *Bonnie Raitt*
NRBQ
at the Ritz

Sunday, July 31

● *Resist In Concert*
featuring:

Matubaruka
DOA
Gil-Scott Heron
Pablo Moses
Allen Ginsberg
John Trudell
McLight
Smelly Thunder
Ini Kamoze
Michael Rose
and much more...

we don't know exactly
where, so call
(212) 227-6268 for
more info...

Monday, August 1

● *Fats Domino*
at the Ritz
—thru Aug. 5

Friday, August 5
● *Pinetop Perkins*
at Tramps
—and Aug 6

Donovan
at the Bottom Line

Saturday, August 6
● *Johnny Winter*
Greg Allman
Treat Her Right
at Pier 84

Crosby, Stills & Nash
at Jones Beach

Sunday, August 7

● *The Moody Blues*
at Jones Beach

Thursday, August 11

● *Alan Holdsworth*
Ronnie Montrose
at the Ritz

Friday, August 12

● *B.B. King*
Grover Washington, Jr.
at Pier 84

Steve Winwood
at Jones Beach
—and Aug. 13

Kiss
at the Ritz
—and Aug. 13

Saturday, August 13

● *Joe Cocker*
at Pier 84

Thursday, August 18

● *Ranking Roger*
at the Ritz

The Beach Boys
at Jones Beach
—and Aug. 19

Friday, August 19

● *Stevie Ray Vaughan*
at Pier 84
—and Aug. 20

The Ramones
at the Ritz

Natalie Cole
at the Beacon

Monday, August 22

● *Stevie Wonder*
at Radio City
—and Aug. 23, 25, 26, 27, 28,
31, Sept. 1

Wednesday, August 24

● *Joan Armatrading*
at Pier 84

Thursday, August 25

● *Robert Cray*
at Pier 84

Friday, August 26

● *Johnny Cash &*
June Carter Cash
at the Ritz

Saturday, August 27

● *Neil Young & The Bluenotes*
at Jones Beach

Monday, August 29

● *George Benson*
Dianne Reeves
at Pier 84

Thursday, September 2

● *Boz Scaggs*
at Jones Beach

Saturday, September 4

● *Santana*
at Jones Beach

Club Information

Automatic Slim's	(212) 691-2372	The Palladium	(212) 307-7171
161 Bank St.		Pier 84	(212) 249-8870
Beacon	(212) 496-7070	44th St. & 12th Ave.	
74th & Bdwy.		The Ritz	(212) 529-5295
Blue Note	(212) 475-8592	11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave.	
181 W. 3rd St.		Radio City Music Hall	(212) 757-3100
Bottom Line	(212) 928-7880	Roseland	(212) 247-0200
15 W. 4th @ Mercer		259 W. 52nd St.	
Cat Club	(212) 505-0090	S.O.B.'s	(212) 243-4940
76 E. 13th St.		204 Varick St.	
IMAC	(516) 549-9656	Sundance	(516) 665-2121
370 New York Ave., Huntington		217 E. Main St., Bayshore	
Irving Plaza	(212) 279-1984	Tramps	(212) 777-5077
17 Irving Place @ E. 15th St.		125 E. 15th St.	
Jones Beach Theatre	(212) 249-8870	Village Gate	(212) 982-9292
Meadowbrook Pkwy to Jones Beach		Woecher & Thompson	
Lone Star Cafe	(212) 243-1064	Westbury Music Fair	(516) 333-0533
5th Ave. & 14th St.		Brush Hollow Road, Westbury	

Colors, Cubes and Cruelty

continued from page 7

played by Diedra Hanbury, replies "Madame will wear the red dress." Later she cries, "Red will be the color of our shame," turning one of the cubes from black to red. The only real props consisted of a suspended shelf on which an alarm clock sat (the two must time their performances with Madame's absence), and a telephone. All the more easily to involve the spectator in the participation of the creation—so much more which it is required of the audience to act on—we supply the set, which was not complete until it is perceived by the viewer and acted upon thereby. The circle further added to the already oppressive scene as the actresses lunged toward its perimeter ("red...the color of our shame") only to stop frozen at the edge, like dogs crashing into a

chain link fence.

Both Hanbury and Aristidou were excellent in their roles. Both remained pliant vehicles for the devastating range of ecstatic transport and desparate degradation at the core of Genet's disturbing vision. Aristidou, in the role of Clair, became cold and commanding as steel as she assumed the role of Madame, and as crippled and subservient as jello in the presence of the true Madame. Hanbury leapt from illuminated transcendence to blind rage and back to docile servant with amazing style and convincing grace. Her face was apparently the servant of her slightest degree of whimsy—through an incredible control, her faces cut through the question of convincing performance and carried her character to immediate life. Both flung

themselves across the stage, tossed each other to the floor, ran from end to end of the cell-like circle, or slid across the floor with perfect form.

The play is continually conscious of itself; it knows it is theatre and presents itself as such to its audience. As the audience, we are made acutely aware that we are watching a play, that this is a pocket of reality within our own. Like two maids, we are involved in a fantasy and made to see this. The play reminds us it is a play from the start as it tells us to "Come see the show..." The dialogue is free to play upon our emotions and grey matter with every licence artifice allows; we have the entire range of theatre to play with including hyperbole, spectacle, poetry; the dialogue is consciously eloquent, consciously weighted. This reminds

us it is theatre even as it draws us into its illusions. It's as though we're being let in on the joke, that of fantasy. But what is the joke? And who is it on? Are we the spectators—the joke as we lose ourselves in the flight between rationality and imaginative detour? What are we doing here? If reality is that tenuous to begin with, shouldn't be out making conscious alterations on our lives? Reality itself seems somehow to have been exploited, just as the maids are exploited by their snooty Madame.

The performance on the whole was ambitious and exciting. I'm sure many were pleased to see a play of this experimental nature performed at Stony Brook. Perhaps other plays as daring and vital as *The Maids* have some chance of enriching the theatre department in the future.

**Be part of the Stony Brook Press.
We crave your affection. Suite 020 Central Hall.**

New Releases



Double Bummer Bongwater

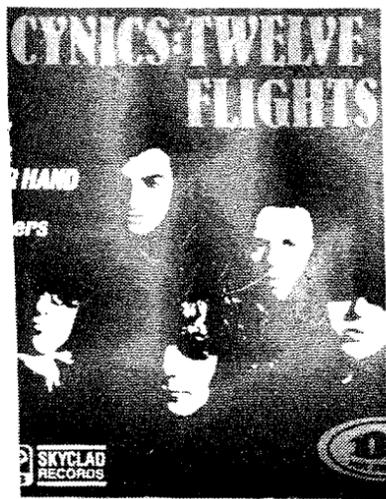
Bongwater's *Double Bummer* double-album is beyond the grasp of a rational mind. It is uncooked insanity expanding and reaching in several-hundred directions, yet somehow having an element of continuity and coherence.

Innovative mixing, use of drop-ins and other nuances allow songs to melt into each other and move towards a new direction. Its closest relative is the Beatles' *White Album*.

Yet Bongwater goes off on an entirely different tangent—laughing at the values, politics and music of the last twenty years. Things may be sacred, but *nothing* is serious.

It's one of the few double-albums worth paying for.

—R. Rothenberg



Twelve Flights Up Cynics

The Cynics are one of the few garage-bands who can imitate sixties-psychedelia, yet retain subtle bits of life and originality. As other bands drift like burnt-out capsules through known space, the Cynics are a boiling-mass bursting into inner space. They give a new vitality to their influences that makes them unique.

Their latest album *Twelve Flights Up* has that grooving heaviness of a great garage band—noisy guitars, slow keyboards and not-overbearing drums, which gives their sound a rudimentary psychedelic feeling.

Twelve Flights Up fails as an *album* however,—adjacent songs vary too much with little or no transition. It sounds like a "Best of..." compilation, which isn't bad since it's the Cynics' best.

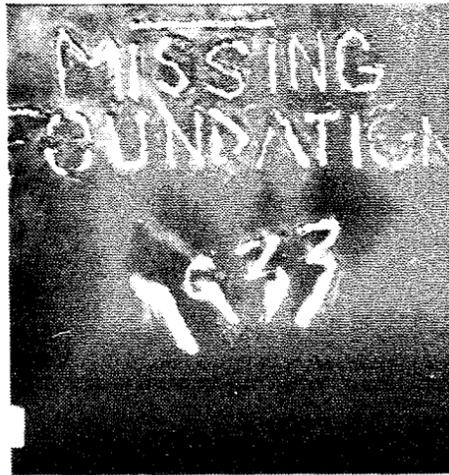
—R. Rothenberg

Geography Always August

From the mellow music doesn't have to be lame department, Always August's new ep is a rich array of acoustic guitars and tap drums with a very, ahem, earthy feel. Jazz influences and stirring rhythms help carry the middle-of-the-road rock and roll vocals.

"Flatland" is the choice cut, taking the time to develop the wisdom and sound of the ep's title and concept.

—K. Falcone



1933 Missing Foundation

Breaking the barriers of music and instrumentation, Missing Foundation does not make music, but crude, thrashy industrial noise. Listen with an open mind and emotions are conveyed. (Otherwise the listener may end up writhing in pain on the floor.)

1933, Missing Foundation's latest album is an intense assault of nihilism. The hyperactive mellowness excellently sets the mood: U.S.A. 1988 is Germany 1933. "There is no hope," only alienation and destruction, doom and despair, etc...which can be expected from people out of the melancholy and maudlin New York underground.

A must for noise-fiends.

—R. Rothenberg



The Beef Sisters The Beef Sisters

A strong acoustic ep. The Beef Sisters spotless record deserves raves.

Comparisons to the Roches aside, the Sisters' harmonies are intoxicating and actually have lyrical content. "The Reverence" is a sparkling commentary on men and women and "Rosh Hoshana" sends chills. "Patti Smith" is better than anything on Patti's new album.

The Beef Sisters have taken what appeared to be a sound exhausted and charged it with life and originality.

—K. Falcone

Plastic Land

The Milagro Beanfield War

I'll preface this by saying that I only paid \$2.50 to see Robert Redford's second directing effort (his last was 1980's *Ordinary People*); had I paid \$5, I might not have enjoyed as much.

The War was a real series of events in New Mexico, not a war of guns and bodies, but more a war of rights. In the Southwest, water means money and political clout. The so-called "War" is about one man's long dead beanfield. See, there used to be lots of water in irrigation channels for all the Mexican-Americans to use on their farms, but the evil white developer who owns the water rights (if you can understand the whole concept of *water rights*, but hey, this is America) needs all the water for his big vacation development. So he jacks up the price of the water to the point where the farmers just can't afford to irrigate, and the beanfields dry up and die. This is how things stand at the beginning of the movie (which is based on true events).

So the Lone Hero decides to open the irrigation gate on his property—he can't find a job, his wife and kids are hungry—so that he can grow beans. The tar-paper shack town that he lives in is shocked; they are afraid of the white developer. The only people on his side are the gorgeous Mexican woman who runs the town's only garage, and her friend, a white lawyer/civil rights type (John Heard) who prints—occasionally—an inflammatory paper devoted to the oppressed poor of Southern New Mexico (if I didn't know better, I'd swear that Heard, who delivers his paper himself in a battered VW Bus, is a refugee from the Press).

The rest of the movie is all resolution; the quality or the size of the crop becomes irrelevant, just getting the crop in under the mental and physical pressure brought to bear by the evil developer and the unsupportive townspeople is what counts.

The acting is superb, the directing is beautiful: you can feel the heat off the desert, the sweat of the field workers, the air-conditioning of the developer's estate. But something wasn't quite right, perhaps the simplistic definitions of the characters; you know who's evil, who's good, and who's too weak to go either way (particularly musician Ruben Blades as the town's sheriff, a Mexican-American paid by the white developer).

This is one of Redford's biggest problems. In *Ordinary People* Mary Moore was too obviously a bitch, Donald Sutherland was too obviously weak; in *The Natural* the good guys and bad guys wore white and black. It's too easy to affect you. What a shame from an otherwise excellent film.

—C.J. Morgan

Bull Durham

The real question about Bull Durham is not, as many have said, why wasn't such a movie made before, but why was this movie made at all?

This flick is getting rave reviews and tremendous box office sales all over the country, Kevin Costner's Crash Davis is touted as his best role yet, and Susan Sarandon has received similar praise. Why?

Bull Durham is the embodiment of 80's Big Studio American film. If this movie, as its advertising blitz is so quick to point out, is the best movie of the year (ha, ha, yuk, yuk), than American film has nowhere to go but down. It's movies like this, unfortunately, that set standards, and if this is the high water mark, god help Hollywood.

It's simplistic yet slick, like a high-budget MTV video. It's ridiculously long and ridiculously uneventful (unless you want to watch Susan Sarandon cavort around in her most, uh, *exposed* role since *Rocky Horror Picture Show*... "Toucha toucha touch me, I wanna be dirty").

The characters aspire to complexity, and wondrously, gloriously, achieve...mediocrity. They learn nothing as they practice political baseball and sex, neither does the audience. Except maybe, just maybe, that it ain't so bad to spend six bucks for two hours worth of air conditioning.

—C. Goldsmith & M. Rafferty

Who Framed Roger Rabbit?

Dying Disney Studios walk hand-in-hand with Lucas and Spielberg (who have that money-making blockbuster knack) down Animation Avenue.

Returning to a decent standard of animation—this ain't no silicon-cel anemia cartoon produced on a Hyundai computer in a Tokyo basement—*Roger Rabbit* brings together all of the crowd pleasers that Disney/Spielberg/Lucas could muster: frighteningly real 3-D interaction between animated "Toons" and humans, catchy one-liners, loveable/hateable actors (Bob Hoskins as a gumshoe and Christopher Lloyd as Dr. Doom), and cameos by every Loony Toon and Disney character in existence.



Jessica Rabbit and Bob Hoskins.

Attention to detail is what makes *Roger Rabbit* so fun, as well as a bit overwhelming. The animation and artwork are top-notch, probably the best acetate cel animation since *Fantasia*. At times so much is happening on screen that your eye just can't follow it all—whirling flowing houses, talking Old West bullets, dancing animals, squadrons of sentient flying steak knives. You leave feeling as if you haven't caught half the visual details.

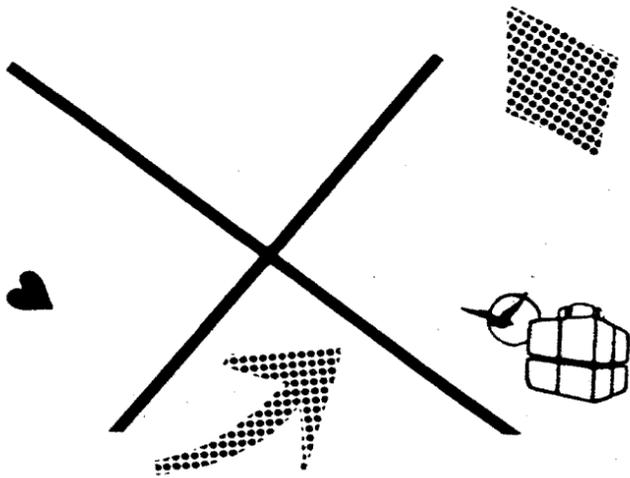
All this animated wizardry is hung on a plot too thin to skate on, not really a surprise because *Roger Rabbit* is the logical (and inevitable) extension of every bit of good vs. evil detective story and mainstream cartoon ever produced. *Rabbit* is the lowest common denominator; it appeals to 8 year-olds at the Saturday matinee as well as the adults after midnight.

It's got lots of cartoon violence (with a capital V), melodrama, good guys and bad guys, a moral or two for good measure, and the sexiest cartoon female ever—Jessica, *Roger Rabbit*'s human-shaped Toon wife—who performs a mild strip-tease at an "All Toon Revue" for human males only (listen for Kathleen Turner's uncredited sultry, seductive voice as Jessica).

Bob Hoskins said that *Roger Rabbit* is the pinnacle of animation—"Where can you go from here?" he asked—but hopefully the crew animators who worked so painstakingly for two years on *Rabbit* will apply their considerable talents to a film that satisfies more than the need for pure, albeit excellent, entertainment.

—R. Sienna

Don't Be A Fascist



On Stage

by Chris Volpe

Though it consists of a fairly simple plot concerning the passion and damnation of two domestic maids, **The Maids** by Jean Genet is primarily about the infinite play between reality and fantasy, dominance and subservience, spectator and spectacle. **The Maids** was performed in a limited run at the Stony Brook Fine Arts Center July 6th—9th.

Aside from its story line, **The Maids** concerns itself with the structure of theatre as an art form, calling into question the purpose and intent of drama, and ultimately, of art itself. It is impossible to simply view **The Maids**. The play is constructed in such a way that the spectator is inextricably involved in the work as a whole. The audience becomes a part of the play. That delicate exchange between perception and the thing being perceived (in this case, a play), is suddenly thrust into the floodlights as a part of the play, as a theme; the psychology of art becomes the art itself. The play asks questions like "What happens when we view art?" and "What interchanges occur in that dialogue?"

Entering the Fine Arts Center from the Union side was like entering a wax museum. In the double doors, a prone female figure lay, with her hair splayed, motionless. Directly across and against the wall inside, a man in carnival clothes with an accordion sat frozen and silent. The hallway was filled with inanimate monuments to vaudeville; figures dressed in theatrical fashion, all made up, silent and slightly disturbing. Until a piercing whistle screamed **ACTION** and all was noise, the decadence of the travelling circus: frenzy, surreality, and madness. A blind artist with a painted moustache offered portraits. A woman in black and grave-pale makeup exulted in the possible morbidities an ambiguous box contained—"Perhaps it is your mother's mutilated corpse!" she squealed over the voice of another black-make-up-bloodied woman screaming "Tickets" and monotone chants of "Come see the show. The show. Come see the show. The show." "Perhaps if the price is right you can touch it," the woman with the box was saying. "Would you like that? Come on...guess what's in the box!"

Genet's The Maids Weirdness Theatre



By making me guess what was in the box, and immediately discounting my answer for one more grisly and morbid. She deliberately made me feel uncomfortable. But she was also making me part of the drama, drawing me into the fantasy of theatre. It was the theme of the play—we were the play as participated in the exchange, ourselves suddenly the characters. Genet's drama was no soliloquy—it was a dialogue in which each member of the audience was inescapably involved—involved in the fantasy of art.

In the plot of the play, two domestic maids engage each other in a fantasy world of sexual and psychological play acting. The game consists of the trading back and forth of the roles of the master (Madame) and slave (Mademoiselle) in the absence of their employer, the real Madame. A deeply erotic intimacy exists as an undercurrent to the tortured scenes which ensue. The players are clad in black brass and skin-tight minimals suggesting a sado-masochistic relationship. Through a barrage of verbal abuse and degradation (a sort of catharsis for the maids), meant to dissipate the frustration of their social position as servants and women—the tension increases each time they play, and the game comes closer to a very real disaster. The servant desires the death of the master. The line between fantasy and reality becomes hazy; the game gets increasingly violent, closer to the actual act of murder, closer to the door in reality marked EXIT. Finally both are left staring across a cup of tea laced with phenobarbital (sleeping pills) originally intended for the true Madame.

The action takes place on a stage bare of props save three cubes (white, red and black) set within a red circle painted on the floor. White tape separates the audience from the play. The spectators, seated on cushions on the floor around the perimeter of the circle, were bracketed (as were the players and their roles) by color. Madame wears white (presumably for purity, the inaccessibility of her station), and the maids wear black. Red, white and black are the colors that dominate the play. Clair, played by Georgia Aristidou, in the fantasy role of Madame exclaims, "I will wear a white spangled gown tonight!" to which Solange, continued on page 5

Image: Ed Bridges

'I Ain't Never Seen No Place Like This'

Live Jazz Hits Stony Brook

by Karin Falcone

On Saturday, July 9th, the Grachan Moncur Quartet performed in the Fine Arts Center Recital Hall. The timing couldn't have been better—during the heart of the Summer Theatre Festival, immediately after the final performance of *Sophiatown*. But alas, the community citizens were caught off balance or were nodding off in their living rooms again. It was difficult to sell even the *Sophiatown* crowd two dollar tickets to a jazz concert.

Despite these problems, the quartet hit the FAC at 11:15 to about 150 spirits, many used to a reasonable bedtime and leery of anything they've never encountered. Enter the Grachan Moncur Quartet: they begin with a piece called "Frankenstein," during which minor sound difficulties, such as Johnny Ore's unplugged bass, were cleared up. Drummer Winnard Harper and vibraphonist Bryan Carrott played with naive ease while Moncur paced, paused and resumed playing his trombone in brief sentences of sound.

The second piece, "Hipnosis," was swaying. Taken from the period of Moncur's fine work with Jackie McLean, it provided a taste of each player's proficiency.



Image: Tracy Rando

Grachan Moncur Quartet at FAC

The dapper drummer was the intense, inaccessible crowd pleaser. His mastery of his instrument and flamboyance drew applause, but his whiz-kid lack of subtlety was irritating. Next to Moncur, the smooth elder, the mock tension created was merely melodramatic eye contact. Clad in khaki, Moncur continued stalking on and off stage throughout most of both sets, perhaps for cigarettes, treating the

audience to brief snacks of sound upon each return. His trombone spoke with the expressiveness of conversational speech. This made the inclusion of a vocalist superfluous. Young Jackie Jones' stiff presentation marred her fine, feeling-filled vocals. Still, she seemed to bring the quartet to a high point at the start of the second set.

After a long break and the loss of much of the audience, the quartet and vocalist returned to perform a sweet rendering of "My Funny Valentine," with a slower pace and tighter sound.

The next number, a Sonny Rollins tune, found each musician at his best, with Moncur leading this fruition of the groove. His trombone melodiously laughing, again in brief sentences; he only stalked off twice.

The bright, airy recital hall seemed inappropriate for the Newark based quartet. A more informal setting would have enhanced the intimacy and perhaps drawn a looser, larger crowd.

The low ticket price was a step in the right direction. It just seems that crowds are hard to come by on this end of the island. One quartet member drove around the campus for an hour before the show began. Lost, he said, "I ain't never seen no place like this."

'All My Records Are Comedy Records'

Bob Dylan At Jones Beach

by Craig Goldsmith

Security check after security check after security check at Jones Beach Theatre. Tickets are checked twice for authenticity and then torn once for posterity. Some guy who is paid five bucks an hour by the State Park Service to wear a white t-shirt and plastic jacket is screaming through a megaphone "...no bottles, no alcohol in the theatre...no alcohol allowed in the theatre..." but the first thing seen after wrangling through all the gates is a huge sign that reads *Miller Concerts at the Beach*.

That's right kids, Miller Highlife, brewed in America is sponsoring a concert by the man who once sang "I been sucking too many eggs, drinking too many kegs" and I wonder if he'll come on stage and sing "Everee-bodee must drink beeeer..." Every ten or twenty feet is a yellow t-shirted-and-jacketed fellow sweeping garbage and taking orders from the guys in the green shirts, who run around with walkie-talkies set to volume 10. Tres 1988.

Inside the amphitheatre, guys in red t-shirts tell the audience to *keep moving, find your seats, find your seats, no standing in the aisles, find your seat, have a good show, sir, find your seat, keep moving...* a nearly constant drone of human traffic lights and highway signs, all of them being paid out of tax dollars and ticket receipts. The air is cool and clear, the porta-pots are clean, a full moon is rising over the water, a perfect night for music and dancing. The crowd ranges in age from kids to grandparents, all very polite (no-one argues when the rightful ticket holder of a seat asks a group of squatters to move), all very mellow, a bit too mellow, a bit too polite for either the opening Alarm, most of whose die-hard fans are up front, or Zimmerman, whose arrogance, justified self-righteousness, or thumb-waving charisma have not been dulled by his kids or his years.



The Alarm played a half-hour set, and their exuberance and sense of fun seemed a bit lost on the audience. It's almost as if the audience had never heard of dancing, but the set was fairly weak for the Alarm, which mixed their numerical anthems ("68 Guns", "Spirit of '76") with some new material. All in all a tepid performance, which brought maybe ten Alarm fans to their feet and left me searching for the beach (don't be fooled, there's no beach at Jones Beach Theatre, there is water, but the surly security boys who guard the railing overlooking the Great South Bay wouldn't even let you stand there looking).

So Dylan comes on stage wearing the latest in cowhide clothes, sporting patent leather pointy boots and shades; bad press has followed him on tour, he's got a new record out that is actually getting (for better or for worse) top 40 airplay; he approaches the microphone, his face all puffy, his knees knocking together, his hands grip the guitar like it's an artifact from another planet (What's this? A guitar?) and...

He tears into "Subterranean Homesick Blues" with the energy and force of twenty-year-old, the slickness and precision of a 47 year-old who has been on the road since 1960, and the sheer presence and power of Bob Dylan. He ripped through song after song, old ones, new ones, every note saying "I'm Bob Dylan, these are my songs, so listen to this you fuckers, this is what it's all about" and nobody doubts him.

Backed by a spare trio—most notably G.E. Smith of *Saturday Night Live* fame—Dylan fired through his songs, doing unnameable things with his voice. Contortion would be an understatement, as would howling, baying, screaming, crying, and nose humming, leaving his band members to dance and writhe and gape wide-eyed at the man who has been playing and singing since they (and we) were in diapers, or just a thought in our parents' brains.