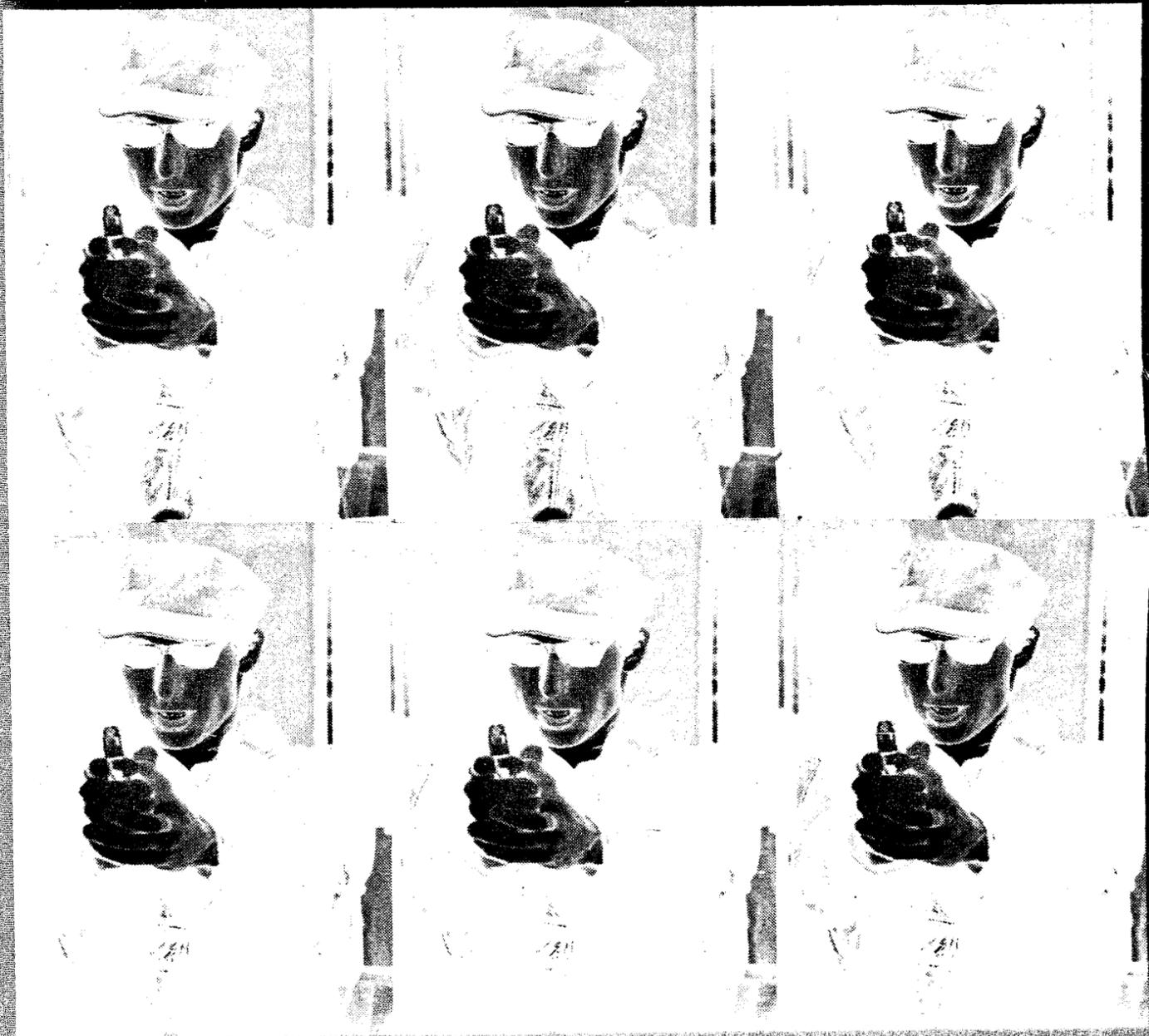


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 10, No. 3 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Oct. 13, 1988



LEARNING TO LIVE

The changes are coming faster and faster at Stony Brook. The very nature of life here is changing direction, prompted slowly but surely by President Jack Marburger and Vice-President for Student Affairs Fred Preston, both of whom are tired of seeing their university's name making *Newsday* every few months.

What's really distressing is that the decision-making organ of this small city is not even bothering to conceal active changes during the summer, when fewer students are around and even less attention is paid to the Administration's actions (such as Marburger's grab for the activity fee during the summer of 1986). But the changes now are not nearly as dramatic, and so go easily unnoticed.

The new policy on the Freedom of Expression was put into effect at the very beginning of the semester. In short, it requires any organized demonstration—including the distribution of leaflets—to give the administration 72 hours notice. Any activity that "infringes on the rights of others or disrupts regular and essential operations of the University" is prohibited. Period.

Admittedly, students have not exactly been storming the doors of the Administration building these days demanding changes, but as this University steadily deteriorates—both physically and spiritually—during the next few years, you won't be able to do anything that doesn't conform with the University's "regular and essential" ways of handling complaints. If you cross the line, you will be arrested. And you will be guilty, because you will have broken the law laid down on state-owned land. If you want to hand out leaflets, you've got to tell the Administration and wait three days. It's like the 7-day wait-for-a-gun proposal recently defeated in Congress. Except for the small fact that leaflets don't kill.

Marburger also has the very real problem of convincing the local community and his boss—Chancellor Bruce Johnstone—that Stony Brook is not violence city. Everyone on Long Island read about last weekend's shooting in *Newsday* Monday morning. The same day as the *Newsday* story, the Chancellor paid a visit to Stony Brook. Double jeopardy.

The response of the Student Affairs office was quick. A moratorium has been placed on any large events for the next seven days, in order to give the Administration and Public Safety breathing space

before Fall Fest and Homecoming next week. It seems to Mayor Marburger and Dr. Preston, apparently, that nearly every large gathering of students this past year necessarily features as its main event a bit of violence.

Recent changes, which include closing the campus off at midnight, stricter proofing requirements (to the point where patrons at last week's party were frisked and scanned with a metal detector before entering), and beefed-up Public Safety patrols, do not seem to have done the trick to prevent such occurrences. It would not be surprising if large-scale events and alcohol sales are scaled down even further in the future. The movements of visitors on campus will probably be monitored even more carefully during the next year. But while some of the measures are excellent in nature, it is inappropriate to severely restrict the activities of students who are supposedly here to learn how to handle themselves in the "real world." This may serve only to turn Stony Brook into a cocoon, even more isolated from the off-campus world than it is now.

This year might also see the imposition of a mandatory student athletic fee. The fee—if allowed by the Trustees at SUNY Central—would be collected by the Administration in order to pay for intercollegiate athletic programs. There is currently strong administrative support for the fee, as it would not be subject to the ceiling imposed by the Chancellor on the Student Activity Fee. The Administration would have complete and final say as to how much that fee would be, and what it would be used for. The chancellor and many of the trustees also support the fee, although it doesn't seem to have occurred to them to raise the Student Activity Fee cap—an action that would allow students to spend as much money on their own teams as they want to.

Last, but not least, is the cable TV system which will be installed as soon as a contractor is found. The University is taking out a \$400,000 loan to pay for perfect 2-13 reception all over campus. Although few will complain about clear TV reception out here in the media wasteland, it hardly seems fair to borrow nearly half a million dollars one day, and tell students the next day that funds are not available for an addition to the Union, or dorm rehabilitation.

So here we are, in an institution that is supposed to be educating us, an institution that is supposed to be

expanding our minds, being told what is right with the mere slash of a pen. If the Administration's goal is to turn this campus into a picture-perfect, sedate, uninspired, misdirected experiment-in-higher-education gone sour, it is succeeding. When Stony Brook's *image* satisfies Marburger, he'll be happy. But that sort of leaves us out of the picture. As it is, students are continually omitted from the decision-making process. We are told that it's not our concern. We are told that we are transients, only here for four years, while the Administration has its eye on the *real* future. We are told that we don't understand, that we don't have the experience or the skill to participate. We are shrugged off.

But we *are* this University. We are why Ward Melville originally founded Stony Brook. We must not allow our future, our education, to be stifled by an aloof group of administrators who already have jobs, who are already secure. How can we be expected to heal our dying planet if we are not even allowed to try healing our own school? It is the Administration's duty to listen to students, especially when they do not break down doors, but try to engage in meaningful discussion.

Student representatives this year have already demonstrated incredible patience in their dealings with the Administration, yet Marburger and company are still plodding along in the belief that everything they do is right, and that we are only of concern when we are unruly.

The administrative branch must involve students in the shaping of Stony Brook's future. It is our right as students, residents, and customers.

The Stony Brook Press

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HEY YOU! When was the last time you wrote a letter to the Stony Brook Press? That long? Well pick up your pen, grab a sheet of paper, and write us. You can mail or bring your articulate, intelligent letter to the Press Office, Suite 020 Central Hall (in the basement). Unsigned or illegible letters will be fed to our hungry paper shredder.

Don't Worry, Be Happy

SUNY Chancellor Visits SB

by John Dunn

On Monday, SUNY Chancellor Bruce Johnstone made his first ever visit to Stony Brook as part of his ongoing plan to become familiar with the system he is now in charge of. Johnstone visited various university facilities, such as the Health Sciences Center, and dined with students in an effort to find out what makes the Brook tick. In the afternoon he held a press conference attended by members of the University News Service and the Stony Brook Press.

One concern raised by the Press regarding the upcoming budget. The Chancellor stated that while normally the budget would be finalized by this time, the current budget is still very uncertain. "It won't be a good year, but the question is whether it will be a dreadful year," was his response to the question of budget cuts. He said the problems plaguing the budget would either be short term (for the next year or two) or require fundamental lowering of sights and aspirations for SUNY, which he felt would be "terribly bad." The shortfall is result of tax cuts and reduced capital gains.

If cuts would have to be made by SUNY, individual schools would decide where to make the cuts that would meet the dollar restrictions imposed by SUNY Central. Johnstone noted that he has discussed similar hypothetical situations with his vice-presidents when he was President of SUNY Buffalo.

The question was raised on whether to



Image: Ed Bridges

There are so many things for students to care about other than maintenance. Don't worry about it.

—Chancellor Bruce Johnstone

maintain SUNY at the present size. Johnstone stated that although popular conventional wisdom says that SUNY is fundamentally overbuilt, SUNY would be maintained at its present size for the foreseeable future. History can't be changed, according to the Chancellor, but if SUNY was built from scratch today maybe five or six of the 64 campuses would be eliminated, which he considers a trivial amount. Johnstone believes that the State's population and wealth do not oversupport the SUNY system.

According to Johnstone, SUNY is experiencing growth by a number of very measurable indices. "Enrollments are up even though we're just trying to try and stay the same." On 29 campuses, enrollment is up by 4,000 although only 153 of the students are full-time, which Johnstone says is tantamount to no growth. The other 3,000-plus students are returning part-time students.

Applications to SUNY are up despite shrinkage of the high school graduate pool. The Chancellor sees SUNY catching on with students, parents and guidance counselors around the State. "Research is exploding" at Stony Brook and other SUNY campuses. Research Initiative [GRI] is working. He sees an increase in the involvement between Stony Brook and the area to solve Long Island's problems though perhaps not as much involvement as there could be.

The Press wondered whether the in-

crease in SUNY applications and enrollments was due to SUNY improvements or the increase of costs at out-of-state schools. Johnstone was "very concerned about out-of-state students" and hopes that they fill face no more tuition increases for awhile. He blamed budget problems on the \$1,500 tuition increase out-of-state students are faced with (\$750 this year, \$750 next year).

When asked what his impressions of Stony Brook were, he said, "On the good side it's a stunning campus, physically and visually. You've got cement that's corroding, there's those types of problems too."

Johnstone added that although Stony Brook may seem bug in relation to other schools, it's a compact campus when compared to schools like the University of Minnesota, and that he saw the Health Sciences and the GRI doing well at Stony Brook.

The Chancellor does believe that Stony Brook has its share of problems.

He said that it has always surprised him that for some recent years Stony Brook undergraduate enrollment has been soft which is surprising at such a good campus. He clarified that by soft, he meant that the undergraduate enrollment has lowered, partly due to attrition of the high school graduating classes. He finds it encouraging that after talking with Stony Brook's staff that the applicant pool has increased

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Violence in Tabler Quad

Moratorium on Large Events

by Quinn Kaufman

Fred Preston, Vice-President for Student Affairs, announced Tuesday a one-week moratorium on campus social events. During that time the Administration plans to review Stony Brook's safety precautions in order to lessen the potential for a recurrence of last Saturday's Tabler Quad shooting incident.

Three events planned for this weekend are likely to be postponed. Those events are: Tokyo Joe's, an African American Student Organization party, and a Minority Planning Board Concert featuring rap singer Big Daddy Kane. Preston said, "We are not calling the moratorium to punish students. We have to protect them." He further stated that Tokyo Joe's may even operate if the organizers establish a comprehensive plan to ensure only Stony Brook students can enter the Union. As of this writing, Tokyo Joe's will be operating, but only Stony Brook students with validated IDs will be permitted inside.

John Cucci, Polity president, was upset with Preston's decision to administer the moratorium without first consulting students. "I told Dr. Preston his decision for calling the moratorium was harsh," he said. "I felt students should have been consulted beforehand. I do empathize with Preston, but he still overreacted." Cucci elaborated: "Why should students have to pay for Public Safety's mistake? It was Public Safety's fault—those people should not have been allowed on campus. Security is the prob-

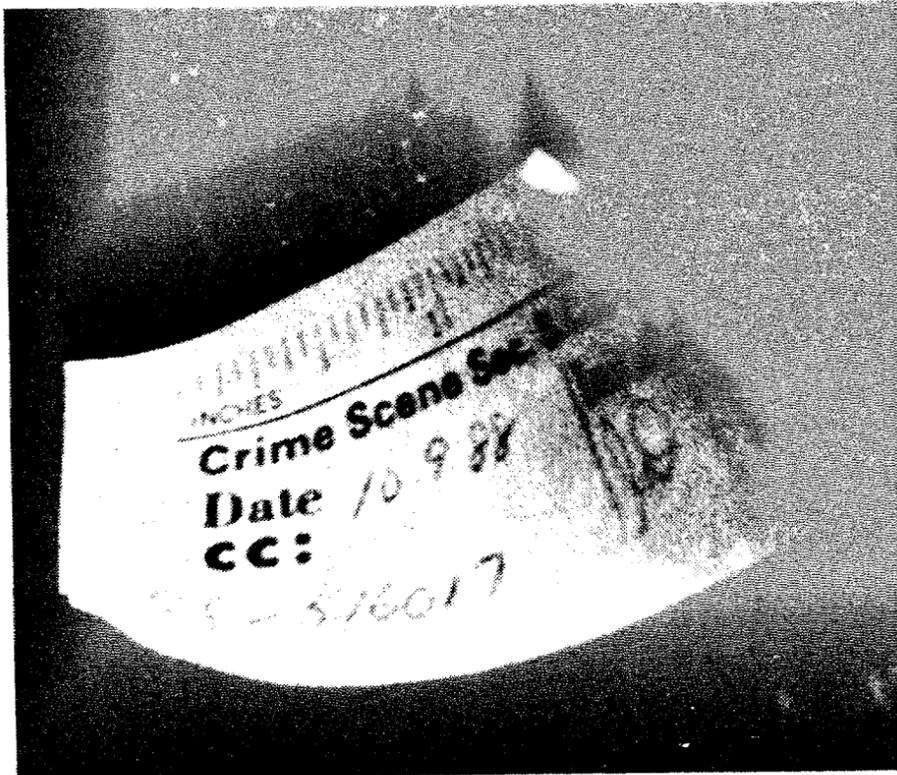


Image: Andy Mohan

lem. I've heard people say they've entered the front gates at 2 or 3am and Public Safety have been sleeping. Public Safety should have those gates manned at 8pm and only allow in students. If Public Safety told me they were going to man the gates at 8, I'd be all for it because it would only prevent our

crimes, since most of Stony Brook's crimes have been from intruders."

Many Stony Brook students feel they were inadequately protected during the incident. Many residents of Tabler Quad claim that while gunshots were popping all around them, the only safety precautions

they took were to crouch behind their broken window blinds. Toscaninni resident Maureen Murphy said, "We were calling Public Safety and the Suffolk County police for an hour and a half before anyone arrived. In the meantime, someone shut off the electricity and our party of about thirty people panicked because we were afraid shots would blast into our rooms, since almost all of our blinds are broken."

In response to these complaints and the phone calls of concerned parents that have been pouring into administrators' offices, Preston established an ad-hoc committee to look into the shooting. He said, "There have been 2-3 shootings in the past three years. We cannot jeopardize one more student's safety. Society is a lot more dangerous than it used to be and although we can never fully prevent something like this from re-occurring, we can reduce the potential."

The ad-hoc committee, which includes members of Public Safety, University Affairs, Polity, and Residential Hall Associates, will analyze the shooting and find out how those arrested and other undesirables gained access to campus grounds. The ad-hoc group will also decide how to limit the number of people at large gatherings and decide how undesirables can be turned away. According to Preston, advertising for Stony Brook social events will also be reviewed, since groups are not allowed to advertise for campus events outside of the University.

The committee will meet for the first time on Friday.

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Be Prepared!

Campus bands, comedians
and other entertainers wanted
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S P E C U L A Y E A R B O O K

**It's Coming.
Enjoy the Experience.**

No Beer Here

Alcohol Banned at Fall Fest

by Quinn Kaufman

Polity, the student government at Stony Brook has been denied by the faculty to sell beer at Fall Fest on October 21-23, according to Fred Preston, Vice President for Student Affairs. In a letter written by Preston and dated October 4, he said past experiences with alcohol sales has only served "to foster and continue the negative image of the Stony Brook campus as an alcohol/drug party school among parents, secondary school officials/students, and the general public."

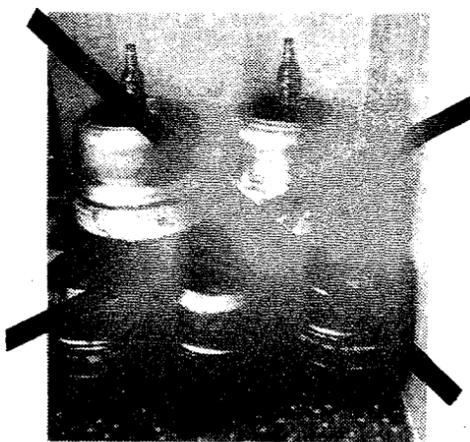
Preston said, "service of alcohol to minors, vandalism of University property, attracting of undesirable to campus, excessive drunkenness among students, and incidents involving violence against women" are some reasons why beer sales will be prohibited at Fall Fest. Preston also said it is important to note that October 17-23 is Stony Brook's Alcohol and Drug Awareness week (and also National Collegiate Alcohol Awareness Week).

In Polity's September 29 Fall Fest beer proposal to Preston, it was suggested that if beer were to be served at Fall Fest, Polity would want Public Safety to assist with proof-

ing. In their beer proposal, Polity listed twelve items. Proposals included closing the beer service area for one half-hour of beer service every hour-and-a-half of operation, and a regular monitoring of the drinking area by officials. Preston still denied Polity's request. He said, "while I applauded the effort of the students to improve their proofing procedures, the potential for alcohol-related problems remains very high." However, Preston said he would approve of an alcohol service, such as a dance to be held in the Union. Fall fest producer Robert Schachter said, "We're too far into Fall Fest to try to organize such an event. We tried to work things out to have beer at Fall Fest but it wouldn't work."

Stony Brook's alcohol policy has been undergoing revision since April of 1988 when a keg party in the Union bi-level was the scene of a brawl between students and Public Safety. Since then, most campus events have not been allowed to sell alcoholic beverages. Gary Mis, Assistant Vice President for Student Affairs, said, "organizers of events will eventually see fewer alcohol-related problems in the long run."

When asked if he foresaw beer sales at next year's Fall Fest, Schachter said, "No. Once we lost it, we'll never get it back. The townies are kind of responsible for this. They just came here to drink, smash windows and wreak havoc." To prevent



such intrusions, Schachter said, "this year's Fall Fest will be more centralized. We want student's families and Stony Brook employees and alumnae to attend. We want it communal and we want to prevent

problems."

Schachter said that having no alcohol will not ruin the fun of Fall Fest. "People may just drink in their rooms and then go to the Checkmate." Student responses on attending a non-alcoholic Fall Fest varied. Student David Conforte III said, "I guess Fall Fest hasn't been the same since they banned alcohol. It's really fun to get loaded before going to a carnival. It enhances my pleasure, especially when I know I won't be driving." However, Conforte added, "not having alcohol will not necessarily hurt Fall Fest patronage. If it's well planned, it won't really matter if there is no alcohol." Junior Diane Singer had a different reaction. She said, "I think it will be good either way, although if there was beer, I really wouldn't have to worry about how I looked all night."

Fall Fest will be on the athletic fields. It will feature food, carnival events, a pep rally, football game between Fordham and Stony Brook, and the Homecoming Parade on Saturday. Bands will be playing throughout the weekend. Admission is free, and all profits will go to Polity.

Chancellor

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dramatically. "Things that are being done now that maybe should have been done a few years ago," he said, but that, "the train has left the station," and Stony Brook is on its way both in- and out-of-state. He also finds increases in minority enrollment encouraging.

Johnstone said that Stony Brook has a reputation for having problems with the physical conditions of the dorms for a long time. He saw part of the problem stemming

from the fact that with 7,000 students, Stony Brook has the largest resident population in the State. In addition, the maintenance staff, which is contending with ongoing budget cuts, has probably the most square footage of buildings of any SUNY, as well as the most grass to cut. He said that bond issues would be used to help fund dorm repair.

The Press asked Johnstone that with concrete falling and the Chapin rebuilding, did he see a better way for the State Dormitory Authority and others to insure that projects are built right the first time thus saving millions in repair costs. There was "no way," he responded, "to insure construction" since he doesn't run the State Dormitory Authority. Good management,

he explained, would help matters, as would student efforts. While saying he wasn't trying to lay the blame back on students, he said he knew darn well that students are unbelievably heavy consumers of the space they're in. It is up to the University to maintain the type of environment that's self-perpetuating or else the students will use it to death.

Johnstone also maintained that construction problems, such as frauds and poor workmanship, are part and parcel of SUNY building projects, as are subsequent lawsuits against contractors who fail to do their jobs. He blamed the state bidding law, which gives the contract to the lowest bidder as a major source of the problems. "We are trying the best we can," he said.

He added that problems were had with projects 10-15 years ago and there hasn't been a problem recently. When told of concern about the current construction at the field house and South Campus additions, the Chancellor responded, "I'll try not to sound patronizing, but I really urge you not to worry about it, let someone else worry about that. There are so many things for students to care about other than maintenance. 'Don't worry about it.'"

Johnstone, who was under fire at his appointment last spring for supporting a mandatory activity fee, said that the proposed fee is important for some campuses and "for all campuses to have as an option." There are two important elements in athletic funding according to the Chancellor. The first is how the intercollegiate athletic programs are run. NCAA guidelines specify that the administrations, with the support of the Intercollegiate Athletics Board, run athletic teams.

The second element is how much money the students have to spend and how it is collected. There are two options: the one used now, in which students allocate money from the student activity fee and hand it over to the administration. The second is for the student government to put the burden of collecting the money upon the administration directly. Johnstone believes that some campuses will choose the second option and have the administration charge the fee directly.

Athletic funding is also limited by a Chancellor-imposed cap on student activity fees. More funding for athletics would not be possible for campuses who already charge the maximum allowable fee.

Johnstone has no preference as to which option is chosen as long as the funding is stable. When the Press wondered what would happen if the students voted not to allocate money, Johnstone responded that either the school would be "out of the sports business entirely" or else "the administration would impose the fee." With that the press conference ended so that the Chancellor could mingle with President Marburger and other University bigwigs in the University Club.

That's No Bullshit

Profs Warned Against Classroom Cussing

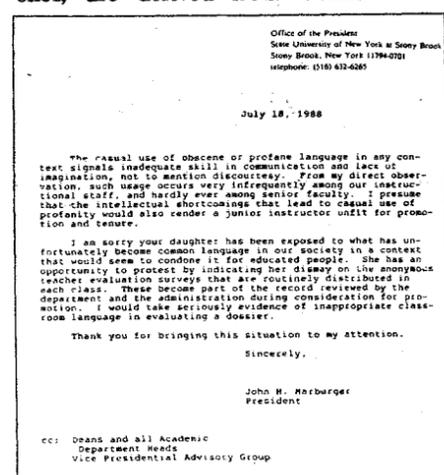
by Quinn Kaufman

In response to a parent's complaint, President Marburger sent a letter to faculty admonishing them to refrain from using obscene language in the classroom. During the summer a parent of a student sent a letter which complained of an unidentified professor's obscene language, according to A. Jennifer Clarke, Assistant to the President. Clarke said Marburger felt preventative measures should be undertaken and sent the warning letter to faculty over the summer session.

Clarke said only one complaint of obscene language was received. However, many Stony Brook students admit many of their professors still curse in the classroom.

Christopher Papas, a junior psychology major, said his English and anthropology classes have the highest usages of obscenities. He said, "I was not offended by the use of obscenities at all. Using obscenities is a natural part of human communication. One professor liked to use the F-word when referring to Shakespeare. He always said, 'What the F,' but it ways always in context and always to get the point across." Papas continued, saying, "In fact, the most inter-

esting lecture attended here was in ANT 102, when my professor gave a lecture on 'The History of Profanities and Its Roots.' The class was packed. Did you know most obscenities, including the so-called vulgar ones, are derived from German mor-



phemes, like the German word for rabbit?" Other interviewed students, mostly freshman, claim to be offended by the use of obscene language. Freshman Hisben Bros said he has heard obscene language in his

English class, "quite often. This professor who I won't identify repeatedly said as she described the semi-colon, 'Shit, this one is a sucker.' She liked to refer to it as 'the pain' and 'the sucker.'" Bros said that when his professor first started to use profane language he "didn't feel comfortable. I wasn't brought up like that and I didn't think a professor would be like that. But," he added, "now I'm used to it and I think saying 'sucker' is more acceptable than saying shit."

Interviewed students said most obscenities were used in their English lectures. English professor David Sheehan is presently lecturing on John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, of the late seventeenth century: perhaps the most sexually explicit and obscene poet to date. Sheehan said, "What is regarded as vulgar word usage in classrooms is a matter of context. You can quote things out of context from the Bible and it would be lewd. However, in the right context one would see the language as part of the Holy Scripture." Sheehan commended Marburger's response to the parent's complaint and said, "It was an appropriate response, just as all language is a matter of appropriateness."

A Chancy Afternoon

by John Cucci

It was supposed to start at 12 noon, Monday, October 10th. The new chancellor of our SUNY system was supposed to meet with me and other undergraduates here at Stony Brook. From my office I rushed over to the Roosevelt Food Mall to make sure I wasn't late for such an "important" meeting. After I parked my bike, I ran into the building and up the stairs only to see about six other students waiting for the same person I had rushed for.

At 12:20 we were all still standing around waiting for this special meeting to occur over a DAKA lunch. The others didn't seem to be too upset yet; I was. I had a lot to say to the man who runs our school system about living conditions, security, athletics, and the quality of life in general here at Stony Brook.

When he finally arrived at 12:30 I was sitting down and saw a tall, semi-disheveled man in a blue suit with two of his cronies by his side. I got up and shook his hand and looked into the face of a man I had already lost respect for. All of a sudden I felt like a fool. I could see in his face that he couldn't care less about a thing I had to say. Trying to get the best out of the 45 minutes I had left, I told him that I wanted him to hurry up and eat so we could walk around Stimson and see what it was really like here at Stony Brook.

At the dinner table, which was filled with false smiles and apprehension, I gulped my food down as Bruce tried to feed the minds of the others with questions on "Why Stony

When you hear the ONE man who RUNS SUNY tell you he can not do anything to help you with the conditions of your school, you start looking for a weapon.

Brook?" As one answered you could see, from sitting right next to Johnstone, that the answers were no more important to the chancellor than whether he had a piece of chicken or a piece of rice on his fork.

Finally I explained to the others that I planned on taking the chancellor for a walk and all were welcome to join us. Kurt Widmaier and Chris Morrow walked with us to Stimson, each of us pointing out some ideas on how we would like to see our school bettered. This is when the heat and anger rushed to my head.

When you hear the *one* man who *runs* SUNY tell you he can not do anything to help you with the conditions of your school, you start looking for a weapon. I never felt so ignored in my life. Here are three of the most recognized students on campus with the chancellor of SUNY, who was supposed to discuss life here at SB, and not a word was heard. I never heard more *bullshit* in my life from one man.

Now he's gone, yet we still have to live here. Thank god we only stay four years.

It becomes quite clear at times like these that we really are on our own. It truly is up to us to make a difference. Don't expect help from those who say they are helping you. Especially when they are looking the other way while saying it. Don't feel bad for me or yourselves, go out and do something. Together we can still win.

The writer is president of the Student Polity Association.

—Footnotes—

ON CAMPUS

Yogurt of Death

WARNING! The TCBY yogurt now sold at Stony Snacks in the Union—not to be confused with the fine frozen desert dispensed at TCBY franchises around our wonderful nation—is a toxic, gelatinous, crusty mass of frozen slag fit for consumption by no one. For \$1.79 (plus tax) you get a half-filled styrofoam cup of yellowish-brown substance purporting to be a tasty dessert item, but **DO NOT BE FOOLED!** For another fifty cents you could be eating a pint of Haagen-Dazs. Avoid this new marketing concept at all costs, unless, of course, it seems like the kind of thing you'd really like.

Farce at FAC

Cloud 9, a British farce "of colonialism and sexual oppression," will be presented tonight through Saturday at 8pm in the Fine Arts Center's Theatre Two. Further performances are scheduled for October 20 through 22. The play is termed "an adult comedy," written by Caryl Churchill and directed by John Cameron. Sounds hip. Call the box office at 632-7230 for details.

Saccharine Singing

Satisfy your urge for cloying light opera as stars from the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company (of London) perform "The Best of Gilbert and Sullivan" at the FAC main stage. A children's show (cheaper) is at 3pm, and an adult performance is at 8pm. Call the box office for more info.

The Painted Word

Occupying the FAC Gallery until October 29 is an exhibit of 21 paintings by Edgar Buonagurio, entitled "Permutations and Evolution" (love those pretentious buzzwords). The gallery is open from noon to 4pm, Tuesday through Saturday, for all interested parties. It's free, too. 632-7240 for less smug information.

Secret Agent Man

Former CIA agent and author Philip Agee is coming to campus to speak on the role of the CIA in American foreign policy. Agee, a CIA operative in Latin America during the 60s, will be at the FAC main stage Wednesday, October 26 at 7:30pm. His work involved recruitment, propaganda writing, and directing spies in military and police forces as well

as political parties. In 1961 and 1964 his duties helped lead to the overthrow of civilian democracies, but in 1968 he left the agency for personal and political reasons. After 17 years in exile, Agee has returned home to speak out against US policy in Latin America.

Bleed for Me

Every semester Stony Brook students run one of the largest one-day blood drives in the nation. This semester the Blood Drive will be in the Gym on Wednesday, October 26th. If you want to give blood next week the needles will be waiting. If you want to help out with the drive, there will be an organizing meeting at 4:30 and 7:30 on Wednesday, October 19th, in the Peace Studies Center, Old Chem.



Beerly Aware

The Student Affairs Office is sponsoring a Drug and Alcohol Awareness Week Banner Contest in celebration of the week of awareness that will take place from October 17th—23rd. Unspecified prizes will be awarded to the banner that best promotes responsible use of drugs and alcohol and the impact of substance abuse on the general public (we're reasonably confident that the prize won't be a case of Foster's). The Office of Student Affairs will supply all materials, so if you're interested, contact Gary Mis at 632-6700. Oh yeah, FallFest falls right in the middle of Awareness Week, so don't forget to pay close attention to every beer that passes your lips.

OFF CAMPUS

Local Poets Can Win Big

Here's that artistic motivation all you angst-wracked poets have been waiting for: your big chance to win a trip to Hawaii in the American Poetry Association's latest poetry contest! Yes, sir: translate all that solitary aesthetic labor into FUN FUN FUN on the shores of a tropical paradise. Say "aloha" to brooding nights of dysfunctional gloom and jet your way to lazy days in the Pacific surf when your free verse masterwork wins the grand prize for its (get this) "originality and sincerity." As students "may be too busy with exams" later this semester to properly commune with their Muse, poets are urged to enter immediately. To cash in on the action, send up to five poems (no more than 20 lines each—the traditional cut-off point for Truly Great Poetry) with name and address on each page to: American Poetry Association, Dept. CN-74, 250 A Potrero St., PO Box 1803, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. Entries must be postmarked by December 31.

Fringe Forces

Major General John K. Singlaub, USA (Ret.) is inviting all of you who hate communism and left-wingers to contribute to The Freedom Army. The Freedom Army is a project of the Singlaub Freedom Foundation, which is (surprise, surprise) chaired by the Major General himself. The \$15 minimum contribution gets you a Certificate of Commission in the Freedom Army; larger donations garner you such prizes as a bumper sticker, a cassette of Singlaub explaining his "battle against the left wing in this country and the importance of aiding Freedom Fighter movements and the left-wing's efforts to stop us..." or the biggest prize, a videocassette that will help you feel patriotic in the comfort of your own home.

Remember, your contributions are tax-deductible, and will help send anti-Communist fighters in Angola and Nicaragua—according to a letter penned by Singlaub—medical supplies, helicopters, radios, tents, uniforms, planes, mine detectors, etc. If you want to send money, or a personal message to the General, write to the Singlaub Freedom Foundation, P.O. Box 96580, Washington D.C., 20077. And don't forget, if you send money, the Freedom Army will send you photographs from the firing line of the war on communism "for your Freedom Army Scrapbook".

THE SLOG AND THE VIGILANTE: A Scientific Romance

BY KYLE SILVER

"IN AN ABSOLUTELY CORRUPT AGE... THE SAFEST COURSE IS TO DO AS OTHERS DO."
—MARQUIS DE SADE

PART THREE: CONFRONTATION



"Your Love Will Turn Me On"

continued from page 11

the Lennon of the recording session talks about his life and what he wants to do with Yoko in the future. In a mild effort to throw dramatic tension into what might otherwise be a fairly straightforward documentary-in-stereo, Lennon's death is foreshadowed several times: a letter from a fan in '73 that who insists that her *ouija* board told her that Lennon will be assassinated; Yoko and John talking about spending the rest of their lives together. But as Yoko says at one point in an interview: "It's easy looking back to see all the signs, but they were there."

But it is the recording sessions of the *Imagine* record that show Lennon at his best: funny, irascible, unsure of himself, and joyful at the prospect of making good music. The banter between producer Phil

Spector (all done up in ultra mod sunglasses, rings, and a studded leather bracelet) is downright hilarious, as are Phil and John's sometimes pathetic attempts to sing harmony on "Your Love Will Turn Me On". The versions of familiar Lennon tunes during these filmed sessions—as in other parts of the film—are sometimes better than those actually released, and if not better, at least funnier.

The only real problem with *Imagine* is the sacrifice made so often in the 80's to MTV style slickness. At times, when a single version of, for example, a Beatles' song is being used as the soundtrack for three or four different concert footages of the same song, the sound and the visual images of the Beatles don't always quite mesh. Ironically, after a particularly bad

mangling of synching on "Twist and Shout", Lennon describes the Shea Stadium concert of '66: "We couldn't hear the music at all. We were just lip-synching." But this is a mild complaint at best; the producers did what they thought best in order to make *Imagine* smooth and exciting.

But *Imagine* is, ultimately, a chance to see a musician at work, a chance to see the artist in his own home, where he is comfortable, doing what he does best. A chance to hear familiar songs sung and played in ways that weren't thought possible. If you are looking for metaphysical justifications for your life in Lennon's life, or are looking for the dirt on a celebrity who may not have lived life in the ways that others saw fit, look

elsewhere. If you want to see a reasonably objective portrait of an artist at work and at play, then Wolper and Solt's film is the place to be. It doesn't draw conclusions about events, it just shows you a real event. The way a documentary is supposed to. It doesn't insist that May Paing did or didn't hump John endlessly during the fabled fourteen-month-long "Lost Weekend", it tells you instead that John went away with May, that Yoko gave her blessing (in fact, Yoko says she chose May as John's companion, to keep an eye on him so that he wouldn't get himself into trouble). Like a good news article, *Imagine* presents factual information, as much as it can find. The rest is up to you.

Good Answer! Good Answer!

continued from back page

extemporaneous. How did these bimbos get famous, and then be inclined to tell-all in their autobiographies, anyways? This question and more are unveiled in this cynical, outrageous production exposing the type of hero marketed in this media-stricken age. Superficiality rates higher than substance. These autobiographies prove their merchandisable star-status as the jello en-route to next week's best-seller list. The VCRs and turntable are the means of broadcasting these people to the masses, then to stardom, then to writing.

On the Importance of Being... is not an angry play lamenting this decadence in creative talent, but rather a cold, objective examination of modern tastes. With this refined detachment the intention is to shock: this is the state of the media arts. Along with this theme, this final image shown on the TV screen is Dan Quayle. This speaks for itself.

The actors/actresses prompt the aloof

climate of the play with quick-witted interpretations of their parts. Louise Millman (J.Z. Knight) and Joseph E. Jeffreys (Scott Thorsen) are especially amusing in their melodramatic seriousness of such a serious role. They prove their dexterity in their offshoot characterization of a Barbie doll promotion announcer (Millman), and Elvis impersonation (Jeffreys). Erica Klusner and Robbie Van De Veer (Vanna White and Suzanne Somers), play their parts with wide-eyed innocence and sweetness, yet with the earnestness necessary for the skit. Michael Cortese as the polished emcee remains indifferent to what any of the panelists have to say and concentrates on improvisation skills to operate the panel.

Like any experimental art, *On the Importance of Being...* is weird, but enjoyable. This is not a production that lets you sit back and relax to be fed some mindless entertainment. The vague meanings and definitions require thought for understanding the play.

Dizzy Gillespie

continued from back page

furiously.

Once Gillespie and his quintet invoked an exotic mood with their performance of "Manteca." Lee laid down the African rhythm which the other players up, establishing a pulsating force which remained to the tune's end. While not blowing Gillespie grafted another rhythm onto the already intense jam with his heated cowbell clanging. Dizzy demonstrated his ever cool stage presence during his conga solo, punctuating his palm slapping by striking a pose and thumping his elbow on the skins. Altering the tempo and force of his drumming, at one

point Gillespie's *dimuendo* progressed from lightly tapping the drums to drumming on air.

It's certain that Gillespie's technique lends a speech-like quality to his playing. In the show's finale Dizzy demonstrated the reverse of this phenomena: his ability to mimic this communicative quality of bebop with his scat. Entitled "OPP POP A DA," it featured his echoing the sax and trombone parts.

Although I'm an avid jazz fan, I've never experienced much of it live. As a jazz greenhorn, I enjoyed the show immensely along with other members of the audience.



R.E.M. Eponymous

Or better, **They Airbrushed My Face**, the bold title on the back cover which features Michael Stipe's sweet-skinned mug in a seventies-style retro photograph. The definitive R.E.M. greatest hits album is a polished collection of all the singles, and a few unimpressive remixes (like a different, in-your-face vocal take on "Gardening at Night"). The only rare gem featured (finally) is the original version of "Radio Free Europe." Old fans will feel their age listening this through, new fans will find it a good complement to **Dead Letter Office**, and IRS Records will make a killing.

—Karin Falcone



Camper Van Beethoven Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart

Hallelujah! This is a nearly unreserved celebration of the recent Camper Van Beethoven album. Why should you quit your job and sell your shoes to buy this record? Because it's a beautiful work of art that you don't have to drink champagne, wear expensive clothes, and draw comparisons to obscure sotto artists to enjoy.

To me, listening to Camper Van Beethoven records is like rediscovering long-lost, half-remembered religious texts. Going to see them is like a pilgrimage to a distant prayer meeting. May sound, like, *too heavy* for your average dude, *dude*, but let me expound some more. The kind of prayer meeting I mean is more along the lines of, well, somewhere between a mystic vision, a wicked thunderstorm, and a backrub. Those are all good things, aren't they?

"So, I know, get to the point. You've been blabbing for two paragraphs and you haven't told me anything about them." (That's you speaking.) Look, I don't take it as self-evident that rock criticism (recently coming into its own as a legitimate body of writing) has to stick to this format: *Where are they from? What did they do before this? What bands do I know that they sound like?* You've heard that all before. You're tired of it,

page 8 The Stony Brook Press

New Vinyl

Records Courtesy WUSB.

aren't you?

Well, Camper Van Beethoven look sort of like what you might call a rock n' roll band. The difference? Well, for one, in addition to the traditional guitar-bass-drums Trinity, one member of the band plays violin, accordion, and assorted other noise makers. Besides the atypical instrumentation, the band's arrangements show great versatility. They range from backporch minimalism to complex intertwinings of melody and texture that never become dense or muddled. Their lyrics display intelligence, wit, and compassion. Really.

In a world where young intellectuals would tell you that the only music worth listening to is that which mocks all convention and breaks all barriers, it's inspiring to see some people who haven't fallen into themselves. Camper Van Beethoven is playing in the Union Ballroom October 19th. If you've already seen the light, then spread the word. Adios!

—Greg Recco



Spacemen 3 The Perfect Prescription

The Velvet Underground is re-resurrected (even to the photographs of the band). No V.U. copy does it so well—sooo psychedelic it feels good!

—Robert Rothenberg



Disparate Cogscienti Disparate Cogscienti

A quality collection of garage/punk/pop, compiled with a heavy touch by Mark E. Smith of the Fall. The album features some strong, edgy romps as well as some weaker pop songs, all tied together with a throwback musical ideology and a rather British standpoint.

The album's prize is the Hamster's melodramatic understatement, "Ole Spain." "Just a small civil war hope you all under-

stand..." spits vocalist Ian Moss in a Cockney slur over a classic riff. Also featuring the Obi-Men and the Legendary Lost.

—K.F.



Kamal Abdul Alim Dance

A funky blend of jazz and African rhythms. Defying any purist cause, veteran trumpet player and composer Alim surprises with the fluid freedom he allows his diverse and talented lineup. In "Al Nafs," African percussionist Abdus-Jaboor and pianist Rahn Burton lay a rhythmic foundation for a succession of funky brass choruses, and it is infused with a surprising, rock-styled guitar by Abdul-Wali. "Brotherhood" features more traditional jazz elements as well as even more radical percussive devices. Also featuring James Spaulding, Bobby Watson, Sabu Adeyola, and Idris Muhammed, Alim's first record as leader dashes categorization. (Stash Records, 611 Broadway, Suite 725, New York, NY 10012)

—K.F.

MUSIC
FOR
MOVIE
BIKERS



Savage Pencil presents Angel Dust

This record is *amazing*. A limited edition picture disc created by English cartoonist Savage Pencil (who designed the album cover for Sonic Youth's **Death Valley 69**), it is an unusual, "delirious celebration" of the "late 60's biker movie."

The album is a compilation of selected tracks from 60's biker movie soundtracks (like **Devil's Angels**, **Satan's Sadists** and **Angels Die Hard**), featuring rare artists such as Davie Allan & The Arrows, East-West Pipeline, Harley Hatcher, and The Poor, as well as spoken segments from the movies themselves. The picture disc and fold-in cover created by Savage Pencil make **Angel Dust** a multi-media experience. Unfortunately the limited edition

(5000 copies starting @ \$25 a piece) will have limited appeal—mostly for record collectors rather than those who might enjoy the atmosphere of **Angel Dust**.

The album is available from Blast First Records, 196 Grand St., 3d floor, New York, N.Y. 10013.

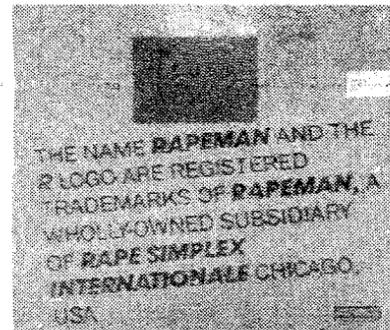
—R.R.



Pixies Pixies

No new cuts on this ep—only live pieces of their last album **Surfer Rosa**. The disc still has the Pixies' T. Rex-style-fun-rock-n-roll sound and artsy album cover photos, although a bit muffled (as many live recordings are), however the English import is not worth the effort of buying except for collectors and fans (perhaps).

—R.R.



Rapeman Budd

Bloody, sexist, anger-drenched noise by ex-members of Scratch Acid and Big Black. This fuzzy, freaky four-song ep is a tribute to R. Budd Dwyer, "the embezzling Pennsylvania treasurer who blew his brains out at a press conference announcing his conviction." Comprised of live and studio takes, it is a disconcerting vision of our generation's warped obsessions.

—K.F.



A.R. Kane 69

Heavy engineers and noise artistes A.R. Kane (a musical duo, Alex and Rudi) were

featured on M/A/R/R/S classic single "Pump Up the Volume." 69 is a radically different display of their talents. A dizzying collection of psychedelic sampling for the musical tripster, A.R. Kane know what they're doing.

Where the Cocteau Twins sail serenely, A.R. Kane are a trifle more disturbing, like during the echoing acid guitar of "Sulliday,"

or the radical layering of "Dizzy"—a club-styled beat-box, twisted, tinny guitar, insane wailing backing vocal and a spoken whisper lead vocal are countered with a calm droning acoustic double bass high in the mix. 69 is an exciting if arcane hallucinogenic accompaniment.

—K.F.



Cocteau Twins Blue Bell Knoll

Whooshy and windchime-like, this is an album of ethereal beauty. A mood piece best heard in its entirety, it features tasteful production and Elizabeth Fraser's delicious warbling. "The Itchy Glowbo Blow" and "Ella Megalast Burls Forever" are beautiful cuts. The surreal song titles are just a hint at what's within.

—K.F.

Twin Gynecologists

continued from page 11

hour) have been largely left behind with **The Fly** and completely conquered with **Dead Ringers**.

The film is, nevertheless, something of a regression for Cronenberg. The mordant humor infiltrating **Videodrome** and **The Fly** is almost totally absent from **Dead Ringers**: the tone is deadly serious and icily detached, recalling the straightfaced grimness of **The Brood**. The unfolding of the plot is unhurried, almost leisurely, and when the film reaches its excruciating climax, the action slows down to a sadistic crawl so not a single detail can be missed.

There are moments of heavy-handedness

to **Dead Ringers**—a Siamese twin analogy is overstated and a symbolic dream sequence is a bit *too* symbolic—but on the whole it is the abstruse nature of the film that makes it so intriguing. Why are the operating gowns of the Mantle brothers an Inquisition red? Why does Beverly's madness erupt so suddenly and take so severe a form? Why is the final tragedy a *conscious* decision on the brothers' part? **Dead Ringers** leaves you pondering as the theatre lights go up, and that is what separates it from its genre-ghetto brethren. It transcends the horror flick category in which it will forever be trapped.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Fishbone | 16. Tito Puente |
| 2. Siouxsie and the Banshees | 17. King Missile |
| 3. Cocteau Twins | 18. Diparate Cogscienti |
| 4. Jane's Addiction | 19. Eric B. |
| 5. Tom Waits | 20. John Hyatt |
| 6. Public Enemy | 21. Michelle Shocked |
| 7. Red Lorry Yellow Lorry | 22. Skin Yard 7" |
| 8. The Smiths | 23. Rapeman ep |
| 9. Fred Lane and his Hittite Hotshots | 24. Sicilian Vespers |
| 10. Chemistry Set | 25. The Feelies |
| 11. Fields of the Nephilim | 26. Green River |
| 12. Joy Division | 27. Billie Holiday |
| 13. Billy Bragg | 28. World of Skin |
| 14. Big Audio Dynamite 12" | 29. Yellowman |
| 15. Lady Smith Black Mambazo | 30. Dave Lindley |
| | 31. The Misfits |
| | 32. Cassandra Wilson |
| | 33. Acid Trax 2 |
| | 34. Screaming Trees |
| | 35. Let's Active |

CLUB CALENDAR

Thursday, October 13

● Little Feat
at the Beacon Theatre

Ron Carter Nonet
at Fat Tuesday's
—thru Oct. 16

The Ramones
at Club California

UB40
at Madison Square Garden

John Denver
at Radio City Music Hall

Kix
Smashed Gladys
Beggars & Thieves
at the Ritz

Sarah Vaughan
at the Blue Note
—thru October 16

Bo'pin' the Blues
at U.S. Blues

Eddie Palmieri
Mario Rivera & His Salsa
Refugees
at S.O.B.'s

Art Farmer Quintet
at Sweet Basil

Straight Up
at the Rock-n-Roll Cafe

Virginia Mayhew
Rebecca Franks Quartet
at the Angry Squire

Friday, October 14

● The Radiators
at the Ritz
—and Oct. 15

The Jesus & Mary Chain
at the World

Commander Cody
at the Lone Star Cafe

Crowded House
at Radio City Music Hall

Molly Hatchet
at Sundance

Alex Chilton
Peter Chilton
at the Knitting Factory

Kenny Kosek & The Acoustic
Willies
at Eagle Tavern

Kiyoto Fujiwara Quartet
at the Angry Squire

Saturday, October 15

● Uncle Bonsai
at the Bottom Line

Double Edge
Women of the Calabash
at IMAC

Royal NY Doo Wop
at Radio City Music Hall

Peter, Paul, & Mary
at Westbury Music Fair

Das Damen
Electric Love Muffin
at Maxwell's

Bob Dylan
at Radio City Music Hall
—thru October 19

Monday, October 17

● Les Paul Trio
at Fat Tuesday's
—and Oct. 24

Thursday, October 20

● Siouxsie & The Banshees
at Radio City Music Hall

Fishbone
Schoolly D
at the Ritz
—and Oct. 21

Friday, October 21

● Billy Eckstine
at the Blue Note
—thru Oct. 23

Sipho Mchuno & The
Indestructible Beat of
Soweto
at S.O.B.'s

The Lounge Lizards
at the Bottom Line
—and Oct. 22

Saturday, October 22

● The Del Lords
at the Lone Star Cafe

Camper van Beethoven
at the Ritz

Saturday, October 29

● Jane's Addiction
at the World

Tuesday, November 8

● "Fear and Loathing on Election
Night 1988"
w/Dr. Hunter S. Thompson
at the Ritz

Count Basie
at the Dining Car 1890

information

- | | |
|--|---|
| □ Automatic Slim's (212) 691-2272
151 Bank St. | □ Lone Star Cafe (212) 242-1664
5th Ave. & 13th St. |
| □ Beacon Theatre (212) 496-7070
74th & Broadway | □ The Palladium (212) 307-7171 |
| □ The Blue Note (212) 475-8592
181 W. 3rd Street | □ The Ritz (212) 529-5295
11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave. |
| □ The Bottom Line (212) 228-7880
15 W. 4th @ Mercer | □ Radio City Music Hall (212) 757-3100 |
| □ Cat Club (212) 505-0090
76 E. 13th St. | □ Roseland (212) 247-0200
239 W. 52nd St. |
| □ CBGB's (212) 982-4052
315 Bowery @ Bleecker | □ S.O.B.'s (212) 243-4940
204 Varick St. |
| □ Club California (516) 889-2404
50 Broadway, Island Park | □ Sundance (516) 665-2121
217 E. Main St., Bayshore |
| □ Fat Tuesday's (212) 533-7902
190 3rd Ave. | □ Town Hall (212) 840-2824
217 E. Main St., Bayshore |
| □ Felt Forum (212) 563-8300
@ Penn Station | □ Tramps (212) 777-5077
125 E. 15th St. |
| □ IMAC (516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave, Huntington | □ Village Gate (212) 982-9292
Bleecker & Thompson |
| □ Irving Plaza (212) 279-1984
17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St. | □ Village Vanguard (212) 349-8400
7th Ave. South |
| □ Knitting Factory (212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston | □ Westbury Music Fair (516) 333-0533
Brush Hollow Road, Westbury |
| | □ The World (212) 947-5850
254 E. 2nd Street |

CONCERTS

★ Siouxsie and the Banshees
Friday Oct. 21 in the Gym
Tix \$11

★ Jorma Kaukonen (Hot Tuna)
—and—

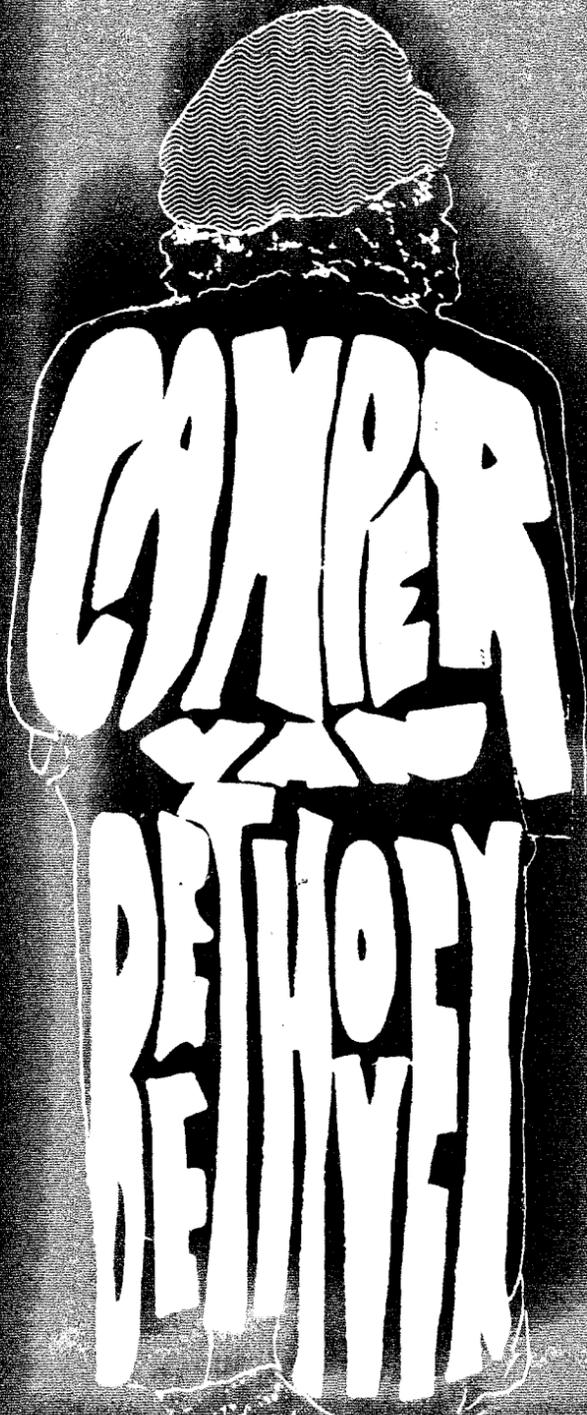
★ Rick Danko (The Band)
Acoustic Jam in the Gym
Saturday Oct. 22
Tix \$9

★ Fishbone, The NY Citizens
—and—
Schoolly-D
Friday Oct. 28 in the Ballroom
Tix \$7

★ Peter Tosh Day
w/Burning Spear
Monday Oct. 31 in the Ballroom
Tix \$5

● UPCOMING CONCERTS ●

★ Jimmy Cliff in the Gym Nov. 6
★ Albert Collins in the Fine Arts Center Nov. 7
★ Tony Byrd in the Auditorium Nov. 12



WEDNESDAY
OCT. 19

IN THE UNION
BALLROOM

Tix: \$3 w/ID
\$5 w/o



by Craig Goldsmith

“What are you doing here?” Lennon asks the dish-eveled, dirty American who has been found camping out in the gardens of Lennon’s Twittenham estate.

“I just knew if I saw your face, that it would all fit.”

“What would fit?” Lennon asks, smiling. “You know, everything. I just wanted to know, you know?” says the American, his eyes transfixed on Lennon, who is leaning against a column of the estate’s portico. “I mean you said, you know, ‘Boy, you’re going to carry that weight’ you know? I wanted to know who you wrote that song for.”

“Well,” says Lennon, “Paul sang that bit. But I don’t write my songs for anybody. I’m just playing with words, you know, sticking words together and seeing what happens. That’s what everybody does. Sometimes it makes sense, and sometimes it doesn’t. I do it, Dylan does it...you know, I took a shit today, this is what I thought about this morning. You know? I’m just a regular guy.” And Yoko stands to the side, watching with those weird alien space eyes while an American Disciple looks for God. “When was the last time you ate?” Lennon asks the kid, who is taking on the appearance of a starving wolf, “are you hungry?” The question seems too practical and down-to-earth for the meaning-of-existence seeker, but Lennon takes him by the shoulders and brings him inside for a bite to eat.

David Wolper, the producer of *Imagine* said recently that more film has been taken of John Lennon—in every conceivable circumstance—than any other celebrity in

history. Besides the nearly constant public monitoring of the Beatles, Lennon took thousands of hours of film of Yoko and himself doing everything from the mundane (such as showering, eating, taking a shit) to the artsy-fartsy conceptual stuff that he and Yoko were delving into.

Imagine, under Wolper and director/writer Andrew Solt, brings together recordings of Lennon interviews (as narration) along with two hours of footage of Lennon at home, Lennon on stage, Lennon as a Beatle, Lennon and kids, Lennon and wife, Lennon and companion (the infamous May Paing), Lennon in the recording studio. Most of the footage has not been seen elsewhere, but some of it will be achingly familiar to viewers who have seen a lot of MTV (footage of Lennon’s concert in Madison Square Garden, footage from the video “All Those Years Ago”).

The film is crafted precisely; the sequences are tightly edited, Lennon’s narration is always apropos to the images being shown. The film, though obviously put together by admirers, does not portray Lennon as perfect, or even close. While most of the footage is sympathetic to Lennon—showing his best stage work, his funniest moments at home—the interview with Cynthia Lennon drives home the fact that Lennon was just what he said he was: a regular guy from Liverpool, subject to the same faults as any of us. Cynthia, although repeatedly maintaining that she looked up to Lennon as a musician and a pop music phenomenon, derides him as a husband and father. He married her, gave her a baby, and then abandoned her for four years to go on the road. By the time the Beatles gave up touring in ’66, Cynthia needed a normal life

Images of Lennon



for her son. Julian also comments that his relationship with Lennon was less than satisfactory.

Sean, however, explains that it never registered until late in his childhood that his father had been a Beatle, that his father was John Lennon. Lennon was just his father. Lennon explains himself that it seemed like five years passed after Sean was born before he picked up his guitar. “It just hung over the bed.”

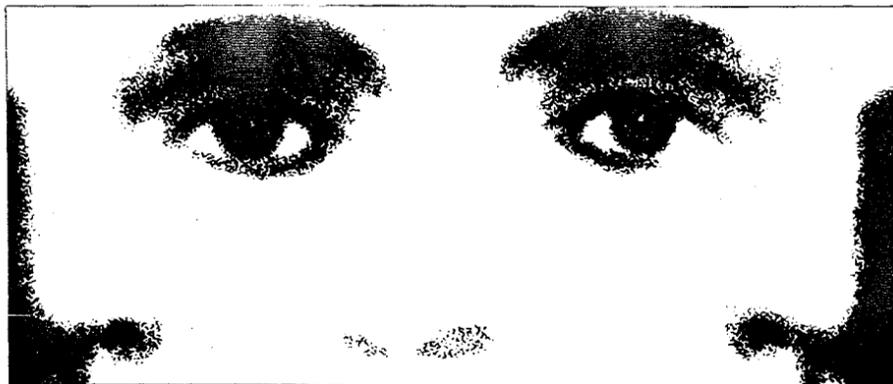
Aside from these brief moments, however, *Imagine* does not try to delve into what Lennon’s personal life might have been like, as does, say, Albert Goldman’s

recent book, which paints a horrible portrait of Lennon. *Imagine* is not the product of hundreds of interviews, of inference and conclusion, it’s more like a family album of Lennon’s life. Rather than opting for living people to talk endlessly about the possible state of mind of someone now dead nearly eight years, *Imagine* shows you Lennon walking around, breathing, eating, sleeping, making music.

Not quite chronological, *Imagine* centers loosely on the recording sessions for the album of the same name. The film flashes backwards and forwards in time as

continued on page 9

A Fearful Symmetry Cronenberg’s DEAD RINGERS



by Kyle Silfer

Some Hollywood type once made the crack that David Cronenberg looked more like a Beverly Hills gynecologist than a director of horror films, and apparently the remark struck a nerve. In his previous film, *The Fly*, Cronenberg made a cameo appearance as the gynecologist delivering Geena Davis’s ghastly child, and now, with *Dead Ringers*, he has devoted an entire motion picture to the psychosexual relationship of two identical twins who just happen to be gynecologists.

Actually, though this fixation might seem a bit gratuitous at first, it is an entirely logical progression from the director’s previous works (including *The Brood*, *Scanners*, and *Videodrome*), which have frequently used medical and biological subject

matter as the breeding ground (so to speak) of horror. The violation of the body, the disruption of the psyche, and the mutation of healthy tissue (each as caused by the indiscretions of modern technological society) are themes which form a common thread linking every Cronenberg film, and *Dead Ringers* is no exception; nothing in mainstream cinema has presented a more relentlessly gruesome picture of gynecology.

The film, starring Jeremy Irons in the dual role of Beverly and Elliot Mantle, chronicles the rise and fall of two prominent gynecologists, twin brothers locked in a ruthlessly symbiotic relationship that both allows their success and ensures their demise. As identical twins, the Mantles indulge indiscriminately in the benefits offered by their physical replication: they switch places with each other, gulling the

medical community, their patients, and—most significantly—their women. They operate as a hive intelligence of two, swapping details from individual experiences in order to remain a “synchronized” unit. With a single ambition and dual resources to draw upon, the Mantles’ climb to power and prestige is meteoric, rivaled only by the progressive loss of individuality experienced by each brother. Late in the film, for instance, struggling desperately to function under the stress of drug addiction and growing madness, Beverly introduces himself not as Dr. Bev Mantle, but as “one of the Mantle twins”—the only identity he can steadily rely on.

The decline of the Mantles begins when Beverly commits the sin of individual desire: he falls in love with a patient, an actress named Claire Niveau (Genevieve Bujold), originally seduced by the promiscuous Elliot and presented as a gift to his less carnal brother. When Bev, following his second tryst, refuses to divulge the details of the encounter (a surreal excursion into medical bondage), the Mantles discover disharmony for the first time—they are out of synch, in clear contrast to one another as individuals.

The remainder of the film follows Bev’s painful attempts to obtain some sense of definition as a stand-alone unit—through a relationship outside of his lifelong fraternal bond. His fleeting success and final, terrible failure both arise from the force and devotion with which he latches onto Claire as a substitute for Elliot. When her career separates them for a period of months, delusions of Claire’s infidelity drive Bev into a refuge of drugs and insanity from which only his brother can attempt to rescue him. Bev’s unhinged behavior—drunkenly crashing an award ceremony, shooting up and tying off in his office, constructing (and, horribly, using) new gynecological instruments designed for the “mutant women” he begins to see as his patients—results in the

ultimate ruin of the Mantle machinery. Elliot’s attempts to salvage both their career and their relationship through a forced re-synchronization with Beverly meet with utter failure.

Though the premise smacks of high camp in summary (“...the rise and fall of two prominent gynecologists...”), *Dead Ringers* is a disturbing and provocative tragedy. In the process of seeking to improve his life and become emotionally self-sufficient, Beverly Mantle engages our compassion, but when it seems abundantly obvious he cannot cope with an existence that lacks his brother, the desire to see him safely back with Elliot becomes overwhelming. Like the heroes of Greek drama, Bev’s “tragic flaw” of emotional dependency evokes a broad, empathic reaction. Monogamy is the only lifestyle he has ever known, and the paranoid conviction that Claire has betrayed him leaves him devastated. He has substituted one life-mate for another, and is suddenly without either.

Irons is spectacular as both Beverly and Elliot, using subtle physical cues to differentiate between the two roles—if there is ever any question as to which Mantle is on-screen, the confusion is purely intentional. Supporting him, Bujold gives an appropriately frayed and world-weary performance as the aging, pill-popping actress. *Dead Ringers* is essentially a three-character drama kept coherent and functional by two skillful actors.

David Cronenberg, unlike other directors who have gained recognition in the horror/suspense genre, has evolved steadily into an *auteur* of unique and harrowing vision. Once pigeonholed as the “John Carpenter of Canada,” he has handily proved himself a more enduring and cerebral filmmaker than most of his peers, including the rather style-happy Carpenter. The coherency problems that plagued his earlier films (which tended to fall apart completely during the last half-

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Image: Ed Bridges

Being Important Performance Art Satire

by Miriam Kleinman

Any art form dubbed as an experiment establishes a preconception of interest and skepticism. *On the Importance of Being...*, a theatrical experiment conceived and directed by Joseph E. Jeffreys—performed at the Fannie Brice Theatre Oct. 6, 7, and 8—was, as anticipated, different and shocking. But after the audience adapted to the bizarre presentation, they witnessed a witty, original enactment portraying modern, mediocre media-heroes and their latest contributions to the world.

The set and staging of this one act play are simple. In a remote, twilight-zone time-space, (illustrated by hanging a backwards clock), there is a panel table with electronic equipment—three VCRs and a record player—arranged in a line. Four people appear, each with the assignment to characterize a chosen celebrity. These personalities are J.Z. Knight (carrier of the spirit Ramtha), Vanna White (*Wheel of Fortune*), Suzanne Somers (*Three's Company*), and Scott Thorsen (homosexual lover of Liberace). What brings these celebs together is their essential, intimate, revealing autobiographies.

Each character on the panel is given a specific amount of time assigned by the

emcee, who randomly chooses a word from the dictionary. The panelist who finds a connection with that word in his/her autobiography gets to read from his or her book. During their recitations there are videos or recordings of the stars they are reading about, to exhibit—and justify—the talent behind their fame.

The quotations reveal the personal hardships and humanity of these real-people stars. J.Z. Knight was ridiculed because she didn't know what a douche-bag was. Suzanne Somers gave her boyfriend a rough time before she lost it. How did Liberace get AIDS during a monogamous relationship with Scott? And Vanna White writes poetry! Such headlines are expounded by these serious, dignified panelists.

Periodically, impromptu questions from the emcee further elucidate spoken text ("What does D-O-U-C-H-E-B-A-G spell?").

The action is improvised, with dialogue so restrained it emits an unrehearsed, dry humor. Like jazz, where musicians express their music freely on a given tonal format and melodic structure, every performance is different. The actors/actresses rely on their pre-existing knowledge of their intended roles, the staging, and the essential timing of the piece. But the conversation and manipulation of electronics is purely

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Dizzy Blows A Night in Setauket

by Joe DiStefano

Monday, October 3, was a dark and stormy night. The atmosphere inside the Dining Car 1890's Victoria House made little improvement on the night's weather. As I waited for Dizzy Gillespie, one of the originators of bebop jazz, to take the stage Toto and various modern fusion tunes drifted from the P.A. system. My disdainful gaze shot back and forth from the pricy menu, to the cardboard top hat and gloves placed carefully in the center of every table, to the two immense crystal chandeliers.

Gillespie, softspoken and nattily dressed in a brown checkered three-piece, provided a marked and welcome contrast to the club's overstated black tie ambience. Dizzy and his quintet served up a yummy late night jazz feast that ranged from sweet and cool to hot and funky. Gillespie blew, bopped, strutted, and scatted his way through a two hour set for the appreciative, although somewhat reserved audience.

For a gentleman who most folks would consider over the summit of the proverbial hill, Gillespie packed a whollop. Cheeks distended, huffing and puffing on his angled horn, Dizzy made good on the Big Bad Wolf's threat (and boy can he howl). One story has it that his trumpet was stepped on and he preferred the disfigured horn's sound.

Soft and sweet, Dizzy's playing on the first piece mirrored his voice. His muted trumpet complemented the brassy bursts from the saxophone and trombone. During this number Dizzy and the rest of the band walked off stage, leaving drummer Ignacio Berroa to work his kit into a frenzied solo. Not only was the crowd treated to an absolutely scathing solo, but they had the opportunity to see Dizzy up close as he wove his way through the tables to speak with the management.

"It has moved into the realm of the metaphysical, no shit," quipped Gillespie before launching into, "A Night in Tunisia." Cascading trills from the brass instruments combined with Arabian accented guitar and bass-work effectively conjured up the time and place of the tune's title.

A special treat for me and other blues enthusiasts in the audience was, "You Can't Lose With the Blues." Leading off mournfully with his muted trombone, Dennis Wilson set the tune's initial mood. Although it started off sweet and blue this number soon turned red hot as Dizzy and Wilson responded to each other's screaming bursts of music. In addition to furnishing the kinetic rhythm necessary for any blues tune, John Lee played a positively funky electric bass solo. Lee drove his instrument to its limits slapping and plucking

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Image: Ed Bridges