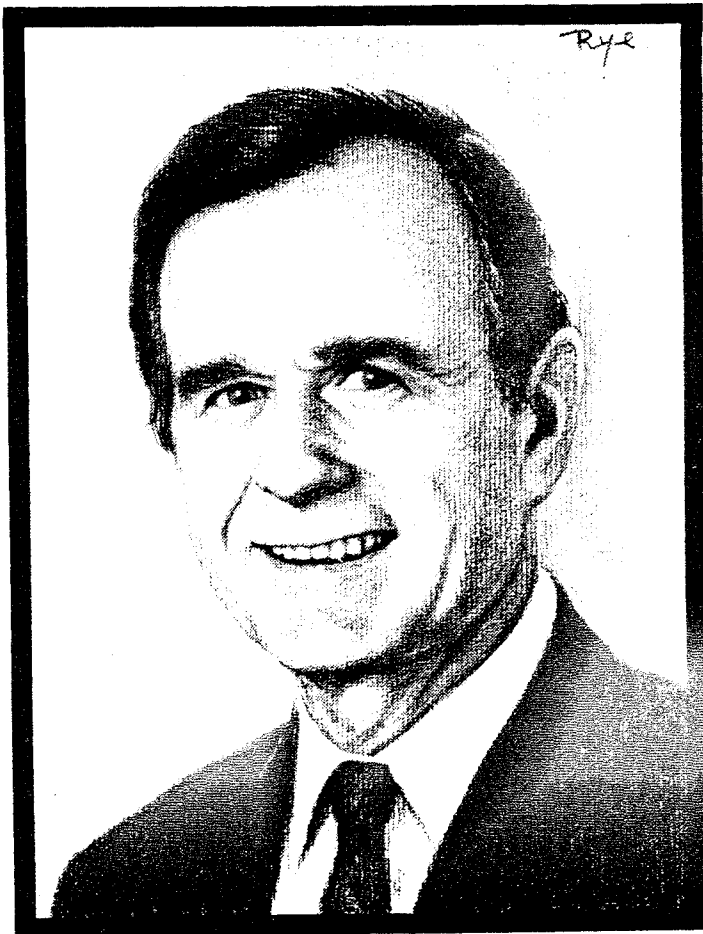


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 10, No. 5 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Nov. 10, 1988

**SORRY,
YOU ARE NOT A WINNER
TRY AGAIN.**



REALITY PICTURES

"Erotic Bananas"? It had to be the product of someone so seriously undersexed, someone with a horrible distaste for love-making and a demonic affinity for ultimately unsatisfying voyeurism. What's even sadder is that many of those who witnessed the mock fellatio of the "Erotic Bananas" contests were probably not even turned on. More likely they thought it was *funny*. Ha ha, peel us one.

If the college legislatures who approved funding for prizes awarded to the "Best Banana Eater" felt that such an event was worth spending activity fee money on, why not just hire hookers and gigolos for residents who can't find their own thrills? It seems painfully obvious that Polity's—therefore *our*—money should not be used for group titillation. But it was, and is. Besides the "Erotic Bananas", Polity funded G-Fest strip-teasing last year, and the Chippendale meat market, which will be on display tomorrow night.

Worse yet, the event that brought the red light district of Stony Brook to the surface was the administration's recent attempts at the future censure of the *Specula* yearbook. The brand new, recently unveiled yearbook contains, on two steamy pages, black and white glossies of a stripper in garters and g-string, and men and women performing oral sex on simulated male protruberances (herein referred to simply as "bananas"). Both the Office of Student Affairs and the Provost's Office are putting pressure on the current yearbook staff to never run such pictures again.

Vice-president for Student Affairs Fred Preston and Vice Provost Aldona Jonaitis are—understandably—perturbed that such sexually degrading photos exist, and that the photos of the alleged men and women of Stony Brook will pass through the hands of not just students, but faculty, administrators, and heaven help us, alumni and parents. But it would seem that these offices, in their attempt to pass judgment on what *Specula* may or may not print, miss the point.

True, as both Jonaitis and Preston have pointed out, the photos depict morally bankrupt acts, and that the depictions of men and women as mere sexual objects sets us back a notch or two as a community. But the problem is not, however, that such photo-

graphs appear in the yearbook. The problem is the general approval of these events by the campus population and the organizations that fund them.

While all these events may seem humorous and fun at the age of twenty-one, they are just the opposite. Free sexual expression is something that should never be hindered (God Bless America, where oral sex is still illegal in some states), but condoning and paying for the denigration of a human being into a *thing* is no less than vomiting on yourself, hating your own humanity. "Your sperm's in the gutter, your love's in the sink" as the song goes.

The people who sought election to Polity offices, the people who told you that they knew better, short-changed those who voted for them by allowing such events to take place. The purpose of a government funding events, is that thought be given to what is funded, that an intelligent, responsible *decision* has been made that the event is worth the students' money. Just signing off on the dotted line because the idea of a strip teaser—male or female—sounds like "fun" is not good enough.

Now although *Specula* is not wholly responsible for the debauchery of last year, and although the staff was trying to accurately portray what life at Stony Brook is like, the staff shirked their editorial responsibility by just printing the pictures because the event happened. Printing the pictures "as is," without comment or explanation, is as powerful a statement as lambasting the organizers of the event. It is saying, effectively, that "Well, this is an alright 'thing,' it doesn't warrant any discussion, just put it in, it's all part of 'Student Life'."

But such images *are* important; it is the emphasis on *image* that is sucking the vitality out of man these days. The image of sex replaces the reality of love-making, the image of an image replaces thoughtful commentary. Dahling, you *look* mahvelous. Forget the fact that you may be dying inside.

Now about the election. *Aha!* you say, *What does the election have to do with the yearbook photos?* Everything. This election, culminating in the soon-to-be presidency of George Bush, has seen the total, complete, and perhaps irreversible objectification of human beings. Candidates into dry lifeless symbols, voters into polling percentages.

What people voted for in the election were not *men*, but *images*. The image of a decisive candidate, the image of a bleeding heart democrat, the image of prisoners' furloughs. The election was shocking. Bush's campaign commercials have set racial equality back ten years (black equals crime equals poor). Dukakis was no better. While Bush began the *image* building early, calling the Duke a liberal, Dukakis played the same game, whining that he wasn't a liberal *as defined by Bush*. Now maybe Dukakis is a bleeding heart democrat (something that no-one in his right mind can stomach), but a liberal is something else altogether: a person who is open-minded and progressive. That means that a liberal is a person who tries to take action, instead of merely reacting, who tries to move forward, instead of maintaining the status quo (which never satisfies anybody). There are republicans and democrats alike who could correctly be called liberal, just as there are democrats and republicans alike who could be called reactionary. It seems sensible enough that anybody would be proud to be called open-minded and progressive.

But what has happened is that the images have taken over: the image of liberal tendencies, the image of East-West struggle, the image of happiness, the image of a "kinder and gentler America". All these things are "Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." What these images *really* represent is no longer of concern. Bush and Dukakis prostituted themselves, as did the banana eaters and the strippers and the voyeurs. They delivered their humanity into "thingland", a place that only the inhuman and lifeless inhabit. Stagnation and decay have been traded for direction and growth. And nobody seems to care.

—Letters—

Too Bad

To the Editor:

Although this is my third year as a Stony Brook student, the traffic office has informed me that I cannot have a car on campus because I am a few credits shy of what they call "Junior standing." Because of their rules, I petitioned my so-called "right and privilege" to obtain the ever so precious vehicle registration sticker. I even got a letter from my employer stating that my car is a requirement for work. After several weeks and several parking tickets, they informed me that I was denied a parking sticker because there is "no documentation of how long I have been a student at Stony Brook."

My question is what do these people do in that office? Couldn't they have simply called Res Life or the registrar to find out how long I've been here? I guess this would require too much effort. Also, what business is it of theirs what my grades are? They know nothing

about me nor do they care. In the case of many students behind in credits there were some unavoidable circumstances obstructing academic achievement. All they should need to know is that I've been here for three years. Why should a sophomore with ten college credits obtained in high school be allowed a car on campus before a third year Stony Brook student? You figure it out. The traffic office also knows that I need my car for work. They say that's good not enough for them. If they would like to pay for me to go to school, I'll gladly quit my job and remove my car from this campus.

So as of now, I am repetitiously petitioning and awaiting their response. In the meantime, my car is a sitting duck for our always on the job public safety officials. I have also been informed that until I am granted a sticker I am responsible for any tickets I get. How unusual of this institution to try and sucker even more money out of its students. However, if their response once again is "Denied," my response to them will be "TOO BAD."

Stuck at a red light,
Mary E. Muldowney

Small Minds, Big Stink

To a real editor:

"Cheap Liquor?" Wild Turkey? Obviously Craig Goldsmith is either completely ignorant or out of his mind. Such libel should never have been allowed to appear in print and should be retracted immediately. He should also resign as editor and give up writing, before he starts referring to Jack Daniel's as "bourbon."

Brian Stevenson
Gradual [sic] Student,
Biochemistry

To the Editor:

I was more than a little disturbed by the review of Blind from Wild Turkey in your Oct. 27 issue. Even after conceding the facts that Craig Goldsmith is probably a friend of the band, and that he probably hates Camper Van Beethoven, I found it hard to justify his miserably partisan four paragraphs masquerading as a "review." Everyone who

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The Stony Brook Press

Executive Editor..... Craig Goldsmith
Managing Editor..... Kyle Silber
Associate Editor..... Quinn Kaufman
Assistant Editor..... Karin Falcone
Business Manager..... John Dunn
Editor Emeritus..... Michael DePhillips

News and Feature: Joe DiStefano, Rob Gilheany,
Paula Tishin, Rich Wieda

Arts: Miriam Kleinman, Robert Rothenberg,
R. Sienna

Graphics: Ed Bridges, Sanford Lee, Mary Rafferty,
Joseph Sterinbach, Warren Stevens

Proofing: Alexandra Odulak

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Phone: 632-6451
Office:
Suite 020 Central Hall
S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-2790

Cheesecake with Bananas

Photos of "Lewd Events" Draw Fire

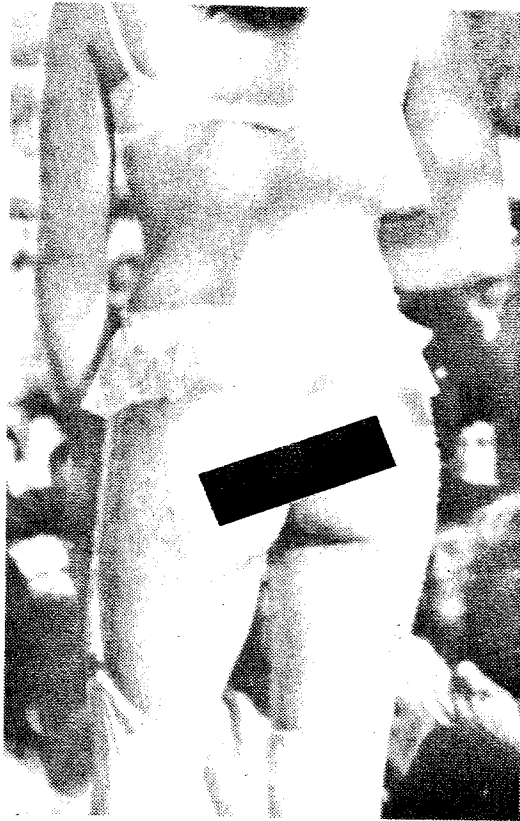
by Paula Tishin

Four days after the 1988 *Specula* yearbook was uncrated the week before Halloween, Vice Provost for Undergraduate Studies Aldona Jonaitis sent a letter to the yearbook complaining of "offensive photographs" that appeared on page 93. The photographs were of a female strip-teaser who performed at last year's G-Fest.

Jonaitis' letter explains that she and "several young women" in her office were "disturbed" by the pictures, which she described as "both disrespectful to women and reveals a most unappealing side of a male student." The letter asked the yearbook's current editor, Gerard Brandenstein, to give his "assurance that such offensive photographs will not be published in the 1989 edition of *Specula*."

Four days later Vice-president for Student Affairs Fred Preston sent a letter to Brandenstein, voicing similar complaints about the stripteaser on page 93 and photographs of "Erotic Bananas" contests that were held last year in several residence halls. Although Preston complimented the *Specula* staff on the quality of the yearbook, he agreed with Jonaitis that the "sexist depiction of women" in the yearbook was "insensitive/disrespectful to women and increasingly many males on our campus and in our society. It serves to perpetuate and support a form of oppression we should all be disgusted with. Stony Brook as an educational institution is committed to fostering values and behavior which seek to eliminate human oppression..." Preston asked Brandenstein for his "support and vigilance toward maintaining this commitment."

Brandenstein, however, in a letter to Jonaitis dated November 4th, noted that the events were "officially sponsored" by



Last year's G-Fest

the university, in the form of Polity funding. Although Brandenstein said the photographs were "not in my opinion tasteful" he said that the "yearbook should be an accurate reflection of student life at a university."

Brandenstein says that part of the responsibility lies with *Specula*'s former editor, Andrew Chan, who was in charge of the 1988 yearbook. "Any editor has the right to include anything and everything. Andy made that choice. He felt it was something that happened on campus and that it



Erotic Bananas

should go in," Brandenstein said. The photographs appear in the "Student Life" section of the yearbook.

Brandenstein also pointed out that the "Erotic Bananas" photos on page 64 show both men and women performing simulated fellatio, and that Tokyo Joe's, a popular Polity-funded dance club, is hosting the Chippendale male strippers tomorrow night in the ballroom. Brandenstein feels that the problem is not just female sexism, but the active support of such activity by university organizations. In his letter to Jonaitis, Brand-

enstein insists that "it may be time...to take a long hard look at the policy, if there is any, on sponsoring such and similar lewd events."

"I think that everyone should be pissed off that it happened and that we should all work towards raising peoples' consciousness so that these things don't happen in the future...if we're such a technologically advanced society, why are we so morally backwards?" Brandenstein said yesterday. Ms. Jonaitis and Mr. Preston were unavailable for comment.

Tight Security

by Quinn Kaufman

"Access to campus, residence halls, and campus events" are three areas the Ad-Hoc Safety Committee is investigating, according to Gary Mis, Associate Dean of Students. Mis said the committee was formed to prevent another incident like the Tabler Quad shooting which occurred last month.

The ad-hoc committee, consisting of student, Public Safety and administrative representatives, will have its last of eight meetings today, November 10th. According to Robert Shapiro, Senior Representative, the committee's new safety proposals include Public Safety verifying guests at the main entrance via newly installed phones prior to allowing them admittance, closing the gates at North and South Entrances at 10:30pm instead of midnight on weekends, making sure all dorm keys and doors are working to cut down on door proppings and entrance of undesirables, blue-light emergency phones at rear and front of residence buildings, better training of Residence front-desk security, ensuring campus events do not sell tickets over

capacity (door tickets will only be sold to students with Stony Brook IDs), and prohibiting outside advertising to campus events. The proposals will be submitted to Fred Preston, Vice President for Student Affairs.

Sophomore student Robert Harvey suggested his own proposals. He said, "I think the University should provide funds so that Stony Brook will be able to hire real Suffolk County Police, with guns. They should be here at all times to increase the force. Then and only then," Harvey said, "will all this nonsense stop."

Optimistically, Shapiro explained, "We have a lot of proposals and I hope Preston feels the ad-hoc committee was legitimate enough to come up with ideas that he should seriously consider. It's a shame that the ad-hoc committee will not have final say, since we're more representative of students than Preston."

"After all," Shapiro concluded, "we don't want to make Stony Brook campus a fortress like from *Escape From New York*. We just have to tighten things up, protect

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Bomb Scares

by John Dunn

On Wednesday night, the Stony Brook Union received its latest in an ongoing series of bomb scares. According to Mike Ring, Union Building Manager, a man called the Union Deli at approximately 8:20pm and informed them that there was a bomb in the deli itself. The deli, in turn, notified Ring.

Following what has become a routine procedure, the Union was evacuated without the use of fire alarms. Ring went around to groups in the building telling them of the threat and asked them to leave. Some people treated it as a joke at first but Ring forcefully maintained that the situation was serious and not a joke.

The 500 people evacuated were allowed to re-enter the Union after 30 minutes—per standard procedure. This scare was the latest in a series of threats over the past few weeks. Ring said that there had been eight to ten threats in that time, although he would have to look at the records to give an exact number. This was the first threat on a Wednesday; most of the previous calls came on Mondays or Thursdays.

"It seems to be more than one person that has been making the calls," explained Ring. "Calls have come from on and off campus to WUSB and other places in the Union as well as to Public Safety and Suffolk County Police." Ring described the threats as a "'long distance' way of pulling the fire alarm without having to be in the building." Ring would like to see the culprit or culprits caught and punished. If caught, he said, "The person will go to jail. Either that or a mental institution."

Although the threats have been idle so far, they have caused great inconvenience to both students as well as organizations and businesses in the Union. During previous threats, WUSB has been forced to flee to its transmitter in order to continue broadcasting, and students haven't responded well to the inconvenience of the threats either. One senior said, "I was asked to leave the game room—nicely, and then not so nicely. I just wanted to finish my pinball game."

Due to the nature of the calls, it is difficult to identify the perpetrators.

All Student Polity Clubs and organizations must register with the Office of Student Union and Activities in order to reserve any facility space on campus.

★ Effective Immediately ★
Registration forms can be picked up in Union Rm. 266

All further Questions can be addressed to Shari or Mark. Office hours posted at the Polity Suite.



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★ presents ★
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in

D.O.A.

on

Friday, Nov. 11 and Saturday, Nov. 12
at

7:00, 9:30 and 12 midnite in Javits 100

Tickets—\$1 w/SBID, \$1.50 w/o SBID

★ Buy Tickets in advance at
Union Box Office, or at the door ★

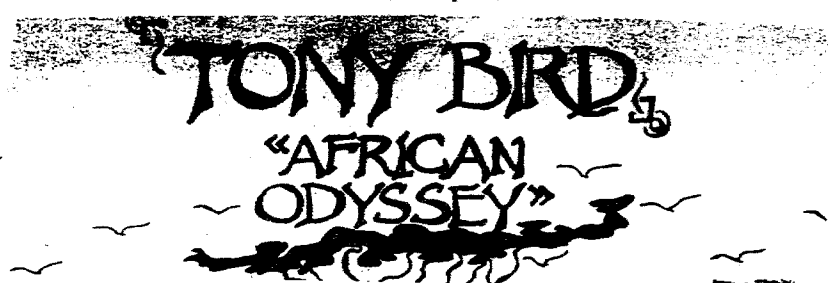
African Singer Tony Bird

"Africa...has become the mechanism by which he has been able to express himself, singing about the world through his African experience."

—Charlie Backfish

Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8pm
in the Union Auditorium

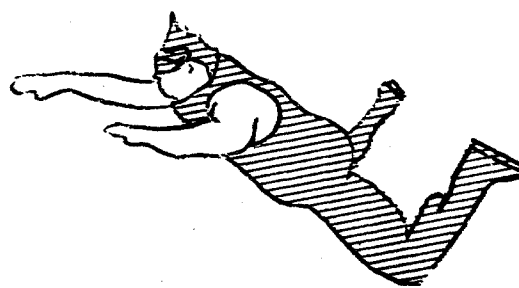
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Room 21
Tuesday, 7:30pm



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Minority Enrollment Up at SB

by Quinn Kaufman

A recent institutional study shows that Stony Brook's minority enrollment increased from 9.7% in 1976 to 27% in 1988. According to the statistics, Stony Brook now consists of 27% Black, Hispanic, Asian/Pacific Islander, American Indians and Alaskan students.

The increase in minorities is due to the fact that Stony Brook is a "diverse school that seeks and encourages diversity. There are also more opportunities for minorities to attend universities and colleges in general," said Michael McHale, Associate Director for Undergraduate Studies.

All SUNY schools have independent admissions criteria. At Stony Brook a new Minority Outreach Program and rolling admissions policy (no application deadline) are two admission changes instituted in fall 1988. According to Theresa La Rocca-Meyers, Dean of Enrollment Planning and Director of Admissions, "we're implementing significant outreach not just to minorities, not just to Hispanics and Blacks, but to Asians too. We have two counselors going to high schools. These counselors are not," she stressed, "going to the high schools to scout for students who are academically disadvantaged. We are

looking for students who meet Stony Brook's admitting criteria but are financially in need."

Currently, according to institutional studies, the successful high school applicant average for the past twelve years has been wavering at 89%. SAT scores have declined 3.5% since 1977. The average SAT score is now 1030—461 in the verbal and 552 in the math. The average transfer GPA is 3.01.

McHale said, if 4,000 mixed students applied, "we would only take the best." Out of the 8,289 students who applied for the fall semester, 5,570 were rejected.

La Rocca-Meyers said that besides meeting these admission criteria, Undergraduate Admissions also likes to see letters of recommendation.

Some students, though, do not have to meet these criteria. For example, in the Education Opportunity Program (EOP)—frequently identified as AIM—a student can get into Stony Brook only if financially poor, and has grades that do not meet the criteria. According to the University's Undergraduate Bulletin, "To be admitted to the University through the AIM program, the applicant's high school academic performance must have been below the level

normally used to determine admission to the University."

McHale said, "Yes, it's true. These students have special standards. However, before being admitted, these students must prove they are economically disadvantaged and that their school has put them at an academic disadvantage." McHale added that the program is not aimed just at minorities.

One AIM student, David Nieves, a senior Liberal Arts major with a 2.9 GPA said, "I think I got into the AIM program because I was more economically disadvantaged rather than academically disadvantaged." He explained, "Brooklyn Technology, my high school is an above average school. I graduated with an 82 average, which was rather high for my school, yet too low, I suppose, to get me into Stony Brook."

As an AIM student, Nieves receives \$800 per semester in stipends which is credited directly toward his University bill, he said.

According to studies, as of fall 1988, there are 145 AIM freshmen and 22 AIM transfers. Being at an academic disadvantage, these students usually take special AIM courses designed to prepare them for Stony Brook's challenging curriculum.

Most AIM students do not drop out.

La Rocca-Meyers said that if Stony Brook's admissions standards were lowered for everyone, "we would not have a quality student body. As a result of such an occurrence, Stony Brook would have to implement remedial and special services to accommodate the less qualified student."

A projection of the minority increase would bring Stony Brook's minority enrollment up to 50% during the next ten years.

Security

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students and their rights without going overboard."

Mis said Preston's feedback on the ad-hoc committee's proposals will be received in the near future.

Meanwhile, Phi Beta Sigma, the fraternity which held the event sparking the shooting incident, is under investigation from the Department of Student Union and Activities. According to Shapiro, "they are being investigated for a number of reasons, one of which is allowing in more guests than they had the capacity to do."

Footnotes

ON CAMPUS

Writer Reads

New York State's 1988 laureate in fiction, Grace Paley, will read from her works (which include *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute*, and *Little Disturbances of Man*) on Friday, November 11 at 2:30 in the Staller Center's Recital Hall.

A Guy Who Wrote to Groucho

Louis Simpson, Stony Brook English professor and Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry will be giving a free lecture celebrating T.S. Eliot's (1888-1965) hundredth birthday on November 15 at 4:30pm in the Poetry Center. Simpson intends to discuss how Eliot's work affected him personally and how Eliot influenced the world. Simpson's new book, *Collected Poems*, will be reviewed in the *New York Times Book Review* this Sunday.

A Man and His Delay

Douglas Baldwin, techno-guitar wizard extraordinaire, brings his one-man show of digital delay doodling back to the GSL on Wednesday, Nov. 30 at 9pm. Baldwin, a subscriber to the Frippertronics school of guitar technique (he has, in fact, studied under Robert Fripp himself) is the perfect aesthetic complement to a big pitcher of beer. Get trashed and zone out to the cosmic tones, dude.

Writer Reads II

On Wednesday November 16 Ghanian author and poetess Ama Ata Aidoo will read from her works at 8pm in the Poetry Center located in Humanities Room 239. Aidoo has written two prose works, *No Sweetness Here* and *Our Sister Killjoy*, and a volume of poetry, *Someone Talking to Sometime*. In 1987 she took the Nelson Mandela Award for Poetry. Ms. Aidoo is this month's writer-in-residence for the English Department's Creative Writing Program.



Grace Paley

What's Yer Major?

What do you suppose Stony Brook's most popular undergraduate major is? Liberal Arts? Noooo. Political Science? Noooo. And it's not Economics or Biology either. It's Psychology. The Psychology program has 507 students enrolled, mostly female. Liberal Arts takes second place with 492 students (also mostly female), and Electrical Engineering has 461 primarily male participants. The next few most popular are: Biology (417), Economics (363), English (298), and Political Science (260). Comparative Literature and Religious Studies stand out from the crowd with only a single student apiece. A whopping 4,262 students, however, have not even declared themselves under a major program, and of that number, 108 are seniors (Somebody should tell these waifs that students are required to decide on a major by their junior year).

The Sleep of Reason

Persons with family and friends over 50 who are afflicted with Alzheimer's disease, memory loss, night wandering or insomnia, may obtain for these people free evaluation of their condition. University Hospital's Sleep Disorders Center is seeking participants to volunteer for research on the dementia associated with these dysfunctions. The Center also evaluates patients in order to diagnose various disorders such as sleep apnea, narcolepsy, and insomnia. Call the Center at 444-2916 Monday through Friday between 8:30 and 3pm.

OFF CAMPUS

Casting Calls

Port Jeff's Theatre Three is on the lookout for experienced actors and actresses to appear in three of its upcoming productions. Auditions for Sam Shepard's *Seduced*, due to open on April 9 for a four week run, will be held at 3pm on November 13. On November 29 at 7pm, auditions for two plays will be held: Larry Shue's *The Nerd*, opening on January 6 for six weeks, and Charles Marowitz's *Sherlock's Last Case*, due to open February 18 and play for six weeks. All applying thespians must provide photo, resume, and be prepared to demonstrate their dramatic prowess in a one minute monologue. Theatre Three is located at 412 Main Street, Port Jefferson. Phone: 928-9202.

Expanded Opportunities

Academic masochists and other interested parties can learn about the realities of applying to graduate school at the CUNY Graduate School's Minority Student Open House to be held on November 18 from 11am to 7pm. The program is sponsored by the school's Office of Expanded Educational Opportunity. Currently enrolled minority students and Admission bigwigs from twenty of the nation's grad. schools will be on hand to meet with students. The event will be held at the CUNY Graduate Center, 33 West 42nd Street off fab 5th Ave. For info dial (212) 642-2848.

A Tradition of Journalistic Irreverence Since 1979

Letters

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has read your "Write for the Press" ads knows that you are hurting for journalistic talent, but that is no excuse.

From the opening paragraph, one is led to wonder just exactly *what* show Craig saw. He writes that BFWT "easily and completely out-distanced... Camper Van Beethoven." How he arrived at this conclusion remains a mystery to those in attendance, as BFWT's set was received with deafening indifference. As they left the stage to the wild applause of both of the people dancing, many people noticed that they could suddenly hear their con-

versations better. The only part of their show which elicited a response from the audience was lead singer Kurt's question at the end of the set: "Do you wanna hear one more, or two?" BFWT punished the audience for shouting "ONE!" by mangling "Purple Haze."

I have nothing against BFWT. But compared to the polished set of Camper Van, their set made them look like what they are: guys who hang out at the Union. They loitered. They turned their backs to the audience and sang and played to and for each other. Worse, not only was the audience made to feel like unwanted guests in a neighbor's

garage, but the masters whose songs were covered were ill-served. With all due respect to "the nerve and energy that white boys always seem to have when they play the blues," BFWT did what all young, white bands do: turned the blues into heavy metal, thus robbing the music of the power and feeling that it contained. The audience did not even realize that they were playing "Who Do You Love?" until halfway through the song. Bo Diddly (NOT Ronnie Hawkins) could sue for defamation.

I hope in the future that the Press is able to hire a reviewer that goes to a show, reports what

happens, and gives his/her considered opinion on the results, rather than friends of the band. That would be even more refreshing in these "days of plastic and palmolive." Blind from Wild Turkey only made me wish I were.

Todd C. Rae
Dept. of Anthropology

Craig Goldsmith is both ignorant and out of his mind, and is not above performing blasphemous acts of moral perversity in return for backstage passes to rock n' roll concerts.

Careers in Education and Human Services

OPEN HOUSE

Wednesday, November 16, 1988 · 5:30 to 7:30 PM

The faculty of Hofstra University School of Education invite you to meet with us to discuss our programs, admissions, financial aid and N.Y. State certification requirements.

The Open House will be held at the Student Center, Multipurpose Room, North Campus.

Free admission. Refreshments will be served.

For Information: 516-560-5745.

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by Shelly Anderson, George Bidermann,
Chris Murphy, and Chris Vestuto

The free exchange of ideas is central to the mission of a university. Any policy concerning restrictions on free expression at the university can have profound effects on the way that ideas are exchanged, and the climate under which this exchange takes place. We believe such a policy should be subject to a full review and approval by all of the governing bodies within the university, including the Graduate Student Organization, Student Polity, and the University Senate.

We recognize it is a valid administrative function to ensure safety and security on campus, and we know that there is a pre-existing policy regarding demonstrations at Stony Brook. It is imperative that changes in this policy should be considered carefully—that an open dialogue take place involving all segments of the university community—and that the various steps in the decision-making process be made public.

To this end we distributed the draft policy on Free Expression at the October University Senate meeting and the October GSO Senate meeting. We hope that useful discussions will occur at the November meetings of these bodies, and that as a result of these discussions governance can formulate its positions on the draft policy and submit them to its constituencies for ratification.

We urge that the discourse of all involved parties—students, faculty, staff and administrators—center on the policy as *written*, not on dubious predictions about how it will (or won't) be applied. In other words, if the policy directly implies that a student commits a violation by standing in the Union handing out leaflets critical of President Reagan (as the draft policy does), then such an act must be expected to be treated as a violation.

The university community should not have to rely purely on the personal good will of the University President to exempt obviously innocuous behavior from punishment when that behavior technically constitutes a violation. In the first place, any policy so dependent on interpretation is an invitation to bias. In addition, even if the present administration interprets the policy fairly and with respect for individual rights, a future administration may not be so benevolent. Finally, allowing that the policy will *always* be interpreted benevolently, it will nevertheless have a chilling effect on the exercise of first amendment rights if many commonplace acts technically violate the policy.

After all, how many people will be willing to engage in actions that under the policy might "subject the Sponsors/Organizers and/or participants to disciplinary and possibly legal action"? We believe that students will interpret this language as a euphemistic threat to expel them from school if they participate in a protest.

(the writers are the Executive Committee of the GSO)

Free Expression

So here for your perusal is Marburger's draft of the policy on Free Expression. Learn it, know it, live it. It could keep you from being expelled (or worse).

General Policies

Free speech and peaceful assembly are fundamental to the University as a center for open inquiry in the search for knowledge and insight. The University is strongly committed to the protection of these rights for all members of the campus community. These rights, however, bring with them a concurrent obligation to maintain a campus atmosphere conducive to scholarly pursuits and respect for the rights of all individuals. Assemblies, demonstrations, distribution of leaflets and similar expressions of First Amendment rights (referred to generically as "demonstrations" from this point forward) are permitted on the campus unless, or until, they infringe on the rights of others or disrupt regular and essential operations of the University.



Image: Joe Sterinbach

Specific Guidelines

To ensure the safety of participants and the protection of the rights of all members of the campus community, the University makes reasonable provision for the exercise of free expression on campus property. Demonstrations requiring no special accommodation for location, safety, crowd control, sound equipment, site preparation or cleanup and/or other University services may occur in any of the paved areas on the Academic Mall or in the Fine Arts Center Plaza without any prior notification by the sponsors and/or organizers. Conformity with specific campus regulations, as noted below, however, is required.

Demonstrations for which special accommodations may be necessary require the submission of a written notification by the Sponsors/Organizers to the Department of

Public Safety within *at least* 72 hours of the planned event. Examples of such accommodations include use of outdoor locations *other than* the Academic Mall or Fine Arts Center Plaza, crowd control, audio amplification equipment, site preparation/cleanup, and any other facilities or services (appropriate fees and charges will be billed to the sponsors to reimburse the campus for related costs). Approval or disapproval will be communicated by the President, or his designee, within 48 hours of receipt of the written notification. No reasonable request will be denied. Sponsors/Organizers are required, however, to conform to campus regulations.

Campus Regulations

Assemblies, demonstrations, distribution of leaflets, and similar expressions of First Amendment rights may not be conducted in a manner that:

1. Violates the provisions of the Trustees' Rules for Maintenance of Public Order, and/or any other applicable Federal, State or local laws and regulations.
2. Prevents the orderly conduct of a University function or activity, such as lectures, meetings, interviews, ceremonies, and other public events.
3. Blocks the legitimate actions of any person on the campus, or in any University building or facility.
4. Jeopardizes the safety and security of demonstrators, and/or spectators.
5. Utilizes locations other than those provided for such purposes, or specifically approved by the Campus President (no demonstrations will be permitted within campus buildings).
6. Results in the construction of any temporary structures or camping on University grounds.
7. Utilizes sound amplification equipment in a manner or to a degree that conflicts with normal University operations or is deemed injurious to health and safety.
8. Damages any University property (Sponsors/Organizers will be held responsible for the cost of any extraordinary repairs or cleanup).
9. Results in any materials, signs, staging and similar symbols remaining continuously on site for more than 72 hours. All such manifestations of a demonstration must be removed for at least a 12-hour period before being replaced.

Violations of any of these specific regulations may subject the Sponsors/Organizers and/or participants to disciplinary and possible legal action.

The Second Estate: Polity Viewpoint

Faculty-Student Retreat Sheds Light

by John Cucci

I expected only a weekend of boring meetings with the same people I meet with on any issue that comes up during the week. And I thought I'd already seen a bunch of phony smiles and weak handshakes.

The bus to the Conference Center was crowded and very loud with everybody talking but myself and the man next to me. I was kind of sour-faced because I figured that we—faculty and students—on the retreat would talk heavily about the issues that plague us, or perhaps even come up with a few solutions, but when we got back to school all that we would have talked about would have been forgotten (or at least buried in the bureaucracy we've all become accustomed to).

I looked to my left and said "Don't I know you from somewhere?" And this man looked at me kind of quizzically. Then I asked what his name was. He replied, "Taxi." I knew I recognized him because we had once talked about the idea of having a TV station on campus. Taxi is very involved with the Theatre Department and ECC. I started telling him about how I found out how to get the money to start the TV project [the University plans to borrow \$400,000 from outside banks—Ed.], and he said very calmly, "I think the money could be used in a better way."

He explained that we live in slums that need to be fixed; we should spend money on repairs instead of using it for TV. I must admit I felt kind of stupid. While I thought I was doing something good for students I may have been doing the very thing I preach against: spending money on one thing while neglecting what really needs to be done.

After we talked for a while I found out that Taxi lived in Stimson, probably the worst residence hall on campus: plagued with leaks all over, holes in the roof, no showers on some floors, as well as many other problems. According to Taxi, for once, an RHD was trying to help his residents, something that I was surprised to hear. This is obviously not enough, though.

From hearing all that Taxi had to say about how he had complained—as did his RHD—numerous times to no avail, I started to get upset. The problems in the residence halls are not new to *any* of us, yet I haven't seen any real improvements in the four years I have been here. We've all complained at one time or another but now it is time for us to get something done. For once we *will* get something done.

Monday I brought this problem up with the Polity Council and we decided to start a task force on the quality of Residence Life, with each Council member heading the investigating team for a specific quad. I will be doing

Roosevelt. The Task Force Resolution was brought up before the Polity Senate last night in order to get more support from building senators. The senators will bring it up at their legs. To gain even more support from as many residents as possible. How much help we get will be determined by how many residents really care about where they live.

Polity will accept all complaints until Monday, November 21 (residents, commuters, and any other students with legitimate gripes) and then take the complaints to Residence Life directly. If we can't get results we will go further than that, which I'm sure we'll have to.

One thing we plan on doing—that we would rather not do—is to go outside the University for help, and recognition of the conditions here on campus. *Newsday*, the *New York Times*, and the *Village Voice* are already interested. It's time for us students to come together for one cause. We did it to vote, now let's do it for a better place to live. There is a lot we can accomplish as long as we don't let up on what we know is fair.

Incredibly, for those of you who think this will simply blow over, I just received a response from a letter I wrote to Gov. Cuomo asking him to visit our "home" as soon as a date is finalized. Many more eyes will see the slums we live in.

(John Cucci is the Student Polity President)

Long Night's Journey Into Dissolution: Election Eve NYC

by Rick Wiesla

"Eight more years, eight more years!" screamed the sparsely dressed gentleman standing next to me at the Republican election party in midtown Manhattan Tuesday night. His words were slurred and his voice hoarse from the long night of drinking and partying at the Marriot Marquis. But his face glowed with the tremendous victory of his candidate, George Herbert Walker Bush. He thrust his fist in the air and spilled half his drink on an elderly woman seated on the press platform directly behind him in the same uncoordinated motion, but he didn't notice because more election returns were coming in on the enormous screen at the front of the ballroom. ABC News was now projecting George Bush the winner of the presidential race even though the polls out West had yet to close. That didn't matter however, Bush was already past the magic number of 270 well before they would shut down.

"We did it," the gentleman next to me yelled at a similarly dressed man in front of him, and they shook hands and began to stagger through a mass of photographers and technicians toward one of the many bars that lined the side of the ballroom. I watched one throw down a bill to pay for the small, seven dollar drinks they were serving and then lost sight of them as they tumbled through the crowds of partygoers.

It will be at least another four years of inebriation and drunken revelry for those two guys, and others like them, who have ridden through the Reagan Revolution in silver BMWs bought with the tremendous profits that Wall Street and Reaganomics has brought them. The nation wants more of the same, given the margin of the Dukakis mourning, and most BMW dealers are stocking 1990 models already, hoping that the Bush administration will continue the Reagan policies. The crowd of affluent drunks in the ballroom certainly thought it would, and their shouts rose sharply every time Peter Jennings announced another state leaning up to the Bush column and calculating the candidate's electoral total. That happened often during the night, and the crowd grew louder and drunker as the evening wore on.

Only Robert McMillan's concession speech could put a damper on the frenzy, and even that lone defeat in an evening of triumphs could not diffuse the party for more than seconds. The Republicans had written McMillan off soon after he had announced his candidacy, and he lost big to the incumbent Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, by the largest margin ever in the state's history. McMillan wasn't on stage long, because he took to the microphone as I was in the bathroom flushing several Rolling Rocks out of my system, and by the time I got back to the ballroom he was being herded away by security. I turned to a woman seated at a table and asked her who that was.

"McMillan," she told me while she sipped a drink. "He muttered something about losing. I think I'm not sure because somebody turned the microphone down on him."

I nodded to her and opened the last Rolling Rock that I had snuck in. "Yeah, I heard that he lost big," I said.

She looked at the can of Rolling Rock I was drinking and turned back to the man she was sitting with. I figured she didn't like people who drank cheap domestic beer, so I walked away and wandered through the ballroom.

It had been a long night already and it wasn't yet 10:00. I finally found the guys I had driven with, Joe and John, standing behind the press platform eyeing three girls who looked suspiciously under voting age. They were wearing dresses that probably cost more than tuition at Stony Brook, and they looked stunning. John turned to me and motioned over at them.

"I see, I see," I said to him and finished off my Rolling Rock. All three girls were blonde with blue eyes and features that Zeus himself couldn't have molded better. They were talking to these guys who looked a lot like Dan Quayle.

"Jesus," John whistled. "The amount of fabulous babes per square foot in this place is incredible."

"De-huh," I agreed. "And the amount of prey school seniors who still get beaten up for their lunch money is pretty high too."

page 8 The Stony Brook Press

Actually the homogeneity of the of the crowd at the Marriot was staggering. All the women looked like the three girls we were watching and all the men resembled the three guys they were talking to. Only age and the colors of the clothing people were wearing could help to distinguish one from the other. At one point I thought that if German replaced the English people were speaking, and if the band was playing German marching songs instead of the patriotic tunes they were pumping out, who the hell would know if this was a Republican rally or an auditorium packed with Nazi supporters? I knew I was having problems distinguishing between the two. The only person who looked like he didn't belong, besides the three of us drinking Rolling Rocks instead of seven dollar scotch and sodas, was Al D'Amato. He was on the press platform giving an interview to a reporter from the Fox network, and he really stood out from the rest of the crowd. But then again so did Hitler, and he ran the whole show in Germany, so what the hell did I know.

Suddenly it was announced that Lowell Weicker, the liberal Republican senator from Connecticut, had lost a

tight race to his Democratic opponent Josi Lieberman. The frenzied crowd grew crazed anew, and I began to fear for my life.

"Good for the son of a bitch!" some drunk behind me screamed, and I turned to look at him. He could barely stand and his eyes were circling in different directions. He was waving his arms and grinning widely.

"Jesus," I said. "Let's get the hell out of here. They're starting to eat their own."

Joe finished off his Rolling Rock and dropped it in the carpet. "Yeah," he muttered, watching a woman stepping on the can. "Weicker was the only one I wanted to win."

We left quickly under the wary eyes of the security people who all looked like they'd been cut from the New York Jets very recently. We could still hear the drunken revelry of the crowd two floors below on the staircase. My last thought as we left the Marriot was that I'd seen calmer crowds at Heavy Metal concerts, although there were more famous babies in the ballroom.

The atmosphere at the Democratic party over on 42nd Street and Broadway at the Sheraton Center had been

much more subdued than the rampant insanity running through the Republican ballroom. We'd gotten to the Sheraton early, when most of the polls in the East and the South were barely closed, but the news had been bad already. Bush had a 204 Electoral vote total by 9:00, and it looked like the election would be over in an hour.

The Ballroom was crowded anyway, and small groups of people huddled around the televisions watching the returns. The stage in front was empty, but the single bar in the back was packed with people trying to buy drinks. Although I didn't know it then, the Democratic booze was much cheaper than over at the Marriott, but I should have expected that. The ruling elite can spend more on their intoxicants, which is why I got the feeling that there was a lot more cocaine being snorted over at the Republican party bathrooms than here at the Sheraton.

We made our way over toward the press platform where the various networks were stationed. A woman suddenly pointed over at the platform and asked me who one of the reporters was.

"Tony Guida, I think," I told her. "You know, from NBC."

"Wow," she said, watching Guida before the cameras, "you think that's him, huh?"

I nodded and walked away before she could say anything else. I didn't know then that she would be the sanest person I would meet all night. I made my way over to a television in the corner and watched the returns. The news was bad for Dukakis supporters; Bush only needed one more large state, like Pennsylvania, or two small ones, to put him over the top. Someone said that New York had gone with Dukakis. Then the woman who couldn't believe that Tony Guida was there noted that at least it wouldn't be a landslide. I turned around to look at her and then moved quickly down toward the bar before I could hear her say anything else.

The bar was still packed and it took me ten minutes to even get near it. By the time I got close, Mario Cuomo took the stage, and I was almost stampeded by the crowd running toward the stage to hear him. I wanted a shot of whiskey bad, and I figured Mario wasn't going to tell me anything I wanted to hear anyway. I told the bartender what I wanted, and while he poured my shot he motioned to the television near me.

"What's the score?" he asked while he took my money. "We're down by six touchdowns," I said, lighting a cigarette. "Not only do I bet on the Jets last Sunday and lose, but I support this guy. Christ, I'm an idiot."

The Bartender looked sympathetic. His thick Italian accent and bewildered gaze told me that he had no idea what was going on. The woman leaning on the bartender asked me for my lighter and also looked sympathetic. "You should have taken the Redskins," she said, smiling. "I got five points on them."

"Really," I said, handing her my lighter. "Who's your bookie?"

Cuomo was still on stage by the time I finished my shot, and he was just about to introduce Senator Moynihan, who stood by his side. Cuomo said that the senator had beaten his opponent by the largest landslide in history and the crowd applauded for the first and only time that night. Cuomo then yielded the stage to Moynihan and walked out of the ballroom with his wife Matilda. Surprisingly, no one lamented the fact that the governor hadn't run for president. If anyone did, I didn't hear them anyway.

By the time I reached the front of the stage Moynihan was also leaving, and I noticed Joe and John shaking his hand as he posed for the cameras. David Dinkins was directly in front of me and he looked weary and haggard. The openness of the American political process really shocked me. I didn't see any noticeable security around the stage, or anywhere else for that matter.

But here were one of the two New York senators and the Manhattan borough president, kibbitzing with what I hoped were supporters, without any security people to deter crazies. Thankfully there were no Squeaky Fromes in the Sheraton ballroom that night, because an assassination attempt on any of the major New York political figures would have been easier than pulling an election booth lever.

I guess that's why Ed Koch preferred to watch the returns from the safety of Gracie Mansion.

After Moynihan left the ballroom I finally got over to where John and Joe were standing. I tapped John on the shoulder and said, "I think maybe we should head over to the Marriott."

"Yeah," John agreed, putting on his jacket, "before Bush makes his acceptance speech. All the fun will be over then."

I nodded and we began to make our way through the crowd. "This place is like a morgue," Joe said as we exited the ballroom.

The air was cool outside and the sky was clear. We headed down Broadway through the Theatre District, although there seemed to be more porno theatres than places

named The Gershwin.

"Hey, do you know where the Marriott is?" Joe asked. "Yeah, 46th and Broadway."

A man was standing in the middle of the street with a cardboard cut-out of Ronald Reagan and a camera. "Pictures with the president," he was yelling as people passed him by.

John stopped and pointed at the picture of Reagan. "You know, he's not going to be president much longer," he said to the guy with the camera. "There'll be a new one soon and you'll have to get another picture."

The guy with the camera shrugged and grinned. "What's the difference?" he yelled at us as we continued down Broadway to the Republican party. "They're all the same, aren't they?"

And the Winners Are:

First Congressional District
George Hochbrueckner (D)



Second State Senate District
James Lack (R)



Fourth State Assembly District
Robert Gaffney (R)



Poppycock

by T. Bones

Bush being an aristocrat, he has the ability to look a foreign diplomat in the eye and lie. A strong Democratic Congress will fight him in every way. In other words, this election was a yes vote for stalemate. The American people gave the government a mandate to do nothing. The status quo will be maintained and covert operations will continue going ahead full speed.

Bush will uphold the status quo in foreign affairs. He will follow Reagan's East-West policy orientation, seeing the world with cold-war glasses. In this area Bush won't need Congressional approval, being an inside CIA man. He will continue the mad attempts to stop the flow of political process. He will continue using our money to mold third world governments. He will prolong the failure to recognize that every country bent on influencing foreigners with military threats eventually collapses under economic distress (Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and Britain).

Look at what Poppy could realistically do domestically. He will certainly ignore the embarrassing problem of the debt. Congress will keep military spending at the same level of growth, despite Bush's attempts for more. Welfare and Social Security won't be cut. And they won't be raised because Democratic congressmen fear their "tax and spend" stigma more than prostitutes with cameras. The issue of abortion has a slim chance of even being discussed,

despite Bush's strong campaign rhetoric (when Bush mentioned the word 'God' in his acceptance speech, neither he nor his advisors could suppress their giggles).

And what will Dan Quayle do as VP? Play golf? Smoke confiscated crack? I think his activities on election day could serve as an example. The Daily News reported that he went to the dentist, "gossiped with the gang at Nick's Kitchen" (a diner) and wrote a headline for the newspaper his father owns: *It's Bush Closing in on Victory*. This headline could only have been created by the best man our great country could elect as pinch-President.

These activities were either a very clever political move by Bush's advisors to portray Quayle as a regular guy, or it was the real Danny "Puppy Chow" Quayle, the man who will head the government's tougher, newer war on drugs.

Yesterday, Quayle made a few remarks at the White House with Reagan and Bush behind him, hoping he wouldn't say something stupid. Bush couldn't keep his eyebrows still and Reagan was so nervous his smile twitched. Dan did well, though, only mis-reading one word during his thirty second stint.

As usual, the real issues will become non-issues and the government will be run out of the White House basement. Bush will continue Reagan's policies of anti-communism, arms, utterances, and a smile. Only Bush's smile is more cynical.



Shadow of the Future

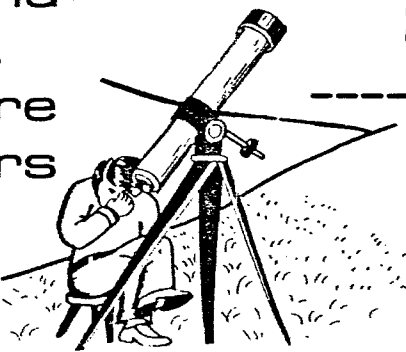
THE STONY BROOK
**ASTRONOMY
CLUB**

presents a lecture by Michel
Gauquelin titled
"From Anti-Astrology to
Neo-Astrology"

a discussion of thirty years
of statistical research into
astrological claims.

Wednesday, Nov. 16 @ 8pm
in room 450 of the Earth and
Space Sciences building.

Weather permitting, there
will be a chance to view Mars
and Jupiter through the
University's telescopes
after the lecture.



Explore the Ski Club

First Meeting:
Nov. 3

Come Every
Thursday

8pm-9pm Rm. 221

Student Union

For Info Call:

2-1357

2-3164

Sponsored by PSC



Important Notice!! for

All Polity Line Budget or PSC Clubs
(and all those who wish to apply for a budget)

1989-90 Line Budget Request Forms
are available as of TODAY—they can be picked up in
the Polity office (Student Union Room 258) from the
Executive Secretary.

They **MUST** be signed OUT—they are due Tuesday,
Nov. 29 when they will be signed IN.

There will be a meeting Nov. 17 at 7:30pm in the Polity
Suite for all those interested at which time the budget
process will be explained.

P.L.S.

Press

/pres/ n 1. act or process of printing 2. University's only feature newspaper

Literary

/lit-ə-er-ē/ adj 1. of, relating to, or having the characteristics of letters, humane learning, or literature 2. incisive, illuminating, legible

Supplement

/səp-lə-ment/ n 1. something that completes or makes an addition 2. the best place to have your poems, stories, or artwork published

You heard right. All of you creative people who are itching to get published and recognized now have your chance. The Press will be publishing a Literary Supplement in the final issue of the semester, December 15th. Deadline for all submissions is Monday, November 28th at 8pm.

We'll print the best of what we get. That includes poems, short stories, essays, photographs, and artwork of any kind. Although we will be happy to make suggestions, any work that appears in the Supplement will remain completely and wholly untouched by our grubby fingers. What you write is what you get. All we ask is that all written material be typed, and that photos or drawings be in black and white (clean xeroxes of drawings are fine). Include your name, address, and phone number. No originals, please. Submit only copies of your work.

The Press Literary Supplement
Look for it on December 15th

Tony Bird

continued from page 14

was there long before Simon, and had a real sense of legitimacy in his music: "getting right down into the sands of the Kalahari," in his view. But, as he notes, Simon "had the clout and the power and the name to do it." In fact, Bird even recommended his long-time friend and accompanist Morris Goldberg to Simon when the latter called during the formative days of the *Graceland* album, requesting some names of possible musicians to work on the project.

Though he still envisions his task as "trying to survive as Tony Bird in a commercial music world," the current picture is a more optimistic one. He was on the road with Ladysmith Black Mambazo for several shows last year, including a Boston appearance at Symphony Hall that brought Bird a standing ovation. He stresses the importance of his touring with the group for it represented the first time he "shared the stage with my black brothers," a situation rendered impossible by apartheid in South Africa. Bird is particularly pleased by this "joining the circle."

His music too, he is quick to assert, is far more focused around Africa and that region has become the mechanism by which he has been able to express himself, singing about

the world through his African experience.

With talk of a new record deal underway as the climate has become once again more favorable to singer-songwriters, with enthusiastic receptions in Boston and Canada, and with the recent interest in the music of Africa, Bird seems closer than ever to receiving the fair hearing that was denied him when he was half-heartedly introduced by the major labels over a decade ago.

His Stony Brook appearance in the Union Auditorium on Saturday, November 12th at 8pm, jointly presented by the Long Island Traditional Music Association and Stony Brook Concerts, gives us a chance to experience the music of a fascinating musician who deserves far more attention than he has received to date.

Vaudeville

continued from back page

drenched in sweat, to pour it on for his encore, then thanked the audience for their enthusiasm and left for good.

The Icebreakers were amazing, and Albert Collins is practically a folk-hero. If they ever bring their act to Stony Brook again, we strongly recommend that you go see them. They also play the Lone Star Cafe in NYC occasionally. They are the blues experience.

CLUB CALENDAR

Thursday, November 10

Los Lobos
at Carnegie Hall

Joe Williams
at the Blue Note
—thru Nov. 13

Friday, November 11

Stanley Jordan
at the Beacon

Saturday, November 12

Mambo-X
Tirez Tirez
The Broadcasters
w/Lenny Kaye
at CBGBs

Mark Farner
Grand Funk Railroad
at Sundance

Jonathan Richman
at Irving Plaza

Sunday, November 13

Paul Kelly and the
Messengers
at the Bottom Line

Monday, November 14

Tito Puente
at the Village Gate

Tuesday, November 15

Jorma Kaukonen
—and special guests
at the Lone Star Roadhouse

Wednesday, November 16

Leonard Cohen
at the Beacon

Ian Hunter/Mick
Ronson Band
at the Ritz

Dream Syndicate
at the Bottom Line

Thursday, November 17

Femme Fatale
Drive
at the Cat Club

Saturday, November 19

Ladysmith Black Mambazo
Richie Havens
at the Beacon

The Butthole Surfers
at the Ritz

Humble Pie
at Sundance

Sunday, November 20

DEVO
at the Ritz

Monday, November 21

In Tua Nua
Luka Bloom
at the Bottom Line

Wednesday, November 23

James Cotton
at the Lone Star Cafe
—and Nov. 24

Friday, November 25

The Feelies
at the Ritz

The Roches
at the Town Hall

John Scofield
at the Bottom Line
—and Nov. 26

Saturday, November 26

The Primitives
at Irving Plaza

★HOME AID

Laurie Anderson
David Crosby &
Graham Nash
Mickey Hart
Baba Olatunji &
Mike Hinton
Sweet Honey in the Rock
Willem Dafoe
Allen Ginsberg
Susan Sarandon
at The Cathedral of
St. John the Divine
(212) 662-2133

Arlo Guthrie
at Carnegie Hall

Monday, November 28

Taj Mahal
at the Bottom Line

Friday, December 9

Warren Zevon (acoustic)
at the Town Hall

MUSIC 90.1FM

TOP 35

1. Fishbone
2. Public Enemy
3. Stay Awake
4. Poi Dog Pondering
5. King Missile
6. KMFDM
7. Richard Thomson
8. They Might Be Giants
9. Cocteau Twins
10. Robert Hollis/Christopher Shwartz
11. Last Exit
12. Voice of the Beehive
13. Mission of Burma
14. Grant Hart
15. Living Colour
16. Katie Webster
17. REM
18. Jad Fair/Kramer
19. Feelies
20. Acid Trax Vol. 2
21. Big Country
22. Mo'Nique
23. Ministry
24. David Lindley
25. Human Music
26. Iowa Camp #2
27. Daniel Johnston
28. Billy Bragg
29. Sun Ra
30. Front 242
31. Clive Greyson/Christin Colleser
32. Gibson Brothers
33. Camper Van Beethoven
34. BALL
35. 7 Seconds

AS OF NOV. 6

Information

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>□Angry Squire (212) 242-9066
216 7th Ave</p> <p>□Automatic Slim's (212) 691-2272
151 Bank St.</p> <p>□Beacon Theatre (212) 496-7070
74th & Broadway</p> <p>□The Blue Note (212) 475-8592
181 W. 3rd Street</p> <p>□The Bottom Line (212) 228-7880
15 W. 4th & Mercer</p> <p>□Bradley's (212) 473-9700
70 University Pl.</p> <p>□Carnegie Hall (212) 247-7800
57 St. & 7th Ave.</p> <p>□Cat Club (212) 505-0090
76 E. 13th St.</p> <p>□CBGB's (212) 982-4052
315 Bowery & Bleecker</p> <p>□Eagle Tavern (212) 924-0275
355 W. 14th St.</p> <p>□Fat Tuesday's (212) 533-7902
190 3rd Ave.</p> <p>□Felt Forum (212) 563-8300
@ Penn Station</p> <p>□IMAC (516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave.</p> <p>□Irving Plaza (212) 279-1984
17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St.</p> <p>□Knitting Factory (212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston</p> <p>□Lone Star Cafe (212) 242-1664
5th Ave. & 13th St.</p> | <p>□Lone Star Roadhouse (212) 245-2950
240 W. 52nd St.</p> <p>□The Palladium (212) 307-7171
□The Ritz (212) 529-5295
11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave.</p> <p>□Radio City Music Hall (212) 757-3100</p> <p>□Rock-n-Roll Cafe (212) 677-7630
149 Bleecker St.</p> <p>□Roseland (212) 247-0200
239 W. 52nd St.</p> <p>□S.O.B.'s (212) 243-4940
204 Varick St.</p> <p>□Sundance (516) 665-2121
217 E. Main St., Bayshore</p> <p>□Sweet Basil (212) 242-1785
88 7th Ave. South</p> <p>□Town Hall (212) 840-2824
217 E. Main St., Bayshore</p> <p>□Tramps (212) 777-5077
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New Music On Vinyl

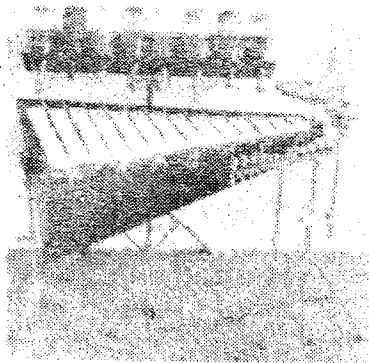


Syd Barret Still Laughing

This bootleg is a collection of unreleased Barret solo-cuts—similar in content to other pirated Barret discs, such as *Melkweg*. The songs capture Barret's usual mad genius—even more so than "legitimately released" cuts—classics like "Opel," "Milky Way," "The Word Song," "Two of a Kind," "Birdy Hop," and two versions of "Silas Lane."

What makes *Still Laughing* unique is that the sound quality is *amazing*, especially for a bootleg! It is a must-have for Syd Barret/Pink Floyd fiends who can afford to pop twenty bucks.

—Robert Rothenberg



Robert Hollis Christopher Swartz Music for Homebuilt Instruments

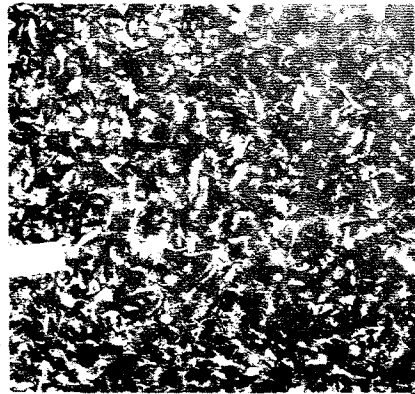
Perimeter Records

One listening proves that Hollis and Swartz are not relying on the mere novel concept of their unusual homebuilt instruments. They are craftsmen who have developed a truly visionary means of executing their music. Such instruments as a variable pitch bottle rack, tube vibes and two string guitar ("An acoustic instrument with handcarved maple neck and a section of plastic bleach bottle as resonator") are among more than fifteen homebuilt instruments used on this album. Each sound is just a little bit drenched with itself, not through post-modern or Frippian performance techniques, but through the organic nature of the instruments themselves. "Rituals and Superstition" features a fantastic rhythmic interlocking of various

percussive devices, accented with the simple use of a slide whistle. Taking a cue from primitive man, these innovative and self-sufficient musicians have recorded (in two days) a genuinely expressive collection.

Perimeter Records, PO Box 2882, Atlanta, GA 30358-0882. Also available through New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

—Karin Falcone



King Missile (Dog Fly Religion)

They

Shimmy Disc

A gun-toting bunny rabbit slaughters the rest of the farm, an uninspired writer stabs her head with a pen, an exploding head imagines/becomes an exploding planet, blood spurts in an arc across a restaurant dining room. Gruesome fantasies, yes, but to not laugh is to miss the point. Using a side two of *Abbey Road* mini-song format and a sixties acoustic folk protest sound, the men who brought you Bongwater and BALL team up with a guy named Dogbow and sing and strum their sickest head trips. And if that's not enough, this thoroughly retro parody begins with a song called "Now." "Now there are trees and CDs and disease..."

Shimmy Disc Records, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116.

—K.F.



Sonic Youth Daydream Nation

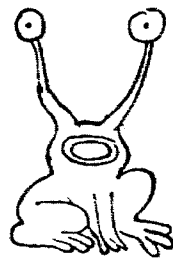
Blast First

Ack!—*Daydream Nation* is an extreme disappointment. One expects *much* better from Sonic Youth. No intense, trippy noise improves, just a sappy, aurally-boring pair of discs. Certainly not worth the double-album price. Yuk!

Blast First Records, 196 Grand St., third floor, New York, NY 10013.

—R.R.

HI, HOW ARE YOU
THE UNFINISHED ALBUM



SEPT 83
DANIEL JOHNSON

Daniel Johnson Hi, How Are You

With a childlike, heartfelt, androgynous lisp, Daniel Johnson presents his ancient lost recordings from 1983—*Hi, How Are You*, some strange homage to "Joe Lewis and the heart of the fighter." With Texan sensibility, he's backed by a huge big band/blues ensemble, the Danksworth Orchestra. But they are totally overmodulated and washed out to achieve an incredibly genuine archaic effect. Still, in "Desperate Man Blues," when Johnson's fragile self sings "a big toke of what I was is gone and left me a desperate man," it is genuinely touching. A must for blues fans and manic depressives.

For information on Daniel Johnson, write Stress Worldwide Communications, 4716 Depew Ave., Austin, TX 78751. Album manufactured and distributed by Dutch East India Trading Co., P.O.B. 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800.

—K.F.



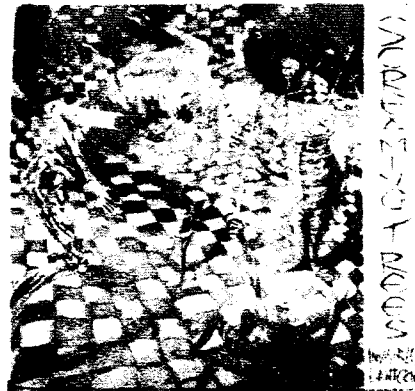
REM Green

Warner Brothers

Who ever thought the day would come when lyrics would be printed on the inner sleeve of an REM album? Who ever thought Michael Stipe would sound as resigned and flat when singing lyrics like "I'm very scared for this world, I'm very scared for me"? Where before he aloofly spat out something much greater, he now sounds too endearing. The first album on Warner Brothers is a disappointingly cozy identity crisis and another tear shed for the environment. Again, they save the best for last, leaving the listener with a grain of hope for next time, but things are getting progressively more hopeless. Kind of like the planet

they mourn. "Hairshirt" and "25795" are the cuts worth hearing.

—K.F.



Screaming Trees Invisible Lantern

SST Records

Invisible Lantern is just a "good" album, not nearly as good as the Tree's last *Even If and Especially When*. The Screaming Trees do groove on this one, though they could be a lot groovier. Nothing innovative here—just eighties contrived-semi-psychedlia.

Invisible Lantern's interest casually drifts into boredom by the B-side—there are few worthwhile tracks. (Not bad, just not great either.) "Grey Diamond Desert" is the best on the album—deep, moving and unique among the others—and the only one that makes it worth obtaining (at a cheap price, perhaps).

—R.R.



Jesus Chrysler This Year's Savior

Toxic Shock Records

"Three days and I rose again/I guess it could have been cocaine," ponder these irreverent boys from Tennessee in their self-titled song off of *This Year's Savior*. Lyrically rude and musically rudimentary, they prove themselves a classic small town garage foursome with cleverness. Vague social semi-awareness and redundancies plague this record, which was recorded during "the last three days of 1987," and probably wasn't going to be much more than a cassette in someone's garage rocking past before Toxic Shock sealed it into vinyl.

Jesus Chrysler, P.O. Box 784, Knoxville, TN 37901. Available from Toxic Shock, Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733.

—K.F.

Fishbone Soup

Moshing and Slamming in the Union

by T. Bones

There was a Fishbone feast in the Union Ballroom on October 28. A cauldron of music and motion bubbling over to make for some well deserved after-midterm madness. For those who didn't partake, keep an eye out in the Voice. For those who got kicked out by the bouncers, I hope you made it home peacefully.

The opening band was the NY Citizens who had a bass, a guitar, polished horns, and black bowlers. They played ska music. They were a band and one could say they were professional.

Fishbone. Fast paced funk artists of the highest caliber. A shirtless lead man (Angelo Moore) wearing suspenders who had a few short dreadlocks sticking up mowhawk fashion. A man who enjoys diving mike-first into a dense mixing of crazies. A man leading a ferocious act that succeeded in pummeling the crowd into sweaty submission.

Fishbone was hysterically fast. The drummer and bassist were pounding heat over the ballroom as three horns dropped a heaping of spice. But then they let the crowd have a drink of water between bowls of what I can only call Cajun Fishbone Soup.

Fishbone Soup is made with four cups of ska, two cups of funk and punk, and splashes of both reggae and heavy metal. All this mixed together and brought to a boil with the motion and energy Angelo Moore



Image: Ed Bridges

generates. He encouraged stage diving, indulging himself several times (unhindered by bouncers) and let himself be passed

over the crowd several times.

Hearing Angelo Moore singing is great, but watching Angelo Moore performing

could easily induce cardiac arrest. In other words, Fishbone Soup is best eaten fresh.

It took two well orchestrated ballads to calm down the mad pin-balls in the pit. This diverse mixing of hard hitting dances was kept at bay through most of the show by some vicious stage dogs. Many "graceful" stage dives were aborted by a bouncer's sharp kick. Not kicks intended to assist a person off the stage but aimed at inflicting pain.

Anyway, a faster song designed for improvisation had a heavy metal guitar solo that seemed to awaken the darker parts of the audience. This was the only space the musicians were allowed to go off into. Mainly they showed their musical talent by manufacturing a coherent blending of styles.

It was a short but strong round of improv followed by a "boom shak a lak a boom shak a lak a boom..." singalong that sent far too few of the crowd into an unforgivingly bright cafeteria for a beer and intermission.

"We are on our way, to the land of fairy tales," and they weren't kidding. They served up another fine set of Fishbone soup. They brought it to a boil and then served it up quick and steamy. They even gave a little acoustic dessert, following the format of the first set.

Right before dessert they sang "You can't stop/ Godzilla/ He's coming/ your way." Do I need to say I could have called it Godzilla soup? If we ever get into space, we'll be sure to take along tiny dehydrated marshmallows and Fishbone.

Spotlight

White South Africa

Singer Tony Bird to Play SB

by Charlie Backfish

On a fall night in 1977, while the nation was still somewhat enthusiastic about the Presidency of Jimmy Carter—then in its infancy—I sat at a table in Hofstra University's Rathskeller listening to two new artists recently signed to Columbia Records. The label had decided to "showcase" their new acquisitions—both singer-songwriters—before a college audience. Elliot Murphy had been around the New York music scene long enough to be touted as yet another "new Dylan" (a sure-fire ticket to anonymity) while Tony Bird was definitely a new face, whose self-titled debut album had intrigued me enough upon a few listenings to see what the man was like in concert.

Bird, a white born into a colonial family in Nyasaland (now Malawi), Africa in 1945, sang of his homeland and the repression of apartheid in a distinctive, nasal voice accompanied by an array of facial contortions. In both content and delivery, the guy was unique and Columbia had taken a daring step in signing Bird. I figured the record execs had some idea as to how to "package" him and find an audience.

It's a little over a decade since, and the current buzz in the singer-songwriter world is Tracy Chapman and Michelle Shocked. Meanwhile, Paul Simon latched onto African rhythms with tremendous critical and commercial success in *Graceland*, and

Ladysmith Black Mambazo and Miriam Makeba are seeing their recent recordings released by major labels.

And Tony Bird? Well, Columbia cut him from their roster of artists after two recordings: his 1976 debut and a 1978 follow-up *Tony Bird of Paradise* (both long since out-of-print). Bird claims the record big-wigs had no idea how to present him. He also had the misfortune to come on

London. A self-taught musician, Bird picked up a guitar in boarding school in Rhodesia, and responded to influences on his music ranging from country performers like Jim Reeves, rockers like Buddy Holly, Elvis Presley, and Cliff Richards, and the boer music of Africa. Developing a unique style, Bird began to sing about apartheid in South Africa in the early seventies, until things got a little too hot for him. His path ultimately

"Bird began to sing about apartheid in South Africa in the early '70s, until things got a little too hot for him."

the scene during the late seventies disco craze that sounded a death-knell for singer-songwriter types. The same axe that ended Bird's Columbia contract also terminated that of Elliot Murphy, who has since gone on to putting out his own records privately for a cult following.

Tony Bird's entry into the music business followed years of drifting from Africa to Scotland (to study forestry), shipping out for some time, experiencing the folk music scene in clubs in Africa and, eventually, in

led to London, where he cast his lot with the commercial recording world in the mid-seventies.

Bird is indeed wiser for his experience with Columbia Records. He wandered into this encounter with the big-time music business much too trusting, the result being that he only sees a few of the songs on his first album as truly representative of his work. Listening to "Rift Valley" today—a bouncy lilting celebration of the African environment he knew in his early years—

the craft of Bird's writing is immediately apparent. Yet the most riveting song of the album, "Athlone Incident," is one Bird has completely re-written in his performances these days. Calling it "one of [his] most important songs," it's based on an incident that saw Bird after curfew in a black zone near Capetown where taxis were forbidden to transport whites. It offers a chilling portrait of the sympathetic African white coming to grips with the rage generated by apartheid.

Bird is more enthusiastic about his second album, still available in Canada, where he enjoys a considerable following. More than any of his songs, "Zambezi Zimbabwe"—a celebration of independence from colonial rule using the metaphor of the Zambezi River snaking through the land—is a perfect blend of African-based rhythms with the message Bird wishes to convey: "brown Zambezi River bringing down/ Free waters for Zimbabwe." "A potential hit single" is his present evaluation of this song from an album he still speaks of with great enthusiasm.

The eight years following the termination of his relationship with Columbia were difficult times for Bird. Though he continued to work the folk clubs, he suffered through a long period of paralysis of his arms and hands. And certainly, witnessing the attention devoted to Paul Simon's dabbling in African music must have been a frustrating experience for Bird, since he

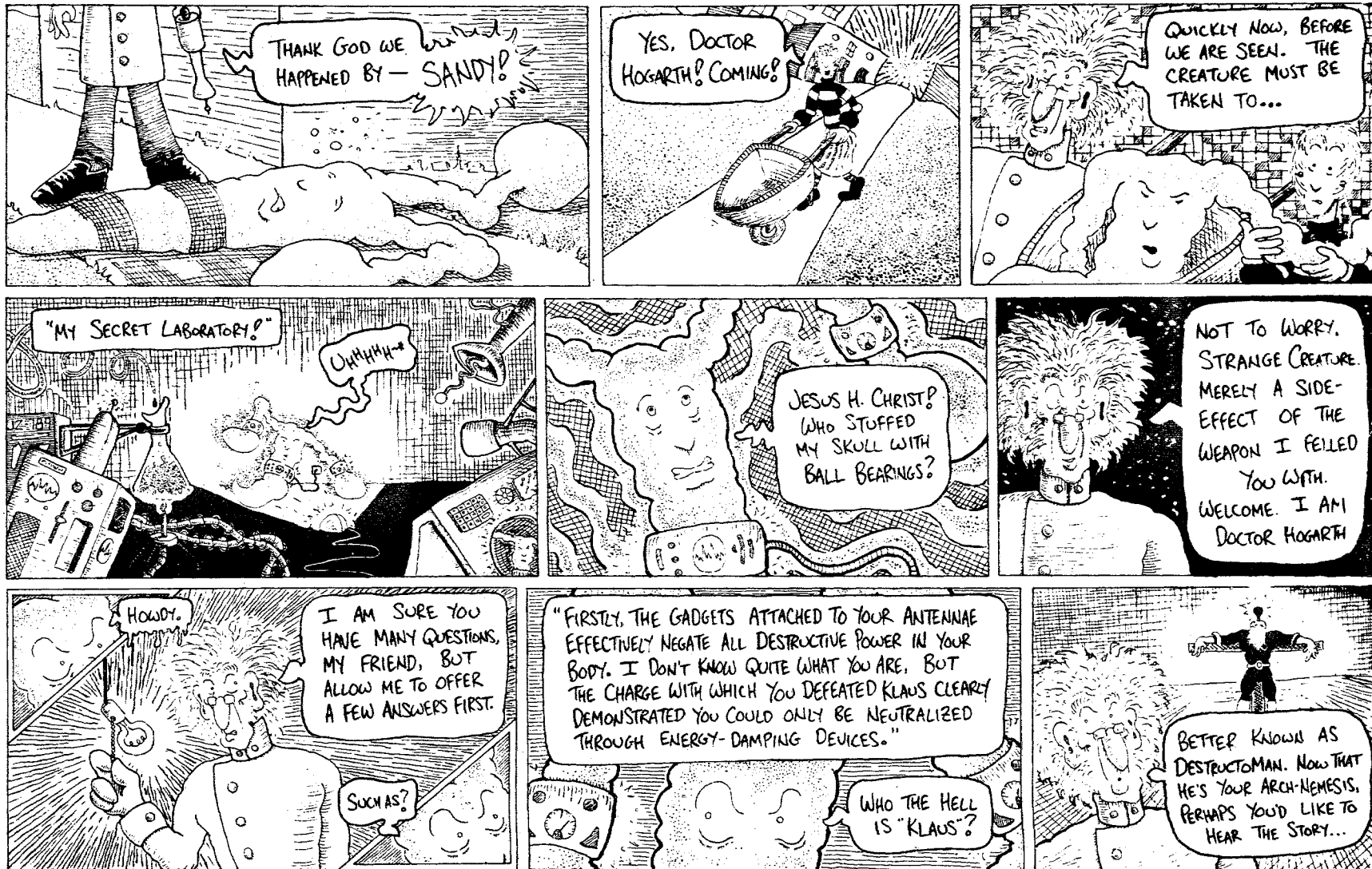
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THE SLUG AND THE VOLANT: A Scientific Romance

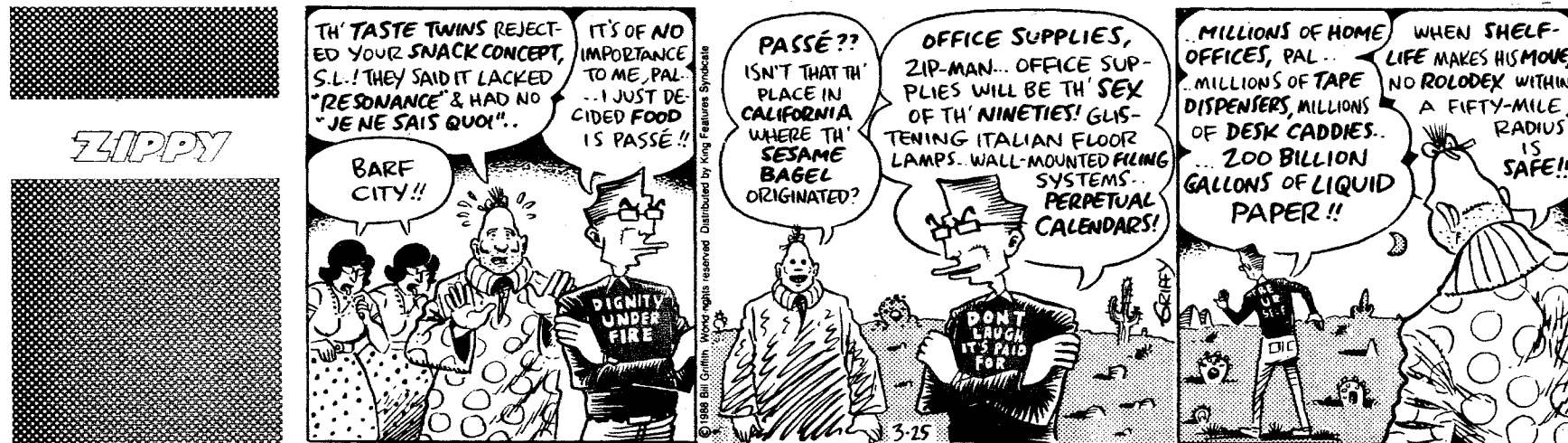
BY KYLE SILVER

"AFTER BATTLE SLEEP IS BEST. AFTER NOISE, TRANQUILITY."
— RODEN BERKELEY WRIGHTSLEY MODEL

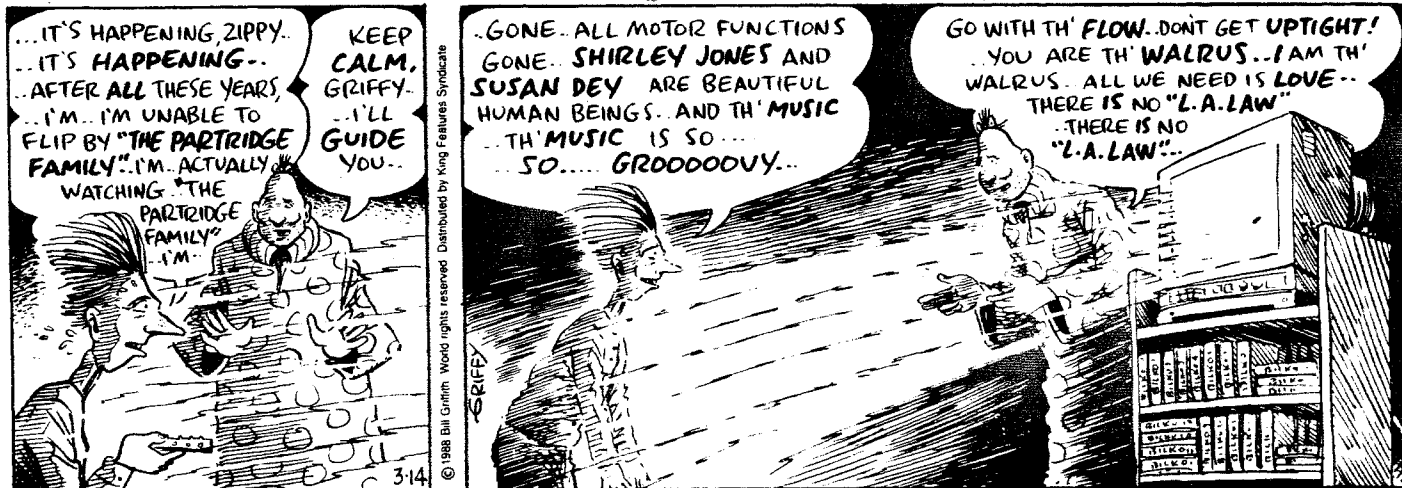
PART FIVE: IN THE LAB



"HE'S A SURVIVOR"



"FAR-R-R-R DU-U-U-U-T"



ZIPPY

BILL GRIFFITH

Turn Up the A.C.

Albert Collins Cranks Out the Blues

by Lee Gundel and Joe DiStefano

This Monday the blues made a triumphant return to Stony Brook with the sweet and soulful music of Albert Collins and the Ice Breakers.

Opening for Collins and the Ice Breakers was Doug "Harmonica" McLean, an area musician. McLean and his band rocked their way through an extensive set of blues favorites, covering tunes by Muddy Waters, Junior Wells, and Jimmy Reed. McLean's harp playing, which provided the basis for most of the band's music, ranged from high-pitched runs to low, rich growls. The band's cover of "Kansas City" featured a particularly blistering solo.

By the time McLean's band ended their two hour set, which had begun at 9, the crowd was impatiently chanting "Wake up Albert!" and calling for air conditioning (Albert Collins). One of the Icebreakers, a sax man, chilled the hecklers, "No matter who you think you are, no matter what your attitude is, one thing's for certain: you cannot rush the blues."

Before Collins took the stage, the Icebreakers earned their namesake with four tunes that would have vaporized the coldest of glaciers. Debbie Davis played a mean guitar as well as belting out vocals on "I Wonder Why" and "Teeny Weeny Bit of Love".

Collins and the Icebreakers brutalized their instruments for their two hour set. One



Image: Ed Bridges

of the sax men brandished two horns that he played both singularly and simultaneously. Every Icebreaker was both an excellent musician and showman, and each had his moment of glory during the show—especially lady guitarist Debbie Davis from LA—but the show clearly belonged to Albert and everyone knew it. The other musicians played with great feel and a truckload of expertise, but Albert outclassed them. He was possessed of an intensity that set him apart.

Although it often exaggerates its source material, the blues are born out of life's everyday troubles, whether it be unemployment, an unfaithful lover, or an irksome mother-in-law. Blues old-timer Willie Dixon once said, "The blues is the facts of life." The spontaneous jams of Albert Collins and the Icebreakers covered these themes and proved the ability of blues music to joyously transcend its subject matter and catalyze the body's boogie hormone to ease the pain.

During his closing number, Albert Collins walked off the stage—trailed by his horn section—into an eagerly waiting audience that was glad to get a close look at him. A great many people clapped, danced, and shook his hand as he played the blues for them on a one-to-one basis. When Collins left the stage for the first time, the audience gave him a standing ovation, stomping and yelling "Albert!" in unison until he came back out for a curtain call. He returned,

continued on page 11

Backdrop

Variations on Vaudeville

Displacement at the Fannie Brice

by Miriam Kleinman

Displaced Persons—a "New Vaudeville" which played November 3rd, 4th, and 5th—was yet another of Fannie Brice Theatre's shockers. There were those few who had read about the avant garde theatrical movement enacted, to fully appreciate the performance. But for the average theatre-goer, (such as myself), though genuine laughs were often emitted, the essential meaning of the queer acting representation flew right by.

The show, using the theme "Variations on America," consisted of numerous short skits parodying stereotypical apple-pie simpletons found throughout the land. First appeared the periodically-recurring pseudo-sophisticate, Robin Leach-like

hostess Fiona, who interviewed Mr. Cornelius Cob (Corny for short) of Granite, Iowa. Corny recounts his latest Midwest

butts of outlandish satire.

Only two actors played these scenes—in tandem with occasional solos during major

most bizarre. Each gesture and sound was outrageously pronounced with distorted, oversized motions and exorbitant accents. The antithesis of expressive realism was exhibited—these eccentrics were lost in their burlesque time-warp, unfathomable to the outside world.

The show was co-produced by Theatre Oblique, the creators/actors Ron and Ludvika Popenhagen. Their uninhibited caricatures reveal great talent, contorting their body movements and facial expressions far beyond human normality.

The key to enjoying this production was to take it as it flowed. Sit back and laugh at the oddity, or stare incredulously. And take it for granted that only the artsy-fartsy theatre majors grasp the entire concepts.



Images: Ed Bridges

trauma—he survived a tornado. But this was a particularly possessed whirlwind, which produced a **Wizard of Oz**-like fiasco that physically-displaced him from his home. He was then reborn, and told his story to the world. Other, more humorous skits were a Dutch-speaking chef who incomprehensibly taught the art of biscuit-making, and an ex-Budapest aristocrat, swept off her feet (literally) by Wally from Wyoming. They travelled throughout Europe while Wally wittily pantomimed favorite tourist attractions.

The Americans characterized were self-important, tacky moose-heads, the perfect

costume changes. The sets were minimal to non-existent. At times, bland props, such as chairs and tables starkly decorated the bare black studio/theatre.

Costumes were the intended expressors of situational moods and distinctive personalities. Sardonic grotesque masks were frequently worn by the players. Not only did these veils disturbingly mock the characters, but they also focussed the eye to the performers' exaggerated actions and speech. Characters dressed in brassy, bright, polyester garb, amplifying the gaudiness of their types.

The acting and wayward dialogue were

