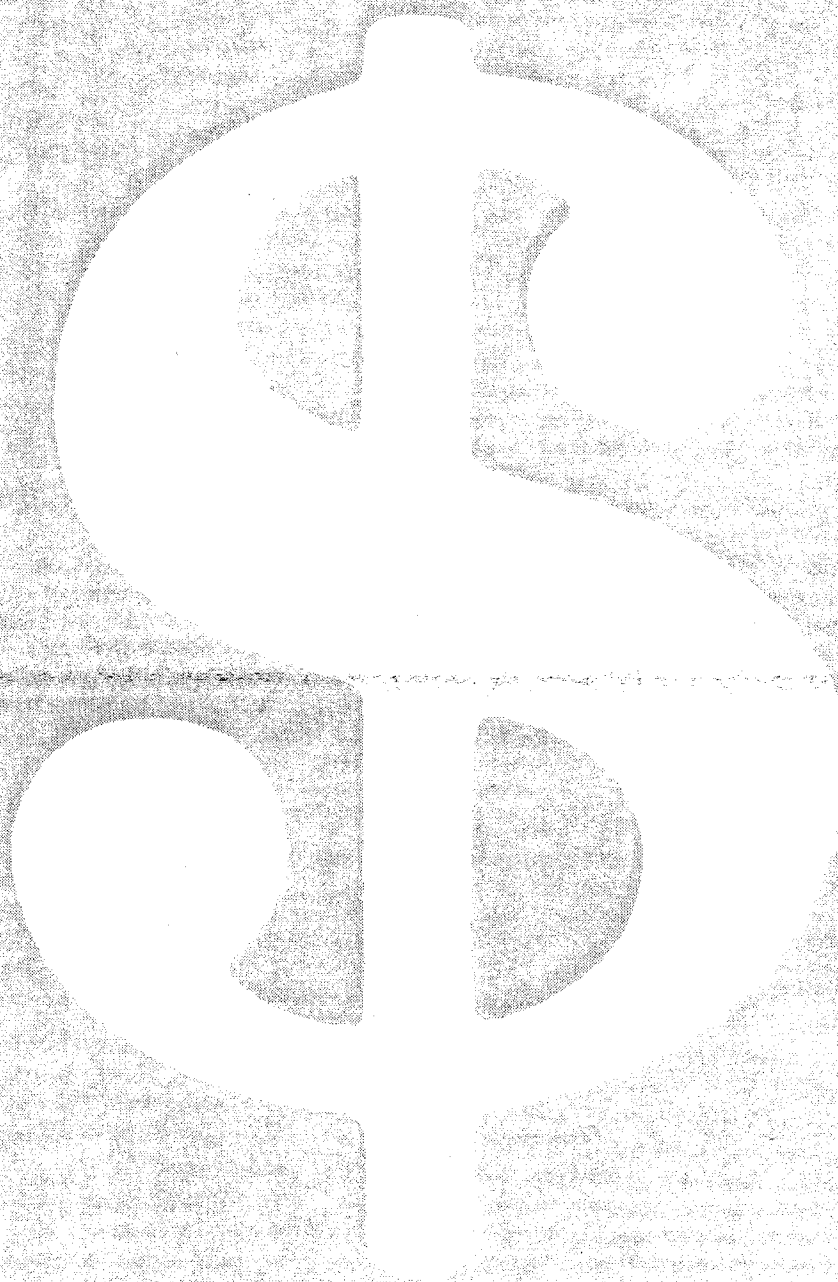


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 10, No. 7 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Dec. 15, 1988



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Press Literary Supplement
Center Section

DUTY NOW FOR THE FUTURE

New Year's Eve is almost upon us. Just after you think recovery from the Christmas feeding frenzy is at hand, social custom dictates that you, *yes you*, go out and drink yourself blind in celebration of a new \$7.95 glossy artsy-fartsy calendar to hang above the toilet. New Year's is also the time when certain people resolve their goals for the coming year. So for your Holiday pleasure, here are some New Year's resolutions that you'll never see for real:

President John Marburger

Although it is often hard, I will try to resist outside pressure, be it from members of the surrounding community—who sometimes know not whereof they speak—or from members of the university system—who also do not always know whereof they speak.

I am very concerned about my students being safe. We all recognize that the "new security measures are just an effort to put up resistance to invasion." But I also know that "we don't really have too much trouble with parties." But I will try not to get overly paranoid and post a guard in the Union when the parents of local thirteen and fourteen-year-old girls come to me with concerns about their teenagers' social habits.

I resolve not to arm Public Safety, no matter how many letters get written to **Newsday** by Nassau County residents, no matter how many Public Safety union members picket the Administration building.

When the budget cuts come through next year, all \$542,000 of them, I will do my best to make the cuts fair. Although I have been beating about the bush for five months now about exactly what areas of the campus will lose money (although I have fingered maintenance), I will be open and straightforward with the students, the faculty, and the staff. After all, the *students and the faculty are what this place is all about*, I naturally want to include all these people in the "free speech and peaceful assembly that are fundamental to the University."

The residents of this campus can not study if their

diet is poor. DAKA is sub-standard food service; and I must put more pressure on the Faculty Student Association (it's their cross) to upgrade the meal plan when the contract rolls around in several years. Until the quality of the food in the cafeterias is prepared so that it is edible, I will halt the creeping cancer of mandatory meal plan buildings that Residence Life has allowed to spread across the face of my campus.

Even though fewer and fewer students every year gather together *en masse* to try to convince me to change things, I have created a policy which would make it very easy for me to arbitrarily give any unruly punk the boot if he crosses the line. But I will not give into temptation during 1989 if the students actually *do* manage to get together in force. I guess, though, that it will probably never come to the test.

Polity Executive Council

We have been very good this semester about keeping the machine rolling: handling the finances with speed and efficiency, dealing with the myriad clubs and organizations in a fairly balanced way, and generally keeping everybody happy. We even selected people who would put SAB back on its feet.

Next semester we're *really* gonna kick some butt. We're going to try and let the ladies and gentlemen in the Administration building that the people who pay tuition here, the people who pay taxes to New York State, deserve and demand that the qualities of our campus meet a minimal level of excellence. While 3 million is being spent on new Field House, 7 million on South Campus, \$400,000 for TV, there is a chance that an academic program will be cut; cuts in the maintenance program (already about three years behind) are assured.

A new constitution would greatly streamline our government, and we'll try over the intersession to come up with something good. It'll be drafted by Spring, and then we can elect the new officers. We can change the very nature of student government here

for years to come, if we spend the time.

We will remember that a Student Course Evaluation Book was set up—funding and all—by Dan Rubin last year. We'll make sure that questionnaires are distributed to students, and that the book is delivered in time for the Fall semester.

And above all, the next time we move at a legislative session to raise our own paychecks, we'll let student groups and the campus media know ahead of time. It is a matter for all students to be aware of when their elected representatives decide—in the face of a years' old deficit—to spend more of the student activity fee on stipends.

Faculty Student Association

We will make up our minds, once and for all, about the Bi-level. We will actually begin *some* kind of construction in there soon. We think that would be enough major activity for one year. We've been planning for such a long time now, we almost forgot what we trying to do.

The Stony Brook Press

We solemnly swear to pump out bland, witless mutations of the English language. We swear to regularly print syndicated material not even written by Stony Brook students (and *pay* for it no less). We swear to blindly obey authority. We swear to keep regular hours. In the coming year we will rip off anything and everything that we can from other publications. We know we can be tasteless, boring, and irrelevant if we really try.

The Stony Brook Press

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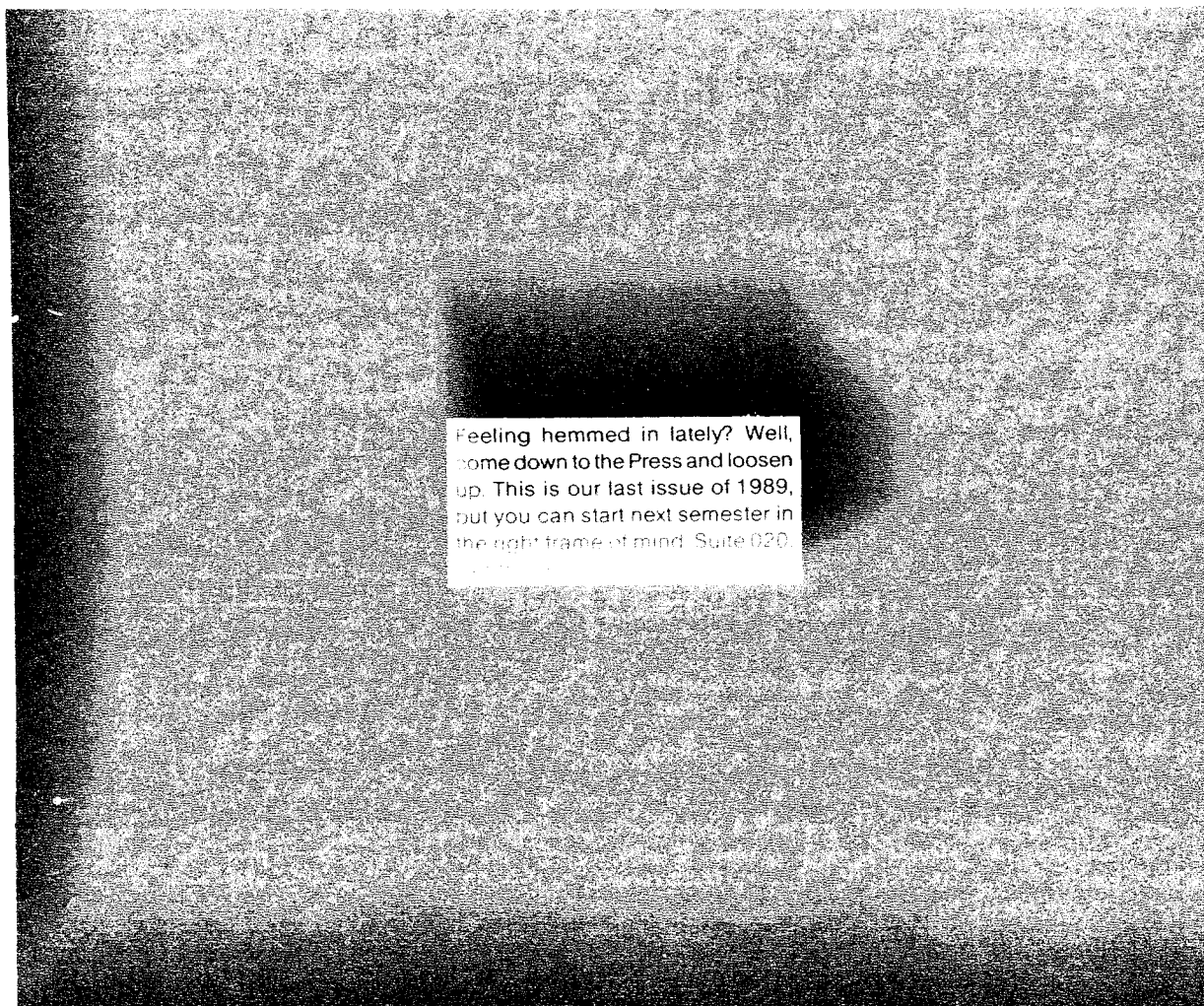
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Feeling hemmed in lately? Well, come down to the Press and loosen up. This is our last issue of 1989, but you can start next semester in the right frame of mind. Suite 020.

A Fistful of Dollars

SUSB Buckles Down for Budget Cuts

by Quinn Kaufman

Stony Brook has been asked by New York State Governor Mario Cuomo to reduce its budget by \$542,000 because of a projected two billion dollar state budget deficit. In response, President John Marburger said at last week's Stony Brook Council Meeting, "even if there is a tremendous budget problem, we won't go crazy trying to figure out what to do; we'll just work it out."

In the December 14 issue of *Newsday*, Marburger is quoted saying Stony Brook will cope with Cuomo's budget cut by continuing freezes on staff job vacancies, "going without some building maintenance," and delaying the start of new medical courses.

However, at the Council meeting, Marburger recommended three other measures: making dormitories more self-supporting, recycling Stony Brook's paper waste, and Energy Conservation.

Regarding the dormitories, Marburger said he plans to cope with the budget cut by disregarding some building maintenance. He did not specify if maintenance would be neglected because of the cut, but he did suggest that dormitories should become "totally self-supporting." As of Fall 1988, all dormitory residents are required to pay for any vandalism which occurs in their residence hall.

Toscannini College in Tabler Quad recently had a sink removed by unidentified vandals. The sink was destroyed in the visitor's restroom, located on the main floor. Since then, a notice has been posted acknowledging the vandalism and saying

that all Toscannini residents will be billed unless information regarding the culprit is received.

Toscannini resident Maureen Murphy said this practice of making dormitories



Image: Lois Mingalone

self-supporting is "totally unfair. It's like saying, for instance, that a tenant, rather than a landlord, should pay for his apartment's vandalism. In this case Marburger is the landlord and we, the students, are tenants—the Administration should pay, not students."

Murphy continued, saying, "Why should innocent students be billed for vandalism which occurred, for instance, when a student was home for the weekend baking a pumpkin pie for Grandma Gertrude or something?" Another Toscannini resident, Michael Fried, said, "making the dorms self-supporting by making students pay for vandalism—which was probably the fault of

outsiders—is Marburger's ruse in dealing with Stony Brook's administration budget problems."

Another measure Marburger proposed to the Council in order to ease the effects of the sharp budget cut is to save money by recycling Stony Brook's paper products. Marburger said Stony Brook presently recycles 70,000 pounds of paper and cardboard each month, compared to only 1,000 pounds a year ago. He explained that money is saved by recycling because "Stony Brook can now avoid the big cost of hauling away solid waste. We are hauling less than 1/2 of our paper waste to the landfill than we did a year ago." Money is also conserved, he added, "by the reduction of dumpsters on

"In 1989, there will be some pain..."

—Dr. John Marburger

campus. Because of recycling dumpsters are not simply needed as much." Although recycling hasn't brought much new money into Stony Brook, it has definitely helped

economize in a productive, sanitary way, Marburger said.

The last of Marburger's money-saving designs is Energy Conservation, which will, among other techniques, include "delamping" and reducing hot water.

Concerning energy, Marburger's major money-saving plan includes Stony Brook's contracting with Co-Generation in order to make money by regenerating heat and creating more energy. Marburger explained that Stony Brook would be able to produce enough power to sell the rest back to Lilco at a negotiated rate.

The cost of the plan is \$200 million, but the projected profits indicate that the system will pay for itself in 3 1/2 years. Marburger did not say that the profits will be used to reinstate maintenance to most buildings, begin the new medical courses, or fill in Stony Brook's empty staff positions, but he did say the Co-Generation plan, sponsored by Carl Hanes, Deputy President for Special Projects, will have a great impact in aiding with Stony Brook's budget reduction problem.

Marburger concluded his speech on the budget saying, "In 1989, there will be some pain, but we'll come through it. Next year, who knows? We won't know until April 15th what our revenues will be. Until then, we're waiting. We're waiting and we're trying to get our act together and deal with Cuomo's budget reduction."

"We're part of the State and Stony Brook can not avoid that fact. All we can do is be aware of the pitfalls. We're working with everyone and trying to get through this."

For A Few Dollars More

by Lee Gundel

This semester brought about a new academic policy at SUNY Stony Brook: the Administration has strongly suggested that all faculty (professors and graduate student TAs) stop dealing exclusively with the Stony Books bookstore for their class texts. Faculty members who have done so in the past are urged to either deal exclusively with Barnes & Noble or patronize both stores on a mutual basis.

The Corner Bookstore deals only with specialty books that Barnes & Noble and Stony Books are unable to acquire. It is not in direct competition with either store.

The recommendation—which is not mandatory—has created a marked increase in the number of professors and TAs who provide Barnes & Noble with book lists: in the Spring 1988 semester 400 members of the faculty preferred not to use Barnes & Noble for their textbook needs, and this figure has now dwindled to 90. The decline does not necessarily denote that Barnes & Noble is gaining a monopoly on the distribution of texts, but that the store is gaining the support of more faculty and students, thereby making its image as "the official campus bookstore" more than just hyperbole.

In support of the new policy, Vincent Campion, manager of Barnes & Noble, said, "I thought that academic freedom meant the freedom of what texts to choose, not the

Pressure on Faculty to Buy Barnes & Noble

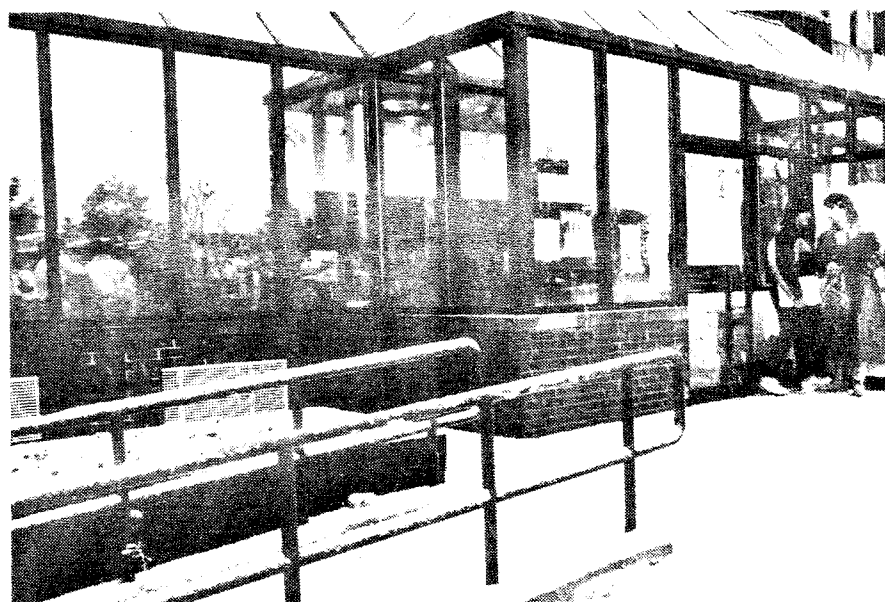


Image: Aaron Zimmerman

"The Official Campus Bookstore"

freedom of where to choose them from." Campion believes the new policy to be beneficial in a number of ways. He said that it is more in the spirit of *laissez-faire* and much more equitable to students with financial

aid (students with vouchers can only redeem them at the campus bookstore). [*Laissez-faire* economics, however, is the absence of centralized, bureaucratic interference in the free market—eds.] He also

pointed out that since Stony Books is not directly affiliated with the university, it is not responsible for any problems resulting from its own negligence. "We," Campion said, "are here to better serve the academic community."

Herbert Schwarz, the manager of Stony Books, when asked about the new policy, replied: "I would prefer that the university did not have such a policy. There are people who have chosen [to deal exclusively] with us for years—for service reasons."

In defense of Stony Books' service, Professor Everett Waters (Psychology) said Schwarz "helped me through a lot of difficult situations—I could always count on Herbert Schwarz for exceptional, highly personalized service." Waters further claimed that not only is Stony Books reliable, but Schwarz *personally* makes sure faculty members are provided with on-time, quality service.

Senior Tom Zbikowski in defense of faculty members who fail to comply with the new policy: "...professors should be allowed to send their book lists to any bookstore they choose, for whatever reason," he said, "because as a free society, one of our rights is freedom of choice. By forcing professors to send book lists to both bookstores, it is a violation of their rights and, as an educational institution, we should condemn such practices."

Destroy All Monsters

Graphic Sci-Fi Gum Cards from Beyond Time

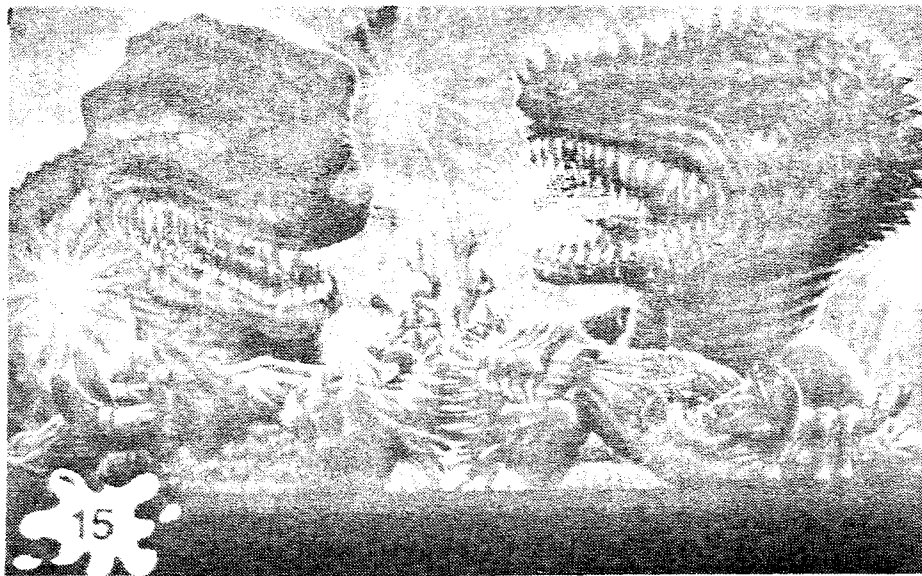
by Kyle Silfer

Gore sprays from the torn midsections of a bride and groom as their bodies are impaled on the horns of a raging triceratops... Soviet troops fire rounds of artillery at a rampaging dimetrodon... the President and his entourage are savaged by a flock of pterodactyls...

A bad fifties sci-fi flick? Close. These lurid scenes are culled from the Topps bubble gum card saga **Dinosaurs Attack!**, a new 55-card, 11-sticker series relating the blood-splattered tale of an earth plagued by dinosaurs "swept through time by an accident of science."

Following the basic structure of the notorious Topps **Mars Attacks** cards of yore, the dinosaur series unfolds a card-by-card narrative linking disparate scenes of violence in a warped, half-serious pastiche of Japanese monster movies and science fiction pulp melodrama. Each card displays a garish illustration of dinosaurs wreaking havoc in modern society (generally replete with wounded civilians bleeding in various interesting ways) and sports a catchy title like "Trilobite Terror" or "Fast Food Frenzy." On the reverse, a mock document from the event pictured (news clipping, army dispatch, scientific log entry) adds another segment to the **Dinosaurs Attack!** plot.

Surprisingly, the explicit violence and freely-flowing gore of the series have aroused no protests from parents or other potentially sensitive consumers. Kenneth Liss, a



Buy 'em, collect 'em, trade 'em with your friends!

spokesman for the Topps company, described the cards as "tongue-in-cheek," and reported no negative feedback from either retailers or purchasers. "People," he explained, "are somewhat used to the idea of horror as entertainment."

Dinosaurs Attack! is being marketed throughout the country in supermarkets, drugstores, and comic book shops, and has proven immensely popular. Glenn Fischette of Fourth World Comics in Saint James

said the store sold out of its cards—two full boxes—within two weeks, and has been unable to obtain more. Fischette, who has had to turn down offers from collectors anxious to buy entire boxes, speculated that distributors may be holding on to the cards until demand increases and prices go up.

The stick of stale bubble gum is still there (though half its original size), as is the colorful waxed paper wrapping, but the contents of the Topps package have grown a bit

weirder in this era of PG-13 splatter flicks and casual comic book violence. The **Dinosaurs Attack!** storyline involves not only random depictions of death and destruction, but a bizarre, pseudo-metaphysical subplot involving a malevolent dinosaur god who must be battled by scientists trying to rid the world of the monsters. Clearly, the tolerance of American society for such odd diversions is on the increase, and Topps has effectively predicted and exploited this trend.

— Footnotes —

ON CAMPUS

Still Smoking?

In preparation for the "soon-to-be-released" campus policy on smoking in the workplace, Central Stores began stocking two different models of smokeless ashtrays. They are featured in Central Stores' latest catalog, distributed to all departments on campus. In the wake of the mandate for a less smoky world, office workers and visitors can breathe a little easier with a Pollenex "ashtradome cordless smoke grabber" (price \$14.78) or "no smoke ashtray" (price \$11.21). So the next time someone asks you, "Can I put this out on the floor?", don't get angry, get a smokeless ashtray from Central Stores. Two "C" batteries not included, but available for less than half the cost of a score of cancer sticks: 40¢.

Another Brick in the Mur-Mur

The Dynamo Theatre, a pack of loonies from Canada, will present a "special holiday show" at the Staller Center on December 16 and 17 at 8PM (a children's matinee is at 2PM on the 17TH). The presentation, "Mur-Mur" (French for "wall"), relates the tale of the title object, and the people who dwell around it, in a production of "few words." Tickets available at the Staller box office (632-7230).

Totally Wired

A concert by the Contemporary Chamber Players, a collective of grad students under the direction of Gilbert Kalish and Ray Des Roches, will be given at 8PM in the Staller Recital hall. The program features music by Bulent Arel, a composer of music for "instrumental ensembles and electronically synthesized sound," so expect the unexpected. Tickets are only \$3 for students, so why dontcha finish reading this rag and go see it?

Lex Majoris Partis

"Make your voice more than a vote," urges FSA president Steve Rosenfeld, currently preparing a new Student Polity Constitution. He urges you to help create a new student government that will "move" and "shake" "for results." Those of you itching to share your useful suggestions for the new constitution can contact Steve Rosenfeld at 632-1053 or (718) 762-8337.



The Master Plan

A crack team of architects has been retained by SUNY Stony Brook to hash out problems of land, lighting, and logistics on campus. After ten years of neglect, the Stony Brook "intra-structures" will be analyzed and, hopefully,

improved. Specific problems for resolution include: parking (of course), lighting for night classes, and new graduate student housing. The Stony Brook Council also plans informational meetings with the surrounding communities to keep them abreast of changes (they have this habit of being "very concerned with anything Stony Brook does that may affect them").

OFF CAMPUS

L Ron Still Wants You

Bridge Publications, the tirelessly self-effacing front for the Scientology empire, has dreamed up a new, exciting way to distract you from the sinister machinations of its religious-cult parent. To celebrate the paperback publication of Scientology-founder L. Ron Hubbard's 10-volume sci-fi opus, **Mission Earth**, Bridge has concocted an "Adventure of Your Life" contest where winners get to select three of several trips to far points of the globe. Entry forms available wherever terrible science fiction is sold. (Luckily, "No purchase is necessary.")

SA Today

Much to our staff's delight, the **Press** has been selected to receive *This Week in South Africa*, a weekly propaganda bulletin comprised of excerpts from major dailies in the Pretoria/Johannesburg area of South Africa. The South African Consulate General in New York is apparently so desperate for good press that it even put our modest publication on its media-blitz hit list. Now we get to read about Nelson Mandela's removal to a nice, comfy prison where he can chat with his family "more freely and on a continual basis," and the "bravery" of South African officials for releasing other old and feeble activists from incarceration. Too bad security detainees keep falling from seventh floor flats. Clumsy, clumsy.

PRESS LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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December 15, 1988

Writing as a Total Failure

by Robert Franza

dedicated to the memory of
Jean-Michel Basquiat

you roll over:
it's frank sinatra

i want to have
endless beautiful
words flowing out of me

he says to you—
his unsuspecting lover—
as a tender hairy forearm
emerges from beneath
satin sheets

and caresses you

§

make me a plastic wig above
the fir trees, the magnolias

§

grotesque designer interiors
on one knee depicted as
the hollywood camera. dancer
photograph, porcelain
doll, nor the ground
"a believably earth."
like tolstoy, everyone
in japan tone varies
to good use the
"War and Peace" past
in their art.

§

and now,
back to our story of privilege:

it occurs to me while
cycling round scenic
setauket that you can't
fake the sublime—but
that it might be worth
the try.

(the very pastoral—here
at little bay—the wailing of
gulls and the passing of
saturday morning cars. only
the fortunate know how to live.)

§

the dog's balls have been
shaved.

§

i cannot stay up all night
and underline the grammatology
i must instead create mist
instead of science—
writing instead neurotically
very sensual chamber pieces
based on the spirit of
old italian poetry



"i jerked off naked, at night,
by my mother's corpse...what
upset me more was: seeing
my (blind and paralytic) father
shit a great number of times."

—bataille

§

the stevedores cry
in their plymouths,
mouthing the words
to wordless songs.
they confirm plans
to xerox their blood
at noontide
and settle the course of history.

(neo-greek hoods
dominated by cigarettes
unsuck fully the style of the north—
hounded by the dopes of Mount Pelion.)

§

you're spoken to and drop
part of a nurse
among those steel workers
who daily wear sequins

nothing's been gazed at directly
but Esther Williams' sense
of artistic depletion.

Untitled

by T. Bones

Alone forever feeling lump throat
Without you
Without your saliva trickling down my chin
And mine down your ivory coast
And all the concurrent reception
Of a tongue so agile

Untitled

by T. Bones

Down a stone-lined path we walked
Your feet squarely showing
Mine stepping free abandon
Enjoying the raw touch of pain

Your clean feet looked silly, I thought
Stifled with leather
But your steadied pace outdid me
I fell back
My bloodied feet tired in their free gait
Worn useless too early.

The first six months in Nicaragua were nerve-racking. At nights he would go to bed and pray that this hell would be over. But now nothing mattered.

He had been born twenty-one years ago in Ohio, a place where the closest thing to tropical rain forest was the Jungle World at a local city zoo. He had not foreseen the constant heat, humidity and pests that would plague his platoon. When he first received front-line notice, Victor was terrified. He imagined his bullet-ridden body, unceremoniously decaying under the rain and the mud in some forgotten corner of the world.

Victor had learned to cherish and honor his fellow man since his first years of life. But in Nicaragua there was only pain, starvation and suffering. Victor tried to protect himself from losing his sanity. So he was surrounded by apathy, apathy so cold he once blew the brains out of a little girl without any

to." Peter continued, not knowing or caring whether Victor listened or not. Outside it was quiet. Inside the tents men smoked, played chess, read dirty magazines and tried to sleep. The soldier on guard sat by the foot of a palm tree, gazing mesmerically into the sky. The moon faithfully illuminated the land. Nobody noticed the quiet shadowy figures that began to surround the camp.

Peter was violently interrupted by a loud explosion followed by a barrage of bullets flying in all directions. He rose but collapsed, instantly dead when a bullet pierced his heart. His death was celestial, Victor thought, but he quickly reprimanded himself in shame. Terrified screams of mortals and men echoed into the night amidst the shooting. Victor wished that he could help them, but he knew that he couldn't.

The tent began to blaze. Victor was not afraid to die, but he would not die by fire. It was too much like hell. He tried to get up, but an explosion had struck him in the back, hitting his spine, severing some nerves. Victor could not feel the splint in his back, nor could he move his leg. He tried to crawl through the mud, choking on the vile, rancid swamp water. Suddenly he froze; he was happier than he had ever been before.

He looked up and there, standing over him, was a young boy. He couldn't have been more than fifteen, Victor thought. Upon further scrutiny, Victor finally realized that this was a girl. She was beautiful; she reminded him of Hellen, his first true love, long ago. For a moment he wondered what such a delicate creature could be doing in this God-forsaken place. Then he saw her eyes. She was staring at him with fiery, searing hate. Hate of this American and what he symbolized. Hate for being oppressed and used by a foreign nation in its selfish pursuit for security. It was the only thing that supported the Somoza dictatorship which killed so many of her loved ones. It was the one that aided those mercenaries called Contras. And now, it was the one that had sent its soldiers to this place where they didn't belong. At last, she thought, here lies America—ready to be sacrificed...

Alas! Victor should have yelled; he should have fought back, but he didn't. He was happy. She raised her rifle and aimed at his heart. She remembered when her father died at the hands of Somoza's army for a peaceful demonstration that he had organized. Then her mother was savagely raped and mutilated by the corrupt assassins that Victor's government called "Freedom Fighters". All this happened while the world stood still. Well, now America lay in the flesh, helpless in front of her. She did not want to do it. It was hard to shoot a helpless being. She could not shoot Victor. Her eyes closed. She did not move. The blood of her family screamed for vengeance; there was a score to settle. She opened her eyes, once again, and burned passionately in her. She saw America lying before her; she pulled the trigger.

For a moment there was a bright flash of light and Victor felt the raw heat tearing into his chest. He knew that it was over. A million thoughts crossed his mind. Then darkness...

Destiny

by Augusto C. McIntosh

remorse. Nonetheless, despite the absence of visible emotional repercussions, a guilty conscience will always find a way to get back at its owner.

It was difficult to make friends here. There was so much hostility and indifference. Two months ago Victor's best friend, Billy, lost his life in an ambush. They had taken him, beaten him, ripped his fingernails out, left him in a bathtub filled with water. Victor had seen the body, its eyes fixed on him as though pleading for his help. He still couldn't get Billy out of his head. A similar fate befell two other friends, friends that were the only thing that had any meaning to him. He decided not to become close to anyone here anymore, for as soon as he began to establish trust in someone, he would be taken into that dark, vitreous, alien paradise. There he would always seem to put away in the back of our minds and never talk about, the one we call death.

Tonight Victor tucked in his tent as he did each night. But this night was different. He was calm, not a single speck of anxiety besieged his soul. He remembered when he was a child, how he played street baseball and broke a neighbor's window. He remembered his first date; he was so nervous when his date's father began to question them about the pot that they left in the living room. How was he supposed to know that the old man also smoked marijuana? Victor's introspection was interrupted by Peter, a young man with whom he shared his tent. "Ya know, Victor, I was thinking of when I was a child and I used

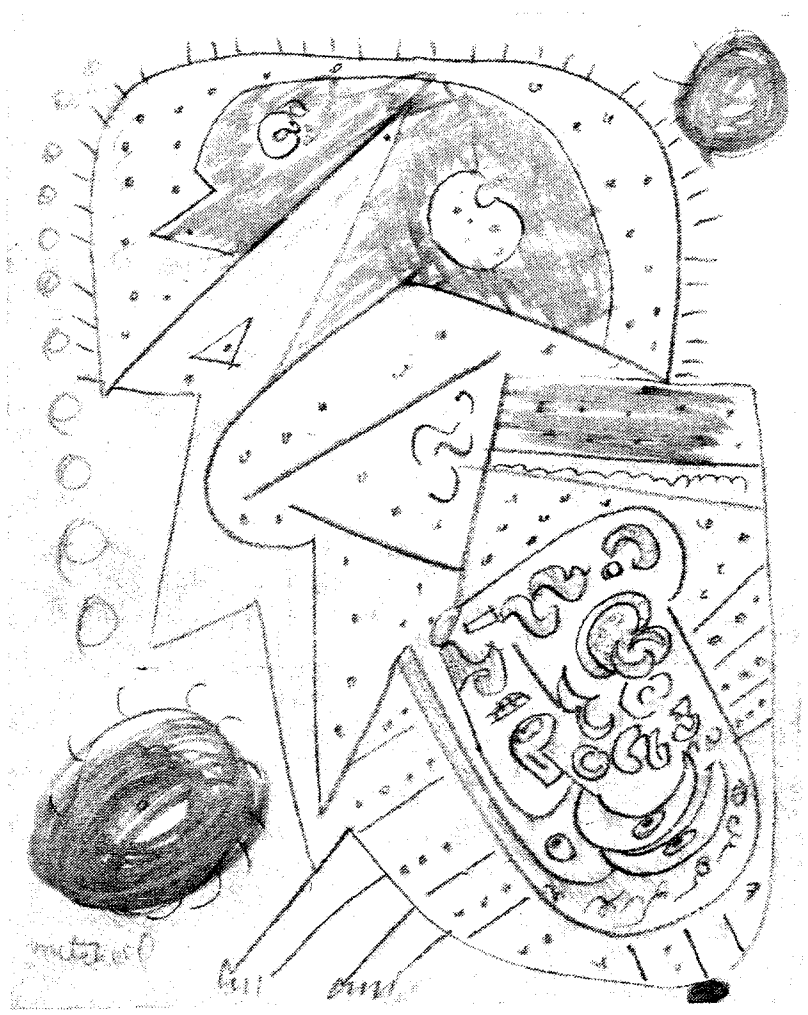


Image | Mitchell

"Do all these examples mean that Ronald Reagan is a liar?" (see inside)azine

No like Tarzan Lingerie does a lot for a woman. Not to mention what it does for a loyal subordinate leery of honesty about calling attention to my chest

woman of the French Resistance manifestations of my RETIREMENT HAVENS a woman who has secrets Lips and Nails

BHUTTO'S LAWYERS **IRISH KILLERS** Oscar Wilde THE MIGHTY L.T.D. DISCO GENERAL JARUZELSKI

RACING POOLS RESULTS Elaine Barbie Ethics, Efficiency and the

Market Acts of Will

DESMOND TUTU The War in NE

Caragua Morant Bay phones

THE CONSUMER CIVILIZATION AND THE

The son of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini

Making Sense of Marx CONTROLLING

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YIDDISH ART MID LIFE COUNSELING

THE CRIMEAN WAR

DETENTION IN TURKEY A HISTORY OF THE

American Women Poets in the Twentieth Century

What Gov't must do

Motum Bushmen

Worth every minute.

WHY

FALL IN LOVE

GEORGE BUSH

By ALEX D. TOKEVILLE

Image | A. Franza

With the cool, calm, practiced grace of a surgeon he slowly reached towards her with the glowing end of his cigarette. Her back was towards him; she drew in a quick, sharp breath; the cigarette buried itself into the flesh of her shoulder. The wind-up clock hanging over the bed ticked twice.

Her hand passed over his face with a loud SMACK. She drew her hand back, blood and flakes of skin were lodged under her fingernails.

“City of tiny lites/Maybe you should know/That it’s over there/In the tiny dirt somewhere/You can see it any time/When you get the squints—” the speaker blared. Gene giggled and switched the car radio off. Ahead, a line of cars, gleaming dully in the afternoon sun, stretched off into the horizon. An old guy in the next car over picked his nose absent-mindedly. Gene reached into the

Don’t Think Twice

by Frank Frink

glove compartment, fumbling for the tweezers. Success! He rolled his window down, yelling to the nose-picker, “Here, need these?” and gesturing with the tweezers. The old guy stuck up the middle finger of his left hand.

“Stupid fart,” Gene muttered. He switched on the radio (the power button was sticking: the after-effect of too much use), dialed a new station; heard a Trump commercial and violently switched the radio off again.

“I hate them all,” Gene said, slamming the steering wheel with the open palms of both hands. “Stupid hypocrites, I can’t stand ’em; they’re so uptight...” he dwindled off. Switching on the radio again, Gene heard someone sing “Everytime you try to read a book, you can’t even get to page seventeen/ Because you forgot where you were/So you couldn’t even read/ Don’t you know they’re gonna kill/Kill your sons—” and Gene slammed the radio off. Again.

The open window of the car allowed the fresh fumes of all the automobiles to reach Gene’s nostrils untainted. Wrinkling his nose, he rolled the window up. He looked around—left, front, right, behind (through the rear-view mirror)—never moving his head very much, only his eyes. He turned the mirror to get a look at his own face. He squinted into the glass, removed a piece of lunch that was stuck in his teeth. He loosened his tie: the car was getting warmer. He rolled the window down again, switched on the radio. Traffic moved perhaps a car-length. One hand on the radio knob, one hand on the steering wheel, Gene nosed the car forward. Mostly static.

Gene motioned to the lady in the car now next to him; she rolled her window down on the passenger side (ah...electric windows).

“Ain’t it a bitch?” Gene called, “my car finally gains some ground and now all I get is static on the radio.”

“I have quartz-lock tuning,” the woman replied flatly. Her window rolled back into place.

“You know, it’s people like you that are the real—” Gene groped for words as he stared at the closed window, “—you know? The reason why it’s all so...” he trailed off, punching the power button on the radio, cutting out the static. The car moved forward again—following traffic—and Gene saw the flashing red and white lights of ambulances and police cars. “Rubberneckers! Don’t you have anything better to do than look at a wrecked car?” he hollered at the windshield.

The car moved forward at a steadier pace, but as Gene passed the three wrecked automobiles he slowed down to see better. “My God,” he whispered. He crossed himself, saying in a clear voice, “There but for the grace of the Supreme Being...” He looked up at the ceiling of the car, grinned sheepishly, and eased past the scene of the accident.

“You know what I like about you?” she said, almost to herself, “it’s almost as if you’re always alone. But when you are with somebody you give them all your attention, but...” she stopped.

“But what? Come on, finish a thought,” he said, looking at her.

“But you don’t need to be there,” she finished. “That’s what scares me about you; you don’t need to be somewhere, so when you are, I know it’s your choice. You don’t feel trapped, like I do. You’ve always got your head right where it is, not wishing that you were doing something else, but...” she trailed off, almost breathless.

“You’re babbling again,” he said, “how can you possibly even begin to think that you know what goes on in my head? I can’t understand a word you’re saying. If you wanna talk to me, talk to me. But don’t analyze me, don’t be a creepy-crawly probing insect. I don’t have the patience anymore.” He shivered slightly.

Jessica opened her wallet, counted the bills inside. She went through the change in her coin purse. Transferring the change from her jacket pocket to her purse, Jessica smiled tightly in satisfaction. Through the dining room’s picture window, the evening sky was composing itself into a dusky grey/blue high-lighted by streaks of crimson and indigo. A little less crimson, a little more indigo, and Gene would be home.

Jessica pulled her jacket off, stowed it in the hall closet. She crossed the dining room to the kitchen, seeing her reflection in the polished oak floors. The kitchen was dark. Jessica opened the refrigerator; she blinked and squinted in the light of the 30 watt bulb. She slowly took out a bottle of chilled wine—what year? what color? how cold? how old? does it matter?—and closed the refrigerator door.

The corkscrew was—as always—somewhere on the dining room table. Jessica sat down, placed the bottle between her knees, and after fumbling about for several moments, managed to uncork the bottle. She had put out clean wine glasses before leaving for the office that morning, and it was a good thing. Gene always bitched and moaned after the day was over; he bitched even more if he was not stroked and petted upon coming home. Getting the evening set up in the morning just it made it easier for Stray Cat Gene to get his fur unruffled at night. Took less time too.

Jessica sighed and reached for one of the glasses. She filled it and took a long

swallow. She looked at her watch. She looked at the sky. Two glasses of wine until Gene comes home.

She had never heard him apologize. But then she had never apologized to him either. “What do you mean I hurt you?” he asked her once, while she was crying.

“You just don’t care how I feel sometimes,” she said.

“Of course I care how you feel. But when you feel miserable for no reason, or because of something you won’t tell me, why do you want me to feel miserable too? Or anybody else? Don’t take it out on me. What happened, happened. Putting me down isn’t going to change that. And who am I to tell you what to do, or to think? I’m just a guy, you know? I can’t say it any other way. I do what I do, I try not to worry; do what seems right at the time. And if I stop coming around, it’ll only be because it won’t be doing me any good to be with—”

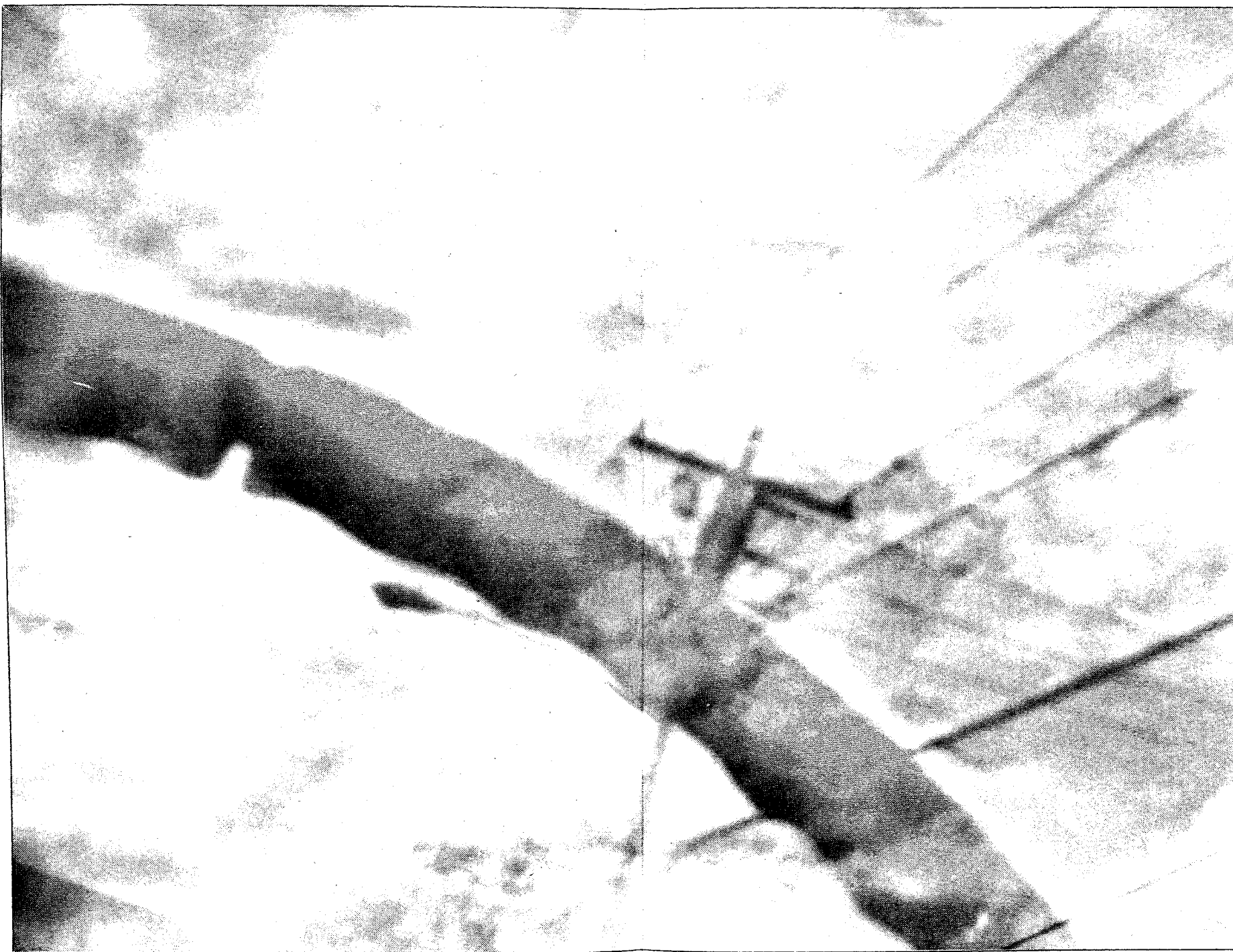
“—But,” she broke in, “promise me one thing—”

“Uh-uh,” he shook his head. “I’m not promising anything. ‘Do unto me’ and all that, that’s all it takes. But if you want to drag yourself down, or something crazy, why would I want to be dragged down with you? What kind of lady are you that you would want me to go down too? What kind of twisted relationship would that be?”

She shook her head, her hair falling into her eyes. There had been no screaming, no sign that it could have happened this way. But the band of pain was slowly spreading across her face, her eyes.

“You bastard!” she screamed, “in that silly monotone of yours you tell me you hate me that much? Why? After all this time...” her now near whisper ended with a deep sigh.

“Hate you? What are you trying to say? Why can’t you ever say it? The big IT that you’re so afraid of, the thing I can’t see. I can smell the fear on you. I think if you hadn’t read so much Freud you might be in one piece right now. Why anybody wants to cut up their own brain, without ether or anything, is beyond me. It’s pretty sick. And you do it because some other bozo did it too and said it works, but he still can’t look you straight in the eye. Look, I’m leaving. I’ll



| Image | Irin Strauss

come by soon and see how’re you doing.” He put his jacket on and left the room.

She sat facing the door until the sky outside began to redden; the harsh, yellow, summer sun shone just a bit less brightly.

“Ba-beeeeeee,” Gene called from the foyer, “I’m home. Pour me a glass of wine, please? Thanks.”

“Right on time,” Jessica said to Gene as he came into the dining room. His glass was already filled. It had taken her seven ticks of the clock in the bedroom, four heartbeats, two breaths, to fill the glass. She knew because she always counted.

Look at that sky. “Beautiful sky tonight, Jessica,” said Gene.

“Sure is,” said Jessica, “look at the blue, over there,” she pointed, “it’s almost violet.” *That’s too deep.*

“What are you? Some kind of artist, or something?” Gene asked, “it’s just pretty, you know? Christ, you don’t know what it’s like to sit on the expressway for an hour, surrounded by stupid ignorant fools who do nothing but listen to the radio and stare at burnt bodies on the side of the road. I tell you, this world is sick.” He drained his glass and gestured for Jessica to fill it again. “I tell you, there are so many dumb people, it makes me ashamed to be human. And I can’t even go out and do anything about it. It’s like—”

“—Like what, Gene?” Jessica asked. *Oh! He’s been interrupted, now he’ll lay the blame on me because he can’t finish a thought.*

“Like...Christ! I had a good chain of thought going there, and you threw me off,” Gene grumbled, draining his glass. They both looked at each others’ eyes. Nine ticks, six heartbeats, one breath.

Jessica spoke first. “Laura called. She said that the party last night was a lot of fun. She said that she wished we’d been there.”

“Hrmph,” Gene snorted, “all those ditzzy friends of hers, sitting around talking about nothing, dancing to silly music.”

“How would you even know if those people aren’t up to your qualifications? You never even talked to them,” Jessica said. *Now he’ll apologize, rationalize.*

“Yeah, well, I *know* that they’re not worth talking to. Besides, I was tired, I probably would have gone, but you know how I am when I get home from work. After dealing with those obnoxious people on the expressway. I’m sorry.” Gene frowned; he stared at his fingertips. “But you know what, Carl told me that he thinks that his brother is right when his brother says that a conservative vice-president coupled with—”

“—What are you talking about?” Jessica demanded. “What is wrong with you?” *Living this is slow and painful. We’re spinning too fast.*

“Nothing!” Gene insisted, “I’m just trying to talk, you know, bounce some ideas around. Try and figure out what’ll happen.”

“But Gene, you always tell me what someone *else* said. Or you quote a book. Or you imitate a character in a movie. I don’t know what it’s like to talk to you anymore.” *Is this as sappy as it sounds? Gene’ll lay the guilt on me now for sure, he’ll say I’m corny or something...*

“What are you babbling about?” Gene asked. “I work hard all day to make money to put into this house, I deal with a stupid job that I hate, doing things that me feel silly and small, taking orders from a guy I can’t stand, sitting in traffic with sub-morons. Then, *then*, I come home, to my wife, to you, and you play with my head, or do what ever it is that you do after moping around all day. You promised me that you’d always love me. You promised. If you stop loving me, won’t you feel horrible? Won’t you hate yourself for having broken a promise? You won’t have any self-respect. And I’m unhappy now. You don’t love me. Admit it.”

“Of course I love you, Gene. I’ll always love you. I love you because without me you’d die; I’m your reason for living. I know this is true, and I’ve never been so flattered. And I’m sorry if you thought I made fun of you. Don’t take me so seriously.” Jessica closed her eyes. One heartbeat. She opened her eyes and filled her wine glass. Three heartbeats. Between her thumb and index finger, she twirled the stem of the glass around and around and around.

Fifty-two revolutions. Forty-eight heartbeats. Sixty-two ticks of the clock. Twenty-seven breaths. She counted.

“You don’t look any different,” she told him much, much, much later. She had actually lost count of the heartbeats, breaths, and ticks of the clock after so much time.

“Impossible,” he said, “I’m a bit greyer, a bit more gnarled.”

“Yeah, but your eyes are the same. You are the same. Just...”

“Just what?” he asked, smiling. He had not remembered until now her way of talking and thinking.

“...Well, you’re just more the way you were. Oh god, did I really say that? I feel like I’m in an outtake of a Barbara Streisand movie. You know?” She blushed.

“You’ve picked up some of Gene’s habits,” he said quietly.

“Oh no, please don’t be mean to me again.”

“I’m not being mean,” he said quickly, “I’m just trying to be honest, you know? Look, I think I better go.” The clock in the bedroom ticked twelve times, and he was gone. She sat down on the bed heavily, feeling the weight of the room, of the clock, of the polished oak floors pressing down on her temples. She closed her eyes, trying to remember what a sunset looked like, what it felt like to be held, what it felt like to make love, what it felt like to swim in the ocean, what it felt like to talk to someone without trembling in fear of saying the wrong word. The clock ticked and ticked and ticked.

Without getting out of bed Trish opened the window, grabbed the War and Peace and stuck it under the window to hold it open. She went right on reading her Cosmos. You know her. Everyone knows her. No need to describe her.

Trish had blonde hair, big puppy eyes that masked the bitch behind them. She knew it, I knew it. I did not know what I was doing there.

"Why'd you break up with Jude?" I asked.

She turned the page. Without looking up, "He was just one little rich boy I didn't need in my life."

"That's harsh."

"But true." She played with the blonde curls in front of her face, twirling one with a finger until it was time to turn a page. Twirl, twirl, twirl, page turn.

Balzac

by J. Lee

I sat waiting, crossing and uncrossing my legs, watching Sushi, her blue tropical fish, swimming in its bowl. She told me once that Sushi likes to listen to Hendrix and is the perfect pet because it's not too dumb or too smart. Then again so are most of her friends. She said that. That's what I thought about as I rubbed my nose, my chin, and pulled my ear. And I waited.

"I was reading today," I said. She kept on reading, her face half hidden in the magazine.

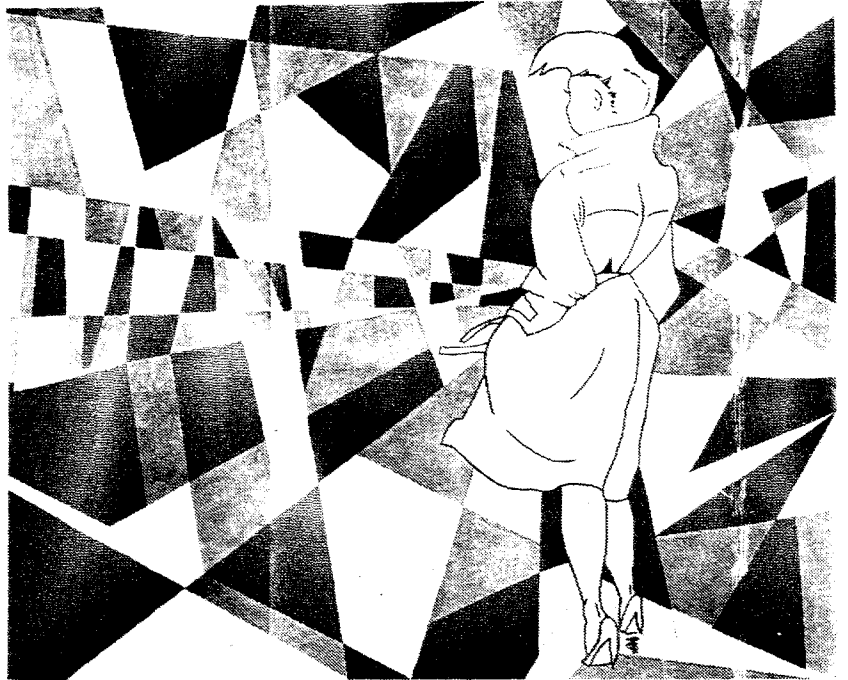
"—Honoré de Balzac was this French writer—"

"I know," she said.

"He used to hang out in this cafe or tavern in Paris with all the other writers and painters. (Page turn) All these artist-types believed that the semen was the source of their creativity, and that it was a shame to waste it on women."

Page turn. "So?"

"So they tried to limit their sexual activities... Well one day, after being with a



| Image | Astrid Van Den Branden

woman, Balzac showed up at the cafe and made this announcement: *Gentlemen, today I lost a novel.*

Trish played with her hair. "What are we going to do?" she asked.

"A movie?"

"No."

"Hungry?"

"Always."

"Want to get out?"

"No."

"What do you want to do then?"

No answer. Page turn. She shifted her weight in bed and rubbed her bare feet together. I got up, walked to her and brushed the hair out of her eyes...

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Hold on Fast Now the Green Line of Summer

by John Gabriel

It bends and turns as you stretch and curve
Away from the tangential line
Across my mouth between us
Through the calendar grid each day of which
We will see less than a hundred times

The Movie Theatre

by Sharon Drum

I liked the soft looks from your sister
I bent over your seat and I kissed her

but what a surprise
to reflect in my eyes

No dame, but a transvestite mister

by Robert Franza

1.8

Black
black torches Set fire to
MY bowels with steering wheels
in THE literary UNDERGROUND

you plan FEET, BRAKE
sinister attitudes, occasionally
throwing gifts into the future

(ARRive eARly in order to leAVE))

(OCTober)

confounding lark feathers with
beautiful moorish hemiolas
still. a well-founded monody
may yet trump the insensate

0.7

the ornette noise is all

bEautification bb beatitude BeAut icIAns
run the nation; Daily reTRReturn to

the THE t ype Writing ffor sustenance --

basement-WISE, KovaCs-WISE,
inflamm none.
invisIBILITY-TEMA.
this is how i make SENSE; **But dont aBUSE the dArned

pRivilege You AS WRITER Have earned ffrom US
as Public**

wait: **this Wor_ds DEEP w/in MY heart Are
sculpted** is stolen, IN Tote etC etC.

Nothing to Say

by Sharon Drum

We talk for almost an hour
here on the kitchen floor

long
so long

that the conversation,
exhausted,
rests on the linoleum

allowing

a soft silvery image of memory

to rise up
(unaware)

leaving

two faces reflecting
white on white.

Loose Change

by Sharon Drum

I payed but some coins
for a piece of your loins

I payed but a bill
and then had my fill

But the pay was not money
(as all must now think)

A wonder the service when given a drink!

Consecutivity

by Chelsea

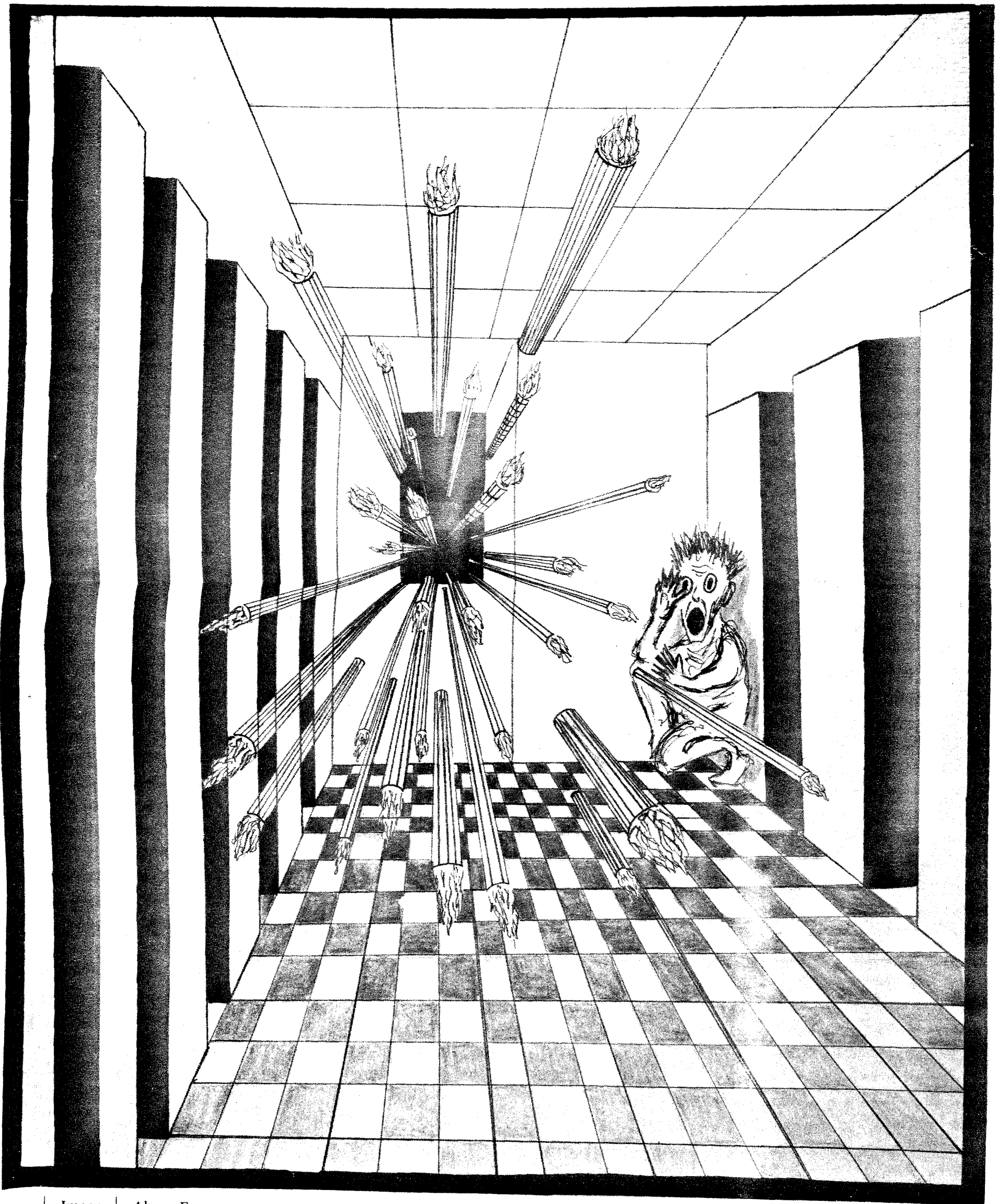
I sat in front of the ol' coffee house,
a strange man described his penis over the
phone the waiter spoke greek to the cat steal-
ing bones from the garbage can i sipped my
tea and fantasized about the man on TV who i
saw through the window of someones home
above the video store across the street where a
man was yelling after his wife she hailed a taxi
with her hand above her head and tears in her
eyes nearly ran over by a Mack truck the driver
moaning obscenities at the skater who held the
bumper as the police car's siren echoed
around the corner to stop the boy with the
gun who shot the Rabbi I never met.

Almost There

by Maddalena Chiari

Klimt knew the value of a good kiss.
She is the bull's eye aiming
Knives into the land
Until her knees bleed
She makes him gifts of circles
Where he has only trees.
If there is a wall
And there is one not between them
But around them
It holds fusion looser
Than an eggshell.
It's still light in the office on the wall
Corpse light under white lamps
Baby-blue lips
When I throw the switch
On gold
It shivers from color and then returns
As lead.
Klimt knew the value of a good kiss.
He gives her rectangles for flowers to see
If square wheels would
Turn over a balance or balance out
What angles and arcs
Resent in each other
In his brown and in her light
Before I throw the switch
To join them.
Klimt knew—or did he—why they
Shouldn't have fulfillment
On paper
How he would turn the shell
Into a cage so he could break it
And he'll break it—
They are almost there.
In summer time will
Disappear or stay
For good or hang out
Till the lights go and go with them.

We can stay to discuss the value
Of light of pattern
Of walls in fusion
In breaking
But we are half sick
Of half-sicknesses
Of the half-way things that angles and arcs
Resent in each other
Then kill in us.



| Image | Alyssa F.

Damage and Decay

Exploring the Underbelly of Dorm Life

by Aaron Zimmerman

Since the world's first university walls were erected there have been college students complaining about every facet of the world they are exposed to. It comes as no surprise, then, that Stony Brook students have been fussing about the conditions of the dormitories. After all, we complain about the quality of classes, meal plan, tuition, public safety, and all the rest the school has to offer. Is there any merit to the whining of the students, or are we simply being juvenile? To find out, I took a tour of the residence halls.

The first building I explored was Stimson, in Eleanor Roosevelt Quad, which is renowned for its state of disrepair. On initial inspection the building seems average for this campus: there are a few bugs in the ovens, the wallpaper is stained by leakage in places, and some lights are out, but there are no flagrant violations of human rights.

Under closer scrutiny, however, the building's blemishes revealed themselves. A second floor women's room had a sign from a student complaining: "for the past few days the water [leaking from the ceiling]

another side to the story, though.

One men's room had a sign on it from the RA complaining about the residents being too messy. A student admitted that the residents as a whole are slob and behave with minimal regard for their surroundings. Are the building conditions, then, the result of student neglect? My exploration of the building took place at a time when there were little or no signs of dirt or vandalism. While it's possible that the building was recently cleaned and is usually more messy, I found numerous structural problems. If a building is falling apart, it isn't likely to have been caused by, say, excessive trash in the hallway. Likewise, it is certainly a rare instance where student vandalism results in faulty plumbing.

Maybe the problems' persistence is caused by poor maintenance. There was, for example, a case in which the basement had leaky pipes. This was first handled by turning off the showers, and then by replacing the water-stained carpet. Why was the plumbing itself not repaired immediately? Before I reached the RHD's office to ask, I encountered some students who were more than willing to discuss their building.

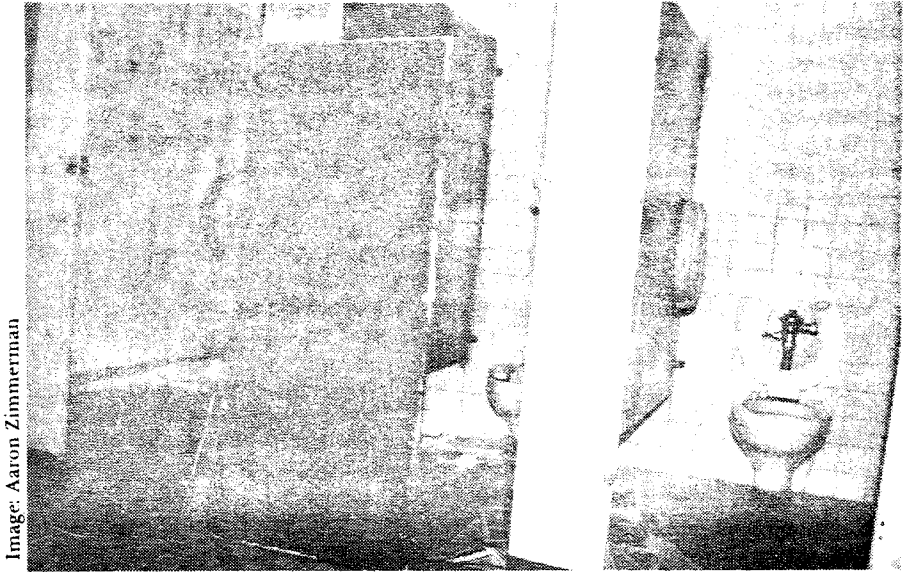


Image: Aaron Zimmerman

Dormitory Exhibit (A)

well-kept, have the same ventilation problem found in Stimson. This seems to be an architectural fault resulting from the lack of windows—maybe it can't be helped. On the whole, the building seems to be in considerably better condition.

Examination revealed some litter, a smiley-face drawn onto one of the fire gongs, and other minor signs of student neglect, but nothing very severe. Wagner's first-floor lounge has new cushions for all the couches, wall-to-wall carpeting, and no leaks.

Returning to Stimson I was welcomed by crumbling walls and a lounge whose chairs were covered with animal hair and rat excrement. Kuadwo was in this time, but immediately after I introduced myself and told him I was from the Press, he said, "I can't comment." He said his reason for this was that he is "caught between both sides." Regarding what the cooking fee money gets spent on, he said, "I have no idea." On a later date he threatened to sue if we published anything beyond "no comment."

On my way out I noticed their "8-Ball Cafe", which was nicely kept and sports one of the better pool tables I've seen on campus. The only element of Stimson's condition of questionable origin was the broken windows, which the residents claim is caused by the wind blowing them out of the

frames.

Stimson is not the only part of campus with problems, though, so I set out to explore other buildings. Kelly Quad seems consistently well-maintained, while Roth and Tabler are somewhat more ragged. Is this because Kelly is on mandatory meal plan, while the others are not? Are the conditions in Stimson the most radical example of a perverse coercion to make Stony Brook an all meal-plan campus?

Next I went to G & H Quads. Benedict seems standard for a dorm cooking building; it has the usual worn couches and dirty kitchens. One bathroom, on E0, is in wretched structural condition. The A0 bathroom has no doors for any of its toilet stalls. Some EHLs had huge heaps of garbage which were neatly bagged but far in excess of the trash can capacity.

Many students seem to think that the problem is related to the meal plan, which Stony Brook administration is imposing more and more forcefully on the students. "We want to have equal conditions as other buildings and we want to have cooking instead of meal plan," said one Stimson resident, apparently fearful that he was asking for too much. According to Jerrold Stein of Residence Life, Stimson will have to wait until a project in 1990 can fund its repairs.

continued on page 6



Image: Aaron Zimmerman

Dormitory Exhibit (B)

is starting to smell like sewage and I think this is toilet water." The ceiling there is broken, with many panels missing, both over the room itself and over the shower stalls. Pipes are exposed, and water drips into a garbage can.

On the third floor the End Hall Lounge (EHL) is boarded up. All floors have puffy areas on the walls, apparently where water seeped behind the wallpaper. These are usually near the bathrooms. There are numerous places where the wallpaper is coming off completely. Some floors have no carpets. The puffy regions in some places reach from floor to ceiling and span more than ten feet across. The men's rooms seem to have no ventilation, and harbor mildew, filth, and excessive humidity. A third floor EHL has no lights; ziti and litter adorn the floor. I found one relatively clean kitchen.

One EHL has only four out of twelve light bulbs working. There is a broken window which was removed from the frame, but not repaired. Broken glass is scattered on the floor. A resident complained that roaches infest the kitchen, especially in the evening. The list of building maladies goes on, verifying rumors I have heard. There may be

According to Stimson Leg. President Gino Campbell, "The cleaning staff leaves broken glass in the lounges because they usually don't clean lounges unless they're told to. They are understaffed and underpaid." This may be so, but why, then, do other buildings not experience the same problem? Are Stimson residents especially destructive? And even if that were so, would it justify a negligent cleaning staff?

I went downstairs to speak to Mr. Kuadwo, the RHD. While waiting outside his office I noticed the first floor lounge has terrible ceiling leaks, and the couches have no cushions. Kuadwo wasn't in, so I decided to take a walk over to Wagner, another building in the same quad, for comparison. Wagner is a mandatory meal plan building.

Many bathrooms there have no tiles, new showerheads, and new faucets. There is a consistent supply of toilet paper where it belongs. Some windows are broken, but they have been boarded and the glass has been cleaned up, unlike Stimson. One bathroom has what looks like new plumbing over the shower. One EHL has six out of its eight lights working; another has new furniture and all eight working. The bathrooms, while

NO HEAT

by Karin Falcone

Dorm Facility inadequacies are a perennial problem, but when serious equipment failures occur on weekends, resident students are left in the cold. Benedict College in H Quad was without heat from Saturday morning until Tuesday afternoon, according to Benedict resident Pam Close. The heat problem included Benedict Cafeteria, where hundreds of students dine each day.

Though it was the coldest weekend of the semester, Close found "There was no one to call. They [Residence Life] said I had to wait until Monday." Close went to the Resi-

dence Life office, but it, too, is closed to weekend complaints. Benedict's college office reported that the heat problem began on Monday—the day the office was able to contact the Physical Plant—and work began on the problem that morning. Diagnosis: a malfunctioning motor.

By late Tuesday afternoon the heat to all wings and the cafeteria was restored. Close, a Freshman, claimed this was the second time Benedict has been without heat this semester. The first time was in October and was also on a weekend of freezing temperatures.

CLUB CALENDAR

Thursday, December 15

Humble Pie
at the Lone Star Cafe

Robert Palmer
at the Apollo

Friday, December 16

Miles Davis
at Indigo Blues

Herbie Mann & Jasil Brazz
at the Village Gate
—and Dec. 17

Nana Vasconcelos
at Wash. Sq. Church

Saturday, December 17

Stanley Jordan
at the Lone Star Roadhouse

Toots & the Maytalls
at Bay Street

Tania Maria
at IMAC

Keith Richards
at the Meadowlands

Sunday, December 18

Ahmad Jamal
at Carlos Jazz Club

Monday, December 19

George Winston
at Avery Fisher Hall

Wynton Marsalis
at the BAM

Tuesday, December 20

Ahmad Jamal
at Carlos Jazz Club
—thru Christmas

Thursday, December 22

Ronnie Spector
Darlene Love
★ Sonny Bono
at the Bottom Line
—thru Christmas Day

Friday, December 23

Son Seals
at the Village Gate
—and Christmas Eve

Cro-Mags
Voivod
Hades
Wargasm
at Irving Plaza

Zebra
at Sundance

Wednesday, December 28

Kid Creole &
the Coconuts
at the Ritz

Thursday, December 29

The Cramps
at the Ritz

Saturday, New Year's Eve

★ New Year's Eve Party
Chuck Berry
Escape Club
Noel
at the Palladium

Stevie Ray Vaughn &
Double Trouble
at the Ritz

Whoopie Goldberg
at the Felt Forum

Buster Poindexter and his
Banshees of Blue
at the Limelight

★ New Year's Eve Party
Arrow
at SOB's

James 'Blood' Ulmer Funk
at the Knitting Factory

★ New Year's Eve Gala
Dr. John
and Louisiana Luminoids
at the Village Gate

★ New Year's Eve with
Albert King
at the Lone Star Cafe

★ New Year's Eve Party
Robert Gordon
—unlimited Champagne
—food, hats etc.
at the Lone Star Roadhouse

☆ Last Concert
before Demolition!
New Year's Eve
The Ramones
Stotts
at Irving Plaza

The Turtles
at the Bottom Line

Saturday, January 7

Lou Reed & John Cale
at St. Ann's

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□ **Automatic Slim's** (212) 691-2272
151 Bank St.
□ **Beacon Theatre** (212) 496-7070
74th & Broadway
□ **The Blue Note** (212) 475-8592
181 W. 3rd Street
□ **The Bottom Line** (212) 228-7880
15 W. 4th & Mercer
□ **Bradley's** (212) 473-9700
70 University Pl.
□ **Carnegie Hall** (212) 247-7800
57 St. & 7th Ave.
□ **Cat Club** (212) 505-0090
76 E. 13th St.
□ **CBGB's** (212) 982-4052
315 Bowery & Bleecker
□ **Eagle Tavern** (212) 924-0275
355 W. 14th St.
□ **Fat Tuesday's** (212) 533-7902
190 3rd Ave.
□ **Felt Forum** (212) 563-8300
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□ **IMAC** (516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave.
□ **Irving Plaza** (212) 279-1984
17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St.
□ **Knitting Factory** (212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston
□ **Lone Star Cafe** (212) 242-1664
5th Ave. & 13th St.

□ **Lone Star Roadhouse** (212) 245-2950
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11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave.
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666 Broadway
□ **Village Gate** (212) 982-9292
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□ **Westbury Music Fair** (516) 333-0533
Brush Hollow Road, Westbury
□ **West End** (212) 666-9160
2911 Broadway
□ **The World** (212) 947-5850

Sewage & Toilet Water

continued from page 5

Is the problem caused by a shortage of money? Al DeVries was not available for comment.

Somehow, the neglect doesn't seem likely to have been caused by financial deficiency, especially considering the rate at which other buildings are being repaired and the \$106 increase in rent taking effect next semester. The buildings which agree to become mandatory meal plan are maintained regularly, while those that don't are postponed, sometimes for years.

On this campus riddled with neglect and mismanagement, the only safe haven is the Meal Plan. Why should we be forced to be on Meal Plan even though Res. Life's own survey revealed that more than two-thirds of Stony Brook students would rather cook for themselves?

Most of us agree that the meal plan food is substandard, and the cash equivalencies offered at the Union Deli and Cafeteria often don't cover a reasonable portion. There is, however, a reason why Res. Life is

trying to change the campus back to meal plan, and it's not nearly as diabolical as we might suspect.

Stony Brook, like many other campuses, used to be entirely on meal plan. The dormitories, therefore, were not constructed to house kitchens. The cooking facilities are awkward and costly to maintain, and the buildings with kitchens must pay far more money for fire insurance than those which are on the Plan. It is not without good reason that Res. Life is trying to make this campus once again be entirely on Meal Plan. It is regrettable that Daka, whose contract will be in effect for the next four years no matter what, provides such inadequate service.

Unfortunately, Res. Life is dead-set on making everyone sign meal plan agreements, and, judging by their actions, they're ready to withhold building management in order to force compliance. According to ex-Polity President Marc Gunning, "It sounds unfair, but the money saved [by having students on] meal plan made it worth it."

CAMPUS BANDS
SAB Wants You to submit demo tapes by Feb. 1st to the Polity Suite's receptionist. SAB is doing a campus bands series, so break out those 4-tracks, kids.

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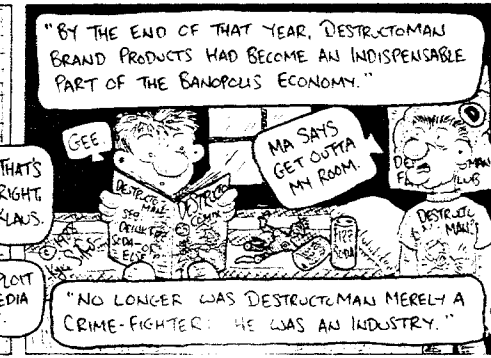
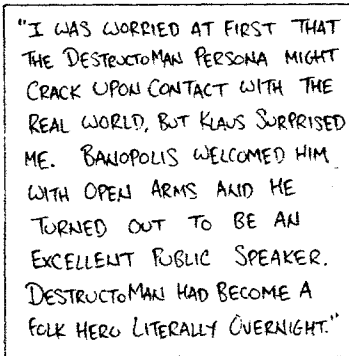
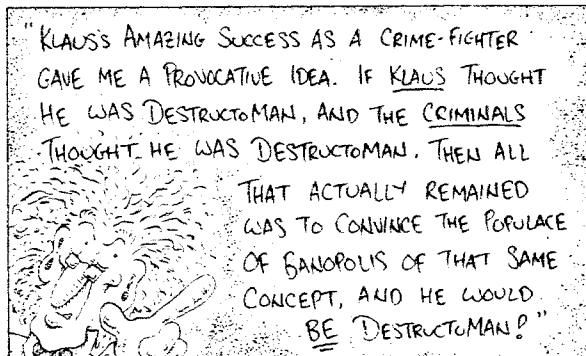
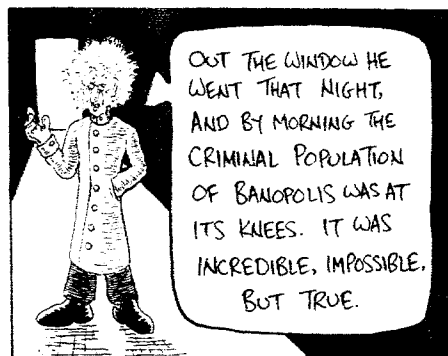
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THE SWUG AND THE VIGILANTE: A Scientific Romance

BY KYLE SILVER

"WHEN A THING BECOMES COMMERCIAL, IT BECOMES THE ENEMY OF MAN." — ARTHUR MILLER

PART SEVEN: MARKETING TACTICS



Time Space & Rhythm



Image: Ed Bridges

The Stony Brook Dance Ensemble performed in the Staller Center Dec. 8th through 10th. Within the hour-and-a-half duration 5 lively dances were performed, which got better and better as the evening progressed.

The choreography and dancers were excellent considering Stony Brook's

nonexistent Dance major or minor. The students aren't dance majors, minors, or pros—just girls who love dancing. The performance was a collaboration between the Theatre and Physical Education departments.

—Alexandra Odulak



At the
Stony
Brook
Press

§

First
staff meeting
of Spring '89:
January 30
at 7:30 in
Suite 020
Central Hall

§

Wear Old,
Smelly,
Leather Boots

Half-Assed but Painless

by Karin Falcone

I arrived late, but to the jaded concertgoer, "Doors open at 9" translates: "Show starts at 10." Much to their credit (and much to my dismay), SAB got things going very close to schedule after a semester of hard practice. Billy Bang on violin and his quartet (featuring tenor and alto sax, bass, and drums) took the Union auditorium stage at about 9:20 Saturday night.

It was an informal affair. The quartet, which had never performed together before, simply did not have a grip on much of the material. I was told that people were wandering out soon after the band began their "private rehearsal"-like performance. Bang thanked the small crowd for taking the time out from studies to come. Though the show cost only three dollars, many of those interested probably thought better and went to the reserve room to study instead. Since the ensemble had not done their homework, maybe it was a wise choice.

Most concertgoers I spoke to were impressed by the quartet's performance of Ornette Coleman's "Lonely Woman" during the first set. Still, this familiar material was not enough to establish a groove among the disparate musicians. I walked in on a performance that was just a little bit out of synch—the musicians seemed thrown and caught off-guard. Only the leader, Billy Bang, measured up to my expectations. I anticipated a tighter second set, one which matched the inspirational quality of Bang's Soul Note releases, *Rainbow Gladiator* and *Live from Carlos 1*. The sound of jazz

Billy Bang Quartet Comes Unprepared



Billy Suiman Frank Sadik Henry

Image: Ed Bridges

violin—namely, Bang's jazz violin—is a rare and wonderful sound, but after the second set I agreed with those who suggested that Bang should have taken the stage on his own Saturday night.

The second set began with his melodic, moving original piece, "Sinawe Mandelas." "Sinawe means 'we are with you' in the Zulu language," the composer explained. "This is for the Mandelas." I was pleased with the choice of material, but the piece sounded brash and amateurish, the quartet attempting to learn the material from Bang right there before the audience. As he did several times, he began the piece by plucking the strings of the violin with his fingers to enunciate the sound and rhythm, but the players could not grasp the essential subtleties.

Proceeding with longer compositions was wise. It allowed each member to solo and prove his individual talents. Though the quartet could obviously play, it became clear that they just couldn't groove together so unrehearsed, despite the leader's challenging instruction.

Bang's playing, however, was enriched with confidence. "Know Your Enemy," written by one of Bang's "friends from the Bronx," was actually rather good, with H.P. Warner switching from alto to clarinet, a rather complimentary voice beside the organic violin.

Billy Bang is a fine musician and composer, but the quartet he brought with him to Stony Brook could probably identify with those of you who are walking into your finals cold.

Back Drop

Only the Names Have Been Changed

by John Gabriel

Milan Kundera tells—in an interview with Phillip Roth—the story of how Prague, Czechoslovakia came to have Russian street names. During the week of Soviet occupation in the Spring of '67, Czechs created confusion by removing street signs; the Soviet troops reacted, renaming the streets after Russian heroes. If the process helped erode Czech culture, so much the better. Preservation of your own culture, even at the expense of another's, is a part of every government's agenda.

Brian Frieh's *Translations*, which played at the Fannie Brice Theatre last week, explores the meaning of these issues in a western culture. *Translations* tells the story of the O'Donnell schoolhouse, a Gaelic-speaking school in Baille Beag, Donegal. The school's routine is interrupted by an English cartography field expedition that is in Donegal to map it and standardize the place-names; in short, to Anglicize them. The resulting conflict is an entertaining play based on the political ramifications of an old question: What's in a name?

Fortunately, the play stays away from didactic diagramming of the Irish demographic disputes. Instead, *Translations* focuses on the question of language and how it affects culture.

Only two residents of Baille Beag speak any English—Hugh O'Donnell, the schoolmaster, and his son Manus, both played with equal skill by Jim Colavechio and Michael Cortese, respectively. The other

"Translations" Ends Fannie Brice Season



Image: Ed Bridges

residents speak Gaelic, Latin, and Ancient Greek: all dead languages now, but at the time of the play's early 20th Century setting, Gaelic was still very much alive in Ireland.

The English troops are accompanied by a translator, Hugh's other son, Owen (Andrew Stevens), who left Baille Beag to make his fortune in the English-speaking world of Dublin. Owen takes the job as an oppor-

tunity to visit his family, and the English accept him as someone who is fluent in both languages and familiar with the terrain.

Owen's translations are, to put it mildly, irresponsible. He tells the townspeople that the English are there to map-make, the result of which will be lower taxes. Owen never mentions that the place-names will be changed, or that he will be assisting in the change.

Why? He thinks it is irrelevant. Owen left what he thinks is a dead language and a dead countryside for the teeming city life of an English-speaking Dublin. The play chronicles Owen's growing awareness of how relevant and alive that culture is, and how, as one character phrases it, "Something is being eroded" by changing the Gaelic place-names.

The climax comes when, due to the disappearance of an English soldier, an English sergeant threatens to kill all the livestock within 24 hours, force evictions in a number of surrounding areas within 48 hours if information leading to the soldier is not forthcoming. As the sergeant lists the threatened towns, Owen is forced to translate these English names, assigned by him, back to Gaelic. His growing frustration and anger with both cultures is evident.

The production of *Translations*, directed by Robbie Van de Veer, is very good. It flounders a bit during the first five minutes; the actors seemed too stylized or mannered, too affected, until the forthright, giggling, entrance of Jennifer Banta as Bridget. From her entrance on, the pacing is interrupted only once with a too abrupt and stagey entrance by Jim Colavechio, but Mr. Colavechio recovers admirably from a fault that is due either to the direction of the play or a fault in the way the play was written. The cast overall is excellent, with honorable mention to Sandra Rhodes for doing her best in the role of a mute girl whose character is relatively undefined by the script and who plays no central function in the plot.