

The
**Stony
Brook**

PRESS

Vol. II, No. 15 • University Community's Feature Newspaper • Thursday, February 19, 1981

Farce Apache

page 9

Fine Arts

page 10

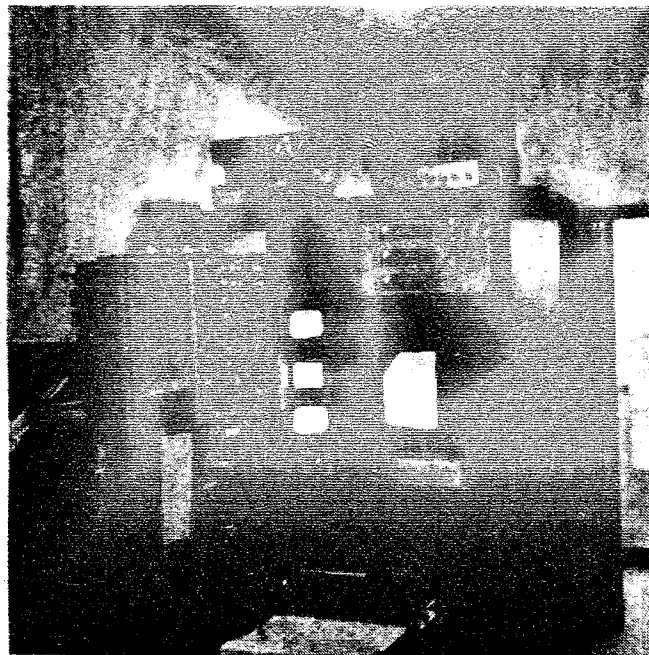
Fairhall Wins

page 6

Education II

next issue

High Cost of Research



The Department of Psychiatry's EEG machine which measures "paid volunteers" brain waves.

Questionable practices mar drug experiments

by Cameron Kane and Scott Higham

With the prospect of easy money in mind, some Stony Brook students are volunteering for drug and electric shock experimentation, even though many of the drugs they are taking have not been approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition, students earning \$6.50 per hour for these experiments from the Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences sign forms waiving their legal rights in the event that they are injured from the experiments. The program is currently under review by the Committee on Research Involving Human Subjects (CORIHS).

The Department of Psychiatry is currently testing four drugs known as Clondine, GK-78, Org 2408 and Org 6528. Although the department would not reveal the manufacturers of these drugs, Boehringer-Ingelheim Ltd., is the sole producer of Clondine and

(Continued on page 3)

Dick Gregory: Meet the Press

Human rights activist Dick Gregory is unequivocally vocal on both the causes he supports and those he opposes. And for his troubles he has been shot, arrested and wholly repudiated.

After a successful turn in the 1960s as a stand-up comedian, Gregory turned his attention to the civil rights movement, lending it his ceaseless energy and perseverance. During the height of U.S. social unrest he ran for Chicago Mayor in 1967 and became the Freedom and Peace party's presidential candidate in 1968. he lost.

At the onset of a new decade, Gregory broadened his scope of activity and took on human rights issues and applied his pacifistic philosophy to the world. Lecturing on college campuses because "that's where the power is," running marathons against the war, and fasting—sometimes for months in an attempt to publicize his views—Dick Gregory remains to this day a relentless advocate of social change.

Nearly seven months ago Gregory arrived in Iran amidst "student" protests, hostility and revolution, at a time when Americans were not permitted in the country. Through a startling education there, he became thoroughly convinced that the United States had overstepped its boundaries of influence in a foreign country's politics. Mr. Gregory returned to the U.S. with the hope that America would listen to his privileged information about the Iranian situation but, since the hostages were still hostages at the time, none of the country's major newspapers, television stations or magazines would entertain his story. During this time Gregory began a fast which was to last 4 months and resulted in a weight loss of 50 pounds.

More recently, a hectic lecture tour dropped Gregory off on Long Island two weeks ago at Adelphi University where he spoke with his customary humor and sincerity, harshness and disgust. The following are excerpts from his lecture, and a private interview Gregory granted to Assistant Editor Vivienne Heston of the Press that evening.



"Y'all got work to do," shouted Dick Gregory for the umpteenth time with an emphatic wave of his arm. An audience of well over two hundred students, professors and community members filled the auditorium at Adelphi University's student center to hear the comedian turned social activist speak. Dick Gregory mesmerized the crowd for two and a half hours, discussing everything from Kennedy assassinations to motherhood, from Gooseneck, Tennessee to Teheran. He quipped and wise-cracked, praised and condemned everything and one, sparing none.

"I want to win the Nobel Peace Prize," Gregory began by saying, "however, there are several people who think that because they have Nobel prizes, their sperm is different." He paused, "I would like to integrate that sperm bank. That's why I want a Nobel Prize."

"Adolph Hitler was a sugar addict, it probably drove him crazy," he continued. "And what is Ronald Reagan always munching on? Jellybeans!" Gregory is a vegetarian who condemns junk food with the same vigor he condemns right-wing politics. "One thing I've never understood is Hamburger Helper. Hamburger alone will kill you. Helper will blow you away!"

Gregory rationalized, "If steak has all that protein, how come cows don't eat steak?" He further elaborated, "You don't have to eat hair to grow hair, you don't have to eat fingernails to grow fingernails, you don't have to eat lips to grow lips, you don't have to eat feet to grow feet, you don't have to eat thighs to grow thighs, you don't have to eat—" he stopped dead, "well..." he conceded suggestively.

"The school lunch program is where all of that discipline problem started," Gregory banged his fist against the podium, "all those additives and sugar and junk makes those kids crazy. If I was a teacher and my kids ate one hot dog, I'd eat ten. After lunch, they're not ready for work, they want to tear the place up!"

Dick Gregory talked about the family, childcare and sexism. "I'm sick and tired of hearing men say—'well women belong at home, they're taking away our jobs and we have to protect our male image.' What is that? That's nothing but some craziness. That is an insult to every woman on this planet. Dick Nixon and Hitler had a mamma staying at home, and look how they turned out. Men, stop blaming women for everything and start dealing with the system. Turn that around!"

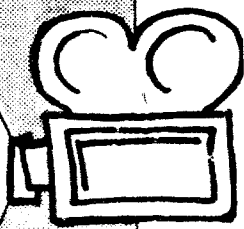
(Continued on page 5)

**C.O.C.A.
MOVIES
FRIDAY & SATURDAY**

LECTURE HALL 100
7:00, 9:30 & 12:00

**Roger Moore
in
MOONRAKER**

*Come early. No reserved seats - NO
EXCEPTIONS! First 600 only. 2 per I.D.*



Chinese Association of Stony Brook

**石溪中國同學會
Lantern Festival.**

- I. Movies:
A. 一個女工的故事*
B. 甲午風雲**

*general meeting after the first movie
**does not have English subtitles

- II. 對聯, 火燈謎 (Riddle guessing)
遊戲... (Games)

III. Refreshments served

6:30 p.m.
Thursday, Feb. 19th
Union Auditorium
& Lobby

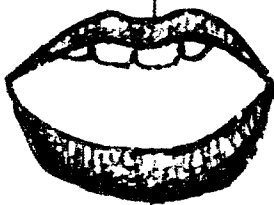
Come Hear:

Luis Castro, editor of Challenge-Desafio, the
revolutionary communist newspaper of the progressive
labor party.

"The Road to Revolution in El Salvador"

Thursday, Feb. 19th in the Fireside Lounge in the
Union, 7:30 p.m. - all welcome!

-sponsored by InCar-



The Society of Physics Students
presents a talk by

Dr. M. Simon (ESS Dept.)
on
The Interstellar Medium

Date: Friday, Feb. 20th, 1981
Time: 2:30 p.m.
Place: S-240, Grad Physics

Refreshments will be served



**STONY BROOK
SPECIAL OLYMPICS**

Come attend our first International meeting about the Suffolk
County Special Olympics and Special Education Tuesday,
March 10th, 1981, Union Rm. 236, 8 p.m. Volunteer Info and
Recruitment will be discussed for the May 3rd, 1981
Special Olympics Program. All University Members are welcome
to attend.

FREE: Life drawing

Tuesday and Thursday, 7-10 p.m. Fine
Arts 4th floor--Painting Studio. All are
welcome! Also m/f nude and draped
models needed approximately \$5 per
hour. Contact Brian Hutchinson at the
above named hours and place.

**The "BRIDGE
TO SOMEWHERE"**

Is a student run, professionally supervised
peer counseling center offering crisis
intervention and referral services for the
entire student body. We are located in the
Union Basement, Rm. 061. Come downstairs
and talk to us!

Our Hours for the Spring Are:

Monday and Wednesday:

11 a.m.-2 p.m., 4 p.m.-7 p.m., 7 p.m.-10 p.m.

Tuesday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 7 p.m.-10 p.m.

Thursday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 3 p.m.-6 p.m., 7-10 p.m.

Friday: 2 p.m.-5 p.m.

**AFRICAN
WEEK
COMING UP
Feb. 23rd-28th**

**Watch out for Details
in
Blackworld & Statesman**



Irregularities Mar Drug Research

(Continued from page 1)

GK-78 is manufactured by B. V. of Oss, Holland.

Clondine, a depressant, increases blood pressure, and causes depression, dizziness, and amnesia, according to a student involved with the program. The **Pharmacology Protocol**, the field's reference book, describes GK-78 as a synthetic endorphin which is commonly produced by the pituitary gland, the drug is being researched for its potential ability to diminish delusions and hallucinations in institutionalized patients.

Prior to both drug and shock experimentation, six quarter inch electrodes are placed under the scalp of a subject and plugged into an encephalogram (EEG) which measures alpha brain waves. After obtaining a normal or base line reading on the EEG, a volunteer is then either given a substance to swallow, sniff or inject, depending on the experiment. A source close to the investigation claimed that there have been only a few adverse reactions to the experiments during the department's history, resulting in vomiting. But the **Physician's Desk Reference** states a fatal overdose of Clondine, is indicated by vomiting, among other symptoms.

Another experiment involving the volunteers this semester utilizes millivolts of electric shock, testing for pain response in subjects. Volunteers are asked to set-up their own criteria of pain sensation and tolerance level, according to one student who has taken part in the experiment, he explained, however, "If they gave you a drug last week that reduces pain but don't give it to you the following week, the highest voltage you tolerated last week will send you through the ceiling this week."

Although the researchers maintain that the shock remains localized in the arm where it was administered, a book written by the Director of the Psychiatry Department offers a contradictory point of view. **Convulsive Therapy: Theory and Practice** (Raven Press, 1979), written by Dr. Max Fink, explains that electric shock causes, "Brain tissue degeneration and hemorrhaging . . . memory impairment and brain seizures."

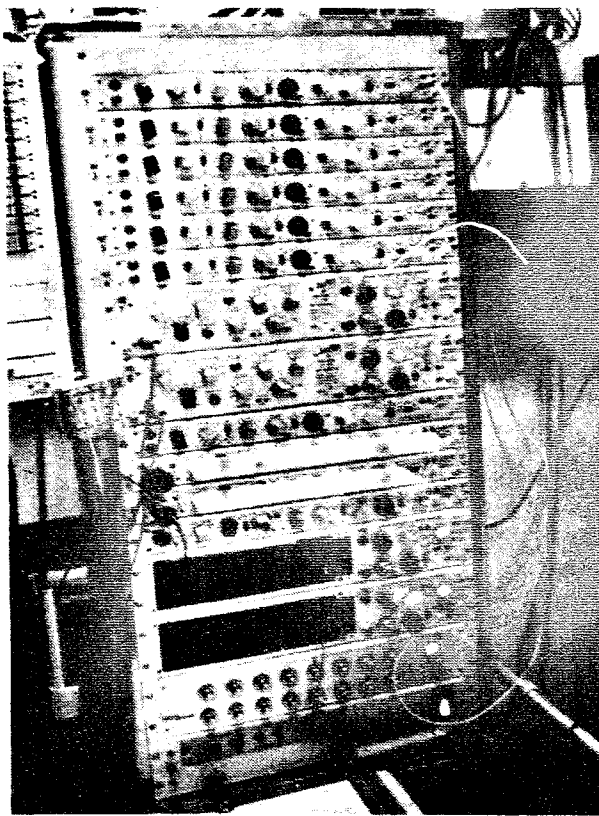
In a telephone interview, Dr. Fink was asked about the relationship between millivolt shock experimentation and convulsive therapy, but he refused comment, and terminated the call.

A source working with the research explained that the electric shock tests originated in the psychiatric ward of the University's hospital, "where psychiatrists are using electric shock therapy on patients." It still remains unclear whether the memory tests done on volunteers are used to monitor the effect of drugs or of shock waves administered to program participants.

Several students who are participating in the program alleged that their identifications were never verified and their medical histories were not consulted by anyone prior to either drug or millivolt shock experimentation. Dr. Marches from the Office of Protection from Research Risks conceded "This could be dangerous to a subject with an unknown heart disease or epileptic tendency." Dr. Richard Whalen, Scientific director of the Long Island Research Institute which funds part of the Psychiatry Department's program, commented, "Identification is something we attempt to check. But, if a person lies to us, what are going to do?" He added that, "depending on the experiment, a medical check is run." Regardless of the Psychiatry Department's screening procedures, students continue to sign-up for the program.

Once a subject's brain waves are determined to be constant enough for experimentation, the volunteer is asked to participate from anywhere between three to 12 hours one day each week. Abstinence from drugs and medication 72 hours before, and 24 hours after experimentation, is also advised by the department. One student who participated in the experiments expressed his hope that the doctors wouldn't find any traces of the drugs he used over the weekend in the blood sample taken by the lab's technicians. "That's called being uncooperative and they'll lower your wage from \$6.50 to \$4.50 an hour," he stated.

Payment to the volunteers is made in cash at the end of a series of experiments. No receipt of payment is given to a volunteer upon request according to every subject interviewed and the subject is not expected to claim his earnings on income tax forms. Nearly one month ago, Dr. Fink stated, "no comment," on this subject.



In a telephone interview earlier this week, Dr. Fink displayed his feelings on the matter of questionable payment procedures by shouting, "I give a god-damned receipt to everyone who comes in here. What do you think, I'm a jackass?"

According to Scientific Director of the Institute, Dr. Whalen, the results of Dr. Fink's clinical tests are usually applied to practical uses in institutions for the mentally ill. If the drugs tested in the Psychiatry Department, "turn out better than similar drugs on the market, then we've succeeded." Dr. Whalen added that although, "90 percent of the drugs tested are worthless, some are approved by the FDA, but not until they are thoroughly tested on students who are required to sign a medical waiver prior to experimentation." "There is a degree of risk," stated Dr. Whalen, "and what's involved here is informed consent."

However, Stony Brook's consent document does not conform entirely with the Federal Government's guidelines which regulate experiments on human subjects. Informed consent is designed to acquaint the volunteer with both the experiments and procedures to be expected. According to the Federal guidelines, the consent document is supposed to contain, "no exculpatory language through which the subject is made to waive . . . th institution and its agents from liability."

But, the waiver at Stony Brook reads, "In the event you experience injury from participation, neither the staff, department, nor the University make any assurances that they will or can make available medical treatment," except in the case of "immediate emergency care." Stated Dr. Whalen, "There is no recourse to sue."

Attorney Burt Vladamir, who specializes in negligence cases, explained that, "Being a guinea pig is what you're talking about. As long as procedures are adhered to and the correct drugs are administered, all rights are waived. But," he added, "let's say you get a bad batch of drugs. That constitutes negligence," and possible suit.

Dr. Whalen maintained that this consent form is executed in conformity with Federal guidelines regarding experimentation on human subjects and under the current regulation which took effect in January 1979, "a statement of compensation is essential for disclosure in the informed consent document." Dr. Marches from the Office of Research Risks revealed that Stony Brook is making an, "honest admittance that they don't have any insurance" to cover any injuries resulting from the administration of drugs included in the program.

One volunteer who has been involved with research for the past three years has come to know the department's staff intimately. "They'd never knowingly give a subject a harmful substance," he explained, "but there are two lab techs, graduates of Stony Brook, who have no knowledge of medicine and they give pills to the volunteers."

Responsible for reviewing research projects at Stony Brook University is the Committee on Research Involving Human Subjects. Once every year the Department of Psychiatry's program is reviewed by a team of psychologist, lawyers and medical doctors.

Dr. Robert Schneider, Associate Director for Research and Executive Secretary of CORIHS explained that he "frankly didn't know" whether lab technicians are permitted to administer medication in pill form. "I think a technician at some level of professionalism may have that privilege. I believe a physician's license, permits them to hand out medication but only under strict supervision," he said.

A student who asked not to be identified revealed, however, that at each of the 10 experimental sessions he attended at the Psychiatry Department, a laboratory technician administered drugs to him without any physician present. "No, never. There was never any doctor in the same room," he asserted.

Dr. Schneider's Committee is currently reviewing Dr. Fink and the Department of Psychiatry, he said results of the review should be in his office within two months.

Budget Cut Threatens Program

Due to New York State's recently proposed budget cuts for 1981-82, the Long Island Research Institute and the Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Science's experimentation and research may come to an abrupt halt this summer.

Nearly five years ago, several fragmented research outfits at Stony Brook University were organized under one central entity entitled the Long Island Research Institute, now located in the Health Sciences Center. According to the Institute's Scientific Director, Dr. Richard Whalen, the Psychiatry Department and the Institute's research will cease if their \$2.1 million budget is cut because, he says, "the State funds the Institute and the Institute funds the Psychiatry Department." The Psychiatry Department also receives additional funding from pharmaceutical houses who manufacture the drugs being tested, but private funding is not sufficient enough to save the program.

The Psychiatry Department's program consists of drug experimentation on "paid volunteers" who are usually students. The effects of these

drugs are carefully monitored and depending on the research's results, are applied to practical uses in institutions for the mentally ill.

In addition to the Psychiatry Department's pharmacological experimentation, the Long Island Research Institute conducts research in various areas of child development, hyperactivity in children, marital and sexual dysfunction, and genetics of schizophrenia, explained Dr. Whalen. But, since the Institute is the youngest of two other New York Institutes located in Rockland County and at Columbia University, "we're the easiest to pick off," Dr. Whalen said.

Dr. Whalen explained that he is currently working with Suffolk County Legislators and the State Ways and Means Committee of the State legislature in an attempt to discourage the state's decision. If the budget comes into effect, however, 98 jobs will be lost along with years of research. "We'll remain open till mid August," he said, "then we're out in the streets."

—Higham



CARDOZO COLLEGE PRESENTS
BEAT CRAZY 
a dance blitz
"When this sound is around,
There'll be no one in town,
who isn't BEAT CRAZY!!!"
Thursday
February 19th
10 p.m.



KELLY E'S TOTAL BUILDING PARTY

SOUTHERN ROCK • NEW WAVE
PUNK • DISCO • CLASSICAL
REGGAE
• PLUS •
CARTOONS, BEER, WINE,
HOTDOGS, PRETZELS,
MUNCHIES AND MORE
FEB. 20
(AFRIDAYNITE)
10:00 P.M. til--



Rock 'n Roll Party
starring
The Gabis Brothers
Tonight
in the
Union Ballroom
at 10 p.m.
admission: \$1 with ID
beer: 3 for \$1
sponsored by the Newman Club

WAGNER COLLEGE

Welcome Back Party

Mel the D.J.
Beer & Munchies

Stage XIID
(Basement)
9:30 p.m., FRIDAY
FEBRUARY 20th

The
GOLDEN BEAR
CAFE
BAGELS SODA
ICE CREAM PASTRIES
free **GAMES OF POOL!**
ELECTRONIC GAMES
O'NEILL COLLEGE BASEMENT
SUN—THURS, 9 p.m.-1 p.m.

GAY
STUDENT UNION
Rm. 045 B in Union (beside Scoop Records)
PHONE: 246-7943
Meetings Thursday, 8:00 p.m.
We are a peer support and information group, open to the entire Long Island Community.
All Are Welcome

Time is running out!

The last day for joining Co-ed Inner Tube Basketball is Tuesday, Feb. 24th. Get those team rosters and \$5 forfeit fee to Women's Intramurals, Gym III, between 2 and 5 p.m.!!

For info call 6-3414

Attention All Women's Intramural Teams!!

Any team interested in competing for the Founders Cup, please come to the Gym Rm. III and submit a championship roster or call 6-3414 for more information.

Good Luck!

Dick Gregory: Meet the Press

(Continued from page 1)

Press: What made you decide to go to Iran last summer?

Gregory: The answer to all the problems is praying, so I decided to go. If we turn to prayers and God, then we don't have to sit by and let a handful of manipulators decide our fate and destiny.

Press: What religion are you?

Gregory: None. That had nothing to do with it.

Press: In Playboy Magazine they said you were Moslem.

Gregory: Playboy doesn't know what I am.

Press: I was going to say, if you were a Moslem why would you do an article for Playboy?

Gregory: Oh. It wouldn't have made any difference. You know, that issue of Playboy was read by 25 million people and if you want to get a message across you put it where the masses and people are going to get it. I do Time, Newsweek and all the gangster magazines.

Press: A lot of the abuse of power that exists in most political systems also exists in Iran. It's a very strict religious state where the uniting force appears to be an anti-American feeling, that seems to be what brought Khomeini to power and what has kept him there. The country is in a lot of disorder and as your conclusion stated in your Playboy article the future is kind of up in the air. From your own experiences during the 4½ months (in Iran) do you think that government will last and if so why?

Gregory: Well, it's very difficult to say. That government is less than three years old. What we fail to realize is that it is a revolutionary government and America, which has survived for 200 years never got a constitution until 14 years after the revolution and they (Iran) got theirs 14 months after the revolution so if you're going to test that against this you'd say, we're 200 years ahead of them.

Press: The hostage-taking. Did the United States learn more about Iran because of it and why is the American media so unwilling to tell the truth about the Shah regime?

Gregory: First you have to understand what the American Press is about. The American press is about America. America is the filthiest system that's ever been put together in the history of the planet and that's their press, not yours. And the same people that control this country, control the press. The N.Y. Times is never put together for the people. I mean today there was a major story in The New York Times that says, oh them leftwingers in El Salvador, they're getting ammunition from the Russians and the Cubans—but they've got M-16s. M-16s come from here. So then they say, oh

play. I mean, go back and look at the major papers, go to journalism schools across this country. This is the most Christian, religious country in the world and in journalism schools you don't even see the word God. You don't even see religion.

Press: Do you think the answer is religion?

Gregory: The answer is spirituality, religion is just ... if I smoke a cigarette every day at 12 noon, that's a religious act. The answer is spirituality. In America, we have churches with a Jew on the cross that won't permit a Jew in the church!

Press: How would you define spirituality?

Gregory: It's to reach inside of you and tap that universal force, that same force that controls the universe, controls us. We are born with it.

Press: Kissinger said, to quote The New York Times, "He did everything we told him to," meaning the Shah. Americans continue to support dictators like the Shah, Marcos, and others. What is the role of the left or say, people who are openly critical of this government's foreign policy?

Gregory: Well, first of all, to make our voices heard we have to change the situation, see we cannot be worried about El Salvador and Iran as long as our Indian brothers and sisters are locked on reservations. That's a game we're playing. And as long as the people in charge see us ignoring what's next door to us, then they will never take us seriously. It's like sitting down at an ecology meeting and everyone is smoking cigarettes. Okay. If I'm the one polluting the ecology and the ecology folks back me up against the wall and they are all smoking. I know you cannot think more of a clean river than you do your bloodstream. So when the day



Press/Prakash Mishra

gets serious and we in America decide to change the viciousness and craziness, then we can change things.

Press: So it starts here?

Gregory: It starts right here.

Press: Reagan said the Carter Administration and the State Department had been too liberal in African affairs and not representing U.S. National Interests. Was that sort of a warning that our foreign policy is going to take a 20 year back-step?

Gregory: Foreign policy can't take a 20-year back-step. Foreign policy never took 20 years up. For Jimmy Carter to say human rights and then when we look at what was called "Black Friday" in Iran September the 8th, 1978, where Jimmy Carter called two days later to congratulate the Shah on his massacre—you know, all we're saying is one thing here but doing something else. People around the world know that. You see, as long as we have to go around the world with a gun to ram democracy down people's throats then there's something wrong with our form of democracy. Anything good, people will steal it. You leave something outside the house and dogs won't eat it, you can be darn sure something's wrong with it—then you know it's bad. These are our god-given senses. We can automatically tell what's wrong just by following the human intelligence of our body—then we know something's wrong.

Press: Do we need a revolution in this country?

Gregory: Well, it depends on what kind of revolution. A revolution is ...

Press: I'm talking about real social change, how's that going to come about? Without a revolution. Without

... You still advocate non-violence?

Gregory: I mean if you want to have a revolution, they'll pay you. They'll give you the guns and they'll give you the dynamite because they're fixing to blow this away anyway. They don't want this. Why do you think we're putting nuclear plants up when the Russians got missiles aimed at us unless we give them something to hit because we're fixing to tear it down? Now how in the world can you have a revolution in America with gas pipes running underground, everybody's house? It's totally insane.

Press: How do we educate people? How do we make

'America is the filthiest system in the history of the planet.'

them realize their spirituality?

Gregory: When we realize ours. Then it changes. The people that lead revolutions are not spiritual. They're just as vicious, the system has run them crazy and they're reacting to the hurt and they say "hey, so and so will be at the football game so let's blow the stadium up." They kill everybody in the stadium and say, "wow we got 'em." And somewhere true revolution is not controlled by us. True revolution is nothing more than evolution that leads into revolution. Evolution is a gradualistic change that leads to revolution which is quick change. I think that what's gonna have to happen is the American people are going to have to realize how greedy we are.

Press: Does it seem to you that America has been very insulated because of the media and as our energy crisis continues, we're becoming more vulnerable, as witnessed by the hostage crisis?

Gregory: The hostage crisis was us. We had more to do with getting them caught than the Iranians did.

Press: Do you see a war, as we're becoming more interdependent on other countries?

Gregory: We're not interdependent on other countries—we never have been. If you found the biggest cache of oil in the history of the planet it wouldn't matter because if Exxon doesn't get it out of the ground for you—you can't get it out.

Press: When the resources run out ...

Gregory: There ain't no such thing as resources running out. Baby—that's the biggest game they play at. Oil is created by the roll of the sea. Pearls are created by sand and oysters. White folks ain't got nothing to do with that. As long as they can manipulate you, keep you in a dark room, they can lie to you and tell you, you got resources. They have such a foul way with your mind in this country, like in the movie, called **The formula**. The formula is just where I left last night, and that's been Texas for 20 years. For instance, and then you'll understand the dumbness of this country. We cust Hitler's oil off. He made V-2 and V-1 rockets fall on Europe from potatoes, and French fries like we eat in America. Now any time you can take a white potato and get something out of it that's so sophisticated that it can make a rocket go, don't tell me you can't make my car go. You can make my car run on air. We sit here and watch a big strong spacecraft go from here to Saturn, a billion miles away and send pictures back and it never had to refuel once. And, nobody's ever chastised or asked any questions about it. There's something wrong. The shortages that this country has are deliberate. I deliberately make you a car that will break down after you pay the third installment. I could make you a car that could last forever. Our game is to give you this and let you throw it away. So the glass industry has to keep making new glass. Why do I have to keep making new glass when I could do this over again? That's what the whole game is about. And we don't have any shortages on this planet except the ones we create. There's enough on this planet to satisfy everybody and everything. We have farmers dumping food and we pay farmers not to plant. And I just wonder—we're all Americans.

Press: Is it just capitalism?

Gregory: That's what the whole game is. The whole game is ripping off, that's all.

'Adolph Hitler was a sugar addict ... and what is Ronald Reagan always munching on jelly beans.'

yeah. They stole those M-16s, you know, the North Vietnamese overran our lines and got M-16s and the Ethiopians overran us, and every time they find our ammunition they say, way back in that war they stole them M-16s. We supply ammunition to both sides. I stayed in Iran, 4½ months, went there at 157 and came back at 97 pounds, stood in front of the United Nations, started a prayer vigil and walked all the way to Washington D.C., sat in front of the White House for 13 days. My second month in Iran I was the only American there that wasn't in jail, my last two weeks I was the only American there that wasn't in jail, my last two weeks I was the only westerner there, to this day the New York Times, Newsweek, Time Magazine and The U.S. News and World Report have never mentioned Dick Gregory was there. Well, that couldn't bother me less, but when the American people keep believing they live in a society with a free, democratic press? If I had gone over there and said fantastic, I'm glad you caught [hostages] them, you need to kill them all, then they would've said what Dick Gregory was saying. Now anytime the news can be used against you as a negative, but not as a positive—that is a game they

Watch Out for Dirty Waters

In the same way that energy shortages emerged as the consumer/environmental crisis of the 1970s, the problems of contaminated drinking water may dominate the environmental debate of the 1980s in New York State. Not that pure water is a new concern. In late 1964, the late Governor Rockefeller launched, in his own words, "the most dramatic and sweeping pollution control program yet conceived in the 50 states." Unfortunately, the governor's Pure Waters Program has only marginal success. True, after the expenditure of several billion dollars, New York State's lakes, rivers and streams looked and smelled cleaner than they did in 1964. Appearances were deceptive, however. Although water pollution from direct discharges of human sewage was greatly reduced, nothing was done to curb the dumping of chemically laden industrial wastewater. As a result, in important aspects New York's water is more dangerously polluted in 1981 than it was prior to the commencement of the Pure Waters Program.

The engineers and scientists who spent millions of dollars upgrading and constructing new sewage treatment plants designed to handle only human sewage should have known better. The hazards of chemical wastewater were well known to professionals in the 1960s. In the same year that the Pure Waters Program was launched, the World Health Organization (WHO) warned

that "Effective measures are needed to prevent the introduction of carcinogenic industrial wastes into the atmosphere and into public waters serving as sources of drinking water..." A year earlier, Dr. Wilhelm Heuper, former director of the National Cancer Institute's environmental carcinogenesis

program said, "The rapidly increasing pollution of many bodies of fresh and salt water with carcinogenic agents and the inability of the presently used filtration equipment to remove adequately such contaminants from the drinking water supply has created conditions that may result in serious cancer hazards to the general population." Sadly, New York's experts ignored these warnings and continued to build treatment plants and filtration systems totally incapable of handling toxic chemical wastes.

News of General Electric's discharge of PCBs into the Hudson River, the contamination of wells on Long Island with a variety of synthetic organic compounds particularly by the Hooker Chemical Corp., and the poisoning of Lake Ontario with Mirex, underscores the seriousness of this failure. Less immediately visible, but far more alarming, is the rise in the incidence of cancer.

Today one in every four Americans contracts cancer and two-thirds of those die from it. In all, one out of five deaths in this country will result from cancer.

The cure rate has remained constant for decades while the incidence rate continues to soar. Estimates by many health authorities, including the National Cancer Institute and the World Health Organizations, conclude that between 60 and 90 percent of all human cancers are environmental in origin and that approximately 90 percent of all human cancers are chemical in origin.

No scientist can pinpoint exactly which cancer victim died from the ingestion of chemically contaminated drinking water and who died from cancer caused by other hazardous exposure. But studies in localities drawing drinking water from toxic sources suggest that between 10 and 20 percent of all cancers may be attributable to exposure to water borne carcinogens (cancer-causing substances).

The link between cancer—particularly cancer of the gastrointestinal and urinary tract—and polluted drinking water is well accepted by scientists. As yet, it is only dimly perceived by the public. The long period between exposure to carcinogens and the onset of cancer makes it difficult for lay people to join the cause for effect. Moreover, unlike water contaminated by sewage, cancer-laden water looks and smells pure. The carcinogens are odorless and invisible. Cancer deaths continue to rise to epidemic levels, the

better understood. When it does, new demands will be made by a frightened public to cut down on unnecessary exposures to air—or water-borne carcinogens.

NYPIRG has chosen to focus its toxic control efforts on contaminated drinking water. **Troubled Waters**, our 1977 report on contamination in the Hudson River, touched off a major debate in the towns and cities along the river that drew water from it. Our report on contamination of Long Island well-water, **Toxics on Tap**, similarly created public uproar over the dumping of industrial wastes on Long Island. Moreover, our studies of asbestos in schools and public buildings have made hundreds of thousands of citizens aware of the danger of air-borne toxics.

The long fight to cure cancer is stalemated. A new and more logical front must be opened. The front is prevention. Cancer prevention, particularly through the elimination of water-borne carcinogens, will be a major NYPIRG concern in the coming months and years. Join us in this crucial fight. The results of our water studies, Walter Stiles will speak in the Union, room 222, Feb. 17 and we will hold a public hearing to our Spring Conference—Ralph Nader) Feb. 22. One of the forty speakers will be on toxics, get to attend.

—Blair Horner

Fair Gamberg Victorious

The joy of victory, the agony of defeat. Like every election ever held, this last Tuesday's had its share of heartbreaks, its share of warmth and frustration.

After waiting an agonizing five months, following a Judiciary-invalidated election, Chris Fairhall beat incumbent Larry Siegel for the seat of Polity treasurer. Interestingly, his margin of victory was 58 votes, exactly the number of votes by which he was defeated in his bid to become Polity secretary last April.

David Gamberg beat his opponent, Jeff Forman, but will enjoy his office for only a couple of months until the next general election.

In other races, Jeff Lennon, Steve

Bodner, Diane Nuels, and Sheryl Stiles were elected commuter senators. Joe Noah was elected both secretary and information chairman of the Commuter College, though he must decline one of the positions, and Caren Elfant, Cindy Diamond, Larry Schiller and Lisa Laudaio were elected to the Judiciary.

Of the eight confusingly-worded and out-of-context referenda up for a vote, four passed and four were defeated. The most controversial, on the prevention of earmarking of Polity funds for specific activities, was soundly defeated.

Comparatively, this election went off without a hitch. People won. People lost. A good time was had by all.

Quintanna: Brilliant and Tedious

(Continued from page 10)

dle of an airport, can not evoke much sympathy. Even worse is "Pauline," another attempt at humanization, only this time centering on film critic Pauline Kael. However, the attempt is little more than Dunne, a screenwriter, talking shop with himself.

My hopes for a better ending were not satisfied. "The Nightingale of jackrabbit Flats," about a practical nurse on trial

for practicing without a license, would have been more interesting had Dunne been more terse and quicker to the point.

Quintanna and Friends is well written and, at times, a very powerful book. But John Gregory Dunne has only partly completed his original objective of writing of the person and not of the event, for his essays have ceased to be essays and have started to become journalistic pieces.

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The Fourth Estate: Editorial

Mind Your Movies

Traditionally, artists have been social commentators, and often social detractors. Ronald Reagan's medieval ideology notwithstanding, the pen is indeed mightier than the sword, hence, in this free, progressive society, movie-makers who tell it like it is are praised for their bravery, and their anti-establishment films hit hard. Or do they?

Throughout history, the artist has been a social critic, through song and drama, allegory and satire, the mores and values, the status quo, have been questioned, often successfully. This tradition is brought to mind when certain films are mentioned: *China Syndrome*, *Electric Horseman*, *Network*, etc. There are many films that attack the ruling class, the powers-that-be. Though on its own an issue may be emotional, an individual will view it objectively if the personal involvement aspect is missing. But with the heightened drama of art, the sculpted miniature of climax and resolution, the individual is drawn in on an emotional, personal level and learns to relate to the subject, learns the threat and the danger. A movie like *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* did more to influence people's opinions of Germany than a slew of government reports—accurate or no. A film like *China Syndrome* will do more to raise the awareness of the average citizen to the dangers of nuclear power than a dozen newspaper articles or a thousand soap-box oratories.

But what sort of conflicts of interest arise in this genre, so completely dominated by the very mega-corporate structure the films attack? Just as an object in motion tends to stay in motion, those in power tend to try to stay in power. Examples abound of governmental and industrial abuses of rights aimed at quelling attacks on authority. Power is quite defensive. Yet, it is the self-same companies that not only produce these anti-establishment (if we may call them that) films, but advertise their releases—heavily. Almost without exception, there is no film released in this country that is not under the aegis of the major film companies. What is the explanation of this seeming paradox?

At one time, the suppression of "dangerous" films as postulated here did take place. *Citizen Kane*, one of the finest films ever made, nearly



obliterated from release, both because it was a critique of television and because it illustrated so well the corporate structure. John Huston's *On World War II* so battle fatigue and mental pain. *Be Light*, was successfully released in 1968.

Now, a film like *Network*, a critique of television and in general, is produced and hailed as a fine achievement.

The key, as with unfortunate thing in this country, is money. Business is a multi-billion dollar business who make the decisions for it are not men who make the movies; they are the conglomerates that somehow came to own controlling interests in movie companies. So their sole consideration is profit. Movies, for them, must make profits. Obviously, somewhere along the line executives decided that the profits to be accrued from "damaging" films outweighed the losses in public sentiment. Regardless of the backlash or protest, they have decided the profits are worth the risk—or worse yet, that there is no risk.

What does this mean? It points toward one dreadful conclusion: that the viewing public is complacent. Perhaps this is nothing new—evidently, it is just the corporate view of the public that has changed. Yet it is frightening to

realize that man's most powerful weapon: the word, the thought, the challenge through art, is viewed so contemptuously by the corporate mind, that is instigated and nourished, and twisted to provide profits.

Perhaps the years of media-saturation have taken their toll. A flip through the dial brings *I Love Lucy*, the news, *M*A*S*H*, a documentary, *Mighty Mouse*, and the division between real and unreal is blurred. What is news, what is propaganda? Who is more real: Hawkeye Pierce or Ed Koch? Perhaps when the screen goes on or the curtain is drawn, we automatically dissociate the contents presented from the real world.

It may not be surprising, but it is certainly disheartening, to note the departmentalism that is built into our society and pervades our daily lives. The entire educational system is geared toward turning out specialists, and opinions on anything outside of one's specialty are frowned upon. English is English and Math is Math, and never shall meet. Reality and fiction are unreconcilable, so they tell us, and so the anger at the corporate president in *Electric Blue* is left at the door. It's depressing that the corporate executive gloats over demographic studies and statistics which reveal the frustration and Frustration Quotients of the viewing public, and that next to it is a chart of profits. Profits win.

The Press will not publish
next week. We will publish
in two weeks, on March 5.

Aloha.

Letters

End Bureaucratic Bullshit

To the Editor:

As a student at Stony Brook one learns to deal with a large bureaucracy and accepts certain administrative decisions, though they seem to lack all common sense, as decisions intended to benefit the students. One must appreciate the size of this institution and the fact that it is still growing. But policies are often adopted which even the most tolerant student could never accept as being in the students' interest. They are merely the result of administrative insensitivity and ignorance, of which the end of the fall '80 semester was a perfect example.

The Thanksgiving holiday marked the beginning of the end of last semester. With exactly seven days of classes left the long weekend was a perfect opportunity to prepare for the home stretch. But somewhere along the line the brilliant decision was made to close the library that weekend. Stu-

dents cutting short their holiday weekends to use the library were greeted by the frustration of finding it locked. Some were able to finish their work by means of their own resources. But for others, the use of the library was imperative. An inherent privilege was denied them at a time when it was most needed.

Shortly afterwards, students were exposed to more administrative brilliance, this time coming from the department of Residence Life. We were informed that the dormitories would be closed hours before final exams were over. Student should be given until five o'clock the day after and not the day of finals to leave the building, thus making it easier on the students and also the employees given the jobs of evacuating and securing the buildings. The students had no choice but to ignore that decision. Seeing what happened over intercession it's debatable whether the dorms should have

been closed at all.

It might seem like these grievances should have been voiced sooner, but at the time they occurred most students were too busy with finals and term papers to say or do anything. Something must be said now to ensure that such actions are not repeated.

The University is obviously facing a financial crisis. With a substantial reduction in the school's budget imminent, the administration must find even more ways to save money. In doing so, however, the administration must not forget the needs of the students. The instances cited are all too common examples of the University cutting back at the expense of the students. The most important aspect of any University is its students, and if their needs are neglected, the purpose of a university's existence is questionable.

Kirk P. Kelly
Jr. Class President

The Stony Brook Press

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Quintanna: Brilliant and Tedious

Quintanna and Friends

John Gregory Dunne

Washington Square Press \$3.95

by Alysa Chadow

Journalist John Gregory Dunne's eclectic collection of essays called *Quintanna and Friends* vacillates between the brilliant and the tedious. He avoids the "Big Story," the front page murders or the important social event—instead studying the everyday people and places of Southern California in a style that is often more captivating than the subject.

The book opens with "Quintanna," which explores the author and his wife's (writer Joan Didion) acceptance that their only daughter is adopted.

"All parents realize, or should realize, that children are not possessions, but are only lent to us," Dunne writes. Adoptive parents realize this earlier and perhaps more poignantly than others.

Dunne and his wife encourage their daughter to seek her biological mother should she want to and make no distinctions as to what a mother is supposed to be—someone who physically bears a child or someone who takes on the task of bringing up the same child. Dunne writes honestly and poignantly on this personal matter.

"Friends" also explores parental reaction to a child. The essay is a sensitive and hard hitting piece reflecting on Noah, the brain-damaged son of Dunne's personal friend, Josh Greenfield, author of *A Child Called Noah*. It is a truly admirable portrait of Greenfield, who never brings his fears, angers, and sorrows into friendly conversation, never

allows the problems of raising a brain-damaged son to mix with the problems of male-oriented jokes, screenplays, or newly completed novels.

"Case No. 68-401-356" provides insight into the psychological effects of a break-in. To Dunne, the overturning of chairs and the emptying of drawers is more traumatic than the taking of any amount of money or valuables. The piece is a forced examination of Dunne's personal life in great detail—his thoughts, feelings and his past experiences.

Some of Dunne's most powerful writing is presented in a series of essays about the Vietnam War. He writes of induction day, shipping out, and the brief happiness of R and R, discharging the essays like bullets from a gun. The culmination is a review of Phillip Caputo's book *A Rumor of War*, a relentless and brutal piece on the evils of jungle warfare itself. "Perhaps the only redeeming feature of the war in Vietnam is that there is so little of which to grow fond," Dunne writes. The feats of the men and their wives, the anger, the bitterness augment Dunne's contempt for this political monstrosity.

Sadly, the second half of the book takes a dizzying fall after a towering triumph. Dunne appears to lose his ability to illuminate. He attempts to humanize the opening-night fears of the 20th Century Fox Company during the preview of *Dr. Doolittle* in "Sneak," which merely comes off as an attempt to justify the stupidity of the motion picture industry. After all, Fox executive Natalie Trundy, cavorting with an instamatic camera in the mid-

(Continued on page 6)

From Socialist to Libertarian

John Chodes

"My Political Odyssey"

John Chodes, the well-known author and playwright, will speak on "MY Political Odyssey, Socialist to Libertarian" at the Unitarian Fellowship Hall on Nicholls Road, On

**Wednesday Feb. 25th,
7:30 p.m.**

His talk, and a question and answer period will be followed by coffee and cake.

Admission is free.

Feeding the Flames of the Bronx

by Jesse London

When *Fort Apache*, the Bronx opened at the Loew's Stony Brook, nobody protested under the marquis or picketed the box office. Apparently the criticism and controversy which surrounded the production and screening of the film from the first days on on-location shooting last spring never reached Long Island.

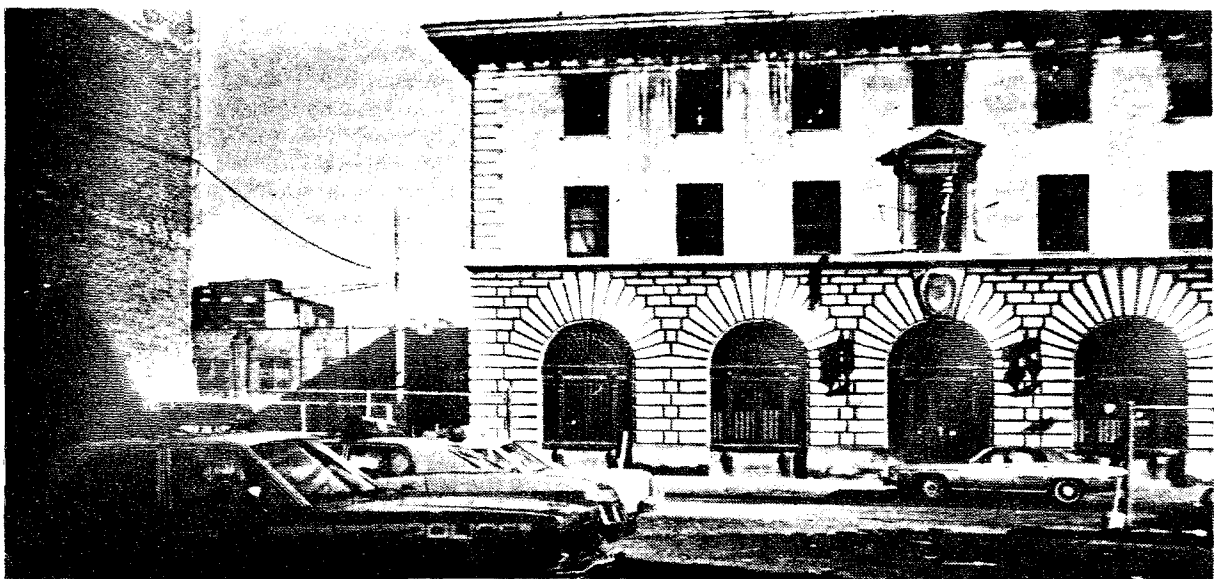
But, in the city, there are some people who are very angry. South Bronx community groups are calling for an audience boycott in response to the producer's total disregard for a neighborhood committee's demand for script changes. Local politicians have expressed concern that the film would somehow set back efforts to obtain federal money for area rehabilitation. Mayor Koch had said the movie is "not kosher."

Many film-goers, not all of whom are black or Puerto Rican are labeling the film racist and insensitive. And while we're tallying up, there probably is somewhere a Native American citizen's group which resents the title *Fort Apache* and is totally fed up with slurs against Indians which ceaselessly depict them as wild savages.

A typical motion picture these days runs about two hours. In order to ensure wide audience appeal in a film, the writers and producers will try to incorporate into it as many different cinematic variables as the movie's theme can accommodate. The idea is to try to please everybody at least part of the time. If director Daniel Petrie's *Fort Apache* has merit at all, it does deserve praise for its range. The screenplay (written by Heywood Gould) is for the most part, fast-paced and well-timed, and embodies strong elements of contrast between savagery and sensitivity, trauma and tenderness. And while many were offended by much of the plotline and characterizations, even the most severe critic or socially conscious viewer could walk away with at least 15 minutes worth of approval of *Fort Apache*.

But Petrie should not be let off the hook for 15 minutes of salvageable celluloid. Insisting that his were the best of intentions, the director adamantly refused to amend the script. Yet, in any artistic endeavor, including an attempt to present a close-up, in-depth portrayal of a problem-ridden, poverty stricken ethnic community through the eyes of its law enforcement officials, it ain't exactly the thought that counts.

Fort Apache is based on the life experiences of two patrolmen in the 41st precinct in the South Bronx. (Good intentions or no, the two original cops will



Fort Apache in the Bronx: Home of the brave.

recent film to offend the sensibilities of an entire group, William Friedkin's *Cruisin'*, turned out to be trivial garbage, and was much more easily dismissed because it had not a single redeeming sequence in the entire sloppy production.) However, before *Fort Apache* rolls, the audience is presented with a few humble paragraphs worth of disclaimer which tells us that yes, there are, in fact, "law abiding" South Bronx citizens, but the film will not portray them. O.K.? No hard feelings?

Yet, it seems that Petrie and his crew either couldn't locate any of these good neighbors, or found their rumored existence negligible enough to overlook entirely. Besides, this is big time cinema, and with 15 million dollars sunk into *Fort Apache*, the film had better come through by at least living up to its name. When viewers want to see a bunch of G-rated, good deed-doers making an honest living and taking care of their clean, law abiding communities, they can stay home and watch "The Waltons." Right?

The fact is that nobody intended *Fort Apache* to be a sociological study. The writers and producers were not attempting to illustrate Latin culture, or, for example, provide basis for extrapolation on what life is like in San Juan. These cinematographers were primarily concerned with producing an exciting, entertaining, successful box office attraction. And after all is said and done, that's exactly what they accomplished.

The film's characters—the residents, not the cops—are without exception, fully endowed with at least some amount of every personality disorder known to society. The writer does a good job of condensing, overlapping and trading off on these easily sensationalized elements. Pushers murder junkies, whores kill cops, the whole neighborhood's on smack, and of course, everybody's a thief or a rip-off artist, if not an outright pimp. There is a screaming suicidal homosexual transvestite (on the roof calling for Tom Snyder), and on another block, a knife wielding lunatic wino. It is all very mathematically sound, and not a single possible combination is left out. Even the most respectable, articulate, well-to-do Puerto Rican of the movie, Murph's girlfriend, a nurse, turns out to be a hopeless heroin addict.

Are we getting the message here? This is the Bronx, baby. The badlands. Where a cheap date consists of going up to the roof to "watch the buildings burn." It's the only part of town where a 14-year-old Puerto Rican girl, living at home, can hide her pregnancy for nine full months until the very moment of birth, when her parents, in ignorant panic, call the police who arrive like white knights and immediately take charge and deliver the baby (Murph's "14th in 18 years").

Apologies are also in order for the character of Charlotte (Pam Greer), a black, stoned-out hooker and glassy-eyed killer (cleverly named after that now famous street in the South Bronx visited by Jimmy Carter in October 1977, during which time the president attempted to score a few points from disillusioned urbanites by expressing concern and reiterating his now-empty commitment to rehabilitate the devastated inner cities).

Charlotte is a maniac with no motive. Out of touch, out of mind, she is fucking crazy. Razor blade between her teeth, hand gun in her bag, Charlotte kills for the pleasure of it. She leaves her first victims, two bullet-ridden rookie cops, dead in their patrol car without lifting so much as a credit card. The booty is swiftly claimed by local scavengers who instantly appear out

of the rubble to finish off the mischievous little deed. To the audience, it appears as if the whole community is in on the crime. We are left in virtual agreement with the quasi-logic behind the new precinct captain's order to arrest every felon in town as a suspect in the cop killings.

What becomes comical, and the thing that is so illustratively depicted throughout the entire film, is that nearly everybody in town, to one degree or another, is a felon, right on down to the old Spanish men who gamble on cockfights in the basement of a South Bronx tenement. So, the "suspects" are hauled in by the dozens, until the precinct house looks like Penn Station during the evening rush. In the South Bronx, everybody is guilty until proven innocent as far as the filmmakers are concerned. The reason *Fort Apache* fails short is because the script never extends itself far enough to allow the characters to work their way free of these well-guarded stereotypes.

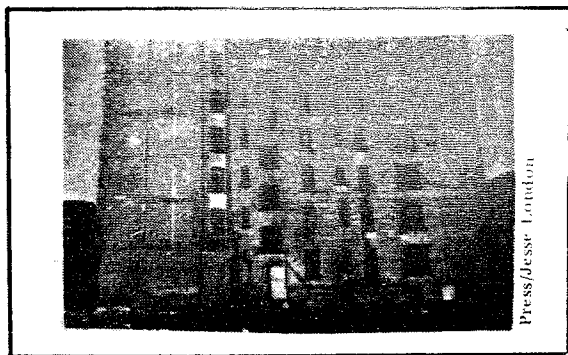
Thus, Charlotte is an ideogram. She could have been any whore, any junkie, any deranged ghetto child—the ultimate deformation of a social being. She represents the entire community; they all play a part in the murder of the two rookie cops, the couriers of "law and order" who were sent only to try and save them from themselves.

Charlotte is never apprehended for the cop-killings. Instead, she is stabbed to death by one of her own. These are the ways of the streets, we are shown. If it wasn't all so futile it would almost seem fair.

If Petrie does not think that his film will negatively influence the white, middle class, suburban idea of what it really means to be a struggling, poor, minority, urbanite, he's dead wrong. It is easy, maybe natural, to accept and internalize stereotypes that take complex and foreign subject matter and package it into an easily digested, two dimensional product. *Fort Apache* is an oversimplification. It negates the struggles of the poor. Inevitably, it "blames the victim" because it does not even attempt to examine the roots of ethnic poverty in urban America. In the end, it serves only to uphold and reinforce all the negative stereotypes (are there any positive ones?), and despite the useless disclaimer at the film's beginning, we are left thinking *Fort Apache* has told us the whole story. Instead, what we are shown is merely a tribute to what white America already knows about the slums, the ghettos, the neglected poor. Nothing new is exposed.

Still, and despite its scarring flaws, the production does have its moments. Like all films which are based on real life, *Fort Apache* is something less valid than documentary, yet something more relevant than fiction. The photography is at times, searching and eloquent. Filmed in the South Bronx, whose shattered landscape speaks for itself, much of the footage is hauntingly reminiscent of post World War II Hamburg. If we don't already have a clear mental image of what sociologists like to call "urban decay," the opening shots of *Fort Apache* are sufficient enlightenment.

If you do see this film, see it for the heartfelt portrayal by Paul Newman of Patrolman Murphy, or for the deep, but ill-fated love between Murph and Isabelle, or the rare snatches of fired-up monologue that actually attempt to address some very worthwhile questions. But feel perfectly free to be offended by *Fort Apache* if you happen to be Puerto Rican, black, poor, from the South Bronx, socially aware, open minded... or Indian.



reportedly pocket two percent of the film's profits.) Veteran officer Murphy is played to perfection by Paul Newman, who looks terrific at 56 and is consistently at his professional best, which is saying plenty. His partner, Corelli, handled slickly by gorgeous Ken Wahl, is Murphy's younger, but somehow more jaded, or less idealistic, sidekick.

Murphy's got his hands full. In between clashing with the new precinct captain (another class performance by Ed Asner) over the best way to enforce laws in slumlands, falling in love with a street-wise Isabelle and pondering the painful lose-either-way question of whether or not to testify against a fellow officer for hurling a Latin kid off a tenement roof in vengeful fury—Murphy has time to prevent a suicide, stop a bully pimp from beating up a hooker (and hang around long enough to smash the headlights of the pimpmobile—even the cars in this movie are stereotyped—in post-Serpico, post-Watergate era anger over an attempted bribe), unarm a drunken madman in front of a crowd of cheering spectators, etc., etc.

Fort Apache is a movie filled with anti-heroes, and victims all. Almost nobody comes out of it untarnished. Local opposition to the film is, on the whole, well founded. The movie makes South Bronx dwellers look unequivocally bad, which is not fair. Nor is it responsible or praiseworthy filmmaking. Period. (The other

Fine Arts Center: Up and Coming

by Laura Forman

This is the first of a series of articles about the cultural and professional entertainment offered by the Stony Brook Fine Arts Center to the students, faculty, and the surrounding community.

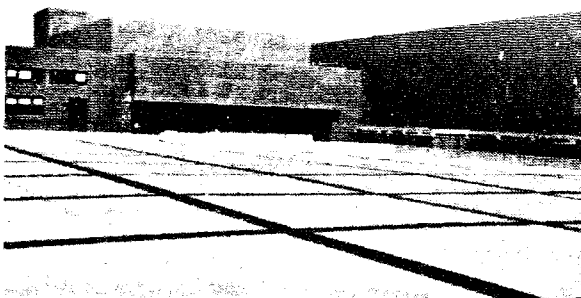
To those at Stony Brook who complain of the campus' "lack of entertainment," "the same, old boring beer blasts," and "nothing to do," there is a professional, cultural, and stimulating alternate form of entertainment. Situated on campus, in-between the Student Union and the Administration Building, is a major Fine Arts Center of New York. The Center is comparable in terms of size and types of performances to those art centers in the Ivy League Colleges—namely Dartmouth and Yale, and has the kind of entertainment which one might find in Carnegie Hall. What is fortunate is that one can see a major ballet performance, theater production, music recital or art exhibit, without spending a fortune in transportation and admission into the art centers of Manhattan. The Fine Arts Center is conveniently located and offers reasonably priced tickets (with special student, faculty, and senior citizen discounts). A special subscription package is also available to anyone interested.

According to Terrance Netter, Director of the Fine Arts Center, "Anyone who does not take advantage of the Center is not getting their money's worth." Netter has been diligently working to spread the Fine Arts Center's entertainment to the students of Stony Brook. He has been meeting with the campus newspapers and the Resident Hall Directors and Resident Assistants of the dormitories, to publicize the Center's upcoming productions. He is currently working with Polity to establish a designated 50 (or more) performance tickets for students only, with further reduction rates.

Netter, whose various job responsibilities include booking and coordinating in-house events (music, art, and theater productions), publicity, community relations, fund raising organizer, and just keeping the Center alive, overwhelmingly has his work cut out for him. Working in conjunction with John Patches, Assistant Director, and Dante Negro, Program Director, Netter receives input from students, faculty, and

colleagues in deciding what types of performances to book. The events are booked through professional agents many months in advance. "We try to establish an equal balance among music, dance, theater, and art." An extremely busy man who is constantly interrupted by swarms of phone calls, Netter states, "it's my life," as he is thoroughly dedicated in presenting and organizing fine art and cultural entertainment for the Stony Brook campus and community.

Although the flood during intercession caused much damage to the Fine Arts Center, repairs have been made, and the Center (in the words of Netter), "will be coming back with a big bang."



It is felt by Netter that "the students here at Stony Brook don't seem to take much advantage of what the Fine Arts Center has to offer. We are here to challenge them—to offer the possibility of stretching their minds' with new experiences in the Arts. We offer an alternative to the kinds of Saturday Night Fever entertainment students are accustomed to. We only hope that more students will learn to appreciate what is available to them right at the tip of their fingers."

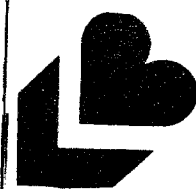
With so much cultural entertainment in theater, dance, music, and art available to the Stony Brook campus and community, there should be nobody complaining of "nothing to do." The Fine Arts Center is alive with creativity and enjoyment which should be taken advantage of by everyone. To quote Netter, "don't knock it, till you've tried it."

Upcoming events in the Fine Arts Center for the month of March include: The Oakland Ballet, which is

a large ballet company from California, celebrating its first Eastern Coast performance. The company will offer three productions, which promise to be thoroughly enjoyable: *Scheherazade* on Saturday, March 7th, at 8 p.m. in the Main Theater. *Billy the Kid*, the company's second performance on Sunday, March 8th, at 3 p.m. in the Main Theater, and the last performance *The Rite of Spring* on Sunday, March 8th at 8 p.m. in the Main Theater. Verdi's "Macbeth" will be performed on Saturday, March 14th, at 8 p.m. in the Main Theater. This will be a world premiere performance. It will be conducted by David Lawton, with Stony Brook students of Music performing in the chorus and orchestra. This event promises to be a fantastic evening of musical entertainment.

Other performances in March include violinist Salvatore Accardo on Sunday, March 1st, at 3 p.m. in the Main Theater and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, with conductor Zdenek Kosler on Sunday, March 22nd at 3 p.m. in the Main Theater. Tickets for all of these performances are priced at \$12, \$10, and \$8, with a \$2 discount to students with identification, and half-priced for senior citizens and children under 14. Group sales are also available. Anyone interested in seeing these marvelous productions is encouraged to contact the Fine Arts Center Box Office at (516) 246-5678, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday.

In addition to these performances, the Department of Music at Stony Brook presents Graduate Student Recitals almost every weeknight at 8 p.m. in the Recital Hall, free of charge. This Friday night at 8 p.m. in the Recital Hall, a special performance of the Graduate Orchestra, with two women conductors, Leslie Eckstein and Susan Haig, presently studying at Stony Brook, along with conductor David Lawton will perform John Strauss' *Overture to Die Fledermaus*, Richard Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, Vilvaldi's *Concerto for Two Violincelli and Orchestra* and Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. Tickets are priced at \$2 and \$1. And one last item of interest is the Alice Neel Exhibit on display now until March 20th in the Fine Arts Gallery, which is open Monday through Friday, 12 noon to 4 p.m.



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'We Won't Pay': Ha Ha

We Won't Pay, We Won't Pay, now in a successful run at the Chelsea Theater Center, is, you guessed it, very funny, very funny. This Dario Fo comedy has been translated from Italian and directed by R.G. Davis with terrific results; the audience howled most of the night and, despite Fo's heavy-handed proselytizing, seemed to appreciate his message.

The play's plot concerns two couples—best friends living in the same building—and their adventures one day. It's very much an Italian I Love Lucy, though here Ricky and Lucy argue not only over what's for dinner, but the social forces behind her choices in shopping. As Davis drily points out in his Director's Note, "Unlike situation comedy, which is limited to single issues with a sure avoidance of social causes, Fo investigates a broad spectrum of fundamental problems from a

working class point of view." Luckily, this potentially deathly material is couched in pure hilarity.

The design of the single-set by Wolfgang Roth has been nicely adapted to the small playing space the Chelsea Theater Center affords. And the close quarters of the theater make for an intimate evening. The fine acting and excellent, tight direction make the play move quickly, and the excruciatingly funny scenes are milked dry for all their humor.

The cast (Harris Laskawy, Karen Shallo, Robert DeFrank, Alexandra Gersten, and W.T. Martin), perform admirably. Laskawy and Shallo stand out with their broad playing, but Martin's weird, quirky performance, in about five different roles, is painfully funny. It isn't easy to entertain and educate too, but it is done here quite well.

Ramones Rattle Rafter

By Bill Tullo

And now for this week's trivia question: Name the longest song in rock history. If you said "Dazed and Confused" by Led Zeppelin, you were wrong. It is the hour long travesty displayed by the Ramones on Valentine's Day in the Stony Brook gymnasium.

The night could have been summed up by the word "annoying." It all began with a group called the Proof, who tried to the best of their capabilities to put on a show. What they succeeded in doing was getting the audience dazed enough to listen to the Ramones. It should be mentioned, however, that their lead guitarist did show some talent in his attempt to capture the audience. One couldn't really expect too much from them, as it can't be easy to find a band to open for the Ramones.

Two aspirins and an 1 1/2 later, the Ramones started their show. Even though it was of such short duration, they managed to go off stage and return for three encores. Their short, typical songs lasted about two minutes each, basically consisting of about three chords. With songs such as "Lobotomy" and "I Wanna Be Sedated," the audience should have known what to expect.

The group is composed of

Johnny on guitar, Dee Dee on bass, Joey on lead vocalist and Marky replacing Tommy on drums. Marky is the only one who has any real musical experience. He started playing drums in 1964 when he was 12 years old, and has played with such groups as Dust, Wayne County and the Backstreet Boys, and Richard Hell and the Voidoids. Nonetheless, his having experience made no difference. Every song was in common time and no fills were used, as this might have interfered with the pace of the two minute tunes.

The other three "musicians" expressed their lack of talent in a number of ways. Dee Dee, who never played a bass before he entered the group and still only memorizes simplistic patterns, literally did not know how to play any notes. All night long he jumped around the stage matching Johnny's guitar chords exactly.

Johnny must have learned to play from an old guitar chord-book which is still evident in his play. Throughout the performance, he relied on fast strumming of a few major chords with the absence of any lead or melody lines.

There is nothing much to say about Joey, the lead vocalist. Actually there is much, but nothing good. He stood still all

night, dribbling out his miserable lyrics. His sound man had to come out three times to change the microphone because of his spitting and drooling.

Falling short of all aspects of credibility, the Ramones relied on volume to make up for the lack of special effects. I couldn't even guess how many watts their system consumed, but, believe it or not, it was enough to make my tube socks fall down to my ankles. The noise even caused the cuffs of my pants to shake, while the pressure of the bass could be felt in my chest. You could have seen better light shows in Joe's Bar in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. The lack of special effects was veinly compensated for by raw distortion, with deafening results.

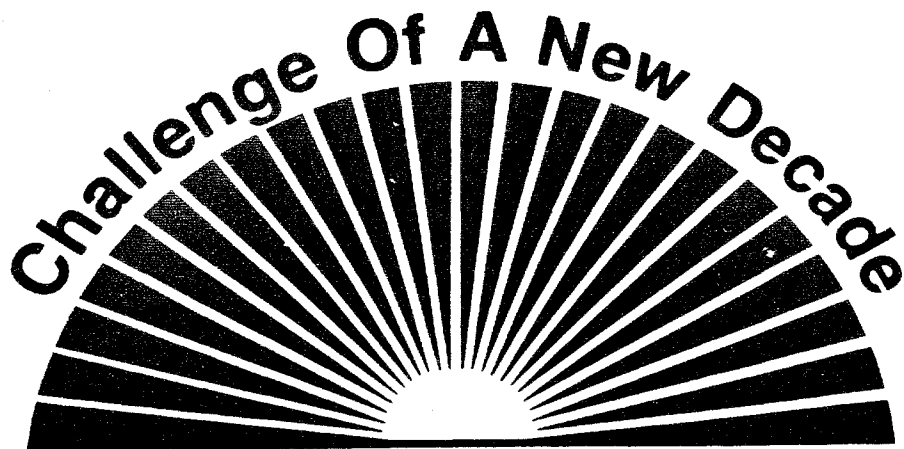
I must concede that a lot of the people at the concert seemed to like the show. I spent considerable time trying to fathom why, and I've yet to come up with a satisfactory conclusion. More talent was shown in the fight that broke out as the concert ended.

But then, what can be expected from a band whose bass player perspires so much that he shorts out three guitars during a performance? Perhaps a better name for this debacle should have been "The Saint Valentine's Day Massacre II."



Press/Vincenzo H. McNeer XX1

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Tom Scott's N.Y. Express

By Jeff Zoldan

Tom Scott is one of California's most formidable musical talents. His L.A. Express combined the best of the West Coast's studio talents, and what better way to showcase his remarkable abilities as a saxophonist. So, if one's worked with the best of the West Coast's musicians, the logical next step is to work with the finest East Coast studio players. That's exactly what Scott did, and the result was an album named **New York Connection**, among others that were later to follow. When Scott came to the Bottom Line for four nights in the middle of January, it was no surprise that he would ask some of his friends—Steve Gadd on drums, Eric Gale on lead guitar, Hugh McCracken on guitar, Richard Tee on keyboards, Marcus Miller on bass, and Ralph MacDonald on percussion to join him on stage and help him record his new live album, **Apple Juice**. And as Scott himself quipped at the evening's start, you couldn't look at all the assembled talent on stage without saying, "Incredible!"

When listening to Scott blow his vibrant sax, you can't help but think that you're sitting in one of the old Bourbon Street jazz haunts of the 50s. His staccato, funky rhythms bounce out, enthralling the listener, as the four-beat measures kick up an agitated storm. But his Charlie Parker influenced timbre is only one of a myriad of sounds that emanate from the deep recesses of his wind instruments. On "Intimate Strangers," Scott's mellifluously floating scales sweetly offset the previous funky songs that charged the crowd only moments before.

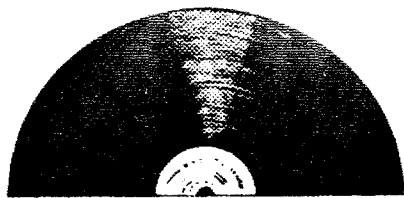
Since the show was more a showcase of finely tuned jazz performers and less of a single headlining act, there was ample occasion to listen to the genius of the band. "In My Dreams," a lovely instrumental ballad, blends Scott's lyricism, the lush electric piano of Tee and the soft strumming of Gale on acoustic guitar to create a richly felt ambience which ended with a piercing Gale solo.

Gale was in top form, making his deepest impression on "Dirty Old Man," a rearranged version of the song that appeared on **New York Connection**. MacDonald used an inventive percussion method to set the funk-like dance beat, while Scott took total charge on a strong set of sax trills, giving way only to some of Gale's best solos of the evening.

Introducing Dr. John as a guest performer, Scott, with his laid back geniality, inspired the audience to sing along in a rousing chorus on a tune named "So White and So funky." With choruses of "so funkee" echoed every few bars, the excitement had reached its peak.

To give every one his due, Scott introduced the set's finale, "Instant Relief," on which the deftness of the rhythm section was featured. The simmering and frantic drumming of Gadd inspired awe, as the young Miller demonstrated some excellent and adept finger-popping bass playing.

To have seen Scott perform by himself would have made for a superb evening of entertainment. To have seen and heard him backed by some of the greatest musicians of the Eastern seaboard was one hell of a treat.



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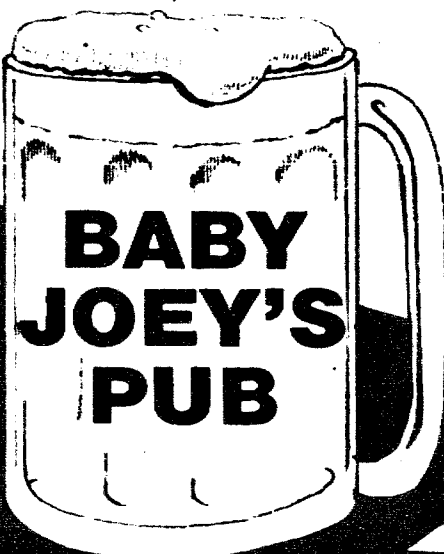
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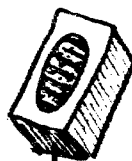
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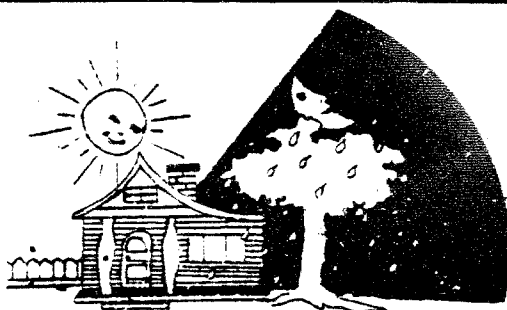
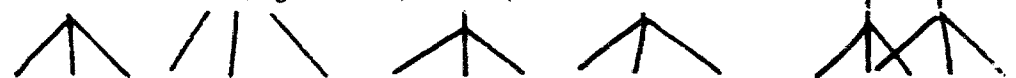


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