

*The  
Stony  
Brook*

# PRESS

Vol. I V No. 9 • University Community's Weekly Paper • Thursday, Nov. 11, 1982

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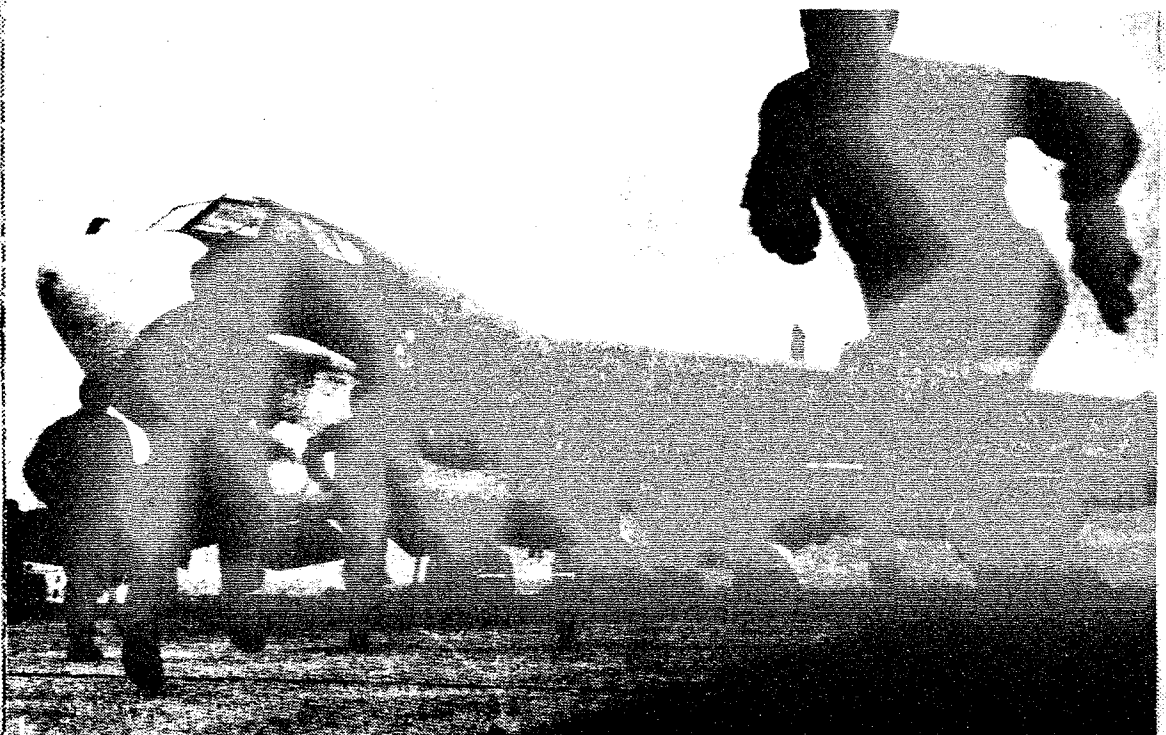
# Close the Lid

## *Judiciary Impounds Ballot Boxes*



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# Space Age Nukes



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## Fix it

This was a banner week for Polity. First, the Senate made a motion to change SAB (Student Activities Board) to SPAB (Student Polity Activities Board) without consulting SAB or PSAB, or whatever they're presently being called. This was done as we were told to give Polity some sort of credibility. Credibility it lost due to the negative media coverage over the Judiciary — Council wars. This attempt to save face was effectively overshadowed by the latest Polity fiasco: last Tuesday's elections. This great moment in Stony Brook democracy has ended in the ballot boxes being impounded by the Judiciary and hidden from all, in a safe place, of course.

Well, there is no longer a need to change SAB's name to save Polity's credibility, because after this election and its aftermath which can only be compared to the aborted raid in Iran, Polity has no credibility to save. Polity politicians who are already experiencing problems governing, are now having elections. Politicians not able to have elections is much like the Defense Department not needing any more bombs.

To say that we are embarrassed and humiliated over this current civil war now transpiring in our government is a gross understatement. We are disgusted. How long will we, the student body, sit idly by while its government busies itself with petty bickering and in fighting? Much needed student concerns are sitting in the wings while the circus act continues on main stage. Without a unified student government to insure that the quality of life on this campus is

the best it can be, each student is reduced to one against the whole of Stony Brook. No student leadership means no student movement, which means no student betterment. In its current state, Polity is not functioning as a government that represents its people. The longer it stays in this condition, the less faith the campus community will have in it. A loss of faith is the one thing any government, large or small, cannot withstand.

Not only are we the students fast losing faith in the government, but so is the University Administration. They must deal with the student body on a daily basis. It's their job to insure that the campus is running smoothly and the student body is happy. This becomes a much more difficult task when those who have been charged with presenting the student view can't decide who the president is, or whether an election is valid or not. The lack of faith in the Polity government is evidenced by the Vice Presidents going into the dorms to find problems instead of letting the college senators voice the dorm needs through Polity. Worse than administrators losing faith in Polity's ability to function is the lack of respect it will receive from administrators. This will in turn make it much harder for Polity to deal with the Administration in negotiations that are necessary. If Polity is laboring under the assumption that the Administration currently respects them as a government, rest assured they don't. How could they?

If the current strife is due to ambiguities and grey areas in the Polity Constitution, the government should immediately begin proceedings to

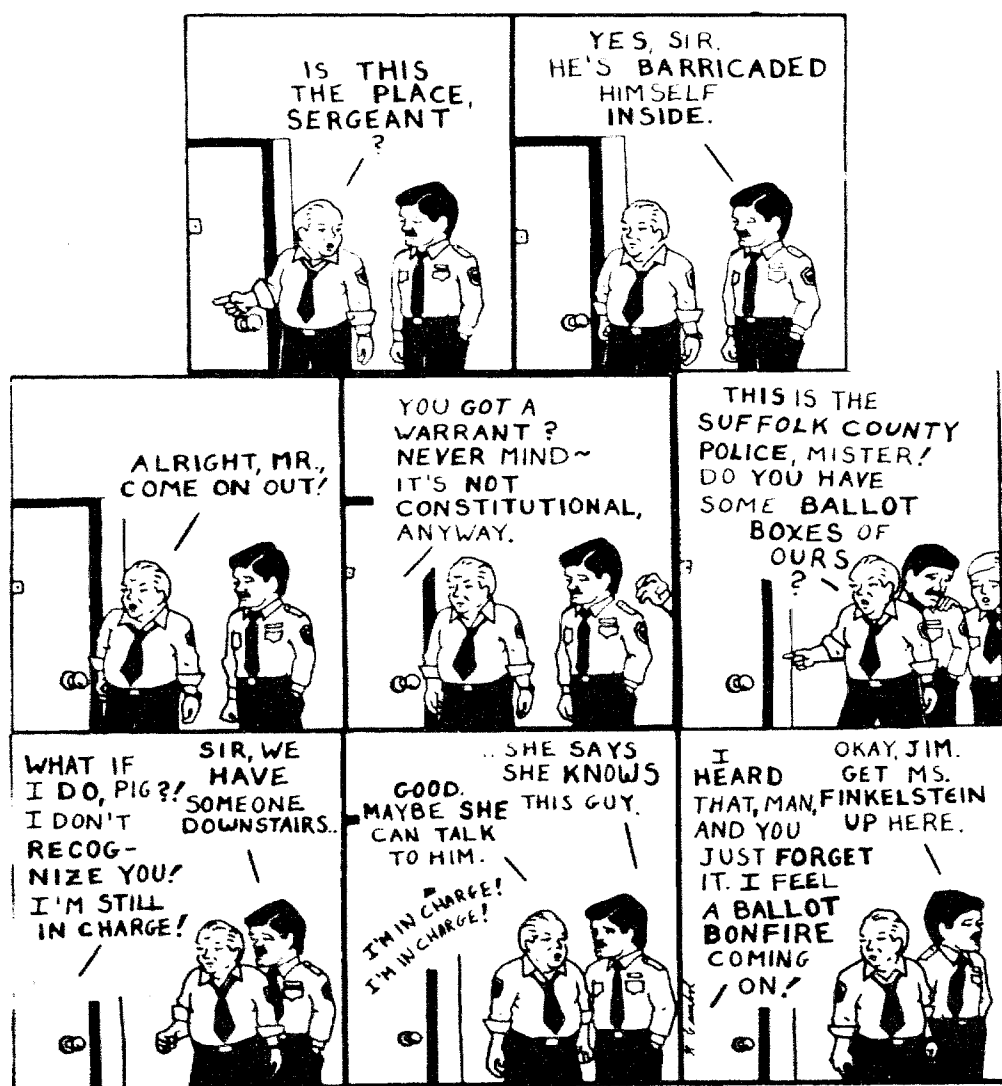
amend said Constitution. In its current state, the ten-page constitution no longer seems to function as an adequate document to serve the needs of the modern Polity. Loopholes in its text allow individuals and groups to act freely without fear of breaking its laws.

While it is our belief that the members of Polity are not wantonly abusing their privileges, the Constitution does not clearly state where the limits and checks on the power of each branch lies. This causes, not a separation, but a mush of powers which are continuously smashing each other head on and bringing the whole governmental process to a complete standstill.

It's time for all officials of the government to put away their petty differences and to serve in the capacities for which they were elected. This seemingly never-ending saga which reoccurs every few months clearly shows that the most paramount problem that must be addressed by Polity is the repairing of the structure of student government. Failure to do so will most definitely result in the ultimate and certain demise of Polity as we know it.

If the current elected officials are unable to complete this task for whatever reason, they should immediately resign their posts for the benefit of the student body.

## Up The Brook



## The Stony Brook Press

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# Boxed out

## Judiciary impounds Tuesday's election ballot boxes

by Joe Caponi and Paul DiLorenzo

Everything was moving according to procedure at 10:00pm. The votes had been cast, the ballot boxes returned to the Polity offices and election board members were awaiting an OK from the Polity Judiciary to validate the elections. However, this was a Polity election, and smooth sailing through the late stages would seem an impossibility. The night would end with the ballot boxes missing, the Judiciary split, and another election invalidated.

Due to the absence of most of the justices, Vice Justice Gail Langille decided to hold an emergency meeting in order to validate the elections. The three justices present were Miss Langille, Martin Krasnof, and Steve Mullaney. At 10:15, Van Brown, Chief Justice of the Judiciary arrived to find the elections validated. The shit hit the fan. Justice Brown, annoyed that the aforementioned justices did not wait the customary half hour from the scheduled start of the meeting to determine if he would attend, immediately declared that an illegal court session took place, thereby invalidating the validation.

Van Brown, quoting the Judiciary Bylaws, stated the reason the meeting was illegal on two counts.

The first was a violation of Article 1 Section 2, Subset E, which states in the event of absence of the Chairperson (Brown), the Vice Chairperson must make an attempt to determine if the Chairperson is available and cannot begin the meeting until this has been unquestionably determined.

The second infraction committed at the first emergency meeting was allowing Justice Steve Mullaney to participate in the court's decision. Mullaney had missed three consecutive regular meetings, making him an inactive justice. Because of Mullaney's ineligibility, this emergency session lacked the necessary three voting justices.

After heated discussion among all present, the three aforementioned justices left, aborting an attempt to hold a full Judiciary session due to the lack of a quorum. At 10:30 yet another emergency session was held, this one consisting of Justices Brown, DeWayne Briggs, and Virginia Baxter, but which rendered no decision on the election, as per the request of the election board,

who decided to let the validation of the Judiciary was because Van of the elections wait until the Judiciary settled its inner dispute.

The last problem left before all could retire was what should be done with the ballot boxes overnight. The justices discussed the different possibilities for safeguarding the ballot boxes. Brown said, "We came up with the idea of letting Public Safety hold ballot boxes overnight, but they unfortunately refused because they didn't want to get involved in a Polity matter." Then, according to Brown, the Judiciary appointed judicial agents, whose names Mr. Brown would not reveal, to impound the boxes, and hold them in a "safe place", the location of which Mr. Brown would also not reveal. The full Judiciary has to meet to decide what to do next.

The events of late Tuesday night have rocked the Brook, and sent rumors of legal action against Van Brown throughout the Polity suite. Polity Secretary Barry Ritholtz said, "Van Brown has taken steps that are tremendously illegal, and has overstepped his bounds in tremendous strides." Ritholtz went on to conjecture that the reason for this action

was because Van Brown was afraid of the referendum on the ballot which would give the Polity Council and Senate the power to impeach and try members of other branches of the government, including the Judiciary, which as a body is immune from impeachment now.

Commenting on the situation, Polity Treasurer Tracy Edwards said, "This just makes us less efficient and less effective at the job we're supposed to be doing." "They're doing something totally adverse to the student government and to students," said Polity Vice President David Gamberg, who stated that there is sentiment to go ahead with a recall procedure which would allow students to vote anyone out of office directly through elections. One needs the signatures of 24% of the students to call for a recall vote on an office holder.

After careful analysis of the Polity Constitution and the Bylaws of both the Council and Judiciary, the Press has been unable to find anything there that would demonstrate that either side was right, or any written proof that anything done was illegal.

### Photo Box



Front Page Photo Credits:

Press Photo/ John Tymczyszyn

## Russia President dies overnight

(The following report was compiled from the WUSB/Stony Brook Press Soviet Bureau.)

Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev is dead at the age of seventy-five.

Word of the death came this morning from the Soviet News Agency Tass. It said Brezhnev died suddenly early yesterday.

Brezhnev had led the Soviet Union since 1964, when he took over from the ousted Nikita Krushchev.

There's no word on who his successor will be. Two chief contenders are Politburo Officials Yuri Andropov and Konstantin Chernenko.

Brezhnev was last seen in public on Sunday, when he presided over a huge Red Square parade.

The announcement from Tass today praised Brezhnev as "an ardent champion of peace and communism."

Brezhnev kept a firm grip on power by insisting that colleagues join in decision-making and share the blame for ideas that went wrong.

He was more conservative than the Kremlin leaders who preceded him. And he did more than his predecessors to consolidate the Soviet Union as a major world power and bring it to nuclear parity with the U.S.



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# Driven

## The rise and fall of John De Lorean

by Joe Caponi

After so many good years for maverick, jet-set auto designer John Zachary DeLorean, a bad one was bound to happen. But just how bad did not become clear until the last month, when DeLorean was arrested on a variety of charges relating to his attempt to save his bankrupt company through the money gained from a massive cocaine smuggling operation.

I first found out about DeLorean, the man and the car, a year ago, when my roommate described to me the star engineer of General Motors, who had to quit to build his ideal car. Then at last year's Auto Show in New York City, I was finally able to see it: far and away the most popular car at the show, the one with the largest crowds around it, the DeLorean car sported gull wing doors that open up, and a stainless steel body with the only twenty-five year rust guarantee in the industry. But at \$25,000, the car was almost unsellable, and the downhill slide began.

DeLorean's uphill run began in the mid fifties. He describes his climb in his biography, *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors*, written with J. Patrick Wright. After graduating college DeLorean began work with the Chrysler corporation, earning a master's degree in engineering from the prestigious Chrysler Institute. He then moved over to the Packard Motor Company, where he swiftly became head of Research and Development, and picked up a second master's, this in business

the car, which Time magazine called, "A virile street dragster perfect for revving up and peeling out," set sales records in the Pontiac division. The next year DeLorean was made General Manager of Pontiac, where he continued to build the strength of the division until 1969, when he was promoted to head of Chevrolet, the largest division of the largest auto manufacturer in the world. He was 43 years old and had just married his second wife, 20 year old model Kelly Harmon.

At Chevrolet, DeLorean found a huge business with massive financial problems. But by streamlining operations and revamping advertising, he was able to repeat his success. He had over one hundred patents to his name, and in 1972 he was promoted again, to group executive of GM's Car and Truck group, and was making \$650,000 a year. DeLorean himself said that he "had a better than even-odds chance of becoming GM president."

Less than two years later, though, he quit.

In *On a Clear Day*... DeLorean gives many reasons for his decision. He wrote, "As I grew in the corporation, I guess I gradually came into conflict with it. Conflict with the philosophy of business, conflict with the system of management, and conflict with the people in positions of power."

In truth, DeLorean had changed quite a bit in the years previous to his resignation. He had joined GM as a typical straitlaced engineer-businessman, but ended up as what

26 years younger than himself, DeLorean resigned from GM. According to Time magazine, "The resignation made him even more of a white collar folk legend, the free spirited rebel who 'fired GM', which suited DeLorean fine."

On his own, he searched for a place to begin producing his dream car, the DMC-12. After getting offers from Puerto Rico and the Republic of Ireland, DeLorean accepted an offer from the British government to build his plant in Belfast, Northern Ireland. The British have put \$200 million into the DeLorean company, from which they got the promise of a



John DeLorean

plant that would provide almost three thousand jobs in a strife-torn area with 22% unemployment.

The DMC-12 is available in grey or black, and with either a standard or automatic transmission. Everything else considered luxuries in other cars are standard on the DeLorean. According to Fortune, "the DeLorean handles well enough and moves fast enough (not far short of the Chevy Corvette's 123 mph) to be moderately fun to drive. But it is wonderful fun to stop. Hearing the electric hum of the gull wing doors taking flight and stepping out into a crowd of impressed bystanders is what the DeLorean image is all about."

Unfortunately, the car never sold well. Time magazine has said, "Originally, DeLorean envisioned his creation as a competitor for his old employer's Chevrolet Corvette. But when the DMC-12 reached dealer's showrooms, it listed for \$26,000, almost \$11,000 more than he had projected and about \$8,000 more than the Corvette."

Nevertheless, DeLorean continued his high spending ways. Paying himself a half million dollars a year, and accumulating about a thousand dollars a week in expenses, DeLorean committed the mistake of having his factory produce far more cars than he could sell, causing massive debts. The recession of this year crushed the DeLorean company, as the market for \$25,000 sports cars disappeared. About the overproduction of cars, DeLorean has said, "I guess we just got carried away", but he never doubted his own ability to salvage his company and his image.

At the end of October, the British government shut down the Belfast plant. The DeLorean company, according to Fortune, owes 180 million to, among others, the British government and the Renault company, maker of the DeLorean's engine. And within hours after the British government closed the Belfast plant, John DeLorean was arrested for cocaine trafficking and racketeering.

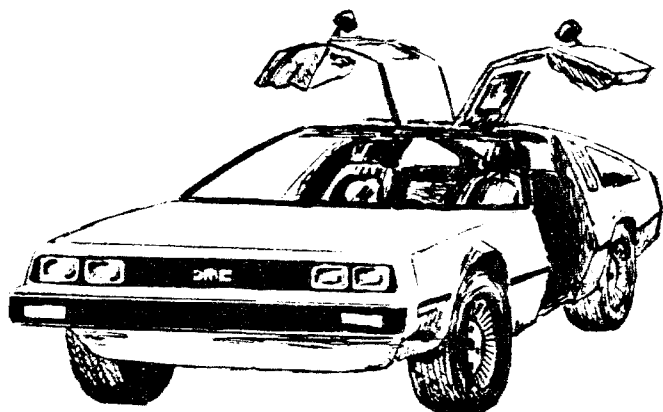
Therein lies a story.

John DeLorean had long been telling the British officials that there were investors ready to put money into DeLorean Motors and that he would have the money soon. The story of his entry into the world of cocaine dealing, pieced together from stories in The New York Times, Newsweek, and Time magazine, goes as follows: in an effort to raise large amounts of money very quickly, DeLorean contacted an acquaintance of his, known now in FBI reports as a "cooperating individual" or CI, with the offer of financing a drug deal, if it could net him 50 million dollars. The CI introduced DeLorean to a Drug Enforcement Administration agent posing as another cocaine buyer, Mr. Vincenza. The CI then went to William Morgan Hetrick, whom FBI men have identified as "one of the biggest drug smugglers in Southern California", who would get \$5 million to give DeLorean and Vincenza 220 pounds of cocaine. Vincenza, in return for stock in the DeLorean Motor company, would distribute the cocaine netting DeLorean a small fortune quickly, hopefully enough to save his company.

When Hetrick arrived in Los Angeles, on Oct. 18, with the cocaine, he was immediately arrested. The next day DeLorean came to LA and was shown the cocaine. He reportedly remarked, while holding a bag of cocaine, "It's as good as gold, and just in the nick of time." Then he was arrested.

Indicted on nine counts, including conspiracy to possess and possession of cocaine, with a maximum penalty of up to 72 years in prison, DeLorean pleaded not guilty on Nov. 8. He is out of prison on ten million dollars bail and is scheduled to go on trial January 7.

DeLorean's downfall is a uniquely American tragedy. He was unable to see the problems of his own company with any of the ability he showed in finding the problems at General Motors. He foretold his own downfall in the epilogue of *On a Clear Day*... where he states, "Executives who are isolated often misconstrue their franchise from the public as being a virtual mandate for the assumption of omnipotence. In a highly competitive marketplace, such an attitude would not last long."



The DeLorean

administration.

In 1956, DeLorean switched jobs again and became Director of Advanced Engineering for the Pontiac division of General Motors. GM, the world's largest auto company, is comprised of five divisions, Pontiac, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Buick, and Oldsmobile.

At Pontiac DeLorean first began to attract attention. After his success in redesigning the Gran Prix, and after being made chief engineer at Pontiac, DeLorean hit upon the idea of putting a highly powerful engine in a midsize car, and widening the car to give it a more powerful feel for the road. The 64 GTO, the first muscle car, made DeLorean's reputation forever. Immensely successful,

Fortune magazine called, "the closest thing the auto industry has ever had to a human sex symbol, the kind of man of which legends are made." He had lost weight, begun to dress mod and stylishly, and was hanging out with the California jet-set of actresses and models. This engendered much animosity among some of the more socially conservative GM executives, and eventually DeLorean felt treated as an outsider in his own corporation. He said, "Just as the corporation had at the time token blacks, women, and Chicanos, I was viewed as their token hippie."

So, in early 1974, a month before marrying his third wife, Cristina Ferrare, a 22 year old model

# SOLUTIONS TO THE NUCLEAR ARMS RACE

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## **PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS:**

10:00 Opening Address: Dr. Fredrick R. Preston, Vice President for Student Affairs

10:15 - 11:10 Pat Lacerfeld, The European Peace Movement; Executive Director of NY Americans for Democratic Action, Author and Activist

11:20 - 11:50 Film, No First Use; produced by the Union of Concerned Scientists

12:00 - 12:35 Alice Daley, National Freeze Movement; Womens International League for Peace and Freedom

12:45 - 1:30 Bill Hartnung, Economic Forces of the Arms Race; Director, Military Information Center, Council for Economic Priorities

1:40 - 2:10 Film: Nuclear Countdown

2:20 - 3:20 Dr. Jukka Houpaniemi, The Role of the United Nations in Disarmament; Political Officer, UN Center for Disarmament, Lecturer, Political Science, University of Helsinki

3:30 - 4:30 Bogden Denitch, Beyond Nuclear Freeze; National Executive Committee, Democratic Socialists of America

4:40 - 5:30 John Mason, Alternative Defense Policies in Western Europe; Professor New York University

5:40 - 6:40 Panel Discussion, Local Solutions to the Nuclear Arms Race: Ed Pearson Founder, Conscience and Military Tax Campaign; Alice Daley, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Jim Leotta, Project Coordinator, NYPIRG

6:50 - 7:35 Film: War Games, Produced by the BBC and banned in England

7:45 - 8:45 Dr. Donald Horning, Topic to be announced; Scientist at Los Alamos, Science Advisor to President Johnson, President Emeritus, Brown University

**9:00 pm SPECIAL SHOWING "Dr. Strangelove"**

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# Killer Satellites

## Nuclear capability hits the space age

by Matteo Luccio

*"No man I know of has gone to the moon that has not been affected in some way that is similar. It is what I prefer to call instant global consciousness. Each man comes back with a feeling that he is no longer only an American citizen; he is a planetary citizen. He doesn't like the way things are and he wants to improve it. It is a universal feeling among the astronauts."*

Astronaut Edgar Mitchell

It is a well understood fact that the Space Age, by confronting us for the first time in history with the undeniable, visible proofs of the unity of our planet, has generated wonderful new opportunities for cooperation and understanding among its peoples. Issac Asimov, for example, in a recent OpEd piece for *The New York Times*, pointed out how "globalism" is the truest outcome of space exploration.

And yet today — a quarter of a century after Sputnik I jolted U.S. leaders into a renewed scientific and educational effort, fourteen years after the first moon landing — the budget for NASA is being slashed in favor of a huge expansion in military space programs. For the fiscal year that began October 1, the Administration has asked for \$8.5 billion for military space operations, as against the \$6.8 billion that Congress approved for NASA. By 1988, provided the Congress will approve, and not taking inflation into account, the military space budget will be \$14 billion. With the Reagan Administration deeply committed to an escalation of the arms race but unable to come up with a serious proposal for what kind of technology it is going to buy, outer space is a tempting subject. For Pentagon brass, the "ultimate frontier" is nothing but another opportunity for renewing petty earthly squabbles at the interplanetary level, thus drawing us closer yet to general destruction. In the first in a series of three articles in *The New York Times* (October 17, 1982) dedicated to this new military buildup in space, Lieut. Gen. Richard C. Henry was quoted as saying: "Space is not a mission, it is a place. It is a theater of operations." According to the *Times*, over the next five years this Administration plans to increase spending on military operations in space even faster than the rest of the military budget: "Better satellites are planned for highly sophisticated communications, intelligence gathering, navigation, weather forecasting, and mapping." The Space Shuttle, having carried its first military payload, will replace rockets as the primary vehicle for lofting military

cargoes into orbit. The Air Force, mainly for the sake of secrecy, is building its own Shuttle and a launch site at Vandenberg Base in California, scheduled to be completed in late 1985. Meanwhile, present policy calls for the development and operation of the Space Shuttle by NASA in cooperation with the Department of Defense, but while referring to the Shuttle as the primary launch system for both military and civilian missions, it gives priority to the military's "national security" missions. (*Physics Today*, September 1982, p. 52) In the near future, military hardware is expected to exceed 50% of the vehicle's payload. Further moves toward the militarization of outer space include a brand new Space Command Center, inaugurated by the Air Force in September, and the appointment of General Lew Allen Jr., former Chief of Staff of the Air Force, as director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, run by Caltech for NASA. JPL's former director resigned when Caltech's Board, to attract more funds to their ailing institution, decided to increase its DOD work-load from 6% to 30%. (Ibid)

Ostensibly, the aim of all this is to enable United States forces to fight more effectively in a prolonged conventional or nuclear war around the world against the Soviet Union. Faster and more reliable intelligence gathering and communication systems, military commanders claim, will act as "force multipliers", enabling outnumbered or outgunned United States forces to move faster and strike harder at vulnerable points, by "strengthening control of nuclear forces".

Two critical observations are due here. First, the assumption that United States forces might, in fact, be "outnumbered" is one forcefully disputed by the largest section of the arms control community. An assumption of nuclear "parity", or "essential equivalence" is sustained instead: U.S. and Soviet forces, while differently structured and thus difficult to compare, are more than sufficient to deter any attack under the theory of "mutual assured destruction" (MAD). But this — ah, here's the rub! — leads straight to my second point: what we are now witnessing with this new spiral in the arms race is but the latest step in an ongoing shift in nuclear strategies from the MAD doctrine of deterrence to the NUTS (Nuclear Utilization Targeting Strategies) doctrine of counterforce. What this means can, for simplicity's sake, be outlined as follows. Until only a few years ago the official nuclear policy (at least in the USA) has been based on mutual assured destruction, with the opponents' cities as the hostages. This setup has been popu-

larly dubbed, quite accurately, the "balance of terror". For sure many strategic nuclear weapons (probably more than half) have for many years been aimed at military targets, albeit large ones often in or close to cities. However, the technology, until recently, did not exist for counterforce strikes, is to say, for precise strikes at such "hard" targets as missile silos and C3 (Command, Control, and Communications) installations.

As the inevitable progress in military technology eventually made such weapons available (the MX land-based missile and the Trident II submarine-launched missile are the two latest and most advanced products of counterforce technology), military planners, just as inevitably, rushed to develop a new nuclear doctrine that would incorporate these new technological achievements. Or, to put it more bluntly, we could say that, once available, weapons are most often deployed. Policies are then modified to rationalize this deployment. The result is that today, as the two superpowers come to rely on counterforce strategies and as the credibility of nuclear deter-

rence decreases, a nuclear world war is increasingly likely. Nuclear deterrence by mutual assured destruction requires that each side can absorb a surprise nuclear attack and still have sufficient strategic nuclear forces left to do "unacceptable damage" to the attacker's cities and industries. The deployment of very accurate missiles and effective anti-submarine warfare could enable one side to destroy so much of the opponent's retaliatory forces that he would no longer be able to deter effectively an attack. According to Frank Barnaby, former director of Stockholm's International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI):

"In this context, a successful first strike need not mean the ability to destroy all of the enemy's retaliatory forces. It is sufficient if one side perceives that it has the capability of destroying enough of the other side's retaliatory forces so as to limit the casualties and damage it would suffer from a retaliatory strike to an "acceptable" level for a given political goal. The more wreckless the political and

Continued on page 13

## Thanksgiving Dinner

Thurs., Nov. 18,  
11-2 p.m.

Fresh Medley of Fruit  
Roast Turkey/Filet of Sole  
Whipped Potatoes  
Sweet Yams  
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# The Stony Brook Union News

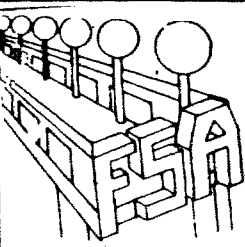
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Vol. II No. II

Stony Brook Union Bargains

November 11 1982

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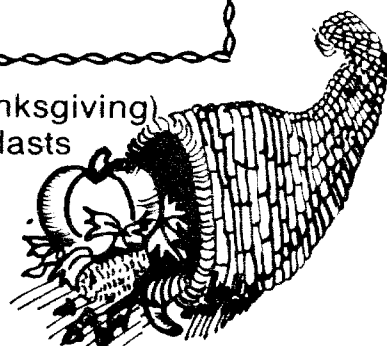
## MAIN DESK

Beginning this week  
Thanksgiving Treats

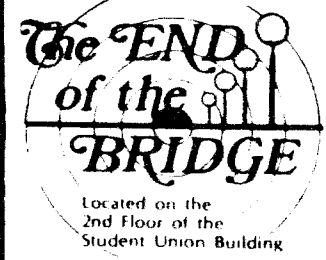
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## 25¢ BEERS!

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### Everything You Have Ever Wanted to Know About Reserving Space in the Union.

The Union is available for meetings, films, concerts, parties, dances, receptions, and many functions. The Union Office, located in room 266, is responsible for these areas: the meeting rooms on the second level, the Ballroom, the Auditorium, the Lounges, the Art Gallery, the Courtyard, and the Patio. All University recognized groups may reserve space in the Union. Those who request the Auditorium or the Ballroom and those who expect to serve alcoholic beverages will also meet with the Student Activities staff and/or the Building Manager prior to the event to discuss the special responsibilities that exist in such instances. Reservation hours are: Monday - Friday between the hours of 10AM - 11:30AM and 1:30PM - 3:30PM. Anyone who would like to program events at the End of the Bridge, Commuter College, the Rainy Night House, or any Faculty Student Association area, should contact the staff of these services directly.

For more information about reserving space in the Union, call 6-7109.

## Calendar of Events

### Thursday

NYPIRG - Teach-In on Nuclear Disarmament: Auditorium, Starts at 10am; Othello Exhibition: Lounge, 10am; Assertiveness Training: rm. 223, 3pm; Psychosynthesis Seminar: rm. 214, 3:30pm; Yoga: rm. 226, 5pm; SAINTS: rm. 214, 8pm; Korean Christian Fellowship: rm. 237, 7pm; Auto Mechanics Course: rm. 080, 7pm; Sigma Beta - auditions for talent show: Auditorium, 7pm; GALA: rm. 213, 8pm; Campus Crusade for Christ: rm. 216, 7:30pm; InterVarsity Christian Fellowship: rm. 226, 7pm; Pan-Hellenic Council: rm. 213, 8pm; NYPIRG: rm. 223, 8:15pm; Christian Science: rm. 236, 8pm; Thursday Flix: Auditorium, 7pm; Heaven's Door - Originals: Rainy Night House, 9:30pm.

### Friday

Muslim Student Association: rm. 223, 1pm; ENACT Recycling: rm. 079, 3:30pm; Korean Christian Fellowship - "Come and See": Auditorium, 7pm; The Only Answer - Bible Crusade: rm. 236, 7:30pm; Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship: rm. 216, 8pm; Chinese Christian Fellowship: rm. 223, 8pm; Tooley Look - Originals: Rainy Night House, 9:30pm.

### Saturday

College Bowl: Auditorium, 10am; Suffolk Advanced Emergency Technician Association - Luncheon: Ballroom, 11am; Suffolk Chp. for the Society of Psycho Analytic Psychotherapy: rm. 237, 1pm; John Fuhrer - Guitarist: Rainy Night House, 9:30pm.

### Monday

College Bowl: Auditorium, 10am; Yoga: rm. 226, 11:30am; Korean Christian Fellowship: rm. 214, 4:30pm; Yoga workshop: rm. 226, 5pm; Bridge to Somewhere: rm. 216, 7pm; Polity Senate: rm. 237, 7:45pm; Meditation Class: rm. 226, 7:30pm; Omega Sigma Psi: rm. 223, 9:30pm; SAB Concert Movie Scenes: Auditorium, 7, 9, 11pm.

### Tuesday

Overcoming Social Anxiety (for men only): rm. 214, 11am; Pre-law Society: rm. 237, 3:30pm; Dream Appreciation Workshop: rm. 216, 3:30pm; Hypnosis and Weight Reduction: rm. 216, 1:30pm; Sailing Club: rm. 216, 5:30pm; Hillel: Jewish University informal study group: rm. 236, 6:30pm; Intervarsity Christian Fellowship: rm. 231, 7pm; Auto Mechanics' Course: rm. 080, 7pm; GALA: rm. 226, 8pm; Overeaters Anonymous: rm. 213, 8pm; Chinese Christian Fellowship: rm. 223, 8pm; Outing Club: rm. 237, 8pm; Fantasy Campaign Club: rm. 214, 8:30pm; Personnel Dept. - Info session for employee performance evaluation: rm. 231, 9pm; Tuesday Flix: Auditorium, 6:30pm; Kevin Walker - Comedy guitarist: Rainy Night House, 9pm.

### Wednesday

Affirmative Action: rm. 236, 9am; Arm Wrestling Contest: lounge, 11am; Wednesday Craft Days: Ballroom, 12pm; Alcoholics Anonymous: rm. 223, 1pm; Inter-Varsity Bible Study: rm. 226, 1:30pm; Student Leadership Training Program: rm. 231, 4pm; Nursing Career Day: rm. 237, 4:30pm; Newman Club: rm. 213, 5:30pm; Environmental Action (ENACT): rm. 079, 7pm; Womyn's Newspaper Club: rm. 214, 7pm; French and Italian Dept. - Film: rm. 236, 7:30pm; New Campus Newsreel: rm. 226, 7:30pm; Riding Club: rm. 216, 8pm; "JACY" - film: Auditorium, 8pm; Hillel - folk dancing: Ballroom, 8pm; Tuath na hEireann: rm. 223, 8:30pm; Resume Writing Workshop: rm. 214, 4pm; EGC 101: rm. 231, 8pm; STAC: rm. 223, 6:15pm; Lenny Weinstein - guitarist: Rainy Night House, 9pm.

### The Ever Changing

### Union

The Stony Brook Union has been the site of many changes this year. The appearance of a new University food service, the Bank of New York automated services, the renovation of Calcutters', the new signs and interior decorations, mark the beginning of a transition period for the Union.

In the months ahead we will continue to see changes in the Union's appearance and in some of the services that are offered here. We believe that these changes will meet the campus' changing needs and will make the Union more hospitable and even more vital to the campus community.

A more detailed description of the Union's services will appear in future issues of the Stony Brook Press.



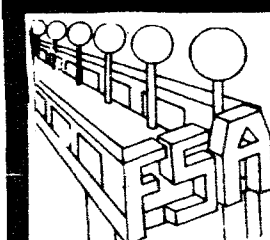
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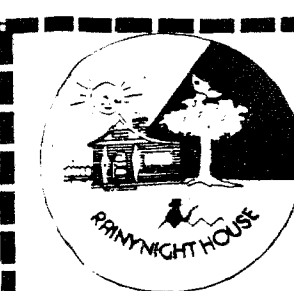


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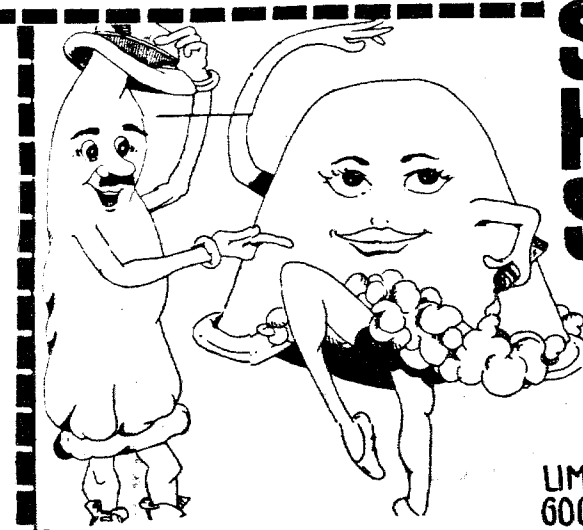


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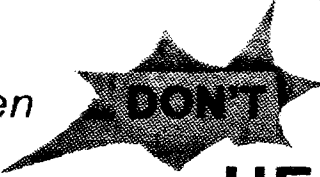
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50¢ w/ID  
Tix on sale now!!

The next meeting of the Stony Brook

**Gay  
And  
Lesbian  
Alliance**

will be on Thursday, Nov. 11 at 8:00 p.m.  
in Rm. 213 of the Student Union.

**Topic of Discussion:**

Sexual Self-Awareness:  
Differences between gay men and lesbians

Refreshments will be served.  
Our office is open everyday,  
Union basement, room 045B.  
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It's a shame **sex** can't be more like **The Players Improvisational Theater**. We meet every Tues. and Thurs. in Lecture Hall 107 at 8 p.m.. Why don't **you** come more often!

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Scholarship Fund Raising Party  
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Nov. 12, 1982

10:00 - until

\$1.50 before midnight, \$2.00 after  
**Roth Cafeteria**

**SAB Speakers  
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**Comedy Nite**

Union Ballroom  
8 p.m.-November 18th

Beer & Wine will be sold to those  
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The  
**GERSHWIN CAFE**  
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**"VIDEO CONTEST"**

MS. PACMAN & CENTIPEDE

**Highest Score wins \$10.00**

Thursday, 8 p.m.-11 p.m.

\$1.00 entry fee

**JUMP INTO HONDURAS**

You saw it in Newsweek, now get out there and *do* it! Why sit around campus when you can be engaging in a *covert* action? The **Parachute Club** will be discussing this and other plans at a meeting on **Thursday, Nov. 11 at 8 P.M.**, in the **O'Neill Fireside Lounge**. For further details, call our recruiter at 246-5285. Ask for **HAWKEYE**. That's not his *real* name, but remember, no one is supposed to know about this.

Stony Brook Drama Club  
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Three Short Plays

**"Tangled Web"**  
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**"Man vs. Furniture"**  
by D.S. Cooper

**"Birdbath"**  
by Leonard Melfi

Wed.-Fri. November 17, 18, 19 at 8:00 p.m.  
Sat. November 20 at 3:00 p.m.

Theatre 3      Fine Arts Center  
Tickets Available at the door - \$1.00 donation

# Stony Brook's Food Reviewed

by Eric Corley

Institutions are never the best places to try and find food. *Edible* food, that is. Stony Brook, being an institution, is no exception to this rule. One might even go so far as to say that Stony Brook, with its cast of mechanical and human vendors, far surpasses the minimal requirements for blandness.

There's a machine in the Union that's supposed to sell hot chocolate. It also has been known to dispense coffee and soup. However, the last time I used it, there was an extra surprise. A small and obviously startled insect was frantically trying to escape from the boiling liquid. I couldn't really tell what particular kind of bug it was, except that it seemed to be the type you'd expect to see when opening up a container of something decaying.

Needless to say, my desire for hot chocolate that evening went away rather quickly. In fact, I haven't had a cup since. And I've become afraid of any machine that sells "food" or "snacks". Or anything else, for that matter. Yes, the mental anguish has been horrible. But I don't think I'll sue for half a million dollars in the good old American tradition. After all, lawsuits can be hushed up. But viewpoints are always loud and abrasive.

Did you ever notice how there seems to be some kind of a curse hanging over anything mechanical in this place? Pieces of buildings fall to the ground. Pipes burst and floors collapse. There's an elevator in the Grad Chem building that hasn't worked in almost two years! Did you ever try to use an elevator in the Library? Administration?? SBS???

Then there are doors. For some reason, doors have a major problem surviving on this campus. How many times have you seen a sign saying "DOOR OUT OF ORDER"? How do doors get out of order anyway? Machines and elevators I can see, but plain and simple doors? Come on.

And with all of the mechanical problems here, what better way to combat the curse than to install a mechanical bank in front of the Union? I have a feeling Stony Brook will soon be in the national headlines when that thing fouls up.

FSA machines, though, seem to be the sub-standard that everything else on campus is based upon. Years ago when I first came to this place, all the machines were completely different. There were no Coke or Pepsi machines — what you got instead was some putrid stuff that would make even the Nestle corporation feel compassion. It only cost thirty cents but the flavor would stay with you all day and well into the night.

I could never figure out how those machines managed to stay on campus for so long. The only

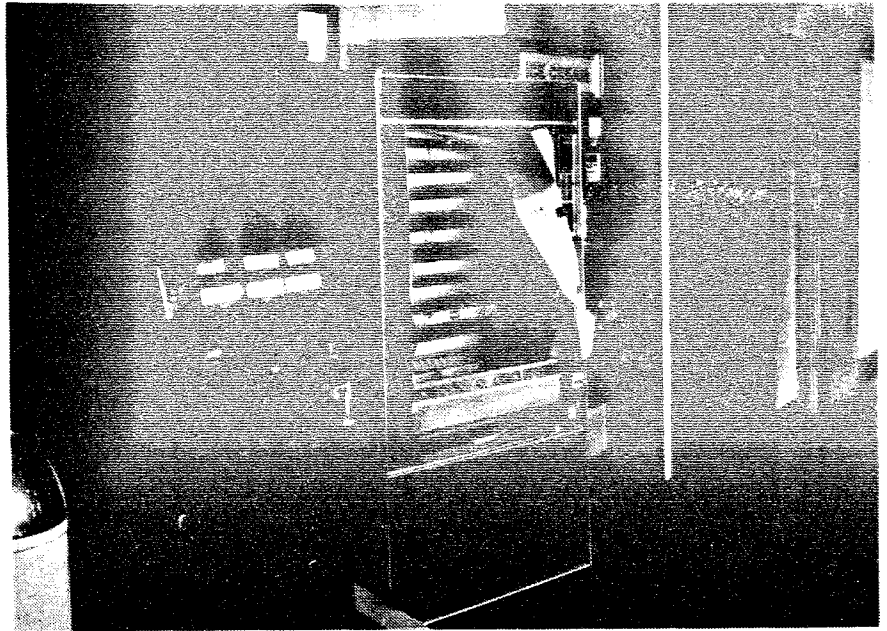
people who used them were freshmen that didn't know any better and commuters that had a passion for suffering. I eventually figured it out by remembering all of the times I had attempted to use the machines unsuccessfully. They would either make all kinds of fascinating clicks and buzzes, then fall silent without having dispensed anything or I would put in two quarters without getting any change back. That was obviously where the profit was coming from that enabled those monsters to stay where they weren't wanted.

Have things changed in five years? Well, the brand names have. But your odds of actually getting something of value back when you throw in your coins are still about the same. Negligible. There are few feelings that can compare with the sinking sensation you get after realizing that your money has disappeared into a little slot and you're not going to get a damn thing in return. There's just no proper way to handle it. Do you simply freak out and start hitting, kicking, and shouting at a huge machine in front of dozens of people? Or do you act "mature" and walk away, at the same time feeling your blood pressure double?

Can you imagine what you would do if a person did that to you? What if you walked into the deli, ordered a tuna fish sandwich or something, paid the ridiculous price they demanded, and then instead of getting what you had paid for, you got totally ignored by everyone who worked there? (Actually, this is a poor example because such an occurrence isn't all that uncommon at Stony Brook.)

The point is that machines always have the final say in any transaction and, most of the time, this works in their favor. You simply cannot make a machine understand when you're vexed at it. Oh sure, you can always go upstairs to the FSA office on the second floor of the Union and demand a refund. But you can only do this if you're lucky enough to lose your money during business hours on a weekday. Otherwise, you'll have to remember to come back. Most people don't.

If and when you finally do make it up there, be prepared to state the circumstances leading up to and surrounding the alleged incident, as well as the full name and identification number of the offending machine. (Be advised that the machine has the right to an appeal.) You'll be required to write a brief essay summing up the whole unfortunate event. Saying, "I lost my goddam money in your &\$!% machine!" won't do. Sorry. Character references and eyewitnesses are helpful. After the testimony, you will have to sign your name in about three places. If you



Many will admit that FSA machines could stand some improvement.

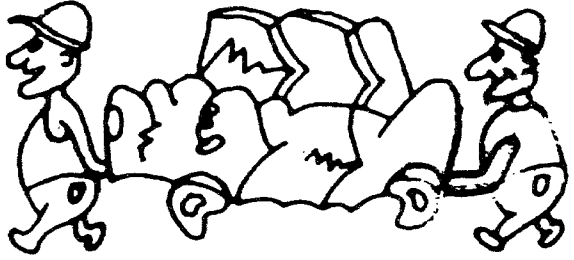
survive the icy stares of the receptionist and get by questions like "If you reported the machine broken three months ago, why did you use it again today?" you could very possibly get some or all of your money back. But you'll feel about two feet tall as you slink away from the office, clutching the thirty-five cents that you had the nerve to demand.

Of course, losing money in the machines may be one of the better things that can happen to you. In the same machine that delivered

the aforementioned insect, I have received a cup of pure boiling water, cold hot chocolate, an interesting blend of coffee and tea, and several cups that came out after the liquid did. Once, in another machine, I pushed a button for pretzels and got fried pork rinds. Nothing is worse than fried pork rinds.

And then there are the machines that do nothing at all. In the Grad Bio Building, not to be confused with Life Sciences, there's a real

*Continued on page 12*



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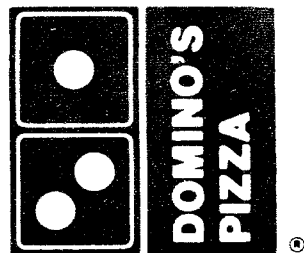
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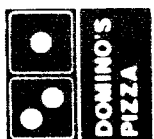
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*Continued from page 11*

nifty looking sandwich machine. The trouble is it's totally empty. In fact, it's been empty since it was put in, back in early summer. But at least it's not a total loss; it's been plugged in and running the whole time. Wouldn't you like to know who ends up paying for that?

Yes, human contact is always better than machine contact. Unless, of course, the human happens to be a DAKA employee. They seem to be the human equivalents of FSA's machines. My particular gripe lies with the Seymour people. It's not that I mind being ignored or treated like rat droppings; there's something kind of classy hidden in that. But being forced to wait with fifteen other people and two cashiers for twenty-five minutes while a "pizza" is cooking is sheer stupidity. Especially when what you want is a hero. And then they won't even tell you that there aren't any heroes left until you've reached the front of the line!

Another thing these darlings will do is take your order and then forget about it. Sometimes this works out okay if they forget about it right from the start and never even get to the point of making whatever you wanted. Then you can just start over again, as if nothing happened. Nothing did. Occasionally you end up having to pay twice, but by the time you reach that stage, you'll be so happy to get out, you'll literally pay anything. Other times, though, they will make what you ordered, stick it in the oven, and then forget about it. This is serious. Picture yourself trying to alert somebody to the fact that the shriveling object in the oven is in fact yours. If you manage to get to it before it disappears altogether, you'll have to decide whether or not you still want the thing. And if you don't, how do you refuse in a nice way without creating a scene? And if you do create a scene, how can you turn it into a full-fledged riot?

In all fairness, some DAKA employees act like real people. But why is it that if we go to a student-run business like the Rainy Night House, Casablanca, SCOOP Records, or Harpo's we can count on being treated like the people we really are? Even outside businesses like Dale's or Barnes and Noble

treat the campus population better than the University's own food service does. Yet students still line up for the meal plan year after year as if there weren't any alternatives. **THERE ARE!!** There's one student-operated food co-op called HARKNESS that has dinner every day at 6:00pm in Stage XII Cafeteria. It's cheap and nutritious as hell. It's also a statement against institutionalization. There could be more, if people requested them. And then there's dorm cooking, the best possible way to learn how to live on your own. It's a challenge — one well worth taking.

Those in favor of expanding the meal plan to include **EVERYBODY** often say that dorm cooking creates bugs and inferior food. But there wasn't any dorm cooking going on when that insect popped out of the Union's hot chocolate machine and into my cup. And all of the times that I've seen rats or mice on campus, I was near either a large cafeteria or a large garbage can.

Whether it comes in the form of machines, impersonal employees, or inferior food services, the very concept of an institution can be a very frightening and oftentimes nauseating experience. It doesn't have to be this way, unless of course we want it to be. We can demand every last penny we lose from FSA machines on a daily basis if necessary until they get around to finding a company that repairs its machines *before* someone goes crazy and smashes them to bits. Hopefully, they'll also find a food service that cares about what it sells. We can also report those employees that make customers suffer, either through their own ignorance or through deliberate malice. And students *can* do something about the meal plan, either by thinking of ways to improve it and getting their college legs to speak up, or by considering and creating more alternatives to it.

That's really all I can say on the horrors of institutionalized food for now. To think that this was all inspired by one dying insect in a cup of hot chocolate. If this viewpoint has convinced one person to do something more for food quality on campus, then that bug will not have died in vain.

**Join**

**The**

**Press**

# Nukes

Continued from page 7

military leaders are, the higher this level will be." (Frank Barnaby, *Prospects for Peace*, New York, Pergamon Press, 1980, p. 38)

So let's get back to our Buck Rogers emulators in Washington. Quite predictably, the arms race in space is following the same pattern outlined above. A shift is taking place from information-gathering satellites — which help monitor arms control agreements and are fully consistent with MAD doctrine — to such destabilizing systems as robot battle stations and antisatellite weapons. The

ostensible aim of all this, as we mentioned above, is to make "prolonged conventional/nuclear war" possible. I will forego here commenting on the conventional side of the debate — but as for the concept of a "prolonged nuclear war" only one description is fitting: it's utter nonsense. Make that two: it's a contradiction in terms. Report after report has been telling us these common sense truths: that even a "limited" nuclear exchange would very quickly turn into a full-scale operation i.e. the *real* thing!; that decisions on the very fate of humanity would have to be made in just a few minutes and under overwhelming pressure; that it would be *all* over within a few hours, a couple of days at the most. And yet here comes the Reagan Administration with a five-year plan (leaked to *The New York Times* on May 30, 1982) filled with such lunatic goals as to "maximize" the U.S. "political, economic, military power relative to the enemy" after a nuclear holocaust. (*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, November 1982, p. 6) This was followed by the President's new National Space Policy — the context for the developments cited above — announced as part of the ceremonies surrounding the landing of the Columbia.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that what we are talking about is indeed a *race*: on October 3 *The New York Times* published an article by Robert Jastrow. It read in part:

"Pervasive evidence has begun to emerge convincing me that the Soviet Union is once again gaining the lead in what may well turn out to be the most critical area of space activity: its utilization for military purposes."

While Jastrow's claim that the Soviets may be in the process of gaining a *lead* is probably an exaggeration, Mr. Brezhnev's recent statements on occasion of the sixty-fifth anniversary of the October Revolution (see *The New York Times*, October 29, front page) amount to nothing less than a pledge to increase arms spending in the face of the American build-up.

So much for giving the reader a

taste of the bad news. What's up on the disarmament side? The answer is simple: a lot. I am writing a week past the mid-term elections, so we all know about the overwhelming success of the "Freeze" referenda across the country — as well as the success of pro-Freeze candidates. Many, many more proposals are on the table. Some of these aim to eliminate specific weapons (ABM Treaty, SeaBed Treaty, Anti-Satellite negotiations, the U.S. Theater Nuclear Force proposal at Geneva); some hope to limit technical developments (SALT I and II, Comprehensive Test Ban — the latter dropped recently by Reagan after enjoying the support of five previous administrations!); some proposals intend to reduce the number of weapons (SALT II, START? TNF negotiations, Mutual Balanced Force Reduction negotiations); and others propose to create nuclear-free zones in Europe and elsewhere around the world. The proposal for a No-First-Use policy (NFU), first enunciated by Bundy, Kennan, McNamara, and Smith in an article in last Spring's issue of the journal *Foreign Affairs*, and simultaneously endorsed by the Union of Concerned Scientists, directly challenges the use of nuclear weapons. Kennan's own proposal aims at drastically reducing, by 50% and across the board, all nuclear weapons. These proposals share common goals: strengthening deterrence, enhancing stability, limiting technological advance, reducing arsenals, and perhaps most important, continuing the process of bringing the nuclear threat under control and ultimately mastering it.

Things are moving. The National Academy of Science recently passed a resolution — by an overwhelming majority of the more than 200 members attending the annual meeting — calling for major steps in the direction of serious arms control. Catholic bishops are increasingly often making their powerful voices heard on this matter. Et cetera.

Today, here at Stony Brook, ten speakers and three films will address some of these proposals in a full-day forum on "Solutions to the Arms Race". The event will take place in the Student Union Auditorium, from 10AM to 9PM. Admission is free. The forum, part of a national activity involving about five hundred campuses, is being sponsored here by the Disarmament for World Peace Club, the New York Public Interest Research Group, Environmental Action of Stony Brook (ENACT), Graduate Student Organization (GSO), Martin Luther King Club, Arms Control, Disarmament and Peace Studies Resource Center, COCA, Polity, and the Stony Brook Press.



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**with D.J. Sheik tem-an-davi**

**Dance Contest with Prizes**

**Fridays & Saturdays**

**PARTY NIGHTS!**

**Fri. Nite**

**Rockas in Concert**

The End of the Bridge, at the Top of the Union  
246-5139



# "Business as Usual"

## A Look at why an album becomes number one

by Jeff Zoldan

There are certain characteristics that can be found in virtually every album that even reaches number one on the charts. The most important of all is the ability to have a smooth inoffensive sound that will appeal to as many people with cash as possible. Like a successful politician, an album contending for the number one slot can assure its success by being bland without being too dull and substantial without containing real substance. Throw in a few hooks, a few tried, tested, and true riffs, produce it all into a nicely textured, plastic sound, get a little lucky, and you will have a product that will soon make you very popular and very rich. Men at Work's *Business as Usual*, which is currently number one on the Billboard's Top LP Chart, is a perfect example of this process in action.

*Business as Usual* is Men at Work's resume to the American public. Given its rapid vault up the charts, these Men have landed a nice, plush sinecure. The many years of floating in and out of the shit clubs in Australia have made the ascension to the summit of record glory even sweeter. But the key to their success can be found in their broad appeal to most music markets in this country. Few groups can enjoy acceptance by noncommercial college radio stations and commercial AM stations at the same time. Somehow, Men at Work have done just

that, mainly due to their previously untarnished image of a trying-to-make-it-band from Australia. And with a finely produced LP, the acceptance was not begrudging. The keys to Men at Work's sound are Colin Hay's sauntering vocals and Greg Ham's articulate phrasing on the saxophone and flute. On *Business as Usual*, these two elements are captured perfectly, particularly Hay's twangy, downearth singing style. Last week



at the Ritz where the Men made their NYC debut, they were able to neatly replicate the glossiness of the LP but not without a few holes that have caused this writer to ponder the essence of a Number One LP in the first place.

To these Men's credit, they are a highly polished band, a product of long practice. And even more to their credit, they have a fine ear for music. Unfortunately, this

ear hasn't tuned in to many different musical styles but has chosen to rework several well known styles and call it *Business as Usual*. Colin Hay's overworked Australian accent hits hard in their perfect pop gem "Down Under", but mostly because he affects a Jamaican drawl. John Rees and Jerry Speiser dub the rhythm with an incessant reggae beat while Ham splashes through with some keyboards. This melange of pop,

reggae, and jazz is guaranteed not to offend anyone who is not dialed into any of these genres but will also appeal to the enthusiast of each as well.

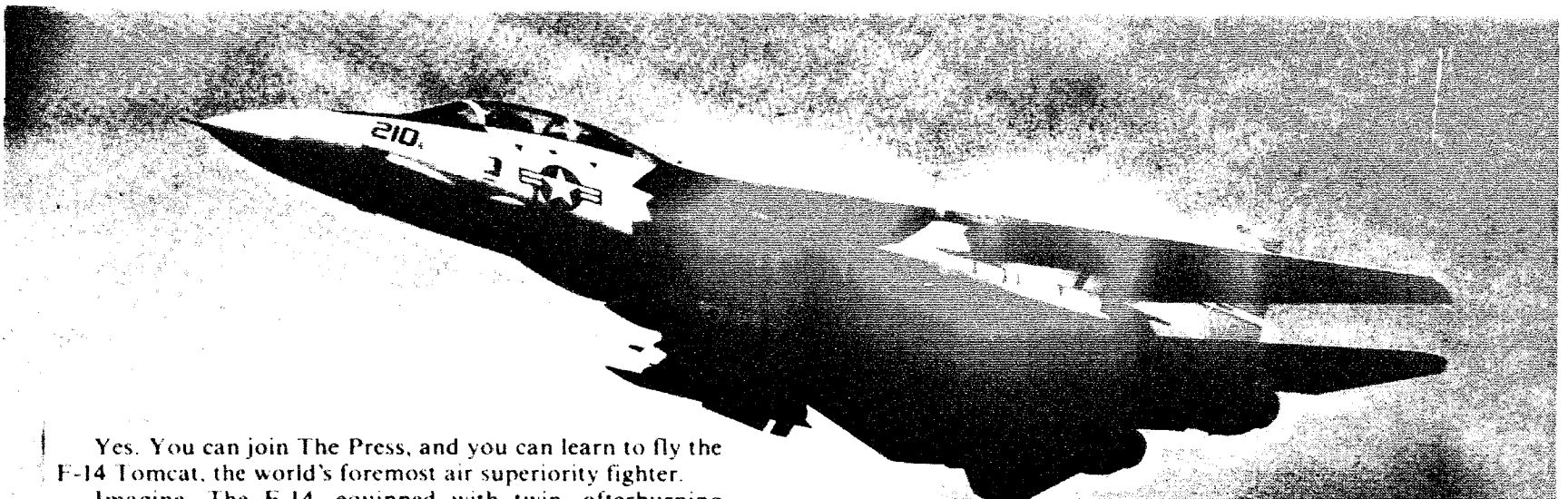
The network of digital delays and phase shifts which enable the Men to come across as airy as possible make every hook even catchier. Ron Strykert's guitar notes float out of the amps, never bombarding the listener for a

second. The Ritz's usually loud sound system never attacked the ear drums as it is oft known to do. A perfect mix and a textured sound makes Men at Work an enjoyable band to hear live also.

Despite Men at Work's combination of time signatures and dedication to the gloss sound, there is still an element that lacks which can tie it all together. It is these Men's inability to come up with something different. Their live show is as unengaging as it is technically proficient. Hays' vocals could be confused with Peter Tosh if Tosh were to ever be produced by someone who is into fine texture. And finally, the band's range simply is not riveting once you leave their concert or turn off your table. Hooks that linger long after are one thing — the Men have this down pat — but substance is something else. Greg Ham's sax and flute work carry the tunes beyond the realm of ordinary but still fails to take it to the halts of classicism.

As with all other number one LP artists, Men at Work will soon get off the crest of being the most popular and will churn out another LP that will vie for that prime spot on top of the charts. If they follow the same formula of pastiche, and if the timing is right, we could see Men at Work in the number one spot again. Until then, they'll enjoy their success and for us, it will be *Business as Usual*.

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# “My Favorite Year”

Continued from page 16

table beaming, to the applause of the rest of the crowd.

In another dinner sequence, Benjy finally gets a date with production assistant K.C. Downing (Jessica Harper); they have dim sum in Sy Benson's office and watch part of one of O'Toole's (fictional) swashbucklers. Benjy knows every line and at first annoys the hell out of K.C. who doesn't quite share his enthusiasm. Eventually he shuts up and the camera moves in to allow the sword-fight sequence to take up the whole screen. O'Toole subdues his opponents and embraces the woman. The camera pulls out and Benjy and K.C. are kissing. Life imi-

tates the movies.

There's something about stars like this fictitious Alan Swann, or Cary Grant, or Henry Fonda, or Gary Cooper that goes beyond the limits of reality, that's a sort of catalyst in the harmless escapist love affair we all have with dreams dreamt at the movies. It's the particular merit of this movie's sincerity that its reverent, affectionate tone never rings false or sanctimonious, even in the silly hour-of-reckoning scene where O'Toole, on the night of the show, flees the studio in terror (upon learning that the show is broadcast live) and Benjy gives him a pep talk, imploring him to believe that the simple yet mystical terrificness Alan Swann embodies in his movies

couldn't exist at all if there weren't some real spark of it in the man Alan Swann himself. Benjy refuses to believe in O'Toole's despairing claim that it's all in the lenses, the scripting, the costumes, and editing — that he's not the hero on the screen. Benjy, disgusted, voices the credo of this movie: "I can't use you life-size!" he hollers, almost in tears, and of course O'Toole comes through. As the corrupt labor leader's thugs' pummeling of Kaiser off-screen bursts out onto the set in front of the audience and cameras in the middle of the first sketch, O'Toole gathers himself together and swings from a cable in the balcony down into the middle of the fray, and helps Kaiser subdue the thugs. He and Kaiser embrace each other, move to the front of the stage, and acknowledge the crowd. Dejected Benjy appears in the director's box above, and is thrilled to see what happens on stage. "Ladies and gentlemen, Alan Swann," says Kaiser, backing off, and O'Toole waves his musketeer's sword in acknowledgement of the audience, beaming like the woman he'd danced with, his head cocked to one side, his arm aloft holding the sword, swaying at the hips

as he waves. Benjy, up in the box, and the camera look at the video monitor image of O'Toole, adoring in his adulation. It's an apt, smart transition from the man to the man's image. The crowd sound fades out and we only see O'Toole waving on the monitor as Benjy's voice comes up: "I think that's the way I'll always remember him. . ."

*My Favorite Year* doesn't claim anything more for its images than that power to raise a very pleasant lump in the throat. There's nothing of Capra in its admittedly old-fashioned intent. It's significant that this portrait of a star and his admirers starts with the underside — O'Toole's/Swann's alcoholism, and then builds up to the long ovation at the end. Cary Grant will sue you if you call him a homosexual. John Wayne favored the Vietnam War. Gregory Peck left his wife for a younger woman. And Richard Benjamin, to narrow the scale a little, frequents the Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson shows. But that doesn't matter, *My Favorite Year* says if you have that light in your eye that Peter O'Toole has when he tells the cast of "Comedy Cavalcade" after a rehearsal that working with them has been the most fun he's had "since the world was young".

# Rocky goes to war

Continued from page 16

Rambo in the woods, lines like, "Didn't we go hunting up here last winter?" and "Get Orville's dogs" and "Bullseye" come out, and though they're campy, they also ring true. For there is a connection between hunting Rambo and hunting an animal. When Rambo fights back, with wire traps, his knife, and eventually a gun, expectations change. Rambo is caught up in a *deja vu* of his own. Alone in the cold damp woods, fighting for his survival, struggling against a real enemy and a confusing cause, Rambo is emotionally transported back to the jungles of Vietnam.

A flashback to 'Nam is what triggers Rambo to escape from the police headquarters. The bars on the jail cell windows flash to those of the POW camp he was in, and this is just the beginning. "This boy needs to be cleaned up. He smells like an animal," says the old jailer with a countenance hovering between that of your father and those jailer apes in *Planet of the Apes*. They proceed to painfully wash Rambo's naked body down with a fire hose.

When one of the young officers watching walks away in disgust, the jailer retorts, "What's the matter, don't you like water sports?" Rambo's battle with the sheriff, young against old, is not the only generation gap growing in this town.

First blood is struck when the old jailer, in an attempt to restrain Rambo for a shave, takes his club and puts a hold on Rambo that looks like crucifixion. This shocks Rambo's memory back to Vietnam, where as a prisoner he was hung up on a cross, a bloody man. The flashbacks are quick, shocking, and grotesque. When a young officer approaches him with

a shaving blade waving, Rambo remembers an enemy who did the same, only to slice open the skin across his chest. The movie shows this and it looks real, oozing blood and all. This flashback is too much, and Rambo explodes. He kicks the guy with the blade in the balls, with motorcycle boots, drives his restrainer back against the wall, slamming him again and again until he falls, and then cracks him across the face with a right cross.

You always knew Stallone could wail in a fight. The knuckle against cheekbone sound effects are wild, the background music churns feverously, and Rambo's incendiary rage beats through the rest of his blue-shirted opponents with manic, brilliant pummeling.

The rest of the movie is Rambo running from these townies, though his expert guerilla warfare experience becomes more and more evident. "We're not hunting him," realizes one of the young officers, "He's hunting us." Things get so hairy that Rambo's commander in Vietnam is called in, right on the lines when the sheriff is saying, "How could God make such a man?"

"God didn't make Rambo," says Colonel Truckman, played by Richard Crenna, "I did." He goes on to explain, "I'm not here to rescue Rambo from you, I'm here to rescue you from Rambo." But the sheriff keeps pushing.

And so the war goes on. What makes the movie is not the small doses of social commentary, but the overdose of adventure. While Rambo is running and fighting, Stallone is constantly putting the following question to you: "How the hell would you get out of this?" That and the fact that the action is pleasingly unpredictable add up to a movie that's a fine update of the Billy Jack syndrome: the outcast fighting the cock-sure system.

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# "My Favorite Year"

by Ron Dionne

## My Favorite Year

Directed by Richard Benjamin  
Written by Norman Steinberg and  
Denis Palumbo, from a story by  
Palumbo

Produced by Michael Gruskoff  
An MGM/UA release of a Brooks-  
films Limited/Michael Gruskoff  
production

With Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-  
Baker, Jessica Harper, Joseph  
Bologna, Lainie Kazan, Adolph  
Green, and Tony DiBenedetto  
At the Pine Cinema in Coram

*My Favorite Year* begins with Benjy Stone (Mark Linn-Baker) carrying a cardboard Alan Swann (Peter O'Toole) through the streets of New York on his way to work as junior writer on "The Comedy Cavalcade," a fifties TV show. He's happy because he's got this image under his arm, an image of the movie star who happens to be his personal favorite, and who's going to guest star on the show this week; and he's even happier because he's about to meet the real man behind the cardboard. In fact, he's going to be his keeper. He already keeps burning a flame for Swann that, far from consuming either the cardboard in his hand or the alcoholic, dissipated elegance which Swann turns out,

in reality to be, instead galvanizes and confirms them. *My Favorite Year* is about what movie stars mean to people, and it's for this peculiar form of what Pauline Kael, in *The New Yorker*, called "hero-worship" — the kind that insists on believing in the men and women behind their invented projections in movie theatres, even in the face of the dark sides that some of them, in private, inevitably have. It manages to be both corny and moving without being reactionary. Though it never once rises above a simple kind of smarmy, middle-brow, Merv Griffin show sentimentality, it doesn't matter because Alan Swann, in whom the movie and Benjy Stone so passionately believe, is Peter O'Toole. When he's sober and smiling, O'Toole is what Benjy worships. It's a neat trick that director Benjamin (his debut) and scriptors Steinberg and Palumbo pull — the people in the movie love Alan Swann, and the people in the audience wind up loving Peter O'Toole. He's handsome, and we're helpless. It's a magic kind of cardboard Benjy's carrying under his arm, and in his heart, and it can't help but be affecting.

"The Comedy Cavalcade" is based on Sid Caesar's "Your Show of Shows" and Benjy Stone is supposed to be a young Mel Brooks, but Mark Linn-Baker, even if he looks possibly a little like Brooks, doesn't at all behave like him. Joseph Bologna's King Kaiser

(alias Caesar) is more recognizable, but it's all forgotten once O'Toole's on the screen. In fact it's a little trying listening to Benjy's voice-over after the credits explaining when this is happening (1954), who he is, where he works, who that cardboard person is, and why he's excited. And the timing is all off as everybody awaits O'Toole's arrival. Bill Macy is too shrill as the top writer, Sy Benson, with an ego fragile as a soap bubble. Leo Silver (Adolph Green), the producer, fights with Kaiser about a sketch that's offensive to a corrupt and dangerous labor leader, but we notice most his teeth, which really are huge and jutting. Basil Hoffman does a nice turn as a shy, neurotic writer who will only talk through Anne de Salvo's ear, but it's irrelevant once O'Toole's sober. And that it's not until he's sober that the movie picks up is interesting.

The first time we see O'Toole, he's in bed with a blonde, wheezing. When he shows up at the studio, he's smashed and he does a somersault onto a table. Kaiser wants to dump him from the show. When Benjy and O'Toole's chauffeur Alfie Bumbacelli (Tony DiBenedetto) take him to a hotel room, they have to undress him and dump him in a bath. Bumbacelli demonstrates that his boss has bottles of scotch of every size nearly everywhere on his person or in his baggage. On his flight to

New York he was "reclassified as freight". It's laid on rather thick: this is a great man with a problem.

Which makes O'Toole's subsequent descent downstairs to greet Benjy and Alfie all the more stunning. In a black suit, he's slim, graceful, eloquent, completely self-possessed, and dignified. Everything's all right. He asks Benjy what sketch he'll be doing on the show. "The musketeer sketch," Benjy says, admitting to having written it. O'Toole says he read that one on the plane and liked it. "Bravo, Stone, bravo," he says, and takes Benjy to dinner at the White Stork.

At dinner O'Toole immediately sets his skirt-chasing eyes on a young beauty, who eyes him back. But the crux of this scene comes not from the "slight diversion" Benjy creates so that O'Toole can wrest the girl from her date, but from O'Toole's dance with a woman celebrating her fortieth anniversary, at her husband's request. He approaches the woman's table and sincerely asks the husband if he may have the pleasure of dancing with his lovely wife, and they dance, the band playing "The Man I Love" behind a muted trumpet. The dance floor clears and O'Toole gives the woman what she wanted, a bit of a dream, a moment with a movie star, and after the dance she returns to her

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# "First Blood"

by Craig Schneider

Sylvester Stallone has proved he knows three things: action, gore, and animalistic reactions. His latest release, *First Blood*, is an ambitious attempt at combining these elements with social commentary. In many ways the movie suffers the same weakness as, say, *Rocky* and *Apocalypse Now*; the exploration of the characters is overshadowed by the sheer exhilaration of the action.

Stallone tries for heroes, and in his portrayal of John Rambo, the drifting disillusioned Vietnam Vet, Green Beret, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor... who can't hold a job, he creates a dandy. He stirs the animalistic side of your imagination as he endures one hazardous undertaking after another, falling in and out of trees and cliffs with the resiliency of your favorite G.I. Joe.

The arsenal of the movie's wham-bam-ugghh action doesn't begin immediately. The scene is set as Rambo, dressed in a beat up army jacket with a flag on it, un-

shaven, carrying a knap-sack, wanders into Portland. He is looking for his army buddy (Delamore Barry), the only other survivor of his special service unit. Rambo's disillusion begins to reverberate as he learns, from the boy's mother, that his buddy has died of cancer from Agent Orange. "All that damn orange stuff they spread around," she says despondently. "Wilted him down to nothing. Even I could lift him off the sheet."

What can Rambo say? He walks off into town.

Stallone's penchant for the "man against them" style of story telling rears its renegade head as Rambo, walking nonchalantly down Main Street, is accosted by the town's sheriff. The sheriff, played by Brian Denehy to grizzly-conservative perfection, just doesn't like his looks. "You know you wearin' that flag, and lookin' the way you do..." begins the sheriff with a look as though he's picking something out of his teeth but he's not. "Listen," says Rambo, "Is there any law in this town that says

I can't get some breakfast?"

"Yeah," answers the sheriff, "Me." Then he drives Rambo out to the town limits.

The camera focuses in on Stallone, entrenched in that "you're pushing me" look (bulging eyes with drooping lids).

Rambo is persistent, a fact that builds momentum throughout the movie, and he begins to walk back into the town, to get some breakfast. Seeing the drifter out of his rear-view mirror, the sheriff decides to teach this guy a lesson. He pulls back to Rambo and asks him where the hell he thinks he's going. Rambo ignores him. The sheriff gets out of his car and hits him with some old-fashioned law enforcement harassment, heavy on the sarcasm. Rambo is brought in.

For a while the setting becomes this small town's police headquarters, something which the dark side of Mayberry might have evolved into. The old officers call each other by their first names, Leroy the town handyman is painting the downstairs, and the young officers call each other by

their last names, with even Mistern before it. There is an old battleship of a jailer, the one you see in the commercial saying "I'm startin' to dislike you, boy." As contrast there is a young red-headed questioning-type (really Richie Cunningham), who immediately begins to identify with Rambo. Later, when they're all hunting Rambo, the word comes over the wire that he's a war hero. "Oh shit," says one of the young officers. "I knew there was something about that guy," says Richie Cunningham.

It is his character, and that questioning trait within all the officers which saves them from becoming stereotype trash. The sheriff questioning himself, concerning that private argument over a breakfast becoming a national guard hunt is what broadens his character into being believable. If not he would have remained the Portland equivalent of Jackie Gleason in *Smokey and the Bandit*. Sure, when the posy is hunting

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