

*The  
Stony  
Brook*

# PRESS

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## Parachuting

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## Finally

The University Task Force on Campus Safety and Security has wisely chosen to recommend that University Public Safety Officers not be universally armed. They state that they "have not found any cases (of crime on campus) in which it is clear that the presence of armed officers would have had a positive effect", and further that they, "have recieved no evidence of a trend of violent crime increase which would call for a more powerful force on campus." We agree.

The Task Forces' bibliography of newspaper coverage of the arming controversy, included in the report, lists many articles from the Press, Statesman, and other newspapers, along with those paper's editorials about arming and safety issues. But it fails to list three of the four Press editorials of this year concerning arming and the Task Force. As the University community, and in particular, President Marburger consider the results and recommendations of this study, we would like to restate our feelings.

The February 17th Press editorial, "A Shot in The Dark" includes the following passage:

Right now there is a very loaded controversy over whether or not Public Safety officers should be armed. Proponents claim that if Public Safety was armed the campus would be safer. However, the following points should be noted: the ratio of

violent crimes here as compared to off campus is amazingly low. Off campus, Suffolk County cops are armed to the teeth and this has obviously not worked as a deterrent. Thus we don't see how arming Public Safety will work as a deterrent here either. In addition there is a greater likelihood of campus crimes occurring in crowded places such as dormitories. These crowded areas drastically raise the chances of innocent bystanders being accidentally shot.

Many people agreed. Over the semester, the Graduate Student Senate voted by a wide margin against arming, and the Polity Council and the University Senate both voted unanimously against arming. But the decisions do not lie with these people, They lie with President Marburger. Thursday, May 5th, the Press editorial, "Dead or Alive", which came out right after the University Senate vote, reported:

In Wednesday's *Statesman*, the President reopened the door on the arming issue by stating that he was "a little bit critical of the Senate for not having thorough discussion first." The article further quoted the President as saying, "I don't reject the vote of the Senate as completely empty. But, in order to be credible, I believe it will be necessary for

the Senate to address this again." By doing this President Marburger has not given his support of the gun issue, but he also has not let it die. Many say that if he was against arming, he would have said nothing and gone by the Senate's ruling, and by making these statements he is truly for arming. On record he still continues to be undecided.

Undecided or not it is our belief that the campus has spoken on this issue. All the major organizations on this campus have come out in opposition to this proposal. Furthermore, the Administration has no choice but to drop this issue. Failure to do so will serve as a precedent as to how undemocratic this campus is. The campus is set up with organizations that are supposed to represent the campus community. If this is true, then when these groups make a decision on an issue, the administration must take that as the feeling of the body the organization represents. In the case of arming, all these groups have spoken against arming the University police in unison.

All the opinions are in. Enough said.

Cover photo by Daniel Hank

## Activities

Currently the Polity Senate is banging together the final budget for the '83-84 school year while the Polity Council is in the process of choosing directors and a direction for the Student Activities Board. Both of these jobs could be simplified in one move that would also benefit students at large. That move is the creation of a Student Activities Chairmanship within SAB.

SAB is now divided into two sections, Concerts and Speakers. In recent years, However, SAB, and in particular Concerts, has become responsible for many things outside of their traditional gym and auditorium concert programming. Perhaps the best example of this is Tokyo Joe's, the dance club in the Union Ballroom which draws hundreds of people and thousands of dollars each week, and is run by

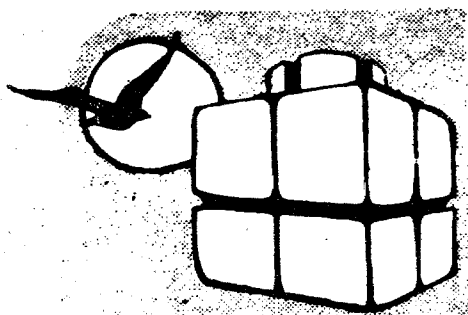
the Concert staff.

Putting this, along with trips, parties, barbecues, etc. under the direction of an activities chairman would both insure better running activities and take headaches away from an overworked Concerts staff.

Eventually, the Activities chairman could help direct the cultural and special events activities now run by club officers. The clubs would benefit from SAB's experience in programming events, hiring vendors, etc., and Polity could be assured that activity fee money was properly spent.

Overall, an activities Chairman could save money and improve programming, and we feel it is a step well worth taking.

**The Press  
welcomes  
your letters  
and viewpoints.**



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# Life After Bentley FSA's President Resigns

by Joe Caponi

Richard Bentley, President of the Faculty Student Association through its years of greatest growth, announced his resignation last week to accept the position of Administrative Support Services Director at the Downstate Medical Center in New York City.

The Faculty Student Organization is responsible for all the auxiliary services on campus, including the meal plan, washing and vending machines, and the campus pubs, among other things, and Bentley, whose three-year reign was the longest and most successful in memory elicited widespread praise for his work.

Vice President for Administration Carl Hanes said, "History shows that the FSA Board made the right decision electing Rich president three years ago. He's changed the budget situation from a bad one to a very good one, accomplished a great deal, and improved the image of FSA greatly." According to Chris Fairhall, former FSA Secretary and Polity Treasurer, "Rich made great strides in the operations of FSA, and the good shape of the organization is a reflection on him."

Since his election in the fall of 1980, FSA has gone from a \$90,000 fund deficit to a \$200,000 balance.

Bentley points to four things in particular that he was most pleased



Press/ John Tymczyszyn

Richard Bentley

in seeing FSA accomplish during his tenure: the computerization of the meal plan through the Validine system, which permits students to eat wherever on campus they want, the building of the Loop kiosk, the development of the Union amusement center into a major source of profit for the corporation, and the bringing of the Bank of New York machine on campus, a move that took over two full years to engineer.

Bentley's story at Stony Brook goes back before FSA, though. In 1977, the Kelly E legislature, led by Bentley, became the first to ban their RHD from building leg. meetings, because, as Bentley said, "He was taking over the leg., and those

of us who knew him and (then) Vice President for Student Affairs Liz Wadsworth knew what that meant for student rights, so we decided that the building leg. was no place for an administrator."

Following Kelly E's successful example, several other legislatures banned RHD's from their meetings.

In the spring of 1980, Bentley, along with 11 others, ran for Polity President. He won the primary election, but lost the runoff to Richard Zuckerman.

Both Hanes and Fairhall expressed the opinion that the school has been much better off because Bentley lost that election. In the fall of that year Bentley was free to run for FSA President, and defeated Zuckerman's candidate by a vote of

12 to 10 in the FSA Board of Directors.

Bentley, who was very open to student input and concerns, thanked three people in particular who, he said, made his work possible. "Jack Marburger and Carl Hanes have consistently provided all the administration cooperation we could have needed to accomplish what we did, and (FSA director of operations) Larry Roher taught me about the operations of the corporation and really started the process of FSA running operations on their own instead of sub-contracting them out to people who wouldn't be as responsive to our needs.

Probably in September, the FSA Board will meet to choose Bentley's successor.



Press/ Steve Daly

The Loop Kiosk

## Public Safety's Report Card Task Force Report Released

After thirty-nine meetings over more than a year's timespan, the University's Task Force on Campus Safety and Security recently issued their long awaited final report.

The body of the 92 page report, compile by Task force Chairperson Elizabeth Riggs and consultant and former Public Safety Director Hugh Cassidy, begins with a "review of the Public Safety Departments at Stony Brook and other Universities". It summarized the 1975 campus rape case, in which the victim successfully sued Stony Brook for \$25,000, because, as the judges' decision state, Stony Brook was "negligent in failing to provide a reasonable level of security for the claimant's building" and that the court felt that "a reasonable level of security would, at a minimum, require the locking of dormitory doors." The decision is still on appeal.

The report goes on to survey a number of major universities and discovers that the public safety officers at all of them are armed. Every institution surveyed, however, was located in cities consi-

derably larger than Stony Brook.

From the founding of the university to 1965, some University officers were armed. However, in a memorandum of July 8, 1965, then Dean of Students (there was no President at the time) David Tilley disarmed them because he "did not believe officers should be armed". They have not had guns since.

The next section contains the five sub-committee reports of the Task Force.

Professor Alfred Goldhaber's subcommittee on Safety-Security Enforcement issues was far and away the most controversial, dealing as it did with the issues of arming University Public Safety officers. Their considerations on the arming issue are reprinted in full on page 5 and their other recommendations included a University safety council, foot patrols, building watchmen, and a charter for the Public Safety Department.

Jerrold Stein's sub-committee on Campus mobility and access recommended, among other things; greater numbers of traffic signs,

Student traffic officers to direct traffic at certain campus intersections, the constructions of jogging and bicycle paths through the campus, emergency telephones in parking lots, and a Polity run pick-up service for intoxicated students.

The sub-committee on Campus fire safety issues, chaired by Steven Cohen, concerned themselves primarily with the need to improve fire and other emergency equipment, including better smoke alarms, fire boxes, enunciator panels, and heat sensors, along with better fire training for public safety and residence life staff, and the possibility of obtaining a fire pumper for the University.

The sub-committee on student life facilities made a whole slew of recommendations on improvements needed in the gym and union (new key cores, etc.) and recommends the locking of all Dorm doors at night, with a receptionist security program in each building to allow guests into the building when it is locked.

Finally, the sub-committee for

other campus facilities recommended specific improvements in lighting, handicapped access, student patrols, and fire alarms.

The report, which will provide the basis for all safety-related decisions for years to come concludes, in part:

Public Safety is everyone's business. The Department of Public Safety cannot do it alone. The officers need us, and the community needs them. Many of our recommendations suggest workable ways for improving relationships between the Public Safety Department and the University community. The image of Public Safety Officers must be improved. They must be made to feel that they are a real part of the University community. Many of our suggestions, including the University Safety Council, focused on ways of bringing the Public Safety Officers and the campus community closer together.

J.C.

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# **Summer Session Activity Board presents**

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## **Beach Trip to Smith's Point**

Buses leave the Union  
every 1½ hours  
Starting 10:00 a.m.

Last Bus Leaves Beach  
at 4:45 p.m.

Thursday, Aug. 4  
Wednesday, Aug. 10

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## **Blue Fishing Charter Wednesday , August 10 \$10 Tickets At Polity**

*Sponsored by Polity*



# Arming From The Task Force Report

## Policies For An Unarmed Force

- A. *Title.* The unofficial title "University Police" should be eliminated. In this country, unarmed police practically do not exist, so that the mere title in the absence of arms is bound to produce frustration for the officers and confusion for the community.
- B. *Rule Of Prudence.* It should be clearly stated that unarmed officers are not expected to take risks which might have been acceptable for armed officers. In particular, stopping of a vehicle observed in a traffic violation can be dangerous, even with arms. Officers should be encouraged to use less risky procedures, such as recording a license plate number and reporting the offense, instead of a speed chase to a vehicle.
- C. *Training Program.* At least as long as the officers are unarmed, their training program should emphasize methods of defusing potentially violent confrontations by peaceful means.

pated in discussions on arming in many different forms, noting results of formal votes and of polls, as well as the arguments presented.

The obvious rationale for arming officers would be to reduce hazards to life and property. We have listened to reports of many particular cases, and so far have not found any in which it is clear that the presence of armed officers on campus would have had a positive influence.

Since there are always ambiguities in individual cases, one may also ask if there are trends of violent crime increase which would call for a more powerful force on campus. We have received no evidence of such trends.

Two substantive arguments have been advanced in favor of arming. First, the result would surely be a significant shortening of response time (compared to Suffolk County) in case of a weapons call. However, even with very quick response, we do not know how likely it is that a criminal will be captured, since the call may come after the criminal is gone.

D. *Drills.* Officers who are permitted to bear arms should have regular drills not only in use of their weapons, but also in methods of controlling situations without firing.

E. *Restrictions On Firing.* Firing should be permitted only in order to protect the life of the officer or of a third party from what seems an imminent threat that could not be averted in a less drastic way.

F. *Option To Decline.* Officers permitted to bear arms on a given shift should be free to choose not to bear the arms, if in their judgment their safety and the safety to those they are suppose to protect would not benefit from the weapons.

G. *Testing.* The University should be able to require officers who bear arms to take special tests (which may be changed from time to time) in order to verify continued fitness for weapons duty.

H. *Concealed Guns.* Unless specifically authorized in advance by the President, under no circumstances should an officer be armed when out of uniform or be armed only with a concealed weapon.

I. *Officer's Responsibility.* Being armed should in no way diminish an officer's responsibility to exercise every possible caution in potentially dangerous situations.

J. *Mace.* Armed officers should be issued non-lethal weapons such as Mace, in order to provide maximum alternatives to firing a gun.

K. *Additional Requirements.* None of the restrictions should be taken to preclude additional requirements which might be imposed by the Director of Public Safety or other University officials.

There are two other arguments for arming. Many illustrious universities in this country have armed police. Also, it is possible that future court cases would establish a State obligation to provide police protection to persons at a State facility. With regard to the first point, our needs may not be the same as those of the other institutions, but it would be worthwhile to inquire what their reasons for arming.

As to the second point, there is a counter-argument that protection afforded by crime prevention and community alertness programs is greater than that which armed officers could provide. If so, then we might prefer to place our emphasis there, hoping the courts will approve.

Finally, there is one strong argument against arming. A large portion of our community fear that they may literally end up as victims of shooting by our police. This means that the crucial barrier to be overcome if our officers are to be armed is community fear and distrust. That should anyway be a prime goal of the Department of Public Safety. The ideal resolution of this issue would be a strong community demand that our officers be armed for our protection. The various polls and discussions show that this is not yet the case.

Inshort, the decisions to be made involve weighing objective considerations about the most effective ways to assure community safety, and factoring in the feelings of members of the community who are fearful and members of the Department who are frustrated. The final decisions should address all of these concerns.



Public Safety Officers guard Bob Francis' door at last year's Protest on Treatment

D. *Other Devices.* Issuing a generally non-lethal weapon such as Mace has been suggested. While consequences of misuse are likely to be less serious than with a gun, we did not hear of cases on campus in which Mace might have made a positive difference. Therefore, we advise that a need should be demonstrated before issuance of such devices is considered seriously. This matter might be an early subject for investigation by the University Safety Council.

E. *Job Description.* It should be made clear in advertising and recruitment as well as ongoing Departmental discussion, that the primary role of our officers is prevention of trouble, and that they are absolutely not expected to intervene at risk of their own lives when deadly violence occurs. Rather, our connections to Suffolk County should be so good and so efficient that County police response to a campus emergency is at least as fast as for an emergency at a private home off campus. Indeed, one would expect even faster response because our officers should be much more knowledgeable than the average resident about when to call and what to say.

The second argument is that our officers are called police, and hired under specifications for police. We agree that this is a contradiction with the current no-arms policy, but that means either the title and job description should change or there should be arming. Therefore the arming decision should not be based on this current contradiction.

## Guidelines For Arming

A. *Modified "Notre Dame" Plan.* Not more than two officers (including supervisors) should be armed on any shift. Except when these officers are carrying out an assigned duty requiring arms, or responding to a call which requires arms (strict criteria should be established for these), the weapons should remain in a secure locker at Public Safety Headquarters.

B. *Arms Authorization.* The individuals permitted to bear arms shall be chosen by the Director of Public Safety, who could revoke permission at any time without stating a reason.

C. *Obligations of University.* The University should assume no responsibility to defend an officer for any use of a weapon while off-duty, whether on or off campus.

## Considerations On Arming

Individually and collectively, we have partici-



# SKYDIVING

## The Sport Parachute Club

by Daniel Hank

Ever since the beginning of time, man has dreamed of flying. But even after the airplane was invented there were still those who wished they could do it by themselves. Thus you had numerous people jumping off cliffs with the intent of competing with Superman. The trouble was that while falling's fun, landing isn't. And so the parachute was born.

The Stony Brook Sport Parachute Club has been in existence since last September when Rory 'Hawkeye' Aylward came back from his summer vacation and told his friends of his latest endeavor. "Outstanding!" he exclaimed with a burst of enthusiasm as he went on to describe his first jump. Twenty minutes after he landed he was in the plane again going up for his second. The man was hooked, and intended on hooking others.

With 15 people and some funding from Polity the newly formed parachute club headed for Gardner, New York, and the Blue Sky Parachute Ranch. There we were introduced to the two guys who ran the place, Neil Tomasetti, a real life Norm Crosby, and Ivan Schiendelweiss, who we would soon discover was not all he seemed, and thinking back on it, did not seem like

much.

After paying the \$85 fee for the first jump, and signing a very legal looking document that clearly spelled out all the gory ways one might snuff it while partaking in the sport, and how you couldn't sue them even if you survived, we proceeded to go through with the training. This consisted of a four hour class in which we were lectured on the operation of the equipment, how to exit from the plane, steer the canopy, and land. Instructions were also given on what to do if your parachute malfunctioned and how to handle landing in undesirable areas. (i.e. trees, water, power lines, etc.) Part of the training required that one be suspended in a harness from the ceiling and run through emergency procedures. The harness was much more painful than the jump turned out to be.

\* \* \* \*

With everyone spouting tales left and right about how great a time they had had, and how hooked they had become on parachuting, the success of the club was assured.

Only two weeks passed before we would see Gardner again. Unfortunately when we got there we didn't see any chutes. It turned out that Ivan had hopped a plane to Florida and absconded with all the equipment. Neil was no where to be found either.

I asked a local if there were any other place else that we could jump nearby. He recommended a gentleman by the name of Willie over in Stormville, about 40 minutes away.

We took off to find Willie. The Stormville clubhouse was laid out much the same as Gardner's, they had the chutes piled up on packing tables, there was plenty of equipment on the shelves, and they had very well decorated walls. The big difference was that they had more than just pictures of people in jumpsuits on their walls. There were photos of Willie and his gang dressed in Ku Klux Klan outfits. We did not buy Willie's story about these being Halloween costumes, and since only three of us were confirmed WASP's, we did not stay around long enough to try out his gear.

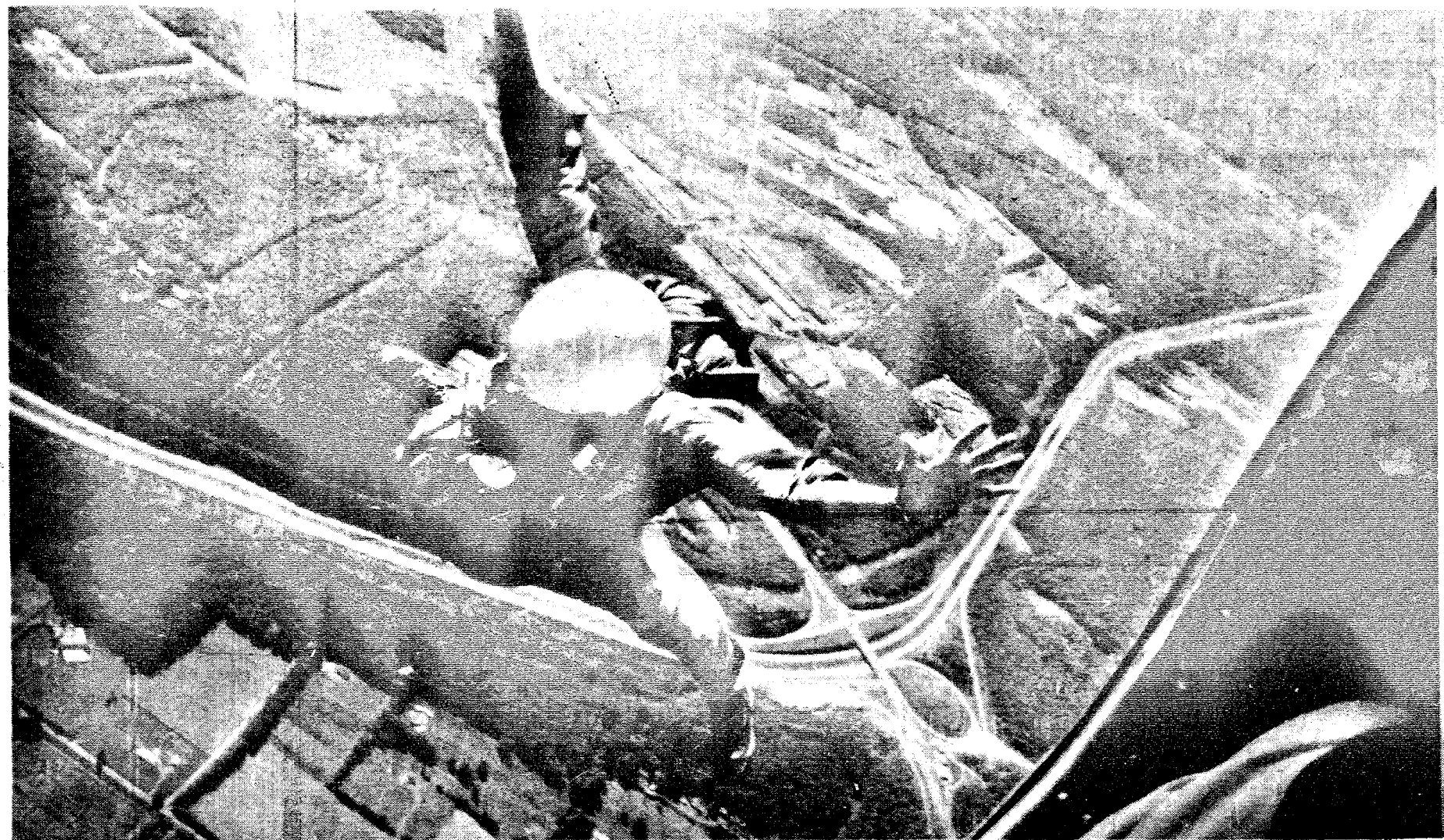
A couple of weeks later we managed to track down Neil, who knew all about Stormville Willie and the KKK. He suggested we go out to a place in Pennsylvania, where he had learned to jump. We went and finally found our skydiving home with the Pennsylvania Ripcords of Hazelton, PA.

by Rory Aylward

If you're the first one to be put out, you're lucky, since the first one out has less time to dwell on what he's about to do, that is, throw yourself from a perfectly good airplane. For me, the worst part of parachuting has always been the ride up, as there is not much to keep you from thinking about what might happen to you. If you look to your left, above you, you see the disembodied hand of jumpmaster Don Kellner making slight little movements to the left or right of pilot Dave Price's shoulder, to which the airplane responds instantaneously. To your right, 2,500 feet below is the rolling farmland of Northeast Pennsylvania. As you pass over the drop zone, Dave's farm, the door opens suddenly, admitting to the crowded cabin a wind that is both refreshing and terrifying. Conversation is limited because of the engine noise. If you can, check out the looks on the faces of your fellow students. You will seldom see quite that look on people's faces.

Don, crouched behind, throws out a yellow crepe paper wind drift indicator, which allows him to judge where he will put you out of the airplane so that you will land at the drop zone. In order to better see the wind drift indicator, however, Dave rolls the plane over on its side in a tight turn, and you will be certain your parachuting career will begin prematurely, but it won't. You

## Taking Your First Dive



Dan Hank over Pennsylvania

have a few minutes more.

But only a few.

The next pass over the drop zone is for you, and if you haven't considered why you are doing this, now is a great time to start.

Don't you like yourself? Don't other people like you? Do you owe them alot of money? It doesn't matter, really. You're going to do it. You may not know it, but Don does. As jump run begins, the door will open, and you will open and you will receive the first of your three commands: "Get Ready."

I've never met anyone who could say this quite like Don Kellner. It is done in an almost sing-song command voice that leaves no doubt in your mind that you should get ready, or that Don knows what he's doing. He's known for more than twenty years, and with 7,500 jumps experience, it is unlikely that you are going to discover anything he doesn't know already.

On "Get ready," you put your feet out the door while holding on to the door frame. If your knuckles aren't white at this time, you're a better man than I. You're view of Pennsylvania is better now, unobstructed by window. Looking down, you see you're feet, and, 3,000 feet below, the ground.

"Get Out," Don yells, and the engine cuts as he helps you out onto the strut. This leaves you hanging from the strut of an airplane, waiting... for what?

"Go!" You probably won't hear

him, so Don will hit you on the head to emphasize the point. "Go" is short for "Let go", i.e. of the strut. This is your cue to begin falling.

You will let go. If not on command, then eventually. Better to do it on go, and land at the drop zone then to use your own judgement.

Trust me. I don't remember what I thought the first time I let go. I was too scared, and it happened too fast. I let go, forgot everything I had been taught, and then the parachute was open.

That's why you have a static line, a 15' rope that pulls your parachute open for you.

Tom Ippolito remembers thinking, "Why did I let go?"

I remember it became quiet all of a sudden, the airplane was gone, and there I was; alive. I could write volumes and still not adequately describe that feeling. You're canopy is open, you are safe and utterly on top of the world. Nothing will ever be quite the same again. In Hazelton, you are talked down by radio, so that you land where you belong, steering according to the instructions Rick (the radioman) gives you from the ground. I made my first jump in Albany, where they left you to fend for yourself once the canopy was open. Hazelton is much easier on the mind. As you near the ground, some three minutes after you exit the plane, you will prepare

for your parachute landing fall, or PLF. You will hit the ground at about 15 feet per second, or the speed you attain while jumping off a four foot platform. (Not from a second floor window, or from a roof, as is commonly supposed. I've jumped from both, and PLF's are alot easier.) If you do what you're told, this part is cake. Making it up yourself is asking for trouble. Most of parachuting is like that.

\* \* \* \* \* You're back on the ground. You're alive, and you've done something only a handful of people have ever done. Proud of yourself, aren't you?

Now we'll talk about if. What if? You know what if. The big if. The what if. The one you read this article for. The one people instinctively connect to parachutes. What if it doesn't open? The parachute, that is.

It will. But what if it doesn't? Then you open the other one. The reserve. What if that doesn't open? They always do.

But what if it doesn't? Then you're a deader, a goner, you auger in, you're finished, YOU BOUNCE. Simple, case closed, no discussion.

But it simply will not happen.

\* \* \* \* \* Thirty thousand Americans made over two million parachute jumps last year. Twenty-nine of them died. All but five of these deaths

resulted from either no or low pull of their main or reserve chutes. In other words, your parachute will not open unless you cause it to do so.

I read the accident reports every month because I don't want to make the same mistakes. If you jump with Stony Brook, you will find that I harp on things which may irritate you once you're convinced you know it all, but I'll do it anyway. I'll do it now so you'll remember it if you need it someday. In a sport where human error accounts for almost all the you can't be too careful. That is why you make five static line jumps before you are allowed to pull your own ripcord. You must prove you have the presence of mind to pull your ripcord. Until then, it is pulled for you. Advancement in parachuting comes through practice and hard work. If you are not paying attention on your static line jumps, you will have to keep making them until you do them right. It's that simple.

Actually, the best training aid you will find in Hazelton is abuse, in the form of Don Kellner's critiques of your jumps. My static line jumps were terrible until I got tired of Don saying, in typical Don Kellner fashion, "Ya fucked up, ya dumbshit ya." I reached a point where I was more worried about making a fool of myself than I was of dying. And that is what we call progress.

What does this all cost? As a member of the Parachute Club, you will be charged \$70 for the first jump course. That covers everything, including Dave's famous one way plane ride. If you like it enough to go again, static line jumps are \$17 and freefall jumps are \$12. Many people ask me why we go all the way to Pennsylvania to jump, and the prices alone are good reason, being much lower than closer competitors.

Prices don't tell the whole story, though. I was offered lower prices and a personal cash bonus for bringing our club up to Albany, but I was not nearly as comfortable jumping there as I am at Hazelton, and how you feel about the people you jump with is as important as the jumps themselves sometimes. I like the people who make up the Northeast Pennsylvania Ripcords, but, more than that, I trust them, and that is what is, in the end, important. They have been teaching people how to parachute for more than twenty years, and they haven't lost a student yet. You just can't argue with that kind of record.

If you would like to join us when we once again jump for glory and good old Stony Brook, please contact Hawkeye at 246-6939, or stop by Langmuir C - 114, summer headquarters for the Parachute Club.



Rory Aylward preparing to jump.

Press/ Daniel Hank

Come To  
**Action Park**  
Monday August 8  
10:00 a.m.

\$15 includes admission  
and round-trip  
transportation  
Buy tickets in advance  
at Polity

*Sponsored by the Student Polity Association*

Open for the Summer

Lunch and Dinner

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Specials Everyday

Cedarbrook Restaurant

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Cedar Street and Route 25A  
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# Death In The Afternoon

## The National Survival Game

by Mike Barret

0730 hours. Debbie came into the barracks and with a cheerful smile said, "Aren't you guys supposed to be gone?" She was right, of course, Able company was supposed to assemble and rendezvous with Bravo company by 0745 hours. Our objective: to best an unknown opponent in the ultimate role playing experience, The National Survival Game. But first we had to get out of bed. The alarm hadn't sounded us and I pondered the cause - mechanical failure? human error? sabotage? In any case it wasn't a good omen.

0805 hours. Neither Capt. Hawkeye nor Bravo company had - not a good omen. I assumed command and we hit the road. Breakfast was a highly mobile eggs on a roll, iced tea and hot coffee accompanied by a Village Voice and a New York Times.

Aside from Barry's continued deprecation of conservative columnist George Will and his part in the debate debacle and his incensed throwing of loose newspaper around the windswept van, nearly causing a collision with a cop car as we swerved to avoid a fire hydrant, the trip was uneventful.

1048 hours. We arrived in serene Brewster New York almost an hour late, due to a premature left we were forced into when avoiding the cop car, but Bravo company was there and already in the woods! We were issued a CO<sub>2</sub> gun, holster, CO<sub>2</sub> cartridges, goggles, bandanas,

and four dozen marble sized paint pellets, and were rushed to arbitrarily picked teams awaiting the start of the first game.

On the way the rules were reviewed. The simple object of the game is to get the flag from the opposite team's base, and return it to your own base. The survival aspect of the game lies in not getting shot with a paint pellet by the enemy. This can be done in three ways, hiding, running away, or shooting the other guy first. Getting shot by a pellet will cause a sting and a bruise, but nothing more.

The field was a thickly wooded dogleg with bases a half-mile apart.

1059 hours. The game begins. This was just to get us familiar with the field and field tactics. I managed to retire a member of Bravo company while they were trying to get a bead on Dangerous Dan. Shortly thereafter, my goggles turned suddenly white - blown away by a lucky shot. A plumber from Canarsie grabbed the yellow flag, and the game was over.

1230 hours. Sandwiches and beer served from Coleman coolers was lunch. During lunch I got Able and Bravo companies together (the best of Stony Brook) and made plans to defeat the flatlanders.

1300 hours. The strategy for the second game was simple. Four guys guard the flag, 4 to lay in ambush in the woods, and 4 to run down the dirt road through the middle of the playing field in a blitz-type attack on the enemy flag. Surprise

was everything.

The game started, the runners dashed down the road, the ambushers and flag guards took their positions.

1330 hours. A lone enemy (who was subsequently nailed by the flag guards) was able to sneak past my ambush while my gun was jammed, but other than that, no action or reports from the front.

I began to worry. What if the runners had been massacred? I rounded up the ambushers to make plans at the base. While the eight of us were massed near the flag, the enemy's attack force arrived. Neither side could get a clear shot at the other. I decided to take two men and circle around behind the enemy. While skirting the road, we spotted an enemy player running down the road, depending on his speed to make him too hard to hit. I took aim, and paint splattered his side. I pitied our runners. I then spied an ambusher setting her sights on me. Without time to reload, I rushed her, paint pellet in hand, intending to engage in hand-to-hand combat. Suddenly another enemy, who I hadn't seen, opened fire on me at point blank range, but this time the capsule didn't break, bouncing harmlessly away. Then John of Bravo company happened on the scene, forcing the enemy to surrender. The ambusher and I surrendered to each other for lack of a better course of action.

Shortly thereafter, Skippy, one of the original runners, came jogging into sight wearing the enemy's flag

around his neck. He had a puzzled expression which he later explained was due to the surprising lack of resistance he had met up with since capturing the flag. John escorted Skippy back to base and we had won!

Apparently the runners had left the road earlier than planned and snuck into the woods. There they met a patrol which they wisely tried to avoid. They remained silent as the four man patrol passed. But no! The patrol was merely pretending to pass them by. They were surrounded, as a second patrol opened fire on them from the front. Dangerous Dan, Joe, and Barry each took out an enemy before buying the farm themselves. During the commotion, though, Skippy circled around behind the enemy base and waited. When the patrols left, he dashed for the flag and the rest was history.

1430 hours. The proprietors of the game were gracious enough to give us a third game, but since the flatlanders won, I doubt that an account of this game would be of any interest to our readers.

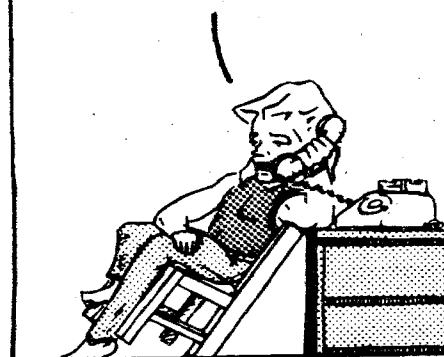
1700 hours. On the way home, since we were in the neighborhood, we dropped in on a previous editor of the Press. That is we tried to. Di Lorenzo wasn't in, he was at Stony Brook at the time. We were treated instead to the generous hospitality and conversation of Paul's parents. The perfect ending to the perfect day, the type of day that makes you feel glad you're alive.

## Up The Brook

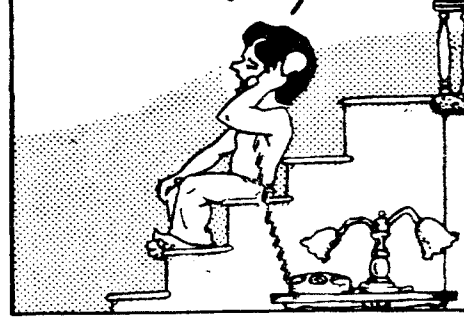
by R. Garabed



HEY, GUY!  
WHAT'S DOING?



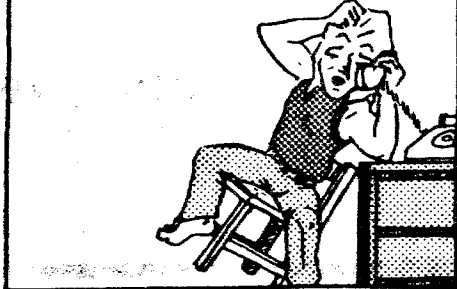
OH, NOTHING  
MUCH. BEATING  
OFF THE GIRLS  
WITH A STICK.  
YOU?



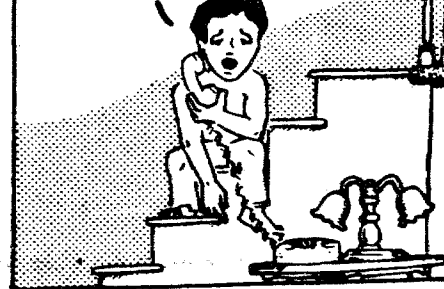
OH, I'VE GOT  
FOUR BLONDES,  
THREE RED-  
HEADS, TWO  
BRUNETTES,  
AND A  
PLATINUM  
IN A  
PEAR  
TREE.



SO, ARE  
YOU WINNING  
THE BATTLE  
?



HAVE TO  
GARGLE  
WITH INSECT  
REPELLENT  
TO KEEP 'EM  
AWAY.



BELIEVE ME?  
NOT FOR  
A MINUTE.  
ANY SOLID  
PROSPECTS?





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## Summertime Blues At The Stony Brook Country Club

by Brian T. Ehrlich

With July almost over and the fall semester almost upon us, I guess it's time to look back on those lazy, hazy days of summer. While most normal people spend their summers lying on the beach or working in a steaming, sweaty factory, I like to do something that most people only dream about doing: to attend summer school at Stony Brook. That's right, school in the sun; books at the Brook; studies at SUNY.

I know, right now you're probably saying to yourself "Self, how can I too be one of the privileged and go to school at Stony Brook during the summer?" Well, the obvious answer is to sleep, drink, and party all through the spring semester. But if you don't think you can handle that, then the other alternative is to make plans in advance. Decide about two years earlier that you want to spend your summer in wonderful down-town Stony Brook and remember to keep a couple days free for that summer.

Well, you saved up all your money for this fantastic journey and the summer approaches. It's now time for you to start your summer sessions (did I forget to mention that the summer is split up into two sessions. No need to worry, after sitting in class for three and three-quarter hours, it all seems like one long term.) The day arrives and you prepare to leave for your class. You kiss your parents good-bye, pat the dog on the head, and get into the car for the all-to-familiar ride. You promised your friends you would send

them postcards so you stop off on the way at the post-office and buy a couple of rolls of stamps. Suddenly, you feel like a jerk. You're not living on campus, you're commuting. Unfortunately, you realize this as you go through a red light and smash into the driver's side of a police car.

Getting onto campus and finding a parking place is no problem. In fact, during the summer Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus could bring their whole show and still have extra room after setting up. The campus is deserted. Occasionally, a tumbleweed rolls by and a jackrabbit runs across the road, but other than that there is little sign of population. On Nichols Road about two miles before the university there's a sign that says "Last stop for civilization". There's even a sun-dried skeleton of a bison near Roth Pond. To top it all off, the pretzel stand is missing from outside the Lecture Center. Now they've gone too far. But instead of getting mad you just smile and begin to laugh. You understand what other people were talking about and now you too can finally enjoy the beauty and wonder of it all. For now you have officially become a Stony Brook summer student. (Trumpets, please).

After carefully maneuvering yourself through the throbbing mobs of two or three of you reach the classroom. It has been carefully planned that all classes during the summer will be held in buildings and rooms that have no windows or air conditioning. And since every-

one knows hot air rises, the classrooms are usually on the fourth floor or higher. You open the door and a cloud of steam with a gust of hot air overcomes you, fogging up your glasses and causing the Bic pen to melt into your back pocket. Mistaking the room for a sauna you whip out your beach towel and begin to undress. By the time you get to your underwear you realize it's not a sauna but English 159: The Use of the Comma in Victorian Literature. Unfortunately, you're in the right class.

As noon strolls by, the professor decides to be nice and let you go early. Those ten minute breaks did nothing for you, what you need is a nice, tall cup of coffee. About a quart's worth. But this is the summer and most of the services are closed. What will you do? First, there's the Humanities cafeteria. Over here they serve the garbage you threw out in Humanities. The difference is it's wrapped in cute, little boxes and priced much higher. It's also given a different name so it sounds like an exotic meal. Somehow, Sweet and Sour Chicken Lips with a side order of Fried Fish Heads (all you can eat any day with a vowel in it) doesn't excite me. The last resort and the place I frequent most of the time is the Rainy Night House. Over there you find everybody that goes to school, and usually when you want to get on line to buy lunch. One word of caution: don't drink the beer. I'm not quite sure what brand it is but I think the label said Pabst Smear.

If you have time to kill before

your next class, or instead of going to it, there's the video arcade across the hall. Talk about fanatics. Somebody playing Ms. Pac Man still hadn't taken her final from spring of '78. An interesting feature is most of the professors like to play video games also. If you think you're letting out your anxieties you should see these folks play. One professor playing Berzerk kept saying over and over, "So you think it's all right to talk in my class everytime I do, huh?" He kept repeating that even when they came to take him away.

Strangely enough, I met my own professor from the morning down there the other day. I hadn't done so well on my midterm and I was still a bit angry at him. I figured now was the time to get my revenge. I casually strolled up to him and struck up some light conversation. I cleverly manipulated the subject to video and what games he played. When I found out he liked Crzay Kong I chortled quietly to myself. I happen to be an expert at the game, averaging around five hundred thousand. I asked him if he'd like to play a game with me, enticing him with a side bet. I told him if I won I wanted an "A" in the course; if I lost he could fail me. We put our quarters in and began to play. I can't explain what happened next, it all went by so fast. To make a short story shorter, I'm looking forward to spending my next summer here at the internationally renowned Stony Brook "Sink or Swim" Club.

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## Stray of the Week

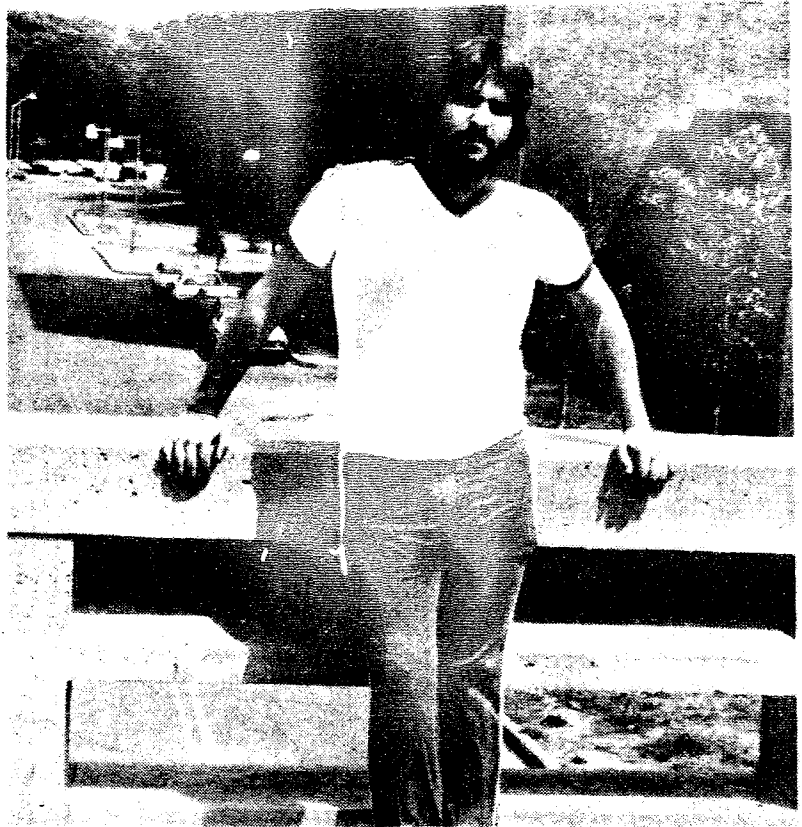
### "COCA" Ralph

A month ago, Jim Black, VP for University Affairs, resigned to move back to California. Then Rich Bentley, FSA President, resigned to move to Downstate Medical Center. But the most momentous resignation of all occurred last week when Ralph Sevush, chairman of COCA and President of Tuesday Flicks, stepped down to enter the hazy world of graduation.

Sevush, movie God on campus for the last two years, numbered as his greatest accomplishment the changing of the name COCA from Committee on Cinematographic Arts to the Committee on Cinematic Arts, largely because no one knows what "Cinematographic" means.

In addition to producing I-CON and co-producing the last two Fallfests, along with coaching the Polity softball team, Sevush will also be remembered for inventing the ham salad on a salt bagel sandwich, a food since discontinued by the Rainy Night House because of the mind-numbing thirst it created in everyone but Sevush.

His colleagues had nothing but good words about Ralph. "He was OK", said one. "Yeah" said another.



## Jungle Pizza

### Chuck E. Cheese - Something Different

by Kathy Esseks

Last Saturday evening I was psyching for another depressing night of club cruising, trying for the white-dot-on-black-nail-polish a la the Cutex ad, and feeling a bit down and out about the whole scene when a friend called up and suggested that we do something different. Even better, she had specific ideas about what different to do. She had this absolutely terrific pizza place in mind, I simply had to see it, an experience I'd never forget, and — we could hit the clubs. OK, I thought, but a pizza place on the Jericho turnpike in Commack? Isn't that a little desperate? It's called Chuck E. Cheese's and it's for little kids but you've got to see it. I knew that any pizza place could be better than 'White Wedding' and I had faith in my friend and I had faith in my friend, so I picked her up and we drove off on our search for the ultimate in kiddie pizza parlors.

The first indication that this Joint was out of the ordinary was the line at the door. When was the last time you saw a line out the door of your favorite pizza hang-out? I thought so. I felt slightly out of my element (which is the women's room of any club you care to name) since I was neither under ten or the parent of such a one. When we joined the line all the kids and their parents were waiting patiently and in loud anticipation of getting through the door, whose structure was guarded by a colorfully costumed waitress with a cute red plastic bowler hat that I coveted.

To keep the patrons from getting cranky on line, the Establishment's p.r. guy, Jasper Jowls, came out to shake our hands, wave, and wag his head back and forth. I would be embarrassed to tell my friends that I got my minimum wage by dressing up as a countrified Basset Hound, but then I'm probably too concerned with appearances anyway. After actually meeting J.J. I thought that life couldn't possibly hold much more for me, but at the very moment I was giving up on the future we were permitted to enter the inner bastions of Chuck E. Cheese's.

I didn't know where to look first or what at, and felt as intimidated as I had as my first circus, made worse by the lack of Mommy's hand to hold. My long suffering, tolerant friend steered me over to the counter marked Order Food Here, and we decided what sort of pizza we wanted. Although the prices are a little steep, you can have a pineapple pizza if you want, which we did not, but you might, and the ambience is included. We went for mushrooms and tomatoes, paid up, and received five little tokens in return for our patronage.

What to do with the tokens? Well there were thirty or forty or fifty of the newest, most baffling video games up in one section, surrounded by serious devotees of 10 and 12 and 14. The shooting arcades run on a token, as does Chuck E.'s Cheese roll, wherein one drops a token into a slot and receives nine balls to roll up a ramp into (one hopes) holes of varying merit— 20, 30 points, 50 points. At the end of the game your score flashes and the machine spits out X number of lavender tickets,

worth 1 cent which you can save for souvenirs or redeem, once you have seven hundred of them, for Chuck E. Cheese T-shirts, frisbees, coloring books, mugs, etc. I had a ball at this game and am only 650 tickets away from a T-shirt.

Almost unfortunately, our pizza was ready, as proclaimed on video screens throughout the place. Sometimes customers apparently get so involved in Pacman or whatever that they forget about the food, because every so often the voice of Chuck E. Cheese himself blares over the P. A. system, 'Number 23 PLEASE come get your pizza.'

The pie itself was a very able representative of its particular culinary genre, the only drawback being a lack of plates on which to place the meal in question. Lots of napkins, though, so things worked out fine. The large drinks were truly large and served in attractive plastic cups just like at home, which made up for the plates. In fact, you can order not just a thousand varieties of pizza but, for the calorie conscious among us, a salad bar entree. Something for everyone.

We marshalled our pizza, drinks and wads of napkins into the most desirable dining area. Chuck E. Cheese thoughtfully offers you a number of seating options: the Kiddie Theatre room, just right for birthday parties, features Disneyland-style mechanical critters behind a Punch and Judy stage who will sing and dance for a quarter. Option two is to watch wide screen T.V. while masticating your pizza; the sound is either inaudible or simply not broadcast, but lots of mealtime fun can be had ma-

king up dialogue for the commercials. Dining experience three, the one we chose, involves a large room with glass walls so you can keep an eye on the kids at the video games and a huge mechanized lion in a white satin suit who, at the drop of a quarter, plays guitar and sings Elvis Presley hits. To add an extra thrill to the chance to see 'The King' (if anything can top this sight), while the lion is singing and keeping time with his left foot, these little round stool-type seats at the edge of the 'stage' bop up and down. So if you are not busy eating pizza or salad or something you can sit on these things, have a friend throw a token into the slot, and ride up and down to Elvis songs. The possibilities suggested by this ride are endless and fascinating. I did not, of course, try out this innovative way to experience Elvis, being all involved with the mushrooms on my slice, but I watched all these kids bobbing up and down, up and down while my friend sang along with 'The King.'

Eating pizza will never be the same now that I've been to Chuck E. Cheese's. Commack is becoming the hot spot of Middle Suffolk County these days, so the next time you have a combined urge for pizza, video, and live stage shows with balloons and frisbees, check out Chuck E.'s. Not on a first date, though, unless you're trying to project a very youthful image.