

Power Problems

G Quad Sealed Off to Repair Steam Lines

by Joe Caponi

A leaky steam condensate pipe underneath G Quad has caused several power outages and interruptions on campus in the last three weeks, and has forced the excavation of much of the quad to repair. Robert Francis, VP for Campus Operations, explained that the leaks from the steam pipe had caused water to back up into the equipment room for Irving and O'Neill colleges twice in the last three weeks, blowing out the power feeder for G and H quads, and causing power interruptions in other buildings. James College, which is being used for summer

housing, had a number of heat and electric outages.

The State had already opened bids for contractors to replace the steam and condensate lines in G Quad, but after the accidents, the University received permission to do the repairs themselves, Francis said. Much of the center of G Quad, including the pit hockey pit, has been excavated, and steam fitters are working on repairs. At this point, only Irving and O'Neill Colleges remain without power.

"Because of their age, these systems are reaching the end of their useful lives," Francis said. "They can be repaired, but it takes

money. The tunnel that the steam and condensate lines are in was designed to be cheap to build, not easy to maintain, and that's causing difficulties."

Francis explained that he wants to make structural modifications to the tunnel to make it easier to work in in the future. The heating and electricity should be working long before residents return to the Quad in the fall, but the structural work may extend past that time. If it does, the chain link fences will remain around the inside of G Quad until all the excavation and repairs are done.

21

The Feds Step In



page 2

GSO Elections:

Hill Reelected

page 3

The Pope

page 5

Bruce Springsteen

page 12

Prohibition

Despite its defeat in the New York State Assembly, the 21 year old drinking age remains a major issue, but now, the focus of attention has turned to the federal government, where age—raisers are getting important support.

Just as in New York, the drinking age was debated in Washington hallways and committees all year, but little legislative action occurred until after the close of spring semester at colleges. However, unlike the drinking age bill, which was defeated in the Assembly, a bill that would punish states that do not have 21 year old drinking ages has passed the House of Representatives and gained the backing of President Ron Reagan.

The bill, which is being sponsored in the Senate by Frank Lautenberg of New Jersey, (a 21 state) would penalize states 5% of their highway funds two years after its passage, and 10% three years after. New York, for instance, would lose \$40,000,000. The bill could come to a vote this week.

But to understand what led to all of this, one must go back to last year, when Reagan formed a Presidential Commission on Drunk Driving, which published its report in December. In it, the commission, which was chaired by former Secretary of Transportation John Volpe, came up with the original suggestion of withholding highway funds in order to push states to adopt 21 year old drinking age laws. Believing, however, that drinking age laws were best left to the states, though, the commission urged against any kind of federal statute setting a national drinking age. Reagan agreed with much of the report's findings, but, stopped short of endorsing the highway funds cuts, feeling that they were unreasonable, and would also generate much hatred among affected state governments. He changed his mind this month.

Urged on by advisors such as current Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole,

Reagan has decided to support the proposed law. One of the best commentaries on this that we have read comes from the Three Village Herald, which wrote, "The plan immediately strikes us as an unethical use of federal power and a curious course for Reagan, an avowed promoter of state's rights, to follow. But more importantly, it seems a sad indication that the federal government, too, is caught up in the crazed notion that punishing a substantial segment of society is a sensible way to counteract the injuries caused by an irresponsible few."

Reagan obviously has been convinced that supporting the bill, and the far more reaching national 21 year old drinking age that people like Dole are running around the country calling for, is good for votes in November. In addition, Reagan can use this to pacify that section of his supporters who are angry with him for not doing enough to enact his social agenda, which they feel he has neglected.

The national media have jumped on the bandwagon also. US News and World Report, in an article entitled, "Ahead: Minimum Drinking Age of 21," described the pro-21 forces as a "grass roots campaign against drunk drivers that took Washington by storm in mid-June." It goes on to quote two supporters of the highway funds bill, without quoting a single opponent. Even the New York Times, the most important paper in America, wrote this Sunday in favor of the law. The editorial was called, "Let Washington Set the Drinking Age." In doing so, the Times reversed its position of just six months ago, when they wrote, "The President was right to reject the commission's idea of withholding highway aid funds from states that permit public drinking for those under 21. Voluntary state programs will be enforced more effectively and avoid a distracting wrangle in Congress."

They were right, and it is sad to see the Times move away from that correct position to the wrong one.

What does cut down on drunk driving accidents? Education, combined with enforcement of the drunk driving laws. Canada has a much lower highway death rate than the U.S., yet their

drinking age is, and always has been, 18. The difference? Strict anti-drunk driving laws and a mandatory seatbelt law, an idea the U.S. should pick up on if it really wants to do something about highway injuries.

Often, the debate about the effectiveness of any drinking age law gets bogged down by conflicting sets of statistics. Basically, though, the issue is one of fairness. 18-20 year olds are given the responsibilities of adults, including the unique responsibility of the military draft, and it is just unfair to penalize them as a group in order to solve social problems. Not only is it wrong, it won't work.

We'll close with the words of Assemblyman George Hockbruckner, who voted against raising the drinking age in New York, and who will be the Democratic Congressional candidate against William Carney in this district in the fall:

Upon examining the 21 drinking age question, I found that only one out of every 1,000 young women and three out of every 1,000 young men in the 19 and 20 age categories were part of the drinking and driving problem.

I also found that 39% of the young people in the 19 and 20 age category don't have a driver's license.

After reviewing the facts, I concluded that if our concern is to save lives by reducing drunk driving in that age category, raising the drinking age was not the best way to do it.

I felt it was irresponsible to restrict the freedom of hundreds of thousands of young people because of the irresponsibility of a very few."

The Stony Brook Press

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Hill Reelected GSO President Activity Fee Passes

by Al Bosco

Results of the officer elections and referenda for the Graduate Student Organization (GSO) have been tabulated, following the mail-in ballot deadline.

Winning the Presidency for his second term, Dave Hill, of the Political Science department, received 146 votes to Mario Brajuha's 43. Jeff Baumgartner, of the Ecology and Evolution department, won the Vice-President position, running unopposed, with 164 votes. For Treasurer, Rajiv Gupta, from the computer science department, received 168 votes, also running unopposed.

Graduate students voted to maintain their mandatory activity fee, 171 to 36, but voted against an increase that would have raised the fee to \$15.00 from \$12.50, 115 to 69. Also main-

tained was the \$1.50 per semester which goes to the Student Association of the State University (SASU), and the \$2.10 per semester which goes to the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG), those referenda winning 140 to 41 and 139 to 41, respectively.

A referendum to change the officer position titles in the GSO Constitution in order to comply with New York State law passed easily, 170 to 10.

In the Stony Brook Council vote, which the graduate students share with the undergraduates, Sam Hoff took 127 of the 151 votes. Former Polity President David Gamberg, however, had a sufficient majority of the undergraduate votes from the spring to win the overall election.

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Summertime Blues At The Stony Brook Country Club

by Brian T. Ehrlich

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.

Strangly 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.



SSAB events:



Thurs. June 28

Rollerskating party at Great Skates

Buses leave union at 7:30pm

and 8:30pm (session 8-10:30pm)

Everything free-skate rental too!

Bring ID

Thurs. July 12

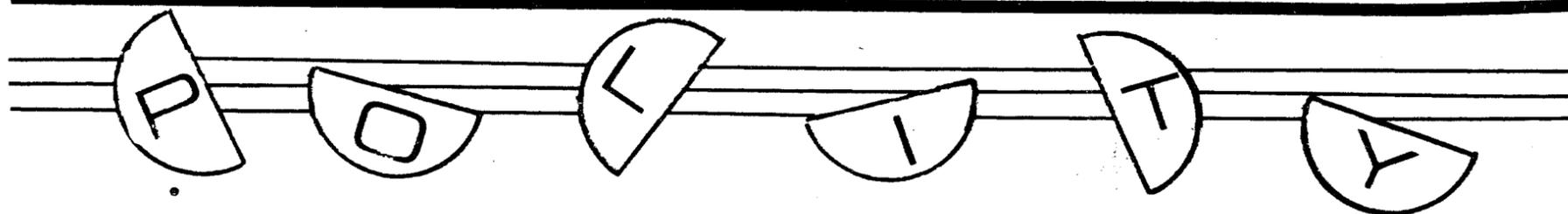
Great Adventure trip \$16.00

10am on a luxury coach. Tickets must be purchased by
July 9th

See Virginia in the Polity office.

Seating is limited.

(Transportation and adm. included)



FALL FEST 84

T-Shirt Design Contest

50.00 prize

For Winning Design

If Interested Contact Any

Fest Committee Member In Polity

RM 254, Student Union By

July 5th 1984

A Religious Experience

Impressions of the Pope

By Jean Marie Pagni

Until very recently I've never really considered the Pope, or more specifically, Pope John Paul II. Now if you're thinking that this is a lead into another born again christian story, much to the disappointment of people such as the religious enthusiasts who set up shop inside the Union I can assure you it's not. Since sex and politics and reggae are much more prevalent (at least in this newspaper) than religion is, I hope that my story concerning the Pope will be a welcomed change of pace.

I started the summer intersession the right way - with a two week vacation to France (Lourdes), and Italy (all over). This trip was billed as a pilgrimage, and for everyone else but me it was. My reason for going was nither to pay any homage to anyone (dead or alive), nor was it for the purpose of making an act of devotion. I went because I had never been to Europe before and I was dying to see it. As for my other 12 companions, a priest who was our escort, and a few other members of his parish (one being my grandmother), they went mainly for the visitation of various shrines; sites of historical religious interest like the now thornless rose garden in Assisi in which St. Francis on the then thorny roses (the thorns miraculously disappeared upon his impact) as a self punishment for being tempted by a woman; and the Vatican; the culmination of the trip being participation in an audience of the Holy Father.

Looking back on that day I saw the Pope, I realize that it made more of an impression on me than I had thought. One question in particular has been very much on my mind ever since. Was



it the man himself, Karol Wojtyla, or the fact that he was Pope and therefore what he represented, or a combination of the two, that had turned the tourists I was with (ranging in age from early 50's to 78) into smiling, happy, jumpy little kids who pushed through crowds and stood on chairs in hopes of getting a better view of the Pope? Two of the more persistent ones managed to get close enough to actually touch the Pope. Afterwards they came back to the group totally mesmerized shouting, "I touched him! I touched him!" Looking at them, in all honesty I would have to admit that though they were beyond exitable, they had also become engulfed in an air of extreme serenity. All this created by the presence of one man.

Admist the crowd of people in St. Peter's Square, I felt like an anthropo-

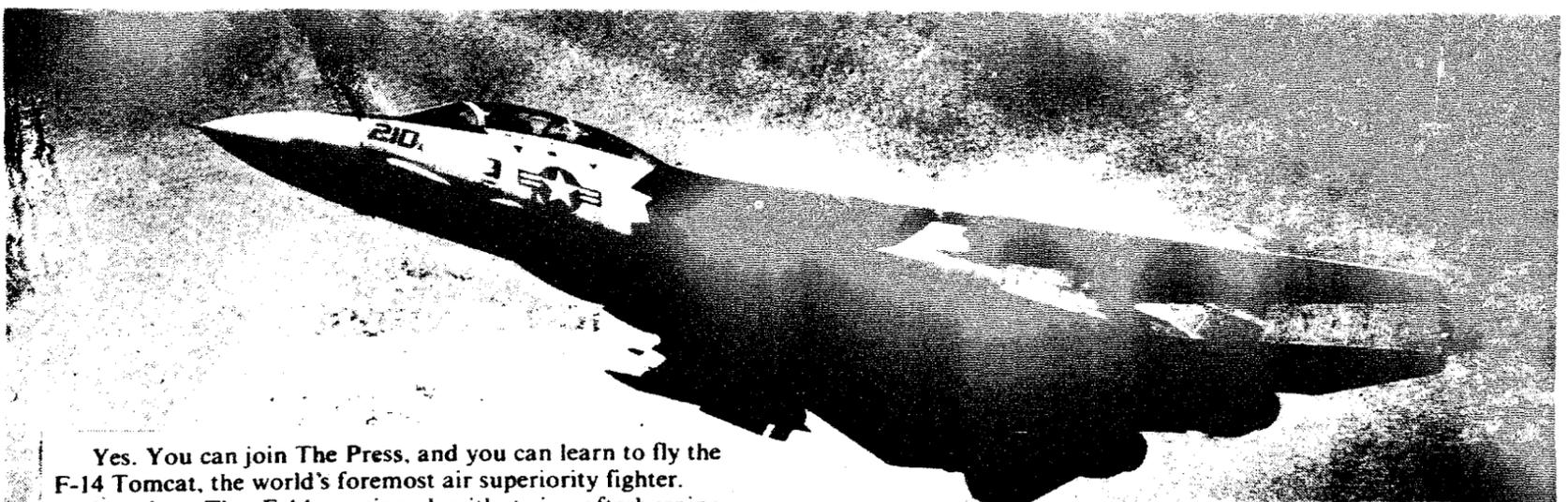
logist whose only personal experience that could be compared to how the Pope's presence had effected these people, was of the kind that some might see as blasphemous upon first reading. I am speaking of my presence at a concert of someone whom I deeply admire, whether it be Joni Mitchell, Vladimir Horowitz, or Chick Corea. For these people I would wait in line hours to buy a ticket, and push through crowds to get up close. I would consider it the high point of the year if I'd shaken one of their hands. I have the greatest respect for these people and consider their music as 3 of the world's dearest treasures.

I am fully aware of what Pope John Paul II represents and that he is not a folk/rock/jazz musician, nor a classical of jazz pianist. He is, in his own right, an

extraordinary person. This man is the first non-Italian Pope in 455 years, and is the first Pole ever in a line that dates all the way back to St. Peter. The ability to speak fluently in 6 languages has aided him in his skillful dealings with various countries, and has no doubt been partly responsible for the enormous charismatic effect he has on people all over the world. He was once a professor of philosophy and ethics, and has done a considerable amount of writing. He is a strong man whose love of the outdoors and athletic build almost certainly helped sustain him during his recovery from the gun shot wounds he received from a would-be assassin a little over three years ago.

When considering Pope John Paul II, I think of a wonderful and remarkable man. The fact that he is Pope, however, does not make me respect him any more (or less) than anyone else. Unlike my 12 companions who believe that immediately upon the inauguration of a new Pope, this mortal man automatically possesses supremely devine qualities which brings him closer to God than any other person; I feel the responsibility of being Pope is an honorable occupation, but that it is just that-an occupation. The man he is and the things he does a Pope are what make him great, and that he is. This usage of a "holier than thou" principle is what separated me from the rest of my group. Differences such as these though probably inevitable, and though I respect them, leave me both disturbed and angered, as they probably would my companions should they ever get a copy of this paper and consider my beliefs.

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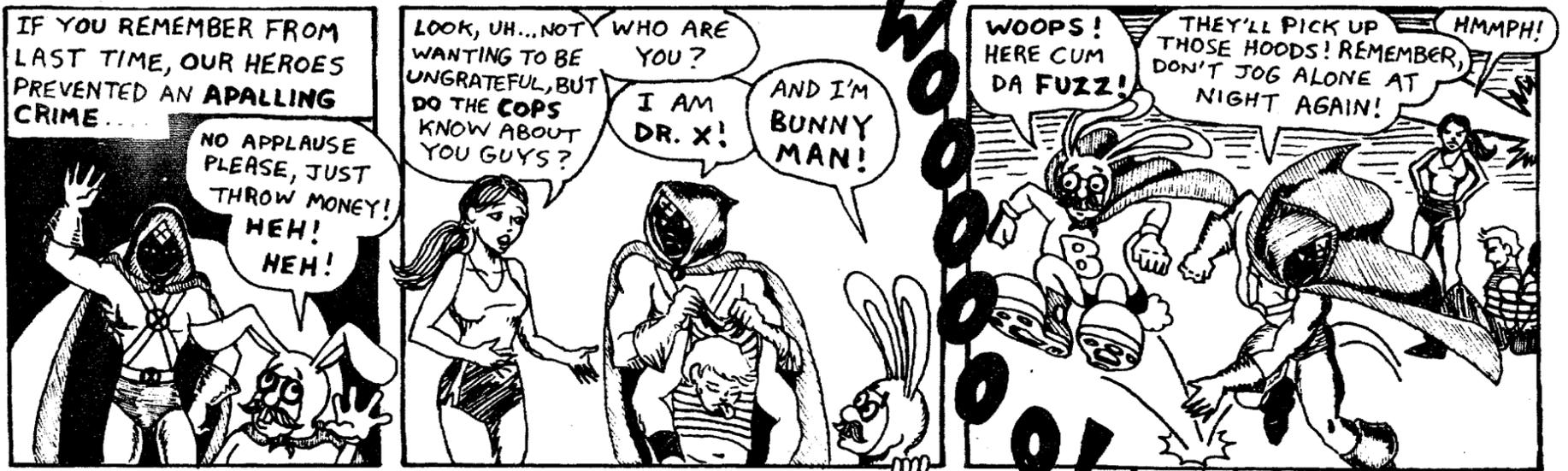
Continuing
 the adventures
 of the newest,
 most amazing Heroes...

Dr. X

and Bunny man!

DEIRES ©/1984

THIS WEEK:
ORIGINS



UH... DOC... IF YOU'RE THRU POSING, YA MIND IF I TELL MY STORY?

OOOH KIDDIES! ANOTHER FLASHBACK!

LONG AGO... WELL, ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO... YOUNG ANGELICA QUIMBY AND HER PET RABBIT NIBBLES ARE ENJOYING A LATE NIGHT CARROT...

GOSH NIBBLES! I WISH I COULD BE A RABBIT LIKE YOU! NO CARES OR WORRIES! AND WE BOTH LIKE CARROTS! (SIGH!) TEE HEE!

MEANWHILE, AT THAT MOMENT... WELL REALLY ABOUT 22 MILLION YEARS AGO... A DISTANT STAR EXPLODES, SENDING RADIATIONS THROUGHOUT THE COSMOS...

... LOOK, I KNOW THIS IS A LITTLE ROUNDABOUT, BUT STAY WITH ME, IT'S GONNA GET GOOD...

...RADIATION SO ABNORMAL THAT 22 MILLION YEARS LATER, ANGELICA QUIMBY GETS HER WISH!

EEEEK!

AND NIBBLES, BEING A NORMAL RABBIT, DOES WHAT NORMAL RABBITS DO!

JUMPS HER BONES!

THIS GOES ON UNTIL THE EARTH MOVES OUT OF RANGE OF THE RADIATION...

... CAUSING THINGS TO REVERT BACK TO NORMAL...

...WELL... ALMOST...

OH THE SHAME! THE SHAME!

... AND WHAT'S MORE...

WHAT IS IT DOCTOR? A BOY OR A GIRL?

WAAH!

LOOKS LIKE A FOOT TO ME!

THE BOY, CALVIN QUIMBY, GREW UP, REALIZING HE HAD THE PROPORTIONATE POWERS OF A RABBIT...

WELL, I'M IMPRESSED!

... AND THAT INCLUDED BONES JUMPING!

SAY, THIS DR. X GUY HAS THE RIGHT IDEA! WONDER IF I CAN BE HIS PARTNER?

DAILY CRIER

NEW MYSTERY MAN ON THE SCENE

"DR. X" FIGHTS CRIME

POLICE SAY DON'T WANT INTERFERENCE!

AFTER WEEKS OF SEARCH, "THE BUNNY" IS ABLE TO ASK DR. X THAT QUESTION...

NO FUGGIN' WAY!

HOW ABOUT IF I PUT ON TRUNKS AND A CAPE AND CALL MYSELF BUNNYMAN?

NOW YOU LOOK RESPECTABLE!

AND THUS WAS BORN A TEAM THAT WILL NOT REST UNTIL EVIL IS STOPPED...

... OR THEY ARE ...

NEXT WEEK

DR. X AND BUNNYMAN IN THEIR MOST DANGEROUS (AND MAYBE LAST!) CASE:

STATIC

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How Sweet It Is!

Honeymooner's Fans Convene

by Sara Battaglia

Christopher Columbus, Thomas Edison, Martin Luther King, Jr., Bob Columbe and Peter Crescenti...all men credited with major accomplishments to the human race. Oh, you say you don't recognize the last two? You'd better add them to the history books. They are co-founders of RALPH (the royal Association for the Longevity and Preservation of the Honeymooners) and boy, can they run a convention!

Columbe and Crescenti hosted the RALPH convention at the C.W. Post Theater in Greenvale on May 20. Close to 2,500 "Honeymoonies" were entertained with 8 hours of hilarity, well worth the \$15 per ticket bought 1 month in advance. Upon entering the theatre, each convention-goer (not necessarily a RALPH member, though most were) was given a program, a RALPH cap, and a set of bulging eyes (later used to reenact a favorite skit from one of the classic 39 Honeymooners episodes). Once seated, me, my mom, and hundreds of fans, many in the costume of a favorite character, were welcomed by the founders, who were also dressed in Raccoon gear. All eyes were onstage as several special guests, most of whom had appeared in only 1 episode, were introduced one by one throughout the day. The guest speakers highlighted the convention. Most were admired simply for a brief guest spot in a paticular episode, later to be magnified into a major role due to the minimal episodes and guest stars. Every precious line they spoke and expression they've worn is viewed over and over each night until an average interior decorator named Andre in 1955 is a big star in 1984. Seeing George (Leslie Barrett) and Harvey onstage together, 29 years, looking great and acting as young as their original roles was really a thrill for those who have seen the Bensonhurst Bomber episode over 50 times. George sounded his famous giggle during an animated presentation beside his more distinguished bully friend. The "2-minute stars" took their stardom casually, surprised to receive so much attention for their small contributions, unaware that they were every bit a Honeymooner as the Kramdens and the Nortons. As Barrett said, "Who would have thought when I created this little character of George in the Honeymooners that I would receive such a tumultuous, uninhibited, roaring round of approval for it almost 30 years later?" Probably no one, but it held true.

Two unedited episodes of TV's funniest show were shown on a giant screen in the auditorium, with the crowd yelling out each line as if they wrote the script. I felt like I was at my 49th sitting of Rocky Horror minus the tissue paper and toast. Singer/songwriter Jesse Goldberg sang his own theme song, "It's Honeymooner time," comedy team Ruth and Eddie Ayres gave Hucklebuck lessons, and comedian Bob "Bang-Zoom" Woods performed excellent impressions of Ralph and Norton. There were two costume contests, one of which I strutted onstage to participate in, and camera crews were

there to capture it all for pictures in the RALPH newsletter. The originality and character likenesses were incredible; two "men from outer space" pranced about, tons of Brother Raccoons, me and four other Rita Wedermeyers, and a very funny Norton in sewer garb hammered it up for the audience, in quest of a rubber chicken prize. But top prize deservedly went to a man dressed as Mr. Manicotti, clad in a simple white shirt and black pants. The audience fell apart in laughter as he swung his hips and announced: "My wife she go like this," mocking Mrs. M's mamba dance.

During the first intermission, people flocked to the souvenir stands to buy bumper stickers, pins, books, photos, posters, mugs and other Honeymooners paraphernalia. Two tables were devoted to a "bring Jackie Gleason to the next convention" campaign, with paper and envelopes provided to write letters to Gleason or Art Carney. Food was available, though the "3 different kinds of pizza" promised in the RALPH newsletter was non-existent; I guess I took a familiar line from the show a bit too seriously. But why not? If RALPH could organize a Honeymooners cruise in St. Thomas next year, manufacture a theme song on vinyl, and proudly own Ralph's original bus uniform and Alice's apron, pizza is no great feat. Sans the sauce, lunch provided hot dogs and bland tuna on a roll, reminiscent of Ralph's mamba day dinner.

While checking out the souvenirs and costumes, I could hear echos of "I have a torch" in passing, Norton's famous proclamation to Rita when offering a match for her cigarette. One quip came from Crescenti himself, probably the most knowledgeable fan going, along with Columbe. (They later hosted a mini-question and answer segment with the audience, confirming their cognizance). Crescenti boasted an amazing 1,000 pieces of fan mail per week sent to the RALPH headquarters at C.W. Post, including clips of newspaper coverage, poems, and letters of appreciation. He had to remind us that his RALPH involvement was not an occupation. Since he is an administrator at C.W. Post, RALPH is only a part-time, successful through its volunteers.

In the final hour of the convention, everyone had a big surprise - Joyce Randolph, the original Trixie, walked down the aisle following an appropriate introduction by Columbe. She was radiant for her 60+ years, smiling behind the podium at the thunderous applause she probably expected, having appeared at the first convention with the same results. She, like other guests, answered questions, related to the crowd on-the-set experiences with her 1955 costars. She recalled rehearsals and unexpected slip-ups, and the many instances requiring ad-libbing amongst the cast. About to ask her a question myself, another fan beat me to it, presenting her with the exact same question I'd presented in the Feb, 16 issue of the Press: "What were you doing out at 3 am buying eggs?" And of course, Randolph could only say it was in the script and she did as written. We forget those

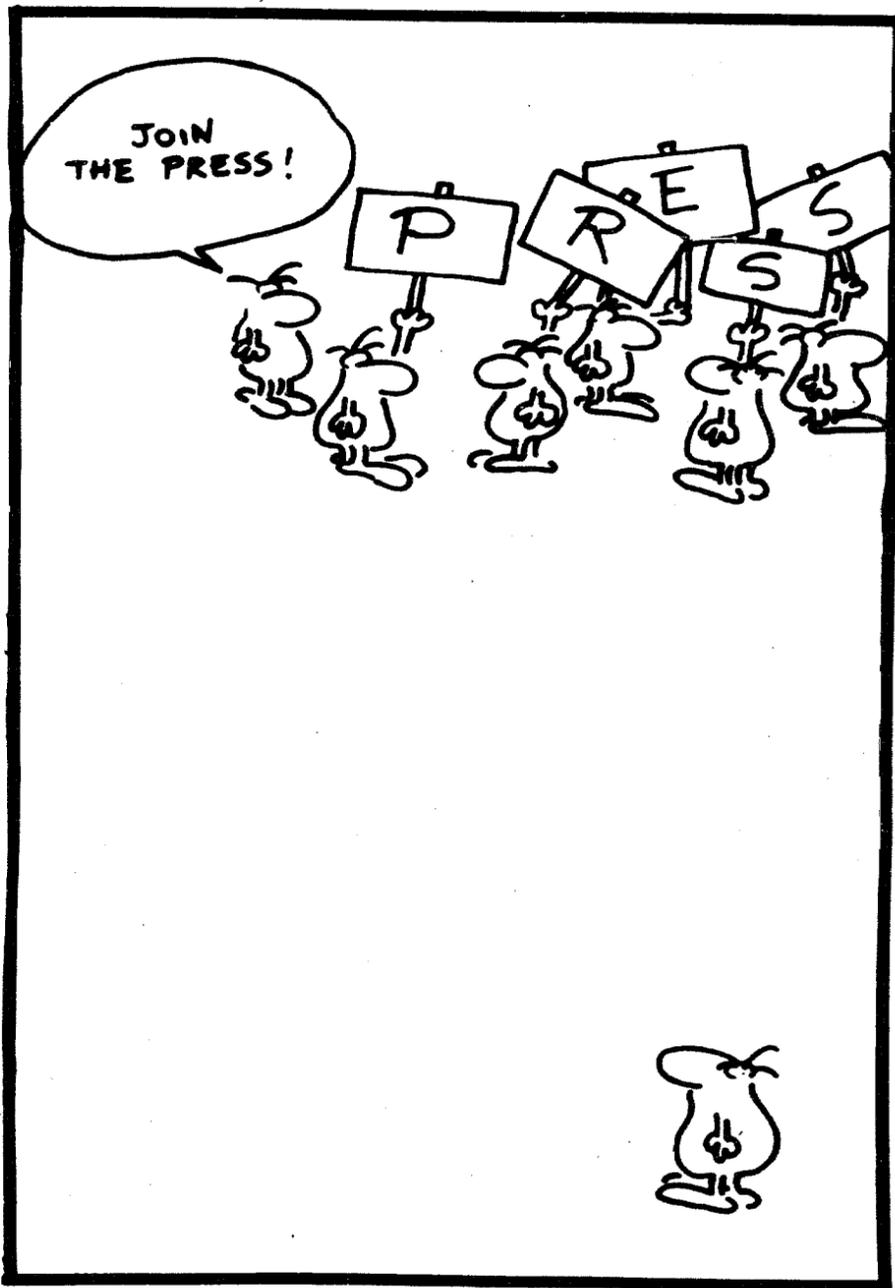


ordinary but amusing characters were acting.

At 6:00, the Raccoon convention bid their final "oo-woo" and proceeded outside to meet, greet and get autographs from the guest speakers seated at tables. The lines were quite long but most waited patiently to catch a glimpse of his favorite character and to see the deeper laugh lines and crow's feet. But we especially waited to tell them how much to the convention's success.

The day was lots of fun and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves. If you walked in a semi-fan, you were sure to

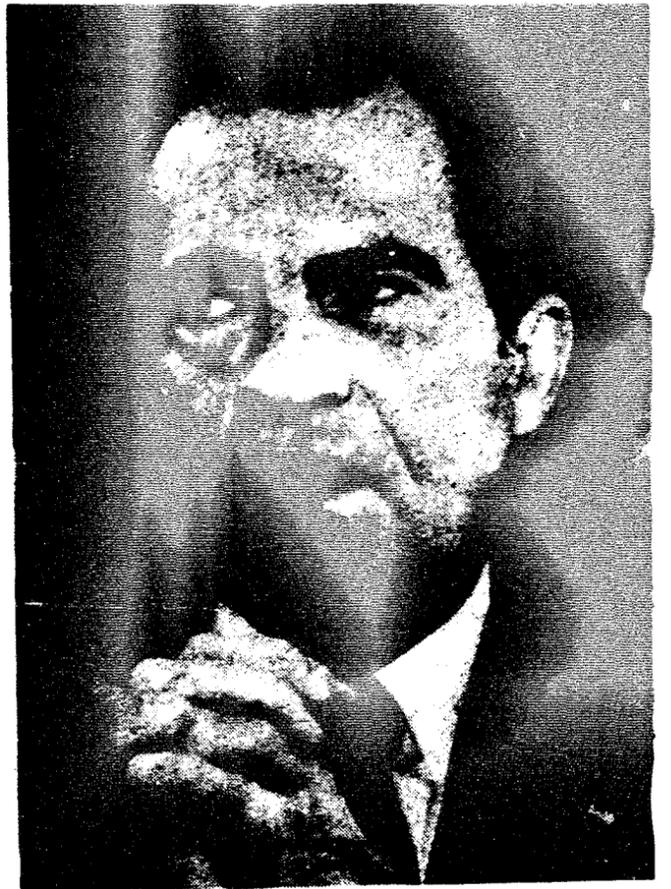
walk out a full-fledged Honeymoonie - one of thousands worldwide. The RALPH convention will not soon be forgotten, as I still have Rita there in my closet in green dress and silver shoes, and many, many more reruns to watch. But what I love most of all is the honks I get while driving around in my Cordoba - the car that bears the bumper sticker purchased at the convention: "Beep If You Love the Honeymooners." After hearing the toot of a horn, I wave a hand and smile smugly, proud to be part of the family that is RALPH.



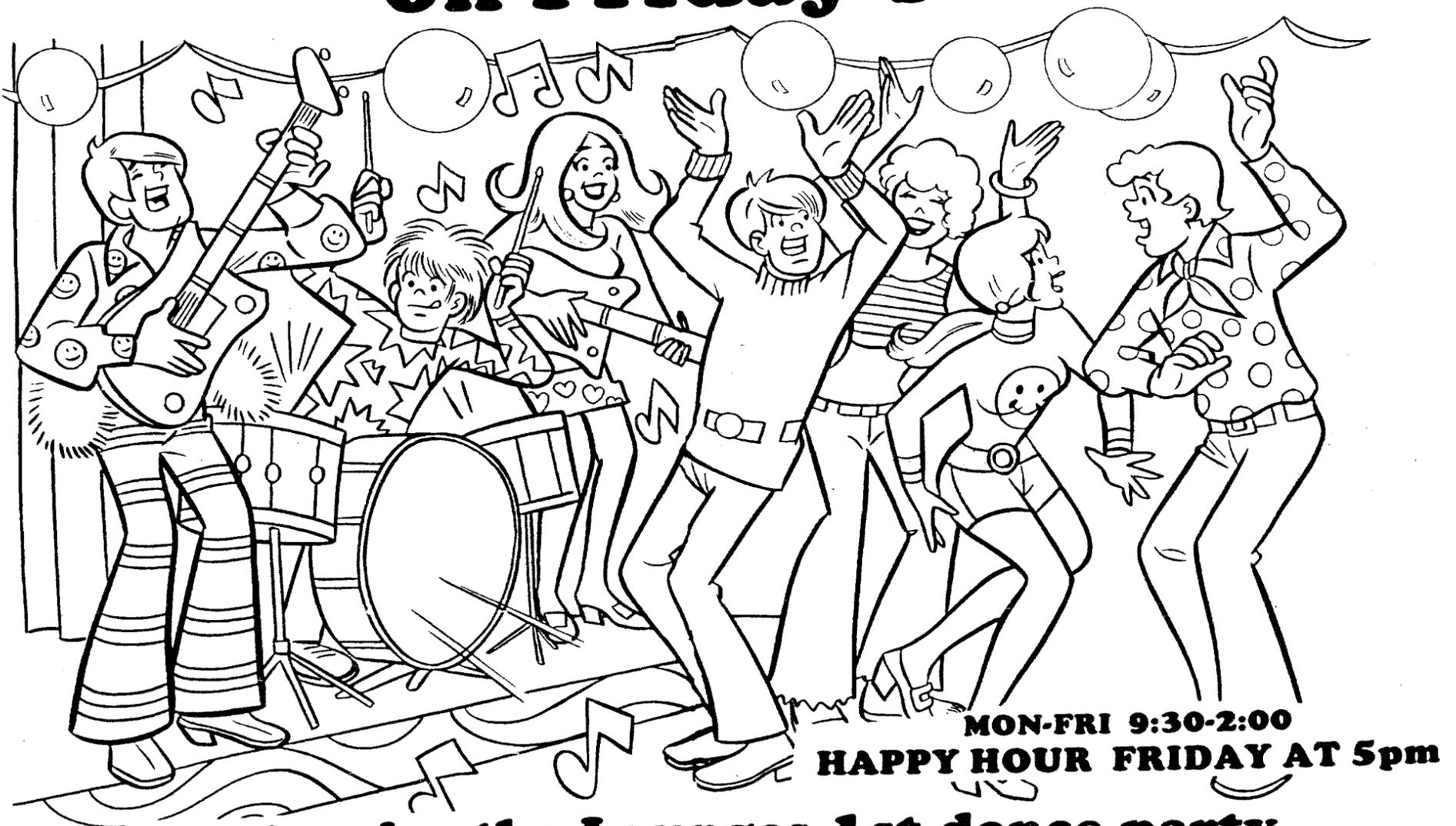
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he wouldn't be looking
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SKYDIVING

If you would dare, then come to the first meeting of the STONY BROOK DRAGON RIDERS SKYDIVING CLUB.* This meeting will be held in the Non Smokers Lounge of the Union at 5PM on Wed. June 27th. There will be another meeting on Tues. July 10th. Both meetings will include a brief description of skydiving, questions and answers and, hopefully, some skydiving films. On Saturday, July 14, we will travel to Hazelton Pa. for a first jump course for which no experience is necessary, only \$75. This includes training, gear rental and a one-way plane ride. Everyone is welcome whether they are students or not. For more details, contact Hawkeye at 246-3673 or stop by James A209. SEE YA!

THE SKYDIVER:(MALE VARIETY)

Between the insecurity of childhood and the insecurity of second childhood, we find the Skydiver. Skydivers are found everywhere: in bars, under bars, behind bars, looking through bars, in trouble, in debt, in love and in the air.

Skydivers come in assorted sizes, shapes, and weights in states of sobriety, misery and confusion. girls love them, mothers worry about them, Unemployment Checks support them, and, by some coincidence, they manage to get along with each other. The skydiver is laziness with a deck of cards, a millionaire without a cent, bravery with a smile.

The Skydiver is a composit, sly as a fox, has the brains of an idiot, the energy of a turtle, the sincerity of a liar, the appetite of an elephant, the aspirations of a Cassanova, the stories of a hero. When he wants something, it is usually free jumps, more money, a good piece of tail. He dislikes ASO's, getting up early, small planes, hot-shot pilots (who never hit the DZ), the week before his payday, his girls' father's curfew, and legs that is a landlover). He likes girls, women, females and all members of the opposite sex.

No one can think of you so often and write so seldom. No one can get so much fun out of your letters, old jumpsuits and sex movies

The skydiver is a magical creature; you can lock him out of your house, but not out of your heart.

You can take him off your mailing list, but not out of your mind.

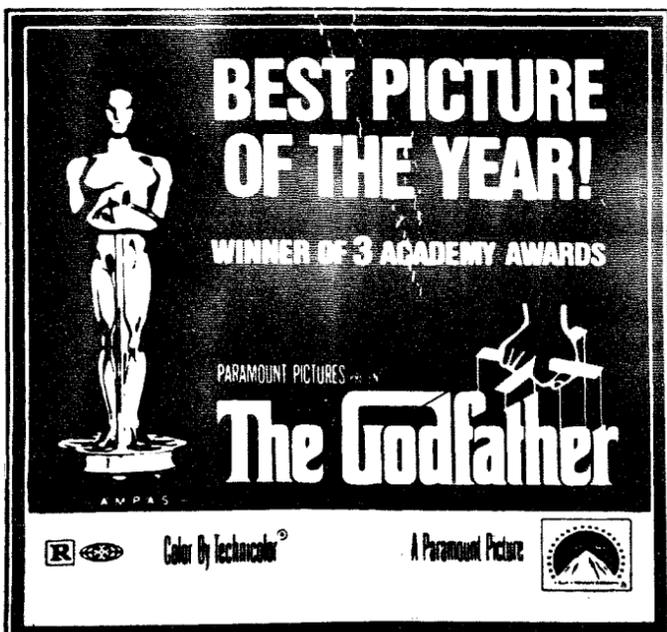


"Our lives and perhaps our deaths are tied up in this thing we call skydiving. Who's to say? We are only human, so we all live to die-and there are many ways to die-many ways. You can be so afraid of dying that you can't live.

Life is what skydiving is all about. In freefall you know you're alive. You're right there on the edge where the world is moving. Where time is right now. Jimmy Hendrix said it right-

'I'm the one who has to die when it's my time to go, so let me live my the life the way I want to.' Matt Farmer

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pm



A Pretentious Ocean Rain

(continued from page 12)

The mood is fine--you're grooving to the lovely colors in your head, volume up, prepared to zone out for a while--until the lyrics impinge upon your consciousness. McCulloch, Sergeant & Co. must've spent all their formative years staring at stained glass cathedral windows and getting into the Moody Blues because their words spin grandiose, philosophic webs, full of practiced self regard, e.g. "Swung from a chandelier, my planet sleeps on a silver salver/ Bailed on my worst fears because man has to be his own savior... Blind sailor, imprisoned jailor, guard tamers, no one to blame us/ The sky is blue my hands untie..." ("Silver") The mid-70s Yes spouted equally meaningless lyrics and people loved them for it too, but stringing together lots of unrelated, pretty sounding words doesn't mean that you're hip to the universal plan. Hot air and delusions of importance are a more likely interpretation. McCulloch shouts "Do or die, what's done is done" as though he's come up with a pro-

found concept. The rushing, dynamic extremes tell the ear that supernova are bursting, that the secret of life is being revealed and the words tell the visions of arrested adolescence world.

I favor lyrics like "Screwed up, that's your problem/ you're going

down, down down, down, down," (Sparks), "I don't love you, you don't love me" (Trio), and "you were born and so you're free/ So happy Birthday" (Laurie Anderson) I'm obviously not going to be captivated by syrupy love songs about moons and crystal and purifying things, but let's see Pete Shelly, Hall & Oates, and Madonna write palatable pops and a whole bunch of people combine love with a struggle for something deeper without being amazingly silly.

Echo and the Bunnymen: chic, anthemic, well intentioned masters of lulling hooks. Ocean Rain is like chocolate cheesecake the idea is fantastic, the first bite gorgeously sinful, and then the nausea sets in.

Album

Empty Melodies M&M's Mystery Walk

by Kathy Esseks

M+M
Mystery Walk
RCA Records

Despite Nascan-like tracings on the cover and new, more serious mane, M+M's latest LP, *Mystery Walk* is a virtually unmemorable melodic soup. Martha Johnson and Mark Gane (who trade off on keyboards, and percussion; Mark on guitars) hit a highpoint with "Black Station/White Stations" and perhaps "Alibi Room," but they're basically a singles act and can't sustain individuality over a whole album. As Martha and the Muffins, this Canadian duo scored minor hits with "Echo Beach" and "Danse-pare"--also DOR synth puff pastries.

Any public taking to task of the prevalent, segregated radio formats, whether on mostly black radio or mostly white, deserves attention and encouragement. Too bad, that M+M made this a one shot social inquiry and lapsed back into vague mouthings of love/lack of communication on the rest of the album.

Johnson's coolly detached vocals put the chill on a warm, pulsing froth of dance rhythms. Chanted choruses wind hypnotically into the musical layers. "Come out and dance," "Someone wants to take you to the alibi room..."--the lines repeat and turn over on themselves, weaving an inoffensive melodic spell that evaporates upon completion. I found that I had no memory of any of the songs besides "Black Stations" even after four spins. *Mystery Walk* is like a 7&7 without the scotch: all sugary filler and no kick.

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| 4. Siouxi &
the Banshees- | Hyaena LP |
| 5. Miles Davis- | Decoy LP |
| 6. The Earons- | Hear on Earth LP |
| 7. Echo &
the Bunnymen- | Ocean Rain LP |
| 8. Ultravox- | Lament LP |
| 9. Art of Noise- | Who's Afraid Of...LP |
| 10. The Persuasions- | No Frills LP |
| 11. Dream Syndicate- | Medicine Show LP |
| 12. Eurythmics- | Touch Dance LP |
| 13. Human League- | Hysteria LP |
| 14. The Group- | I Hear I See I Learn LP |
| 15. Little Steven- | Voice of America LP |
| 16. Style Council- | My Ever Changing Mood LP |
| 17. Moja Nya- | Rise Up 12" |
| 18. Aztec Camera- | EP |
| 19. Violent Femmes- | Hallowed Ground LP |
| 20. Tina Turner- | Private Dancer |
- These Just In: Tribute to T. Monk LP, Elvis Costello LP, Bangles LP, X-Teens LP, Pat Methany LP, Box of Frogs LP, Effigies LP, Difford and Tilbrook LP.

— Album —

High—Powered Springsteen

Born in the USA

by John Rosenfelder
Bruce Springsteen
Born in the USA
CBS Records

Bruce Springsteen's latest *Born in the USA* should revive John Landua's 1974 statement, "I have seen the future of rock and roll, and his name is Bruce Springsteen," —I have seen the promised land, and it's on a Springsteen album.

Born in the USA continues the trend that began with 1978's *Darkness on the Edge of Town*; that of a clear sounding approach to the production of Springsteen's songs, the "wall of sound" production of *Born to Run* or *The Wild, the Innocent, and the E Street Shuffle*. This style really took over on 1980's *The River*, and what happened was that most of the songs ended up sounding alike. This, along with Springsteen's indulgence in light-weight lyrical topics seriously diminished the quality of *The River*. I would have been satisfied with a truncated version of this album, one that didn't include such songs as "Sherry Darling," "Crush on You," and "Cadillac Ranch." It's hard to imagine why he put them on the record. They are, however, excellent in concert. After seeing a few of Springsteen's concerts that year, which were attended by teeny boppers who screamed during the quiet (intense) moments, I wondered if I was outgrowing Bruce like a worn-out pair of jeans.

The release of *Nebraska* in 1982 enabled me to breathe a long sigh



of relief. There is a Bruce Springsteen after all and maybe we're just not supposed to know the reasons for everything he does. But I will venture that the reason he put out *Nebraska* in the form he did—the songs recorded as demo tapes with a minimal instrumentation—was to call people's attention back to the serious things that his songs had been about all along: friendship, frustration, and most of all, growing up.

On *Born in the USA* Springsteen has returned to the mold of *Darkness*, but he has retained the party-like feel of *The River*. The combination is fabulous. Bruce has kept the high-powered garage band sound that is by far the best driving music around today. A perfect example is

"Darlington County;" "We drove for 800 miles without seeing a cop. We got rock and roll music blasting off the top." Sounds great, right? In this song sax player Clarence Clemons makes one of his few appearances on the album. Many people criticized Bruce for limiting the use of the Big Man on *Darkness* but they could just as well go see Clarence's own band, the Red Bank Rockers. Lately, his sax solos, although very pretty, simply seem to take up space, and on this album, there is no time for that—Bruce has too much to say.

Born in the USA opens with the title song, a stinging commentary on the Vietnam veterans' situation in America today. (In 1981 Springsteen participated in a concert to

raise money for Vietnam veterans.) Bruce sings this song with as much passion as you'd expect, and he continues wailing throughout the rest of the album.

Now that you've gotten on the highway, move over to the left lane and accelerate....The next song is

"Cover Me," so you'd better crank up the volume. The lyrics are more general, but you know what he means when Max Weinberg pounds his drums and Bruce screams, "This whole world is out there, just trying to score/I've seen enough I don't want to see anymore!"

Bruce slows down for a light at the end of side one—"I'm on Fire"—probably one of his best songs. With his folkish guitar in one speaker and Weinberg's drums keeping time in the other, Bruce sings, "Sometimes it's like someone took a knife, itchy and dull/And cut a six inch valley through the middle of my soul." Whoa. After a minute to get yourself back together, flip the record. Side two opens with Bruce's best youth anthem since "Born to Run." "No Surrender" cooks along as he declares, "We learn more from a three minute record than we ever learned in school."

The rest of *Born in the USA* is easily as good as these songs, but you'll have to decide for yourself which fit you best. My only complaint is Bruce's continued use of the term "little girl" for his female companions. Hopefully he'll work that out with his analyst—his telecaster.

— Album —

Echo and the Bunnymen

By Kathy Esseks

Cult bands possess the dual quality of being momentous and inspirational to their fans and utterly boring to the rest of us. Fans race out to buy albums, stand in line for hours to buy tickets, spout trivia and lyrics, and sing along with closed-eyes intensity while the nonfan looks on in bewildered disbelief. As a nonfan willing to be convinced otherwise my response to Echo and the Bunnymen's fourth album *Ocean Rain* is—are these guys serious?

The Bunnymen's sound is a densely melodic, guitar-oriented rock and their pose is Chroniclers of the menacing unknown. Ian McCulloch on vocals and guitar, Will Sergeant on guitar, bassist Les Pattinson, and drummer Pete de Freitas emphasize folk inflected which might prompt you to slot them with Aztec Camera and Big Country, but Echo and the Bunnymen have a mysterious, dark at-

mosphere that's attracted a devout following since 1978. (Echo the drum machine was replaced by de Freitas in '79 and thus missed the nighttime glory.)

(Compelling hooks pull you into a swirling guitar tapestry accented by piano and solo cello. The sweeping vistas of *Ocean Rain* suggest a watery vastness and a troubled universe; religious imagery runs rampant throughout the nine cuts although religion is not a preoccupation at all; individual words are highlighted: purify, thorn, cruel kiss....it's all very literary and highbrow, but desperately pretentious.)

Echo and the Bunnymen are formula Romantics composing with guitars rather than paintbrushes. The rich orchestrations highly polished production and painstaking attention to detail are Bunnymen trademarks, plus an instantly identifiable riff hasn't changed in four albums and two EPs—There's that Bunnymen sound soothing and danceable and ultimately anesthetizing. (continued on page 11)

