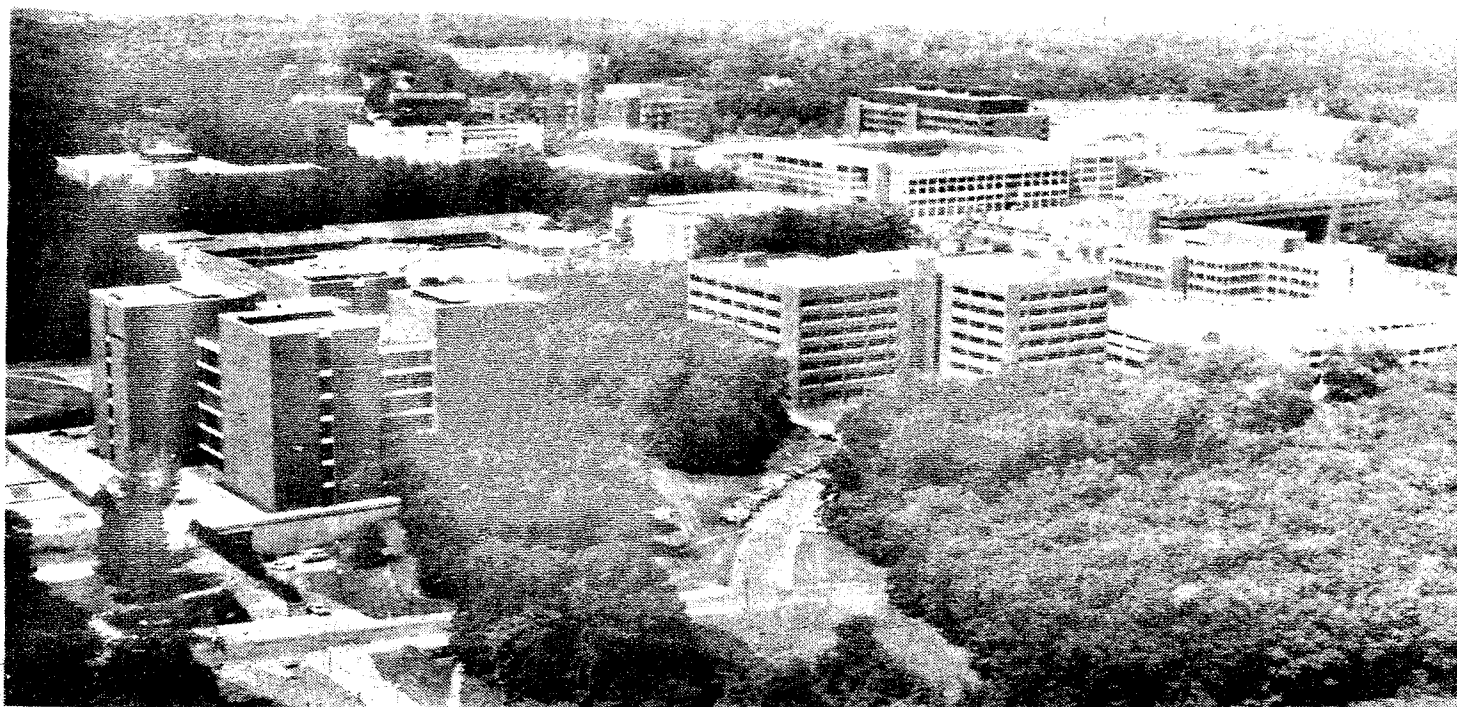


*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

Vol. 7, No. 11 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● May 14, 1986

How Much Longer?



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Redemption

Once upon a time Stony Brook University was a nice place to live, there were many rallies with many active students protecting their own and others rights, there were many bars throughout campus in various residence halls, socializing and partying abounded en masse, students confronted "authorities" upon new restrictions or controls of freedoms, and the general quality of campus life was wonderful. You could even buy yogurt at The Loop.

Over the past few years, and especially recently campus life has fallen into a state of, well...it sucks as most students would agree. The lack of campus pubs and large parties due to administration clampdown, student apathy, and the 21 year purchase age has dealt a strong right hook into the campus social scene, and the general quality of campus life.

Perhaps the strong attachment of alcohol to socializing seems trivial or adolescent at best, but the idea that "people shouldn't need alcohol as a theme to having a good time" while quite appropriate for an AA meeting is absolutely unrealistic and tragically naive when speaking of a college campus. Since last December 1st, when a 21 year purchase age became law, large campus parties discontinued, and finally the GSO Lounge and Whitman Pub, some of the last social/recreational areas on campus were later closed, the quality of campus life has undeniably as the student consensus might have it, turned to its worst state ever.

The current plight of the undergraduate at Stony Brook can first be blamed on the students themselves.

The University Administration while ultimately the cause of many students problems, by virtue of who they are and their purpose has lent the final blows to the quality of campus life. As administrators of a university and working professionals, students interests are not of primary importance as evidenced in the current lack of a strong campus social atmosphere, the misdirection of campus priorities to such resume fillers as a field house and athletic field, and the general attitude among administrators and the large research based academic departments that undergraduates should be seen and not heard.

While many students, graduate and undergraduate today wonder where all the bars have gone, a little Stony Brook history might bear them some answers. Before the summer of 1980 at Stony Brook there was an unmarred eleven year tradition of dormitory bars. With the arrival then of a new university President John Marburger, came the first closing of a dorm bar, Benedict Saloon and the promise by the new president that all dorm bars would be phased out over three years.

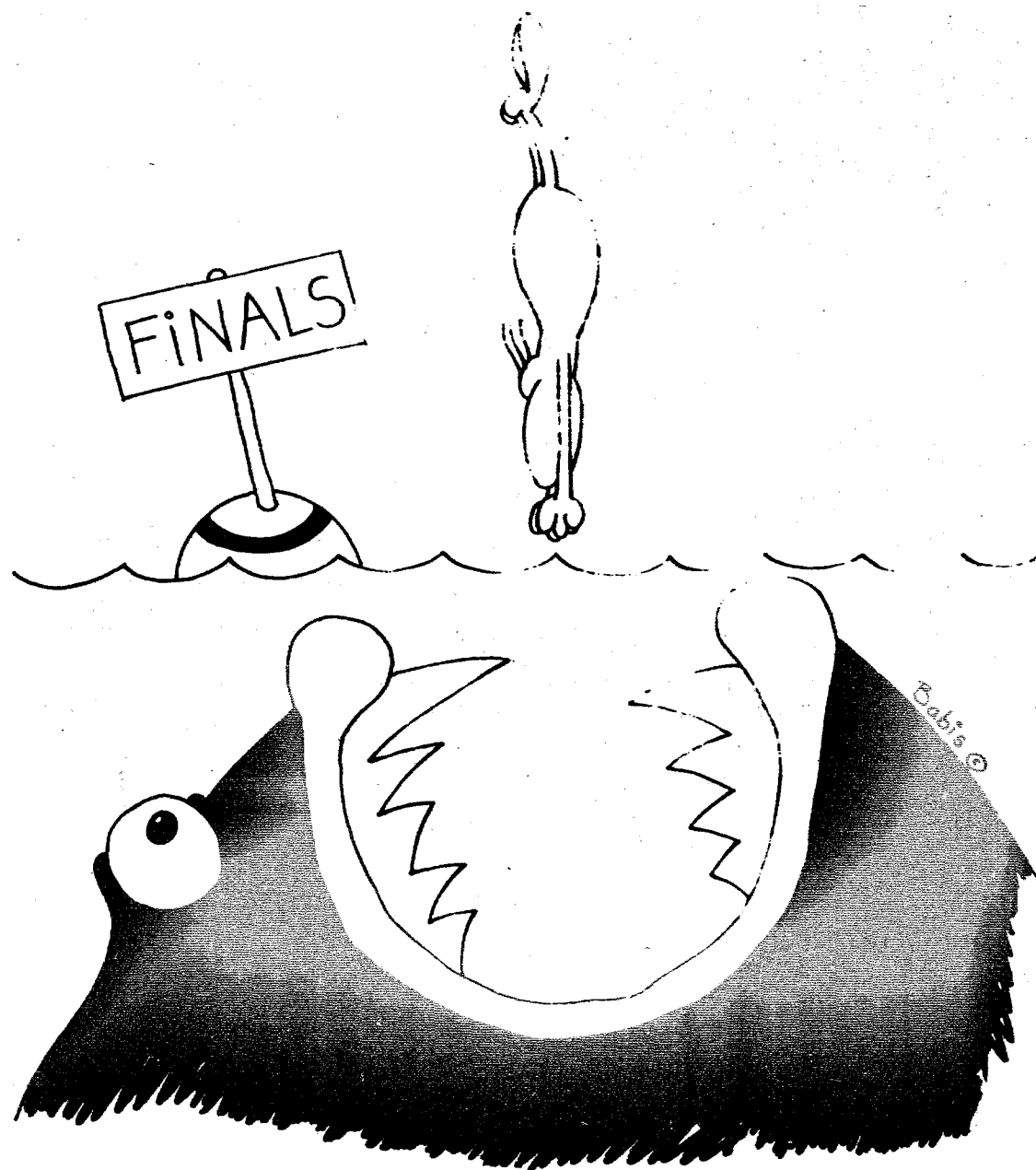
Although Whitman Pub did survive another two years, the 21 year purchase age law gave admin the opportunity to almost dry up Stony Brook completely, and impose new residence hall restrictions upon a non threatening inactive student population. While the students essentially are a university, aspirations of research grants and quiet obedient undergraduates are taking over campus.

Students are allowing regulations and restrictions

to govern when and where they may drink a beer and what exact quantities may be kept in their rooms. They are allowing themselves to be harrassed by a Public Safety Department that calls themselves "University Police" just for kicks. Undergraduates art allowing large academic departments to alienate them blatantly, and watch helplessly as the dorm cooking program is phased out. Polity, the undergraduate student government accomplishes nothing but the mere inept shuffling of monies to various organizations, while their current president heralds his doing away with "loud get nothing accomplished" rallies, the stronghold of the student body a decade or two ago. Students have grown unable to cope with authority, and sit idly claiming helplessness as they are strangled by tightening university controls. When there were eight pubs on campus and direct restrictions on student life were confronted by angry and active students, admin wasn't happy though they had to deal with it. Today, when admin isn't happy they change things with ease or tighten rules.

Next, we might blame the 21 year purchase age on the campus' pitiful state, though the passage of the law in the first place can once again be blamed on the students themselves. It used to be students who were the most active layer of our society in terms of rights and politics, fighting for their own causes and social change. Today, a direct clampdown on college aged citizens freedom breezes through Albany's Legislative Office Building with barely a wimper from tomorrows middle class.

Press Pix



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Closed Out

Engineering Hours Questioned

by Elizabeth Hampton

The Electrical Engineering Department is not only one of the largest academic departments at Stony Brook, but one which has alienated the greatest number of undergraduates for "their own research," according to an angry undergraduate within the department.

Everyday of the week the Electrical Engineering department office is open only two hours; 1-3 pm on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and 10:30-11:30, and 3:30-4:30 on Tuesday and Thursday. Many times the office is not even open during those hours. Speaking to Stephen Shapiro, Chairperson of Electrical Engineering, he was not sure of the hours the advising office was open, directing that question to his assistant.

If you don't have lab or lecture with a lot of time to kill, and don't mind waiting on a line that's half an hour long, the advising office is open from 9-11 am during add/drop period. Students have to get signatures from the secretary to add or drop a course because some of the professors don't see it as their duty to sign add/drop forms.

As one anonymous student says "The professors are here for their own fucking research. They don't care about the students." That seems to be the general attitude

that many EE students have towards the department. Students usually cope with the department's policies because of the hard work required of them. They also don't want to create waves making it difficult for them.

Why is dealing with the department so difficult? "Money." The typical problem here on campus and the answer for everything and anything under the sun. "There is a lack of money in the department," argued Stewart Harris, Dean of the Engineering department. "There is not enough money to pay more people to keep the office open... why would students have to go to the office anyway?"

When confronted with various students' complaints about office hours, Harris responded "It sounds most unfortunate," claiming ignorance to the whole situation. Harris blames the students ultimately on the department's shortcomings. "The students should communicate more, this is the first I've heard of the problem."

Harris concernedly claimed "if it needs to be open we will try to meet the needs of the students." Shapiro, however, doesn't foresee any changes in the amount of hours the office will stay open. "Chances are we will not."



Stewart Harris

Photo by Hailuk Soykan

21 Fails

Federal Standard

By Adine Schuman

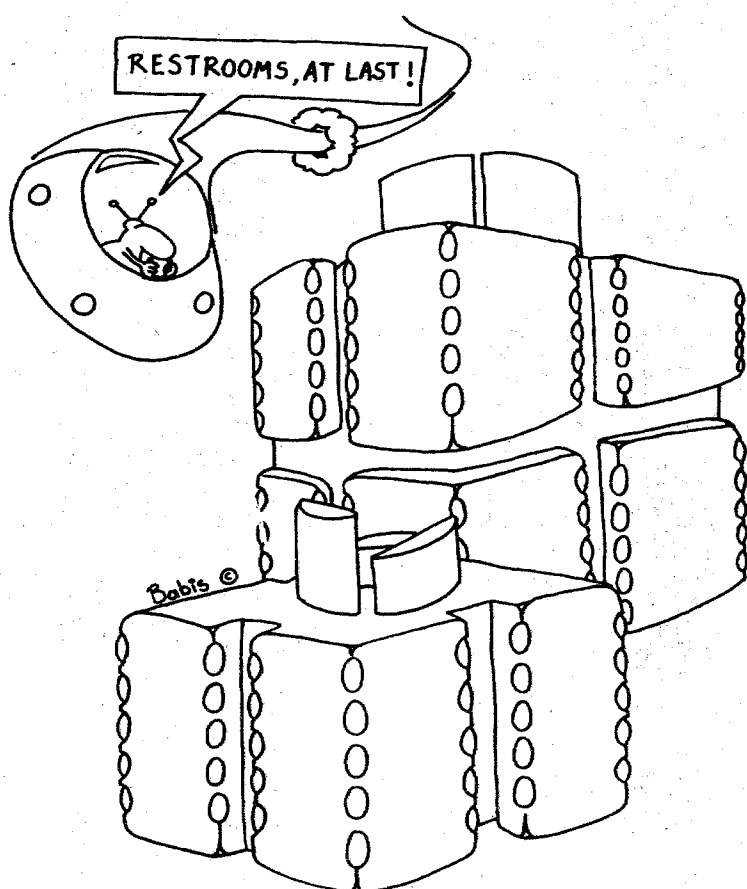
The National Traffic Safety Administration, a division of the U.S. Department of Transportation, has recently announced that New York's 21 year old drinking age does not comply with federal requirements.

According to agency spokesman, Hal Paris, New York's law does not specifically prohibit the possession of alcohol by people under 21. New York could lose \$66 million

in annual highway aid by October 1 because of this discrepancy.

"Since federal highway aid was part of the motivation behind raising the purchase age last year, it looks like we might see yet another push to limit the freedoms of persons under 21 during this legislative session," said Student Association of the State University (SASU) President Jane McAlevey.

Press Pix



Senior Weekend

Parties Planned

By Joe Caponi

"I wanted to have a graduation party, but I didn't think I could afford it," explained Polity Senior Representative Craig Dean. "So I started planning Senior Weekend, and it just got bigger, and bigger, and bigger."

Senior Weekend is two days of parties and events designed for the university's graduating students, and is to be held this Friday and Saturday, May 16 and 17.

The weekend will begin with the showings of the Rob Reiner comedy "The Sure Thing," and "Jap Zero," a WWII film starring Ronald Reagan, at 8:30pm. in Lecture Hall room 100, according to COCA Chairman Mike Danenheimer. That night at 10:00pm, in Roth Cafeteria, a graduation party featuring music and fifteen kegs of beer will be held. The party, and the following day's activities, are open to graduating seniors only, who are each permitted an over-21 guest, and also to certain invited administrators.

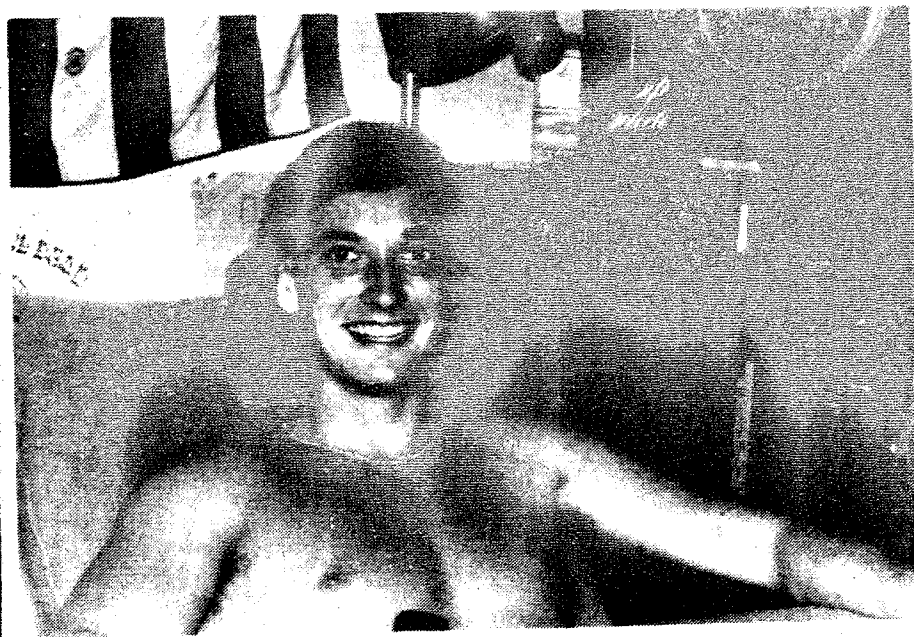
On Saturday, a barbecue will begin at 1:00pm in the Earth and Space Sciences

plaza, with another fifteen kegs of beer being tapped that afternoon. The Volunteers band will play, and, according to Dean, "people will be able to relax with a beer and a burger." He added, "Of course, soda will also be available."

In a letter inviting seniors to the event, the location of the barbecue is listed as G-Quad. According to Dean, the event was originally scheduled to be there, but G-Quad director Joni Esperian refused to permit any events to be held in the pit due to the breaking of some windows in the quad during the G-fest last month.

"After that, Fred Preston helped us get the ESS plaza to use," Dean said, "he has really been supportive of the whole weekend. In addition, Roth Quad director Robin Yankow has been of tremendous help also."

Sponsors for the \$8,000 event include Polity, FSA, RHA, GSO, and the administrative offices of the President, VP's for Student Affairs and Campus Operations, and the Residence Life and Alumni Association offices.



Craig Dean

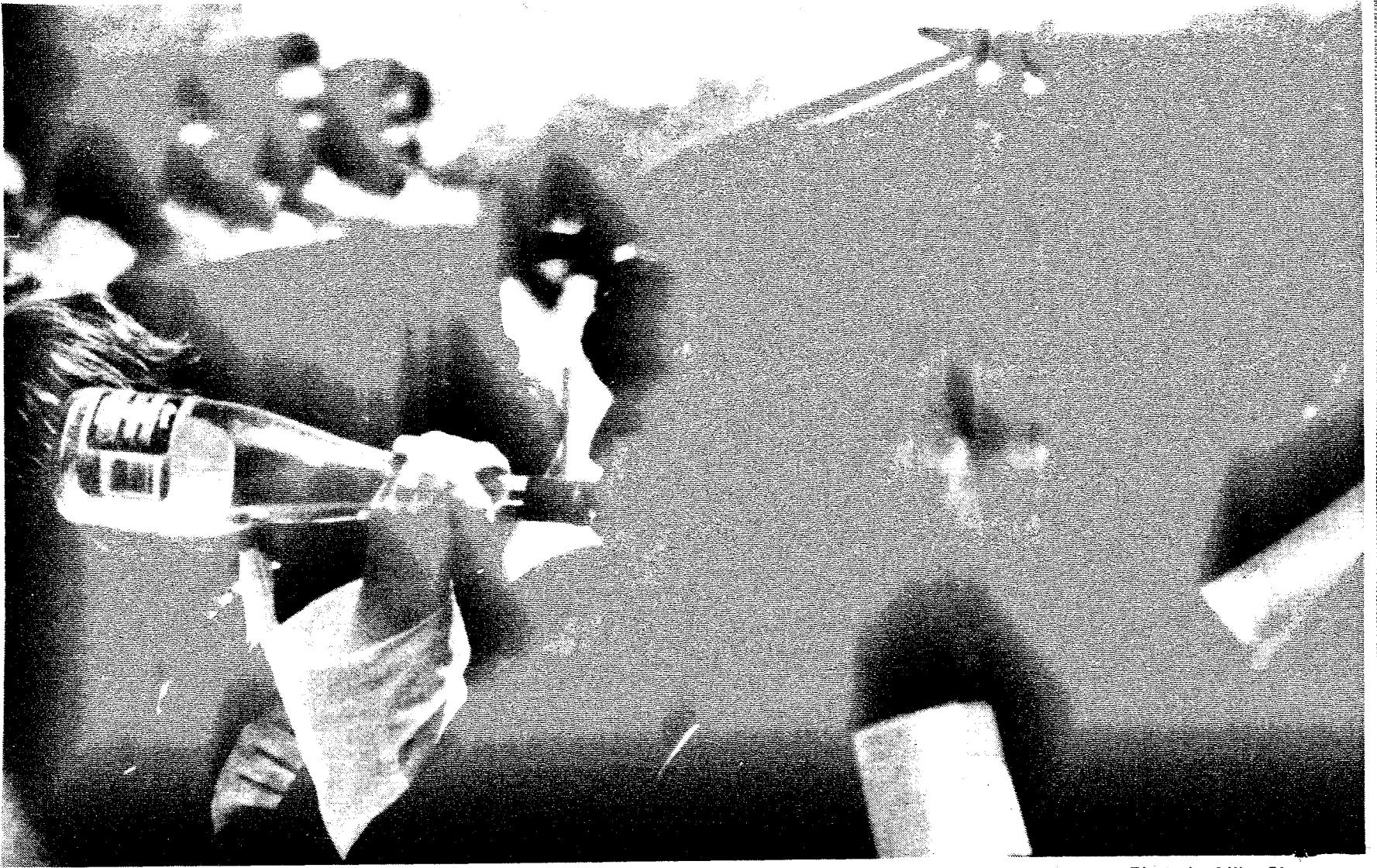


Photo by Mike Ciunga

The Student Polity
Association extends its
congratulations and best
wishes to the graduating
class of 1986, and looks
forward to continuing to
serve the students of
Stony Brook
in the coming year.

Stony Brook Is...

Student's Thoughts of Stony Brook

by Marc Salzman

Asking the students here at Stony Brook how they feel about their university, many respond claiming they are happy, excited, and feel that the social and academic life is excellent. Many others, however while finding academic life to be very good, realize that living here is the pits.

the End of the Bridge a lot because it is the only social place at the university. I see the same people every time, and I really am getting very tired of it."

I talked to Russ Pelton, a sophomore majoring in both Physics and Astronomy, and wanted to know how he feels about this place. He argued: "I like it. I'm very happy

"The most exciting part of my social life was finding out that the guys across the hall have a VCR."

Talking with some students, I heard many different viewpoints on the quality of campus life. I asked one student Desrine Reid who is a freshman majoring in Psychology, to complete the statement "Stony Brook is ...". The first thing that came to her mind is the competitive academic life of this university. Then Laura Severs, who is a graduating senior, responded: "Stony Brook is an ulcer."

I spoke to Eric Levine, a graduating senior majoring in Political Science and our Polity President, and He completed the same statement proclaiming: "Stony Brook is an awakening university." Describing the entirety of His four year experience here at SUNY Stony Brook, Levine revealed: "It feels like a different lifetime ended and a new one started. I have had my happiest and saddest times here." Asked what He thought the biggest changes of attitudes (His and others) He had noticed during His four years here, He announced: "Everybody says that the new generation is a 'me generation,' but I don't agree with that. I feel there is a lot of giving here."

I met Jason McGraw a junior majoring in Physics, and asked him his feelings about Stony Brook. He said: "I get fed up with this place, so I leave for a while. Then after I return, I appreciate it more." I asked him how he makes the time go by, and tries to kill his boredom. He said "I party, work-out, and study." He also mentioned the social life on this campus, admitting: "Well, I go to

with the academic departments here, and the social life is good; especially Tokyo Joes." Asked "What Stony Brook is," he answered: "Stony Brook is a good school."

I spoke with Holly Phillips, a sophomore who is undeclared and asked the one thing about this school that she really likes/hates. Her enlightened comments: "Well, the social life here is very carefree, and that is the attitude that most of the students here seem to have except during finals week. Now the thing that I hate about this place. Well, I don't hate this place, I just don't like being isolated from the real world. I feel like I'm in a fairy-tale."

As an entering freshperson to this university Hazel-Ann Doyle, now a sophomore majoring in Biology, had that freshperson excitement that all of us once had. Now she is a sophomore and that excited feeling is more to what the future has in store for her, rather than of the experiences she is going through now and here. "I'm still excited, but in a different form," she claimed. "I know what to expect, and the challenges within the school are still there. I'm excited more of what the future has in store for me, based upon what I'm doing here."

Andre Delmont, a sophomore majoring in Economics, has a very negative attitude about this university. When asked what do you like/hate about this place, he struggled to respond. "What I like about this place? You get a good education. Now what I hate

about this place. A lot, absolutely everything!" Asked what he does to enjoy himself here, he reasoned: "Pretend I'm not here..." The most exciting part of my social life was finding out the guys across the hall have a VCR. Now for the academic life, I feel it is a good school."

Staty Liandrias, a junior majoring in Biology had this to say about the social life here at Sony Brook: "Socially this school is ranked average compared to other schools my friends at home attend." Asked what he likes/hates about this school, he opined: "It has a good academic reputation, though the only social part of this place that I really enjoy is the E.O.B. because it has the only wet bar on the campus, and the socializing that goes on in the periodical room in the library. Now the things that I hate about this university are the academic competition among the students, and the fact that there aren't enough social happenings here. Students keep to themselves a lot, and don't get up and do things."

Susan Spodek, a graduating senior majoring in SSI, had this to say about the social life: "There are a lot of extracurricular activities going on here, for example: clubs, intramurals, and major events for the

school has a large amount of services they offer their attending students, and they are increasing at a very rapid rate though not a lot of students use them and get involved."

Deborah Sweeney, a freshperson majoring in Liberal Arts compared the social life here to home. She remembered: "It is a lot different here from where I live (Virginia), and the one thing that I noticed mostly about the people here is the fact they don't want to be bothered with other people. Because this school is very competitive it causes people not to be friendly, and I feel the majority of students here are very shallow." Asked why she came to Stony Brook in the first place, she responded: "I wanted to meet a lot of people and I thought by going to such a large school it would be easy, but it isn't because many students here are just unfriendly."

These are the revelations of the students of Stony Brook University. While many students here are friendly, many are not. The social life is exciting at times, though usually and more recently extremely dull. Most students are in agreement that academically this university is excellent, and who is better than they to judge? Many students found that there is a lot to do on

"What I hate about the social life here is that parties revolve solely around alcohol, and there is no other basis for a get-together."

person who wants to get involved. The only bad thing is not too many students take advantage of them. What I hate about the social life here is that parties revolve solely around alcohol, and there is no other basis for a get-together." Asked if her attitude of this school got worse, better, or didn't change throughout her four years here, she argued: "I feel it has gotten better because this

this campus, but the students are for the most part so dedicated to their studies that they do not get involved. The consensus among those students polled, a fair and perfectly random survey of the typical Stony Brook student, is that academic life is great, the departments are the best, but the social life at SUNY Stony Brook is pretty hurting at best.

Levine's Last Polity President's Closing Thoughts

by Eric Levine

Student Polity Association President

As one Student Council is over and the future Polity Council is waiting to plunge into the world of political, bureaucratic, challenging and sometimes productive world of Polity, I guess it's at this time when the President of Polity is supposed to reflect on accomplishments, disappointments and sentiments of the year.

It has been a year of realism, when the almighty student leaders in this campus realized what projects were realities, and which ones should have been left alone. If Polity has made one significant change over the year it is that we did away with, things such as costly and ineffective, loud "get nothing accomplished" rallies and we went into the real world with meetings, compromises and negotiations. We did away with the bad mouthing and the cliches like "a mandatory meal plan should be abolished and students should not put up with it." Mandatory anything is terrible, but guess what, we have a semi-mandatory meal plan and it's not going to change, so what really were my options?

On the FSA board a point system was created to add flexibility, a food quality controller was hired who's sole job is to eat in the cafeterias and make the food contractor stick to the promises in the contract, that is, quality food for a decent price.

And, then there was DAKA, which is back, but probably not to a ticker-tape parade. There were only two bids: DAKA and ARA. In the opinion of the Board, DAKA's bid was better, well prepared (pardon the pun), cheaper for the students and gave a bright outlook for the the food service at Stony Brook in the future (time will tell). In the upcoming years, food service on campus should have amongst it's qualities more variety, more flexible hours and meal plan options and quality dining.

The Rathskeller — remember what used to be called the old bookstore, well I rephrased it, "the old, old bookstore." I finally realized why a project like this never got going — everyone was stagnated and each constituency wanted something else. This year we finally made the most progress, not enough, but the most to date. Architects are working on proposals. Over \$250,000 has been, at least in theory, pledged to the project and building should start; well, let's say within six months to a year. Maybe sooner, but remember where we go to school — Stony Brook University.

It will come in perfect sequence with the lovely field house. I think it's initial cost of \$12 million is now upwards of \$20 million, I'm sure you've seen it. The Olympic indoor track, 5,000 seating capacity, professional this and that, you couldn't miss it, could you? I think that should come in

about the same time the deck hockey rink is supposed to be set up. Remember, students will not stop playing pit hockey in the G Quad Pit even if it is dangerous. So a good idea is to provide a facility so we can serve demands, provide safety, and maybe possibly attract some incoming students by having another facility. I think the small investment is worth it.

On another point, the Dorm Cooking Program is a joke. Students pay \$115.00 to receive nothing. We have to stop playing games with the program. Many students feel that this is just a ploy to get more people on the meal plan by letting the facilities deteriorate. If it's not, let's get new stoves or fix the ones we have. Let's get dishwashers that work and insure that they will be cleaned every day. If the fee is being done as a ploy to force people on the meal plan, then it's underhanded. The Dorm Cooking Program's not working. It's not the building condition's fault, and it's not the students fault, so I guess it's the university's choice. (Let's start a revitalization for the Program because right now it's costly, ineffective and dirty). And abolishing the Program will just support the theory that the whole agenda is planned.

I assume that these problems will probably be the same ones that will plague the campus for many years. Well, our class gave it a shot, now it's your turn.

Informed Opinion

Thinking About The World

by Eric Christian

Greetings fellow students. As a graduating senior in the realm of ESS, in cooperation with *The Press'* faithful editor "in limbo," (and fellow beer drinker), Joe Caponi, I would like to issue a closing statement concerning recent campus issues, and how they have been treated.

First off, we are in college to learn. We are in college to think. We have as a goal, hopefully, to combine learning and thinking by the time of graduation, maybe even sooner. Most importantly our education should allow us to assess world events, domestic issues and personal conflicts with an *informed opinion*, and sometimes a willingness to say confidently "you're wrong, you don't know what you're talking about —" and then present an educated argument based on facts and their history to inform the individual whose loose-lipped and off-the-cuff "argument" is based on an inflamed and nearly blind devotion to opinion; opinion both uninformed and overstated.

I am referring to explicitly to the editors of *Statesman*, the happy bourgeois of The Red Ballon "Collective", Hands Off Latin America and their associated clique, and of course, to everyone in the University readership who believe history as "old-fashioned" and facts as "tools of the state," or who simply don't know the facts about the important issues of 1986.

nothing, and has as its only long term effect — fear. By definition, State-sponsored terrorism is a hodge-podge of cruel and violent acts; e.g. suicide car bombings, embassy and airline bombings, kidnappings, murders and more bombings; all of which are funded, endorsed and logistically supported by the very infrastructure of the "governments" involved — namely Libya and Syria. Terrorists are trained in these "nations," given new names and paper-product identities and sent to foreign nations, (most of which are European), where they are "enrolled" as "students" or as "employees" at their respective "embassies" or "consulates".

State-sponsored terrorism — pre-meditated, reckless and ambiguous murder that has found its place in the modern world through both the active participation of middle-eastern nations and by the willingness of many European nations, our "allies" included, to sit complacently and allow themselves to be the victims of it. Terrorism is fear, and if a nation permits itself to be subjected to fear without defending itself, it opens the door to new and unprecedented forms of terrorism. State-sponsored terrorism is a form of war — violent murder achieves fear which is then manipulated to achieve a loosely defined set of goals. But terrorism is a war of attrition, and the terrorists will

History: people create events. These events snowball into war — history repeats.

And to "he who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches." These are the words of a prophesy — both a warning and a "wake-up" call to everyone who belies history and facts, and to everyone who puts their opinions above them. I am speaking directly to the university's uninformed readership, and I am asking you to *learn* while you are in college so that you can voice an *educated* opinion, and if you can't, keep your mouth shut! It is unfortunate that many people interpret "freedom of speech" to mean freedom to say anything they want, to spout childish, uneducated and factually unsubstantiated attacks on anything and everything. Freedom of speech is yours, it is undeniable and constitutionally guaranteed. But when the Bill of Rights was written, the authors assumed that those who asserted their right of freedom of speech would have something to say, and they have been repeatedly blasphemed by the generations that have followed.

American youth. On the average, better off to begin with, given more opportunities to pursue in life and bestowed with more freedoms and rights than youth anywhere else in the world. These values and opportunities we hold dear as American youth, are provided by our country at no cost other than citizenship. Our ancestors worked hard to build the America we have only inherited, and they fought hard to keep it free. My relatives have paid those prices of freedom with their life's work, and sometimes their lives, along with innumerable other American families. Yet when I look around the Stony Brook campus and see "American youth" protesting against America, I can only shake my head in disgust, as there is no use arguing with spoiled knowledgeable and spiteful people who bite the hand that feeds them and want others to go along with them. They rant and rave with the feeble underlying motive of "we wanna protest something!" Protest what?! Protest against being American? Protest against our country because its "cool"? Protest against putting the cap on a potential major war? Or is it just because you have nothing better to do than to go to school on someone else's money and bare your ignorance in the mass?

"State-sponsored terrorism. It rolls off the tongue with a sickening viscosity, leaving the bitter aftertaste of green bile."

Let's talk about Libya. Let's talk about the U.S., Libya and history, and how they are related. If you recall the events of the 1967 war, and the period of "Nasserism" which had led to fanaticism in the Arab world as a foreign policy, one observes that the U.S. and Libya maintained a friendly relationship beforehand. After all, it was United States Marines and Army troops who relieved the Libyan people of a wild and devastating Nazi stampede during the *African Campaign of World War II*. Although Rommel was a brilliant field General, he was certainly not an environmentalist. Similarly, it was an enhanced understanding of geology and petroleum drilling technology provided by the United States that has enabled Libya to develop on economy and thereby give the Libyans a chance to begin to crawl in from the desert, to take footing in their "loathed" *westernized* cities and communities and to generally improve their standard of living. Obviously, the recent era of Qaddafi rule has changed our "relationship" with Libya, and subjected the Libyan people to a recently initiated era of legitimate military response as a means of combating State-sponsored terrorism. The Libyan people are again losers in the bitter game of world politics, the direct result of Mr. Qaddafi's reckless authority and irresponsibility on the world scene.

State-sponsored terrorism. It rolls off the tongue with a sickening viscosity, leaving the bitter aftertaste of green bile — it is something that sounds fundamentally wrong and which deeply disturbs the educated mind. It stands for

"win" and continue "winning" if and only if the rest of the world throws in the towel.

War. It is a state of the State, and a state of its mind. War is the final solution to problems among nations that are allowed to reach the point of impasse — differences then become irreconcilable and war replaces diplomacy as a means of resolving international "differences" through violence.

"But when the Bill of Rights was written, the author assumed that those who asserted their right of freedom of speech would have something to say, and they have been repeatedly blasphemed by the generations that have followed."

History. It is the documentation of world events, the nations that create them and the people who inspire them. History shows trends, tendencies and pitfalls, and it often repeats them. War is one of the most carefully documented repetitive phenomena of history. War shows telltale warning signs beforehand, but the people who populate this planet and attempt to govern it continue to ignore them. This is a dangerous flaw in the character of mankind: people do stupid things, other people watch them do stupid things and suddenly there is a problem, a big and dangerous problem that has no easy solution — the fault of *both* the doers of evil and those who do nothing about it.

I suppose it is easier to criticize *everything* than to learn about our world, its history and how to improve upon it. However, not all of us wish to wallow in selfishness and ignorance forever. I strongly encourage those who read this social statement to choose the hard road — learn, think and improve yourselves and your world. There may be a lot wrong with our country, but it is still head and shoulders above the rest in many ways. Be thankful for what you have, and use your knowledge to improve America rather than degrade it.

Live long and prosper.

What Happened?

A University In Decline

By S. Face

Having been a student at this institution for the past four years, I, along with many others, find this place a relief to be able to get away from. Over the past two semesters, I've spoken to a large variety of people ranging from freshmen to graduate students, to faculty, and all agree that our school lacks a definite social atmosphere.

Granted, this is a place for academics, but going to college is not purely for academic reasons. Viewed with a longer perspective, it is a time to grow, not only mentally, but socially. While academics may be what drew us here, college is also a time to build social awareness. It is a time to meet, grow tolerant of, and eventually get along with many different types of people.

Four years ago, this campus offered places and opportunities where students could meet and socialize comfortably. I don't see any of these activities offered today. It's not bad enough that we lack a college town, or anything even fairly interesting close by, but we lack basic sociability. There is literally no where to turn when one

wants to kick up their feet and just hang out with people.

Starting out in college can be a very trying and lonely time. Unless you are an extremely outgoing person, your new start is often a very alone experience.

Take graduate students, for example. Grads are probably among the loneliest people on this campus. It's not bad enough that they often leave their country, or their homes far away to come here, and that they are stuck doing research for close to 16+ hours a day. There is no place for them to meet other students socially. Meeting people in your department is difficult enough as it is, and this campus seriously neglects its graduate students.

The G.S.O. Lounge provided a very special service that all grad students appreciated. Although the presence of beer was a good reason to go there, it was not the major one. The Lounge simply provided an area where students, graduates and undergraduates alike, along with many faculty, could meet each other, kick up their feet, speak with each other on an intellectual level, and even catch a game of chess or darts.

Mental sanity is difficult enough to come by here, and closing people's outlets, such as the Lounge, makes it that much more difficult.

What has happened to this campus?

Why can't it be as it once was?

Where are we to socialize?

What happened to good concerts?

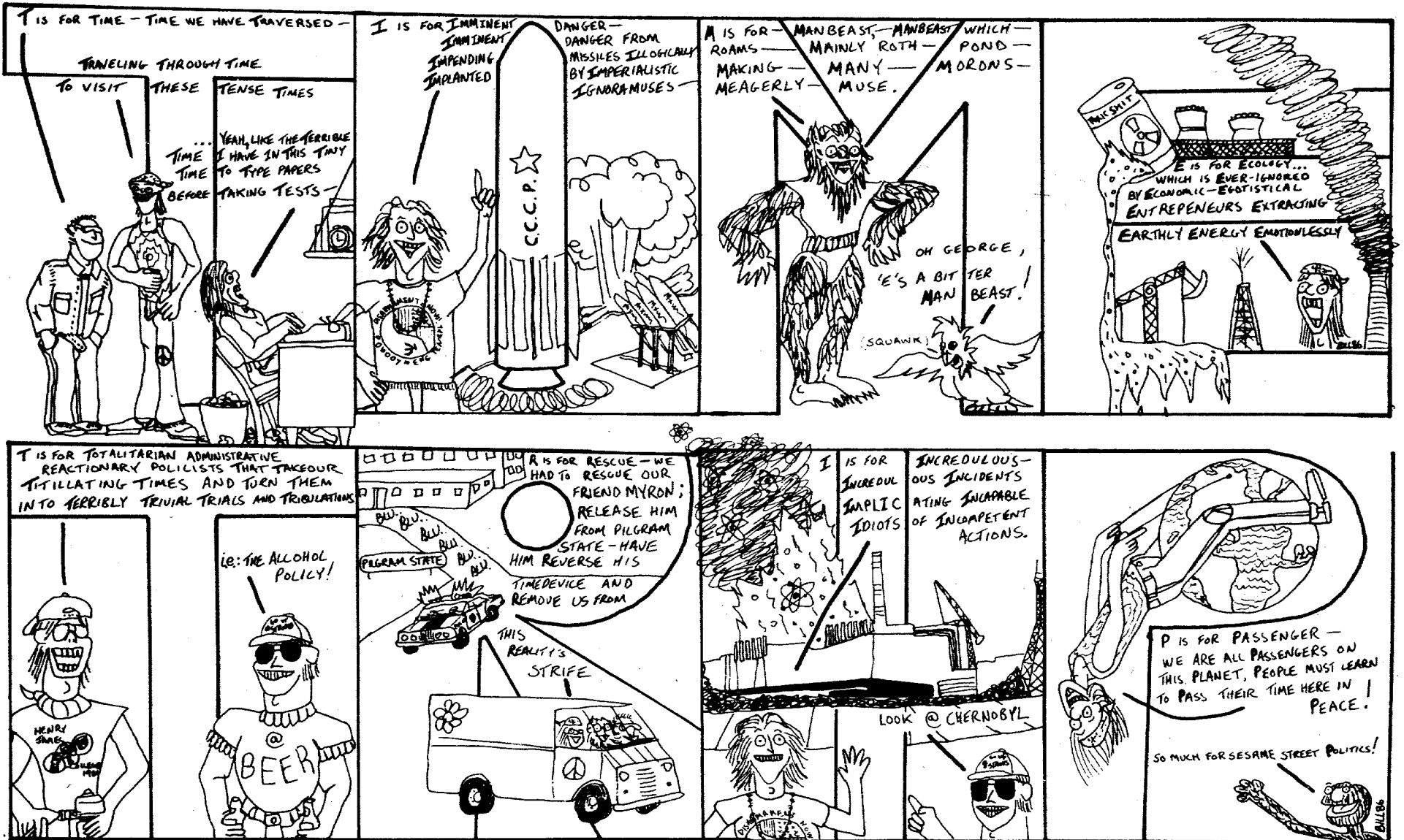
Why is every heavy drug user I know in the Electrical Engineering Department?

Why can't we have the Lounge back?

Why can't I get a real reason?

This place was once pleasant, (the Berkeley of the East) and it is up to the future students to do something unless they prefer to stagnate at this university during the best years of their lives.

Personally, I'm thankful to have a great group of friends who have kept me thoroughly amused these past years. You all know who you are, and the days of frogs and ice will always be fondly remembered.



The Third Estate: Viewpoint

Dangerous Doors Dorm Entrances Unsafe

by Jackie Hrivnak
Polity Hotline Director

The condition of public safety on the Stony Brook campus is at best absolutely atrocious and necessitates immediate action. All of us are aware that bicycles, purses, even textbooks are constantly stolen, cars constantly vandalized; unfortunately, one begins to expect such behaviour in a densely populated area of the United States, and at least car parts and bicycles can be replaced. Rapes and assaults, however, are less easily dismissed and unfortunately much more threatening to anyone who ventures out alone after dark. The walk service at 246-WALK certainly relieves some anxiety for anyone who would need a walk home, but other underlying problems make safe dorms nearly an impossibility.

As Director of Polity Hotline, I have seen several individual cases opened where clients have reported broken locks and handles on the doors which should keep the dorms safe from trespassers in the night. The research workers of Hotline surveyed the number of doors locked, propped open, unlocked and broken all over campus on one evening (well after 11 pm) this semester. We identified a number of problems with the state of locked doors (and thus, we hope, secure dorms) on campus. In Tabler Quad, the front doors of every building remained open (after 11 pm) while in Toscaninni no doors were locked. In G Quad, at least one door was found open per building; an average of two were found propped open per building. In Benedict College, eight were unlocked, two of which were broken. In James College, four were unlocked, three broken and one locked.

In Stage XII, the problem takes on a new twist; the majority of doors are kept unlocked or propped open. There are apparently no handles on any of the outside doors except the front door, which remains unlocked anyway. Doors without handles are propped open because if they remain locked, residents will not be able to get into the building. This could prove particularly dangerous if someone came to a deserted entrance, by a parking lot, for example at 3:30 am and found the door locked. Even a resident would be forced to bang on the door until someone woke up. As we can see, the condition of dorm doors on this

campus is reprehensible! How can we be safe if anyone can come into our building during the night? Broken handles and locks remain the most persistent problems while students propping open doors also keeps them from remaining locked.

What does Public Safety and the lockshop have to say about these problems. Last semester I spoke to Gary Barnes about these problems and received the endless complaint and excuse "There's no money." With the recent lawsuits brought by rape victims against the University for poor campus safety, it is difficult to believe the University would not prosper if they were to improve campus safety and thus prevent further lawsuits. According to Barnes, the present doors break down because they are of such low quality. The State bids on doors and buys the least expensive, therefore, often the most cheaply made doors and locks available. The lockshop is thus bombarded with so many breakdowns that at best, they respond to emergencies.

A capital budget request which has been approved before a committee of Vice Presidents; according to Barnes, was recently sent to Albany for approval requesting:

- Requests for new and better doors.
- A full residential security program whereby one could not enter a dorm unless one either lived there or checked in at the door as a visitor.
- Requests for more lockshop personnel so that broken doors could quickly be repaired.

So one wonders when this budget request might go through, the doors be bought, the new residential security program brought to existence. When I asked when we might see these things happen, he kept telling me it was up to Albany; perhaps, if we are very lucky, we may possibly see these changes in three or four years. Of course, this is unlikely since Barnes' budget request was so large, as he told me.

I am shocked, confused, angry. At best, we will have new doors in three or four years. Are the students on campus now to suffer the continual and repeated visits of flashers and other strange intruders? Does one have to fear using the hall bathroom at 3 am because some ominous stranger may be wandering the halls? I realize that lack of funds is a valid excuse for not making luxuries a part of dormitory life, but I



Hey, the key doesn't fit!

believe that locked doors are a necessity to our safety. On a campus which offers millions of dollars to building new field houses, to extensive research, I cannot for a moment believe we cannot find the funds to buy new doors and thus keep the campus at a minimum level of safety. Would the administration rather suffer more lawsuits? If the matter is at Albany's disposal, certainly Dr. Marburger could urge Albany to send the funds since the conditions here are so terrible, and certainly three years is much too long a time to wait for safe dorms. What is the problem, Administrators?

Licking Libya

by Richard S. Cisak

When Muammar Khaddafi overthrew King Farouk of Libya almost twenty years ago, he promised to bring democracy, peace and prosperity to his people. He did bring prosperity, but he also gave the Libyan people a demagogic dictator and the responsibility for terrorist groups as varied as the Irish Republican Army, which uses Russian weapons funneled through Libya, and the Palestinian Black September organization, which has its headquarters and training camps inside Libya.

Psychiatrists have classified Khaddafi as a paranoid schizophrenic who uses international terrorism as a means of building his own flagging self-esteem. His acts are completely insane, and violate every precept of international law. Khaddafi cannot be allowed to remain in power.

At first, assassination seems to be the obvious action, but in reality, this is not a viable alternative. Although Khaddafi's death would solve the problem initially, it would give the United States no control over the Libyan political situation. Khaddafi has a younger brother, almost as unbalanced as he is, whom he has been grooming as a possible successor. CIA assassins would find it impossible to keep shooting their way through the line of succession until a pro-American,

sane leader could be found.

Inciting an insurrection is also impossible. Khaddafi has a charisma unequaled by anyone since Hitler. He is as popular in Libya as the television is in America. Although there have been minor insurrections by factions in the military and police, none have been strong enough to prove a threat to Khaddafi's dictatorship.

That leaves only one alternative: invasion. The Libyan army consists of 70,000 men. All are equipped with weapons that were out moded during Viet Nam, and the level of training is nowhere near that of the United States.

The most efficient way to conduct the invasion would be as a joint U.S.—Egyptian operation. Egypt has no love lost for Khaddafi, due to his meddling in the Sudan, a close Egyptian ally. Most of the other Arab nations would publicly condemn the operation, but they would not interfere militarily.

Although Libya is roughly the size of New York State, troops would only have to capture the major cities of Tripoli and Benghazi, and the major military bases. Due to the proximity, Egypt could provide the bulk of the ground troops, with the U.S. Marines and paratroops seizing terrorist training camps and communication centers, along

with Khaddafi's desert headquarters. The entire operation could be concluded within a month, and more American troops could be brought in from Europe or the United States.

If Khaddafi survives, he should either be tried through the World Court in The Hague, or at a special United Nations tribunal. A High Commissioner should be appointed by the U.N. Security Council to govern Libya until such time as the Libyan people are capable of self-government.

There are 2,000,000 people living in Libya. Except for those few who live in the coastal cities, or are in the military, most Libyans are Bedouin nomads or simple villagers who are so cut off from the 20th century that they aren't even aware that they are part of a nation-state. There should be no internal security problems, but either a U.S.—Egyptian, or joint U.N. occupation force should remain in the country to back up the High Commissioner.

Khaddafi's reign of terror must end. If he is not halted, he will continue to kill innocent people. And there is only one solution. Diplomatic, political, and economic pressures have proved useless in the face of a divided Europe.

Laying Low

By Joe Caponi

American and proud of it.

In his above Viewpoint, Mr. Cisak takes a complex issue and reduces it to its most ignorant and shortsighted terms, producing a manifestly immoral and markedly stupid solution to an enduring problem. Attitudes like his are a much greater danger to this country than Khaddafi's terrorism.

To begin with, his viewpoint is plagued with internal inconsistencies. On the one hand, he calls the Libyans "prosperous," on the other, "bedouin nomads and simple villagers," who are not even aware, "that they are part of a nation." He blames Khaddafi for IRA and Palestinian terrorism despite the fact that the IRA was created during WWI, thirty years before Khaddafi's birth, and that the Palestinian movement stems from the founding of the state of Israel, when Khaddafi was five.

Later, he criticizes Khaddafi for flagrantly violating international law, and then suggests we do the same and assassinate him. (Cisak finally rejects this plan, not because it would be immoral, illegal, exactly the type of behavior we condemn in Khaddafi, and an open invitation for the Soviets to come in and finally establish their long-sought military base in the Mediterranean, but because we probably couldn't actually make it work.)

Then, though, comes the glowing moment of revelation... all out war. A perfectly reasonable solution to terrorist acts. The deaths of thousands upon thousands of soldiers and civilians in three countries in an almost certainly futile attempt to eliminate a small handful of terrorists who probably wouldn't even be in the country. (A look at the headlines would indicate terrorists spend much of their time in Europe, a fact Mr. Cisak would discover if he got someone to read a paper to him.)

What is much more disturbing than his ignorance, though, is Mr. Cisak's manifest eagerness to send other people out to die for him. A true "war wimp," Cisak is content to sit in college while other people do his dirty work. Of course, in Mr. Cisak's imaginary war, he would never have to fight, and there would never be a draft. Our troops would win so quickly that surely we'd have our boys home by Christmas. (Actually, most of them wouldn't even be our boys, they'd be Egyptians.)

We could dismiss Mr. Cisak's letter as crackpot were it not for the fact that he is a student at this university, and therefore the people of this state have to be held accountable for the paucity of his education.

While Khaddafi is clearly a dangerous world menace, whose exporting of terrorism has to be brought to a swift end, what is much more dangerous for us in America are

attitudes like Cisak's, that hold we can solve any world problem if we just kill enough foreigners. Not even our closest allies are comfortable with the military action this country has already taken against Libya, but these actions would be mere drops in the bucket compared to what Cisak wants.

It is interesting to note that Cisak wants the Egyptians to fight with us. In fact, they are the best example of the foolishness of Cisak's ideas. Egypt was once a soviet satellite and an exporter of terrorism as bad as Libya is today, but calm American diplomacy, backed up with a sane military posture, led Egypt to kick out the Russians, make

peace with Israel, and befriend the United States. Cisak, on the other hand, wants to call down the jihad.

Deep down, though, Cisak isn't interested in ending terrorism, achieving justice, or creating peace. Like so many others, he just wants a war he can watch on television and feel macho about.

Well, to take a line from the movie "Stripes": "When we go into battle, Rich, I'll be right behind you."

The writer is former Executive Editor of The Stony Brook Press.



Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer

Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer



Drinking Games page 13

Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer

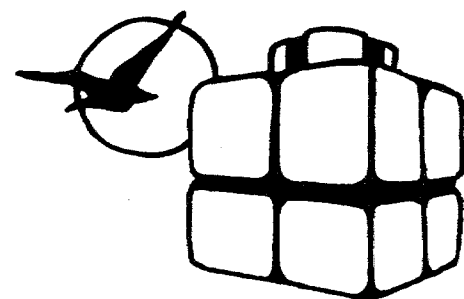
The Beer In Review

by Anthony Tesoriero
and Joe Caponi

The school year '85-'86 has been the year of closing bars. Most campus pubs that served alcohol have either shut down or gone dry. There are a few area pubs, but these places aren't really trying to attract any business from the student community. And don't try to have a party: the Res. Life police will shut it down and write you up.

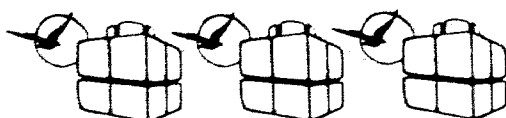
All of these things have put a serious damper on social life at Stony Brook. To remedy this, we at **The Stony Brook Press** have decided to check out the local bars and some pubs in the surrounding areas. Investigate some of these places yourself on a boring Saturday night. It will give you something to do and you will probably have as much fun as we did.

Bars are given a rating of zero to four HSC's (Health Science Centers) and ratings are based on atmosphere, facilities, prices, specials, selection of beers and service. Although an entire panel of critics judged the bars and their opinions were noted, the final ratings are our own.



4 HSC's — Excellent
3 HSC's — Good. Still a nice place to get a brew.
2 HSC's — Average.
1 HSC — Not good at all.
0 HSC's — It really sucks.

El Torito Smith Haven Mall Lake Grove



3 HSC's at Happy Hour, 2 otherwise

Our first stop on the beer queue was the bar at the El Torito. We chose it as the first stop because we knew of their 4-7 pm happy hour (Monday through Saturday). Happy hour specials include \$1.75 Margaritas and \$1.50 bar drinks. The only tap beer is Budweiser and it is always \$1.00 per glass.

We sat at a small table and were greeted by an attractive waitress wearing one of those torito barmaid dresses that is cut really high on the leg. Irene told us that May 5 was Mexican Independence Day and therefore bottled beers and Margaritas were 99¢. The bottled beers available were Carta Blanca, Dos Equis Superior, and Tijuca. We decided to try the Margaritas first.

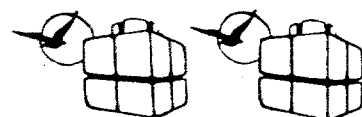
While waiting for the drinks we wandered over to the free buffet. Laid out on the table were a variety of Mexican foods. We didn't know what they were, but they tasted good, and since it was free, they tasted even better. The chips and salsa at our table were excellent, and the salsa was estimated at being 651,000 times better than that served at the End of the Bridge.

Mexican Independence Day margaritas weren't particularly potent, but that can probably be attributed to their being about a third of their regular price. Usually, however, they are a high quality blend.

Carta Blanca and Dos Equis are an excellent change from American beer. The Carta Blanca was smooth, light and easy to drink, and the Dos Equis had a heavier, amber beer quality.

Ye Olde Saint James Pubbery

Lake avenue Saint James



2 HSC's

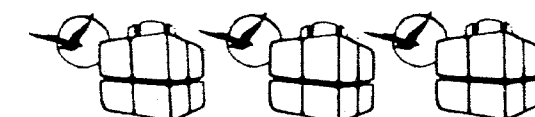
The Pubbery is a relatively large Saint James local bar, quiet most nights, but attracting large crowds on the weekends, when a satellite bar in the rear is opened up. Miller and Miller Lite pitchers are \$5.50, and Bass goes for \$9.00. There are no happy hours, but the kitchen stays open all night, serving such things as burgers and pub fries. Bar drinks range from two bucks to \$2.75, and there is never a cover.

All of the above information was obtained from Rosie, whom we compare to a wisecracking bartender from the Old West. She was sort of abusive in the beginning, but grew on us after we talked to her for a while. She added that at the Pubbery, "We have a fuckin' great time."

The bar, which features a large dance floor, is also notable for the quality of its beer pitchers, which are clear glass and larger than the others we've seen.

Although this is a nice bar, the prices can be prohibitive to mass consumption of beer.

The Tackroom Lake avenue Saint James



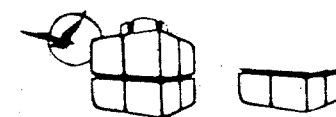
3 HSC's

A short walk up the block from the Pubbery is the Tackroom, a small bar near the train station. The Tackroom has a pool table, jukebox and video games. Tap beer comes in real Pilsner glasses: 85¢ for Rolling Rock, Stroh's and Miller, and \$1.25 for Bass and Becks. Foster's Oil Cans cost \$2.50, and on Wednesdays a wide variety of American bottled beers sell for 95¢. Their kitchen is open until 3 am.

Hanging over the bar are about two dozen boot shaped mugs. When we asked about them, our barmaid Chris explained to us that a boot can be bought for \$3.50. It will be personalized for you and kept at the bar. Whenever you come to the Tackroom afterwards, you will drink out of your own personal boot.

The Tackroom is a friendly, relaxed place for those interested in relaxing over an inexpensive drink. While we were there, we met a gentleman named Tony Gallo, who was kind enough to buy us shot after shot of melonballs and Jack Daniel's, but you can't expect such treatment all the time.

Tudor Tavern Moriches Road St. James



1 1/2 HSC's

Tony Gallo suggested the next place we should review was a bar called Danny Q's. After an unsuccessful attempt to find the place, and losing one of our panel members, we found the Tudor Tavern.

When entering this bar the first things you notice are darts, dart boards, and dart players. Above and around the jukebox are dart tournament trophies and plaques. In short, one could say it's a dart happy pub.

At the bar the tender, Dave, told us of the beers there. In bottles there are Michelob, Miller, Lite beer, Lowenbrau, Molson, Heineken and Amstel Light. These range in price from \$1.75 to \$2.75. Tap Buds are a dollar.

The kitchen at the Tudor is open for lunch from 11:30 am to 3 pm and at night for late night bar munchies. The usual bar-food, hamburgers, chicken, and the like is in the \$2.00 — \$2.50 price range.

To sum it up: It's a small, quiet bar, and dollar Buds are always nice.

The Beer In Review

The Pub Car itself is directly adjacent and just north of the railroad station parking lot. A large bar, the place was nevertheless close to empty when we were there. Without tap beer, bar bottles range from \$1.75 (for Buds) and up, although buy-backs seemed readily available from our bartender Rita.

Food is available every day for lunch, and on Friday and Saturday, the kitchen reopens from 9:00 pm to 2:30 am, offering anything from hamburgers to a full, several course dinner.

The Pub Car seems to affecting Country/Western feeling, with Country dj's on the weekend, but otherwise it's standard musically, with a regular rock/top 40 jukebox. For those into the C/W scene, the Texas Longhorn, down the block and further into this article, might be more your style.

The Tara Inn 1519 Main Street Port Jeff Station



3 1/2 HSC's

With the possible exception of the End of the Bridge, The Tara Inn is the place you are most likely to find fellow Stony Brook students. For years, those in the know appreciated Tara's happy hours, inexpensive pints, and \$1 hamburgers. Tara's has a pool table, video games, a dart board, foosball table and a good jukebox, which even has Grateful Dead on it.

The most economical way to buy beer at Tara's is by the pint. Pints on tap range from \$1.35 Stroh's, \$1.60 Buds, and \$2.75 Becks, Watney's, Bass, and Guinness. They also have bottled beer and a full range of bar drinks, but that's not what you're there for. Trust us.

Even these prices can come way down at the famous Tara's Happy Hour, 4:00 to 8:00 every day. It works something like this: When you buy a drink, or a round of drinks, the bartender will present you with a card that has five tabs that can be pulled off it. Two of the tabs have the depressing message "Full Price", and that's what you're gonna pay. Two others say "Half Price", (it's getting better) and then there's the 20% chance you'll pull the tab to reveal a message that says "10 cents." If you bought a round of ten Guinesses for your friends, instead of dropping \$27, you'll head back to your table only two dollars poorer. (And that's with tip.)

Tara's features a full bar food menu, highlighted by the famous dollar Taraburger with pickles and chips. A bacon-cheeseburger is only 75¢ more. \$3.00 trays of mozzarella sticks are also a favorite.

We walked in, got two pints and two cheeseburgers with some sticks for \$8.70. You could spend a lot more someplace else.

Tara's has always welcomed students, unlike a lot of local bars (see Park Bench), which is great for us. But the reason they welcome students is because they welcome everybody else. We have never seen a more diverse clientele than at Tara's. Even the bikers are friendly (Thank God). One can always have a good time at the Tara Inn.

One final note: Tara's is going through a metamorphosis at this point in time. There's always one T.V. playing the awful sounds of VH-1. If enough of us complain maybe it will stop.

The Texas Longhorn Main Street Port Jeff



2 HSC's

This bar is big. The dance floor is larger than most whole bars. If this bar played rock music and attracted the college crowd, it would be a really hopping place like those upstate bars in real college towns. But it isn't.

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The Beer In Review

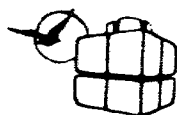
Continued from page 11

The Texas Longhorn is the typical country and western type bar complete with cowboys and a country jukebox. In a corralled area next to the bar was a pool table, separately corralled were video games.

On tap here are Miller, \$1.75; and Becks, \$2.25. Bottles are \$2 for Bud and \$2.75 for imports. All shots go for \$2. The Sunday special is tap beer at 75¢ off of the normal price. On Wednesday, Friday and Saturday there is a \$3 cover charge as there is C & W entertainment.

We slowly sipped a couple of Becks drafts and sat back enjoying a new experience (a C & W bar). This was a nice bar for a change of pace. As we left we wondered if you could play Madonna's "Borderline" and live to tell about it. Those attempting this can contact us at The Press with results.

The Park Bench Rt. 25A Stony Brook



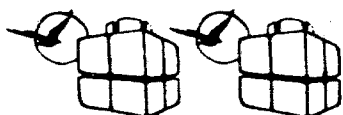
1 HSC for proximity. 3 1/4 HSC's if you're rich, beautiful, stupid and have cocaine.

Day two of our pubby review began at the Park Bench, a nice place to visit on off nights when you're too drunk to remember that you were there. If it's crowded (ie. Friday Happy Hour) "a nightmare of gargantuan proportions threatens the very essence of your inner being threatening your own sanity and the safety of others," according to one of our panel. "Yuppie Heaven" in other words, as all the reviewers agreed.

When the "Stench" isn't a yuppie disco, it's a restaurant specializing in burgers and quiche. Those are the civilized hours when you need not always be 23, nor have a collared shirt to get past the IZOD Gorillas at the door. This is also the time when you can sample drinks from a well stocked bar at regular bar prices, or 12 ounce tap mugs of Bud, Michelob, Light or Bass from \$1.50 to \$2. Bottled beers available include Rolling Rock, Bud, Molson, Heineken, Becks, and Guinness from \$1.50 to \$2.25.

If you are brave enough, though even more foolish to wander into the Park Bench during prime socializing hours there are a number of nightly drink specials, including "theme" nights when the waitresses all dress alike differently, and you can get cheap mixed drinks from plastic cups. We found ourselves at the bar on a Tuesday night, tropical night, with obnoxious music and a dancefloor viewable from across the street for the amusement of passers by. All in all an expensive place to get drunk, though one which you wouldn't want to enter sober.

Prime Time (formerly The Club, formerly Mosely's) Rt. 25A Stony Brook



2 HSC's 3 HSC's if they won't let you into the Bench.

Feeling shagged out and inferior after the Bench, we crawled around the fence to the area's newest bar, Prime Time. Primarily a steakhouse, according to Jane, our bar-woman "who's almost always there", Prime Time nonetheless features a large, comfortable, and well-stocked bar.

Unfortunately, most of the things at this well-stocked bar are a little expensive. Imported bottled beers are \$2.50, and domestics are \$2.00. Top shelf drinks are \$2.50, and there are no tap beers, and no happy hour. Prime Time also features an extensive wine selection.

A hand of Trivial Pursuit cards greet you as you sit down at the bar "to give you something to do on a first date," according to Jane. Like its predecessor, The Club, Prime Time still has the white-walled, brightly lit, exceptionally clean atmosphere that makes one feel he or she is drinking in an intensive care unit — a very nice intensive care unit,

though. Three women we met there, Laurie, Mary, and Randye from Kelly A, confessed that they felt they were a little too casually dressed for the Bench, so they ended up at Prime Time. All recommended it highly, though.

One improvement from The Club, though, was the fact that Prime Time had replaced the tacky posters of Porsche's and women's hips and put up stills from prime time (get it?) television shows in their place. The restaurant area is open from 11:00 am to 10:30 pm, and last call at the bar is somewhere between 12:00am and 1:00 am.

The End of the Bridge Restaurant and Bar Stony Brook Union Stony Brook campus



2 HSC's, 1 for proximity and 1 for Happy Hour

From the Prime Time we proceeded to the last campus drinking establishment, The Bridge. A lot of people don't like the End of the Bridge, including us. Problems were evident from the moment we walked in. Not enough barstools, or seats, no air conditioning. (If you think it's hot on a Monday night, go there on a weekend.) After we started perspiring, we ordered a pitcher of Budwiser — \$3.50, with plastic cups.

According to barback Sean Buckley, the EOB isn't really so bad. Their 4:00 to 8:00 pm happy hour features \$2.00 Busch pitchers, and \$1.00 bar drinks and Bud cans. Tap Bud and Molson are similarly reduced in price. Happy hour also features free tortilla chips and a red liquid they call salsa.

On the weekends (Thursday, Friday and Saturday) there is a \$2.00 cover charge for dj entertainment. Minors can still get out on the dance floor, while drinkers hang out on the bar side. In the back, a snack bar serves hotdogs, nachos, and assorted bagged munchies.

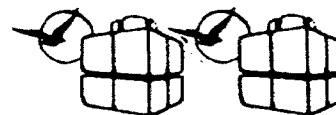
On weekdays, lunch is served from 11:30 to 2:30, but remember it's daka food.

[While we had never eaten at the Bridge prior to that day, it was decided that — in order to be fair — we would eat lunch there the next day. An astounding discovery was made: the food at E.O.B. is not bad at all. We each had a bacon cheeseburger served with steak fries and a pickle for \$3.25 (beer not included.) The burgers were large and topped with lettuce and tomato. The fries were also very good, better than the onion rings, which were too greasy. An ice cold Michelob complemented our meal nicely.

A final food note: the Bridge accepts meal cards for lunch. Those of you who have had the unfortunate privilege of being forced on the meal plan should check out the Bridge at lunch. It beats H-Quad cafeteria any day.]

E.O.B. is not without substantial flaws, but the fact is that the reason it is often so crowded and uncomfortable is that so many students like to go there. Keep in mind, though, that even with all the other campus bars closed alternatives still abound.

The Printer's Devil Wynne Lane (off Main Street) Port Jefferson



2 HSCs

Heading back to the metropolis of Port Jefferson, we next hit The Printer's Devil. Billing itself as "a pub of the old type," it is a very sharp looking restaurant and bar. Pulling up a stool at the bar, we immediately noticed the shiny, copper bar top, and thought "what a classy place."

There's no domestic beer on tap here. You can get Watney's, Harp or Guinness for \$2.75 a delicious pint. Bottled beers include Bud, Miller and Lite, Heinekin, Amstel, Molson and Moosehead, with domestics costing \$2.00 and imports \$2.50.

Sipping our Watney's and noticing the good music (The Tubes were playing over the radio), we asked our bartender, Pat, to give us the lowdown on the food situation. The food, which some members of our party testified to as being excellent, is available until midnight, and ranges in price from \$4.95 to \$12.95 for entrees. The Devil is troubled by a lack of standing room by the bar, but nevertheless attracts sizeable weekend crowds. Dinner and some drinks at the Devil, followed by a walk around some of the other Port Jeff bars, would probably be a great weekend evening, especially in the summer.

Continued on page 14

Marburger graphic by Ken Copel



Jack's not the only President drinking a beer!

Competitive Consumption

The Press Looks at Drinking Games

By Hank J. P. Stone

BEER TREK

You look up and see a field of stars. Then, after a moment, a familiar voice utters just one word... "space." Suddenly, you hear the unmistakable sound of carbon dioxide being released under pressure. Are you in the G.S.O. Lounge stockroom during a nuclear explosion? No. Are you spacing at a Grateful Dead concert? No! You're playing Beer Trek, the best drinking game to hit the Stony Brook campus since George Washington was put on the quarter.

Not for Trekkies only, Beer Trek is based on such favorites as "Hi, Bob," and "The Chug Boat." The rules to Beer Trek are simple, but you will need a few definitions to help clear things up.

The Show. The show you are viewing on your television is Star Trek, the 20 year old science fiction/adventure program that became more popular in syndication than when it was originally aired.

The Tease. The tease to Star Trek is the very beginning, opening action of the show. Just before the opening credits, it is written to keep you in suspense during the commercial break.

Here's how it works: All players congregate around the television near a refrigerator that was stocked with beer suitcases in preparation for the event. During the tease, each player gets a beer which he or she holds but does not

yet open. The tease is the time when players pick characters for which they will drink.

For example, in a three player game, one player might pick the word "Captain," another takes "Spock," and the third might choose, "Kirk." (or whatever) Once the game has begun, a player will drink each time their character's name is spoken on the show.

The game starts after the tease, during the opening credits. When William Shatner announces the word, "Space..." all players open their beers in unison. Beer Trek has officially begun.

Don't think you get off that easy, though, there's more! Each time there is an exterior view of the Enterprise (or any other Federation starship) on the screen, all players participate in a social drink. This makes the start of the game interesting since the Enterprise passes by about eight times. Also, when the ship goes by the screen and you see it both coming and going, it is counted as two social drinks. In other words, *You drink for each angle shown.* Starship battles, for this reason, are a blast.

For the more experienced Beer Treker there are additional rules. During the tease, players that recognize the episode can call for extra socials to occur at particular parts of the show. The possibilities are limitless. You can call for a social drink for a particularly memorable line, ("Dammit Jim, I'm a doctor, not a bricklayer!") for an event, (Spock's neck pinches, or every time a red-shirted security guard gets vaporized) or even for a sound (the transporter noise, or the sappy love theme).

Of course, players can choose more than one character to drink on. For instance, a player can claim "all references to

McCoy" and that would include "Doctor," "Leonard," "Bones," and, of course, "McCoy." A simpler name would be ones like "Scotty" or "Sulu" (although they both have episodes where their names are called out almost continuously). Characters are not assigned exclusively. If it is a many player game, more than one player can drink on "Kirk," for instance.

The amount of beer consumed per drink is not strictly regulated although a healthy gulp is a general rule for most players. One can expect to drink about half a beer (or more) during the opening credits alone.

Miscellaneous rules: 1) Runs to the bathroom will not excuse you from drinking for the lines you missed, and 2) the player near the fridge is the official beer transporter chief.

When you play Beer Trek and beam into the state of inebriation you will always have a great time. It is only logical.

SHOT A MINUTE

It's simple. Every minute drink one 1½ ounce shot of beer. You might say, "I can do that without any problem," but before you do, do some small computations. One and one half times sixty minutes divided by twelve ounces equals seven and one half beers per hour. Over an extended period of time that could amount to quite a bit of foamy amber liquid.

According to Al Mayerhoff, the current Langmuir D-1 shot a minute record holder, - 163 shots in 163 minutes - and fellow keg-killer, "Never play that game if you want to go out later. You'll never know what you're doing!" Mayerhoff seemed not at all impressed with his feat of almost killing a case, though.

Note: If you have to "go" you still have to drink a shot a minute with no breaks. You just have to go fast.

MEXICAN

Mexican, a personal favorite, is a beer drinkers version of Liar's Poker. It is a game for at least three people, played with two dice, an opaque cup, and beer.

The player starting the game shakes the dice in the cup and then places the cup upside down on the table so as not to reveal the numbers on the dice. After inspecting the dice (still not showing other players) the player slides the cup over to the player on the left (clockwise) and announces a number. The person receiving the hidden dice has two options:

- 1) He or she can re-roll the dice in the cup in order to beat the roll he just received. Play continues to the left.
- 2) He or she can lift up the cup if they believe the previous player is bluffing.

If it was a bluff, the liar drinks; otherwise the doubter drinks.

Play continues with the doubter.

The hierarchy of dice rolls is as follows:

- 2-1, which is Mexican
- 6-6, "sixty six" or "Boxcars"
- 5-5, "fifty five" or "Flowers"
- 4-4, "fourty four" or "Corners"
- 3-3, "thirty three" or "Trips"
- 2-2, "twenty two" or "Little Joes"
- 1-1, "eleven" or "Snake eyes"
- 6-5 (read "sixty five"), 6-4, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1
- 5-4, 5-3, 5-2, 5-1
- 4-3, 4-2, 4-1

Nothing beats a Mexican, except another Mexican. When a Mexican is rolled, the elated player usually humms the Mexican hat dance or Mexicali Blues riff, along with the other players. The amount to be consumed is raised to a full glass of beer from the usual finger or two.

Special rolls: 3-2, "Thirty two" aka "reverse" changes the direction of the game and is a pass for the player who rolled it. [example: You roll Boxcars to me. I roll a reverse. It's boxcars to you now, if you believe me]

3-1: The lowest roll. You must *always* lie.

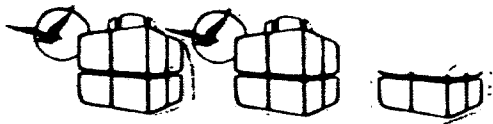
Unfortunately, the least fun beer drinking game is also the one most often played on campus. It's called **Hide from the Beer Police**. You know the rules. Good luck.



The Beer In Review

Continued from page 12

Billies 1890's Salloon Main Street Port Jeff



2 1/2 HSC's (would have been higher if there was a good Happy Hour).

Barely a drunken stumble away from the Devil, is Billies 1890's, which was much more crowded than the Devil the night we were there.

True to its name, Billie's is styled in turn-of-the-century garb. They have video games, a good jukebox, and a separate dining area. The kitchen stays open until 3:00 am, with prices ranging from \$2.50 to about \$5.00. Coming this summer are lunch specials and Friday and Saturday happy hours.

We picked up 10oz. mugs of Bass beer for \$1.75 (pints were \$2.75). Also on tap were Watney's, Bud and Michelob, and the bottled beer selection included Bud, Molson, Heineken, Lite Beer, Becks and Rolling Rock with domestics at \$1.75 and imports costing \$2.25.

Entertainment that evening was also supplemented by the live guitar-duo Damaged Goods. Other groups also play there from time to time.

Considering the high bar density of the Port, and the size

of the crowds in Billie's, it's clear it is a local favorite. Find out why for yourself.

Harbor Gates Main Street Port Jefferson



1/2 HSC

Harbor Gates is a newly-opened bar in Port Jefferson that seems to be aiming for an older and richer crowd than we were. This became clear, when the bartender told us he usually kept a 23-year old minimum, but since the bar was empty, we could stay. Beer prices were average, food was expensive, but the jukeboxes and pilsner beer glasses were excellent. Enough said.

The Checkmate Inn 94 North Country Road East Setauket



2 HSC's

The final stop on our Beer in Review was the Checkmate. When you drink a beer at the Checkmate you feel as though you're drinking in someone's living room. That is because you are. The Checkmate is a small house turned bar. In the "living room" there is a pool table, jukebox, and assorted video games. A side area has a few small tables. The bar is located in back where the kitchen should be.

We went to the back and found the small bar. For \$1.75 each we bought 2 bar bottle Budweisers. Import beers are only 25¢ more. Tap beer is not available.

The Checkmate has specials every night (not open Sundays) featuring two-fer Tuesday (bar drinks), dollar Buds on Thursday, and on Saturday everything is half price if you have your Stony Brook ID card. (We guess there is a use for it after all.)

Why go to the Checkmate Inn? The answer to that question is simple enough: the bar is open until 4 am. Why else? One goes to the Checkmate if he's tired of the usual hangouts and wants to find a dive. We found one.

Well, that's the end of our Beer in Review. We wish it to be known that this is not a full listing of all area bars. There are a lot that we missed due to time and financial considerations. Go out into the real world and find some on your own. Have yourselves a beer bountiful summer and remember, drink 'til you drop, you crazy nuts!

Technical assistance for this article was provided by Elizabeth Hampton, Stephanie Roller, Ron Ostertag, Egan Gerrity, Ed Bridges, and Jo Ann Gredell.

Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer Beer

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And
remember...
**Don't
Drink
and
Drive**

This is a public service
message from Fred Preston
and The Stony Brook Press

Trading Off American Labor's Limited Scope

By Mitchel Cohen

For most of this century the official trade union movement in the United States has acquiesced to limiting itself to wage-related issues, some health and safety problems that affect workers on the shop floor, and grievance procedures.

The boundaries of "legitimate" demands by workers through their unions and on-the-job committees has become so accepted by most workers that we hardly think to raise environmental or other *political* demands as *workers*—that is, through the machinery we'd fought for over the years to represent our interests. Instead, workers take for granted the assumptions inculcated in us over the years, that it is the job of *consumers* to make political demands on government and industry, not workers at the point of production.

But who are consumers anyway if workers wearing a different hat? Why continue to allow our lives to be fragmented in this way? When "environmentalists" protest nuclear power plants, for instance, and workers oppose them because the construction of the plants "creates jobs" (so did the building of the ovens in Nazi Germany), as environmentalists we often feel defensive. Instead of viewing ourselves as workers too and fighting to include what gets built and how as part of any contract negotiations, by accepting only off-the-job protests of this sort as valid we end up being complicit in our own undoing.

This "split" — between our lives as workers and as consumers — did not "just happen." It was part of a conscious plan developed by the rising banking capitalists—Rockefeller, Morgan and others — in the early 1900s, and agreed to by the American Federation of Labor (AFL) in order to obtain the banker's sanction (and resources) that would enable it to win its battles against more radical (and widespread) worker organizations, such as the Knights of Labor, the Western Federation of Miners, and, later, the International Workers of the World ("Wobblies"). The bankers and industrial capitalists boosted the AFL bonchos, such as Samuel Gompers, and even appointed some of them to the N.C.F., the forerunner of today's notorious Tri-Lateral Commission, and other prestigious committees.

The bankers got from the deal: 1) A limitation on what concerns were considered "grievable" in the unionization process; 2) A relatively manageable AFL through which union officials pimped and policed laborers in a systematic (and thus less costly to capital) way; 3) Orderly grievance and compensation procedures, which took mounting claims for injuries out of the courts (where jurors tended to award huge settlements to injured workers) and put them before special boards of arbitrators who made much lower, and standardized, compensatory payments.

Perhaps the most important victory won by capital as a result of all this was, by the early 1950's, the popularly-held assumption that, because the bosses put up the money to build factories (money obtained from profits derived from the labor of other workers, and by ripping off people around the world), they thereby had the right to dictate the conditions of production, and to own whatever was produced by "their" workers in the course of the workday.

"Who are consumers anyway?"

This has in fact become such a commonplace assumption that we hardly ever think to even question it! (This is what is meant by a "ruling idea.") Why, for instance, should the owner of a factory get 100% of what the workers produce? Why not, oh, say 80%? Why not 5%? Yet the assumption that a capitalist, by putting up the cash for a factory (rare

enough in these days of credit, anyway) thereby buys the right to everything produced by workers laboring there is so

"The split did not just happen"

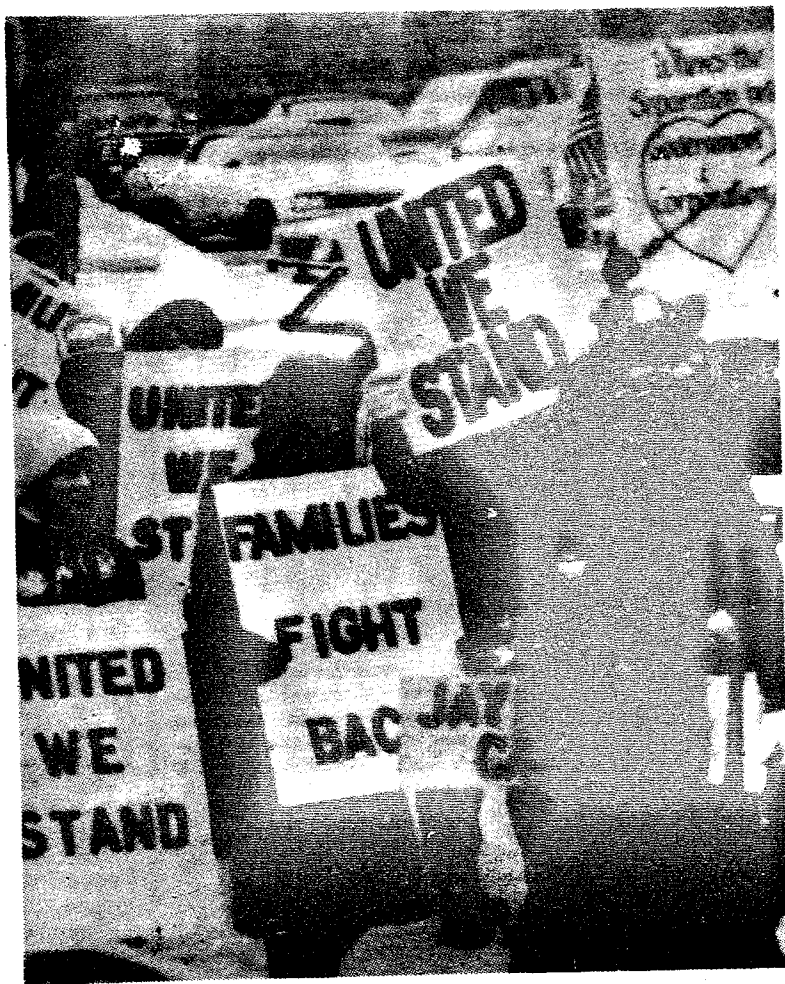
deeply ingrained in the North American psyche that we assume it must always have been this way. But that is not so! In fact, it was not until around forty years ago that capital, with the compliance of Big Labor, finally succeeded in shifting the struggle from *whether* capital had the right to decide upon — and own — the products of labor, to *how much* workers would "get back" in the form of wages and benefits, from its now-accepted lawful ownership of the production process.

What does this have to do with environmentalism, or politics? Simply this: When workers accept the right of capital to fully own and to determine what to do with the products workers produce, they accept the authority of capital to define the parameters of struggle. No longer is it legitimate in the *minds of workers* — as it had been years ago — to fight for *how* energy is produced, chemicals are disposed, wood is pulped, what the newspapers you work on say. Workers in the U.S. have adopted as valid the mindset of the hired hand, the legitimacy of selling slices of their time like marmalade. It doesn't matter what *type* of work you do, you have no say over it, while the boss has total say. You just own your ability to work, selling your life-energy, your time, in exchange for money needed to keep you coming back for more the next day, yet buying you no say whatsoever over the environmentally disastrous (usually) disposition of the product, nor the poisonous conditions of its production.

The capitalist class has always viewed workers this way. (A great novel on this theme is Robert Tressell's *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, which I highly recommend.) But it was only relatively recently that workers, thanks to the imposed historic compromise made by labor union bureaucrats, gave up this struggle and accepted capital's domain. When was the last time workers at the Schenectady General Electric plant, for instance, demanded an end to its spewing of non-bio-degradable phosphoric compounds and other deadly chemicals into the Hudson River as one of their strike demands? It's no longer seen as a strikable concern by the workers themselves. Yet what a difference workers could make! The whole fight to save our planet could be won!

In Australia in the 1970's, construction unions implemented the "green bans." Workers refused to build any project without first meeting with the affected communities (other workers), hearing testimony from environmentalists, and then *deciding for themselves* whether or not to proceed with any given project. They didn't go through government officials; they didn't beg third parties to pass laws making such projects illegal; they didn't go to the courts to block them. They acted *directly*, for themselves. At the same time they were acting environmentally, they were creating the *political* alternative to how such decisions got made. The two went hand in hand — the *way* decisions get made, and the *nature* of the decisions are inseparable components of the same process.

We need to take up the problem of how to legitimize environmental (and other) issues as part of the *contractual demands* workers fight for on the job. We must break down the false dichotomy — and thus, the false separation of political from economic demands — between "consumers" and "workers." We must make it as American as the Trident ("the only nuclear submarine my mom lets me chew!") for workers to bust out of the prison of wage-only type demands, and to take direct action, like our Australian counterparts, to stop the destruction of the environment as *part of our normally-assumed responsibilities as workers*, and not only when switching hats to being consumers.



Senior Speaks Out Mangled Baby Ducks

It was the 28 of August, 1985. I had just reached campus, and was exhausted from the usual moving procedure. Pulling ice from my pocket as I walked into my room, I was surprised by a large color television staring at me, with an expensive looking VCR above it. Wow, I said. "I wonder what this guy does for a living? As I sat exhausted on the hard university chair, and proceeded to awaken myself, this person walked into the room and introduced himself as my roommate. I introduced myself, and proceeded to do what I had been waiting to do for so long.

"What is that," he asked. I told him about the ice and like a gentleman offered him some. He declined, I indulged, and then decided to move my belongings into my new dorm room. When I was done, I met this person from Queens who had just transferred back from Oneonta, who was waiting for a few friends who had luckily been placed in the same dorm as him. I offered him some ice, he gladly indulged!! I went back to my room, and was now introduced to my roommate's expensive stereo. "Don't touch anything if you don't know how to use it," he told me. Now what's so difficult about using a stereo, a VCR, or a TV, I ask you?

The day went by, and I met more people. The students from Oneonta were a real party bunch. All we did was fry chicken and drink Kool-aid while my roommate watched and criticised.

Soon we met my roommate's Polo wardrobe. It was amazing. Everything from his umbrella, to his handkerchiefs had a little horse running across it. We finally ran out of everything, and so decided to call it a day. I jumped into bed, and thought about the day. Boy had it been weird.

The next day went well, doing nothing but laying in the sun and listening to my roommate's expensive stereo all day. By the third day my suitemate from last year came back. As he was arranging his room, two people walked into the room and asked, "Hey man, any of you know where we can get some Pop-Tarts?" My old suitemate, Jersey No. 2, said that he had some. Needless to say, we munched. The reason why I specify this common moment in Stony Brook, is because one of these two people who walked into the room was Slo-Mo, who later became my roommate off the books.

The fourth day came along, and that was the day of the party. My roommate was out visiting his girlfriend, and knew of the party. We moved the kegs outside, and placed my set of speakers to provide the music. The party went well. Since the building was a transfer student building, everyone met the others and got comfortable. (The Quad should have me for and R.A. for this) Everyone was psyched for the next day when classes began, and so did the Stony Brook experience. Were they gonna be sorry!

The days rolled by. Partying in the hall continued, and Slo-mo's appearances became more frequent. We were getting to be better friends by the day. My roommate, Mr. Lauren, worked in the Polo department of a department store. The night of the Monday Night Football season opener was a memorable one. Slo-mo, his blonde friend and myself were sitting watching the game. One of the boys from Oneonta walked in with a duck, and we all watched the game and partied.

Suddenly there was an uproar. Mr Lauren was back, and was mad. "Why are there so many people in MY room?" he screamed. "You mean our room," I said. "You're on campus now, not at home." He asked them to leave, and said he wanted to have a meeting with me. So we met, and decided that if I was partying with my friends, I'd do it in the suiteroom. Little did I realize what I had gotten myself into. Since he never partyed, he could entertain his friend, (the one and only friend, a very snobby towny) in the room. I saw them watch Risky Business twice every evening, but by the end of the week, I was sick of Tom Cruise.

Slo-mo, in the meantime, was living in his car. One day Jersey No. 2 told him, "Why don't you sleep on our couch, it's better than the car." Slo-mo became the seventh suite member. No objections were raised, yet, so we continued.

Fall Fest came, and I had a single that weekend. A friend of mine was here that weekend, so I asked her to sleep in Mr. Lauren's bed. On Saturday I found a note on the floor addressed to me, apparently left there the day before by my roommate. "Do not touch my equipment. Do not turn the stereo, the T.V., or the VCR on. Do not touch anything I own." What was I supposed to do? Not answer the phone? (Luckily it had an answering machine built in.) Not watch TV? Not listen to music? This weekend was going to be

boring! I fried chicken and then decided to use the line that made Tom Cruise famous. What a strategy. Use my roommate's favorite character against my roommate. I put Mr. Lauren's \$50 sunglasses on, my Marlboro on my lip. I looked at my friend, said, "Sometimes, you've just gotta say, 'What the Fuck?'" and turned the stereo on. Slo-Mo cracked up!

That night, in our drunken stupor, the boys from Oneonta, Slo-mo, Jersey No. 2, and I wrote a note, "Mr. Lauren, we turned on your stereo, your TV, and your VCR. I even had a friend stay over."

Mr. Lauren's arrival marked a mushroom cloud explosion. The RA was notified. He charged me with "infringement of his personal life." A mere note as evidence? He even went to the length of calling my friend at home and asking her if she had slept on his personal property. He bugged the RA till the RA got fed up, and soon Mr. Lauren said, "Why don't you move out?" I was the last person who was going to move, so, after a lot of haggling, Mr. Lauren moved.

The suite was back down to six members, and Slo-mo now had a bed to sleep on. This marked the introduction of a new member to the suite. Unofficial for sure. The Irish Boy, we called him. He was an old suitemate, and Mr. Software's old roommate. He was in Jersey's and Software's room. My room was finally open for socialization, an essential part of Stony Brook dorm life. Everybody came by with Ducks, Nuclear weapons, and Ice was drunk. As Zappa said, 'Charlie's enormous everything' was fine. Mr Software built and attraction in the suite, and Friday happy hour was introduced in the hall. My single was a blast. This was the period when Slo-mo and myself decided to make the best of everything. Since Charlie had an enormous nose, and was willing to help, we decided to hang out with the I.R.S. when we indulged. We were just expanding, when I was notified that I had just got a roommate.

His name was Meater Beater Into Paper (MBIP for short). Boy, did he have a lot of junk (and I thought I was the only one who took everything I owned everywhere). He was also very paranoid. He had lost his housing for a while, but I found out that his old hall had hated him. "Gr-e-at M-a-a-n," Slo-mo said, very slowly.

The first week went fine, but the Duck visits slowed down and bombs exploded elsewhere. What luck, couldn't even barbecue in my own room! Soon static was felt in the suite. MBIP, who had slept in other people's rooms till he got

housing, didn't like Slo-mo sleeping on the couch. What hypocrisy!

The heat was on. Classical music was played in the room, and I was getting upset. I had to do something exciting.

One Sunday morning, Slo-mo and myself were returning from breakfast, and found some Buckets of Rain. We told a few members of the hall, who said, "What the fuck!" So we got them. Party time! MBIP wasn't pleased when he came back that evening. Everybody was wet from dumping bucket over their heads, and MBIP wasn't exactly helping. He kept insisting that Slo-mo move out, and the two of us stop barbecuing or drinking ice, even from the suiteroom. Even Charlie and the I.R.S. were to be avoided. (Slo-mo's reaction, "Bu-m-m-er") This was going to be difficult. Hanging out with the I.R.S. had proved to be a lot of fun. Besides him, the Buckets of Rain had got us into some trouble with the authorities. They too were on our back. Now MBIP decided to report the already popular Slo-mo to the authorities. He was banned from the room, and I was relocated.

My third roommate was all I needed. "Why did your last roommate move out?" I asked. He said, "My last roommate had too many barbecues, and watched my T.V., so I reported him, and they made him move." Slo-mo was standing right next to me. "Bu-m-m-er," he said. Luckily, it was finals week already. I had a whole semester's work to do. I grabbed my books, put my glasses on, and spent the next ten days away from my room, in an office. I studied as much as I could, and attended finals. They were fun. This was it. I took my belongings, and moved to a house off-campus. Intercession was here, and everybody went home.

When I came back, I didn't see Slo-mo for a whole week. The first thing he said, when I finally saw him, was, "Let's go to the I.R.S." We went back to my house, and Slo-mo became one of the many who slept on the couch at this house. Slo-mo loved this house. Ducks were barbecued constantly, Bombs exploded, and ice had. The smell of barbecued ducks constantly flavors the air at this house. It seems as though it exists in the woodwork. The problems with the old people still existed, but we didn't let them dampen our spirits. Every time we went back to visit the old friends, MBIP would say, "Slo-mo, if you're not out of here in five minutes, I'll call the authorities." But such people never change. They are punished by the Big One in his own way. I decline to state facts.



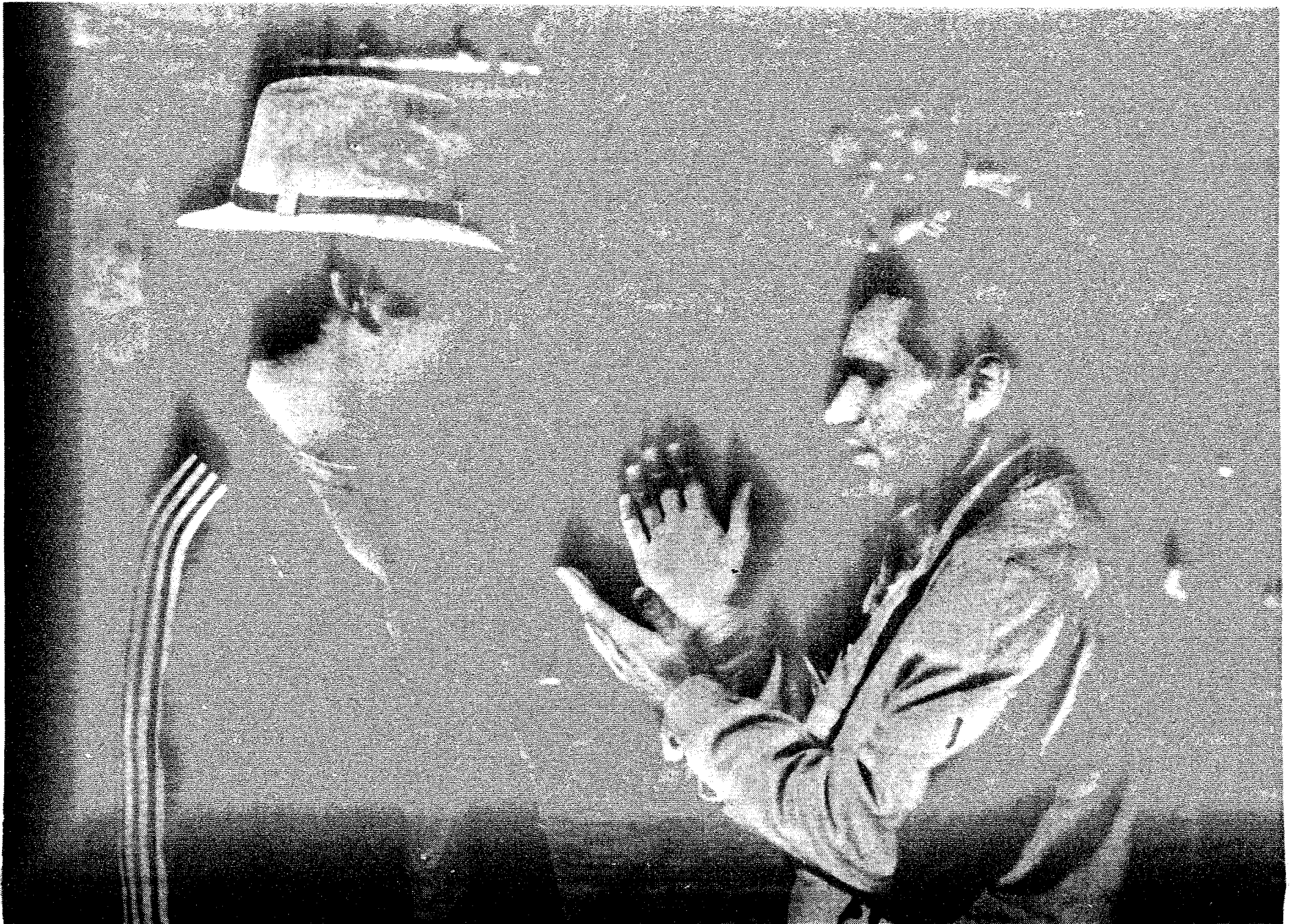


Photo by Albert Fraser

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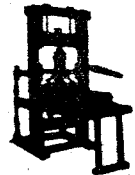
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Nuclear Shadows

by Lisanne Demoga

When someone whom we love and cherish passes on, we are told not to be sad, he or she is not really dead. As long as we hold tight to the memories, we will carry that person in our soul forever and his or her eternal existence will live through those that were touched by his or her presence on earth.

The moment that we all perish in the fires created by hatred and selfish desire, we as a people will no longer be able to live our existence through the hearts of those we have touched, because there will not be a soul left to live and tell the story.

I cannot believe that this is what is wanted by all of us. Yet, we all seem to be sitting and waiting for the other person to change the fate that lies ahead.

After Dr. Helen Caldicott's lecture on "The Threat of Nuclear War," I came back to my room with my heart exploding in terror. My roommate and I sat and cried together asking each other what we should do. At one point,

she said, "I'm angry because I feel this has been dumped on us. We didn't want this to happen and now we have to contend with it."

The truth is that living in the Nuclear Age, living with the thought of extinction without a moment's notice, has been dumped on us. The us I am referring to is all the people of the entire world. It is now time for all of us who take up space to pay the rent if we want a house to live in. It is true that the college youth of today were not alive to stop the dropping of the bomb over Hiroshima where an estimated 100,000 people were killed. Yet we are alive and kicking now and much more than 100,000 lives are at stake.

All the wonders that you and I have come to appreciate will be gone. The remnants of past and present civilizations will only linger as a shadow. Inside the vast open space cancer causing flakes will sprinkle the empty land and a wretched hollow scream will echo and fall on lifeless ears, bellowing for forgiveness and just a little more time. "We

promise if given just one more chance we will do something, we won't sit back, please just a little more time."

We have the time now, yet we are busy planning for this and preparing for that. It is up to each and every one of us to make sure that we have a place for our dreams to become realities. We must consider the rights of each and every person born under the same stars. We share the same lands. Our location of birth was but mere chance. You could be me and I could be you. The differences that exist in us as people are what make us unique as individuals, but the question at hand is not who is right or wrong as a cultural or political system, but who has the right to sit in judgement of another, moreover, to decide the destiny of us all.

The ugly dark shadow that looms over our heads demands that we as a people become unified to end the greatest injustice of all to mankind. We can start by taking off the blinders and admitting that this is real and more than likely will occur if nothing is done. In the end we will have no one to blame but ourselves.

Summer Jobs

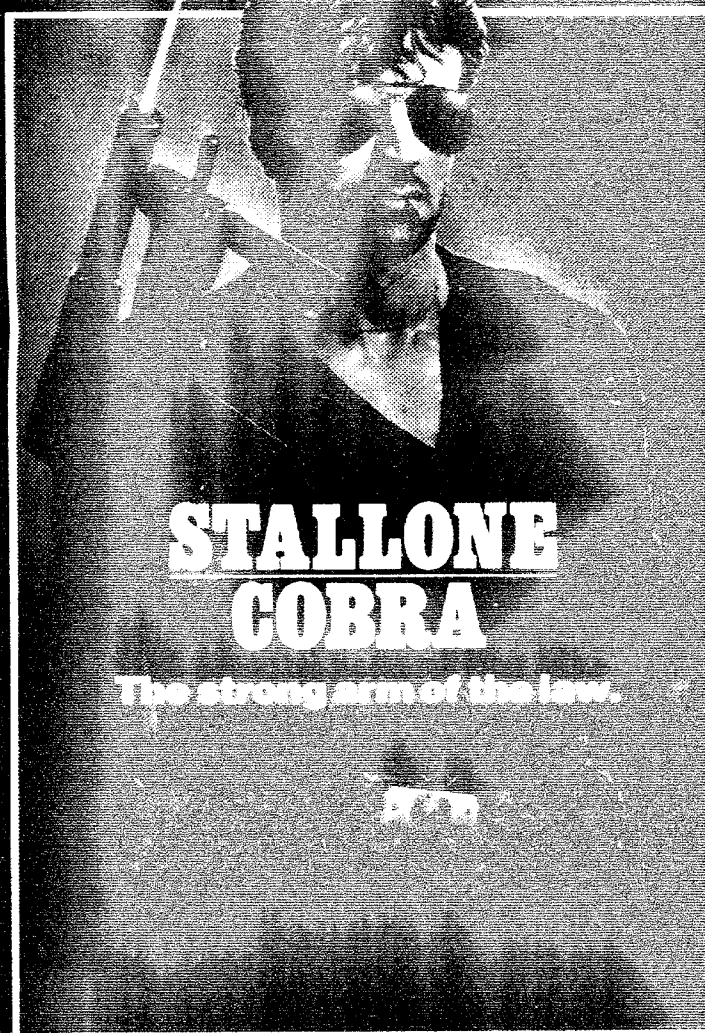
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COMING SOON

- I Was Born A Traveling Man - Hot Tuna In Concert

By C. Goldsmith

It is a breath of fresh air to see some musicians upholding the roots of modern music with a sincerity that is all too uncommon in the 80's. Even more rewarding is if the musicians have been at it for so many years that they play with true competency and precision, but do not let their music degenerate into a useless exercise in technique.

The members of Hot Tuna are these musicians. Playing a combination of traditional folk songs and their own compositions, Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady demonstrated what practically twenty years of performing on the road has taught them. Banging out ancient folk songs like "I Know You Rider," "Death Don't Have No Mercy," and "Candyman," with a fervor that is sorely missed at many of today's concerts, Hot Tuna showed what commitment to playing good music, and playing it well, can achieve.

Banging out a song is the only way to describe Jorma Kaukonen's guitar work. He seems almost to attack his guitar, torturing the notes from it. Few musicians today can hold an audience's attention for four hours with the simple sounds of an acoustic guitar, accompanied by the restrained playing of an electric bass.

The crowd at the show was one of the better crowds to be seen at a Stony Brook concert in quite a while. The audience was mellow, reasonably quiet and attentive to every note played. Some of the restraint shown by the audience might be attributed to the general atmosphere of the concert - Hot Tuna's music is in itself, quiet, foot-tapping music. Or you might attribute the crowd's calmness to "other" factors.

Jorma Kaukonen himself appeared to be on some drug-induced path. After finishing his first beer of the evening, he threw the empty bottle over his shoulder and demanded another beer immediately. While waiting for a replacement string, Jorma began telling jokes to the audience. Casady did not respond when Kaukonen said to him, "Tell me Jack, how do you fuck



Photo by Ed Bridges

a hamster?" Casady has never been known to say anything at a concert.

Several students have also commented on the rhythms that Kaukonen tapped out on the body of his guitar while waiting for the string. "Those rhythms were driving me wild! How does he do that?"

It was an extra privilege to see seventy-plus Papa John Creach hobble on to the stage to play his electric fiddle. Seeming uncertain when he first arrived, Papa John Creach glanced over at Casady who just smiled back. That was all it took - Papa John fell right into the groove with Casady

and Kaukonen. Fifty odd years of fiddle playing have left their mark on Creach. He

musician who is completely in tune with his instrument. The signs of his age are showing, however, as Creach only played for the last third of each of the two sets.

Hot Tuna was formed in the early seventies by Kaukonen and Casady (who were then the lead guitarist and bassist of the Jefferson Airplane) because they wanted to experiment with simpler music, a more blusey and down-to-earth style than the music the Airplane was noted for. The Jefferson Airplane was also an extremely popular band at the time, and the two band members wanted to play to smaller audiences so that the concerts would have a more intimate feel. Since their original formation, Hot Tuna has put out a large assortment of records, both live and studio recordings. They have also toured extensively, giving both electric and acoustic performances, with an emphasis on acoustic playing during the past year or so.

I had the opportunity to see Hot Tuna in New York City in January, but the show at the gym far exceeded the NYC show. Both Casady and Kaukonen seemed much more at ease, and the show itself was considerably longer. The concert May third was the first college concert that Hot Tuna has played in quite some time. In fact, Kaukonen mentioned to the audience that the last time that the pair had played at Stony Brook was in the sixties with a band named "Jefferson something or other."

Kaukonen has played many solo dates in the last few years - he makes frequent appearances at the Lone Star Cafe in New York, and at Key Largo in Islip, Long Island. His proper place, though, seems to be next to Jack Casady - the combination of Casady's smooth melodic playing and Kaukonen's intertwining of rhythm and lead guitar is a fantastic break from the usual synthe-techno-pop of the eighties. Like taking a long drag from a cigarette after a hard day's work.

On Stage

Yeats Plays at FAC

by Rory Francis Rabinowitz

After an absence of about a year, the Stony Brook Drama Club triumphantly returned to the University stage with three plays by W.B. Yeats: *At the Hawk's Well*, *The Only Jealousy of Emer*, and *The Death of Cuchulain*. The plays ran under Richard Schindler's fine direction, from April 27 to the 30 in theater three of the Fine Arts Center.

Just as Wagner insisted that German opera be about the German people and their myths, Yeats maintained that Irish theater should be uniquely Irish and dramatize Gaelic legends. The result was a very ritualistic playing style with an eerie, religious tone. Director Schindler creates the necessary mood quite well with help of Jay Strevy's somber set and light design, Robbie Van DeVeer's simple, but effective costumes, and James S. Dexter's music.

The acting excels as well in this production. Richard Schindler (*Three Sisters*) gives a fine performance as the hero Cuchulain in all three plays. Much credit is due to him for undertaking the arduous task of directing himself. Michael Schwartz (*Herders*) gives

well done comic performances in the first and the last plays and further shows his versatility by narrating the second play completely straight. Robbie Van DeVeer (*Real Inspector Hound*) does a wonderful job as Emer in addition to her enjoyable self-written musical duets with the talented Trish Michaels (*Three Sisters*).

The other cast members include Sabado Lam (*We Put Out*) who gives his best performance to date as Bricriu and the blind man, Nance (*Real Inspector Hound*) as a very impressive Aoife, and Scruffy (*Looking Hard at Meyer*) who nearly steals the show as the Son of Talma giving a monologue full of Theater Department inside jokes. It is interesting to note that Nance and Scruffy have no last names, perhaps they are related, we shall never know.

It is sad to see that the Stony Brook Drama Club has been reduced to producing only one play per year. Outside of a few long scene changes, 3 by W.B. Yeats went quite smoothly. The cast and crew have raised the club's quality from the "We have a barn, let's put on a show" type of amateur theater into the professional.

On Stage

This Is Eternity

by Lynn Sandlin

This is Eternity, a play by Martin Giles which ran from April 30 through May 3 at the Calderone Theater, is a contemplative look at what it is to be human. Under the sensitive direction of Lynne Connor what could have been a pompous, plodding, wordy lecture on "life, the universe and everything" became a delightfully intimate and personal look at two people finding purpose for their existence.

The action of the play is simple: Nigel (John Morogiello) and Karen (Georgia Aristiduo) have dinner and go to bed. However, the very commonness and simplicity of their actions intensifies the complex nature of their conversation. Nigel, a not particularly successful playwright, has spent the day brooding over his purpose in life and his fear of death. Karen comes home from work to a candle-light dinner and a depressed husband. Throughout dinner they discuss the nature of Nigel's fears and what it is to love, to live, to die and what it means to be "human".

Scene two opens with a sleeping Karen and a Hamlet-like Nigel still uncertain about

the meaning of his existence. After soliloquizing loudly enough to wake the dead and his wife, the couple resumes their mealtime conversation. Nigel finally finds some peace of mind when he discovers his purpose as a playwright.

Lynne Connor's direction, set design and casting are superb. Beat by beat she moves the actors and the audience through a difficult piece with fluidity and grace. The sparseness of the set serves her purpose to underline the complexity of the text.

The acting is excellent, with the actors successfully keeping the audiences' attention at all times. John Morogiello plays Nigel with warmth and understanding tempered with a sense of humor. As Nigel he proves what a fine, dramatic actor he truly is. Georgia Aristiduo as Karen once again demonstrates her incredible versatility as an actress. What could have been an over-confident and condescending character, Georgia has turned into a sensitive, sympathetic and loving person.

Liz Stein's and Ben Hoffman's lighting design is effective, particularly in scene two.