

The Stony Brook PRESS

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Press/Bari Rogoff

The \$75 Hassle

Administrative Snafu Brings Trouble for Students and Workers

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Press/Scott Hightower

LILCO Strikes Back

Utility pursues \$2 mil law suit against demonstrators

By Jesse Londin

From the very beginning, they had no illusions about the ordeal ahead. Fully anticipating everything from arrests to a substantial lawsuit, the determined opposition laid their plans and made their moves. They did not underestimate the power, or paranoia, of the Long Island Lighting Company. The empire did strike back.

On the morning of September 29, 1980 in the pre-dawn darkness, approximately 350 members and affiliates of the SHAD (Sound-Hudson Against Atomic Development) Alliance, and various Long Island anti-nuclear/safe energy groups staged a blockade outside the west gate entrance to LILCO's unfinished Shoreham nuclear power plant. By 6:30 AM, 157 blockad-

ers had been carried off by Suffolk County police and booked in Yaphank for disorderly conduct.

Today, the organizers, and participants in that and past anti-Shoreham demonstrations, are the targets of a six-month-old damages lawsuit in which the company is asking "not less than \$2 million."

On top of suing for damages, LILCO is seeking a permanent injunction against approximately 30 Long Island and New York anti-nuclear organizations, in addition to up to 3000 John Does and 300 Jane Does ("... The true names of the defendants being unknown to plaintiff," according to the elaborate show-cause order) in an effort to hang the threat of contempt of court charges over any future civil disobedience maneuvers at the controversial plant.

The legal sparring between LILCO and local Shoreham opposition did not, however, begin on the morning of the blockade. On June 3, 1979 for example, five weeks after the Three Mile Island accident, at least 600 activists protested at Shoreham, and were arrested and charged with trespassing. Those charges were later dismissed.

The September 1980 blockade itself was immediately preceded by a weekend of protests, and a march to Brookhaven Town Beach. The two day demonstration included a two-hour electricity boycott on Sunday evening (a LILCO spokesperson told one local newspaper that electricity consumption at 9:00 PM Sunday night actually exceeded the amount used that same time the preceding year) and a public burning of utility bills (Protesters estimate that over \$55,000 worth of electric bills were set afire).

In anticipation of the following morning's blockade, LILCO went to State Supreme Court in Riverhead to obtain a temporary restraining order prohibiting the SHAD collaborators from blockading or trespassing on LILCO property. On Sept. 25, William Kuntsler acting as attorney for SHAD at the time, presented to the court a notice of removal he had obtained, which bounced the case to Federal District Court in Brooklyn. That same afternoon, after a trek into the city, files and arguments were presented to Judge Henry Bramwell in Brooklyn, who proceeded to issue a temporary restraining order (one step away from a preliminary injunction, two steps removed from a permanent injunction)

(Continued on page 8)

Press/Dana Brusel



A last ditch effort to prevent workers from entering the Shoreham Nuclear Plant last September proved unsuccessful as Suffolk County Police drag demonstrators towards awaiting buses.

Faculty Student Association

**wishes the Faculty, Students,
Staff and their families a very
Happy Easter and Passover.**

F.S.A Working Hard To Serve You.

**President Richard Bentley
Vice President..... O. Andrew Colver**

Chief Operating Officer..... Bill Thaler
Director of Operations..... Larry Roher
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Thanks To You, It's Working.

There Goes Abbie!

Abbie Hoffman sentenced to three years imprisonment

by Scott Higham and Vivienne Heston

"This is a Class A felony—there is no trial," former fugitive Abbie Hoffman bitterly told the Press in an interview last January. "If you lose, then you go to jail for life. So, if somebody says, 'Go to jail for one year,' you go to prison."

This past Tuesday, Judge Brenda Soloff was that somebody.

On April 7th in the New York State Criminal Court Building, after months of plea bargaining, Soloff sentenced Hoffman to a maximum of three years imprisonment for both conspiracy to sell, and possession of cocaine. According to attorney Greg Reichbach, the minimum is to be set by the Parole Board, which usually means one-third of the maximum sentence, or one year. Reichbach said Hoffman's term will most likely be served in the Sing-Sing State Penitentiary beginning April 21st.

After years of intensive political activism during the 60s and early 70s, Hoffman was arrested in 1973 on a charge that would ultimately stick. With the possibility of life imprisonment under Rockefeller's infamous drug laws, Hoffman assumed the alias Barry Freed, moved up-state New York and spent nearly seven years underground in a St. Lawrence river community. During his "river years," Hoffman organized local citizens in preserving the area's environment and was consequently appointed by Governor Carey to the federal water resource commission. With the sentence imposed, only Carey's pardon can prevent Hoffman's imprisonment.

Outside section 90 of the New York State Criminal Court Building Tuesday morning, word of the sentencing trickled out to the press as the excited crowd inched its way through the maze of reporters and anxious friends. "No," one woman shrieked, "they can't do that." She added, "I'll do your time for ya Abbie." As Hoffman himself emerged from the courtroom, head lowered, issuing no comments to the press which barricaded him from any movement, several enthusiastic supporters shouted repeatedly, "Free Abbie Hoffman!" One man, with a clenched fist raised in the air yelled, "Free all political prisoners," while the sounds of shuffling feet, clacking cameras and sobs echoed throughout the hall of justice. A frantic waltz ensued which some news correspondents claimed was Hoffman assaulting the press, although TV cameras encircled him and microphones dangled obnoxiously in his face. Finally, whisked by security into the 11th floor elevator, Hoffman made his escape to the fifth



Press/Scott Higham

Moments after his sentencing, Hoffman is accosted by hordes of cameramen and reporters.

floor. Reporters and journalists (there's a difference) landed on the first floor and waited without success.

"It's an abomination," stated Attorney Reichbach in the courtroom's lobby. "He can do much more for society on the outside than the inside. The judge took the easy way out. It's very disappointing." Hoffman's defense counsel's coordinator and long-time civil rights attorney Gerry Lefcourt explained, "The outcry against Abbie Hoffman had to do with his political beliefs and I think [Judge] Soloff was pressured [politically]. . ." Prosecutor David Cunningham would not make himself available for comment.

When those crowding the court's marble anteroom realized Hoffman had exited elsewhere, the crowd spilled out into the sunny Manhattan afternoon. Standing on the sidewalk comforted by two friends, Hoffman's mother spoke through sobs. "Tomorrow is the anniversary of my husband's death and I had hoped for good news, but it's just not going to come." With her departure in a Checker cab came the slow retreat of both reporters and supporters from the downtown Criminal Courthouse.

A half hour and 10 phone calls later, Abbie Hoffman answered a call placed by the Press. "The Governor's

getting married," he hurriedly told the Press. "Send telegrams, organize rallies aimed at the Governor. If we don't win the battle in the next few days, that's it: I'm going." Hoffman hung up almost as unexpectedly as he answered.

In anticipation of the prison sentence, Hoffman's girlfriend of the past seven years, Johanna Lawrenson, issued a statement that afternoon which read, "I urge all who agree with me to telegram Governor Carey. He has the power to pardon Abbie right away. Abbie had death threats from the Nazi Party and I fear for his life in prison. He will never make a good prisoner; he never did in the past. He could never stand mute if a guard hit a prisoner. Governor Carey sent letters and one telegram commanding Abbie's work. We know the Governor has already received many letters and has said publicly he could act only after sentencing.

"That time has come."

Letters, telegrams and phone calls should be addressed to:

The Honorable Hugh Carey
Executive Chamber
Albany, New York 10224
(518) 474-8390

Ban the Bong?

By Joseph Bolhofer

The battle of the bong is still in court. The New York State Accessories Traders Association (NYSATA), the chief opponent of the 1980 State law banning the sale of drug-related paraphernalia, has held a court injunction against the law's enforcement since May 29, 1980.

NYSATA is a statewide group of 40 paraphernalia merchants and a distributor in Chicago. Enforcement of the law would put most of them out of business (depending upon the percentage of total sales each derives from paraphernalia) or be subject to a maximum three month jail term.

The group's injunction request was granted by U.S. District Court Judge Charles S. Haight last spring against a Westchester County ordinance because he believed that it contained a deficiency in that "it provided that it was a violation for any merchant or other person to knowingly sell, offer for sale or display any cocaine spoon, marijuana pipe or other drug-related paraphernalia. Knowledge proving actual use is essential to the constitutional validity of such laws," stated Judge Haight. In short,

he believed the law was too vague.

The case is being appealed to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals but, according to NYSATA's February 24, 1981 legal-financial update, the group may not have enough money to continue the legal battle. Their attorney, Gerald Lefcourt, is asking that his bill of \$100,000 be paid up before he goes any further. NYSATA is currently pleading with its members to pay their \$200 dues and to make additional contributions. Group leaders have suggested that the injunction be made enforceable only in relation to NYSATA's members in order to induce non-members to join and help defer legal costs.

The outcome looks grim for NYSATA and other paraphernalia dealers. Although their side has recently won decisions in U.S. District Courts for the Sixth and Eighth Judicial Circuits, those judgements are being appealed by New York State, an entity with virtually unlimited financial resources with which to fight legal battles. In light of the fact that the issue will very likely reach the U.S. Supreme Court if New York State loses in the Federal Appeals Court, NYSATA, already deeply in debt, may well lose the war.

Ron Siegel Dies

Ron Siegel, Assistant to the Vice President for Finance and Business, died suddenly yesterday of a heart attack.

Stricken in his office, he was taken to the University Hospital, but efforts to revive him were in vain.

Siegel had served in various positions at the University since 1966, and was very much a part of its active administration.

At press time, little is certain in this matter except that he will be missed.

Petitioning will be opening for Polity Elections APRIL 24, 1981. The following positions are open:

POLITY PRESIDENT
 POLITY VICE PRESIDENT
 POLITY SENIOR CLASS REPRESENTATIVE
 POLITY JUNIOR CLASS REPRESENTATIVE
 POLITY SOPHOMORE CLASS REP.
 POLITY SECRETARY
 POLITY SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
 POLITY JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
 POLITY SOPHOMORE CLASS PRESIDENT
 2 Student Assembly Delegates
 2 Student Assembly Alternate
 2 SASU Seats
 (Student Assoc. of State Univ. Seats)
 10 Polity Judiciary Seats

Petitions can be picked up at the Polity office. Petitioning begins Friday, 4/10, and ends Friday 4/17 at 5 p.m.

Help Enact clean up its recycling Dept. in South P-Lot. Saturday 4/11, 12:00 noon. FREE BEER TO ANYONE WHO HELPS. Come and see our new Alternate Energy Library, 10,000 pages, 24 volumes. TOPICS: Passive and Active Solar Energy

Wind Power
 Bio-Mass Conversion

REGARDING CONTEST:
No bundled Press or Statesman less than a week old will be counted in the contest.

SPRING 1981 ENACT RECYCLING CONTEST Results as of 4/3/81

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1) Douglas Suite 324 - 9,986 | 2) Hand - 7,068 |
| 3) Kelly C - 5,459 | 4) Irving - 5,303 |
| 5) Benedict - 2,046 | 6) Whitman - 1,229 |
| 7) Ammann - 732 | 8) Commuter - 460 |
| 9) Kelly D - 342 | 10) James - 316 |
| 11) Stage XII B - 152 | 12) Cordozo - 46 |
| 13) Mount - 13 | 14) Kelly B - 0 |

MAY 3
Mobilizing Conference
Sunday
April 12
P.S. 41 NYC
11th St. & 6th Ave.

11 a.m.
REGISTRATION

U.S. Hands Off El Salvador

Workshops

- Political issues
- Organizing focuses
- Regional meetings
- March organization
- Bus information
- Organizers packets
- Film on El Salvador

MOBILIZE FOR

- Come join with hundreds of others in an open organizers conference
- Get together with community groups, trade unionists, Black and Latin organizations, women's groups, gay and lesbian groups, and students
- Help work out final building plans for bringing as many people as possible to the Pentagon on May 3
- Volunteer for office staffing, mailings, leafletting tables, outreach, bus organizing

Daycare provided Refreshments

People's Anti-War Mobilization

Buses from Stony Brook - \$15 round-trip
 CALL 689-8473

Stop the U.S. War Build-up
 Money for Jobs, Human Needs,
 Not for the Pentagon

End Racism, Repression, and
 All Forms of Bigotry
 Stop the Draft

For more information contact: People's Anti-War Mobilization

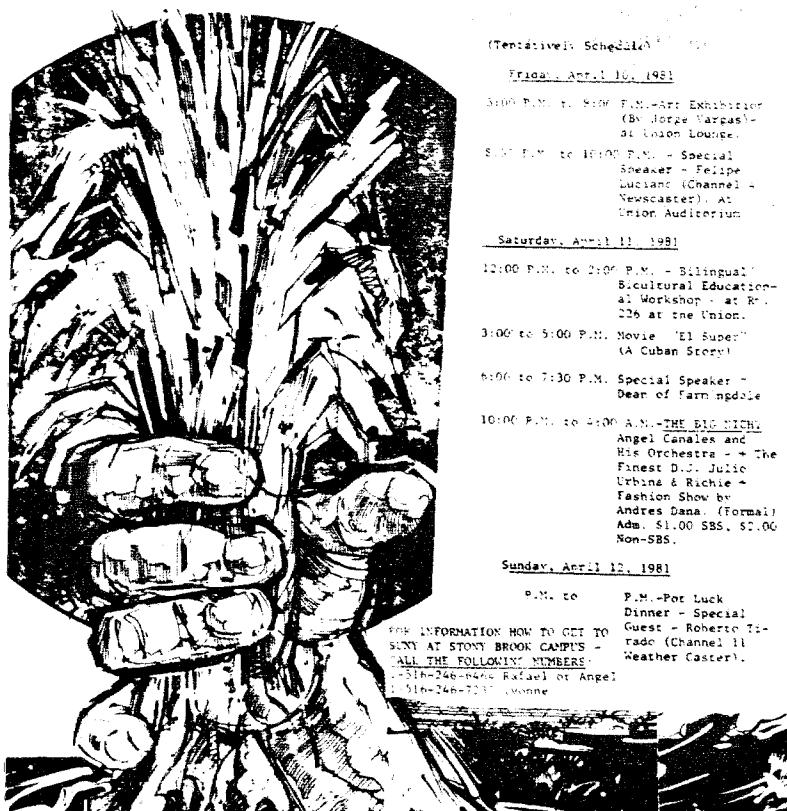
National Office: Wilson Center, 1470 Irving St. NW
 Wash., D.C. 20010 • (202) 462-1488

N.Y. Office: 234 Seventh Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10011 • (212) 741-0633

LATIN WEEKEND

State University of New York at
 Stony Brook

Sponsored by L.A.S.O.



The \$75 Hassle

The road to hell is paved with good intentions

by Eric Brand

In a scene as old as slave ships, or as modern as rush-hour subways, over 2,000 students jammed themselves into the administration building Monday in an attempt to adhere to a disastrous new procedural policy. Missed classes, aggravation and health hazards for the students, overtime, aggravation and "numb fingers" for the office workers, and self-recriminations, aggravation and wrist-slapping for the managerial employees, were the order of the day as what was intended to be an improvement over last year's housing payment process turned into a nightmare.

Previously, returning resident students would pay a housing deposit one week, then enter into college selection the next. This was changed this year, according to Director of Student Accounts John Gibbs, "so that a student would be able to go through the process here and go directly to the quad in one day." On paper, the idea was fine. But the realities of a small building, an unruly crowd and an overworked office staff were unforeseen.

The students were "squashed together like a bunch of sheep," observed Chief Fire Marshall Bill Schulz. "You had to see it to believe it." Schulz had arrived in the afternoon, at the request of a student who felt there might be a fire hazard in the making. Though Schulz said none existed, he did say the situation was a "health hazard: one person looked like she was going to faint."

Schulz joined with Public Safety officers already on the scene, to effect some sort of crowd control. "Once we got it organized, it went smoothly," said Schulz. But until that point—late in the afternoon—the order of the day was pandemonium.

"It was a madhouse," said one student. "Fights were breaking out, shoving—there was no order." Cathy Rehman, a cashier in the Bursar's office, reported that "the minute we opened, student accounts had a line stretching down the hall." As more and more of the returning residents poured into the building—potentially a 4,000 to 4,500 crowd, though "only" about 2,000 were required to show—the lines to the six payment windows became less and less distinct. Gary Matthews, Associate Director of Residence Life, echoed the observation of all involved when he said that "lack of crowd control mechanisms contributed to the problems associated with the new procedure." Rehman, a nine-year veteran of the Bursar's office claimed the situation was the worst she had ever seen. "I felt very comfortable having the bullet-proof glass in front of



me," she laughed.

Though Rehman insisted that participants on both sides of the glass "were very pleasant," voices of dissent could be heard. Schulz said that the students "were jamming the tables" that had been set up to speed the payment process. "They just pushed the tables over the girls who were working and ran away!"

By mid-morning, said Gibbs, "We realized it wouldn't work . . . The line was clearly out of control." Gibbs said he then conferred with Phyllis Solomon, the Assistant Director of Resident Life and Jerry Stein and we worked out the procedure by which students could have their housing appli-

cations stamped by Student Accounts and postpone the visit to the cashier's window for one day. "Anywhere from 400 to 600" applications were stamped, said Gibbs. "By noon-time," he continued, "we had already recruited people for other offices, just to minimize the wait."

Nevertheless, the situation continued to worsen. "The only thing that helped," said Bruce Tashoff, a junior who was responsible for calling Schulz, "was Security being there and erecting barriers." But this was not until around 3:30, only half an hour before the official closing time. Fortunately, the Bursar's office policy, according to Rehman, is to "never close

unless everyone who is on the line is done." This was not until well after five o'clock.

In the meantime, in addition to the bureaucratic blunder, students were making it worse for other students and administration staff. The lack of distinct lines invited massive cutting, and students who had waited for hours were forced to watch helplessly as many inconsiderate peers wedged their way to the front of the crowd to pay. Additionally, one window was reserved for payments other than the housing fee. Jerry Squittiere, a Tabler resident who quickly gave up on the hope of paying Monday, observed of those students who used this window that "because

they owed money they got by quicker—I fell that's unfair."

Inside the Bursar's office, other snags were seen. Rehman cited charge cards as a problem, because of the time needed to verify validity. Figures tallied at the end of the day seem to support the idea that many residents who shouldn't have paid on Monday did. One-thousand-nine-hundred and fifty-three applications were processed. Yet, at Kelly Quad, according to Stein, only a little more than 1,000 went through, indicating that almost that many students didn't need to turn their applications into the colleges and therefore could have waited to pay.

But the fact that the process was disorganized enough for inconsiderate students to take advantage of indicates a deeper problem. Originally, the idea to change the process came up, said Gibbs, "so that a student would be able to go through the process here and go directly to the quad in one day." This, he said, would lessen the chance of a student losing a form, as well as making it easier for a student to remember the worker he dealt with should a problem arise.

According to Stein, the plan came out of the Residence Life Housing Committee, on which sits several administrators and students. According to Gibbs, however, the decision was made by "myself and Phyllis Solomon and Jerry Stein." He did not believe there was student input.

Ann McKean, the bursar, pointed out that her office was not "part of making that decision," and that she "hadn't known beforehand." Though Stein claimed "the snag was in Student Accounts," the burden seemed to fall evenly on that department and the Bursar's office. McKean pointed out: "You can't handle 4,500 students in a day."

The quick remedy of extending the deadline for residents will create some "problems" agree Gibbs and Stein, but as Gibbs stated, "It's not right to penalize the student." Unfortunately, despite the stop-gap measures, students are suffering. Forced to wait for hours on Monday, missing classes, some having to return on Tuesday, most had to apply to their colleges Wednesday or today.

"We're sincerely sorry for the inconvenience," Matthews insisted, as nearby Vice President for Finance and Business Carl Hanes promised, "It will never happen again." Though that promise is no doubt ironclad—there are indications heads may roll—it is nevertheless after the fact. Time and time, administrative policies have proven disappointing if not harmful—this time due to nothing more villainous than an oversight.



John Green

Citizens and Unions Unite

Instead of vented Krypton gas, chants of "They lie. They lie," filled the air of downtown Harrisburg, Pennsylvania as 13 national unions, along with over 10,000 demonstrators mobilized against the Three Mile Island nuclear reactor and nuclear industry March 28. Two years ago on that date an accident at the plant discharged 240,000 gallons of un-treated radioactive water into the Susquehanna River, a major source of drinking water for the state. Both unions and protestors demanded at the demonstration an end to nuclear power and full employment for workers in safe industries.

JOIN UP

ELECTION - The Jazz Club
Thursday, April 9, 1981
7:00 p.m.
S.B. Union, rm. 214
all candidates are welcome
-new membership-

Applications are now being accepted for Summer Session Activities Board (SSAB) & Summer Session Planning Board (SSPB) in the Polity Office, S.B.U.

Suffolk County Olympics
Special Olympics are coming!
Olympics Are you
1980 an *S.O.B.?

Sunday, May 3rd

HAUPAUGE HIGH SCHOOL *Special Olympics Booster
 We provide the transportation, you provide the memories. Next general meeting on Tuesday, 8:00 p.m., Union 236.

Volunteers are still being accepted to work on a 2 to 1 clinic basis in the Union Mon. & Wed's.

THE PHYSICAL FITNESS CLUB

is now open in the basement of Grey College. See Mark - Gray A 110 for the key. If any problems arise, please contact Pate Saros, President, or Steve Tepedino, Vice President residing in Whitman A-12 B, 246-4522.

INFORMATIONAL MEETING:
Wed., April 8th, 8:30 p.m., EROS Office,
APPLICATION DEADLINE:
Monday, April 13th
INTERVIEWS BEGIN: Mon., April 13

MEDITATION CLASSES

Classes specially suited for beginners are given Mondays at 7:30 p.m., Union rm. 226 and Thursdays 7:30 p.m. at the Port Jefferson Library. Basic techniques reviewed weekly. New people most welcome!

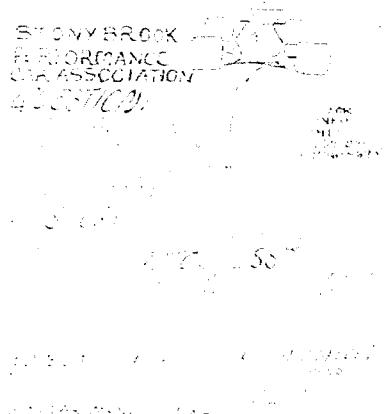
For further info, call 751-2669
 Admission: FREE Refreshments will be served

The HISTORY CLUB in association with the HISTORY HONOR SOCIETY will hold a joint meeting on Thursday, April 0th at 4 p.m. in S-315, Soc. & Behavioral Sciences Building.

Wine and Cheese will be Served.

Members and non-members welcome.

SPORT



This is your chance to play in the 1st Annual Ultimate Frisbee Co-ed Tournament, sponsored by the Women's Intramurals. Sign your team up now. 7 players minimum, 3 women on each team, minimum. The sign-up deadline is Fri. Apr. 10. Be sure and bring your \$5.00 forfeit fee with the entry.

SPEAKER

The Society of Physics Students presents a talk by
Dr. Max Dresden
 on
BLACK HOLES

DATE: Friday, April 10th, 1981
 TIME: 2:15 p.m.
 PLACE: Room S-240, Grad. Physics

SERVICE

BRIDGE TO SOMEWHERE is a professional trained & supervised student run organization. It provides peer counseling for you. ATTENTION Those men & women interested in counseling! Applications are now in, pick yours up in rm. 061, located in the Union Basement. If you have any questions, please feel free to ask.

BRIDGE TO SOMEWHERE - we're here to listen to you, no appt necessary, walk right in!

Attention Commuters!! COMMUTER COLLEGE OPENS APRIL 13th, 9:00 p.m.

Come on down to our new location, room 080, Union, to study, or relax with our pool and ping-pong tables, assorted games, a magazine, or just talk with friends. (Please Note: a validated I.D. required for use of pool, ping-pong and board games.)
FREE COFFEE and DONUTS While They Last!

THE PRE-MED SOCIETY now offers PEER COUNSELING

For all pre-health profession students. We'll answer any questions you may have about health profession schools. OFFICE: Social & Behavioral Sciences, Rm. N314
 HOURS: Mon., Wed. & Fri., 11:00 a.m. to 1:20 p.m.
 Wed.: 3:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.
 Thurs.: 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
 or by appointment: Call 6-4657

GOOD TIME

S.O.Y.K. presents the Korean movie:
 "JEAN AH'S LETTER"
 on Fri., April 10th, 7:00
 Stony Brook Union, 236

S.O.Y.K. (Spirit of Young Koreans)
 will sponsor an out-door bar-b-que
 on SATURDAY, APRIL 11th

Anyone who wants to join the B-B-Q should come to the front of the Union Building on Saturday, April 11th, at 9:00 A.M.
 Further Information, Call Man Young Wee
 751-3497

Senior Semi-Formal
 April 16, 9:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.
 at Victoria House 1890
 Tickets \$12.00 per person
 at SBU Ticket Office
 for more info contact
RUTH SUPOVITZ
 at 246-3673
 or **BARRINGTON JOHNSON**

GET READY FOR THE SPRING at the Springfest

Taber Cafeteria, April 10th, 11th
 LIVE BANDS/ MOLSON
 HEINEKEN
 MICHELOB

Come and have a SPRING-FLING!!
 Student I.D. Required

The Fourth Estate: Editorial

Agenda

Bus shelter for every bus stop
Adequate parking facilities
Stiffer parking fines—no towing
frequent, reliable bus service to the mall and Port Jeff
Frequent, reliable LIRR service
Western access road
More counselling
Conversion of Tabler cafeteria lower-level into entertainment center
Conversion of infirmary into union annex
Infusion of funds into union and existing programs
24-hour union
Bigger subsidies for SCOOP
More scholarships
Larger, better-funded maintenance staff
Better-kept athletic fields
A field-house
Comprehensive, coordinated landscaping plan
Aesthetically-pleasing additions to already-ugly buildings
More color on the campus
Greater student and faculty involvement in policy-planning
More time and thought (read: foresight) given to planned changes

Eradication of institutional racism and sexism
Policy power for SUSSB senate
More toilet paper
More efficient garbage removal
Dorm rehabilitation
Favorable community housing laws
No tripling
Removal of RHDs from dorms; reinstatement of PCs
Reversal of movement toward *loco parentis* mentality
Central bar
True Coffeehouses—with nightly entertainment
24-hour study center
Extended library hours
Permanent, ongoing review of educational process
Extension of Federated Learning Communities concept
Permanent, on-going review of professors
Decrease in class size
Greater student-educator interaction
Return to six-credit distribution requirement
Addition of Western Civilization and modern society courses to core curriculum
Increased debates and lectures on campus
Free tuition

Greater support for TAs
A review of the tenure system
Open discussion of research contracts; collective decisions on research contracts
An effective Public Safety force—*without* guns
Independent dormitory legislatures
Independent dormitory RA/MA selection committees
Adequate meal plan—edible food, flexible hours—at a reasonable price
Cooperative supermarket on campus
Telephone installation rates comparable to the real world
Patience and understanding on the parts of the campus and the community, each for the other
Dissatisfaction, and a struggle to improve.

Quite a list. Some improvements are just around the corner, others can be classified as wistful wishes never to be realized. But, as was once said, "Plant an idea, and action will grow." So, here's a handful of ideas, scattered to our readership on—dare we be so trite?—the winds of hope.

Next week: some ideas on the implementation of the above.

WARNING:

Last week several bundles of the Press were appropriated by you enterprising participants of ENACT's recycling contest. Not only will ENACT disqualify your hall from the contest but, when ad revenues for each stolen issue are calculated, you will be prosecuted for Grand Larceny, a felony. Upon conviction, you'll probably be thrown out of school and upon our witnessing an actual theft, both your knee caps will be shattered. We put an immense amount of time and effort into the Press and sacrifice relationships and GPA's. Please don't steal our paper. We thank you and your knee-caps.

—Thank you

The Stony Brook Press

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Eric Brand

Managing Editor
Scott Higham

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Arts: Nancy Bellucci, Laura Forman, Ray Katz, R. Jonathan Kurtz, Gary Pecorino, Mike Jankowitz.

Photo: Michel Bertholet, Sue Miller, Steve Daly.

Sports: Captain Lardo, James Walsh.

Graphics: Clare Dee, David Spielman, Norman Bellion.

Minister Without Portfolio _____ Prakash Mishra

Publisher
Chris Fairhall

Phone: 246-6832
Office: 020 Old Biology Building
Mailing Address:
P.O. Box 591, East Setauket, New York 11733

Due to an increasingly occurring phenomenon apprehensively referred to as graduation, several editorial and other positions of importance will be open next fall. If you are interested in reporting the truth, kicking ass, having a good time with a bunch of nuts and padding your resume, join the Press and perpetuate Stony Brook's weekly newspaper.

Letters

To the Editor:

When looking back upon events at Stony Brook, admission charges and specifics are usually involved. Rarely are gatherings of one sort or another inspired solely by those taking part. This afternoon,

however, an event depending on your direction, enthusiasm, and creativity will "happen" at the Roth Pond from 5 PM till 5 PM tomorrow. Music, dance, conversation, poetry, art, drink or whatever will take place, and depending upon your

input, this gathering could provide an opportunity for expression so desperately needed on this campus.

Bring yourself, your friends and whatever this gathering for peace means to you.

—Tom Heller
Undergraduate

LILCO Lances Opposition

(Continued from page 1)

pending later determination as to whether or not Bramwell actually did have jurisdiction over the case. He did not.

Operating in the face of possible federal contempt charges, the blockaders decided in the name of freedom of choice and political expression -- not to mention the desire for nuclear-free Long Island -- to ignore Judge Bramwell's order. It wasn't until last month, on March 13, that the judge announced in his courtroom that he never had any jurisdiction to issue the restraining order and that he would sign a remand order that would drop the entire case -- lawsuit and injunction -- back into the state's lap.

The defendants originally claimed that the issues being raised in LILCO's injunction suit could violate people's civil liberties, specifically the freedom to assemble guaranteed in the first amendment. These are federal court issues. But the judge, citing 28 U.S. Code section 1441 B, later ruled that no "essential element of the action" against the defendants embodied any federal issue therefore only the state court had jurisdiction.

"Everything the U.S. court ordered was beyond its jurisdiction. All federal proceedings are null and void," said Victor Rabinowitz, the attorney for a firm working on retainer for the National Emergency Civil Liberties committee representing SHAD.

But LILCO lawyer Richard A. Freedman disagreed.

"Once a court order is issued, it is in effect until it is decided that the court had no jurisdiction." When asked why none of the blockaders was charged with contempt of court, Freedman speculated, "They were already arrested by the state authorities. Maybe the federal authorities didn't want to bother with it."

Back in Riverhead, the battle continues. There have been no proceedings since the remand order, but Freedman (working with the case, but not LILCO's attorney of record for the suit) said that the company will take the next step by asking for a hearing within the next couple of months. Rumors that LILCO was willing to drop the damages suit if the defendants agree to a permanent injunction were not denied by Freedman who said that he could not comment on "possible settlement negotiations." But Rabinowitz said flatly, "Under no circumstances will we consent to an injunction."

Ester Pank, organizer for SHAD, pointed out that the Shoreham legal conflict constitutes "the first time in this country that an anti-nuke group has been sued for monetary damages in conjunction with a permanent injunction."

It is unclear how LILCO arrived at the \$2 million estimate on damages it is seeking in court. The blockade was, in fact, intended to prevent builders and contractors from getting inside the plant that Monday in an effort to delay or prevent continued construction work. But LILCO was quick to report that since all arrests were made prior to the beginning of the earliest shift, work was delayed. LILCO's most conservative reports went as far as to state that construction was delayed, but for no more than an hour.

Although LILCO has not yet itemized or tabulated its damages, the company is including, as part of delayed plant construction, interest on loans, costs of additional security and personnel overtime, and a broken fence, among other things. The suit will cover a period of three years, and can be extended to include the period of time until settle-

ment of the case, if any further "damages" are incurred.

Rabinowitz refuted LILCO's claims. "Everybody [employees of Shoreham] got to work on time. And there's a lot of questions as to who broke that fence. Anyway, how much does a fence cost -- \$200?"

Rabinowitz said that the damages suit is expected to take a long time to settle, while an injunction is treated as a "more or less emergency matter," and therefore of more immediate concern to the anti-nukers.

"The whole spectre of injunction can be waived around to scare people away from all kinds of political activities," said Matthew Freedman.

was arrested during the blockade.

Rabinowitz derided LILCO for seeking injunctions, calling it "in terror defense." He explained, "This is a device used to terrorize people rather than to provide any legal inhibition. We don't want people terrorized."

Meanwhile, LILCO is taking depositions "to get information as to who was involved in the illegal activities," but Freedman maintains, "We are not interested in getting an injunction against everybody on Long Island opposed to nuclear power... We feel that an injunction is the only practical way of enforcing trespassing laws."

The 157 blockaders, who were

for disorderly conduct

trespassing, were arraigned in First District Court in Hauppauge. According to a criminal court clerk there, the first group of trials has been scheduled to begin on April 20. "Nobody cares about the arrests," said Rabinowitz. As was the outcome of the June arrests, these charges are also expected to be dismissed.

Long Island continues to be a battleground for the nuclear power issue in the 1980's. LILCO will maintain its position that "We have been generating electricity on Long Island for the past 80 years. We know what the demands and needs are," while opponents of atomic energy such as Ester Pank warn them, "We're a little wiser."



Members of Paumanok Peoples, a shad affinity group block access to the west gate of the Shoreham plant.

Shoreham: Glow or No?

by Jesse Londin

Despite protest, construction snafus, bureaucratic foul-ups and bad publicity, the Long Island Lighting Company's (LILCO) Shoreham nuclear power plant has made steady progress towards completion. Though its supporters are many, normally docile consumers have joined with those who protest the plant's construction on moral grounds—the reasons: enormous rate hikes.

LILCO is currently requesting a 17.8 percent (\$228 million) rate increase to help meet spiraling costs of construction for their 820 megawatt nuclear power plant which will be equipped with 12-year on-site waste storage capabilities.

In 1968, the utility estimated their plant would cost \$271 million. By 1973, at the end of the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) construction permit hearings on the Shoreham proposal, however, the projected cost had climbed to \$350 million with completion promised mid-1977. Today, LILCO's price tag on Shoreham is \$2.2 billion, with the scheduled online date January 1, 1983.

"Each year at the annual stockholders meeting they push back the date of completion and raise the estimate," a SHAD spokesperson criticized. The next stockholders meeting is April 21.

LILCO, which is "almost 100 percent dependent on oil" for its electricity generation, contends that when the Shoreham plant goes online, it

will cut the company's oil consumption by one-third, or 336 million gallons per year.

Shoreham's General Electric Mark II reactor has come under fire in Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) reports for having "severe problems." (The Mark II was considered an improvement over the original Mark I, a LILCO spokesperson said. The more recent Mark III had not yet been designed when plans for the Shoreham plant were drawn up. These reactors differ primarily in containment structure.)

LILCO representative Joe Sheehan said that the only other Mark II reactor in operation was in Japan, therefore the NRC had no basis for judgment. But, Sheehan admitted that the Shoreham reactor had not been fully tested.

Testing at Shoreham is scheduled to begin in mid-1982, as the plant's power is built up gradually, Sheehan said. Next January 1, Shoreham is expected to begin "full commercial operation."

The power company reports that Shoreham is now 85 percent complete. But that estimate is being questioned.

"It may be 85 percent complete in terms of construction, but it's only about 60 percent complete in terms of the cost involved," said Theodore Goldfarb, a Stony Brook chemistry professor who is a critic of nuclear power.

The Public Services Commission

has recently granted LILCO a \$90 million annualized temporary rate increase until the commission makes a decision on a permanent rate hike. The decision is expected this May.

Sheehan said that "two to three cents on the rate-payer dollar" will be used to pay interest on bonds to finance Shoreham's construction. Using LILCO's estimate of \$64.72 (for 600 kilowatt hours) as an average monthly charge, Sheehan calculated that approximately \$15-\$23 per customer per year will be allocated to nuclear power plant financing.

Local nuclear power opponents object to a rate increase that will benefit Shoreham construction, and many Long Islanders who are not anti-nukers oppose LILCO's rate hike, finding their electric bills "already unmanageable."

LILCO, along with the rest of the energy industry in this country, intends to go nuclear, at apparently any cost. At the close of 1980, there were 72 nuclear power plants generating electricity in the United States with 168 in 21 other countries. This year 34 new plants are scheduled to go online for full commercial operation, with seven of these in the U.S. If LILCO's plans become reality, the Shoreham plant will be added to the ever-expanding list in 1983.

Be it an unprecedented nightmare, or a step toward salvation, a nuclear powered plant, which was once a vision of advanced technology, may now be only a matter of time.

MALTED STATES

by Alan E. Oirich

The machine beeped its message into the other room. The computer observed all of my vital functions and flashed them onto a screen in the next room where my assistant watched...watched, waiting for something to happen.

After a month of regular sensory deprivation experiments, I was beginning to get discouraged. I wanted to find out what was deep inside me, the deep needs that every human has under the thin and flimsy veil of civilization; I was doing this because I sought knowledge, because I wanted to learn secrets that would help mankind, and I abhorred the idea of getting a job like a normal person.

When the University awarded me a grant for my studies of the primal human urges so deeply hidden within us all, I knew that I couldn't ask anyone else to lie upside down for hours at a time, so I became my own guinea pig...oink, oink, paisano.

And now here I am, suspended in this chamber with a solution of water, salt, egg whites, 1/4 cup flour, two tablespoons margarine, 1 cup whole milk, and a teaspoon of vanilla extract. Take the egg whites and beat them with the water and milk till it becomes a frothy mix, then...sorry, this meditation chamber, thinking too much...I get carried away, up the stream of consciousness without a paddle so to speak, or so to think.

Two months and twenty days ago I got a call from a friend at Columbia University. He thought that I might be interested in the strange foods that he had seen being eaten at a party there. He knew that this would fit well into my research. I agreed to try the strange substances.

At the party, the people were partaking of tribal foods like potato chips, M&M's, and drinking violently fizzing colas. I sampled some of the foods, deciding to start on such morsels before advancing to the harder stuff, little knowing that I would embark upon a journey to a darkness so severe that you couldn't see in it unless you had a flashlight with brand new batteries, I mean like Duracells or Evereadys.

The junk food eating was a frightening custom. First it began with potato chips and M&M's and later it advanced to pizza hamburgers, tacos, and heaven knows what else.

An attractive young lady smiled at me and said, "Hi, I'm Elissa. Shake?" I reached my hand to clasp hers and she laughed.

"No silly," she said. "Do you want some?" and she gestured toward the paper cup in her hand — a large paper cup with a straw. But it had something else on it, a symbol that I recognized, golden arches. "McDonald's!" I muttered to myself, under my breath, letting the name's clarity ring clearly.

"It's good stuff," she assured me, smiling. "This is the best malted shake made."

"That's why McDonaldland's Grimmis likes it so much, he's an addict," I muttered to myself. "How long you been doing Malted Honey?" I asked Elissa.

"Long time," she shrugged, "I don't even remember when I hadn't had the stuff."

"And don't you...didn't you ever go on to harder stuff?" I asked.

"Oh sure, but only now and then" she said.

The world seemed quiet as I took my first sip. It felt good...very good! So I had more. I took several samples in my briefcase and sneaked out of the party. This was something that had to be tried in the isolation chamber, floating in the midst of nothingness and giving my mind, body and soul a chance to react freely in the freedom of the special sensory deprivation tank.

No one else was there, it was late, very late and I activated the machines, carefully avoiding calling the attention of the night watchmen, who was not happy with eccentric professional types who sneaked in and out of the university laboratories at all hours of the night.

I took one malted, and then another, and then still another. Already beginning to feel the effects, I climbed into the dark chamber and closed the door tightly.

I went flying through a strange dreamlike state and felt my whole body devolving, moving backwards as if I was becoming someone, something primitive and



Press/Scott Higham

horrible, something whose memory is locked inside every human being.

Two hours and twenty minutes later, hand reached up and out of the tank, a hand that was no longer mine. The creature that I had become had orange hair, white skin, a smile on its face, a yellow shoe lace, and an insipid vacuous smile. I was no longer myself. I was transformed into the creature hidden deeply in all of our childhood nightmares. Ronald McDonald.

A guard heard me humming "You deserve a break today" and came to investigate. He barely had time to see me as I made my way for the street. He yelled into his walkie talkie, "Help, one of them clowns they was making in the genetics lab is loose." The voice at the other end said, "Clones, you idiot!!! Clones!! Not clowns."

I didn't care. I had but one primal urge — to go out and find a big Mac.

NEXT WEEK! PART II OF MALTED STATES

Madness Grips Campus

By Jeff Zoldan

The first of the month was not only the day when fools took potshots at bigger fools, but was also the opening of a five night presentation of April Madness: A Springtime Celebration of Magic, Music and Movement in the Fine Arts Center Theatre Two. Presented by the Other Season in conjunction with the Stony Brook Drama Club, the Thursday evening performance of April Madness was an enjoyable revue which boasted an impressive array of campus talent. While some of the performers needed an extra amount of polish — the dancers, in particular — overall, it did not detract from the evening's generally positive ambience.

Much of the credit for the show's success must be attributed to producer and artistic director Michael Gorenick. Aside from his direction, he was solely responsible for the musical accompaniment on keyboards. And as it happens, his piano playing is as about as good as his magic, which is first rate. Regrettably, the audience had only three short occasions to witness his magical theatrics

including the evening's grand finale, a Harry Houdini disappearing trick.

Of the 14 different sketches, most were comprised of song and dance routines set to currently popular tunes. Keith Phillips, who choreographed the various dance pieces, gave a strong performance and clearly demonstrated his outstanding dance prowess. Phillips sang a good deal of the time, which was unfortunate, as his singing is not nearly as proficient as his dancing.

Adding further to the show's disjointedness was the final dance number of the first act wherein all the dancers, aside from Phillips, were off-mark and tense. But Joanna Cox, one of the piece's dancers, did return in the second act with a rousing solo.

The final touch of negative criticism: the most disturbing and even obnoxious performance came from the Stony Road Connection, a singing duo made up of Dave Gianopoulos and Keith Engh, whose place in this otherwise impressive assemblage of talents still remains a mystery to this writer. Accompanied by a lone

acoustic guitar, their cover versions of two Bruce Springsteen songs were pretentious as well as offensive. They lacked any semblance of a stage presence and their vocals came out in a close-throated, garbled manner. It would have been better for everyone concerned had they not been allowed onstage at all.

But on the positive side, singer Rene Webb gave an exciting showcase of her dynamic vocal talents. She effortlessly soared to reach the high notes with a voice that sounds very much like Irene Cara's of Fame fame. Not surprisingly, of her seven song evening repertoire, one was "Out Here On My Own," from the Fame soundtrack. Her professional vocal demeanor and superb articulation made Rene Webb's appearance an exciting and gratifying one.

April Madness was a refreshing celebration of the most rejuvenating season of the year. With the abundance of untapped talent secreted on campus, April Madness should be expanded to celebrate all the seasons of the yearly cycle.

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And Now for Something Completely Python

by ERIC BRAND

That amusing comedy troupe, Monty Python's Flying Circus has produced another recording, called Monty Python's Contractual Album on Arista records. Like their first eight recordings—indeed, like their films, stage presentations and television shows—this endeavor is a healthy mix of humorous song, broad comedy and bawdy bad taste. (This is Python's ninth album, not its eighth—Ed.)

The Python troupe is comprised of Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, John Cleese, Graham Chapman and Michael Palin. (Also Terry Jones—Ed.) Together they form what may be the finest comedic troupe today. (They are the best today—Ed.) Their broad slapstick humor and blackout style form the backbone of the group's material. (More like wit mixed with farce and irreverence, actually—Ed.) Their talent is best displayed here with such cuts as "I'm

Worried" and "Never be Rude to an Arab". (No way. Best cuts were "I Like Chinese" and "Sit On My Face," followed closely by the Priest sketch—Ed.) Though they take no chances, ("Take no chances?" That's like saying Ronnie Reagan doesn't color his hair! Give me a break—Ed.) this colorful troupe is still highly amusing (And you're goddamn boring, buddy. Where were you born?—Ed.).

The Python troupe has met with limited success (That's it! Hold on. Let's be serious, here. Python is hugely successful. They're funny as all hell—they can be funny when they're not trying to be, and hysterical when they are—and they deserve all the notoriety they get. So get real, tight-ass—Ed.) mainly due to their appeal in the younger teen set. (Is this guy human, or what? I've got an eighty-two year old uncle who prefaces every change of dentures with, "And now for something completely different," and a three-year-old cousin who thinks he's a

Knight of Nih! So what is this garbage? The album's funny as hell; I mean, it's got its weak points, like the ultra-boring "I'm Worried,"—Nerdo here like that one—and the bookstore sketch which, though it might be pretty damn humorous on its own merit, is slightly depressing to Python fans who recognize it as a derivative of the classic Parrot Sketch. Well, let's check out what the idiot has to say—Ed.) Unfortunately, this predicated an unusual and seemingly forced emphasis on the puerile and scatalogical, pandering to the plebian tastes of their audience, in a paen to commercialism. (Who is this: William F. Buckley? Anybody who understood that pedantic string of two-dollar words line up over there—under that 1-ton weight. Jeez, if he's gonna set himself up as some brilliant reviewer, least he could do is get things straight. Python appeals to everyone, but especially the intelligent, for God's sake. They're all doctors or lawyers or whatever. I'm telling you, the lyrics and

music to "I Like Chinese" are clever and witty and very very enjoyable. If this guy couldn't see the craft behind the song, it's probably because his ego was in the way. "There's nine-hundred million in the world today, You'd better learn to like 'em, that's what I say." Now that's funny. It—and the whole song—work on superficial, mock-racist and political levels. It'll never make it to the radio, but luckily we've got it on the record—Ed.)

To conclude, (And not a moment too soon—Ed.) though it has its drawbacks, this album is still a decent buy, perhaps a good second or third choice. (Back to National Geographic, buddy. This album, overall, isn't as funny as, say, Matching Tie and Handkerchief, but some individual elements really sparkle. It's all new material—even the cover is a riot—and for both the die-hard fan who's longing for more Python to feed his habit, or the new-comer whose in for a treat, you're in for a treat. So take that, tight-ass—Ed.)

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Lyn Cugini - Rape Crisis Counselor
Janet O'Hare - N.Y. Women Against Rape

2:00 p.m., Room 237: ERA & ABORTION - THE PRO-LIFE POINT OF VIEW

Speaker: Phyllis Graham

3:30 p.m., Room 236: THE DISCUSSION AND DEMONSTRATION OF A GYNECOLOGICAL EXAM

Speaker: Amy Breakstone
Medical Student at Stony Brook
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NYPIRG Elections will be held this Tuesday, April 14th at 7:30 p.m. in the Union Room 237.

NYPIRG is a student directed organization working on students rights, consumer and environmental issues in N.Y. State. Come down and speak to us. We're in room 079 of the Union. Phone No. 246-7702.



Kellerman, Waterson, Radner, Wright and Rasche try to resolve their marital differences in "Lunch Hour."

'Lunch Hour': A Delectable Comedy

By Jeff Zoldan

Jean Kerr's new play, *Lunch Hour* is a delightful and enchanting comedy whose success can best be understood by its fine cast and director. What with Gilda Radner and Sam Waterson appearing in lead roles under the astute direction of Mike Nichols, few plays, let alone a comedy, could err.

Lunch Hour is the story of Oliver DeVreck (Sam Waterson), a well-heeled marriage counselor, and Carrie Sachs (Gilda Radner), a 23 year old wife who once weighed over 180 pounds, as they attempt to secure their respective marriages while their respective spouses are having an affair with one another. Sounds complicated? *Lunch Hour* is anything but. Its unpretentiousness is the key to its universal appeal. Though it deals with what is sometimes a touchy subject — infidelity — Kerr reduces it with an innocence and flair that makes you see the desperation some have in making a relationship work.

Set in the summertime at a house in the Hamptons, we immediately detect Oliver's insouciant attitude towards his wife Nora (Susan Kellermann). Busy at work on his latest book, Oliver doesn't notice or seem to care about his wife's daily routine. At least not until Carrie Sachs come knocking on his door.

The interaction between Radner and Waterson is riveting. They seem to have been made to play against each other. The naive character of Radner versus the sophisticated Waterson role is the meat of the play. At first, the two have virtually nothing in common other than their spouses. But as plot rolls on and the laughter takes over, they both form a bond that transcends their different situations of life. It is Oliver's realization

that his own marriage is at stake that it any way he can. As Peter, Carrie's husband, David Rasche's performance was one that did little for the overall effect of the play.

Radner's ensemble acting experience is invaluable in *Lunch Hour*. Her timing is near perfect as something as delicate as her smile breaks the audience in laughter. In a sense, her Carrie Sachs differs only slightly from the host of characters she has played in *Gilda Radner—Live From New York City*, her Broadway debut. She is still the child in a woman's body, the one who is always being picked on because she can't defend herself.

As a former heavyweight, Carrie Sachs is very low in the self-esteem department. When she meets Nora for the first time, she is so obsequious that it is impossible for Nora to feel anything but guilty. And as Carrie confesses to Nora that she is also Oscar's mistress, disbelief mixed with uncertainty becomes the reaction to this waif-like creature; disbelief as to whether Carrie is for real because people are simply not as unassuming as her; and uncertainty because despite her naivete, Carrie still knows what's coming down. Radner brings this person so vividly to life, especially when she says to Nora during her unconvincing admission as Oscar's lover, "We have a lot in common. You're the other woman and I'm the other woman. For me that's progress."

Max Wright turns in an excellent performance as Leo Simpson, Oscar's neurotic landlord and patient. Suffering from various sorts of hangups, ranging from the anal retentive qualities of watering house plays to sexual inadequacy, Leo is very anxious that Carrie's and Oscar's problem be resolved while at the same time hoping he can get a little piece of the action, namely in the shapes of either Carrie or Nora. He'll take

Finally, the scenic design by Oliver Smith

is worthy of mention as the stage of the Barrymore Theatre was nicely transformed to a fashionably chic summer home in the Hamptons.

So if soap opera plots without their pretentiousness appeal to you and you're anxious for Gilda Radner's schlemiel antics since you can't see her anymore on late night TV, take a break in your day and call it *Lunch Hour*.

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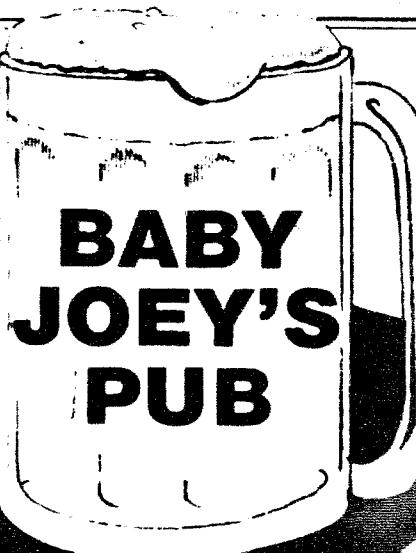
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