

*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

Vol. IV No. 20 • University Community's Weekly Paper • Thursday, Mar. 24, 1983

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Raise The Stakes

The closing of Baby Joey's pub has brought to light an important problem that may soon endanger the future of all student businesses on campus. We are referring to the utility fee charged by SUNY Central to the Faculty Student Association (FSA) for the use of its on-campus concessions. Albany is in the process of arbitrarily raising the utility fee by as much as 60%, a move that we feel would be disastrous for the future of many businesses on this campus.

Nobody can do everything, not even universities. Hence most universities, of which Stony Brook is no exception, have "auxiliary service corporations", which provide meal plans, bookstores, dormitory services, video games, and other campus conveniences. At Stony Brook that organization is FSA.

Every FSA and FSA-contracted business pays a utility fee which covers the cost of heat and electricity for the space they use. This includes the cafeterias, the pubs, and the Loop and Main Desk, among others. This school year, the fee is \$3.57 per square foot, regardless whether the space is filled with chairs or energy-sucking refrigerators.

All in all, FSA's utility fee bill totaled \$268,000 which, according to Stony Brook Vice President for Administration Carl Hanes, is approximately what the real utility costs for the facilities were this year. The SUNY-wide total of utility fee income to SUNY Central was about \$2.4 million. SUNY wants to boost that figure to \$3.7 million next year, which would lead to a 60% across the board increase in the fee.

Increasing FSA's bill to Albany by \$150,000 or so would force FSA to pass along the increase in its prices for goods and services. This will, of course, lead to a decrease in the use of those goods and services, and eventually to the closing

of selected operations.

This was the fate of Baby Joey's. By closing Baby Joey's, SCOOP, which contracts their space from FSA at the utility fee rate, projected a savings of \$8,000 next year. Even without the utility hike, Baby Joey's would have struggled to remain afloat. With it, SCOOP was left with no other choice but to shut it down.

Other businesses (the James and Whitman Pub come to mind) are in similar economic situations, losing thousands of dollars a year. Currently FSA accepts those losses, but tack on a few thousand more in fees, and who knows?

Most disturbing of all, however, is the fact that the utility fee increase is almost completely unjustified by the costs it is supposed to offset.

Indeed, we have seen a sharp decrease in inflation, and an actual drop in the price of oil. While electric rates always rise, their increases over the next year will probably be moderate, certainly not enough to require an increase such as SUNY has demanded.

The actual motive behind the fee hike is obvious, though. Albany is attempting to raise revenue in any way possible to plug its budget deficit. SUNY already plans to raise the price of rent and tuition next year.

But raising the utility fee is, as Ellen Winters of SCOOP has said, simply "a hidden tuition increase", since FSA's services are indispensable to students.

We agree that FSA should pay its fair share for utilities, but no more, and that the money saved should go either to improving campus life here or back into students' pockets.

Currently, FSA President Richard Bentley and University Vice President for Administration Carl Hanes are negotiating to keep the fee hike as low as possible. If they don't succeed, Baby Joey's will not be the only business closing this year.

EDITOR'S NOTES:

The article "A Night at the Vigil" in the 3/11/83 Press was written by Barry Ragin, not the blank white space we attributed it to.

Last week, in an article on SCOOP's closing of Baby Joey's, the Press printed a photograph of FSA President Bentley without explaining why he is important. But now that you've read the editorial you understand, right? Right.

The Press will not be hitting the stands next Thursday due to the Spring break. We'll be back again the following Thursday (April 7) with renewed vigor. We hope you have a fun vacation.

Cover graphic by R. Gambol

The Stony Brook Press

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Just Another Crack in The Wall

by Kate Bode

Cement blocks are falling from the Health Sciences Center, walls are cracking in the Union, and Alan Ripka's room, Langmuir A-312, lets in the rain, the wind, and all the rest of the great outdoors — and his windows aren't open. So when the cinder block wall separating Gray A-3's lounge from the rest of the hall began to crack earlier this semester, no one was surprised. But then on Friday night it started to sway and Sunday at 11:00pm, it came tumbling down.

Dave Kapervari, a Gray MA, had called Physical Plant Saturday morning at 2:00am to report the wall's condition and was told that the situation was not an emergency and that a work crew would be sent to repair any damage on Monday. In the meantime, hall residents reported the situation to Irwin Pers, Gray RHD, and posted signs which warned people that the wall was loose and to stay away from it.

Then Sunday night, A-wing

shook as the wall which wasn't an emergency fell. When the residents arrived at the scene of the crash, they found the floor of the end hall lounge littered with debris. The solid metal door to the lounge was lying beneath the rubble of the fallen wall. Fine dust from the broken cinder blocks filled the hall and the male residents of the floor who lived in rooms between the bathroom and the lounge were complaining that their lights had gone out at the same time that the wall fell.

Mr. Pers was summoned to the scene. He first hit the breaker switch in the hall fuse box, returning light to the darkened rooms, then called the physical plant at approximately 11:30pm and was told that the emergency crew would arrive as soon as possible. By this time the excitement had abated and most of A-3 was already asleep when the crew arrived two hours later, around 1:30am.

Nothing was done until Monday afternoon, when workmen arrived to clear away the mess, which they did by throwing the broken blocks

out the third story window and then shoveling them into a pickup truck. No warning was given prior to this action and residents of the two lower halls seemed none too pleased at the thought that should any of them have unknowingly leaned out of their lounge window to talk to a passing friend, either they or their unsuspecting friend could have been clonked on the head by a falling cinder block. They were aggravated even more when they went to cook dinner later that day to find their lounge up to twice as crowded as usual because the male residents of A-3 had been told that their stove could not be used until the wall was repaired. Tuesday afternoon this action was carried one step further and the stove was removed.

At 4:30 that afternoon Gary Matthews explained that the reason for this is that the wall that fell acts as a fire wall, preventing any possible fire in the lounge from spreading down the hall or at least delaying it long enough to allow evacuation of the building. If the wall is not there, then any cooking

in the end hall lounge breaks the fire code of the university, which is determined by the fire marshal.

He also explained the schedule which would be followed to replace the fallen wall. It would be rebuilt as soon as possible, but new cinder blocks would have to be ordered before any action could be taken. The order, he made clear, could not be placed until April 1st, due to the fact that it is now the end of the fiscal year and the new budget does not go into effect until then. The materials would not be in for 2-3 weeks after the date ordered, so the wall, he said, could not be fixed until sometime in mid-to-late April.

He also explained the wall's brief history, noting that it was erected, along with many others across campus, just a few years ago. The replaced walls had been sheet-rock and had apparently suffered from years of wear and tear, so when they were rebuilt it was with cinder blocks to prevent the same thing from happening again. The wall in question was dated by some rolled newspaper which fell from between

(continued on page 11)

Research Vs. Teaching

Brett Silverstein is caught between publishing and a hard place

by Paul DiLorenzo

Students came expecting to learn why Brett Silverstein (Professor of Psychology) was not recommended for tenure, and what they could do to ensure that he will be. Members of the Psychology Department came expecting to explain the process of acquiring tenure in general terms. The outcome was professors defending their god, research and students theirs: learning.

The controversy began within the first five minutes of the discussion when the first speaker, Dr. Marvin Levine, opened his statement by saying, "Why Brett Silverstein was denied tenure is not something we will be able to discuss because it would be unfair to Brett. The issue of his tenure is not yet closed. Articles in the papers and word of mouth could bias his case. Immediately after this opening statement a student stood and read a letter from Brett Silverstein which gave his permission "to discuss his case in full at this question and answer session." To this new knowledge Levine flatly replied, "I won't talk about it." The student crowd flustered in their seats indicating their frustration. Professor Marsha Johnson, later in the discussion pointed out that "certain parts of the file are open but others are closed. Brett can't even see them."

Most of the evening centered on the controversy between research and teaching. The professors stated that the decision on tenure is not

made by using a formula. Members of the department vote on how they feel the candidate performed in three categories: research, teaching, and service.

Most of the evening centered on the controversy between research and teaching. Dr. Johnson said, "There are no firm guidelines on tenure, only general ones. Each candidate is evaluated on three criteria: first research, second teaching, third service. I would be deceiving you if I said that research is not weighted heavily. Research is valued very highly. This is a research institution and we know that when we get here." Students wanted to know how research was evaluated. Here too, no firm set of guidelines is present; it is done on a subjective basis. A committee is formed with outside experts from other universities, as well as Stony Brook staff members. Published work is evaluated the prestigiousness of the journal it's published in, and the amount of other articles published commenting on the research. On the subject of prestige, Professor Levine commented, "the quality of research is based on outside recognition. How many job offers one gets, and how much glory your work brings to old Stony Brook."

The subject of the quality of Brett Silverstein's work was brought up by students in an effort on their part to establish his credibility as a researcher. Professor Waters pointed to Silverstein's work in the area of cigarette smoking in an attempt to describe how research is evaluated. He said, "I

thought it was a good piece of research, but in considering a tenure candidate you have to consider the amount of research done here. The work on cigarette smoking was started at another school and finished here. Something like that has to be taken into account." A student commenting on the quality of Silverstein's work said, "A lot of research is done here on rats and chickens. This work gets printed in the most prestigious journals. But the average person doesn't care about that at all. Brett has done work on the psychology of food which is important to us all. Americans don't eat real food. There is also this point: this is a state university. It is paid for by people's taxes; it should be concerned about people. Brett is, in his research, his teaching, and the way he helps students." The speaker received a standing ovation.

When people weren't speaking about research they were talking about teaching. Dr. Johnson commented on this subject by saying, "I don't want you to get the impression that this department is not interested in teaching because it is." The only way the psychology department evaluates its personnel is by student course evaluations given at the end of each semester." Johnson went on to say, "Some departments, I feel, do a better job at evaluating teaching than we do. They have a committee go in and observe a professor teach. We don't do this but it would be good if we did. We rely too much on student evaluating." Students at the question and answer session as a whole

were quite adamant that teaching should be the number one criteria for evaluating a professor. Their point of view was summed up by a grad student who said, "As a graduate student, good research is important... but undergraduates also go here and for them teaching is much more important. And we must ask: is the university criteria correct for all concerned?"

The issue of politics was also brought up. Dr. Levine, in defending the department, alluded to the case of Allen Gilcrest, another untenured professor. "Allen Gilcrest only had four articles published, but they were great and he was more politically radical than most and he got full department support." At this point Dr. Ronald Friend rose up out of his seat and said irately, "I've been observing political battles in this department for a long time. While Allen Gilcrest did get a good recommendation from the department, it did not follow up that recommendation as it usually does. I also think that Brett has received a bum rap here. Brett Silverstein is the lowest paid person in the department. In six years he has never gotten any merit pay increase. Other people have done less than him and have gotten more merit pay. So let's not take away from his research or his teaching. Others have done more research but they have taught much less. To do so much teaching and the amount of research Brett Silverstein has is almost superhuman."

Professor Friend received a standing ovation from the crowd.

Erin Go Bragh

Grand Marshall brings cheer, despite parade controversy

by John Derevlany

The first thing to be said about the St. Patrick's Day Parade is that almost everyone you meet is obviously or apparently drunk (except for the police, who at times didn't seem all that steady themselves). With this in mind, I cranked up on whatever drugs and alcohol I could find, and pushed my way through the suffocating crowd, trying to find the true essence of what all the major metropolitan newspapers were calling the "most controversial St. Patrick's Day Parade ever".

"Yea so what," I said to the proud Irishman holding up the sign on the corner of Fifty Second Street and Fifth Avenue.

"God Bless Michael Flannery! Moynihan and Kennedy aren't fit to tie his shoes," it read. Michael Flannery is an 81-year-old retired shoe salesman from Queens, who came over to America from Ireland in 1927, after having been an active member of the IRA and a participant in the Irish Civil War that ended in 1923. He still is a strong supporter of the IRA, a terrorist group dedicated to fighting what they consider as British oppression, and was recently acquitted in a Brooklyn Federal court of charges that he supplied a friend with \$17,000 to purchase weapons for that group. What caused the controversy was the choice of Flannery to be the grand marshal of the parade, and lead the 140 or so schools and organizations down the traditional parade route of Fifth Avenue. Many politicians saw this as being wrong and in some way or other condoning the violence that the IRA has taken part in.

The first person to boycott the parade was Senator Daniel Moynihan, followed by ex-Governor Hugh Carey, then about 23 high schools, a couple of military groups, and finally Cardinal Cooke, who avoided viewing the parade until Flannery had marched past the Cardinal's vantage point on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

"We didn't bring politics into the parade. It's the politicians who have bastardized the whole thing," the proud Irishman, holding up the sign, said in his leather jacket, ornamented with a multitude of buttons glorifying the existence of the IRA. "I've got relatives over there (in Northern Ireland). I wouldn't be holding up this sign if the bureaucrats hadn't started the whole thing. Besides, they didn't say anything when Bobby Sands was honorary grand marshall last year." I acknowledged that thought, but also reminded the man that Bobby Sands (the Irish patriot who went on a fifty four day hunger strike) had already caught a bad case of death before the parade rolled around. "Most people, even politicians, have a tendency not to rag on dead people," I told him.

But he continued to lecture me about how bad the English are until the parade ended, and his four-year-old son almost got mangled by the spinning brushes of a monstrous street cleaner.

Whereas the proud Irishman looked much older than he was, Michael Flannery looks much younger. Still displaying a lot of spunk, he willingly accepted the publicity Moynihan and the others' boycott of the parade gave him and the IRA, while refusing to shake Moynihan's hand during the part of the St. Patrick's Day Mass that requires a sign of peace (even though they were sitting in the same pew).

Marching down Fifth Avenue, Flannery drew thunderous applause and cheers from the crowd in attendance. They were cheers that drowned out the bickering and crying of all the public figures who

body who has gone to the parade in the past five years (with the exception of last year) is sure to have noticed the mass migration of sixteen-year-olds from suburbia, carrying six packs and throwing up in the bushes. In fact, of the seven years I've been going into the city on St. Patrick's Day, I've only seen the parade twice — the first time was three years ago when I had to cross the street to go to the bathroom in Nedicks and some majorette almost took out my eye with her baton; and the second time was last year, when the weather was miserable, and the streets were saturated with so many cops that there was nothing better to do.

It was questions like these that I asked a none too sober eighteen-year-old, carrying the remnants of a six pack, who would identify himself no further than his first name,



The Irish parading up Fifth Avenue

were denouncing the IRA and urging others to join in their boycott.

That is what caused Patricia Hoogstevan, president of the marching band at St. Francis Prep, the largest Catholic high school in the United States, to openly weep when she heard that her school would not take part in the festivities. Brother Richard McAnn, the school's principal, in an announcement to the whole school over the public address system, gave the same reasons as the other boycotters, including the overpoliticization of the parade and the outright support given to the IRA, as reasons for not taking part. Other band members that I talked to expressed a strong dissatisfaction and feeling of futility at having practiced for "months and months" in anticipation of the parade, only to be told at the last minute they were not going.

But what about the spectacle of Central Park? What of the large groups of teenagers hanging out on the big boulders that dot the landscape of the area, drinking beer, smoking pot, and taking mescaline (but mostly drinking beer)? Any-

Jim, and would only talk to me after I convinced him I was writing an article for Playboy. I asked him to tell me about the "good old" type of scenario that used to characterize the St. Patrick's Day Parade, when people didn't care about watching bagpipes march by or about making a political statement, when all that anyone wanted to do was watch the multitudes of fights break out; or cheer the brave young soul trying to shinny up the flagpole in front of Wollman Rink; or watch a denim clad adolescent pass out in the mud.

"It was pure entertainment," Jim laughed, only minutes before a policeman without a sense of humor came along and took his last two remaining beers and dumped them in a sewer. The summons book came out and when Jim tried to protest, a group of three more policemen, all of whom were carrying long, dangerous looking nightsticks, converged on the scene. His girlfriend, who had dyed her hair green for the day, put shamrocks on her forehead, and wore an assortment of buttons pronouncing the various virtues of being Irish (including the ever popular "Kiss

Me I'm Irish"), summed up the particular event when she said, "This sucks." I agreed, and also noticed that of all those buttons she was wearing, none of them even made the slightest mention of the existence of the IRA or any other sort of political discontent.

Much to my dismay, rather to my anguish, the army of police assigned to the parade had successfully managed to close Central Park. Once an exile and haven for the hordes and masses of drunk teenagers to cavort about, drink, fight, and have a good time any other way they might want it, was now a blank, lifeless, empty expanse of grass, trees, rocks, and occasional cop strategically positioned to prevent anyone from entering the grounds.

"Too much of making my life miserable," a tall, domineering policeman told me as he tapped the heavy wooden riot stick against his foot. "They make a mess and someone's got to clean it. But we haven't had any trouble today. I think they (the teenagers) learned their lesson from last year. If they want to go to the parade, they go to the parade. If they want to drink, they go to their local gin mill."

Of the 172 summons given out that day, the 10 arrests, and the 1,147 containers of alcohol seized, I only saw two events involving police and parade-goers. The first was when I was talking to Jim, and the second occurred about a half hour after the parade had ended. The overtime sanitation men were making a final sweep of the Central Park area. One young man was passed out on his back, somewhat like an upside down turtle in the sun, and through a Budweiser nightmare he was moaning a song he had apparently just made up, entitled "Erin Go Away". Two policemen were trying to revive him but to no avail. I wondered whether, if they couldn't wake him up, he would just be left there to be swept up with the rest of the St. Patrick's Day refuse: a couple of beer cans, a few broken bottles, and a discarded sign proclaiming the politicization of the parade. Then I heard someone mention a story about a man who had driven his pickup truck into the middle of the parade in an attempt to kill Michael Flannery (actually, the man they were talking about, according to the New York Post, was drunk and had made the mistake of trying to take a shortcut down Fifth Avenue while the parade was still going on. He missed all the major political figures, who were many blocks away by then).

"Yea, so what," I said, as I went and did what I should have done long ago. Upon finding the nearest "gin mill", all the suffering and fatigue that comes from talking to drunks and policemen for a day, began to melt away.

Photo by Doug Preston

The Entertainer

THE ENTERTAINER ... BRINGING YOU ALL THE NEWS WE FIT TO PRINT! Yes, everything you ever wanted to know about campus activities can be found within these pages on Monday evenings (in your dorms, the library, and Union) and Thursday afternoons (as an insert to the S.B. Press).

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THE WILD BUNCH

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[U-2]

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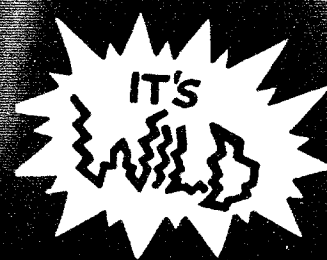
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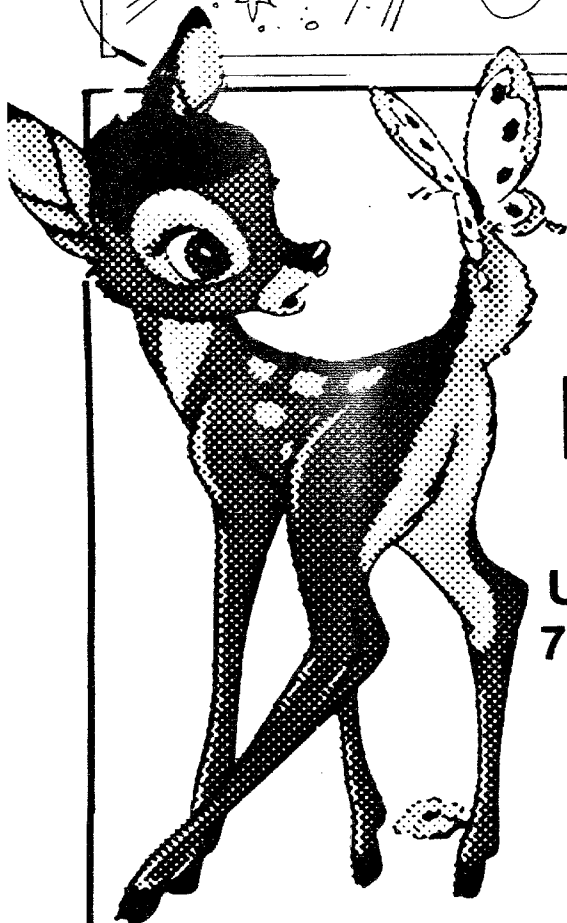
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SKYDIVING

Yes, we're serious! We are jumping this weekend, weather permitting, with or without skeptics. We will meet Thursday, March 24 at 7 p.m. in the O'Neill Fireside Lounge. If you cannot make it, but are interested, call Ray at 246-5423.

Join the Microcomputer Users Group

We are establishing a software library. Speakers, group discounts, software reviews. If you own or use a microcomputer we can save you time and \$\$\$.

IBM-PC & APPLE subgroups have already formed, others starting soon.
MEETINGS: Every Tues. at 8:00 p.m. Earth & Space Science room 181. for info call 744-2178 or visit room 175.

The Hellenic Society

has a party on Thursday, March 24,
in Casablanca, Stage XII B.
Time of party: 9:00 p.m.
All welcome.

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for Treasurer, Freshman Rep, Sophomore Rep
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ENTERTAINER DEADLINES

THURSDAY ISSUE
preceeding Monday, 5 p.m.

MONDAY ISSUE
preceeding Thursday, 12 p.m.

Welcome back to *The Entertainer*. Our last exciting issue was supposed to hit the stands on Monday evening... but it missed. We tried for Tuesday... and missed. As we discussed the possibility of a Wednesday issue, we noticed it was Thursday and... well, welcome back to *The Entertainer*. You sure missed some good stuff from that last issue, though. There was a piece about *The War Show*, now at the Fine Arts Center Gallery. The show includes three pieces that will have to be torn down when the exhibit ends in late April. Now that's ART. In this issue's puff piece, we are spotlighting I-CON II, the convention of science fiction, fact, and tasy, to be held in the Lecture Center on May 6-8. The convention, sponsored by SAB, COCA, and the Science Fiction Forum, will feature fine films, writers, artists, and lots of fun things to do. More info as the story develops... film at 11:00.
Special Note: Due to the infighting between Polity and *Statesman*, you can't swing a dead cat without hitting free advertising on campus. *Statesman*, it seems, is now offering free space to clubs... a privilege that Polity had been paying \$1500 for until recently. At any rate, we urge campus groups to take full advantage of this plethora of publicity potential.
Final Note: *The Entertainer* will be on hiatus until Monday, April 4. See you then... Aloha.



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The Third Estate: Viewpoint

C.U.B.

Or how to have your electricity and pay for it too!

by Joe Regan

Students generally do not consider the direct effects of high utility rates on their lives. However, they often get irate at projected room rate increases, such as the proposed \$150 increase for next year, without realizing that utility rates are reflected in such increases. New York City and Long Island pay the highest utility rates nationally. This directly affects all parents of students who live in or around the metropolitan area.

However, anyone can join a variety of community organizations which promote citizen involvement in supporting a bill that is currently before the New York State Legislature this Spring session. This bill, if passed, would create a Citizens' Utility Board (CUB), controlled and voluntarily funded by citizens. This organization would represent utility consumers on pressing issues such as rate increases and the opening of nuclear power plants.

CUB would address citizen powerlessness in any utility issue. In the rate determination process, for example, rate hearings are public affairs arbitrated by the Public Service Commission (PSC). But when utility companies go before the PSC to request an increase, they send expensive lawyers, engineers, accountants, and outside consultants to the hearings who usually argue convincingly in favor of rate hikes.

Against this formidable lobby are those citizens who care enough to attend the meetings at all; frequently they can only present a disjointed and meek voice against the utilities' position. This weakness is the result of citizen disorganization. Citizen consolidation to create a statewide utility-consumer advocacy group is the best way

to reverse the present trend favoring the utilities in rate hearings. The CUB bill would help underwrite the cost of hiring expert voices to combat utilities which are making unreasonable demands.

Utilities spend thousands of dollars to further their interests. Like all firms, utilities include this cost of doing business in their prices — in this case, the utility rate. As ratepayers, all of us pay for these interests; why not pay for our own? Consumers would finance CUB voluntarily and, in exchange, become members empowered to elect or run for the Board of Directors who set policy responsive to citizens' concerns. Utility consumers will learn about CUB through a special notice included in their utility bills four times a year. These notices will describe CUB and invite people to join for only five dollars a year.

Right now, Wisconsin is the only state that has a CUB. Over 60,000 Wisconsin residential utility consumers have voluntarily contributed an average of five dollars per person since the first notice went out in utility bills in November of 1980. In its first major intervention, Wisconsin CUB saved the dairy state's ratepayers over \$14 million dollars.

The CUB bill was first introduced to the New York State Legislature last year. The bill passed in the Assembly by an overwhelming vote of 121-9, but never made it out of Committee in the State Senate. Thirty-four senators sponsored the bill, including all Long Island State Senators. However, when the Senate leadership was determining the bill's fate, these Senators did not do enough to bring CUB to a vote. In its place, a "compromise" bill was passed in the Senate. Un-

fortunately, the only thing compromised was public money and credibility. The false bill was ingenuously called the "Consumer Utility Board". Though the acronym, CUB, was retained, the substituted term had a radical effect on the function of the original bill.

Not fooled by this ruse, the State Assembly refused to vote it. This Consumer Utility Board bill would have allocated the Consumer Protection Board (CPB), a government agency, \$500,000 from the state budget to be used to protect ratepayers' interests. The problems with the compromise solution were:

1) The CPB is not citizen controlled. Thus, the decisions on what utility issues to lobby on would have been colored by the Politics-as-usual-attitude in State bureaucracies.

2) This solution would not have been voluntary — it costs tax dollars. With the real CUB bill, contributions by interested citizens would help insure the purity of CUB's purpose: to fight for citizens' rights on utility issues.

Many citizens were outraged at this barely disguised imitation of the real CUB bill. *Newsday* labelled the substitute legislation a "Shadow Bill" and called it "A Legislative Illusion". Karen Burstein of the Consumer Protection Board came out against the bill, knowing that it would not be in the consumers' best interest.

The chances for the real CUB's passage this year are better than last year's. Governor Cuomo supported CUB in his State of the State address. The public furor over the Senate passage of the false CUB bill makes it difficult for politicians to avoid the issue today. In addition, the bill has been intro-

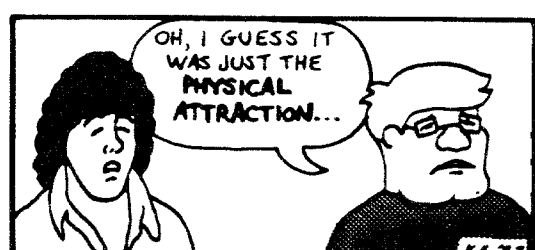
duced earlier in the session than last year, thus building momentum for its passage.

CUB doesn't just deal with rate hikes. Large corporations are often able to overwhelmingly influence legislative policies on all too regular a basis. Naturally, this fact of Legislative life tends to neglect the often unvoiced, unknowing public. CUB could change this. It would provide an instant network of ratepayers that would be kept informed on utility issues statewide. This way, citizens could prevent bad policy from being enacted, rather than claim afterwards that their apathy was the result of ignorance. And CUB could be a model for other issues, not restricted to utility reform. It is a model of citizen participation, knowledgeability, organization, and effectiveness where presently there is none. We can all help to get CUB passed because, as constituents, we can pressure our legislators to hear our views and take heed.

NYPIRG, in its campaign to get CUB through the Legislature, is launching a statewide bus tour next week. The tour will start in Suffolk County with a rally and press conference on Tuesday, March 29th at 11:00am. The event will be held at the Long Island Lighting Company (LILCO)'s regional office, on the corner of Route 112 and Route 347, in Port Jefferson Station. A number of community groups and senior citizens will be in attendance, and NYPIRG welcomes all interested students as well.

(The author is a member of the Citizens' Utility Board project of the New York Public Interest Research Group.)

Inklings BY KEN COPEL



Club Calendar

NEW YORK

AVERY FISHER HALL Broadway & 65th 212-874-2424
 Ultravox 3/28 @ 9:00 13.50, 12.50
 Randy Newman 4/3 @ 7:30 15, 10, 8

BOTTOM LINE 15 W4th 212-228-7880
 Doug and the Slugs 3/25 @ 9, 12 7.50
 Paul Barrere & Friends 3/26, 27 @ 9, 12 7.50
 Robin Williamson 3/30 @ 8:30, 11:30 7.50
 Taj Mahal 4/1, 2 @ 9, 12 8.00

BROOKLYN ZOO 1414 Sheepshead Bay Road, 212-646-0053
 James Brown 3/25
 Iggy Pop 3/26 10.00

CITY CENTER THEATRE 212-246-8989
 Styx 3/31-4/3 @ 8:00 17.50, 15

HOFSTRA PLAYHOUSE Hempstead, NY
 Psychedelic Furs 4/30 @ 9:00 11.00

LEFT BANK 20 E 1st St. Mt Vernon 914-699-6618
 Gary U.S. Bonds 4/4 @ 8:00

LONESTAR CAFE 5th Av, 13th St 212-242-1664
 Dr. John 3/29, 30

MY FATHER'S PLACE 19 Bryant Av, Roslyn, LI
 Jorma Kaukonen 3/25
 Commander Cody 3/26 @ 8:30, 12 9.50
 Iggy Pop 3/27 @ 9:00 11.50
 Garland Jeffreys 3/31
 Paul Barrere 4/1 @ 8:30, 12 9.50
 David Johansen 4/2 @ 9:00 9.50

NASSAU COLISEUM Uniondale, LI 516-889-1122
 Billy Squier 3/25 @ 8:00 12.50, 10.50
 Tom Petty/Hearbreakers 3/31 @ 8:00 12.50
 Alabama/Juice Newton 4/23 @ 7:30 15.50

PALLADIUM 14th between 3rd & 4th 212-977-9020
 Return to Forever 4/1 @ 8:00
 4/2 @ 8, 11:30 15.50, 13.50

PARAMOUNT 560 Bay St.
 Public Image 3/26 10.00
 Wall of Voodoo 4/1 7.00

RED PARROT
 Don Maclean 3/30, 31

RITZ 11th between 3rd & 4th 212-228-8888
 Zebra 3/30 @ 11:30 10.00
 Musical Youth 4/10 @ 11:30 11.00
 Garland Jeffreys 4/13 @ 11:30 12.50

ST. JOHN'S UNIV Alumni Hall, Jamaica, NY
 Adam Ant 4/10 @ 8:00 12.00

TUEY'S 3 Village Shopping Ctr 516-751-3737
 Vandenberg 4/7 @ 11:00 9.00

WESTBURY MUSIC FAIR Westbury, L.I. 516-333-0533
 George Carlin 3/25 @ 8:30
 3/26 @ 6:30, 10:30 14.75 GA
 Gordon Lightfoot 5/12, 13 @ 8:30 13.75
 Rodney Dangerfield 6/9 - 6/12 15.75
 Chuck Mangione 6/22 @ 8:30 13.75

NEW JERSEY

BRENDAN BYRNE E Rutherford, NJ
 Billy Squier 3/27 @ 7:30 12.50
 Kinks 3/28, 29 @ 7:30 13.50
 Tom Petty 4/1 @ 7:30 12.50, 10.50
 Beach Boys 4/8 @ 7:30 12.50, 10.50
 Grateful Dead 4/16, 17 SOLD OUT
 Frank Sinatra 4/23 @ 8:30 22.50, 15.00

CAPITOL THEATRE 326 Monroe Passaic
 Randy Newman 3/26 @ 8:00 11.50, 10.50

FOUNTAIN CASINO Aberdeen, NJ
 Golden Earring/
 Scandal 4/3 @ 10:00 8:00
 English Beat 4/24 @ 10:00 8.00

MENNEN SPORTS ARENA Hanover Av Morristown, NJ
 Rock & Roll
 Spectacular (50's) 4/30 @ 7:30 14.00

MCCARTER THEATER Princeton University
 Arlo Guthrie 5/6 @ 8:00 11.00
 Keith Jarrett 5/7 @ 8:00 12.00
 Roches 5/14 @ 8:00 9.50

NEWARK SYMPHONY HALL 1020 Broad St. Newark, NJ
 Angela Bofill 4/3 @ 7:30 15, 10
 Count Basie & Friends 4/24 @ 3:00 15, 12.50, 10

UPSTATE NEW YORK

MID HUDSON CIVIC CENTER Mair Mall, Poughkeepsie
 Ozzy Osbourne 4/16 @ 8:00 12.50

NEW ENGLAND

CENTRUM IN WORCESTER Worcester, MA
 Kinks 3/30 @ 7:30 11.50
 Ozzy the Madman 4/1 @ 8:00 11.50

HARTFORD CC Hartford, CT 203-727-8080
 Rush 4/1 @ 7:30 11.50, 10.50
 Kinks 4/3 @ 7:30 11.50, 9.50
 Alabama/Juice Newton 4/22 @ 7:30 15, 12.50
 Journey 5/13 @ 8:00 15, 12.50

NEW HAVEN South Orange St. New Haven 203-972-4330
 Tom Petty 3/26 @ 8:00 11.50
 Grateful Dead 4/22, 23

CLUB JAZZ

CAROLINES 8th Av & 26th 212-924-3499
 Jay Leno 4/5-9, 12-16

RED PARROT 617 W57th 212-247-1530
 Widespread Depression
 Orchestra

JAZZ AT IRVING PLAZA 17 Irving Pl 212-477-3728
 Jeff Tyzik 4/2

MIKELL'S 760 Columbus Av at 97th 212-864-8832
 Stuff 3/25, 26

MUSIC CLASSIFIED

Wanted: Tape of Joni Mitchell at Forest Hills 1979. Tape of Rickie Lee Jones at the Dr. Pepper Music Fest 1982. Also Savoy and Palladium 1981. Tape or trade. Jared, Room A-03-B Whitman.

Wanted: Tape of Bobby and the Midnites at Stony Brook. Copy of Jerry Garcia's first album. Buy, tape, or trade. Andy, 246-4530.

For sale: Elvis Costello bootleg albums; "We're all creeps" live concert, rare \$20; "50,000,000 Elvis fans..." live concert and early demos, double album set, \$22. Also promo only "Get happy" \$14, german "Get happy" and "Armed forces", \$10 each. Robert Klein radio show including Tom Petty, Bob Welch, and the Fab Four's, 1 1/2 album set \$13.50. Other boots available. I need anything by "The vagrants". Write, Less than Zero records, 56 harvest lane, Cmk.

The Press welcomes classified ads pertaining to music: tapes, records, tickets, instruments, etc. FREE. Drop them by Room 020 Old Bio anytime.

Stony Brook Body Slammed

Strongbow and company bring wrestling to the gym

by David Goodman

If I didn't know any better, I'd say that I had a good time last Thursday evening. In fact, I was smiling most of the two hours. Well, if you really want the truth, it was quite a thrill to see Chief Jay Strongbow in the Stony Brook Gymnasium.

I grew up with Strongbow and Kowalski and Sammartino and all the rest. It must have been eighth grade when I first tuned into World Wide Wrestling Federation action and incredulously witnessed Gorilla Monsoon apply 300 pounds of volcanic hell on a man half his size.

No one could withstand the pounding these overgrown neanderthals inflict upon each other. But that's just the point; it's all form and no substance. Before I get too philosophical however, let me say this: I enjoyed myself on Thursday and so did the 1200 plus people in the audience.

It's a very cathartic experience; I can't begin to count all the people I've wanted to bodyslam but did not because 20 years at Sing Sing is not my idea of a hot date. Instead, one must watch the sanctioned violence of wrestling and revel in the hot, sweaty passion of brute force.

The sight of the crowd which packed the Stony Brook Gym was worth the price of admission alone. People were yelling and screaming, and that was while the ring announcer was speaking. Once the matches began, there wasn't a quiet moment. It was great to see young and old alike (I saw 5-year-olds and 65-year-olds) standing together, urging their hero to beat the crap out of his opponent. And in the first two matches, there was little doubt as to whom the heroes were.

Tony Garea, always a crowd pleaser, opened the card with a hard fought battle against "the unpredictable" Johnny Rods. The tide of fortune seemed to sway towards Mr. Rods until he predictably climbed atop the ropes to pounce upon a weary Tony Garea. Once, twice, three times Garea felt the massive force of Rods' patented elbow smash. But Rods tempted fate once too often. On the fourth try, Garea turned around and punched J.R. right in the solar plexus. Before he could regain his strength, Tony flung Rods into the ropes and applied the sunset flip, effectively pinning his opponent and winning the match. Once again, the good guys prevailed (too bad politics can't be like this).

The second match pitted Mr. hard-head, Special Delivery Jones, against the ugliest human being this side of 25A, Swede Hansen. The Swede, looking a lot like a reject from Planet of the Apes, tried his best to goad S.D. into an unfriendly corner. But Jones, a seasoned veteran of the squared circle, was too much of a match for Hansen. Another sunset flip eventually decided the brawl, with S.D. Jones the victor.

After a short intermission, they brought out my childhood hero, Chief Jay Strongbow. The Chief, who is actually an Italian from Atlantic City, has been around for years. Good looks aside, the man must be pushing sixty. In an interview with WUSB's Tony White and Buddy Kelley, Strongbow said he'd like to retire but the fans don't want him to. On the other hand, he said, "...you've got to move on and let the young guys have their chance." Strongbow was moving on all right, he was scheduled to wrestle in Atlanta, Georgia the next day.

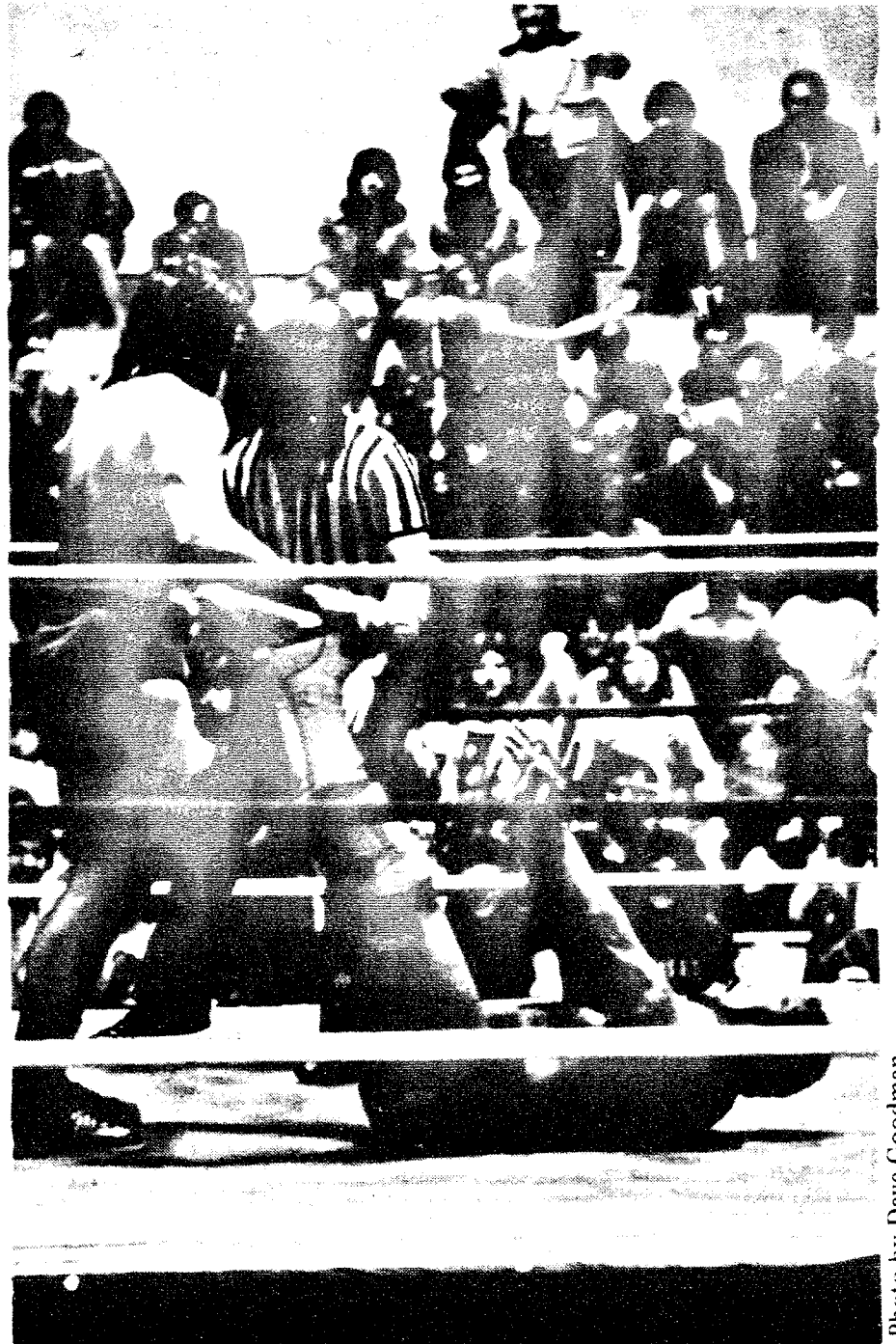


Photo by Dave Goodman

Johnny Rods begs Tony Garea for mercy

His opponent this time around was Big John Studd, a massive son of a gun who looks like he eats Mack trucks for breakfast. (My congratulations to the fan who held up the Studd is Crud sign and survived.) For fifteen minutes, however, Strongbow pounded away at Studd. It looked like he might even win, but after Studd had had enough, he grabbed the Chief and applied a bone crushing bear hug, forcing Strongbow to submit. Ralph Sevush, wrestling fan extraordinaire, analyzed the match this way, "By letting Strongbow have his way for a time the fans were kept happy. But let's be realistic Dave, that monster wasn't going to be defeated by some broken down cigar store Indian."

On the midgets I really have no comment except that they were, in fact, three dwarves and a midget. Actually, their tag team match was a sleeper hold, a suplex, and two drop kicks more exciting than the final match. Due to "transportation problems" the Magnificent Morocco couldn't make it to Stony Brook, so Studd agreed to

wrestle Jules Strongbow (Chief Jay's blood brother) in his place. What began as an insult ended as such: Studd was disqualified for unsportsmanlike behavior and the match was awarded to Strongbow. The crowd seemed to enjoy it anyway.

Championship wrestling, which was one of the very first shows to ever be broadcast on national television, has certainly weathered well over the years. In fact, the sport draws more attendance than any other, including baseball or football. From Georgious George and Bruno Sammartino to Ivan Putski and Bob Backlund, pro wrestling stands out as a great way to spend that entertainment dollar. Simply, check your brains at the door and enjoy. If you think it's fake, consider this: the wrestlers are laughing all the way to the bank. Anyway, it's just like any other entertainment business: if you're having a good time you've got to accept the cheap thrills along with the legitimate fun. And thrills and fun are two commodities Stony Brook can't bear to be without.

The Wall

(continued from page 3)

the blocks when they crumbled. The date was March of 1981 and residents wondered two things. First of all, what was the newspaper doing in the wall at all, and secondly, why did the wall only last two years?

Gary Matthews responded to the first query by stating that the newspaper was in the walls to help lay the bricks. When told that one of the workmen who had cleared away the debris had commented that it was no wonder that the wall had fallen since the cinder blocks were too thin to form a sturdy wall, Mr. Matthews responded, "That is not true." When asked why the wall fell after only two years and why it

had even started to crack at all, Mr. Matthews merely commented, "Maybe it was cracking and loose in the first place, but walls don't fall by themselves."

At 5:30 the same afternoon, report hall members who wish to remain unnamed, Gary Matthews appeared in the lounge and told them that if all the residents would promise not to kick a hole in it, a sheet-rock wall would be erected and a new stove installed within the next few days, thus enabling the situation to be rectified much sooner than the previously estimated 4 to 6 weeks. Gray A-3, indeed all of Gray's A-wing, breathed a sigh of, well — let's just say anticipated relief.

Nunn Brings Berlin to Tokyo

Union dance club plays host to pleasure victims

by Kathy Esseks

In today's dance music scene, slickness and undemanding lyrics are the keys to success. Berlin had these elements honed to pop perfection last Tuesday night. After an evening of cavern-like karkness and go-bump-in-the-night dancing at Tokyo Joe's, Berlin appeared in a dramatic glare of spotlights and burst into "Masquerade". Lead vocalist — and focal point — Terri Nunn materialized in a halo of wild blond hair. The group's hour or so display of synth-pop-disco was polished and not unenergetic, but calling this a dance concert is stretching a point; people dance a lot before and after, but tend to stand and stare while the band is on. Berlin did not provide the starers with a particularly captivating vision, although composer John Crawford shook his lush hair about provocatively and Nunn looked generally cute and seductive.

The songs included both the mini-LP *Pleasure Victim* and new material which, according to Crawford, Berlin plans to record in August. "Tell Me Why", "Touch", and "Lust in the Crowd" all achieved a satisfying visual/aural synthesis; these love and lack-of-love songs finally inspired the watchers to twitch their leaden feet. Predictably, the climax was



Nunn brings Berlin to Tokyo

the eagerly anticipated rendition of the controversial "Sex (I'm a...)". Before the show, Berlin's manager discussed the meaning of "Sex", asserting that, far from being a put down of women, as so many stations and publications across America erroneously believe, Terri Nunn intends the song to be a spoof on the "Macho" man, who can only repeat "I'm a man" while

the woman can let her imagination run wild: "I'm a virgin, I'm a goddess, I'm a bitch, I'm your mother..." Nunn asked, "Aren't you more than one person when you make love? I'm trying to show that this man is repressed and intimidated by the woman's freeness." Nunn and Crawford acted out a little skit centering on this idea of intimidation. "Sex"

in the flesh was not equal to its suggestiveness and possibility when heard on a car radio late at night, but it was welcomed enthusiastically all the same.

A surprisingly clear sound and a chance to dance to the latest in commercial synth success made Berlin, though less intriguing than the city it's named after, well worth the trip to Tokyo Joe's.

Press Photo by Eric A. Wessman

Absurdist Hospital

"Brittania Hospital" feeds the laughs intravenously!

by Kathy Esseks

Brittania Hospital

Lindsay Anderson, director

The advertisement for *Brittania Hospital* contains a quote praising the film's "amazing, non-stop hilarity" and rightly so, but it neglects to mention the twinges of something-more-serious that follow hard on the laughs. Lindsay Anderson's idiosyncratically macabre *Brittania* is the long-awaited third in a series begun with *If* and *O Lucky Man!*

Director Anderson and screenwriter David Sherwin view pessimistically the decaying state of the British Empire and cram all their complaints, observations, and exaggerations into *Brittania* with varying degrees of subtlety and success. The action and socio-political statements take place in the space of one day at Brittania Hospital. In honor of this 500th an-

niversary of the institution, Her Royal Highness (HRH, as she is called), the Queen Mother, is paying a visit to dedicate the Millar Centre for Advanced Surgical Procedure. The hospital staff and administrators frantically rehearse the royal tour while combatting strikes, pickets, and threats of revolution.

The movie is replete with decidedly British absurdist situations. doctors abandon a dying patient because it's time for their tea break; they must be cajoled into working overtime on riot victims with promises of sausage for breakfast; patients are called inconsiderate for "lingering" instead of dying. The excellent cast includes a midget, Sir Anthony (Marcus Powell) in charge of protocol, and a transvestite, Lady Felicity (John Bett), as the palace advance team, as well as assorted deranged and obsessive medical types. Notable among

these loonies is transplant specialist Dr. Millar (Graham Crowden), who has gruesome plans for reconstructing man and has created a mysterious pyramid, "Genesis", which is purported to be the future of the human race.

Brittania Hospital comes down hard on the apathy of the oppressed and the power of the upper class in modern Britain. Two events which initially seem to promise real progress — a strike by the kitchen staff and a radical left protest — are ignominiously defused with bribery and lies. Anderson sees these incidents as symbols of the British working-class' habitual acceptance of whatever is fed to them. Similarly, an independent journalist, Mick Travis (Malcolm McDowell), who seeks to expose some of the shady goings on at Brittania Hospital risks life and limb in pursuit of his story, while

a BBC camera crew films Dr. Millar's monomaniacal ramblings and grotesque deeds without even noticing the bizarre happenings.

Britain's royal family, with its ability to inspire an awed reverence, comes in for its share of mockery. The serenely calm Queen Mother, dressed completely in lavender, commands respect wherever she goes, but her entourage represents the accumulation of centuries of ingrained privilege and snobbery that make egalitarianism in England a bit difficult to realize.

The film includes a little bit of everything, from comedy and satire to blood and gore, which covers too broad a range to be completely effective. Although the film's energy is widely dispersed, the major points about present-day Britain and hints of a dire future are delivered with a biting wit.