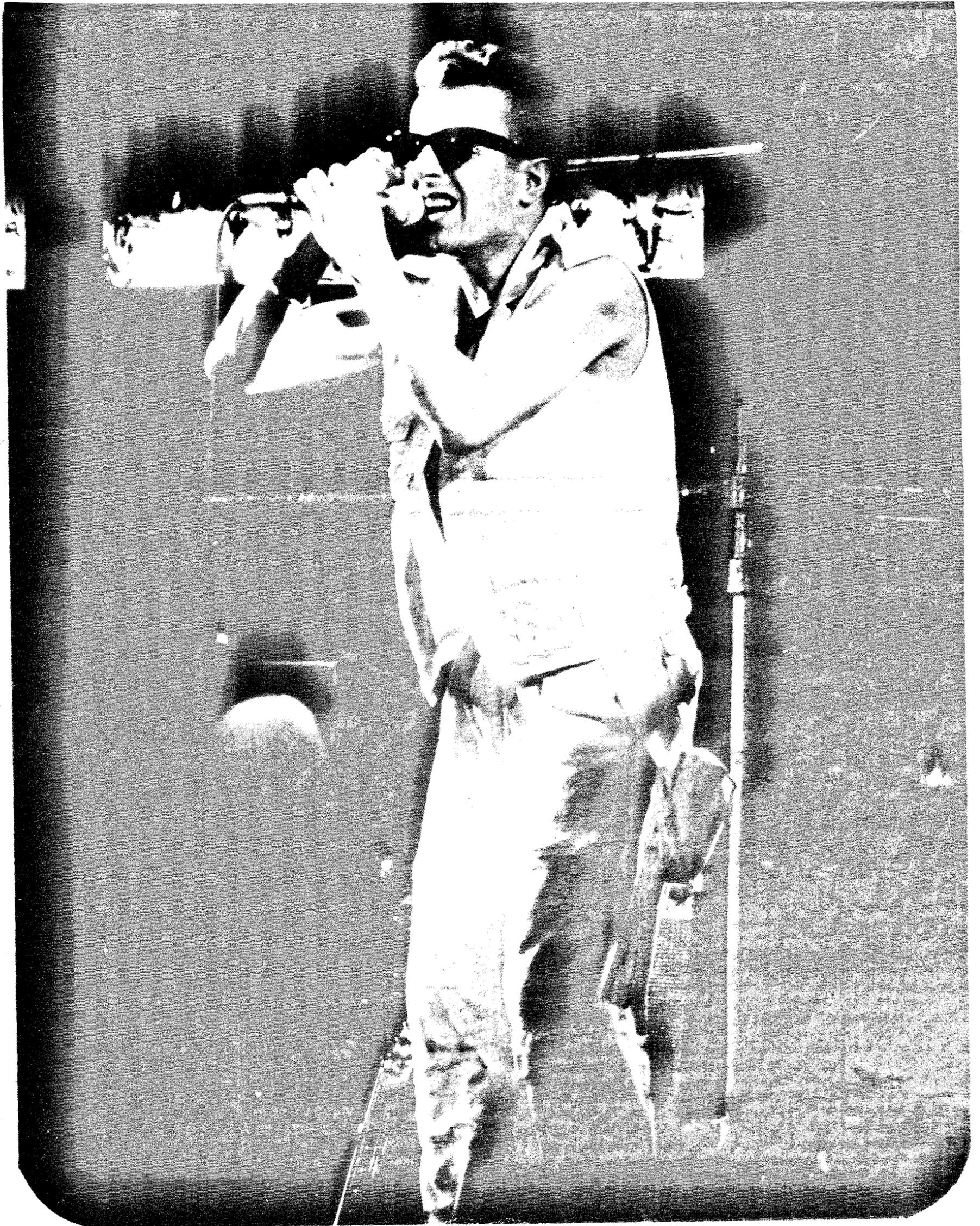


The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol.5 No.26 ● University Community's Weekly Paper ● Fri. May 11, 1984



Polity's Greatest Wastes

The present Polity Council took office last May and vowed to do great things with the Student Government. Now, almost a year later, not a single great thing lies done. Instead, they have the following wastes of time and money to show for their work.

The '83-'84 budget was finally completed by the Summer Senate and approved by the Council during the last week of term II. They soon found that it had omitted several organizations, which immediately retaliated in full force at the next Council meeting. The HSCSA, VRDP, and Hillel groups were given money out of the reserve fund by a completely overwhelmed Council and caused the fund to be exhausted even before the year began.

After that, the Council began tapping the Programming and Services Council, which is supposed to fund small clubs, for their budgetary whims. Among these were the National Voter Registration Conference at Harvard, which cost \$227. Only 9 people from Stony Brook attended—8 were from NYPIRG, which has its own budget, and Joe Moriarty went from Polity. It was a NYPIRG event—Polity paid.

\$1000 went to the publication of The Polity Newsletter, a pamphlet written, produced, and starring Freshmen Rep. Neal Drobenare. The pamphlet, seemingly patterned after a piece of Gary Hart campaign literature, named Drobenare nine times within its single sheet. It was held back by wiser Polity officials who questioned its form and content, but was forced out when David Gamberg demanded it be mailed to every resident. During the winter intercession, Drobenare was paid a \$400 stipend to compile

a formal, in-depth report on Dorm Cooking, a report that he never even began.

When the vote for the mandatory activity fee came up, the Council again dipped into PSC for thousands of dollars for extra print ads and some 10,000 assorted flyers in a successful effort to keep Polity around for the next four years. But there was so much waste that one could only wonder why one's activity fee was being spent on hanging large numbers of flyers next to each other. In addition, while they were glad to spend club's money on the campaign for the activity fee, they engaged in virtually no personal campaigning for it. Guess they just had better stuff to do.

David Gamberg's highly touted State of the Campus address cost over \$700 and was attended by 40 people. \$300 alone was spent for a thousand invitations to the event, most of which were not received by the invitees until several days after the address, if at all.

The semester ended on two high notes. First, the Council voted to give SAB Concerts permission to overdraft \$20,000 because they had lost so much money during the year. The Council did so, however, only after being advised by Polity Executive Director Robin Rabii that such a move was illegal. Undaunted, the Council went on to drop \$1800 on the Student's Rights Rally of two weeks ago. "What a waste of money," said one disgruntled student as he stood watching the entertainment. Rallies, when well planned, organized and executed, can be highly effective tools in advancing student needs, but this one was put

together in too short a time for little specific reason. The campus was largely unaware of it, even if they walked by, because the turnout was so understandably poor. The rally was supposed to be like the Rally on Cuts of two years ago, which attracted 5,000 people and network news coverage. It attracted 300. The programming had many problems of its own. Three speakers failed to show up, no one from administration was present, and there was no attempt made to bridge from the rhetoric of the rally to the reality of making changes at the University. The band Mazarin received about \$10 per minute of stage time, and \$500 in t-shirts were just given away. It ended up as a mediocre place to get a suntan.

The positive things that were accomplished this year by Polity were run largely by staff members or by groups such as SASU. In many cases the Council acted as an obstacle to progress by interjecting their bureaucracy just when things were running well. What we will never know, however, is just what the PSC clubs and other organizations whose budgets were gobbled by the Council would have done with that money. PSC Chairperson Loretta Capuano stated that "the purpose of PSC is to support small clubs who need money. It is not a private piggy bank for the Council to break open anytime they feel like it." We agree, and urge the incoming Council not to repeat the failings of the outgoing Council. They would have to work hard to do worse.

Cover Photo by Mike Shavel

Who's The Best?

With graduation approaching, the University has chosen and announced many of the winners of the various awards and honors that they annually present. With a little more thought and planning, the decision-making process behind the awards could be much more fair and comprehensive, and make the awards much more valuable.

The most common complaint heard about the awards is the lack of knowledge of their existence. Awards are typically announced by letters to a few faculty or staff, and left to them to spread the word. The result is that many people who might have been interested in the award never hear about it before the winner is announced. The University should spring for a few full-page ads in the newspapers announcing the details of every award and how to apply for it. This way, the applicant pool will be much larger, and more representative, if not better.

The process of judging must also be refined. The journalism award committee, for instance, consists largely of persons who come to Stony Brook once

each year, never read the papers or listen to the radio station, and make their decisions in a couple of hours based on a maximum of three submissions from the candidates. This process eliminates any structural way of judging such important elements as length of work, breadth of subject matter, or University or media service beyond those three stories. In addition, conflicting information on award submission deadlines was given out by committee personnel this year, resulting in several submissions not reaching the committee in time to be considered. Combining this with the fact that the losers are almost universally not notified of their loss, a point of courtesy so basic as to seemingly not need stating, and you have an award system that is badly in need of fixing.

While not all University awards are this poorly decided, many are, and some well qualified people don't submit their work simply because they are aware of the deficiencies of the process. The University must do a better job.

The Stony Brook Press

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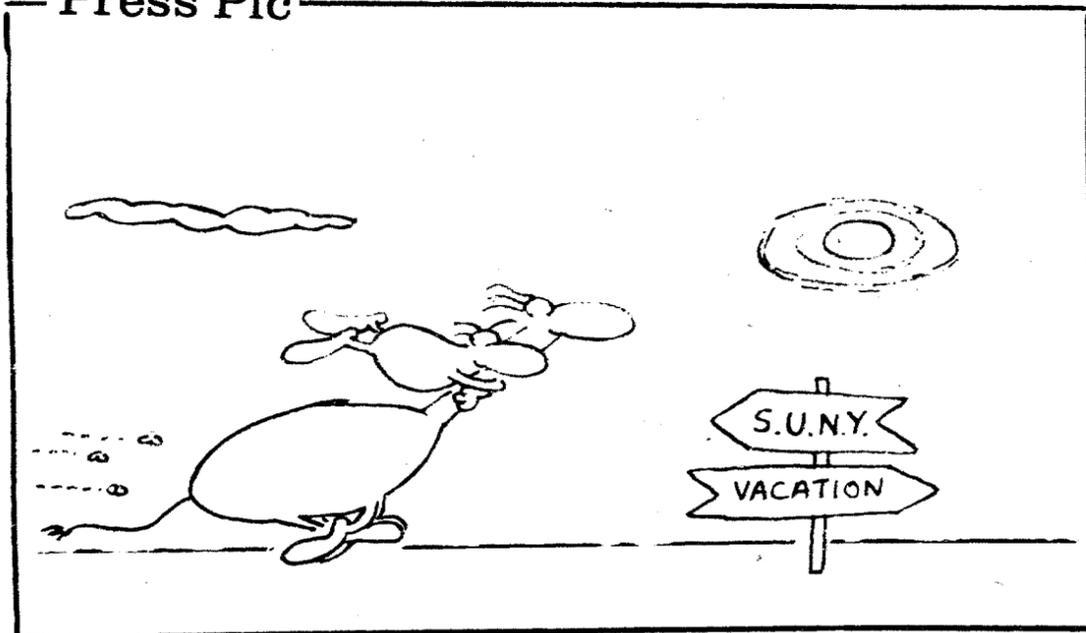
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Press Pic



Heating Systems Cold

No State Funds for Freezing Dorms

by Ron Ostertag

The hot water outages which residents of Roth Quad and Stage XII have become accustomed to occurred throughout Tabler Quad and part of Roth last weekend, with Gershwin college remaining cold for a week.

Mount and Cardozo Colleges in Roth Quad, along with all of Tabler Quad lost hot water last Friday but by Sunday night their mechanical systems were restored. Gershwin College in Roth Quad, however, lost hot water a week ago Wednesday, May 2, and did not see hot water until Tuesday.

According to a bulletin last Monday from Gary Matthews, Director Residential Physical Plant, Gershwin residents were informed: "We are attempting to obtain parts for the system and have been informed that it may take as long as one week to resume normal services." These parts, according to Matthews, were either "a gasket or a valve." Although hot water services was restored last Tuesday, he said those services are only temporary. That unit is still leaking, and "we are bypassing the normal system and hoping that it will hold until the end of the semester." "It probably won't," he added.

The heating system in Roth Quad, which converts high temperature steam from the Physical Plant to hot water through Taylor Steam Genera-



Gary Matthews, Director of Res. Physical Plant

tors, is, according to Matthews "now in a state of disrepair." The heating coils in those generators, whose leakages are the cause of mechanical system breakdowns, have been patched so many times that, as in the case of Gershwin, it is getting to the point that "This steam generator is on its last leg." To replace one generator, which many of the colleges in Roth, as well as some in Stage XII need, would cost \$25 to \$30 thousand dollars each. This

money, however, has not been allocated by the state.

Although allocations have been requested of the Dormitory Authority through SUNY Central for new generators for a number of years, no funds have come through. The Dormitory Authority recently advised Matthews to cut some minor rehabilitation and repair projects from recently awarded, dorm bond issue projects in order to buy a generator.

This seems according to Matthews, to be the only course to obtain a generator, although he is uncomfortable axing minor projects such as exterior doors and locks which can at times wait up to ten years for approval, but "a generator is at this time a priority." He therefore plans to purchase a generator, to be put either into Gershwin or Mount by next semester, and to keep the replaced one after repair as a spare for future breakdowns. With the one this fall he hopes to "squeak by."

By replacing each generator, one by one, said Matthews, "we are paying top dollar, since these are specially made—not a stock item." This would result in

"SUNY has a program of 'deferred maintenance'."

an eventual net cost of \$125 to \$150 thousand dollars, much of which could be saved were all of the generators purchased at once. He added "SUNY has a program of deferred maintenance...and there isn't enough money to upgrade present systems." The problem with the generators is not a new problem, "it is one we have anticipated for years, and we have been lobbying for funds." By next summer or fall he hopes that the Dormitory Authority "will be releasing long awaited funds," perhaps for some generators. That's the only hope for a cold future.

press photo by Haluk Soykan

Strained Relations

University Affairs Office Remains Vacant

by Ken Kruger

If you look at a Stony Brook phone book you'll find Fred Preston listed as Vice President for Student Affairs, Bob Francis as V.P. for Campus Operations and Carl Hanes as V.P. for Administration. But if you look up the Vice President for University Affairs you won't find anyone listed. No, this isn't another typical Stony Brook screw-up, there isn't a V.P. for University Affairs and there hasn't been one for over eight months.

In August 1983 Jim Black, Stony Brook's first and only V.P. for University Affairs resigned his office after announcing his departure in May.

"Initially there was some uneasiness about what would happen," said Denise Coleman, Director of Alumni Affairs.

University Affairs covers a more diverse field than any other V.P.'s office. Its divisions include Fund Raising, Publications, Public Affairs, News Services, Conferences and special events, and Alumni affairs. Because of this diversity, a V.P. is vital to provide an overview and to keep the divisions running together smoothly. The problem of a missing V.P. is only heightened under President Marburger's system of delegating significant authority to the V.P.s, which makes

them virtually autonomous over their own department. "The Vice Presidents meet with President Marburger every Monday and additionally the Vice President's Advisory Group meets once a week," explained Sally Flaherty, Assistant to the President. Flaherty also said that the President usually sees each V.P. individually once or twice a week. Under a system where the President retains more control, the loss of a V.P. would be much less critical.

Because of the need to have someone orchestrating University Affairs, Marburger appointed Denise Coleman as University Affairs coordinator until a new V.P. is chosen.

"President Marburger recognizes the need for someone in that position to tend to day to day problems," Flaherty continued, "There have been a lot of things going on and there's always a need for someone to coordinate public relations."

Flaherty also explained how the lack of a V.P. in University Affairs has affected the President's office. "We've become more involved in Vice Presidential business since Black's departure." As an example, Flaherty said that Marburger's office is currently arranging the schedule of a visiting dignitary, a task that would normally be taken care of by the V.P. of University

Affairs.

"I don't think the vacancy has caused any major problems," Flaherty said, "of course things would have run a lot more smoothly if a V.P. was present but it's hard to gauge the effect (of not having a V.P.). The main problem is there's a lack of initiative. University Affairs is in a holding pattern at present and you really can't tell what you've missed out on."



Ex-V.P. for University Affairs, Jim Black.

Denise Coleman, the present coordinator, also spoke of the problems caused by the lack of a V.P. "In Alumni Affairs, the only affect has been on the time that I can put into it. I can't give the same amount of attention to the Alumni Fund, for instance, but overall I don't think it's had that much of an affect," Coleman said.

In addition to her responsibilities as Alumni Affairs Director Coleman is filling in and meeting with the President and the V.P.s every week. "The Directors know their divisions well, but we need someone to make sure everyone is talking. Not having a Vice President hasn't seriously harmed us. We've all worked together and we have a very cohesive staff. But we do really need a V.P. We need someone who has the responsibility and the authority to oversee University Affairs and as we grow the need becomes more pressing."

Coleman stressed that the major problem in University Affairs is the lack of growth in Development, which handles fund raising from non-alumni sources such as corporations and foundations.

"This would be a top priority if we had a Vice President," Coleman said. At the present time Development has only one writer, who is currently on leave of

(continued on page 5)

press photo by Haluk Soykan

Polity wishes everyone a happy and productive summer. Thanks to your support we will present another year of programs and services.

1983-84 Council 1984-85 Council
David Gamberg . . . Rory "Hawkeye" Aylward
Barry Ritholtz Andy Weiss
Brian Kohn Brian Kohn
Belina Anderson Kim Parks
Jeremy Maline Danny Wexler
Eric Levine Eric Levine
Neal Drobenare Mike Naglieri

<p><i>Applications for SSAB Chairperson and Board Members and Softball Commissioner and Umpires are due May 21, 5 pm. Forms are available in Polity.</i></p>
<p><i>Applications for Summer Budget will be available early next week. Get them in early to insure funding.</i></p>

Controversy Over New Dean Univ Sen Votes to Suspend Position Search

by Ron Ostertag

A new administration position is being created at Stony Brook, a position which the University Senate last Monday voted to put on ice.

Candidates are currently being reviewed for Dean of Enrollment Management, a proposed director who would report to the Vice President for Student Affairs. This position was decided over a year ago with the creation then of an Enrollment Management system, a system which "when fully in place," according to Fred Preston, Vice President for University Affairs, "would be one of the most sophisticated" in the country.

This new dean was one of three positions that were reviewed by the University Senate, recently, and last Monday the Senate voted that the search for candidates be stopped for that position, as well as for an Assistant Vice President for Human Services. William Wiesner, President United University Professions and a member of the University Senate, commented "this is not the right time to be hiring a dean...an appropriate subcommittee should be looking into it." He also questioned "whether those resources are best put into such a position." Fred Preston however, sees this position as a priority, since it is essential to the Enrollment Management Division.

According to the position description of a Dean of Enrollment Management, the duties entail directing the operation of the Enrollment Management Division, which includes the departments of Undergraduate Admissions, New Student Programs, Registrar, and Health Science Center Student Services. The position, according to Preston, has two parts, "one concerning all of our Student Affairs operations," and the other "all other agencies, e.g. Institutional Studies, Undergraduate Studies, Bursars, etc."



Fred Preston, V.P. for Student Affairs

press photo by Haluk Soykan

What the new dean's position entails, as Preston stated, is to "keep a handle on the overall dynamics of Enrollment Management." Enrollment Management, he added, as a concept is "still very new in the U.S." Preston a few years ago brought in two top people in the country on Enrollment and Admissions, to evaluate Stony Brook's Admissions Office. Those consultants, Dr. John Maguire, Dean of Admissions, Records, and Financial Aid Boston College and Dr. Dierdre Ling, Vice Chancellor for Development University of Massachusetts at Amherst, recommended such changes as word processors which were purchased, and the new Dean. This Consultants Report was as of February, 1982, and the decision to hire such a Dean was made a year later.

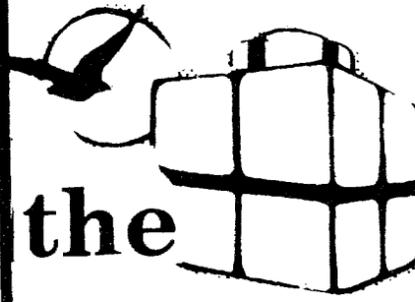
Special approval for the formation of such a position was given, according to Preston, by the Division of Budget. "A special arrangement was made," he said, "with their understanding that this is a priority."

If fully initiated, Stony Brook's Enrollment Management system would be very sophisticated, "by far the best SUNY," and with a maximum input one of the best in the country. This system, as outlined by Preston would have the input of two committees, unlike any other system. Part of the Management Division, those committees include the Undergraduate Enrollment Planning committee, chaired by Graham Spanier, Vice Provost Undergraduate Studies, and the Undergraduate Enrollment management Committee, which would implement

whatever the first committee proposed, chaired by a Dean of Enrollment Management. These two committees would form an integral part of the Enrollment Management Division, and with the annual fall enrollment review process they would reevaluate enrollment conditions with the Division.

Since there are problems, according to Preston, "due to no one seeing the whole picture," this Dean would be someone "to worry full time" about enrollment problems. This position is responsible for all of enrollment, "in terms of the system, and in terms of enrollment." The Senate, however, has voted the position down, because according to Wiesner it would cost from 70 to 80 thousand dollars to set up the position with a Secretary, desks, office, etc., and those resources are better spent elsewhere," with an already restricted budget.

Read



the

Press

University Affairs

(continued from page 3)

absence. Fund raising is being handled now by Coleman and President Marburger."

"Development is definitely under-sized," Coleman added, "There are private Universities half our size that have 80 people working in Development. President Marburger is involved in this but not on the scale of a Development staff. Stony Brook is known for its fast growth but Development hasn't kept up. It's the one piece University Affairs is lacking."

"It hasn't been easy but we haven't let down on the work," Jeanne Yablonski, Assistant to the V.P. said. "We've all had to assume a great deal of responsibility, Denise especially."

Anne Marie Scheidt, Director of Public Affairs, said "It's different without the leadership of a Vice President. All the Directors are extremely capable people who are doing an excellent job keeping their offices run-

ning, but it's difficult to get a broad view when you're responsible for your own division."

The University has been looking for a replacement since Jim Black announced his plans to leave but so far has been unsuccessful. The Search Committee is headed by Dr. Edward Bergofsky and includes Scheidt, who is the only employee from University Affairs on the committee, along with some faculty and student members, and is secretaried by Sally Flaherty.

The first time the committee accepted applications about 140 came in, out of which only a dozen strong candidates emerged. None were accepted. This February, the committee reopened the search. The deadline has passed and the initial 100 nominees have been reduced to a smaller group that includes several promising candidates, according to Flaherty. The committee hopes to fill the position by September 1.

Senate Votes to Give Freshmen Housing Priority

by Joe Caponi

Last Monday, the University Senate proposed that incoming freshmen be given housing priority over continuing undergraduates, in order to attract more and better students to the University.

In the text of the resolution, the Senate says, "It seems clear that the unavailability of guaranteed on campus housing is losing Stony Brook a significant number of freshmen and transfer students each year," and proposes, "Freshmen should be given priority for campus housing. If this change is made compatible with the President's initiative to phase out tripling, it will mean that fewer continuing students can be guaranteed housing. It will therefore have to be implemented carefully, probably over the course of a few years."

The measure was part of a larger proposal on admissions that passed the Senate "virtually unanimously," according to Senate President Joel Ros-

enthal.

According to Rosenthal, the proposal is "the Senate's recommendation to Administration on how to run administrative business," and had not been agreed upon previously with administration.

Nevertheless, similar suggestions were made in the University's Self Study report of this spring, which stated, "The Vice-President for Student Affairs should continue his efforts to find satisfactory housing for freshmen to improve their initial experience at the University, and should consider giving them first preference in choosing housing, even over more advanced undergraduates."

Recommendations of the University Senate are given over to President Marburger for his consideration, and according to Rosenthal, the President has not expressed his opinions on the measure yet.

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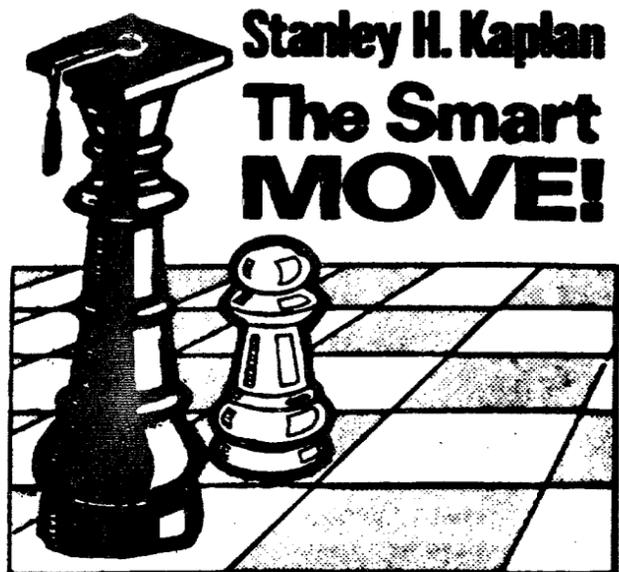
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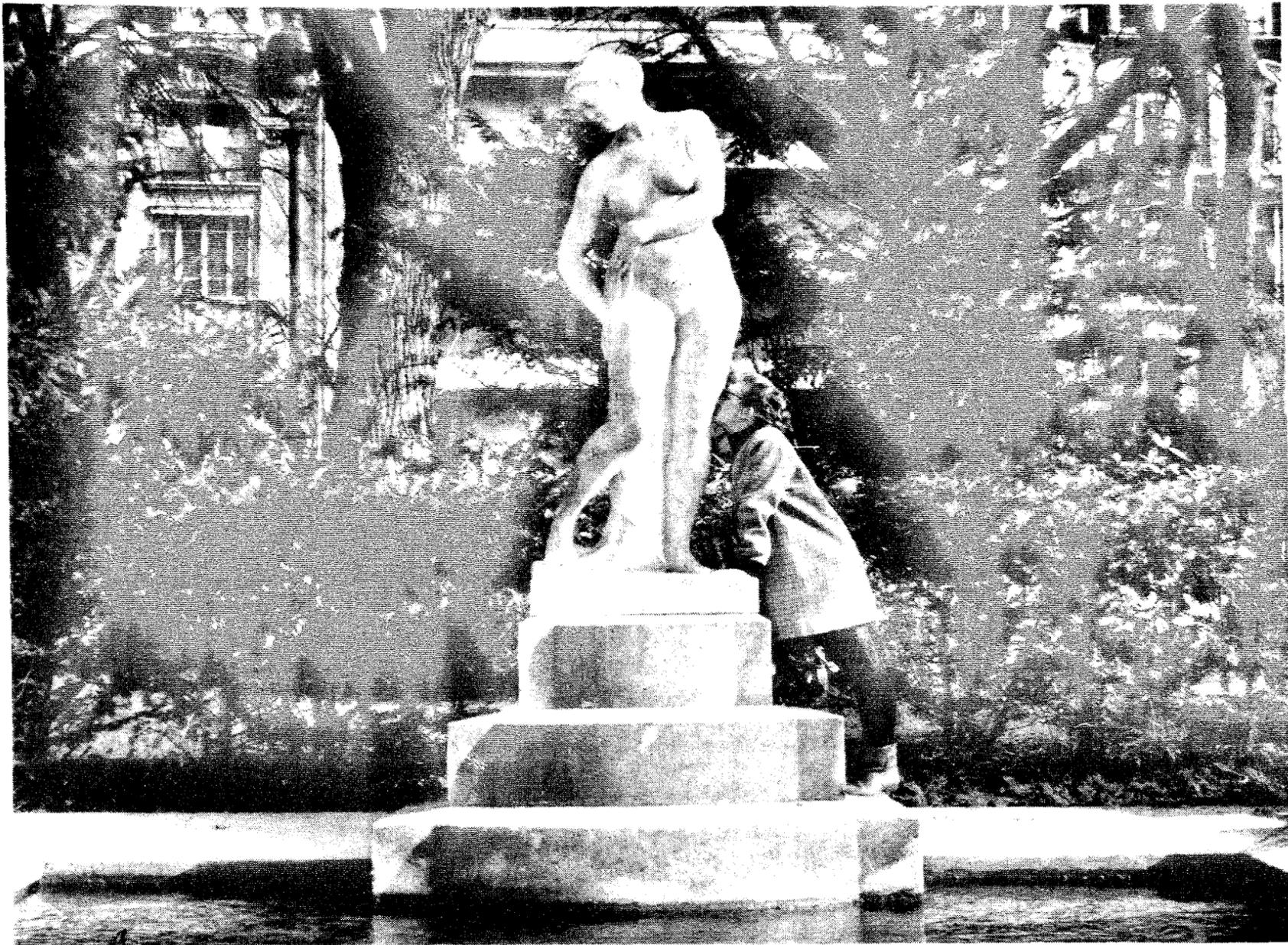


Photo by Brigitte d'Anjou

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photo by Haluk Soykan

Taking Your First Jump

by Rory Aylward

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

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

But only a few.

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

Don't you like yourself?

Don't other people like you?

Do you owe them alot of money?

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

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

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

"Get Out," Don yells, and the engine cuts as he helps you out onto



the strut. This leaves you hanging from the strut of an airplane, waiting ... for what?

"Go!" You probably won't hear

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

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

Trust me.

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

That's why you have a static line, a 15' rope that pulls your para-

chute open for you.

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

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

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

Most of parachuting is like that.

* * * * *

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

Now we'll talk about if. What if? You know what if. The big if. The what if. The one you read this article for. The one people instinctively connect to parachutes.

What if it doesn't open?

The parachute, that is.

It will.

But what if it doesn't?

Then you open the other one.

The reserve.

What if that doesn't open?

They always do.

But what if it doesn't?

Then you're a deader, a goner, you auger in, you're finished, YOU BOUNCE. Simple, case closed, no discussion.

But it simply will not happen.

* * * * *
This previous was excerpted from an article that appeared in the Press last summer. July 29 to be exact in a way it was kind of prophetic, since on Aug. 17, some nineteen days later my parachute didn't open.



Skydiving

Now, before you go ruling out skydiving completely, I should point out that I was jumping a high performance square canopy called a PARAFOL 252, and not a round PARACOMMANDER type student canopy. It would also seem pretty evident that, since you are reading this some nine month's later, I am none the worse for wear from my adventure.

In my experience, skydiving makes all other activities pedestrian by comparison. On my 23rd jump out of an airplane, I looked up to check my canopy, only to find that I didn't have one. Oh, there was something there, alright, but it wasn't a parachute, just a lump of nylon that wasn't slowing me down much at all.

Well, people react differently to different things and I would really be hard pressed to guess what another person might think or feel in a similar situation. My own reaction surprised me, in that I was more surprised than scared. This is sort of contradictory, since the reason behind my fear of jumping was that everytime I jumped I was sure the parachute wouldn't open. Then, when it didn't open, I was utterly astonished.

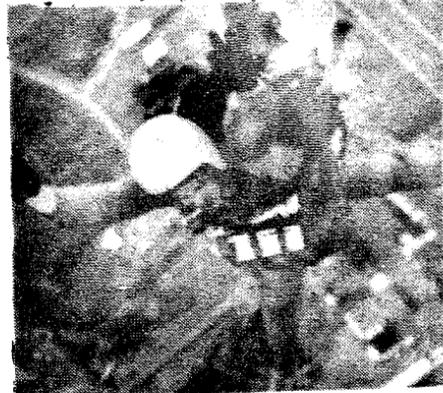
What surprised me even more was how calm I was, how clear my mind was working. I knew exactly what I had to do, and did it very calmly and quickly. I don't recall ever thinking so clearly. Although I knew I had little time (perhaps 14 seconds), it seemed as if I had a great deal of time. I'll spare you the technicalities, but, basically, I tried to clear the malfunction and, not getting any result, I easily made the only decision left open to me; I cut it away.

To perform a cutaway is not to produce a knife and begin sawing away at ones risers on suspension lines. Instead, parachutes are designed to be ejectable in time of crisis. The reason for cutting away your main is so there is nothing to foul your reserve when you dump it.

Unlike main parachutes, which have devices on them to reduce the shock of opening Reserve parachutes have only one function, and that is to open. Their performance is secondary to their reliability. In addition, the reserve can only be packed by a certified FAA parachute rigger, who must repack it every one hundred and twenty days, just to keep it from getting to comfortable in there.

It never occurred to me that the reserve parachute would not open. Never. If I did it would be pretty foolish to jump at all. You may have heard that skydiver's have a death wish, but this is not the case at all from what I have seen. I'm not at all sure why people skydive, but it isn't a death wish. If any thing, skydiving reaffirmed for me just how important my life is to me. "Well" you may ask (and rightly so), "if your life is so precious, why risk it by jumping out of perfectly good airplanes with a wad of nylon on your back?" The answer is I wish I knew. To date I have made 97 jumps and feel there is no chance of stopping any time in the near future. Someday I may be killed skydiving, but I seriously doubt it. In any case, better that than not pursuing something close to my heart out of fear. My life and perhaps, my death is tied in this thing called skydiving. But as Matt Farmer once said "there are many

ways to die. Many ways. You can be so afraid of dying that you can't live." The best thing to would seem to be just do what you want and let come what comes. A common belief among Skydivers is that you stand a better chance of getting killed driving to the airport than you do jumping. This was rather dramatically proved when the president of the Pioneer Parachute Company slammed his 280 Z into a bridge abutment a month ago. I have been in any number of close shaves both in and out of skydiving, and my only conclusion is that when your numbers up its up, so why make yourself unhappy and worse, bored by worrying about it.



I suppose it would be one thing if all this skydiving was taking place right down the block, but for myself and the other members of the club, it just isn't real skydiving if it doesn't require a three or four hour trip to get there. We are, and always will be affiliated with the North East Pennsylvania Ripcords, who jump in Hazleton, PA. This affiliation began in November 1982, when our previous drop zone at Gardiner, NY closed due to internal problems, and

we were recommended to Don Kellner, the leader of the Ripcords and the second most experienced jumper in the United States with almost 8,000 jumps. That Don is one of the best skydivers in the country would be reason enough to jump with him, but it goes beyond that. Hazleton has become a home away from home for us.

There are places to jump on the Island some forty minutes away, but I was out there for the first time last Sunday. As long as we could make the trip to Hazleton, why bother? As it turns out the Long Island Skydivers for the most part, a friendly helpless group. They also jump Wednesday nights over the summer, which is about as good as things get. Unfortunately this only applies to experienced jumpers with their own gear. The others will have to wait for the weekends. Which brings us to another point; Students can jump on Long Island but they pay through the nose for it. A first jump course with Don is only \$75, whereas up here you pay \$150. Worse than that, additional jumps are \$35, while in Hazleton the price remains \$17. for state line and \$12 for freefall. That price can't be touched anywhere around here.

If you would like to begin parachuting the easiest thing to do is to keep the weekend of June 2 and 3 open, since that is when we are planning our next first jump course. Feel free to call me at 246-4267 until the end of the term, and at the Polity office (6-3673) after that. If I'm not in leave your name, number and why you are calling. We will be jumping all summer, so you may as well join us!



by Joe Masset Continued on page 15.

TALES OF THE TIME-BEING

FEATURING: **SKA-BUTZ** THE WORLD'S MOST DEPENDABLE SUPER-HERO!



THIS IS THE EVIL TIME LORD TNNAGG WHO SILENTLY PLOTS THE DOWNFALL OF ALL MANKIND FROM HIS THRONE AT THE CENTER OF TIME

HEY, CHARLIE - YOU SURE THOSE WELDS ARE GONNA HOLD TILL WE CAN GET SOME RIVETS UPHERE?

AT HIS SIDE IS HIS PET, THE EVIL AND VICIOUS TIME-BEING, WHO WAITS WITH INHUMAN PATIENCE FOR SOMEONE TO SPEAK HIS NAME - THE NAME THAT OPENS THE DIMENSIONAL DOOR, ALLOWING THE TIME-BEING TO HUNT AND BUGGER MANKIND.

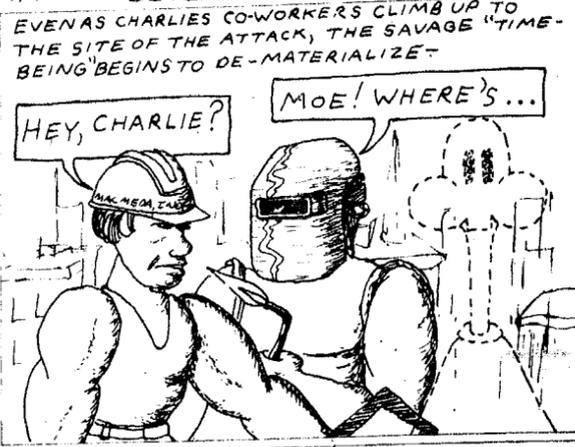
YEAH, THEY'LL BE OKAY FOR THE TIME BEING.

PIMT!



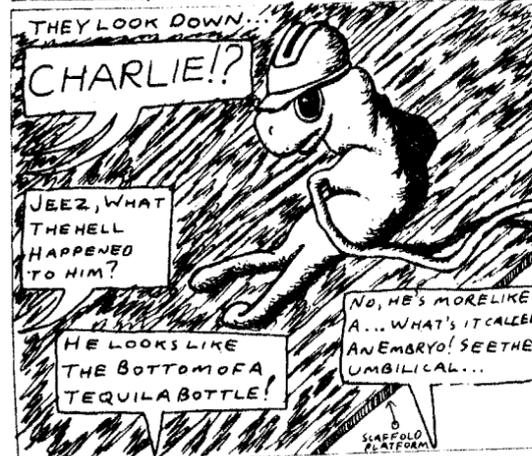
HEY, CHARLIE, YOU JUST SAY "PIMT"?

THUT!



HEY, CHARLIE?

MOE! WHERE'S...



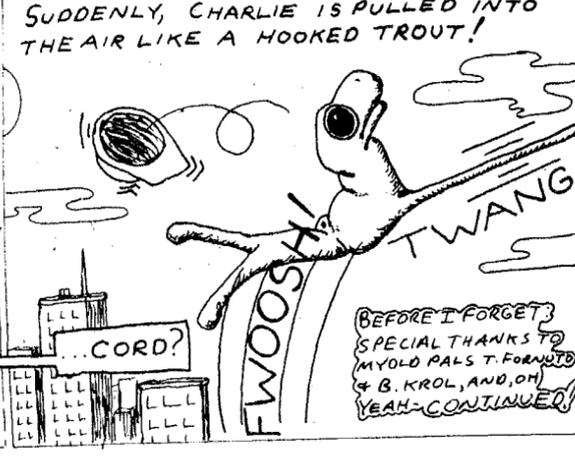
THEY LOOK DOWN...

CHARLIE!?

JEEZ, WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE LOOKS LIKE THE BOTTOM OF A TEQUILA BOTTLE!

NO, HE'S MORE LIKE A... WHAT'S IT CALLED AN EMBRYO! SEE THE UMBILICAL...



SUDDENLY, CHARLIE IS PULLED INTO THE AIR LIKE A HOOKED TROUT!

WOOSH TWANG

BEFORE I FORGET SPECIAL THANKS TO MY OLD PALS T. FORMYD & B. KROL, AND, OH, YEAH - CONTINUED!

ENTER SKA-BUTZ!

CUT TO: WELTSCMERTZ FORTRESS - HOME & H.Q. OF SKA-BUTZ (PRONOUNCED SKAH-BOOTZ) SCIENTIST, TIME LORD, AND... THE WORLD'S MOST DEPENDABLE SUPER-HERO! THE PHONE RINGS - AT THE OTHER END IS A PANIC-STRIKEN CONSTRUCTION WORKER.

SKA-BUTZ INCORPORATED, HELLO?

P.I.T. (BABY!)

NO, THIS ISN'T HIM, YOU DRIP - YOU THINK SKA-BUTZ ANSWERS HIS OWN PHONE? THIS IS HIS ASSISTANT, "SHANG" WHAT'S UP? HMMM... I SEE...

SHANG, SKA-BUTZ'S BEST FRIEND, STUDENT, AND, FOR ALL PURPOSES, (EXCEPT ONE) OFFICIAL RIGHT HAND.



YEP, THAT'S SURE SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF THE "TIME-BEING". WHAT'S A TIME-BEING? IT'S A DIMENSIONAL ENTITY CAPABLE OF UNFIXING THE TIME SENSE OF ANYTHING IT ATTACKS - MAKING IT OLDER, YOUNGER (IN YOUR PAL'S CASE, MUCH YOUNGER), OR EVEN ALTER IT TO THE FORM OF A SIMILAR THING FROM HISTORY OR THE FUTURE. LUCKILY, THE TIME-BEING CAN ONLY ENTER THIS PLANE WHEN IT HEARS ITS NAME, WHICH IS "TIME-BEING". IT USUALLY ATTACKS THE SOURCE OF THE UTTERANCE.

WELL, I CAN SAY "TIME-BEING" WITH NO ILL EFFECTS BECAUSE THIS FORTRESS IS TIME-SHEILOED - THE TIME-BEING CAN'T GET IN HERE. LISTEN: TIME-BEING! TIME-BEING!

TIME-BEEING!

SEE?

MEANWHILE, AT MOE'S END...

YEAH, GREAT, SMARTASS. NOW IF I WERE YOU, I'D GET OVER HERE -

PHONE

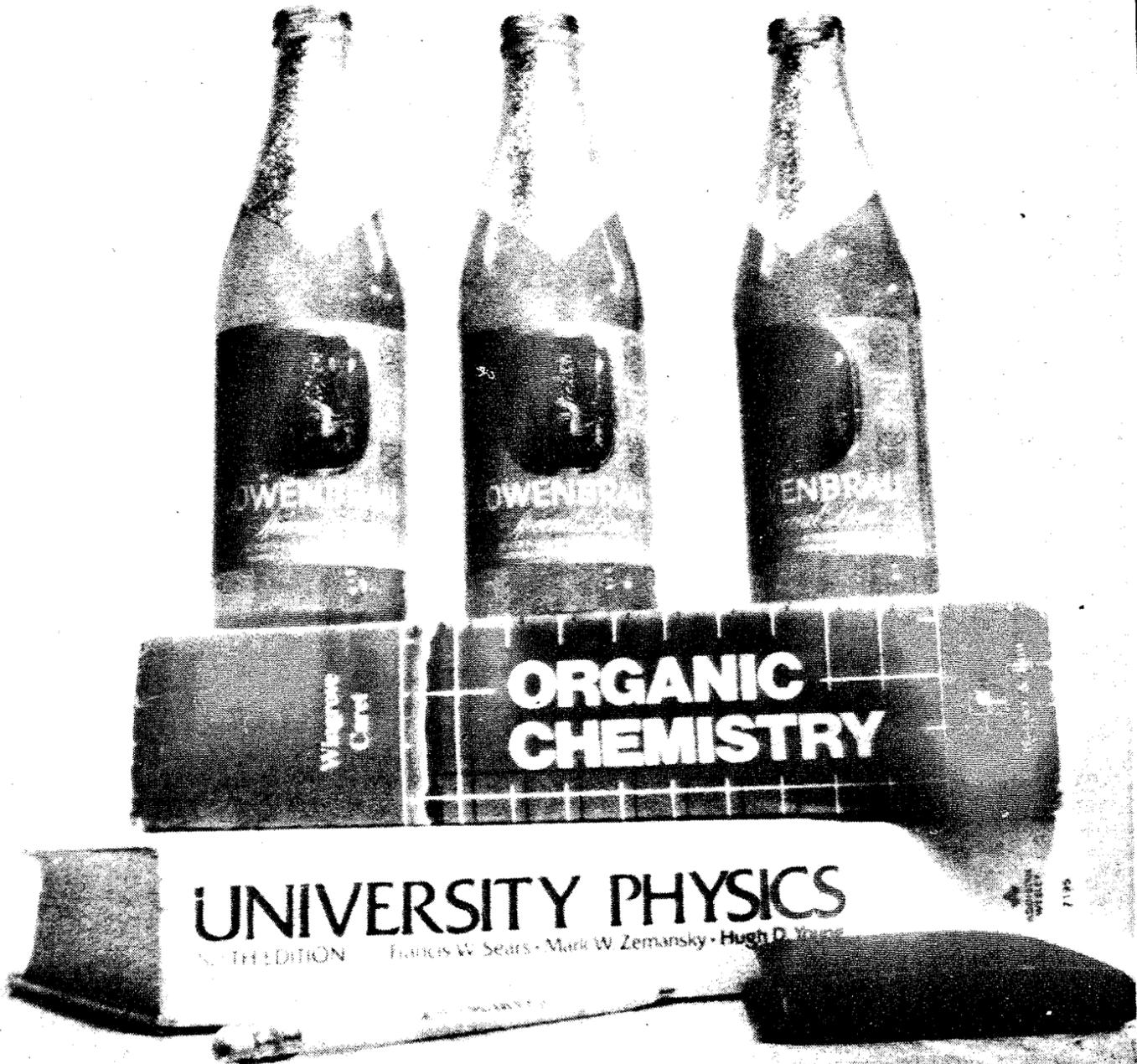
PHONE

QUICK!

CONT'D!

TIME-BEING

BEER BEER BEER BEER BEER
BEER BEER BEER BEER BEER



BEER
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BEER
BEER

21:
State Assembly
Gov Cuomo

Stony Brook
Pubs

BEER
BEER
BEER
BEER
BEER
BEER

Stony Brook: The Beer In Review

As finals week approaches, we all find ourselves studying more. After spending many hours in the Library what better way to relax could there be than having a few beers at a local campus pub. On Monday night some of the Press staff and I met in the Union and started our beer review. Here's an account of what happened.

Each establishment reviewed was given a rating of zero to four kegs based on type of establishment, service, price, quality of beer, and atmosphere. Opinions of the Press staff have been taken into consideration along with my own feelings.

Union Deli

The first place we went to was the Union Deli. The Deli, which is run by DAKA, stocks a wide selection of imported and domestic beer ranging in price from \$2.65/six for Schaefer to \$7.40/six for Bass Ale. Domestic beer such as Budweiser and Michelob are \$3.89/six while imported brands such as Beck's (Light and Dark), Molson and Moosehead are \$5.45/six. All prices exclude tax and deposit.

The Deli also has Stroh's, a beer which became available in New York about a month ago. Stroh's tastes best in bottles and on tap. Don't try it from a can—you won't be impressed with it. It has a slight Pabst flavor but is very smooth. I recommend it as a cheaper alternative to Bud. At the Deli it's \$3.25/six plus tax and deposit.

After much debate, the Press staff and I decided to try two brands I've never had before: Schlitz Ma It Liqueur (\$1.70/24 oz. can) and Break, which is brewed by Christian Schmidt (75¢/bottle). Schlitz tastes like Piel's but is slightly heavier. Break, brewed at half-strength for those who don't like to get too buzzed when they drink, is really bad. The rest of the Press staff agreed. Schlitz is definitely the better of the two.

One last point about the Deli is that you can't drink Deli beer in the Union. If you do, a green shirted building manager will ask you to either discharge it or leave. So keep it hidden and you'll have no problem.

Rainy Night House

The quest for the best beer drinking spot then led us to the SCOOP-run Rainy Night House located in the Union basement. My bartender, Joyann, told me the most popular beer at RNH is Piel's. Since that was the case, Piel's is what I bought.

At \$2.00/pitcher, Piel's is the best thing about RNH. Pitcher prices increase steadily: Michelob, \$3.15; Molson, \$4.70; and Beck's Dark, \$5.15. Bottled beers range in price from \$1.05 for Michelob Light to \$1.45 for Heineken. The bartender refused to comment about the prices or anything else, telling me to "read the signs."

The entertainment was a pseudo-60's female vocalist who was too loud, making the atmosphere definitely not conducive to drinking beer. Since we weren't enjoying ourselves, I decided to ask others why they were here. Suzanne Morrissey and Sheila O'Brien of Benedict College said they came to RNH because "it's the cheapest place to drink."

I couldn't disagree with them on that point so they only time I would recommend the Rainy Night House, is if you are unusually low on cash.

Bowling Alley

The least known place where beer is served is the FSA Bowling Alley. For 75¢ you can get cans of Bud, Bud Light, or Miller Light out of the beer machine. That's not a bad price for these beers. Service is also good. Dan Hank from our group said that he likes this

place best because "the machine can't talk back to you!"

End of the Bridge

The only other place to get beer in the Union is upstairs at the DAKA-run End of the Bridge. The music at EOB is more often disco than rock and the volume of it is at a level such that you can't hear what the person next to you is saying. On weekends (Thursday, Friday, and Saturday) a DJ provides dance music and there is a cover charge of \$1.00 for students and \$2.00 for non-students. On weekends the EOB is crowded. This makes the bar area more congested, sometimes so much that a 15 minute wait for a beer is required. Therefore you should buy many at a time.

On the night we went, my bartender, John, poured my a Tuborg and told me of EOB's tap beers. Tuborg is 75¢/glass and \$2.50/pitcher. Bud Light is also priced 75¢/glass but is \$3.50/pitcher. Beck's costs \$1.00/glass and \$4.00/pitcher.

The only problem here is that "a glass" is really a 7 ounce paper cup. Suddenly the tap prices aren't that good. The Bowling Alley is a better buy with their 12 ounce cups. However, the cheap Tuborg pitcher is still an attractive purchase.

The EOB features an "Attitude Adjustment Hour" which is DAKA talk for four Happy Hours put together daily from four to eight pm. Specials include 50¢ tap beers, and Tuborg, Bud Light, and Beck's pitchers at \$2, \$3, and \$3.50 respectively. Bottled beers are always \$1.50 for domestic and \$2 for imported brands.

Graduate Student Lounge

I left the Union with the Press staff and proceeded to Old Chem to sample the wide variety of imported beers available at the Graduate Student Organization Lounge. Last Monday The Lounge featured three tap beers. Bud was 25¢/glass and \$3.25/pitcher; Beck's was twice the cost of Bud; and Guinness Stout cost \$1.75/glass and \$7.25/pitcher. The Lounge has 26 different imported bottle beers priced from \$1.40 to \$2.00.

As the bartender Jim mixed a pitcher of half Becks and half Guinness (the light beer always goes in first) he told me that business is increasing as finals drew nearer. Sophomore Sean Buckley of James College who was here with friends gave a very good reason as to why this was happening. "I just had a final today so we had a few pitchers. I'm very relaxed now," he said.

Relaxed is a word which describes the atmosphere at The Lounge. They play rock, mellow rock, and jazz music. Heavy metal and disco are never heard there. The lighting is dim but still bright enough to play darts and see across the room without any problems. The clientele is about one-half graduate and one-half undergraduate according to employee Peggy Wilson. "But the graduate students are more often the regulars," she added.

After speaking with Lounge employees and patrons, I noticed the absence of the Press staff. I had to find them because they had the pitcher which Jim had mixed earlier. I found them drinking in the hallway. They said some drunk and stupid patrons (later identified as people who lost in the Polity elections last month) were being quite rude and annoying the backroom.

I really like to drink at The Lounge, and loud obnoxious people are rarely found there normally. Nevertheless, like any other place, you take your chances.

Whitman Pub

The last leg of our journey; was a trek to Roth Quad where FSA's Whitman Pub is located. The Pub is a split-level beer and wine bar in the basement of

Whitman College. The bar is located on the upper level. Tables, video games, and a foosball game are on the lower level.

The Whitman Pub has a simple atmosphere with an emphasis on popular music and cheap beer. If the Whitman Pub had a little more character, it would be like the old James Pub, my favorite drinking spot on campus during my freshman and sophomore years. I suppose that's why I like going to Whitman a few times a semester.

Whitman Pub's most popular beer is Bud, according to Bruce, the Pub's manager. This is because of the daily special at Whitman: quarter Buds (9 ounces) from ten to eleven pm. Regular prices for both of Whitman's tap beers, Bud and Stroh's, are 75¢/12 ounce glass and \$3.50/pitcher. Bottled beers range from \$1 for Tuborg to \$1.50 for Heineken and Guinness Stout.

As a service to readers I am reporting a good special occurring this Thursday at Whitman Pub. If you bring your own pitcher you can get it filled with Bud for only \$2.75. Bruce said the pitcher should be a "reasonable size."

Lastly, I would like to mention that out of all the places visited on Monday, Whitman Pub was the only place that eventually bought up a pitcher. This did not affect our review.

Cheers!

Cuomo and 21

by Troy Oechsner
SASU Communications Intern

Governor Cuomo renewed efforts to pass a proposed 21 year old drinking age bill in the State Legislature last week, according to Hope Giesler, Student Association of the State University (SASU) Legislative Director. "Working with State Agencies, a handful of legislators, and independent groups, Cuomo has targeted the Senate Investigations Committee to release the bill," Giesler said.

A major boost to the "Pro-21" campaign came last week when the Division of Alcohol and Alcohol Abuse released 1983 statistics on alcohol-related accidents; fatalities in auto crashes involving 18 year old drinking drivers have dropped 42% and all alcohol-related injuries have been cut by 25%, state officials said.

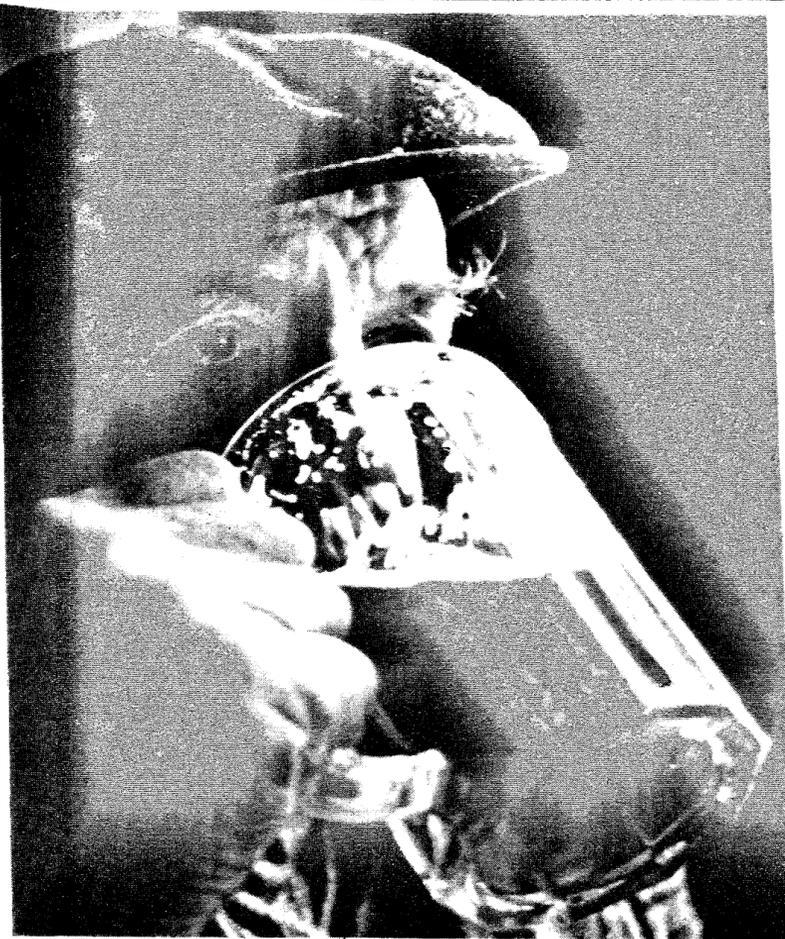
Supporters of the 21 year old drinking age said the figures would greatly help the proposed legislation because 1983 was the first year to see New York's drinking age increased from 18 to 19. "You have to be deaf, dumb, and blind not to be convinced that raising the drinking age to 21 will result in significantly decreasing the number of deaths and injuries," said Senator Frank Padavan (R-Queens), a sponsor of the proposed legislation.

In addition to an intensive media campaign accompanying the Division of Alcohol's statistics, independent groups, including Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD) and the Parent Teachers Association (PTA) have been stepping up lobbying efforts in the Legislature.

Accordingly, the Senate Investigations Committee has renewed discussions about whether to recommend the bill be voted on by the Senate; the committee should decide within the next week, according to an aide with committee member Senator Mary Goodhue.

"It's crucial that students call and write their Senators immediately," said SASU President Jim Tierney. "We've got them on the run," he continued, "now we have to put this bill away." (see list)

The Assembly Committees reviewing the proposed 21 year old drinking age recommended against its passage and did not reach the floor of that House (see next article, page 14)



In the dead of winter when the wind is howling and the earth is covered with snow, the student turns to the warmth and strength of his room. The weather is horrid but without fail our hero treks through the snow to his favorite deli to buy a sixpack in the hope of returning to the coziness of his room with the celebrated liquid. But he can't resist the temptation of that golden elixir coating his throat and warming his heart. So he decides to open one of his sacred nectars for the pilgrimage back to his room. But as he reaches into the brown bag with the expectation of grasping a magical brew he is awakened with the pain of cold aluminum can permanently attached to his hand. He cries out in an-

guish, "GOD SAVE ME!!!" The screams are heard by none for no one else has the same strength or courage to battle the elements. He rolls over in pain, staring at the sky, begging for salvation, but low on the horizon are flashing reds and yellows. "The savior is coming," he thinks to himself. But now blazing through the snow is a suburban jeep coming to the rescue with the power of 4-wheel drive. The saviors clad in brown are not monks or United Parcel men but Public Safety officers armed with stainless steel pens and ready at hand the doctrine of University Regulations and Codes. He looks up in hope and says "I'm saved from death," only to be handed a summons for open alcohol in public.

BEER BEER
BEER BEER

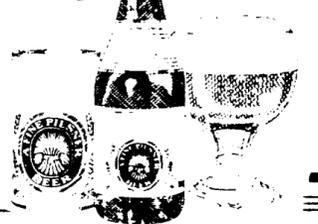
BEER BEER BEER
BEER BEER BEER

End of the Bridge

CONGRATULATIONS!!
GRADS OF '84!

1
Free
Beer
!!!!

Have A Beer
On Us!



Located In The Student Union
Building On The Second Floor.
Call 246-5139 For Further Info.

Viewpoints on 21

Assembly Committee Downs Bill

by Troy Oechsner

SASU Communications Intern

Two New York State Assembly Committees overwhelmingly condemned a 21 year old drinking age as a method for reducing DWI accidents on Tuesday, May 8.

"We in the Assembly believe that if the public knew of the effects of this proposal (the 21 year old drinking age increase) they would be against it also," said Assemblyperson Vincent J. Graber, Chair of the Assembly Committee on Transportation.

The Assembly Committee on Transportation and Sub-Committee on Drunk Driving submitted the joint report to Assembly Speaker Stanley Fink. The report was the result of months of investigations, testimony, and research.

The committee report began by noting that the 21 year old drinking age is a very "political issue"; it also acknowledged that the under 21 age group is overrepresented in the total DWI accident rate.

The report, however, cited six general points against the 21 year old drinking age as an effective deterrent to DWI. The six points were as follows:

1) Long term efforts at curbing the DWI accident rate, such as stricter laws and enforcement are by far the most effective for all age groups, especially the under 21 bracket. The New York State Legislature has been stepping up these measures over the last several years; in fact, the report concluded, that a significant decline in the under 21 DWI accident rate has been a trend predating the increase in the purchase age to 19. Thus, a decrease in the DWI accident rate can be attributed more probably to long term efforts and not to the 19 year old drinking age.

2) The evidence used by those advocating an increase in the drinking age to 21 is often "flawed." The report cites numerous examples where pro-21 statistics were "overly optimistic, even misleading." One such incident cited by the report was Governor Cuomo's 1984 Message to the Legislature where he claimed an increase in the drinking age to 21 would save 75 lives. This is totally unrealistic, according to the report, because New York State would need a 75% decrease in DWI accidents under the age of 21. In actuality, when the purchase age was increased to 19 there was only a 28% decrease in DWI accidents, and that was mostly attributable to other factors such as stricter enforcement.

3) 21 proponents projected figures ignore the impact of those who continue to drink and drive illegally.

They overlook the fact that a 25% success rate equals a 75% failure rate. In other words, even though Cuomo purports a 25% decrease in 18-19 year old DWI accidents in 1983, there is still another 75% who were still able to obtain alcohol, drink it, and drive illegally. The obvious conclusion is that a 21 year old drinking age would not affect the vast majority of youthful DWI offenders who will drink and drive illegally anyway.

4) Many states which have raised their drinking age have experienced no change or an increase in accident and fatality data among the affected population. For example, for every Michigan which experienced a decrease in their DWI accident rate after a drinking age hike, there was a Montana or Massachusetts which experienced an increase in DWI accidents. Others such as Maine, Illinois, Iowa, and Florida showed no significant change in DWI accidents after a raise in the drinking age.

5) A drinking age increase would discriminate against women and non-drivers. Currently, 38% of all 20 year olds and 44% of all 19 year olds in New York State have no drivers license. And the accident rate among 19 and 20 year old women is lower than that of all male age groups. The report did support legislation which would revoke any DWI offender under the age of 21 until that person turned 21. Likewise, the committees approved a bill to ensure that younger drivers are the first to picture I.D.s on their driver's licenses. According to SASU's Legislative Director, Hope Giesler, both bills are expected to pass this year.

6) There has not been sufficient time to evaluate the

impact of the increase in the drinking age to 19. The committee concluded that drinking age hike cannot be isolated from other anti-DWI efforts. Also, other states have shown an initial decline which was followed by a slow but steady rise to previous DWI accident levels.

Interestingly, the Senate Investigations Committee adjourned for the week the day after the Assembly report was released, presumably to study it, said Student Association of the State University (SASU) Organizing Director, Steve Wagner.

"We whole-heartedly support the Assembly's findings on the 21 year old drinking age issue," said Wagner. "It's nice to know that SASU's research and testimonies were right on target and really had an impact," he continued.

Wagner stressed the need for students to call, write, and visit their Senators, particularly those in the Investigations Committee (see list). "It's time to kill 21 once and for all," concluded Wagner.

Why such varied experiences? The report concluded that other variables, such as the unemployment rate, had a significant effect in some states. Also, many states with increased DWI accident rates relied on the drinking age hike as the sole or primary deterrent to drunk driving. Geographic location, too, was found to be an important factor; states bordering lower drinking age states had higher DWI accident rates as underage persons drove across state lines to purchase alcohol. New York, for example, shares a long border with Canada, Massachusetts, and Vermont, all of which have drinking ages under 21.

Stop 21 Continues
Call these members of the Senate Investigations Committee
Tell them your name, where you are from, and that you
oppose the proposed 21 year old drinking age.
Let them know you hope the Committee votes it down and
you will be watching to see how they vote.
Be forceful but polite.

★ SENATE INVESTIGATIONS COMMITTEE ★

NAME	PARTY/DISTRICT...	LOCAL PHONE	ALBANY PHONE
Chair - Roy Goodman	R-37th	(212)587-5563	(518)455-3411
Caezar Trunzo	R-3rd	(516)360-6546	(518)455-2471
Mary Goodhue	R-37th	(914)241-2541	(518)455-3111
Abraham Bernstein	D-33rd	(212)231-1700	(518)455-2691
John Calandra	R-34th	(212)792-6331	(518)455-2631
John Marchi	R-24th	(212)447-1723	(518)455-3215

— Viewpoint

Governor's Panel Disagrees

by James Tierney
 SASU President

The New York State Division of Alcoholism and Alcohol Abuse recently released a study which purported that the recent raise in the state's legal drinking age to 19 had a "dramatic" impact on 18 year old involvement in DWI incidents. Based on this data the Division concluded that New York State's legal drinking age should be raised again--this time to 21.

The study, released too late in the legislative session to allow for a thorough examination forged an unofficial link between the Division and Governor Cuomo in a publicity campaign aimed at pressuring the legislature into passing the bill this session. New Yorkers may no longer expect objectivity from that state agency on this issue.

Instead, we may now expect a series of bias and incomplete statements which expose one side of a multi-faceted issue. The latest Division of Alcohol report is not new; it merely perpetuates the Ex-

ecutive Department practice of ignoring evidence contrary to their own.

Facts disregarded by the study include:

1) 99.5% of all 18, 19 and 20 year olds were never involved in alcohol-related incidents--before or after the 19 year old purchase age. This refutes those who would have legislators and the public believe that the majority of young adults drink and drive irresponsibly.

2) The rate of DWI accidents increased substantially for the 15 and 23 year old age brackets following the passage of the 19 year purchase age. This disproves the argument that there is a direct correlation between the purchase age and the rate of DWI accidents. The Division of Alcohol chose to ignore this fact in their study.

3) The Division of Alcohol cites a 15% reduction in 18 year old DWI/DWAI arrests as a result of the 19 year old purchase age. The datum ignored in this case was that the number of 18 year olds holding drivers licenses decreased by 5% from the previous year.

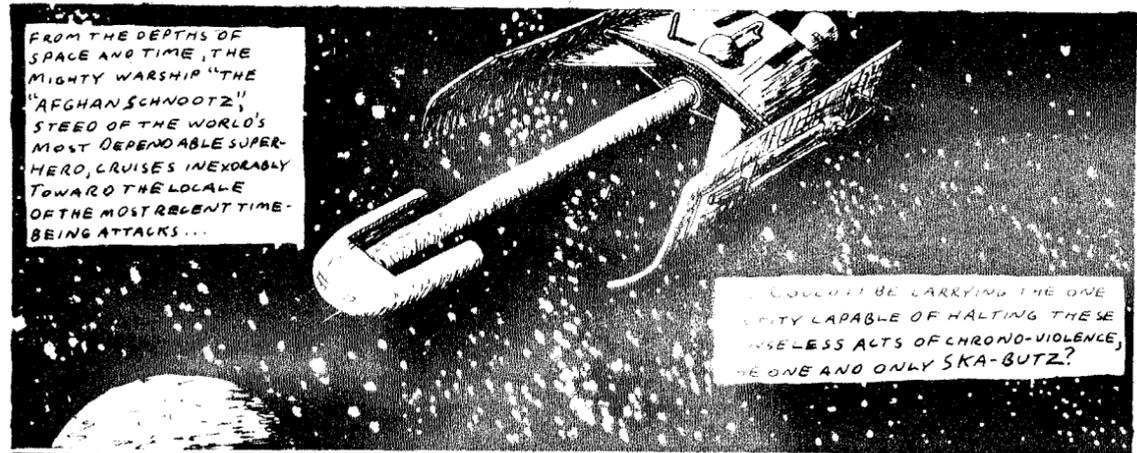
Additionally, due to stricter DWI laws, the number of arrests for DWI and DWAI decreased in virtually every age category. Given the combination of these two facts, the reduction in arrest for the 18 year age group was actually insignificant. The data shows, rather, that 85% of those who would drive while intoxicated would also illegally obtain alcohol.

The Division of Alcohol and the Governor would have New Yorkers believe that raising the drinking age will solve New York's DWI problem. Yet they disregard the perpetuation of this crime by those over the age of 21. Nothing in the proposed legislation will encourage those over 21 to obey the law.

Prohibition was ineffective; it is clear that "selective prohibition" would be as futile. The answer lies in strict enforcement of correct laws and education, among other substantial approaches. The passage of the 21 year old drinking age would leave the vast majority of drunk drivers untouched, uneducated, and unrehabilitated.

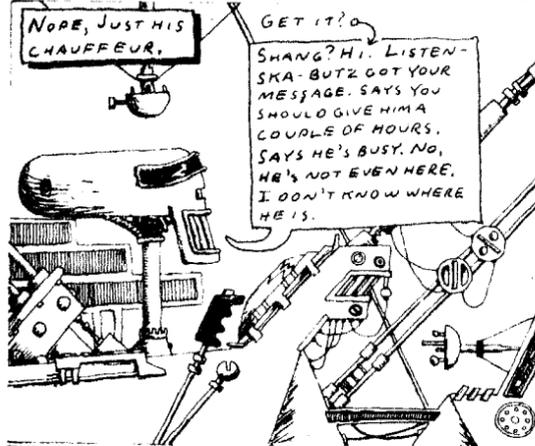
TIME-BEINGS

Continued from page 10.



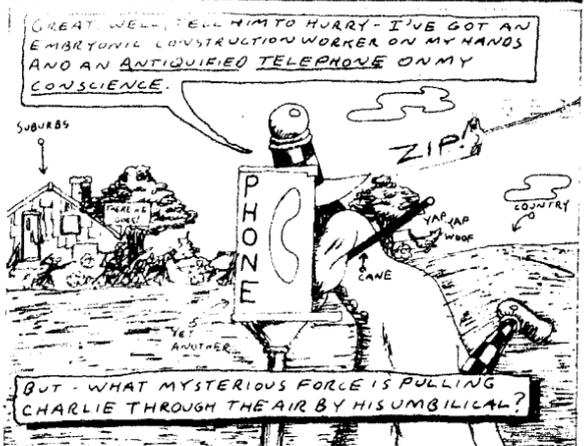
FROM THE DEPTHS OF SPACE AND TIME, THE MIGHTY WARSHIP "THE AFGHAN SCHNOOTZ" STEED OF THE WORLD'S MOST DEPENDABLE SUPER-HERO, CRUISES INEXORABLY TOWARD THE LOCALE OF THE MOST RECENT TIME-BEING ATTACKS...

COULDN'T BE CARRYING THE ONE ENTITY CAPABLE OF HALTING THESE USELESS ACTS OF CHRONO-VIOLENCE, HE ONE AND ONLY SKA-BUTZ?



NOPE, JUST HIS CHAUFFEUR.

GET IT? SHANG? HI. LISTEN SKA-BUTZ GOT YOUR MESSAGE. SAYS YOU SHOULD GIVE HIM A COUPLE OF HOURS. SAYS HE'S BUSY. NO, HE'S NOT EVEN HERE. I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS.

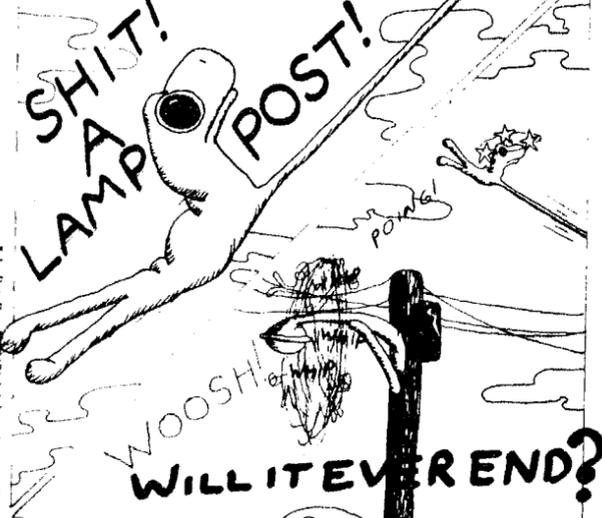


GREAT. WELL, TELL HIM TO HURRY - I'VE GOT AN EMBRYONIC CONSTRUCTION WORKER ON MY HANDS AND AN ANTIQUATED TELEPHONE ON MY CONSCIENCE.

BUT WHAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE IS PULLING CHARLIE THROUGH THE AIR BY HIS UMBILICAL?

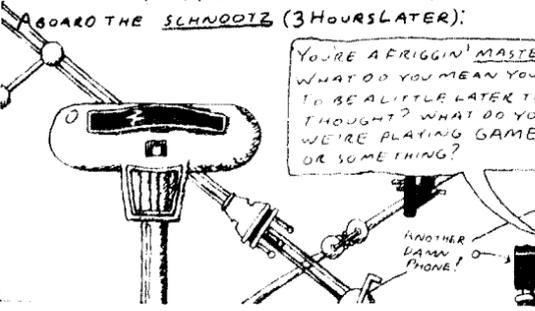


JEEZ! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS SHIT?



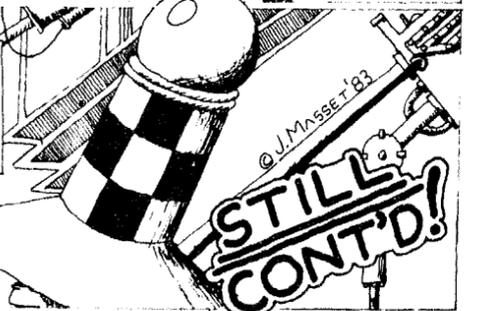
SHIT! LAMP POST!

WILL IT EVER END?



ABOARD THE SCHNOOTZ (3 HOURS LATER):

YOU'RE A FRIGGIN' MASTER OF TIME. WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO BE A LITTLE LATER THAN YOU THOUGHT? WHAT DO YOU THINK, WE'RE PLAYING GAMES HERE OR SOMETHING?



STILL CONT'D!



HELLO. I AM ODELFITZ - THE NORSE SUBSTITUTE GOD. SOMETIMES ODIN GETS TIRED OF PEOPLE CALLING FOR HIS WRATH OR BLESSINGS, SO HE CALLS FOR ME TO STAND IN.

JOE ASKED ODIN (AND ODIN SUBSEQUENTLY ASKED ME) TO NARRATE THIS PART OF THE SAGA OF SKA-BUTZ VS. THE TIME BEING. THE STORY DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS...

PART I: I SENT SKA-BUTZ'S CHAUFFEUR TO CHARLIE'S MUM'S HOUSE TO APOLOGIZE FOR SKA-BUTZ'S UNCHARACTERISTIC TARDINESS. (READ THE STRIP DOWN & NOT ACROSS - JUST PRETEND THAT YOU'RE CHINESE.)

PART II: MEANTIMES, I SENT SHANG TO AMSTERDAM (CIRCA 1600) TO SEARCH FOR SKA-BUTZ. I HAD A HUNCH HE'D BE THERE.



HALP!

HE WAS A BIT TOO LATE -

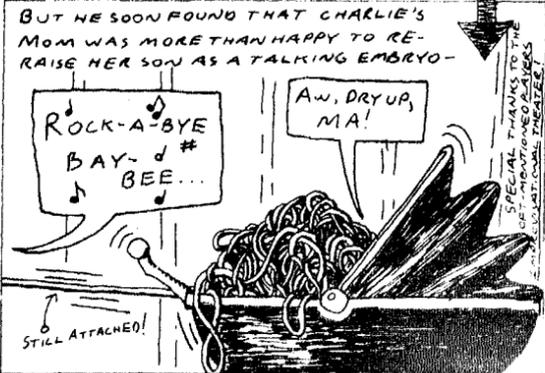


LOOK FAMILIAR?

NEIN.

DON'T THINK IT WOULD.

HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK -



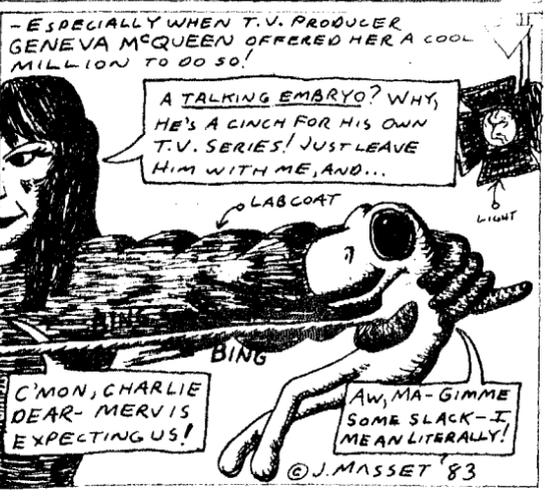
BUT HE SOON FOUND THAT CHARLIE'S MOM WAS MORE THAN HAPPY TO RE-RAISE HER SON AS A TALKING EMBRYO -

ROCK-A-BYE BAY-BEE... AW, DRY UP, MA!



BUT HE HAD ONE HELL OF AN EFFECT UPON THE DUTCH PEOPLE -

REALLY, MISTER? A HOUSE PAINT NAMED AFTER ME?! HEY, SHANG! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY UNCLE! I'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THAT DON QUIXOTE FELLOW - I HAVEN'T FOR THE WARNING! TAKE ME OUT TONIGHT! I'LL EVEN PAY FOR MY OWN TICKET!



- ESPECIALLY WHEN T.V. PRODUCER GENEVA McQUEEN OFFERED HER A COOL MILLION TO DO SO!

A TALKING EMBRYO? WHY, HE'S A CINCH FOR HIS OWN T.V. SERIES! JUST LEAVE HIM WITH ME, AND... C'MON, CHARLIE DEAR - MERVIS IS EXPECTING US! AW, MA - GIMME SOME SLACK - I MEAN LITERALLY!



- NOT TO MENTION UPON DUTCH ART!

...SPOILS TO REMEMBER, THE GUILD OF THE CLOTH GUILD, THE ORDER OF DUTCH MASTERS, AND ART FANS EVERYWHERE.

Last Thoughts on An Eventful Semester

by Mitchel Cohen

I should have known, before I ever wrote my first anti-war article, that I would soon become a legend on bathroom walls.

I say "I should've known" now, looking back, the way I "knew" my first reading of Marx would leave me bored as White Bread, and the way my first love affair would end in a muddy puddle outside O'Neill College-- I'd had a premonition.

But lately, it's becoming increasingly difficult to defecate in the correct places -- the toilets of this campus -- without suddenly coming across my own name startling me in the mid-shit. Do you have any idea what such unexpected ravings -- such as "Mitch Cohen, you commie wimp" (variations spell "commie": commy, comie, kommie) "go back to Russia" -- do to a perfectly good crap? Suddenly, I have to come up with a witty response! Here right now as Seymour's pizza purchased with the new shipment of gold from Moscow, weaves its alimentary magic and plotzes out in thrilling exclamation point to a hard day at the barricades, just at that most deeply satisfying moment do I spy the words: "Bomb Mitch Cohen, and Nicaragua too!" and the little swastika (to which some new-wave artist added tiny dancing feet) next to it spinning like a lumber-saw through the loggy words: "Niggers, kikes, & commie queers, Die!"

How am I to answer such clever repartee? A quote from Fanon would be fitting, but there's too much Sartre-introduced satire already on the walls. Nietzsche might be nice, and certainly a little Sheila Rowbotham might be raucous, but something tells me I'm missing some essential element that no quote from Engels could capture. Just the same, I poise my pen ready to do battle -- Scribblers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your brains! -- when from

the next stall I hear a pen touch the wall, and weird gurgling sound, and a scream!

Director of Public Safety, Gary "no Frills" Barnes, reaches up through the toilet from his perch in the plumbing, and grabs the graffiti-ist by his private parts. "This is after all, 1984," I muse, and quickly pull up my pants.

What is Barnes up to? Rummaging through our excretions evidence of illegal drugs, or un-approved dreams? taping the olfactory anguish of musicians in the Fine Arts bathrooms, in search of the perfect creptitudinal sonata, Beethoven's loose movement? Henry Miller wrote of "shitting arpeggios" but this, Barnes, is just too much.

"Did you get a permit to use this toilet?" Barnes woofs at the poor fellow in the next stall. I can see this happening more and more often -- toilet imperialism -- as Barnes spreads his domain to all the bathrooms on campus. Philip Slater wrote of "the toilet assumption" in which Americans have learned to flush all our heavy contradictions down the drain, but right now the guy in the next stall is doing his damndest to squeeze a very un-metaphorical turd onto Gary Barnes' head. But it won't come when you need it most, and Barnes stands beneath him, his arm coming through the toilet with the hand-cuffs, "we've got you by the balls now," he twitches, you have the right to remain silent."

So it was when his boys in brown (they wear that colour for toilet-camouflage) road blocked your car last week for no apparent reason. "They're selling postcards of the hanging, they're painting the passports brown," wrote Dylan on a prior visit to Stony Brook, Defecation Row. So it was too when they stood trembling outside the door of a young woman being raped -- as they themselves testified -- afeared to make any noise or motion lest they disturb the rapist

sans colt or smith-wesson. Never say that Stony Brooks's finest aren't courteous and polite! And so it was when Barnes personally ordered the new locks on the bathroom doors in the basement of the administration building so no one can use them -- no student, no worker, no administrator -- without a pass from Barnes' office!

Yes folks, it's true. I'm not making it up, you can check it for yourselves. One day a few weeks ago, Barnes' goons took over the bathrooms in the basement of Admin and won't give it back.

They drilled holes in the doors, put in locks, and gave themselves the keys. No requisitions. No approval from the appropriate building managers. No Facilities Use (the famous "F-You") Forms. Even Marburger was "caught with his pants down". Robert Francis denies knowing anything about it, but he probably was in on it. Said a spokesperson for Public Safety: "We don't like the quality of people using the bathrooms in the administration building. We need to exercise more control over who uses the bathrooms." You wanna go to the bathroom now, you raise your hand. Maybe (if you're lucky) the police will let you have the pass.

I asked Barnes why they had begun taking over bathrooms, it seems that the bathrooms in the Admin basement are a test-run, a training area, for the rest of the campus. So one day, if you're in the bathroom and a hand reaches up through the toilet and grabs you by your clitoris or balls 'cause you didn't have a permit (will they sell them? The university needs money to raise Bob Francis' already bloated salary, I know, but it can't need it that badly!), remember: You wanna shit at this university, you gotta see Barnes. Life follows Fart.

Nicaragua: The U.S. Role

by Kathy Klein

It might seem unusual to print a reply to a *Statesman* viewpoint in the *Press*, but since Davide Brocate's Nicaragua viewpoint did not come out until the second to last issue of *Statesman*, the *Press* was the only place I could turn to I wanted to make a reply before the end of the semester. If Brocate's last letter was extremely prejudiced and bigotted, now in his viewpoint he has done nothing short of outright lying. He makes claims which are totally unfounded. He refers vaguely to a student and a professor. Who these people are I don't know. When I travelled to Nicaragua I spoke with literally hundreds of people and what I found is totally contrary to everything Davide Brocate wrote.

Davide writes of the "all-pervasive power" of the Sandinistas. However, what he mistakes as "rigid and intolerant" is really nothing more than the satisfaction of the vast majority of the people of Nicaragua. The Sandinistas are evident everywhere in Nicaragua not because they are a totalitarian party being shoved down the throats of the people but because the people are the Sandinistas. These people struggled for many years against Somoza, who was a repressive dictator and butcher. He bombed his own cities. His National Guard tortured and killed entire families often for just a vague suspicion that maybe, just maybe, they might support the opposition. Somoza and the wealthy elite of Nicaragua grew richer and richer while the poor could not afford to live. Many died of malnutrition and the diseases associated with the extreme poverty they were forced to live under. Having lived and fought under conditions such as these, is it no wonder that the Sandinistas have the support of the masses? Since the revolution there have been literacy campaigns, hospitals have been built, and food production has

increased. The improvements made in the living conditions of the people are dramatic. Having made gains such as these, is it no wonder that the Sandinistas have mass support among the people?

Brocate also accused the Nicaraguans of intolerance. Again his factual knowledge is vague and inaccurate. I saw absolutely no evidence of lit. People are not forced to join the Sandinista party. Other parties do exist and will run candidates in the elections. People freely and openly express their views on the government and what is going on in their country without fear of reprisals of any sort.

Another of his accusations has to do with bureaucracy. Bureaucracy is not something which the Nicaraguans alone face. Unfortunately, bureaucratization seems to be one of those problems which all but a few countries have been unable to avoid. In addition, it seems to grow worse the more technically advanced we become. Just as an example of this in our everyday lives here in the US, how many of us have not gone through the run-around of the financial aid process or registration for classes?

Davide has also found fault with Nicaragua because of their economic austerity measures. They have been forced to take such steps because they are a very poor country. Their poverty stems in part from the actions which the U.S. government has taken since the revolution in 1979. We have cut off grain shipments and have vetoed any attempt by the Nicaraguans to get a loan from the International Monetary Fund. The Reagan Administration is doing everything in its power (and often is going even beyond its legal powers) to destroy the Nicaraguan economy. Yet the Nicaraguans are still doing all they can to alleviate the poverty of the people while at the same time being forced to defend themselves from the U.S.-backed contras. It is ironic that Davide

16
90
20
12

makes such charges from a country which, while it claims to be one of the richest, has consistently placed human needs on the bottom of the list. It is blatant hypocrisy for Davide to say this when the Reagan Administration is bloating the military budget and drastically cutting spending on education and social welfare programs.

Lastly, Davide also accused the Nicaraguan society of being infested with a cultural anemia and stagnation. If he had ever been in Nicaragua he would see just how untrue this is. All over Nicaragua cultural festivals are taking place. There are poetry readings, music and dance festivals, and public murals everywhere. When I walked into Senior Aguillar's shop in Ciudad Sandino, he immediately took us in back and read us his poetry--poems of freedom, justice, and liberty--and sang for us songs of the Nicaraguan people. This was not an isolated incident. It happened again and again wherever we went. If this is "cultural anemia" I much prefer it to a state of

affairs where the most popular form of entertainment is reruns of **Three's Company** and **The A-Team**.

In Nicaragua I found something beautiful growing which I have rarely seen in my life. It was the seeds of liberation and justice. To allow such beauty as this to be uprooted by U.S. greed would be a horrible crime against humanity. I beg of all of you, get involved! Whether it be by organizing a letter-writing campaign, marching in demonstrations, or participating in civil disobedience, or whatever. Just do something! The stakes are high and the time to get involved is now. Don't let the dreams of the Nicaraguan people and the hopes of all those who yearn for liberty and justice die.

Free at Last

Saying Goodbye to the Brook

by Brian T. Ehrlich

Hallelujah! After four years and one hundred twenty credits later I'm finally getting out of this place. Not that I have anything against Stony Brook but given the chance to leave I can't possibly refuse the offer. Looking back, though, there was plenty of excitement and things to do that I will miss. Along the same line of thought, there are also people and events I'll be just as happy to never see again.

Freshman year was different in that I was just out of high school and about to enter a new phase of life. The ideas of independence and freedom of choice intrigued me greatly. However, too such independence resulted in too much of a good thing. The guys on James A-3 made my introduction to college life educational: it was there I was taught how to drink twenty-four hours a day, sleep for periods exceeding forty hours, and miss classes at least ten times a week. Thanks guys, it's lucky I'm still able to graduate after four years.

That year also taught me something I'm proud of to this day: psychological warfare. Through close contact with individuals you don't necessarily like, you are able to develop and perfect techniques capable of driving one insane as well as paranoid. Since then I have been perfecting and continuing such techniques on some of my closest "friends". This should qualify me for the outside world. It was also at this time when I met a hallmate of mine named Joe Caponi. Somehow I knew one day we would meet again for different reasons.

As my sophomore year started I knew I had to leave my immature actions behind me and begin my serious studies. But first I needed a drink. My second year on the hall was almost the same as my first if not for the fact that most of the people had either dropped out or had been "politely requested to leave." New faces arrived, but we quickly molded them into the people and beliefs that we wanted. No one messed with us, not even administration. Even RHD's became weary of us, and we gave them plenty of reasons to do so.

Before I began my junior year I knew sooner or later I had to seriously focus on my schoolwork. As a step in the right direction I decided to change lifestyles and left James to start a new life in Dreiser. The halls were fun but tissue paper-thin walls are not my idea of privacy and quiet. In addition, sharing a toilet and shower with only five people instead of thirty-five people was a bit more pleasant. At least I could narrow it down as to whose hairs were on my soap.

I planned on taking a light load but Admin wouldn't let me take three credits. Instead, I decided to take all upper division courses so I could finish my requirements for my major and any other university necessities at the same time. Fortunately, everything went well (meaning I passed the courses) and all that was left for me to do my senior year was take basic courses (like Basket

Weaving 101) and pass them. For once I was ahead of the game.

It was at this time that I really got involved in what I had been missing up until then: women. Looking back, if I had the chance to do it all over again, I'd make sure there were cameras and whips this time. Since then, there have been different types coming from all walks of life, but only a token few (three to be exact) still remain fresh in my mind. It's these memories which make leaving Stony Brook hard at times. But when I think of the others, I can't wait to vamoose.

To make sure that I graduated my senior year I chose to forgo an enjoyable and relaxing summer and take courses here instead. It was also at this time that fate intervened and once again I had the honor of meeting the infamous Joe Caponi. This time, though, he was editor of the Stony Brook Press. Needing an outlet to express my journalistic desires and typing skills extraordinaire, I asked him if I could work for the paper. Overlooking the twenty I was waving in his face, Joe agreed to give me a try. To make a long story short; Joe, I don't know how to thank you for the break and opportunity you gave me, but can I finally go to sleep now?!

Finally, senior year had arrived. This was my final year here and I intended on making it my best yet. For starters, I was actually going to my classes and buying the textbooks before the day of midterms. However, even though the heart was into it the mind was still on vacation. Nonetheless, I was determined to get out of here on time no matter what.

The appearance of the suite changed as well and we went from "just another suite" to "The Friendly" Suite. My attitude towards everyone changed as well. I decided to be less hostile and sarcastic and more social and hospitable. It didn't hurt to be nice to some people if I never intended on seeing them again, and, by being nice to them it made them think I was up to something.

My future is being decided even as I wait for the semester to end. Applications have been sent out and I have already pitched a tent by the mailbox waiting for any responses. As a precautionary measure, I am furthering my journalistic attributes by looking into the job market to see if any of my talents can be appreciated and applied. Both are still in question but at least I have something to look forward to after this is all over and done with.

Even as I write there are only one eight more days of school left (not including next Sunday when I have to come back for graduation ceremonies), and then my pot o' gold will finally be in my hands. Of course, instead of doing this I should be studying for my finals but I guess this is due to Senioritis setting in. Then again, it set in my very first week of school here. Eventually I'll get around to my books and studying (I usually do), but I do have certain priorities, and that's giving credit where credit is due.

I've been to many of the campus parties and despite what people might say about it being quiet on the weekends, it's as exciting as you intend on making it. After four Tablerfests, two Rothfests, three Fallfests, one Springfest, two G-Fests, one Air Jamming Contest, and numerous hall, building, and suite parties, on behalf of my non-existent liver I would like to thank all the alcohol distributors in America.

I've seen the rise and fall of many campus-related festivities and organizations. I remember way back when a bunch of guys got together and called themselves Resonance. After winning "Battle of the Bands" contests and a change of personnel, they were the hottest thing on campus. But like all good things, their fame gave way to academics. Mark, Kyle, Mike, and Brian (wherever you are): we're all waiting for a reunion.

Benedict Saloon was officially closed when I came here but James Pub was a welcomed second home. Unfortunately, by Admin's doing, that as well as Baby Joey's joined the Saloon as memories of days gone by. Isn't it a good thing they built the rathskellar for us instead? Of course, only those of legal drinking age (whatever it is this week) can enjoy it.

In the past four years I've met and been with many people, too numerous to mention all of them, so for personal reasons I'll list only those that are the most memorable (the order of appearance has nothing to do with order of importance or significance, I just write them as I remember them): Joe, Ken, Barbara (you made my last year here a pleasant memory), The Friendly Suite, Loretta, Mitch (we could have been roommates even now), Carl, Brad, Andre, Angelica, Eddie, Virginia, the old gang at James A-3, Dreiser A-3, Wolfgang, and last but certainly not least, Audrey, whose routine lately of sunbathing has brought countless days of ogling and countless hours of fantasizing.

A special honorable mention goes to Professor John Pratt for being the best professor any student or person could ever have. A very special thank you goes to Professor John Bowers for helping me get started and further develop my writing career and for the advice and encouragement he kept giving me.

To all of these people and any I might have overlooked, thanks for the memories and maybe I'll see you in the outside world. Remember, there's life after Stony Brook.

Women's Safety

A SUNY Priority?

by Eveline MacDowell

Within the past several months, incidents have occurred on different SUNY campuses which demonstrate the great insensitivity toward women's safety. Coincidental to the development and presentation of SASU's Women's Safety Proposal to SUNY Central Administration has been an increase in communication among women throughout the state. Women are talking about the issue; we're sharing information which is terrifying.

A Potsdam State woman was allegedly raped repeatedly recent by several members of the Clarkson University Sigma Delta fraternity. The woman had attended a party co-sponsored by Sigma Delta and her sorority. She was allegedly told that she should not report the members of the fraternity, since if she pressed charges against her assailants she might be further harmed. The woman has decided not to press charges.

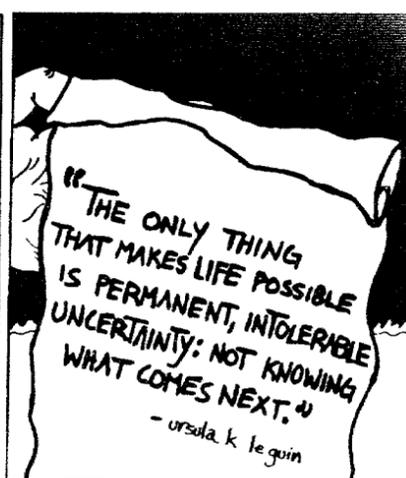
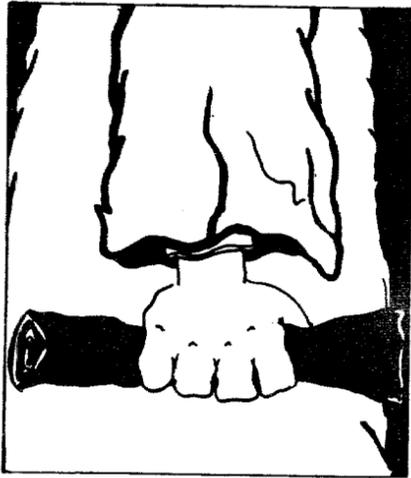
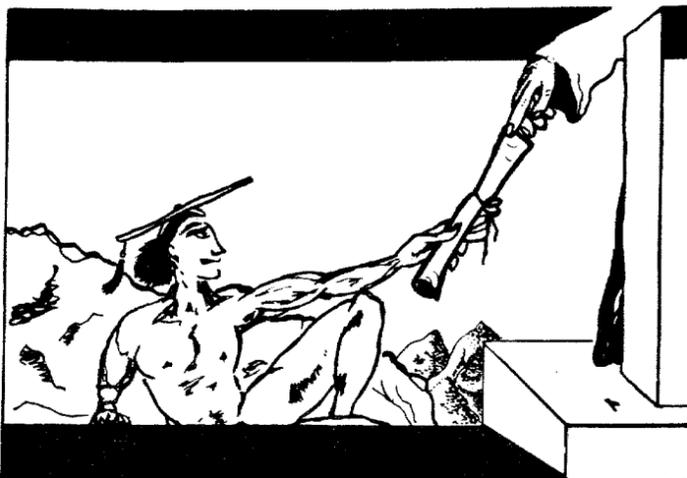
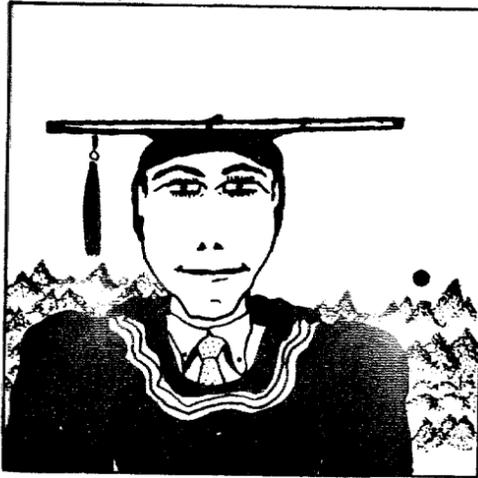
The rumor of a rape on campus at Farmingdale Agricultural and Technical College motivated several women to seek to form a group for improving women's safety. These women were told by the SUNY Farmingdale Director of Campus Security that they "shouldn't go around scaring people." The Director additionally stated that there had been "only one" campus-related rape in the past five years, and

that "we're not even sure if we can consider it a rape, because the girl had a bad reputation."

Claiming that he ran the "best little department in the SUNY system," the Director said that most incidents occur in women's heads, and was reinforced by his sergeant's saying, "Most cases are blown out of proportion. Girls like to spice things up." The women seeking the group's establishment then inquired about the possible improvement of outdoor lighting on campus, and were told the need to consider "money and priorities."

Until women's safety is made a priority on each SUNY campus, women will continue to be intimidated and harassed. Each campus must establish a Presidential Task Force on Women's Safety, as recommended in the SASU proposal. The time is long overdue for women to demand our rights as students and as human beings. Women must not be intimidated into living as recluses, terrified behind double-locked doors. We should feel comfortable and free to walk from dorm rooms to libraries, and from night classes to cars, without the fear of being harmed and torn. We must demand safe living and learning environments, better outdoor lighting, escort services, blue phones, adequate security, and peace of mind. If we refuse to be appeased and ignored, we will be heard and effect change.

Stony Brook Benthos



P. GARFIELD

Viewpoint

Nicaraguan Revolution Hits Home

by Ingrid Tarjan

I am writing in response to Davide V. Brocate, "In Managua: A Pervasive Force Controls" (*Statesman* May 7). I have never imagined that someone who claims he studies "political science" could present an editorial so unfounded and exorbitant in its assumptions.

His references could not be more vague. Who is this professor, (how professional!) and university student? They are so comfortably pulled out of *l'E press*, a French magazine equivalent to *Newsweek*. Hooray for mass media and truth! I am sure that if they do exist, they were part of the ruling class of the Somoza regime. It is amazing all of the allegations he makes, and that not once does he make reference to where he gets this information.

Not once does he make reference to the positive aspects of the revolution, the literacy campaign, the distribution of land, the food subsidization program, the rebuilding of the countryside and towns, and the construction of schools and hospitals, I could name more. While Davide relies on mass media for his "facts" I use as my reference my access to *firsthand witnesses* who have spent considerable time in Nicaragua, have travelled all over the country, and have seen the evidence to judge the value of a revolution. They saw for themselves the side of Nicaraguan life that the media would never bring to light. I have heard countless detailed accounts of the progress the revolution has made, considering the state of underdevelopment from which it tries to move out of, which can be attributed to the oppressive Somoza regime. Davide also makes no reference whatsoever to the fact that Nicaragua is still a country faced with the threat of invasion. The border skirmishes are a product of the U.S. military aid. As if internal struggles were not enough!

Davide is thoroughly out of place when he refers to Nicaragua's "cultural anemia." I personally have a collection of beautiful poetry written by Nicaraguans who fought for the revolution. The poetry is art, not propaganda. Davide knows nothing about the cafes that have become the meeting places to keep books and have poetry readings, music, and the public murals and paintings which can be seen all over Nicaragua. (Nicaraguan paintings are not to be

found in sophisticated art history books...yet). It is unbelievable how much culture the country does have considering it still has to defend itself against contras supported by the U.S.

He makes reference to everyone conforming. That is simply not true. Somocistas can still be found in Nicaragua. There is freedom of discussion and speech, and opponents of the Sandinistas have not been killed or even jailed, they do not face the consequences Davide describes. A friend of mine who went to Nicaragua came into contact with people of all persuasions. Not everybody is Sandinista.

Davide V. Brocate went to the best schools in Italy. He looks, walks, and talks like a fashionable European, and there is nothing wrong with that. I myself was born in Europe, and plan to study at one of the best universities in France next semester. What is wrong, is when one expects the rest of the world to be as pretty, and comfortable, never acknowledging the history that leads to social conditions.

Wake up Davide, open your eyes. The U.S. dropped the bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki; the U.S. is responsible for the overthrow of government in Chile and Guatemala, to name just a few. As a result anti-Americanism is everywhere to be found. I have travelled to many other countries and use own experience of that sentiment.

Davide seems to look at the way the U.S. functions as better than any other country in the world on all levels. I quote, "economic, political, cultural, humanitarianism...etc." And yet, for everyone of these levels, I can draw extensive evidence that would render even the U.S. guilty of malfunctions, and horrible deficiencies that Davide refuses to see.

Economic—there are a striking number of hungry and poor people in this country, contrary to what Ed Meese says; the U.S. government itself estimates that there are over 30 million people living beneath the poverty line that is already very low.

Political—There is some freedom for people, if you are white and middle to upper class (unless you start to say too much). People have been blacklisted in the past and even today there is evidence of people being watched, their groups infiltrated and disrupted for their political con-

victions. The ear of Mc Carthy is not over.

Cultural attitudes—the U.S. is now characterized with commercializations of commodities that we have to admit as part of our culture; viva Oscar Meyer wieners, gingles, t.v. dinners, polyester, yo-yos, microwave ovens, and preservative, and ulcers, and martinis, and....

Humanitarianism—Is what the U.S. is *not* doing for Vietnam veterans humanitarian? Read Ron Kovic's book or talk to someone with agent orange, as I have. Granted there are some positive things about the U.S. I myself go to a State university (but even so, if Davide were around last semester, he would have seen what happens to professors like Brett Silverstein. He would then question the amount of say and freedom we as students really have.). It all leaves me wondering about the good ol' U.S. of A.

Open your eyes Davide, reality is out there, you choose to look at superficial aspects of a revolution in your first essay, and you have completely unfounded allegations in your second. I may not write as well or dress as well, but I do open my eyes, look around me and talk to real people. (I do not hold *Newsweek*, or any other piece of media made for mass consumption as my guide to the truth.) I look at history and am a bit more skeptical of the "humanitarianism" of the old red, white, and blue.

As a citizen not of this country, but of the world, I come to the defense of reality which unfortunately even in this day, is sparsely depicted. We are still products of romanticism, and Davide is not the only one who chooses only to look at what is aesthetically appealing and idealize it enough to block out reality and hard cold facts. It is a characteristic of those who live quite comfortable lives. who can hardly extend their imagination to consider life under the very regimes the U.S. so comfortably places in power, and what's more, if they were to extend their imagination, they would only imagine themselves on the upper crust of society. Of course he will be in a position to remain blind, just as the nobility in France was before Robespierre. Nicaragua does not chop off *any* heads! In Nicaragua, they are trying to do amazing things, good things, in the face of the terrible things that our country is doing to them. It seems that Davide has developed his own meaning of revolution.

Press Wins Killer Softball Game

To the editor:

Hey, Joe. You know the big S.B. Press-Statesman softball game is next week. And you know I know all the rules. But I know you don't know how we are going to beat you that Friday. Just a little piece of advice: forfeit while you can. This year we have so many good people you won't stand a chance. But in case you don't take my advice, I want to wish you luck. You'll need it.

Looking forward to many trips around the bases,
 Jim Passano
 Exec. Contributing Editor
 Statesman (still the only really newspaper)



Press M.V.P. Jean Marie Pugni showing off her All-Star form.



The reverend Caponi delivering the eulogy for the Statesman crew at the pre-game consciousness raising meeting.

Well, things didn't work out like Jim planned. Once again, for the third year in a row, the Stony Brook Press defeated the Statesman unmercifully in our annual softball game, this year by the score of 25-10. There were too many outstanding plays by the Press to go into here, but special mention must go to MVP Jean Marie Pugni, who pitched nine awesome innings. We guess Statesman's just lousy at everything. PS. Thanks to Bill Schultz and the Fire Safety guys for keeping it fair.

Press Photos by Brigitte d'Anjou

Lawn Order



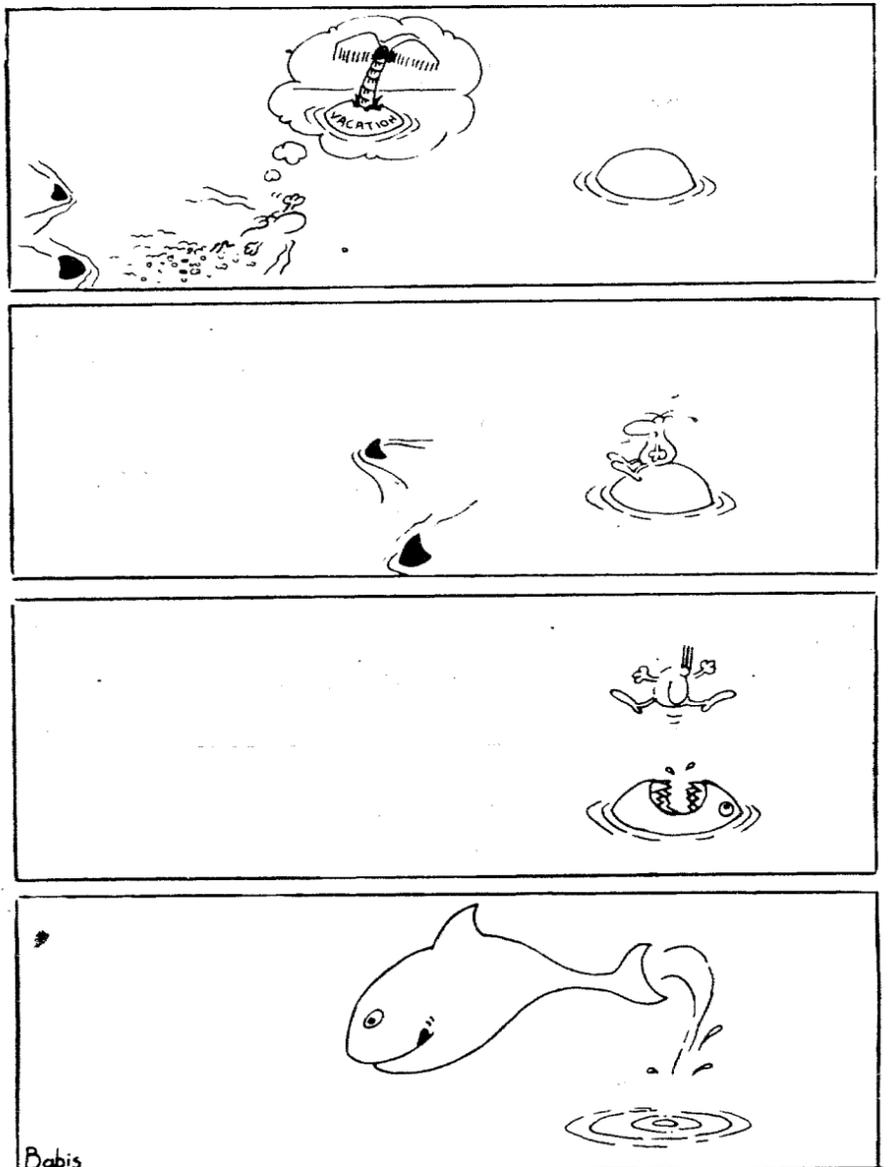
press photo by Albert Fraser

by Allen Fogel

Quite often we are informed about the massive sums of money being devoted towards beautifying our campus' physical appearance. This is a noble effort and the investment is definitely worthwhile. However, in addition to the beautification projects there seems to be a joint project. This can be called the destruction projects. The Campaign of Destruction

A Public Safety vehicle was caught in the mud on the lawn outside Irving College. I would like to know why the officers found it necessary to ride around on a soggy lawn when there is all too much cement everywhere on this campus which provides for a much better driving surface. And then, of course, there are the maintenance trucks constantly tearing up lawns. Maybe, just maybe, if university vehicles didn't destroy campus property then students wouldn't drive on the grass either. In other words, perhaps university vehicles, Public Safety in particular, could begin setting an example. How about this for a starting point: since students get ticketed for parking or driving where they shouldn't be, why not let students ticket any university vehicle which is illegally placed for unnecessary reasons?

Press Pix



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Solo Waters: A Fragmented Pink Floyd

by John Rosenfelder

By the time Pink Floyd had run its course last year, Roger Waters had established himself as the leader of the group. Writing all of the last two albums, *The Wall* and *The Final Cut*, the Floyd had increasingly become a vehicle for Waters' ideas. This led to the departure of keyboardist Rick Wright and eventually the disbanding of the group.

The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking, his first solo album, has just been released, and predictably, it sounds just like a Pink Floyd album, which is quite an accomplishment. Waters has utilized only the finest musicians and even some "actors" to create an album what seems to be bits and pieces of old Pink Floyd songs.

The album opens with a car whoosing by (the album was recorded using the same Holophonic technique as *The*

Final Cut, and is therefore best listened to on headphones) and someone says "wake up you're dreaming" as a guitar God-turned-session-man named Eric Clapton lays down some crystal clear notes on his Stratocaster (named "Blackie"). Clapton's work on the album is the only thing that the non-Floyd fan will find worth listening to repeatedly. Waters' layering of his guitar parts and Clapton's sheer professionalism more than make up for the absence of Waters' former partner, Dave Gilmour.

Another ace on the album is saxophone player David Sanborn, an alumni of the Saturday Night Live Band, who also turns in some burning solos, especially the one on "4:37 AM (Arabs with Knives and West German Skies)," where it is blended with Clapton's leads. Unfortunately, neither of them, nor the other session players, Andy

Brown on organ and 12-string guitar, Ray Cooper on percussion, Michael Kamen on piano, Andy Newmark on drums, a trio of back-up vocalists, a horn section, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra, or even the actors can change the songs.

Each song on the album has a time for its title, and the clock runs from "4:30 AM (Apparently They Were Travelling Abroad)," the first song, to "5:11 AM (The Moment of Clarity)," at the end of side two. During this time, we are treated to remakes of several Floyd songs. "4:41 AM (Sexual Revolution)" is a slowed down version of "Have a Cigar," with Waters using a variety of sexual imagery—"Hey...girl take out the dagger/And let's have a stab at the sexual revolution"—which is only one example of Waters' ambiguous story line. (This *must* be one of those "concept albums").

When Waters quotes A.A. Milne's *Winnie the Pooh*, he speaks it over the instrumental break of "4:50 AM (Go Fishing)," and aptly says, "Pathetic—That's what it is." Later in the song, after the kids have caught bronchitis and his wife leaves him, Waters cries "Fuck it then," only to be echoed by the back up singers' "fuck it then's", which are not only terribly reminiscent of the "fuck all that's" in "Not Now John" from *The Final Cut*, but also made me incapable of taking this stuff seriously anymore. Imagine Waters explaining the parts to the singers in the studio—very funny.

I don't know what the purpose of this record is. *The Wall* was some sort of public outcry of Waters' terrible feelings and *The Final Cut* was a "requiem for the post-war dream," but *The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking* has absolutely nothing new to offer, and I'm tired of it.

A Clean But Dying Pop Jazz

by Will Kinnally

Steps Ahead
Modern Times
Elektra Musician

The first time I listened to *Modern Times* I was completely exstastic—I thoroughly enjoyed Michael Brecker's sax playing. At one point an older woman who is used to hearing any number of different types of noise emanating from the box, entered the room, paused a minute, and attracted my attention by saying, "Now that's good music. That's nice." Her opportunity to receive my utmost respect and praise ended abruptly when she went on to say, "That's why I love my WEZN." AAARGH! I maintained composure and just smiled as she left.

Modern Times is a truly fine recording by veteran musicians of exceptional caliber. The group's sound can be quickly identified by the superb tenor and soprano sax of Michael Brecker. Brecker sounds as much at home here as ever. The rest of the group is comprised of Warren Bernhardt on keyboards (shining on "Know You Know"); Mike Mainieri on vibes, synthi-vibe; Peter Erskine on drums, percussion and DMX; and finally the subtle bass of Eddie Gomez.

Three tunes in particular set this album apart from the majority of its contemporaries. They are "Safari", "Radio-Active", and "Old Town".

An interesting blend of synthetic rhythms are created through the use of the DMX and synthi-vibe on "Safari." Brecker's sax shifts effortlessly from a smooth lyrical style to one that's contrastingly rough and unpredictable. Mainieri sounds particularly good on this one.

More experimentation with unusual rhythmic combinations characterizes "Radio-Active." Brecker plays in a slightly constrained frenzy which sends a jolt of frantic energy right through you. The spotlight here is shared by Brecker, Mainieri and Bernhardt.

"Old Town" features the superb stickbass of Tony Levin. All of the action takes place over a synthetic percussion framework. Part of the action is what appears to be a synthesized vocal chant. This is an unusually nice combination of sounds. The other four songs on the album are routine pop jazz tunes and are good examples of what is plaguing contemporary pop jazz; they sound nice, but they're nothing to speak of.

What is important in *Steps Ahead* is not how good each individual is, but how well these pros play together. In the case of *Modern Times* the whole is much more than just the sum of the parts.

The addition of synthesizers is what distinguishes *Modern Times* from *Steps Ahead*'s debut album in 1983. Fortunately the use of synthesizers here is not in imitation of today's synth-pop music. However it does add considerably to the transient nature of this pop jazz album.

The only real problem with *Modern Times* is that it has a limited "shelf-life" as do so many of today's pop jazz albums. *Modern Times* is a cut above the current norm, but it remains a step behind the jazz records by Wynton and Branford Marsalis as well as *Steps Ahead*'s debut album.

Thelonius Monk is quoted on the inner sleeve as saying, "I don't know where jaz is going: Maybe it's going to hell. You can't make anything go anywhere. It just happens." However, although I'm inclined to agree the thought of pop jazz becoming Muzak might be pleasurable for the woman who walked in that day, it is frightening to me. There must be something that can be done.

Dylan

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if taken at face value, Dylan seems to be advising against trust and in our fellow human beings.

Although "Union Sundown" has been interpreted by many as being a put down of America's unions, it goes further than that. Dylan is inclined to speak out against he feels that the people who are fering through the labor with only slave wages to show for it, while American businessmen are counting their profits, are the ones who are really being wronged. He is also upset about the "If it cost too much to build it here, you just build it cheaper somewheres else" ethic of duction, and the lack benefits af-

forded the foriegn worker "Bringing home thirty cents a day to a family of twelve, you know that's a lot of money to her."

Someone once said that he never really knew what "Like A Rolling Stone" was about, until five or six years after he had first heard it. Like the best of Dylan, "Jokerman" is destined to remain an enigma for years to come. It features a looping bass line, twanging leads and fuzzy rythm with a watered down reggae inflection backed by an a chorus that puts Dylan's voice on the tracks, and out of sheer respect, makes the train come to a grinding halt.

Ostensibly the topic is Christ and his time on earth, what has been and what will be. Dylan poetically explicates certain events that essarily dictate the return of Christ or at least good to the world hearted judged dying in the webs that they spin/ Only a matter of

time till night comes stepping in." He also seems to be speaking directly to Christ at times "So swiftly the sun sets in the sky/ you rise up and sat say good-bye to no one." A subtle idea running through the piece if that the second time Christ arrives, his actions are not going to be so justifiable and metaphoical. Christ is'nt going to heal the sick and make your life better- He's going to offer a few transitions and trastic changes that wi just might not be ready for even though he is, in fact hip to what we want. "A woman just gave birth today and dressed him in scarlet/ He'll put the priest in his pocket/ Put the blade to the heat/ Take the motherless children off the street and place them at the feet of a harlot." The image of Christ as a Jokerman, knowing what we want but not showing any response.

Rumor has it that Dylan is now planning a summer European tour,

and will be hitting the states in the fall. Although he will soon be forty three he can still pump it out, and much to his credit has been tinuously challanging his audience throughout the years. One has only good things to look foward to this legend in the years ahead.

The
Stony Brook
Press

SAB Concert's Rock Year

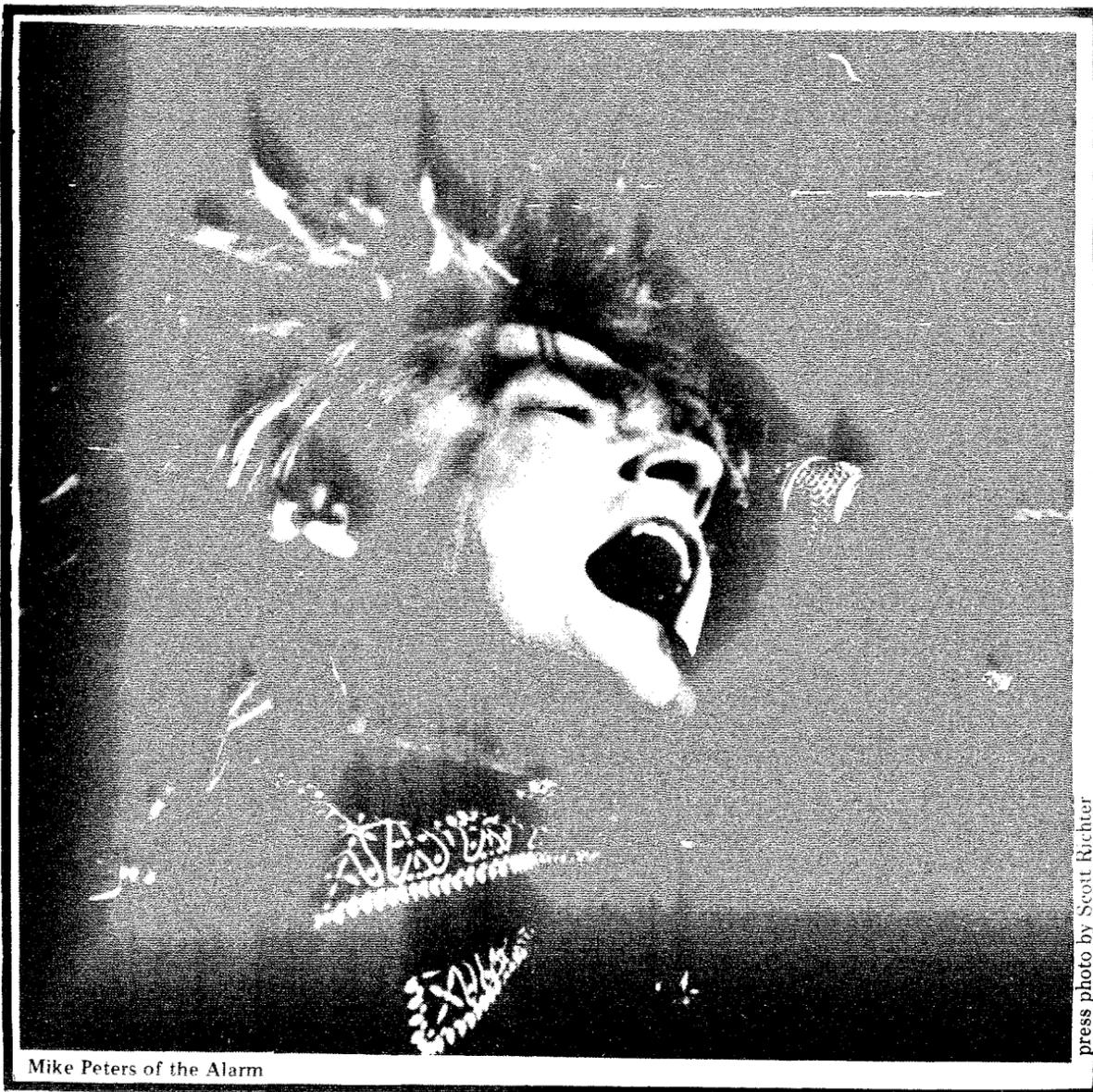
by Kathy Esseks

Well, it's the close of yet another ripping, thrilling year at Stony Brook Concerts. The student body has been treated to eight big musical events of varying quality and success. With the benefit of 20/20 hindsight and time to reconsider, reflect, and ruminate on the shows, here's the intensely subjective Press review of the Year in Concert:

Graham Parker, a non-cult, non-MTV person kicked off the concert schedule with an underappreciated show. At the time I recall experiencing intense ear pain due to heavy over-amplification as well as the discomfort of stifling heat. After I found the ever-ready cotton and stuffed it into my ears I could enjoy the pop rock gems that Parker delivered. His word craft isn't as technically witty and brilliant as Elvis Costello, but Parker has a rough-cut, party and be serious image that's infectious and appealing:

My pick for best show, most fun, and, most frenzied dancing was, of course, Eddy Grant. I was a fan before, during, and after, and although I might've changed a few things to have the ideal concert--a few more overt political statements, an interview, closer seats, and a longer set--things were generally divine. The sound was great, the music flawless--albeit a very ideosyncratic blend of rock, reggae, and latin/salsa--and the stage show a bit glitzy, but all in good spirits. I'm still feeling the happy afterglow of the show; it's getting me through the anguish, forlornness, and despair of final papers. A practical note is that Grant sold very poorly and was a financial flop, but that puts him on a par with the Clash so why complain?

Moving right along we hit Jerry Garcia in November. Jerry is an event, a happening, a cultural phenomenon. He also inspired the most devotion of any performer this year. The gym was packed and over packed--a small rumor of ticket scalping was being passed around--and Garcia spun out a wild session above the clouds of smoke and swaying



Mike Peters of the Alarm

press photo by Scott Richter



Graham Parker

entranced fans; a concert for the mind and soul.

Bringing their high school rebel lyrics, anthemic riffs, and scruffy Welsh good looks, the Alarm utterly captivated a ballroom full of disturbingly effusive young women. Some of them wore full suits of thermal underwear and pink pinafores in the sweltering heat. They threw roses and lingerie onto the stage, screaming, swooning, and offering to become mothers. What is it those people say: Rock music destroys the morals of our nation's most valuable resource, its young people? Too true.

The new year was rung in by Re-flex's ballroom appearance. These four guys were a crossed fingers booking, sort of let's get them and hope that they're big when the date comes around. Re-flex did not draw a big crowd, since they were/are known only for the "Politics of Dancing" single and video which are not necessarily enough to make people shell out the money for a show. Hollywood Boulevard, the new vehicle for ballroom shows was at least halfway responsible for the raging success of Re-flex. Carbonated grape juice in cute plastic glasses, table cloths, and preshow dancing created a relatively sophisticated atmosphere--as opposed to the "here's the beer, come and get it" atmosphere of past ballroom events and Re-flex's polished, bass-heavy music all blended into a perfect night out.

A note on ballroom shows: last year some daring soul who obviously wasn't in charge this year, came up with the bright idea of booking little-known, exotic acts as sort of a music sampler series. Two fall auditorium shows--David Johansen and Billy Idol--and the spring ballroom concerts--Bow Wow Wow, Berlin, and a reprise of Johansen--didn't sell outrageously well overall, but did give Stony Brook a slightly more progressive, musically aware image. Remember, this was before you were hearing "White Wedding" nine times a day on all-news stations, and just when "Sex, (I'm a)" was hitting big. Johansen and Bow Wow Wow put on good stage shows, and well worth the effort, although Annabella had a terrible five 'o clock shadow on her mohawk. Concerts opted
(continued on page 23)

The Year in Concerts

(continued from page 22)

for crowd-pleasing perhaps but slightly humdrum groups this year. A thought for future Concerts chairpeople--you lose less money on small, just rising (or possibly--and here's the catch--just folding) acts. SAB has perfected the art of spending all its money at breakneck speed, but just think: if they saved a little here and there instead of pouring it all down the toilet, so to speak, they could have a wild year-end bash and invite hard working members of the Stony Brook print media who suffer insults and hassles by security behemoths and type their fingers to the bone in the service of art.

Cyndi Lauper, a bouncing bundle of orange hair and pop-y, upbeat songs, was kind of lost in the gym. She was hard to see for us short people and couldn't quite handle all that dark, looming space. She did give it her best shot, and lost of people, though not me personally, were enchanted. This time the truly lustful fans were members of the Clearasil club who loudly whispered various plans for dragging Cyndi off the stage and doing unspeakable things to her in public. Probably all purely hypothetical as a Doonesbury character one said.

The hands down, ideologically perfect concert of the year was Elvis Costello. The angry young man has matured, passed through different musical stages, and still has that lyrical cutting edge. Bright, diamond hard, and ironic as hell, Elvis Costello cast a spell over a gymful of ardent fans and curious initiates. There was a nagging buzz from sections of the guest list bleacher who apparently never stop thinking and planning their academic futures, but other than that Elvis was sublime. He fulfills every requirement I have for worthwhile concerts: memorable, infectious melodies, intelligent funny/serious/poignant lyrics, and a satisfying stage presence. T-Bone Burnett was a much undervalued opener. His



Cyndi Lauper

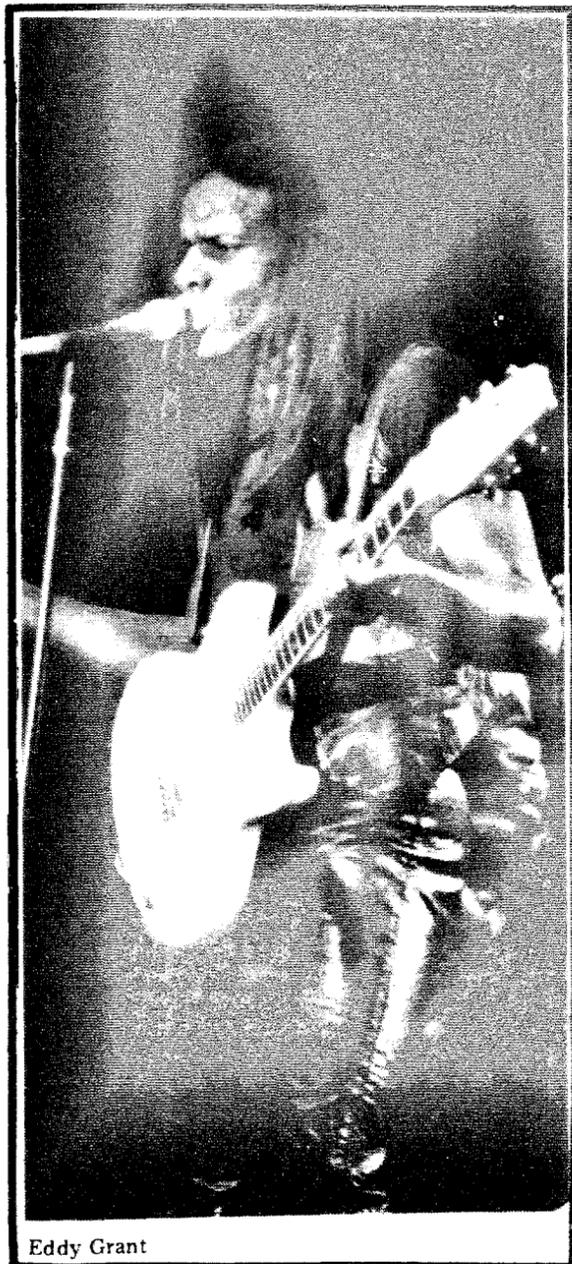
press photo by Scott Richter

"Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend" is sensational whether you believe me or not.

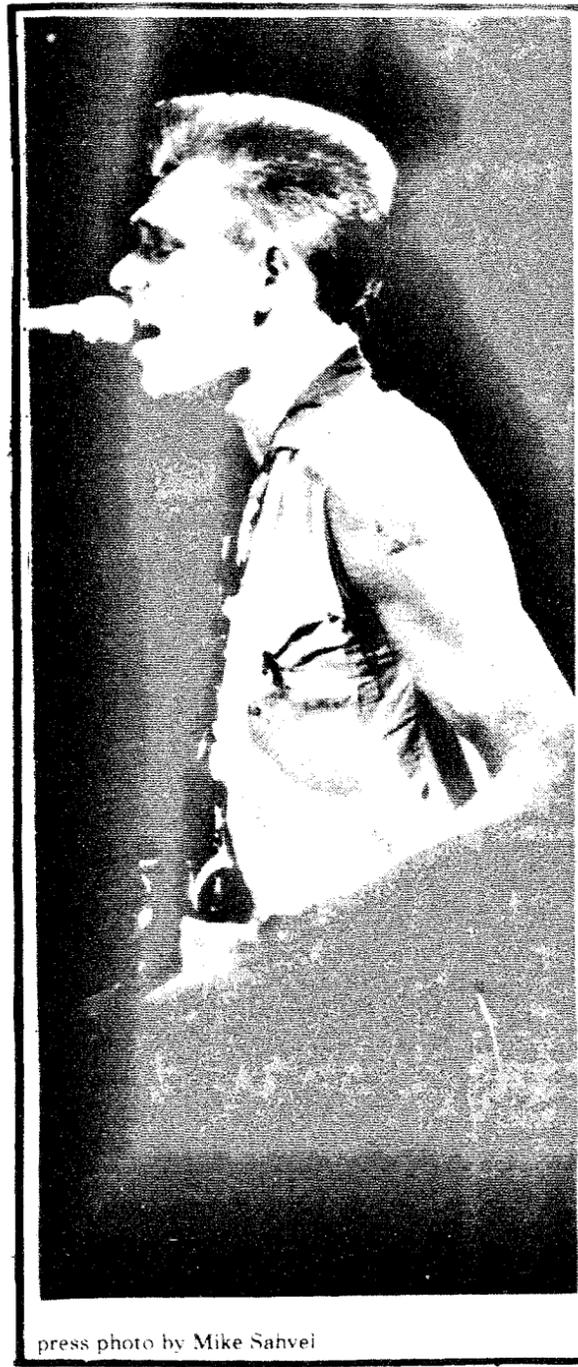
Last but not least we arrive at the Clash. What would any Concert chairperson not suffer to host the Clash at Stony Brook as a crowning achievement to a successful career? Just between you and me the Clash received an enormous amount of comestibles in addition to their going wage. The population of Bangladesh could survive comfortably for a week on the food included in the Clash contract. But about the show, the show that we all saw, since hardly any of us watched the band eat or even care what they all consumed: the show was a disappointment to one who had heard how compelling the Clash are live onstage. In the gym they were not riveting, not overwhelming, not anything more than very good and highly produced.

Joe Strummer takes up all the spotlight these days with Paul Simonon catching the stray gleam and the new members completely out of it--egotistically, not musically. The sound was there, all the best old Clash songs to sing and stomp along to, Robert DeNiro movie videos, guitarists leaping hither and yon...The audience was surprisingly subdued the whole night; even during an unexpected microphone malfunction people kept themselves utterly calm and expressionless.

All in all, not a bad roster of acts. One question does come to mind, and that is what about popular music that isn't formula rock? Where's the funk? Where are the "ethnic" shows? The acts booked this year all appeal to the same largely white audience, which is certainly the American way, but kinda leaves out a lot of terrific music and a lot of potential concert-goers. Eddy Grant, though a superb act, is not a reggae purist's riddim man, nor is he a post-disco funk-master. When the show lost money there was an unspoken air of "at least we've got the black show over with." This isn't cool. People could get together and request, very nicely, for a more representative use of that valuable student activity fee. Hey, probably nobody but me even noticed the emphasis on one type of music, right? Who complained? No one. Well, maybe one or two people, but one or two never changed anything. Start planning you campaign for next fall now. More better concerts. Keep the spirit.



Eddy Grant



press photo by Mike Sahvei

Concerts

Pretenders Rock Radio City

Reformed Band Still Tight

by Jean Marie Pagni

It's very trendy (and stupid) for rock bands to perform live at earsplitting volumes. Last week during the course of three sold out shows at Radio City Music Hall, neither the Pretenders nor the Alarm could find the guts to back away from this tendency. That's too bad because this was the only major flaw of the Pretender's-show, as this "new" band still retains its wonderful sense of wit, and good, basic rock and roll.

In the case of the Alarm (the opening band), their deafening sound system proved to be a mixed blessing. Along with U2 and Big Country, the Alarm is known for their willingness to comment on social injustices (i.e. wars, corrupt governments). Having not seen U2 or Big Country in concert, I can only hope that these two bands do more than just war chants and battle cries as the Alarm did. (Where's a silly love song when you need one?) Battle hymns are fine for maybe two or three songs, but 55 minutes worth of the stuff is a lethal dose that will bore you to death. Having heard them through blaring speakers, I was mercifully saved from having to listen to every word of every chant, since the vocals were frequently drowned out by their accompaniment.

The Pretenders' raise-the-roof volume only served them as an injustice. When a band is fronted by a voice such as Chrissie Hynde's, a voice so rich in character and wonderful sarcastic overtones, not to mention the top notch form it was in last wee, I don't want to miss a syllable. It happened though, that this voice was frequently covered up. When it wasn't, it often became distorted itself because it was too loud. Only after fully accepting the fact that this show was the way it was going to be, was I able to enjoy it.

This was the premier performance of the "new" Pretenders in the New York City area. In mid 1982, after the firing (and later death) of original bassist Pete Farndon, and the death of original guitarist James Honeyman Scott, Hynde and drummer Martin Chambers were left with half a band. Now sounding fully recovered, though slightly different, their new



line-up includes guitarist Rob McIntosh and bassist Malcolm Foster. (Rupert Black is the keyboard player currently touring with them.) They do a commendable job with the new material. McIntosh's guitar solos sometimes sounded too polished and mellow; they leaned more towards the style of Pat Metheny than the original Pretenders' guitar sound of Honeyman-Scott. As a result, the older songs occasionally lost some of their rough-edged charm.

The true thrills and goose bump inducing moments came from the frequently marvelous sounds of the band, and from the bold vivaciousness of Chrissie Hynde. Often the songs sounded so good that they left you mesmerized with a big smile on your face. "Middle Of The Road" was kicking from the catchy drum intro, to the biting and bending guitar solo, to the fantastically crude harmonica playing at the end (courtesy of Hynde), which after finishing, she im-

mediately disposed of the harmonica by flinging it across the stage. "Precious" was just that. Chamber's high powered pounding combined with Hynde's intensely disgusted vocals, created a feeling of danger throughout the hall that only broke after Hynde delivered what is probably her best loved line (among old and true fans); the one from which her angry young woman reputation is based.

Hynde didn't bother speaking to the crowd much, but when she did it was with her usual sarcastic flair. This time poking a bit of fun at bands such as the Alarm and the Clash she said, "The Pretenders have always been known as a political band. Here's a song about the politics of love." She then went into the newly released single, "Show Me." This happens to be a song written for her daughter, and it is about love, and it sounded great—but happily that's where the line was drawn.

Album

Fist Full of Tacks

"Infidels" and More

By Paul C. Yeats

Over the last year, magnetic renegade Bob Dylan has been a very busy fellow. November saw the release of the heart-stopping Infidels and during the past few months he has made two very uncharacteristic television appearances—presenting a Grammy with Stevie Wonder and performing three numbers on the David Letterman show.

Infidels features some of his most compelling work since perhaps 1979's Slow Train Coming, and signifies a return to a more accessible form of musical and lyrical content than he's offered in quite a while. The religious undercurrents that have run through everything he has ever done are present, yet here they've taken a back seat to subjects of more topicality. The back-up musicians he assembled for the album are among the best to be found and all offer a lot of great playing of their respective instruments. Dire Straits lead guitarist and master mind Mark Knopfler accents points and leads the rest of the members musically along the way—ex-Stones guitarist Mick Taylor, and the ace reggae rhythm sec-

tion of Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar. Knopfler also helped produce the album, bringing out the studio shy Dylan's better vocal aspects with a very clean, polished sound.

Dylan treads upon familiar ground in most of the numbers, however there seems to be a retrieved sharpness in the delivery and the particulars of the songs—a stronger sense of conviction. "Man of Peace" is grounded in the traditional esque imagery where things aren't as they really appear: "Could be the Furor, could be the local and later on "He's a great humanitarian, a great philanthropist/ He knows just where to touch you honey, and how you like to be kissed/ He'll wrap both his arms around you, you can feel the tender touch of the beast/ You know, sometimes Satan, comes as a man of peace. The song continues with all sorts of bloody attacks against everything, the notion is that time is running out and unless something positive is done, we're all going to end up in a ditch with flies buzzing around our eyes and blood on our saddles. Also

(continued on page 21)

WUSB 90.1 FM

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WUSB Top 20 for week ending 5/6/84:

1. R.E.M.-Reckoning
2. INXS-The Swing
3. Aswad-Live and Direct
4. King Crimson-Three of a Perfect Pair
5. Stanley Clarke-Time Exposure
6. African Image-Roots
7. Style Council-My Ever Changing Moods
8. Bananarama-Robert DeNiro's Waiting (12")
9. John Cale-Caribbean Sunset
10. Thomas Dolby-The Flat Earth
11. the Juke Jumpers-Jumper Cables
12. Psychedelic Furs-Mirror Moves
13. Group 87-A Career in Dada Processing
14. Linton Kwesi Johnson-Making History
15. Johnny Winter-Guitar Slinger
16. Laurie Anderson-Mr. Heartbreak
17. Any Trouble-Wrong End of the Race
18. Ini Kamoze-EP
19. Tommy Keene-Places That Are Gone (EP)
20. Big Country-Wonderland (EP)

These Just In: Joe Cocker LP, Dream Syndicate LP, Clay Allison 7", Willie Dixon LP, White Animals LP

