

The *Stony Brook*

PRESS

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Abbie's Back!

An exclusive interview with former fugitive, Abbie Hoffman in next week's Press



Press/Vincent H. McNeve

Dorm Disgrace

Lax Security invites crafty burglars who not only steal students' merchandise but live in their rooms for days.

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A look at the worst and best albums of the 80's in "Bits and Pieces"

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The Grateful Trek

Grateful Dead fans gather for annual New Year's festival

by Scott Higham

Among nearly fifty mountaineering tents set up in a small city park last month, friends embraced and exchanged recent stories. Jugglers whirled their multi-colored balls and a three part harmony filled the foggy Oakland air.

After learning to despise a bus which transported us deliriously across the states, we reached Oakland, the first destination of our intersession journey from Stony Brook. By the time we had arrived, hundreds of young people from all across the country had already staked out their homes near the Oakland Auditorium where the Grateful Dead were performing five shows, ending with their traditional New Year's Eve concert. Some had trekked from Alaska, others from New Jersey. But everyone had come to a unique reunion, a gathering of 10,000 old and new friends, soul-mates who constantly travel around the country, sometimes following a Grateful Dead tour and oft times a whim. During our intersession adventures we knew Stony Brook had yet to entertain us for another semes-

ter. Most others who milled around the Auditorium's grounds, however, had no place to be, at any particular date or any particular time. They were truly on the road, a place where many people — from Jack Kerouac to, perhaps, one of your friends — had discovered a subtle secret to life during a ride from Denver to Seattle or in the serenity of the Appalachian Mountains of upstate New York.

Many had come to Oakland displaying long frazzled hair, glass beads and beat-up backpacks which probably had a story all their own — of a rainy evening in the Cascades, a box car ride to Cheyenne or of a blue-grass festival in Alaska. By 3 a.m. New Year's eve, many had laid themselves and their packs to rest.

A damp, dreary fog which frequents the Bay Area woke us up at around 9 a.m. Cold, we cursed our sleeping bags. Crawling out of our tent, a park strewn with mummy bags, packs and tarps lay before us while an early morning haze of pot and cigarette smoke distorted our vision. People all around were slurping minestrone soup from

the same sized styrofoam bowls.

"Excuse me, but where did you get that?" I asked a gentle spirited woman sitting five feet away.

"Oh, right over there under that blue and yellow tent. It's free!" she replied.

After making my way past people both sleeping and celebrating, I arrived at the tent and, sure enough, received a bowl of soup, Italian bread, coffee and carrot cake from a guy who didn't ask for any money. My friends and I went back for sec-

onds. When the New Year's Eve sun began to slip behind the park's trees, we began the search for a motel room, a shower and a good stiff mattress. We needed a rest before the show and scraped up \$20 for a room at a place called Lakeview, a motel which, incidentally, was invaded by hippies, vans, busses, backpacks, booze and the like. Every room was occupied by those going to the show and, although only two people were permitted in each room, we had about fifteen in ours while others were comparatively packed.

Leaving our home for the evening we made our way back to the Auditorium, kidding each other with, "So, you went all the way to California to see the Dead and didn't get in, huh?" None of us had tickets and the show was sold out.

Truckin' around the Auditorium, my buckaroo, Allan and I echoed an increasingly familiar phrase early that evening. "Who's got an extra ticket?" seemed to be on nearly everyone's lips. An array of

(continued on page 3)



Press/Scott Higham

Some flew to Oakland, others drove. But the true adventure for many began on the highway.

1980 Music: Euphoria and Nausea

by Jeff Zoldan and Larry Feibel

It's back to the books for most of us now that the long intercession is over. And it's also back to the presses for the overworked and much underpaid staff of the S.B. Press. With the start of the new term, *Picking Up the Pieces* . . . will become a fairly regular column that will report on the many events of the music world, with an occasional excursion into the other genres of the arts. And now back to the music . . .

At the end of every year diligent music critics all over pull out their notes to finally bury the hatchet on all the albums of the year gone by. This writer is certainly no exception. While 1980 was a better than average year for good records, it was an easier task picking the worst of the lot than the best. So, in no particular order, here are the 10 best albums of the year:

The Swing of Delight — Devadip Carlos Santana
This fine solo album from Carlos furthers his already well known reputation as a guitar playing genius. With some splendid keyboard arrangements from Herbie Hancock and the strong accompaniment of Wayne Shorter (sax) and the rest of the Santana lineup, the very best elements of jazz and rock rise smoothly to the surface. A must album for all jazz and rock lovers, especially Santana fans.



Ending the first year of the decade on a good note.

The River — Bruce Springsteen
Certainly not the Boss' best—*Born To Run*—it still is an exciting rock and roll package. "Point Blank," "The River" and "Independence Day" are his best ballads to date. And "Crush On You" and "Cadillac Ranch" have an energy that comes only in the best bar-songs. Exciting, lightweight, and sometimes even profound, all in one.

One For The Road — The Kinks
It seems that the good keep getting better because this double LP set captures the ageless Kinks in rare form on their 1979 tour of the States. A classic version of "Lola" is just one of the many gems. An obviously inspired Ray and Dave Davies add a freshness to their real oldies like "All Day and All of the Night" and "You Really Got Me." Like fine wine and cheese, the Kinks have improved with age.

Love Stinks — J. Geils Band
Pulling no punches, *Love Stinks* is the Geils group's ren-

aissance album that firmly embeds them into America's mainstream music culture. The band is in top form, striking out with the precision of a diamond cutter on all the LP's ten cuts. Put this one on your turntable and have yourself a house party.

Emotional Rescue — The Rolling Stones
Although I was initially disappointed with what I thought was a dismal release from one of the finest rock bands today, it seemed to grow on me as the album wore down my cartridge. Most likely it was the hot summer nights dancing away to "She's So Cold" that finally sold me. Too bad these guys are burnt, otherwise this one would be more than just plain fun.

Kittyhawk — Kittyhawk
The finest debut album of the year, this Californian quartet utilizes the much novel Chapman stick, a ten-stringed instrument that can play bass and rhythm at the same time, to generate one of the most exciting sounds in modern jazz-rock. Richard Elliot is superb on sax and lyric. But to appreciate them at their finest, catch them live next time they're in town.

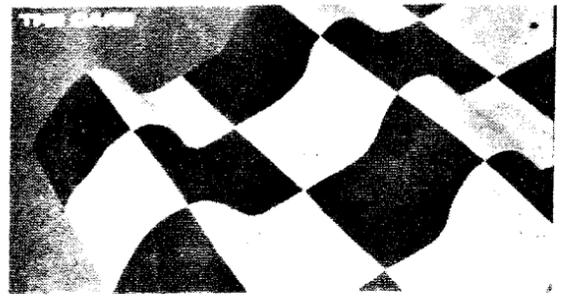
Empty Glass — Pete Townshend
Townshend's most definitive solo work to date. Here he brings his vocal abilities to their maximum which, surprisingly, is damn good. From listening to *Empty Glass*, it's easy to see from whence comes the panache of the Who.

London Calling — The Clash
Packed with some fresh sounds — some reggae, a little rockabilly; and a touch of brazen rock and roll — the Clash don't mess around. Immediately attacking the political structure of the Western world, armed only with a handful of bright witticisms and a few dangerous riffs, these guys almost pull off a successful coup d'etat.

Snakes and Ladders — Gerry Rafferty
Recorded at George Martin's studios sans Martin, nonetheless, its 12 songs and 52 minutes of catchy Rafferty originals which grow on you as fast as the rate of inflation. Clever lyrics and a touch of humor round out this thoroughly biting LP.

Hawks and Doves — Neil Young
This schizophrenic album shows us two different moods of this very capricious song writer. Side one's slow, almost haunting tempo — very reminiscent of *Comes A Time*—era Young — hits you right off with Young's earthy flat picking. On side two, he incorporates country swing with his brash rock sound, a total contrast in sounds. Lyrically, Young presents us with two conflicting views of modern America, thus the title *Hawks and Doves*. One point that must be made is that "Union Man" and "Coming APart at Every Nail" are identical songs with the latter containing one more note and a different set of lyrics. Not one of Young's best, it still merits attention . . .

the following albums could not be placed on the year's top 10 list. But most of them are as good as the aforementioned, so they comprise the honorable mention list of 1980. In no particular order . . . *Hotter Than July* (Stevie Wonder); *Gaucha* (Steely Dan); *Dream Come True* (Earl Klugh); *Catching The Sun* (Spyro Gyra); *Alibi* (America); *Crimes of Passion* (Pat Benatar); *Peter Gabriel* (Peter Gabriel); *80/81*



Two bad apples that almost spoiled the bunch.

(Pat Metheny); *The Up Escalator* (Graham Parker and the Rumour); *Zenyatta Mondatta* (The Police); *Argybargy* (Squeeze).

The worst albums of the year, as I stated before, were a lot easier to choose and a lot more fun. It can be unequivocally stated that the following poor excuses for musical taste render up horrible images of people enduring torture, having to go to school, and taking awful tasting medicine. But, better yet, picture a person stepping in a big pile of dog shit with a brand new pair of \$150 boots. At last, here they are:

Panorama (The Cars); *Go To Heaven* (The Grateful Dead); . . . *but the little girls understand* (The Knack); *Pleasure Principle* (Gary Numan); *Narry Goodreau* (Barry Goodreau); *Freedom of Choice* (Devo); *Mouth to Mouth* (Lipps Inc.); *Saved* (Bob Dylan); *Glass Houses* (Billy Joel); *Tenement Steps* (The Motors); *End of the Century* (The Ramones).

The J. Geils Band is working on their next album which is due out next month. While this is nothing new, lead singer Peter Wolf's set of braces — that's right, braces — is. According to Wolf, the braces are a temporary measure to insure that the present gaps in between his teeth don't expand. The gaps, Wolf says, are "from gettin' knocked about in my confused past." . . . Joni Mitchell is slated to make her film debut this May in a Canadian anthology film called *Love*. In it she plays a Black, male Miles Davis fan. Should prove to be interesting . . . Ex-Humble Pie guitarist and current teenage idol Peter Frampton is due out with an as yet untitled album later this month. Supposedly this LP marks his return to the hard rocking sound that made him famous in what seems like years ago . . . Stony Brook Union Auditorium will be the sight of the new term's first concert on February 25th with the New Riders of the Purple Sage . . . Look for an album called *The Secret Policeman's Ball*, an import album that features Pete Townshend performing several Who selections on acoustic guitar.

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Stray of the Week

Young Oscar Gordon Liddy, son of the infamous Watergate plumber G. Gordon Liddy, is currently wanted by the Old Field Town Police Department on charges of lacing the steering wheel of his kindergarten teacher's car with LSD.

Earlier this year, Liddy was tried and convicted by a jury of his peers on charges of picking his nose and eating it. Said the elder Liddy of his son's activity, "That's my boy. I trust his judgment. His teacher is probably a commie anyway."

Burglars Hit Kelly and Roth

by Jesse Londin

It happened again this intersession. But worse this year than ever before.

While most of the campus was quiet and vacant and Stony Brook co-eds were home, or on vacation enjoying a long winter break, at least 94 suites in Roth and Kelly Quad were illegally entered and stripped of over \$35,000 worth of t.v.'s, stereos, calculators, toaster ovens, clocks, jewelry, posters, clothes and a rocking chair, among other assorted items.

In some instances, particularly in Whitman and Cardozo, burglarized suites had been lived in for days at a time. The thieves had helped themselves to food and liquor, slept in the beds, and left Marlboro butts, empty Heinekin bottles, marijuana roaches, and used prophylactics scattered throughout ransacked suites.

Kelly C's entire third floor was burglarized, and both Kelly C and Kelly D suffered the loss of extremely expensive electronic equipment, and other valuables.

None of the entered suites were broken into. Although it is possible that a highly skilled and patient lock-picker could have gained access to these suites without wrenching open or breaking down doors, Public Safety detectives are speculating that "somebody or some group of people has gotten hold of a master key."

The investigation being conducted by Public Safety has so far uncovered nothing. Detective Winston Kerr is working with the possibility that a Stony Brook student, ex-student, or somebody with "intimate knowledge of the University," has found or stolen a building or quad master key. The last set of masters reported missing, in the summer 1979, has not been found. All other masters have been accounted for. According to Public Safety, these two lost sets were quad master keys for both Kelly and Roth.

"This presented a good opportunity for some thief who happened to be smart enough to hold onto the keys for a while (before using them)," said Detective Kerr. He explained that Kelly A, D, and E's

suite door locks were changed to a new system after the loss of master keys, and they were not burglarized.

"People are more scared than angry knowing that someone has master keys to our dorms," said Kelly C MA Terry Russell. Director for Maintenance Operations, Gary Mathews said that Residence Life will be changing locks upon requests made by residents at their quad offices. New locks, which cost the University eight dollars apiece, will be installed in



The suspect

suites regardless of whether or not they have been burglarized.

One angry Whitman resident who's \$700 computer terminal was lifted, plans to take the University to small claims court. "It's my only course of action," he said.

It is unclear if the University is responsible for personal property in the event of burglary. Mathews explains that there is no legally binding contract signed by administrators or residents. There is, however, a signed "terms of agreement" for residence. This agreement, which is currently under revision, does not mention stolen goods.

Many suites that were entered were searched and rummaged through, but not robbed.

"The burglaries were a little strange," said Detective Kerr. "We saw a room where 20 items of jewelry were examined and only one was taken — not necessarily the most valuable."

In one Kelly room two items were stolen: a \$250 stereo, and a pillow. "It was the only thing of value my roommate left here," said one of the residents in reference to the pillow.

Many missing items were later found in other suites, or on other floors in a different building. Upon returning from vacation, students found not only that their possessions were missing, but that there were clocks, t.v.'s, guitars, even clothing in their suites that they recognized as belonging to other people in the dorm. Detective Kerr theorized that this was "opportunistic" on the part of the burglars. As they carried stolen goods through a dorm, if a more attractive or expensive item was spotted, the less desirable merchandise was dropped in favor of the more expensive one.

A number of women's suites in Kelly that were entered, were left with underwear strewn all over the floor. "The perpetrators seem to have some kind of hang-up or fetish," said Detective Kerr.

While students remain concerned about the implications of missing master keys, and wonder what will happen over spring break, Public Safety has been conducting what has so far amounted to a frustrating investigation. Some students accuse Public Safety of being incompetent or uncaring. "I think they're more concerned with parking rules and ticketing than they are with protecting the dorm," said one burglary victim.

Last year's intersession dormitory break-ins resulted in \$12,000 worth of goods stolen. "It happens every year. Security must be underequipped, because one way or another, we get robbed," a student commented.

Public Safety, who had one dorm patrol officer assigned to each Quad at any given time over intersession break, learned about the burglaries on December 23, when a janitor in Kelly called to report opened suite doors. At that time, Roth Quad had not been burglarized.

For the next two weeks, Public Safety conducted a total of eight "stake-outs" in the Quad, assigning two officers to wait

overnight in a suiteroom while maintaining radio contact with an outside building patrol. But while they staked-out Kelly, Roth was burglarized, and Kelly was untouched. Public Safety, while unsure that the stake-outs were legal without warrants or consent, admits that they were a waste of time, if not totally counter-productive.

The possibility of an "inside job" was considered. "We suspected RHD's, administrators, Residence Life people, members of our own department, anybody who has a set of keys — they all checked out," said the detective.

There is one suspect, however — a White female, 5'3", approximately 20 years old, 110 pounds, brown eyes, dark shoulder length brown hair, hooked nose, and deep olive skin (see sketch). Seen in Cardozo, Public Safety believes she is responsible for the Roth Quad burglaries. The investigating officers speculate that this suspect had at least one male friend with her, and that the Kelly Quad robberies were committed by different people.

In Kelly, the ripping-off was done quickly; the thieves knew what they were looking for and left with mainly top quality goods. There is no evidence that they spent more than a few hours in any one suite. In Roth, however, suiterooms with good views of the building's parking lot and exterior were partied and slept in. Drinking and smoking possibly continued for a number of days. Some inexpensive jewelry was taken as well as pairs of small sized jeans.

Public Safety is offering a \$1000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the Roth or Kelly Quad bandits. Although fairly certain that the stolen property is not being stored on campus, investigators say the merchandise could surface here eventually.

Reasonable ground for suspicion would be if somebody approached you on campus and attempted to sell you your own stereo.

Grateful Trek

(continued from page 1)

frowns, shaking heads and a hundred "sorries" made us nervous, even slightly sick. But, amid all the confusion, a young hippie approached us. "I've got an extra purple stub which guarantees you a ticket," he claimed. "They handed 'em out this morning but I need eight more bucks for my own ticket. It's yours for eight bucks."

It sounded like the "tight-up" deal. Allan grabbed it.

"We only need one more ticket," Allan and I pleaded with every pair of eyes which met ours.

"Sorry, but good luck!" their smiles told us.

"Maybe we should split up, Allan. Give me a twenty spot and I'll stand on the corner up there." We agreed. Allan would scope out the park. I would scam the streets.

After fifteen minutes and 59 repetitions of "do you have an extra ticket by any chance?" I headed for the city's subway, BART, where potential tickets were arriving every twenty min-

utes. "Hey Guido," Allan called as I was passing the park, "I got another ticket!" We hooted and jumped around on the cold Oakland grass.

Since our evening's dose of song and celebration was ensured, we continued the ticket search for a few fellow Dead heads who had also come from Stony Brook. Our luck had run out. Reluctantly, we strolled into the show.

Tom stood outside among hundreds of chilled and desperate faces listening to the Dead's acoustic set from a pair of speakers perched high on the Auditorium's wall. From out of this crowd, a man approached him. "My girlfriend couldn't make it tonight," he told Tom. "So, I've got an extra ticket. Want it?" A twenty spot exchanged hands without hesitation.

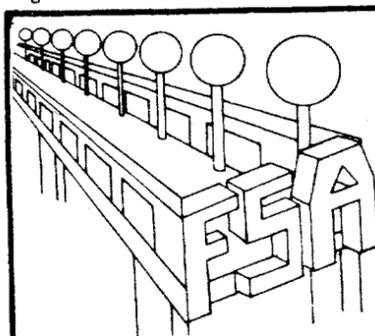
After sharing a joint of twisted friendliness, they headed into the concert, leaving behind a group of weary travelers who went all the way to California and didn't get in. They cele-

brated, nonetheless, sipping champagne while dancing on the park's cool evening grass.

The next morning, workers casually swept the street which surrounded the Auditorium of bottles, styrofoam cups and broken noise makers. The colorful tents were strapped onto backpacks. Jugglers had left for the San Francisco Wharf where tourists threw them dollar bills and change. The three part harmony was on their way to the transient town of Santa Cruz.

While discussing the next destination of their endless journey, a group of buckaroos cooked oatmeal on their camp stove. "Nah, I don't think we should head up north. I heard it's been raining there the past few weeks," one of them reasoned. "Ok, let's go down south," the others suggested.

Within minutes it was decided. What town? Which city? It didn't matter. Like everyone else who had already left Oakland, they would find out once they got there.



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America's Livingroom

The Met's expanded American Wing depicts rural, traditional and aristocratic lifestyles

by Melissa Spielman

The expanded American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art neither provides a history of America through art nor adequately shows the evolution of American art. The collection of paintings, furniture, sculpture and other fine and decorative arts from the settling of America to the middle of this century ranges from the flat severity of folk painting to the delicate iridescence of Tiffany stained glass; from the harshness of colonial winters to the luxury of the American rich. Within this range, huge areas of this country's culture are missed — the native Americans and all non-Caucasians who arrived here by choice or against their will, the New England sailors, the people of the deep South, are a few of the many groups given little or no representation (since the exhibit is in the first of three phases, some of these gaps will undoubtedly be filled). But there are works which illuminate one moment in American history perfectly, and there are enough of these to make the wing well worth the trek into Manhattan.

The entrance to the wing is a glass-roofed courtyard (especially bright and airy after the intricate but morbid art of the connecting medieval rooms) filled with greenery, stained glass and sculpture. The glass is more subtly colored and naturalistic than the more familiar stained glass of church windows; the sculpture here and throughout the exhibit tends to be Classical in treatment or subject, keeping with the young America's classically

inspired government and ideals.

Beyond the courtyard are several levels of period rooms and galleries. The rooms, ranging from the luxury of pastels, amythest, crystal chandeliers and delicately carved chairs to a crude Pennsylvania German room in dusky green, are tranquil and inviting. The comfortable smells of old wood and cloth and the details that suggest the rooms are ready for use — cards fanned out on a table, bowls of flowers — draw one past the velvet ropes into a partial understanding of a daily life far removed from the city outside. There are also displays of unarranged furniture, including an impressive row of tall clocks, many of them still running.

There are quite a few well-known works in the painting collection, including a somber Gilbert Stuart Washington (and several more cheerful Stuart portraits, some quite striking with their translucent colors and natural features); John Singer Sargent's "Madame Gautreau," a portrait of stark colors and voluptuous lines; paintings by Copley, Eakins, Charles Wilson Peale, Wyeth and Emanuel Leutze's textbook classic, "Washington Crossing the Delaware". The latter work is undeniably sentimental, with the general's profile stern and resolved as he faces the snowy shore, the Stars & Stripes furled behind him in the cold wind, a melting-pot assortment of rebels — some in buckskins and raccoon caps, some in northeastern dress, one in a Scottish tam, a gold-eared Black man — grimly propelling the little wooden

boat through shimmering ice floes. These guys are rowdy, but don't seem bent on ruling the world, and for inspiring, patriotic schmaltz the painting is far more dignified than Reagan's affable but dominating image and Inaugural youth disco.

There are several other moments in the galleries when one has a flash of a facet of American life as it was, or as the artist wanted to portray it. In a room devoted to Winslow Homer, an artist/reporter for *Harper's Weekly* during the Civil War, there is a painting ("The Veteran in a New Field") of a lone man, his suspended back to the viewer, hacking grain with a scythe. His army jacket lies at his feet, nearly obscured by the fallen stalks; it seems the blood of the war has been absorbed into America's vast fields of grain and immense blue sky.

A case of paintings and bronzes by Frederic Remington transmits the myth of the Cowboy and Indian. Remington, a New York artist, helped to stereotype Western life in such sculptures as "The Outlaw," in which the blackguard, a classic baddie, with his angular face and trim chaps, balances with aplomb aboard his wildly bucking mount, and "Off the Range," which features four whooping, pistol-waving, crazy-haired buckaroos riding at a joyous gallop.

The group of paintings from this century is tantalizingly small, but invites hours of inspection. There is one work by Edward Hopper, "Office in a Small City," in which a solitary man gazes expressionless from his sunwashed desk at equally

expressionless buildings. As in many of Hopper's paintings, there is a strong sense of desolation here — his subjects are isolated within the diners, theatres, hotel rooms that humans have erected to bring themselves together, isolated even when the sun streams over them. Adjacent is Charles Sheeler's "Water," a clean-lined, '40s-high tech representation of the pipes and concrete slabs of waterworks. Despite the title, there is not a drop of water in sight? the innocent painting is an ominous tribute to our success in interposing artifacts between our bodies and the elements of our existence.

Possibly the most gripping and unusual works in the exhibit are those labeled folk art. The oils of huge-headed children with sausage curls and sausage legs, posing stiffly with unnatural flowers and pets which seem ravaged by amateur taxidermists; the smirking fat-cheeked moon faces on the tall clocks? the crudely hewn and ornamented furniture emanate the echoes of modes of perception and technology which are barely remembered in our more sophisticated era.

Many gaps would have to be filled before the exhibit could be called a definitive collection of American art. To provide a reasonably fair history of America through art, a section of works about, but not necessarily by or for, Americans should be added. The wing is primarily a series of unconnected displays — perhaps a cohesive, progressive exhibit can be acquired.

'Scanners'; A new Low in Cinema

by Ray Katz

Scanners is a thriller science fiction film about terrible mutants with mental abilities enabling them to destroy people without raising a finger. A renegade band of these "scanners" plot to seize political control of the world. Kindly Dr. Paul Ruth (Patrick McGoohan) aims to stop them with the help of a friendly scanner named Cameron Vale (Stephen Lack).

Also appearing in the film is a superfluous beauty named Kim Obrist (Jennifer O'Neil), who is irrelevant to the story but possibly useful at the box office. The evil Revok (Michael Ironside) is another two-dimensional stock character of little interest.

Putting it bluntly, this film has nothing to recommend it. Despite claims in promotional material that the film gives "new insight into the concept of man as superman," it lacks any semblance of profundity. The plot is merely an excuse for glorified violence and an appeal to the baser instincts of its potentially



large audience. There are graphic scenes showing blood spurting from bulging veins, the explosion of one man's head, and the vaporization of another's eyes. Unfortunately, this is entertaining to some people.

The dialogue is distractingly trite. With such stilted phrases as "Nothing can stop Revok now," one longs for the good old days before talkies. Two other ubiquities pervade the film. Every time a scanner is injected with a drug to calm him down, the needle is stuck into his hand. Even more disturbing, and unintentionally humorous are the nosebleeds invariably suffered by scanners each time one uses his power.

The appearance of *Scanners* signals a low point in the history of cinema. It is highly recommended to anyone thoroughly deficient in taste, intelligence, and compassion. The morbid appeal can be fully enjoyed only by the same kind of people as those who reap profits by selling John Lennon T-shirts.

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Fight For Your Country

In the last month, a second group of the nation's young men was required to register for the draft. President Reagan's campaign promises notwithstanding, registration is now a reality and a draft seems imminent. The "crises" of Afghanistan and Poland provoke drum-beating and jingoistic battle-cries across the United States, and the American People must answer the challenge: should they fight for their country?

The Press says yes.

The United States of America is a great nation. Our constitution, brilliant in its simplicity, has stood the test of time, and is now the oldest working document of its kind in the world. The constitution mandates popular election and fair representation; it mandates a democratic republic — the will of the people. The Bill of Rights guarantees more personal freedoms than can be found anywhere else on Earth. In this document lies the framework that allows free thought, debate, progress.

This is a nation that has repealed the repressive Alien and Sedition Act of the early 19th century; created the Emancipation Proclamation, torn down the barriers of segregation, raised up the banner of affirmative action;

struck down the strictures of Prohibition; weathered the corrupt administrations of Grant and Nixon, the fiasco of the Vietnam War; and survived — because the United States is and always has been a country predicated not on a single event, a single person, a single plan. It is a country based on movement, discussion, argument, a country with political thought that covers so wide a spectrum it can never be bogged down in the mistakes of the past, but continues to strive towards the solutions of the future.

Then, of course, there's Russia.

Russia. Where the largest government organization besides the military is the KGB — the secret police. Russia. Where political prisoners rot in prison. Where families are terrorized by raids in the middle of the night, and citizens disappear without warning, without explanation. When will they be seen again? No one knows. That's part of the fear. The Fear. It scurries through the streets, in and out of darkened doorways, swirls around the ankles, crawls up the spine. The Fear. Fear reigns in Russia. Freedom cowers.

Why? Because freedom is a word not to be found in a Russian dictionary. Russians are not

free to assemble, nor free to write nor read what they wish, nor free to speak their thoughts. They are not free to protest the actions of their government, to question the policies, to alter the status quo—to affect or effect their lives.

And that's the difference between Us and Them.

So, presented with Russia's Goal of World Domination, and given the opportunity to stem the Red Tide, we have no choice but to fight for our country. Fight for its principles, its traditions, its glory.

The question is: will we fight for the Oil Interests, incompetent foreign policy and false national unity — or will we fight for the freedom to choose, to live, to reason?

In an age of nuclear proliferation, widespread misunderstanding, and effective diplomacy, military ventures are nothing but foolish—and ultimately lethal. The draft, and its concomitant macho gesturings, is a dangerous thing.

The flag-waving, ribbon-tying hullaballo that has swept the nation is an artificial creation of that semi-mythical group, the Powers-That-Be. The idea is that if the people of this nation are kept busy clapping their hands for the Middle-Ages Majority and cheering jingoistic prophets of strong-arm mentality, they will forget the high unemployment, high inflation, high crime rate, and also the high ideals that founded this country.

Our present government, built on propaganda, industrialism and secrecy, is not the government of Washington, Jefferson and Madison. The subtle unrest that underlies the frantic patriotic fervor is the product of our non-responsive, non-responsible government. And in this nation of government of, by and for the people, it is the citizenry's responsibility to fight.

It's Us and Them. Russia is fascist; we're not. If we want to keep it that way, we must fight not against a foreign country but against the elements within our own that are foreign to our ideals.

Take City Hall to court. Fight for your country.

The Stony Brook Press

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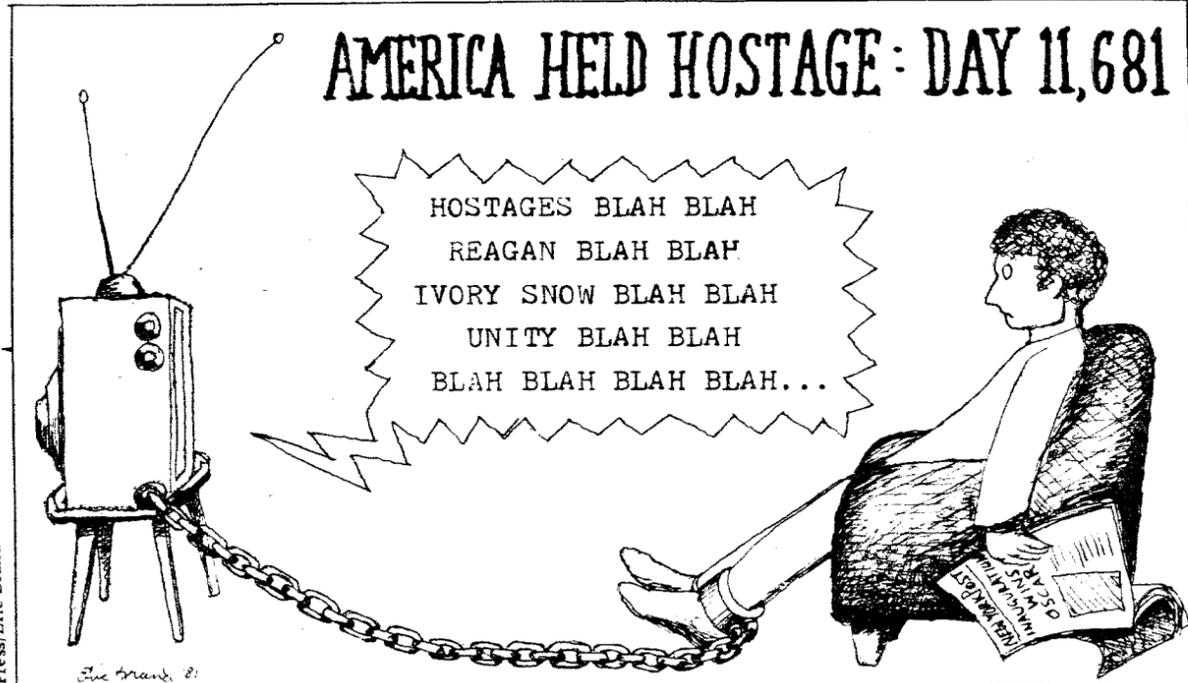
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Beware of Intimations!
This is
The Stony Brook PRESS,
now in its
second year of
publishing fame.

Wanna ride our coattails
to success? Join us
at our recruitment meeting tonight,
Old Bio, Lecture Hall, 9 PM

ATTENTION

Senior Portrait Session

Will be taken on Feb. 9th, 10th & 11th from 9:00-12:00, 1:00-4:00 p.m. in the Union Building. (Room to be announced.) Yearbooks can be purchased there.

On February
9, 10,
and 11

SPECULA
(yearbook) Meets Wed.,
Feb. 4th in Rm. 237
(Union) at 7:30 p.m.

MASADA

presents

ISRAEL



February 10th and 11th, 1981
in the Stony Brook Union

L.A.S.O.

Our first general meeting will be on
February 5th, Thurs., in room 236,
from 8:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.
Sweat shirts and t-shirts will be on
sale at the meeting!

!Bien venidos atodos!

Womyn's Center Meeting

Wednesday, Feb. 4th, 5:00 p.m.
Room 072, Union Basement

UNHEARD WOMYN WOMEN **Please Come**

Down and Express The Needs
The Womyn's Center Can Fulfill

* For You *

Help Create New Workshop Series *

SAINTS - Saints Meeting



on Thursday, Feb. 5th, in rm. 237
of the Stony Brook Union
at 7:00 p.m. SHARP!!

Special Guest Speaker will be
Professor
BRUCE HARE
of the Sociology Department

REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED!

North Campus STREET HOCKEY ASSOCIATION

There will be a meeting of the NORTH
CAMPUS STREET HOCKEY ASSOCIATION
on Thursday, February 5th at 7:30 p.m. in front
of the Polity Office. Any questions: Call Steve
at 6-7556 or 6-4476.

Chinese Association of Stony Brook (CASB)

Wishes everyone a happy
LUNAR NEW YEAR 4679
The Year of the Rooster

COME HAVE FUN!

Valentines 1 Day Ski Tour

Sponsored by Asian Student's Association

DESTINATION: CATAMOUNT

DATE: Saturday - February 14th, 1981 - at 5:00 AM

DEPARTURE: In Front of the Union Building - Stony Brook

COST: Tour With Rentals - \$35.00
Tour Without Rentals - \$27.00

TOUR RATE INCLUDES:

Lift Tickets
Transportation Ski Lesson

Medical Insurance Available, if desired, at \$2.00 - \$10.00 (coverage \$25.00 deductible)

FOR INFO. & RESERVATIONS CALL OUR ORGANIZERS:

Herbie Yee: 6-4112

Tom NG: 6-7309

FULL BALANCES ARE DUE BEFORE FEB. 9th - MONDAY

(Only 40 Seats Available)



\$5 \$5 \$5 \$5 \$5 \$5

TRIP TO ATLANTIC CITY (HARRAH'S CASINO)

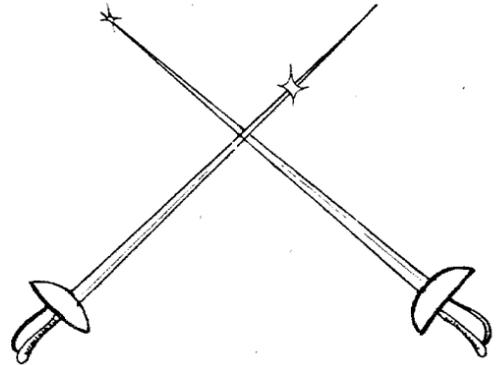
Date of trip - Saturday, February 14th

We will be leaving from the Union. Everyone is asked to meet by the Fire-Side Lounge, no later than 9:15 AM. A small breakfast will be served. We will be back on campus no later than midnight. The cost for the entire trip is \$5. It entitles you to the breakfast & ALL the beer, wine or champagne you can drink on the way back on the bus. Tickets may be purchased through the ticket office directly opposite the book store. So make it a date to attend. A good time & lots of fun is promised for all. That's Saturday, February 14, trip to Atlantic City.

THIS TRIP IS SPONSORED BY POLITY

FENCING CLUB

now meets every Wed. from 7 - 10 PM &
Sat. from 12 - 3 in the Gym's Dance Studio.



All who wish to join or learn to fence please attend.
Equipment can be provided.

Progressive Labor
Party Member
to speak on:

The Hostages: "Heroes" or Spies?

Thur., Feb. 5th, Union rm. 213
at 8:00 p.m.

ALL ARE WELCOME!!!

Sponsored by INCAR

GAY STUDENT UNION

Rm. 045 B in Union (beside Scoop Records)

PHONE: 246-7943

Meetings Thursday, 8:00 p.m.

We are a peer support and information group, open
to the entire Long Island Community.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5th
Wine -n- Cheese OPEN HOUSE

(room to be announced)

ALL ARE WELCOME!!!

TUESDAY FLICKS HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

TUESDAY FLICKS is looking for a few people who would be interested in joining a committee whose sole purpose will be to plan, organize & present the TUESDAY FLICKS in the coming Fall Semester. Basic knowledge of old & recent film "classics". All work in volunteer. If interested stop by and talk: Monday, February 9th just before the season's first flick:

The Marriage of Maria Braun

6:30 & 9:30 p.m.

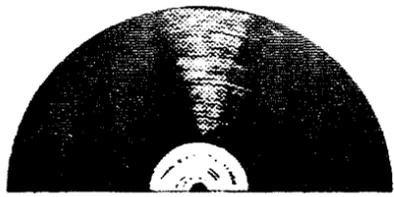
FORTNIGHT

FORTNIGHT, STONY BROOK'S ONLY MAGAZINE. is now accepting submissions of material for publication in our first issue. All contributions must be brought to our office in the Union Basement -060- by FEBRUARY 10th. We need photographs, fiction, poetry, artworks and items of feature writing. If you are interested in participating in our production efforts, typists, paste-up people, and those who know or who are willing to learn lay-out and proof reading procedures are also needed. The positions of business manager and advertising manager are currently unoccupied, and those interested are urged to contact us. If you are interested in joining our staff or otherwise contributing to our effort, hours held by various editors will be posted on the office door, and someone will generally be available to answer your calls at 6-3377, mornings or evenings. General staff meetings will be held every Monday at 7:00 p.m.

Any Student Interested in
Serving on the

Teacher Evaluation Comittee

Please Contact
BABAK MOVAHEDI
at Polity
6-3673



SCOOP RECORDS

rm. 045 in the basement of the Student Union

CSN-Replay.....\$6.29
 GRACE SLICK-Welcome to
 the Wrecking Ball.....\$6.29
 THE CLASH-Sandinistal.....\$9.99
 ELVIS COSTELLO-Trust.....\$5.75

FLEETWOOD MAC-Live.....\$9.29
 JOAN JETT-Joan Jett.....\$5.75
 JOHN LENNON-Double Fantasy.....
\$6.29
 WEATHER REPORT-Night Passage
\$5.75

We are open Monday thru Friday, 11-5.

Plus...Maxell and TDK Tapes, Albums at \$1.99, many cut-outs at \$2.99-\$3.99 and even some for only 25¢. Full ordering service and T-shirts available (Space Academy Mutants for Nukes, No Nukes, ect.)

SERVING YOUR MUSIC NEEDS AT AVAILABLE RATES



Irving College
Basement

Prices are:

Sun.-Wed.
10 PM - 1 AM
Thurs.
10 PM - 2 AM
Fri. & Sat.
10 PM - 3 AM

Molson s - 85¢

Heineken - \$1

Tap \$2
Pitcher

Kegs
Available
for Parties



HARPO'S

ICE CREAM PARLOUR

situated in Kelly A Basement
Monday thru Sunday 9 PM - 1 AM

Cones, Shakes, Sundaes,
etc. — PLUS:

All new video games
& Foosball!

HEALTH SHOP

Located in Scoop Records

We have all forms
of birth control

(creams, jellies, foams; condoms)

AT UNBEATABLE PRICES

Crash Clearance Sale!

On all dental floss, band-
aids, razorblades, cotton
chloraseptic, etc...

ALL Condoms 3 for \$1

Crash clearance on cosmetics

Creams, Jellies - Lg. \$2.25

Foam Kits w/applicator \$2.25

open Monday thru Friday



SCOOP AV



We have new equipment and the bizarre staff to meet your needs at reasonable rates.

Call us at 246-3316. We can handle your sound reinforcement, concerts, talent shows,
parties, lectures, films, light shows, theatre productions and discos.



Coffeehouse - Pub situated in the Union Basement. Open Monday-Thursday
10 AM - 12 AM; Friday 10 AM - 1 AM; Saturday 8 PM - 1 AM; Sunday 8 PM - 12 mid.



RAINY NIGHT HOUSE

We Have
Coffee, OJ,
V-8 Juice, Milk
and soda.

Serving Bagels and
Bialys with Tuna,
Chicken, Shrimp,
Crabmeat and many
other salads and spreads.

11 Kinds of Beer,
incl. Heineken, Becks
and Molson.

5 Kinds of Wine
incl. Mateus, Rose'
and Liebfraumlilch

SCOOP, Inc., is proud to announce a new service to the campus community...

—NEW SCOOP CATERING SERVICE NEW—

ATTENTION RA's - Want to have a BAGEL BREAKFAST for your hall without
the hassle? We will supply fresh bagels, cream cheese, orange juice, coffee,
and free delivery to your dorm for only \$1.61 per person*.

Call 246-4659

RA's - For your next Hall Party, check out our great prices on kegs
of Budweiser, Natural, Michelob, and Michelob Light.

*Minimum 12 people

SCOOP

is a not for profit, student run cooperative, providing services for the campus community.
Patronize SCOOP businesses — the money goes back to you!