

*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

Vol 4 No. 6 ● University Community's Weekly Feature Paper ● Thurs. Oct. 21, 1982



The Who

Bid Farewell

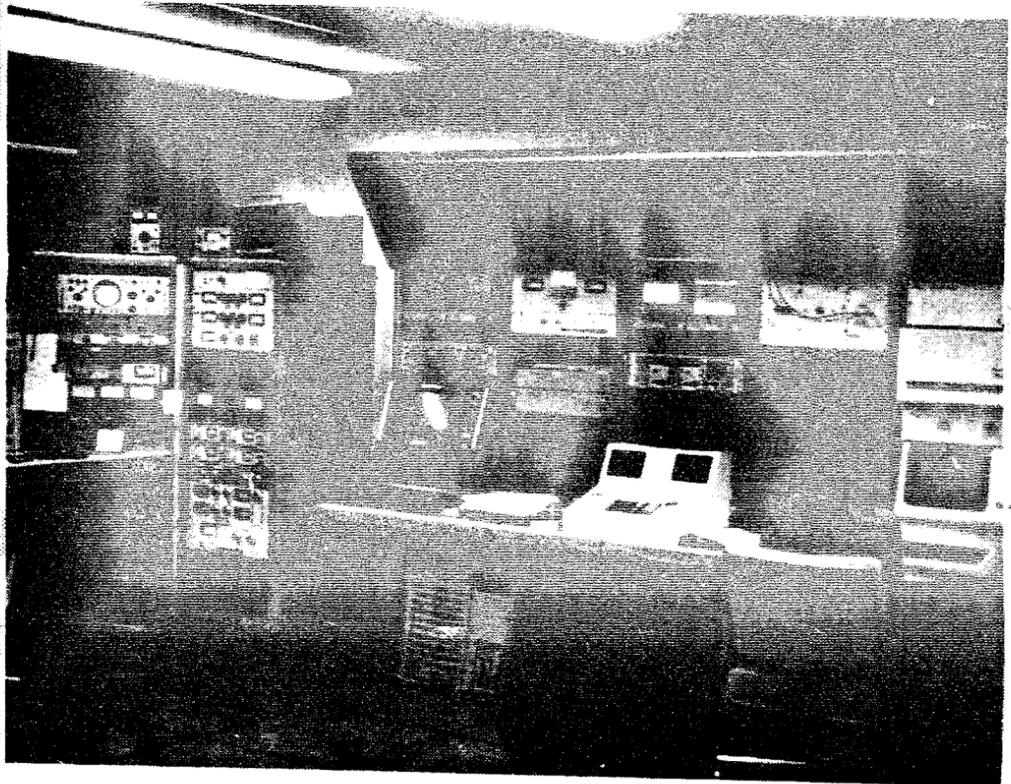
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Keep the P.O.T. Fires Burning

In response to the October 4th student P.O.T. rally, the administration has recently made public a policy requiring forms to be filled out prior to any indoor rallies. These request forms would then be processed on an individual basis by the administration in order to determine whether there is a compelling reason for the rally to be held in any specified building. The motivation behind this policy is to ensure that business-as-usual can continue during the course of any student rally. The tragic flaw in this policy is that it places the administration in the role of the final determinator as to where, when, and how the students can exercise their right of free assembly.

This current policy shows the administration's lack of understanding in the purposes and rationale behind a demonstration. Demonstrations are often the result of a group's frustration over the inability to effectively communicate their grievances, objections, and ideas in a certain situation. The sense of frustration that leads to a rally will only be heightened by the administration's new restrictive power that will be the final word on whether a rally can successfully be held. More frustrated ralliers will increase the possibility that an organized, controlled rally may erupt into an angry mob

scene which will make moot any possibility of a positive outcome.

One of the platforms of the current administration's philosophy has been an increased communication between students and administrators. The policy only serves to expand the communication gap between students and the administration by building another wall. How cozy a position the administrators find themselves in when they can summarily refuse to grant with "sufficient reason" permission for a demonstration to take place in the Administration Building against policies they enact.

These forms would require precise figures on the size and the itinerary of the rally. Thus the administration could forbid a rally that they deem too large or noisy. If a potent demonstration poses a threat to the building's flow of business, the administrators will nip it in the bud. Since a demonstration's strength is based on its visibility and vocality, the administrators can now curb its power by limiting its ability to be expressed.

The consequences that will arise from the institution of this censorial policy will be such that students will automatically be in violation of the University Conduct Code whenever they rally *en masse* against the administration's

better judgement. Along with the possibility of expulsion, the students will also face the threat of being placed under arrest by Public Safety for criminal trespass, which can result in jail sentences for the offenders.

How can effective communication take place prior to any demonstration when the administration always holds the last card on student expression? Without the ability to wield an adequate and reasonable form of expression without interference from administrative policies, student frustration will increase and the reality of positive student-administration communication will become a dream.

The irony of the administration's reaffirmation of yet another existing policy that is designed to place students in their proper places has not been lost. Coming after a successful demonstration where the administrators were placed in a position to explain their actions, where their business could not go on as usual, they now seek to prevent such incidents from occurring again. However, the administration's lack of sensitivity to student self-determination through the implementation of this kind of restrictive policy will only create more instances where students' only recourse can be found in demonstration.

Sputnik's American Children

Twenty five years ago last week a wave of panic swept across the nation, triggered by the Soviet Union's launching of Sputnik. Terrified by the specter of orbital domination, Congress and other agencies sought desperate measures to regain technological superiority. A grand scheme was designed to engender a generation of scientists and engineers who would insure America's future. As a result of Eisenhower's appeals to Congress, the National Defense Education Act was passed in July of 1958. The act identified math and science as disciplines vital to the nation's security. The National Science Foundation contributed more than a hundred million dollars toward creating new curriculums that included the "new" math. The wave of panic has yet to subside as evidenced by recent reports issued through the National Assessment of Educational Progress. The reduced emphasis on science and math at the elementary and high school levels as attested to by these reports has prompted the panel to publicly declare that "Nothing less is at issue than the nation's security."

Behind this dismal prophecy lie minds preoccupied with the threat of Soviet dominance. Phrases like "national security" and "sustenance of democracy" rush to the aid of these insecure militarists. Science and mathematics are believed to be the saviors of America because they are the foundation of a military entrenched in technology. A lack of sufficiently advanced weaponry and a standing army capable of operating them are the two major threats envisioned by the move away from math and science. Future military impotence petrifies those wary of the Soviets. They need to feel confident that when that dark day of Russian aggression hits, we will have men in white inventing able

methods of destruction and men in khaki employing them. The fact that the average military man today is less intelligent than in previous years proves that America's youth has become more intelligent. To shy away from organizations based on death and destruction seems to exhibit a genuine intellect on the part of our youth. It is a comforting thought that those more capable in our country no longer wish to be trained to cripple and kill.

Soviet schooling is another area where our "concerned" militarists envision Russians moving to their proclaimed destiny. They speak of compulsory curriculum as if it were the Soviet ticket to international dominance. They even hint that we should consider such a practice: limit the latitude of course selection in the name of democracy, which is very much like saying disguise truth in the name of honesty! It is to the military's advantage that we believe the Soviets are breeding an army of wooden soldiers and scientific teams of Einsteins. They therefore feel obligated to exercise "divine right" politics in the name of security. They write articles warning and persuading us to never allow the Soviets a distinct military advantage or we shall perish. Competing in an arms race with another power, predicting inevitable conflict with that power, and demanding daily readiness for such an event are three precursors to actual warfare. Propagandizing is the fourth. A move away from the sciences reflects neither a move away from an intelligent populus nor a move away from national security. On the contrary, it represents a more practical healthy attitude on the part of students and teachers alike. Any movement away from militarism seems closer to genius.

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Linear Accelerator by John Tymczyszyn

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Accounts Receivable

V.P. Francis Bills Polity



V.P.'s Robert Francis and Fred Preston

by Ned Goldreyer

Administrative respect for the power of collective student action was renewed two weeks ago during the Protest On Treatment (P.O.T.) rally, when, in a fit of Stony Brook atavism, several students kicked a small hole in the plasterboard wall of Robert Francis' office. Last Thursday, Vice President Francis sent Polity a bill on behalf of the

Structural Maintenance staff for the \$223.50 worth of labor and materials used in repairing the wall, a bill Polity has no intention of paying.

According to lawyer Camillo Giannattasio, Polity has no legal responsibility to pay for the repairs. While the rally was organized within Polity's office, no money was involved and so technically no "sponsor" existed. All the students

who participated were responsible for P.O.T., and only those individuals whose feet hit the plaster were responsible for the damage. One of those people has already contacted Polity for a loan to pay his share of the damages, according to Polity Treasurer Tracy Edwards.

Ellen Brounstein, to whom the memorandum was addressed, argued the bill with Francis, who said he recognized Polity's legal inculpability, while maintaining that they still have a "moral or ethical responsibility" for the damages. "I'd like to know," said Brounstein, "why we should pay for repairs to his wall when students around campus have already paid for repairs in the residences that still haven't taken place." The wall was tended to only eight hours after the rally ended.

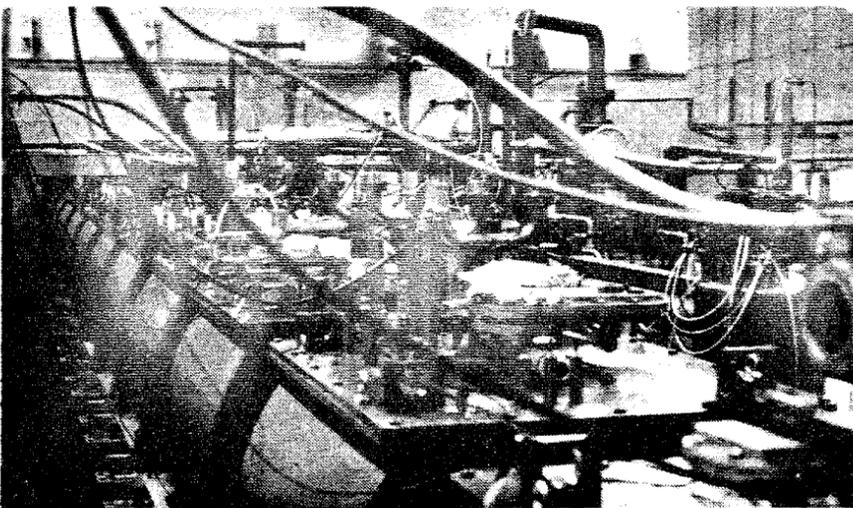
Francis seems to feel the \$223.50 charge is not only justified, but perhaps even lenient. The day after the rally, he was asked to comment on the incident, and cheerfully responded, "Notice how we didn't have anybody arrested?"



Photo courtesy Robert Lieberman

Atom Slam

Linear Accelerator Under Construction



Stony Brook's Linear Accelerator

by Joe Caponi

Within a few months, Stony Brook will expand the already semi-stratospheric reputation of its Physics department with the completion of a superconducting linear accelerator to study the nucleus of the atom.

Scheduled to be completed by next April, the Stony Brook Superconducting Linear Accelerator, in conjunction with Stony Brook's Van deGraff accelerator, is hoped to supply fundamental new insight into the structure of the atomic nucleus and into the reactions that occur when nuclei collide.

According to Dr. Gene Sprouse, one of the principal investigators on the project, "Consider the neutrons and protons that make up the nucleus. You can think of them as just sitting there in a ball, but in fact they are highly structured, and

each particle has its own orbit inside the nucleus. Some of the questions we may be able to answer concern what happens to that nuclear structure when the nucleus is spinning rapidly, and how fast can you spin it before it breaks apart? We will be able to study the conditions under which two nuclei will fuse into one, and study nuclei that are highly unstable.

The equipment will operate by accelerating atoms to high energies and speeds, and making it possible to observe the results of collisions of these particles with stationary target atoms.

The machine is being constructed in the Van deGraff building next to Grad Physics, with a \$3.2 million grant from the National Science Foundation. After competing with several other schools for the money, this will be the only such

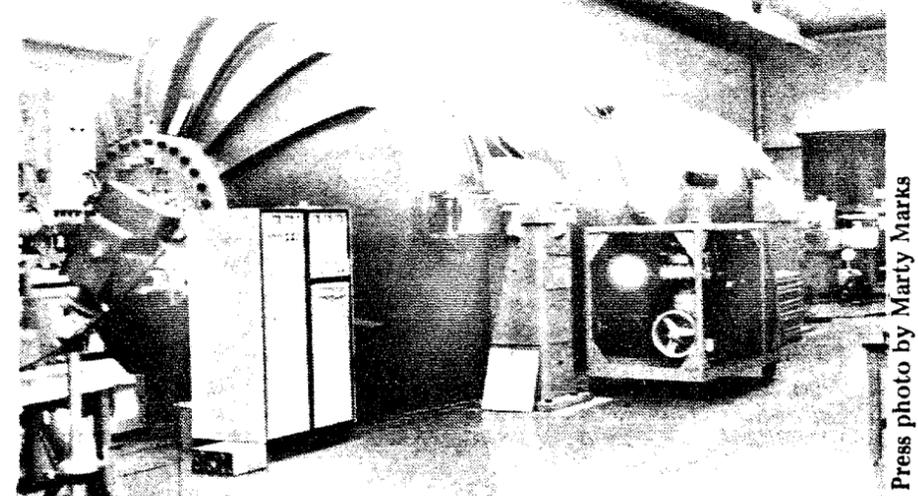
machine on a university campus. The project is headed up by Dr. Sprouse, who also teaches the Physics 251 course, and by Dr. Peter Paul, who teaches PHY 103. They are members of the Nuclear Structure group in the Physics Department.

In accelerator physics, it is not the speed of the particles that is the prime goal, but rather the particles' energies. As Dr. Sprouse explained, opposite electrical charges attract, so that an atom with an extra negative charge, one with an extra electron in addition to its normal number of electrons, will gain a million electron volts (1 MeV) of energy when it is drawn to an object with a positive charge of one million volts. The linear accelerator will be able to produce atoms with 450-500 MeV of energy.

The Van de Graff generator, built at Stony Brook in 1968, has slowly been losing ground as other machines in other places have surpassed it in power and versatility.

The accelerator will operate in the following way. A device called an Ion Source, also being constructed, will take electrically neutral atoms, nickel or silver, for instance, and add an additional electron to them, giving them a negative charge. This will cause them to be strongly attracted into the Van deGraff which has a metal sphere inside it at a charge of +9 million volts. The atoms will thus have 9MeV of energy by the time they reach the center of the Van deGraff. A very thin foil at the very center of the Van deGraff acts to strip off electrons from the atoms, as many as eight. Now the

(continued on page 5)



The Van deGraff Accelerator

Press photo by Marty Marks

EROS

EROS is a peer counseling organization that provides information on birth control, sexually transmitted disease, sexual health care, pregnancy testing, and pregnancy and abortion referral. EROS is located in the Infirmary Rm. 119, Monday-Friday or call 246-LOVE.

THIS P.I.T. AD IS NOT FUNNY*

The Player's Improvisational Theater will meet every Thursday and Sunday at 8 p.m. in Lecture Hall 107. Starting this Thurs. every member will be required to attend at least one meeting a week.

*So what else is new?

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS is having its first POT-LUCK DINNER

if you're interested in joining us, we plan to Wine & Dine on THURSDAY, OCT. 28 at 7:00 p.m. (3rd floor of the library, Germanic-Slavic Room)
A bottle of wine, a prepared dish for two or a dessert of your own choosing would be greatly appreciated.

Come join in the festivity!

(sign-up sheet across from French/Italian Dept. for those who plan to attend. For more information attend our general meeting this Friday at 3:30, library room 4006.)

Hellenic Society General Meeting

at Stage P.I.T. Quad Office Fireside Lounge
on Saturday, 23 October, 1982 at 8:00 p.m.

Agenda: Discussion on further activities for this semester.

All members are urged to attend.

Womyn's News Magazine

is accepting submissions of essays, poetry and artwork.

Send to: Womyn's News Magazine
c/o Composition Office
Humanities Rm. 196

Deadline Nov. 1st.

KELLY C COFFEEHOUSE

Located in the Kelly C basement, is the right place for evening and late-nite fun, food and games. We have video games: *DONKEY KONG*, *MS. PACMAN* and *FROGGER*, besides our pool, foosball, and air hockey tables. We sell soda, pastries, Carvel flying saucers, twinkies, chips, coffee, tea, and hot chocolate.

Open: 7 p.m.-1 a.m., Sun.-Weds., and 7 p.m.-10 p.m. Fri. & Sat.

CHECK IT OUT!!!

*The Stony Brook
Gospel Choir
presents ...*

"THE BONG SHOW"

Date: Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1982

Time: 7:00 p.m.

Where: Union Auditorium

Admission: \$1.00

Acts Needed!

For further information contact:

Dancers — Garcia — 6-4621

Singers — Vanessa — 6-6375

Comediannes — Sophia — 6-7364

Other — Sophia — 6-7364

Deadline — Wed. Nov. 3

Refreshments will be sold!!!

The **Haitian Student Organization** will have its weekly meeting this Thursday, October 21 in the Stage XII Quad Office Fireside Lounge at 9 p.m.

Agenda includes 1) Nominations for the HSO editorial board 2) further discussions on the conference about the Haitian Refugee Crisis to be held Thursday, Oct. 28, Union room 236 3) Showing of the film "Monologue Nord-Sud". All members are urged to attend. New members are always welcome. *So be there and be on time!*

An nou ouai si nou ta Ka Fait on bagaye constructif anne si la.

Tuath na hEireann

The Irish Club

Presents our fourth annual

FALL DANCE

featuring

CELTIC THUNDER

Thurs. Nov. 4, 10 p.m.

At the End of the Bridge

\$1 at the door — 3 beers/\$1

Fantasy Campaign Club

The Fantasy Campaign Club meets every Tuesday night at 8:30 in room 214 in the Union. If you play any role playing games, such as Dungeons and Dragons, or if you want to learn how to play, come to Tuesday's meeting.

Into the Heart of the Atom

(continued from page 3)

atom has a positive charge of seven, and as the metal sphere around it is still at a charge of +9 million volts, the atom is very strongly repulsed through the machine. The positive charge of seven multiplied by the 9 million volts it is running away from adds 63 MeV to the 9 already present. An additional stripper foil after the Van deGraff takes even more electrons away from the atom, which is now moving 6 thousand miles per second, 3% of the speed of light.

The atom will now encounter the linear accelerator itself. It is made up of 40 superconducting resonators, devices that change their charge 150 million times a second. Thus, the atom, now at a charge of +20 after the second stripper foil, encounters an attracting charge accelerating it towards the resonator, but by the time the atom has reached the resonator, the charge on it has flipped to positive, again accelerating the atom through the resonator and onto the next one.

The forty resonators are contained 12 cylindrical modules with three or four resonators in each. The modules' interiors are cooled to -267 degrees Celsius, 5 degrees above absolute zero. At this temperature, the lead in the resonators becomes superconductive, that is, they lose all their electrical resistance. Consequently, the energy required to change the charge on

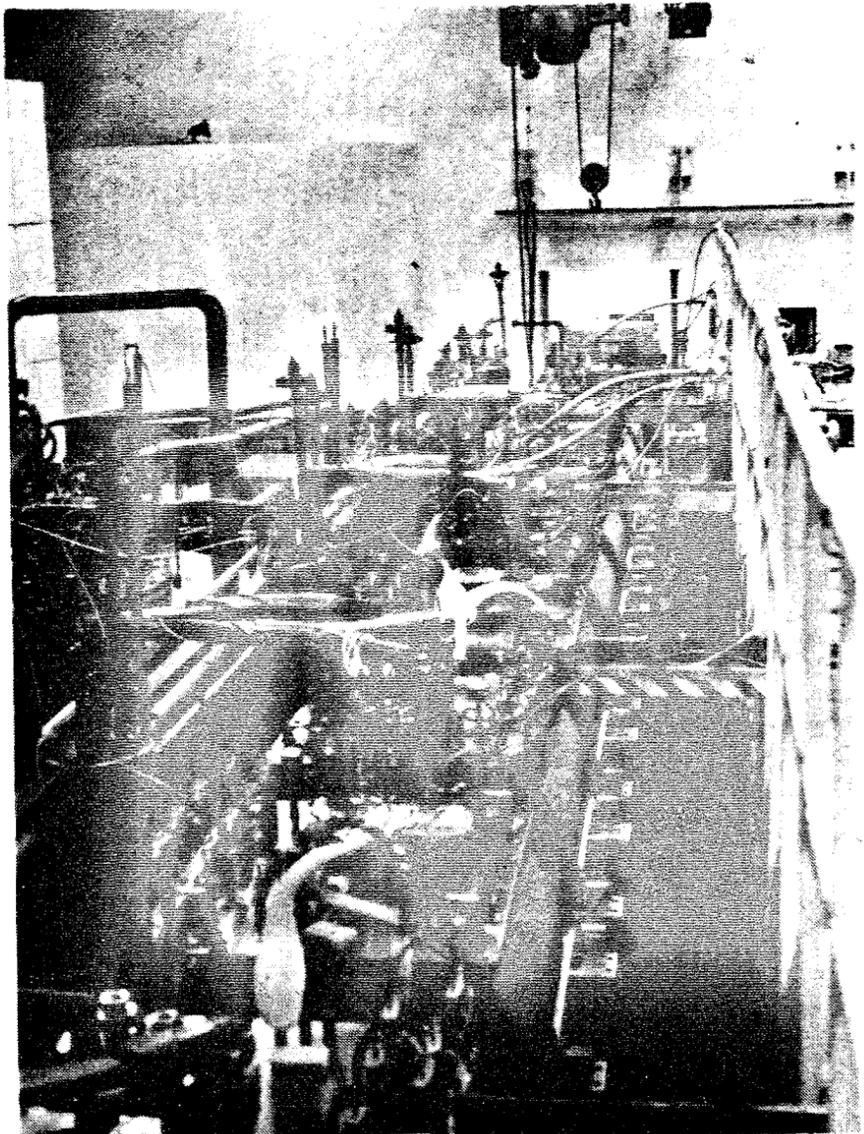
the resonators 150 million times a second is much less than it would otherwise be.

Each one of the resonators is controlled by its own 6502 micro-processor computer which insures that each resonator switches simultaneously with all the others. Those forty computers are in turn directed with 9 LSI-11 micro-processors, all of which are controlled by a single PDP 11-34 computer.

Effectively, the Linac operates with the energy of a 20 million volt Van deGraff. Thus, the atom that enters a Linac with a charge of +20 and an energy of 72 MeV from the Van deGraff will gain an additional 400 MeV of energy (the charge on the atom multiplied by the effective charge of the Linac). Now at 472 MeV, and travelling at 19,000 miles per second, 10% of the speed of light, the atom leaves the Linac and heads to one of several target areas, where the collisions and interactions of the atoms can be observed.

Dr. Sprouse explained that 11 of the 12 resonator modules are now in place, that in a month the group will begin to test the ability of the full system to descend to the required temperatures, and that preliminary experiments can begin early next year.

The Linac is set to be officially dedicated next April 14, during an international conference on nuclear physics to be held here then.



Stony Brook's Linear Accelerator

Press photo by John Tynczyszyn

Halloween **End** Monster Mash **of** Thurs. Oct. 28 **the** Costume Ball **Bridge**

Prizes For Best Costume
Live D.J.

*** Full Buffet ***

All You Can Eat
All You Can Drink
(mixed bar drinks & Tap Beer)

\$9.99

10 p.m.-midnite



The End of the Bridge, 2nd floor Union
246-5139

The Who Live

by Jeff Zoldan

If we are to take the Who at their word, they are finally hanging up their rock 'n' roll shoes. Two sold out shows at Shea Stadium are only a fitting goodbye for a group whose impact on the lives of two generations and the world of music is immeasurable. So what if Shea Stadium has become synonymous with the decaying structure of this city, the home of the last place Miracle Mets? Who cares that Yankee Stadium, only a train ride away, has gotten a facelift only a few years ago that cost the taxpayers a couple of essential services? Not too many people like the idea of venturing to the Grand Concourse and mingling with the inhospitable natives. But if Shea Stadium was good enough for the Beatles to kick off their new North American career, it sure as hell was good enough for the Who to close out theirs.

It was a little disconcerting to see the Who play to an army of people crowded into a dismal stadium. Nobody in their right mind would doubt the Who's drawing power in any venue. After all, if the Grateful Dead could draw people to the Pyramids in Egypt, the Who could attract a few hundred thousand people to the South Bronx, let alone

Flushing. But that feeling of intimacy that one gets with a performer or band onstage, even in an area the size of the Garden, was lost in the damp and cold autumn air of Shea Stadium. Perhaps these feelings of lost intimacy, just being one of a million, are a product of the last few years spent in small clubs watching tremendous talent perform within earshot of everyone in the room. Or can it be that I've come to expect the lack of sensationalism that accompanies some of my other favorite groups like the Dead or King Crimson? Still, could it be that the last time I saw the Who at the Garden in 1979 I was sitting in the fifth row in front of the stage enjoying what was still the best concert I've seen? More than likely a lot of my dissatisfaction with the Who's farewell show is deeply rooted with my present state of mind and attitude toward music. Some people would call it growing up; I'd just say that I've come to expect more from life. It certainly didn't help matters much by being lodged into some back section of a huge stadium to have my last glimpse at the Who, the band that has given me more highs than all the drugs I have ever taken.

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Step on the Wild Side

by Mandy Mason

Last month I wrote an essay in which I confronted the peculiar dilemma facing the young women of contemporary America: we feel the selfish individualism of the Me Generation while other societal influences lead us to believe that sacrificial altruism should direct our life. A woman has to have some ego, but how much?

Of course, this is every person's problem. The absence of tradition and of role models does make the situation worse for women, though: I can not look back to any historical figure who was self-reliant, happy, and also female. You see, life can get confusing when you tread alone on an unmarked path. What do you do when, for example, your father is dying? How should a young woman react to such a dilemma? I didn't know when I wrote that essay, and I said so. I concluded that there can be no conclusion: "A woman pursuing a career walks a tightrope between the equally destructive poles of selfishness and altruism; all she can do is to keep walking, as steadily as possible."

And then I read Emerson, and fell in love. Only now, in the last semester of an English major have I found the person who has the answer to all my problems. And that answer is, of course, that no answers exist, and that's OK. I now have a very durable role model, for the following reasons.

First of all, in my previous essay I mourned the lack of a tradition for self-reliant women in the U.S.; a pioneer's life is hard. Emerson demonstrated to me that I regretted the inevitable, because you must always cut your own path. There is no other way to live. To be sure, you can exist by following in someone else's footsteps, but you will rapidly become a somnambulist, killing time until it finally kills you.

People who choose true life instead of mere

survival will obviously have to put up with a great deal of confusion. What do you do if... well, it beats the hell outta me. Confusion is inescapable, because even if you try to follow established standards, they always conflict; think back to my original efforts to deal with America's contrary teachings of selfishness and altruism. I spoke with a friend the other day about our earlier years at this university, and he said, "Yeah, those were the days when I had set opinions. Took me a while to find out that everything is grey!" As, of course, everything is. Always be wary of the conclusion set in stone because, like Medusa's gaze, it will petrify you also.

But where does all this leave you, wandering in a daze? Are there no standards, can no decisions be made? The situation is not so bleak. Decisions are often fretted over unnecessarily, as few must be made instantly. For example, why do I torture myself over where I will go to grad school when I don't have to go for another year? I've been wasting my time anxiously. Furthermore, change your mind! Contradict yourself! Emerson taught me that consistency is my true enemy, not inconsistency. Ideally, your life will become a long process of coming to decisions, as you shift endlessly from one facet of a problem to another. Practicality does enter into the process from time to time, however: hunger often proves to be the final motivation for two people debating where they want to eat.

Also, there is more to life than indecision. Most of your day is spent pondering one cloud or another: to live is to muse. Emerson urges people to take their musings and use them. You should express your spontaneous impressions, to your mother and your lover, your sister and your brother, and even your professor! Only then will you really connect to the beings sur-

rounding you.

Doesn't all of that sound like good advice to you? Ralph Waldo was a real good guy. Everyone can learn very much from his words, regardless of gender, race, creed or sexual preference. But while Emerson spoke to educated men in the Civil War Era, his piece is more crucial to today's women. I mourned the absence of standards, the lack of tradition in my life; now I realize that I should have rejoiced! Women have only begun to think in terms of self-reliance. Within the last two decades, an incredibly short time relative to Mankind's history on this earth. This fresh start is the chance of a lifetime for our civilization: if women can only learn from the mistakes of some men and the teachings of others like Emerson, our world will be much better for it.

So, life isn't as hard as I thought it was. Being a good essay reader, you still have my original question in mind: what do you do when your father is dying? Now, think of that question the way that Emerson would have. Why am I wasting my precious time by worrying about it? He will die either sooner or later, and I will probably not be there when it happens. He could die from epilepsy in two years, i.e. could pass quietly away at eighty-two, or he could get hit by a truck tomorrow. It was ludicrous of me to mourn his loss while he's very much alive. And when he does die, there will be nothing to mourn, only to remember; Walt Whitman is another lover of mine, a man who put these thoughts into gorgeous form:

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.



Grand Opening

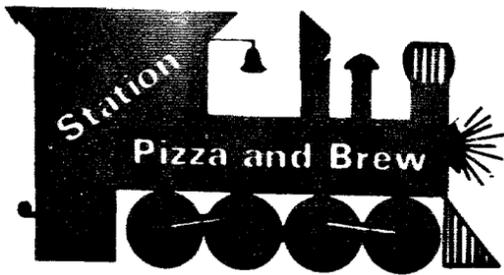
The Bank Of New York's Action Banking Center located at the Student Union Building allows you to set your own personal banking hours.

24 Hours A Day — 7 Days A Week our Action Banking Experts will be on hand to assist you **October 20th, 21st, 22nd, 25th and 26th.**

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Medium Pie
12"
\$3.50

Large Pie
16"
\$5.00

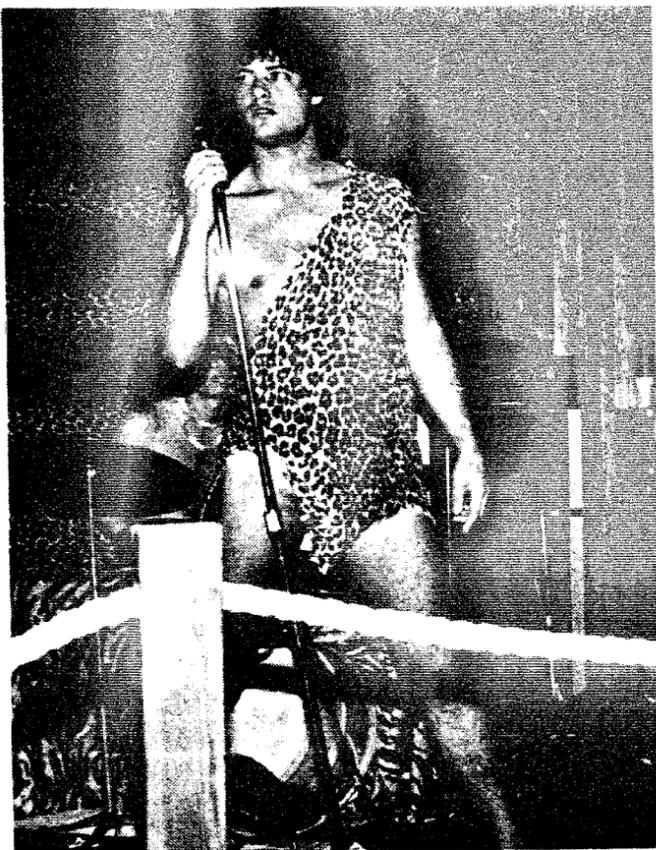
We Serve Beer and Wine
Full Line of Hot Heroes and Dinners

"The Station pizza is a very thick pizza, with the cheese floating on top ... at \$5.40 it is almost two dollars cheaper than its main competitor." — The Stony Brook Press

\$1.00 OFF
Any large pie with
at least one extra item
Expires 10-28

10% OFF
Any large pie
Expires 10-28

Happy Birthday,



Laura



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OCTOBER!

25¢
BEERS

Wed.-Sat.!

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Live Entertainment
25¢ Hot Dogs with purchase of Beer
Ladies Two-for-one
all Mixed Drinks

Tuesdays

Special Buffet Nite!
ALL YOU CAN EAT
\$4.99 'till 8:00
Use Your Meal Plan Card
Hawaiian Luau 10/25

Wednesdays

Devastation Dan Show
25¢ Beers

Thursdays

Disco-Reggae-Rock-Punk
with D.J. Dizzy Dave
Pina Colada \$1.00

Fridays & Saturdays

PARTY NIGHTS!
Kamikaze shots 50¢
25¢ Beers

The End of the Bridge, at the Top of the Union
246-5139

TONIGHT!

SAB SPEAKERS PRESENTS

A Pornography Debate, with Harry Reems, star of "Deep Throat" vs. Dolores Alexander, "Women Against Pornography", October 21, 8:00 p.m., Lecture Hall 100. SEE Harry Reems mount an offensive against the stiff front erected by Dolores Alexander. Tickets on sale now at Union Box Office. For more information call 246-7085.

Q: Why jump out of a perfectly good airplane?

A: Why not?

One thing's for sure: It's the most fun you can have with your clothes on. If you don't believe me, then join us on Sunday, Oct. 24 for our next jump. No Experience Necessary! We will be having a meeting on Thursday, Oct. 21 at 8 p.m. in the O'Neill Fireside Lounge to discuss plans and finalize details. We hope you'll join us. For further info, call HAWKEYE at 246-5285.

Stage XII presents
to the Stony Brook Campus our
**Bet You Thought We Didn't Know
How To Rock'n Roll
2-level Halloween Party**

Saturday, October 30th at Stage XII Cafeteria,
10 p.m.-3 a.m. Free Admission with SB ID.
Michelob, Wine, Soda, Cider 3/\$1
15 KEGS!!!

**Featuring Live Music with
The Primitives and DJ Mel**

Costume Contest at 12 midnite - \$50.00 1st Prize
You Don't Want To Miss This One!!!!!!!



Stony Brook Concerts and Speakers present

An Evening with

UTOPIA

Todd Rundgren Kasim Sultan
Roger Powell Willie Wilcox
October 23 9:00 P.M. Gym
Tickets on sale now at the Union Box Office

An evening of Rock-a-billy

Marshall Crenshaw

October 24 2 Shows 8 & 10 P.M.
Union Auditorium
Tickets on sale now at the Union Box Office

Peter Gabriel

October 30 9:00 P.M. Gym
Tickets on sale now at the Union Box Office

Kelly E presents
Total Building Party VI

Friday, October 22nd
9-10 p.m. — Free Admission
50¢ after 10 p.m.
Your favorite music will be playing all night!

MEGA-KEGS 3/\$1
MEGA-MUSIC
MEGA-MUNCHIES
MEGA-WINE
MEGA-MOVIES

BE THERE — ALOHA

Two From Larry Cohen

by Ron Dionne

I, the Jury

Directed by Richard T. Heffron. Written by Larry Cohen from the book by Mickey Spillane. Produced by Robert Solo. A 20th Century Fox film release. With Armand Assante, Barbara Carrera, Alan King, Luarene Landon, Geoffrey Lewis, and Paul Sorvino. Reviewed at the RKO-Fox Theatre, Rte. 347, Setauket.

Q

Written, directed, and produced by Larry Cohen. A United Film Distribution Company release, presented by Samuel Z. Arkoff. With Michael Moriarty, David Carradine, Candy Clark, and Richard Roundtree. Reviewed at the Sunrise All-Weather Drive-in (indoor), Rte. 25, Smithtown.

Larry Cohen's *Q* opens with a window-washer seventy or eighty stories up the side of a skyscraper leering at a secretary in a slinky dress. The secretary is on the phone telling a friend that

that creepy window-washer is here again giving her the eye. This interaction is crosscut with moving aerial shots of New York City which eventually home in on the building with the dirty-minded window-washer clinging to it. Two quick cuts, from an eye-level profile of the window-washer to an overhead close-up as he snaps his head up and screams in terror at the sight of his attacker, are followed by a crunching sound and a last shot of the office, the secretary turning and screaming at the sight of the bloody headless body of the window-washer banging against her window.

Afterwards, in the street, Shepard (David Carradine), the cop assigned to the case, talks with a fellow cop about where that window-washer's head could have gone. "Maybe it was loose and fell off," Shepard says in disgust when all the more logical possibilities are ruled out. Later, in a bar a bartender asks him, "Hey, did you ever find that guy's head yet?"

Larry Cohen has made monster movies before. He's most famous for *It's Alive!* (1974), a movie about a murderous baby that kills everyone but its mother

in the delivery room at its birth and then escapes to terrorize the local community and cause a heap of self-examination on the part of its parents. In *It Lives Again* ('78), there are three such babies, an evolutionary trend. In 1976 Cohen made *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover*, a tabloid style psuedo-docudrama starring Broderick Crawford as a different, though more frightening because more real, kind of monster. Before these films, Cohen made some "blaxploitation" movies with Fred Williamson, with titles like *Hell Up in Harlem* ('73), *Black Caesar* ('73), and *Bone* ('74).

Q is a self-mocking horror movie that debunks itself continuously with lines like the above, and with almost every scene with Michael Moriarty's ex-junkie Jimmy Quinn in it. For while ostensibly a movie about a mythological creature with a nest in the Chrysler Building and a taste for New Yorkers of any income, it's really about this Quinn character putting one over on everybody who's ever had any power over him, except his supportive girlfriend who just gets fed up and leaves him. It's probably not an accident that the monster's

name, Quetzalcoatl (as in the Aztec god) and Quinn both begin with a 'q'.

We first see Quinn in that bar with Shepard and the curious bartender, hustling an audition as a jazz pianist out of the proprietor. Quinn's girlfriend (Candy Clark) is a waitress there and has put in a good word for him, but the bar-keep puts a coin in the jukebox before Quinn can finish his song. He's flubbed his audition, but has something else in mind. While his girlfriend thinks he's all dressed up to go to a job interview, he's really the reluctant driver for a jewel burglary, but that gets flubbed too. His cohorts get caught, but Quinn gets away though not without running into a cab first and not only hurting his leg but dropping the briefcase full of stolen jewelry, which slides across the street and under a truck, out of reach. Knowing that his "friends" will not buy any story about losing the cache, he runs to see his lawyer, who has offices in the Chrysler Building. But the lawyer is out, and, afraid to go back onto the street, he decides to climb up into

(continued on page 10)



PRESENTS

OCTOBER 23

AN EVENING WITH UTOPIA

Todd Rundgren
Kasim Sultan

Roger Powell
Willie Wilcox

9:00 P.M.

GYM

OCTOBER 24

MARSHALL CRENSHAW

2 SHOWS
8:00 & 10:00 P.M.

UNION
AUDITORIUM

OCTOBER 30

PETER GABRIEL

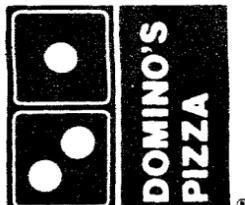
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The Who: It's Hard To Say Goodbye

(continued from page 5)

But you must credit the Who for calling it quits. After 18 years of being idols to fans all over the globe, it takes a lot of courage to step off the pedestal of fame and fortune. The wear and strain on the Who as individuals has finally caught up and they are wise enough not to think that they can sustain themselves as they were for the next 18 years. For the members of the band, the last several years of being the Who has provided little more than a stifling environment; a locked-in atmosphere where everything remains the same. *Face Dances* was an attempt to continue the Who tradition of evolving musical prowess, only to fall flat in face of their own inability to put their hearts into their product and on *It's Hard*, the Who's continued lack of enthusiasm is also apparent. So, like John Wayne would say, it takes a big man to know when he's licked.

There are certainly many other

reasons why the Who have decided to throw in the towel now. It's a little paradoxical for a group of men nearing middle age singing about "teenage wasteland" or hoping to die before they get old. The spirit of the old Who songs which transmit the message of the adolescent coming into the cold, real world -- the egocentricism that teenagers carry with them from their earlier days as infants that demands to be satisfied, or at the very least, addressed -- is lost now that they purveyors of those same messages have made it and are vastly separated from the hordes of fans who flock to see them.

Age is another important factor. Townshend has always been preoccupied with his youth, most likely gambling as a teenager that he wouldn't make it past 30. But he has and coming to terms with his place in the youthful world of rock music has become almost as hard as dealing with the force that music, his music, has had on millions of

people. To listen to the lyrics on Townshend's last two solo albums and on *It's Hard* is to understand that Townshend's new energy is being channeled into music that no longer fits the mold of the Who. And instead of shaping the mold to fit this new image, Townshend, Daltrey, and Entwistle have decided to lay it to rest to be recognized for what it was.

During Tuesday night's rendition of "5:15", Townshend's flat, droning chant of "Why should I care?" seemed too inappropriate for what was supposed to be the Who's farewell. From the standard openers of "Substitute" and "I Can't Explain", the Who plodded through what was a usual 2 hour-plus performance. Daltrey was in fine shape, sporting a nice tan and sun bleached hair, and Townshend performed with his usual accents of windmill power chords and scissor kicks. Always the stoic bassist, Entwistle delivered his vocal contribution of the evening with "The

Quiet One", while Kenny Jones and Tim Margen remained faceless but invaluable members of the solid rhythm section that rounded out the Who's punch. But the fact that this was a farewell concert could have been totally overlooked as there was no attempt to make the evening a particularly memorable one.

Perhaps the Who felt that playing Shea Stadium was a sufficient farewell to the thousands that were in attendance. Nevertheless, the impersonal atmosphere of the large stadium on a weekday evening in October didn't allow any room for the concert to become an event. It was a far cry from a Last Waltz. Ending the concert with "Twist and Shout", the same song the Beatles opened with at Shea, was an appropriate finale, just like Daltrey's white suit. "The Beatles wore a suit," he said, "and so did I." In any case, Roger, we're all going to miss you and the Who no matter what you wear.

I the Jury and Q Review

(continued from page 9)

the spire to hide out for a while. He doesn't quite trust his eyesight, as he tells his girlfriend at her apartment later when he sees the huge nest with the six-foot long egg in it next to a hole in the wall, and the skeletal corpses strewn about beneath it. She thinks he's been tripping again.

Eventually, Quinn manages to bargain his knowledge of the whereabouts of the monster's lair in exchange for \$1 million, immunity to prosecution for the botched robbery and any other crimes the police might subsequently discover he committed in the past, and all rights to any movies, books, or photographs of the monster. "I'm just asking for a Nixon-like pardon," he says. He wants to make a bundle and is willing to wait until the cops are ready to negotiate, occurs while he has knowledge of where the monster lives. He doesn't care. He wants to be rich and secure like some people who he knows are no more honest than he is. His girlfriend leaves him in horror at this selfish use of power, suffering no qualms about the death of a construction worker that and Powell (Richard Roundtree), a cop working on a case of ritual suicides/murders/sacrifices to some Aztec god which of course is "Q", rails in disgust at the willingness of the police department to bargain with Quinn. But he gets it, eventually. He's the sort of cop Quinn claims started him on his life of

crime by coming down harder than was necessary on a poor honky junkie, and making the penalty for a crime he subsequently did commit harsher than it should have been. Quinn is bent on a kind of revenge -- he doesn't want to actually hurt anybody, he just wants to be able to look down on them from a seat of wealth. The giant nest in the Chrysler Building is his ticket to Easy Street.

Cohen's firm entrenchment in genre filmmaking techniques seems almost intentionally alienating. He makes few if any compromises. The throwaway lines in *Q*, like, "Did you ever find that guy's head yet?", are truly thrown away, to the point of ambivalence. One person I know saw *Q* in an almost empty theater and felt like laughing more than once, but didn't because no one else was. He said he wasn't sure if the movie was funny or just bad. Cohen manages to make movies in traditionally exploitative and crowd-pleasing genres that confuse what would normally be their bread and butter audience. In *Q* he brings the terseness of the gore films to its peak. In the average gore movie, featuring decapitations and other mutilations, like 1980's *Zombie*, nobody in the movie wastes much breath expressing the emotional impact witnessing such events might have. That's not what those movies are about. But neither do they ask each other, by the way, if someone's head has yet been found. Cohen's tenacious faithfulness to his genre's conventions subtly sends them up. *Q*

ends with the camera flying through the air again to descend upon a demolished building with another nest and egg in it. The last shot is a freeze-frame close-up of the egg cracking open, with the monster's cry on the soundtrack. That ending is as old as they come, but, though hokey as possible, it makes a goofy kind of sense in that some of the real fears *Q* and movies like it speak to are anxieties about the lack of any real control over urban life, the feeling of the possibility of disaster at any moment on the street, if not from giant flying serpents, then from falling concrete or falling bombs or some menace not completely eradicated.

Larry Cohen wrote the script for *I, the Jury* and was actually going to direct it in New York, more or less simultaneously with the shooting of *Q*, but he went over budget, and 20th Century Fox unfortunately replaced him with Richard T. Heffron. Heffron knows not of what Cohen writes. The '50's Spillane novel has been updated to include mobster/Vietnam-vet/CIA mind-control conspiracies -- a rather extreme mixture full of possibilities -- and a lot of the lines sound as if they could have been in a better movie. But where Cohen's script hints at send-up, Heffron's direction is merely literal, and he pours on the sleaze. There's a lot of telegraphed undressing, car chases, and blood-letting, and it winds up as merely violent, nihilistic, and a little misogynist. In fact, the sex is a good example of what Cohen accomplished in *Q*

that Heffron didn't get in *I, the Jury*.

Q's second victim is a rooftop sunbather. She sets up her lounge chair, slips off her wrap, lies down, and takes off her bikini top. In obtrusive close-up she smears suntan lotion on her breasts. It's a stock exploitative situation -- a beautiful young woman undressing and un-selfconsciously displaying herself. But here it takes place in about ten seconds. Cohen robs that sector of the audience to which this sort of thing appeals of the time to wish this gorgeous woman would undress. And the close-up is too close. She sits down, undresses, smears, and flap flap comes the beastie and she's gone.

In *I, the Jury*, Barbara Carrera, the sleek dark fashion model, plays the head of a posh sex therapy clinic with lots of pink-clad nymphs running around flattering all the men. She and Mike Hammer (Armand Assante), the sexy private eye, are at odds -- she has treated a murdered friend of Hammer's as a patient but won't break professional confidence in order to help him find out who killed him -- right from the start, but her position as an expert in sexuality, coupled with her beauty, build up the viewer's expectation so that when she finally does undress, slowly and almost gymnastically, the result is a degrading kind of titillation. Heffron feeds that kind of feeling, while Cohen, if not criticizing it, sets it off a little by filming it in such an arch, abrupt way.

Who's Next? The Clash!

by Bob Goldsmith

Sometimes the smallest, most insignificant things can set off major attacks of cogitation. While watching a Star Trek rerun I happened to see a commercial for *Combat Rock*, the newest Clash album. Nothing so disturbing about that, right? Well, if you've followed the Clash for some time then maybe that innocuous commercial might cause you to break open a whole Pandora's box full of theories and speculations on the rise of the Clash and their parallel course with the decline (or incorporation into the mainstream) of progressive new music.

Huh? What's so special about the Clash that their career can be used as field glasses with which to view an entire spectrum of music? The answer begins to unfold some time around 1976. Not wanting to rehash a history which has been thoroughly argued about and examined by all who have been interested, let's briefly say that the Clash were an integral part of the punk foundation laid in mid-seventies England. Forget about the N.Y. influence of the Dolls, Ramones, Television, etc. For most people it all started in Britain. Along with the Sex Pistols, the Damned, the Buzzcocks and a few others, the Clash set out to turn the rock and roll world on its ear. At least that is what many people hoped. Of course, the statement has a varying degree of truth, from 0 to about 90%, for each different band.

The Clash were about the closest to that high percentile. This is not idle chatter or assumption. It has been well documented that Strummer, Jones & Co. were blokes who cared, sometimes embarrassingly and passionately, about all their relevant public actions. From pages and pages of sincere interviews to lower list priced albums specially arranged against the record company's will, to leaflets about Sandinista guerillas dropped from the ceiling at the infamous Bond's concerts, there is no room for doubt that the Clash MEANT IT. Even the band's harshest critics had to credit the band with being sincere and thoughtful, however misguided their efforts turned out to be.

This is not to say that the other bands were all mercenaries, but fans and enemies alike pinned a special cross on the Clash. Obviously, this was unfair and unnecessary but sometimes the Clash seemed to merit it.

The first Clash album, released in 1977, was practically a godsend to some people. All right, I may be exaggerating, but not by much. *The Clash* consisted of about 15 harsh, bristling raw nerves disguised as songs. An anathema to most but a shot of penicillin, almost a word from the Underground, to others. The album made crystal clear the message that this was the time and the band that was going to destroy

the (corporate) dinosaur that was destroying/had become rock 'n roll. That this never happened, could never happen, isn't a negative reflection on the Clash or any other band. The Clash are not miracle workers or saviors, simply an outstanding band in the right place at the right time.

Matters weren't helped when the Clash came to America for their first tour. Nine out of ten patrons who left the Palladium after the Clash's first N.Y. show swore up and down that that was the best concert, the most exciting band they'd ever seen. And many of them had seen the Who and the Stones in their respective primes.

Expectations began to dwindle after the release of the Clash's second album, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*

with the mainstream. How many times have you heard, "Oh, they used to be good but now all these schmucks like them and they're no fun any more," or something along that line? In addition, there is the natural tendency to like the group's original type of music so much that any change in style or direction is met with resentment. But this is also foolish—who wants to hear a group make the same records over and over again? Only fans of Status Quo. The logic of this argument doesn't stop that resentment from creeping into any of us, however, much we try to avoid it. Every time I see the Clash these days, I find myself thinking they are good but they're nowhere near what they were. The Best old energy is still there. But I know this is fatuous



The Clash contained enough good material to keep the hopes up but much of it was bogged down in the heavy metal hands of Blue Oyster Cult producer Sandy Pearlman. *London Calling* was a fine album in every respect, a fact not overlooked by critics, and for the first time, the mainstream record-buying public. That this latter audience began to take the Clash to heart is, in retrospect, a good thing. But it didn't seem so at the time to hardcore Clash fanatics.

That brings us to two points which arise in the histories of most successful groups and which are argued endlessly by fans of said groups. Even the most righteous band has the goal of making lots of money, at least in the back of its mind. This is in no way dishonorable—if you like a group why would you want to see its members struggle for existence? Coupled with this is the inherent jealousy which every early fan of a group feels when he starts to have to share his heroes

because the new songs are good, just necessarily different, and they don't lend themselves to the unbridled fierceness of the early material. The Clash couldn't keep doing three chord guitar blasts forever or they would have become a parody of themselves. These nagging inconsistencies will always be a paradox—they just make life more difficult.

Everything up to here has justified the Clash's every move. Sure, they've made some mistakes, like two albums worth of filler in *Sandinista*. Even this, however, is forgivable. They were trying to get out of their deal with CBS by doing a triple record set which they hoped would satisfy the remainder of their contract which called for three albums. Speaking of record companies, here is the current irony: it used to be the Clash and the Rest of the World vs. CBS, the monolithic bad guy. The Clash made this clear in an early single, "Complete Control": "They said release

'Remote Control'/But we didn't want it on the label/... They said we'd be artistically free/When we signed that bit of paper/They meant let's make a lot of money/An' worry about it later/Have we done something wrong?/Complete Control ever-over this song/I'll never understand/Complete Control lemme see your other hand." The group's "outlaw" stance was beyond reproach. When they said to other British groups, "You think it's funny/Turnin' rebellion into money" in "White Man In Hammer-smith Palais," you could actually take them seriously.

Now we have Clash commercials on TV, Clash songs in the top 20 and, worst of all, truckloads of hacks proclaiming the Clash the next kings of rock and roll. The first two items are all right but the last is quite annoying. We see the Clash open for the Who in front of millions while they get the official seal of approval from Pete, Roger and Mick. I've always admired the Who and the Stones for openly attesting to their admiration for new bands but when I hear Daltrey say things like "We have to get out of the way and make room for new groups like the Clash," I begin to get ill. What is this, a goddamned coronation? The Clash are not princes in waiting and groups don't "inherit the mantle of leadership" as one trade magazine put it. All this nonsensical hype will do is try to make the Clash something they're not and wouldn't want to be (I hope). Besides, if we can really consider absurdities like "taking over from the old heroes" then we have to bring a certain cliché about bosses from "Won't Get Fooled Again" into play.

To return to the "problem" of the Clash's massive commercialization I'm not dumb enough to believe that a group could get anywhere near as far as the Clash have without record company support. Taking an adversary position with the boys in the blue suits is usually just self-defeating. Certainly, the popularization of the Clash and their infiltration into the bastions of stardom is not undesirable. If you doubt this, just ask yourself whether you would rather see the Clash or Asia on America's Top Ten.

We must conclude that the rise of the Clash and lesser groups like the Go-Go's and A Flock of Seagulls is preferable to most other possibilities. I'll be the last to want to stop anyone from enjoying WLIR, dozens of two-bit "new wave dance clubs" and even blue hair at Billy Idol concerts. But forgive us old codgers for getting a gleam in our eyes when we think about X-Ray Spex, the Specials, Hurrah, and a thousand other pleasant memories which have made the last five years or so the most exciting musical time we'll probably ever see.

Fun, Fun, Fun, Immortal Primitives Rock the Brook

by Kathy Esseks

In pursuit of the final word on a notorious campus band, I talked to Birdman, lead vocalist for the Immortal Primitives, in the Union a few weeks ago. The Immortal Primitives had been represented as many things—punk, surf, weird—and I wanted to discover the truth. I had associated their black leather clothing and an abundance of safety pins with punk, but the Primitives hardly embody the angry, nihilistic philosophy of the Punk movement. The Primitives are into fun; fun, good times, and sticking up for one's friends are the guiding principles behind this band. These happy hedonists are: lead guitarist Billy Bennett, Mike Ock on rhythm guitar, Dave Rick on bass, drummer Beat Savage, and Birdman singing lead vocals.

Intrigued by conflicting reports about Immortal Primitives shows, I wandered over to the End of the Bridge last Friday night to see them perform. I discovered that an Immortal Primitives show consists of four sets depicting the band's devolution from carefree surfers to modern day cavemen.

The first set was surf music, e.g. "California Sun," "Surfin' Safari,"

and "Surfin' U.S.A." The band wore Hawaiian shirts and white pants and looked suave. After two instrumental numbers to warm up the large crowd of energetic dancers, the band launched into "California Sun" complete with softly slurred vocals. Birdman had said earlier, "I'm a vocalist, not a



The Immortal Primitives

singer—I'm working on it." His voice was a little weak at first, but got progressively stronger through the course of the show. Beat Savage suggested that the occasionally poor vocal projection was the result of the band's lack of an adequate amount of amplifiers and speakers. Still, the music was well execu-

ted. Bennett is a skilled, deservedly self-assured guitarist. Ock played capable back-up, and Rick's bass line was wonderfully heavy and insistent. Savage's drumming was energetic and tight for the most part, and the band appeared to be having a great time doing the show. The attitude was transmitted to the

Tears," "Louie Louie," and "La Bamba," on which I thought Birdman was going to explode with enthusiasm. After the next break they came out dressed in leather and sunglasses—the Punk set. During "Gloria," "Push Too Hard," "Suzy Creamcheese," the dancers were having an energetic workout on the floor.

For the last set, their Primitive incarnation, the band wore—very little. Electrical tape and masking tape adorned chests and arms and Dave Rick's eyes. I imagine it's quite painful to remove. Birdman and Bennett wore black bikinis. It was an unforgettable sight. The music, both covers and originals—"Wipe Out," "Teenage Caveman," "Hey Birdman," and "Wild Thing," among others—served as a backdrop to strenuous contortions on the dance floor. People were engaging in some friendly slam dancing and jumping all over the place. Birdman leaped off the stage a few times and mingled with the crowd. It was a rousing finale to an impressive evening.

A show by the Immortal Primitives is a good place to enjoy their philosophy of having FUN. They have the best aspects of the garage-band type: down 'n' dirty music with enthusiasm to burn.

Press photo by Gail Matthews

crowd which had an equally good time.

The band's second set was rock 'n' roll—dressed in unexceptional tee-shirts and pants, a blazer on Rick—consisting of nine terrific rocking tunes. The have-fun philosophy came through clearly with very danceable renditions of "96

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