

## Cambodian's Escape Leads to Campus

by Eric Brand  
and Melissa Spielman

Pictures of death and starvation burn across the television screen. A well-fed correspondent in Brooks Brothers casual wear tells of Cambodians eating grain that is used in the United States as animal feed. A Cambodian woman says she has had one ration of grain in the last week.

The horrifyingly familiar scene is being watched with greater than usual intent by a small, thin student, shrouded in his loose clothes and waist-length black hair. The student is 23-year-old Rithipol Yem. Pol, as he is known, a senior at Stony Brook and President of the Stony Brook Committee for Cambodian Relief, escaped from that country in 1976.

Pol grew up in the village of Takeo, which borders a province of Vietnam. His family included four sisters and five brothers; his father was an elementary school principal. Pol was in high school when the war began. He related the story of his flight from Cambodia with little emotion.

"War started in 1970; by then I was 14. In spring semester, March 1970, the government was overthrown. The North Vietnamese moved into the area. Our school had to be closed.

"As soon as Sihanouk was toppled, we knew the war would start... Everyone loved him." Pol explained Prince Sihanouk was overthrown by his Prime Minister, Lon Nol, who disagreed with his policy of letting the North Vietnamese use Cambodia, which was supposed to remain neutral, as a sanctuary. "Before Sihanouk was overthrown, we only heard the bombings, the helicopters. We never saw the war. We didn't know what war was like.

"The North Vietnamese occupied the town for a month and a half. Then, in early May, the American troops came in and



Rithipol Yem fled to the United States from Cambodia.

pushed the North Vietnamese troops out of the way. They just retreated peacefully.

"I stayed with my family, but we had to move out of my home — it was a rich house, a good-looking house. So we thought it would be good to move." They joined relatives in a rural area, he said.

"Then the country really got into war. All over, the North Vietnamese attacked towns and capitals, and took over five provinces."

When the Americans moved in, said Pol, his family took refuge in Phnom Penh for the summer. His family returned to Takeo when it was safe, but Pol and his older brother and sister stayed in the capital to attend Cambodia's foremost high school.

In 1973 Pol's father was elected congressman, and the family reunited in Phnom Penh. Two weeks later, the Cambodian communists took over.

"The communists got stronger and

stronger," said Pol, "and the Lon Nol got weaker and weaker, through corruption and mistrust of the people. The North Vietnamese pulled out, so strong were the Khmer Rouge—they were backed by Peking.

"Then they started to evacuate all the people they conquered from the cities and towns into the forests. This was to teach them to live in a communistic society."

The Khmer Rouge began to draft children, from 12 to 18 years of age, to fight. Pol volunteered to join the Boy Scouts, and was taught to use a gun. "This was to protect the school," he explained.

When the Khmer Rouge took over, said Pol, "Everything changed completely."

Pol was 19 when he learned about starvation. "It was the 17th of April, 1975," he recalled. "They (the Khmer Rouge) walked into the city about 9:30 in the morning. I don't know when they started telling people to get out, but I was told at 12 noon. They forced all to get out of the city: the sick, the frightened, the young—everyone. There were 2 million people in the city. There were only 2 major roads."

The path was so crowded, he said, that it took him "one day and half the night to walk a mile. I saw an old lady drop dead on the ground. It was so hot. Very old people died of exhaustion. They were left on the side of the street. It was too packed to bury them, so relatives were forced to leave them. We cooked on the street, slept on the street, went to the bathroom on the street.

"That night, I talked to a Khmer Rouge. He said they wanted to get us out of the city for three days only. He said in order to establish the communist order they really had to be free of attack from the American air force. He said that among the people

Continued on page 4

### On the Inside

The students behind NYPIRG \_\_\_\_\_ page 3

The slow crawl at the Walk Service \_\_\_\_\_ page 6

"Equus" is reviewed — twice. \_\_\_\_\_ page 8

The film year in retrospective. \_\_\_\_\_ page 9



A fish story

page 10

## Record-Breaking Tripling Predicted for Next Year

by Melissa Spielman

"It will be crowded."

This prediction by Vice President for Student Affairs Elizabeth Wadsworth of next year's campus housing situation is an understatement to past and present tripled freshmen who know what it's like to wait an hour for an end-hall stove burner or who have ever been tempted to throw a roommate's clothing out the window to make more closet space. Next year there are expected to be more triples than ever before, surpassing this year's record of 1,200.

"Our freshmen and transfer enrollment targets are up," said Wadsworth. "Our dormitory return rate last year was the highest we ever experienced. We have no reason to believe that rate will be lower next year."

The target of 2,400 freshmen and 1,100 transfer students "will represent the highest the University will seek in this century," said Director of Admissions Daniel Frisbie. This year there were 2,200 freshmen and 960 transfers.

Wadsworth attributed the high number of returning residents to factors including gasoline prices

and a tight housing market in the area. Not even last year's increases in room fees caused people to move off campus, as previous increases have done.

"Balancing those projections which say there will be more demand for housing next year," continued Wadsworth, "is that we will have some housing next year we didn't have." Her reference was to the apartments for married and graduate students being constructed near the Health Sciences Center; she estimated that up to 300 of the 450 graduate students now living in residence halls "would be eligible for and interested in the apartment housing." But the figure of 300 is still only an estimate and could be much lower.

Although tripling next year will most likely be more severe at first than this year's, Wadsworth expects students to be detripled sooner. "I don't think people will be tripled into the second semester next year," she said. There are still 160 tripled students, plus 400 on the waiting list for housing.

This year, 375 students who were wait-listed for housing were

placed before detripling began, next year, said Wadsworth, detripling will have top priority. This year was a special case due to a University error.

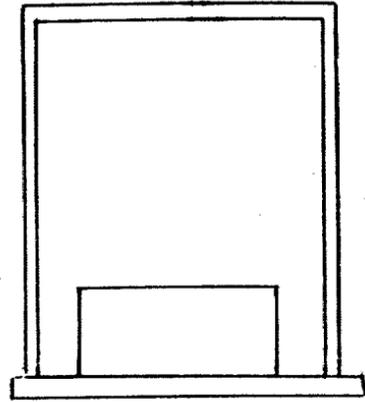
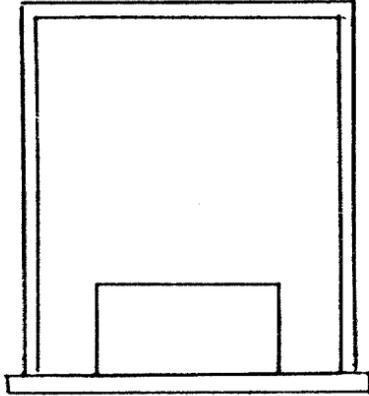
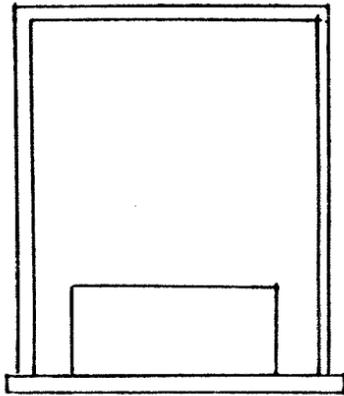
"A significant number of incoming students were not notified until August that they were on the waiting list," she said. "Bad! A person (who was supposed to handle the notification) goofed, but the University is responsible. Because that was the case, we bent over backwards... We had a special responsibility to the waiting list people."

For next year, said Wadsworth, "We think detripling ought to come first." But cramming all of the triples into G and H Quads in the first place may pose a problem.

Some form of relocation of non-freshmen from those quads may be employed. The housing policy for next year will not be ready for several months, but Wadsworth said one possible system is a two-stage room selection. Under this system, students wishing to return to G and H Quads would be asked to move out of their respective quads, or take the

Continued on page 5

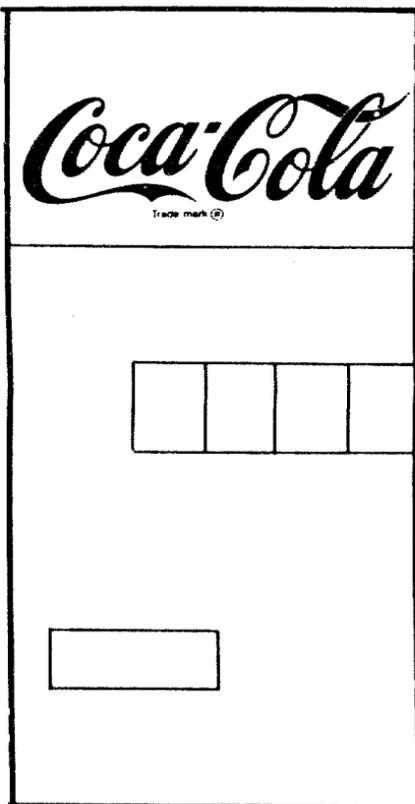
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# NYPIRG Dedicated to Legislative Change

By Melissa Spielman

With its informal decor of newspaper clippings, old posters and frisbees, the basement office of the Stony Brook chapter of the New York Public Interest Research Group hardly seems like a breeding ground for legislative change. But the members of NYPIRG, a not-for-profit, student-run consumer advocacy and environmental protection agency, seem to have more impact on the world outside the University than other student groups on campus.

Senior Paul Diamond, chair of the local NYPIRG board, and sophomore Prakash Mishra, the Secretary-Treasurer, are two of the group's prime movers. They have involved themselves in diverse projects ranging from coordinating anti-nuclear activity on Long Island to working with Polity for funding.

Mishra balanced a genetics textbook as he spoke of how his interest in fighting nuclear power led him to join NYPIRG last year. He quickly found himself Long Island coordinator for a bill to prevent construction of permanent nuclear waste dumps without approval of the State Legislature, and, later, LI coordinator for the anti-nuke March on Washington last May.

There were no other NYPIRG chapters on the Island last year, but, said Mishra, "It was a massive project to try to coordinate all the anti-nuclear groups." His major responsibilities were publicizing the event "and making sure we all got there."

He added, "When I saw 110,000 people in D.C.—and knew I had a part in it—that was the most beautiful sight of my life."

Mishra will again work on an anti-nuclear project this year, although he is not sure of exactly what. Among his interests is the "revision of the Price-

director of central NYPIRG, which encompasses chapters at Stony Brook and 16 other campuses across the state. "Ninety percent of the people working at both rallies were NYPIRG people," said Mishra.

Asked about NYPIRG's relationship

group was placed on the Polity election ballot.

After it passed the referendum was voided by the Polity Judiciary when two students claimed its wording was "ambiguous and misleading." The referendum was scrapped for rewriting.

two years, after which another referendum will be held. Mishra said it was NYPIRG's decision to bring its funding to vote biannually. The purpose, he explained, "is to make us more accountable. We'll really have to work to survive."

While working on the referendum,



Hanging out at NYPIRG are, from left, Paul Diamond, Prakash Mishra, Diane Carr and Jim Conte.

with other anti-nuke groups, he replied, "Philosophically we disagree with SHAD and some of the other alliances, although we've worked with them—they believe in civil disobedience in a more active manner." He added, "also, nuclear energy is only one facet of PIRG."

Diamond's work is more in Stony Brook politics than nuclear politics. Sporadically

According to Diamond, the essential reason the referendum was voided was deeper than poor wording. "The problem with our referendum was with people in Polity," he said. "One person believes no political organization should get funding from Polity—others thought NYPIRG just wasn't worth the money." He argued that, "The view that political organizations should not be funded, especially non-partisan ones, is an archaic notion," pointing out that such groups as the Marxist Red Balloon Collective and the "very conservative" Young Americans for Freedom have in the past received money from the student government.

In addition, said Diamond, "People feel money allocated to NYPIRG is leaving campus and never coming back—but it does come back." He explained that money from all the NYPIRG chapters goes through a central office in Manhattan. "NYPIRG is a not-for-profit organization, and it goes through a yearly audit. If it's not under a central bookkeeping system, it will fall apart."

Returning to the charges, Diamond said the wording of both the initial referendum and the revised version contained "a certain inherent confusion, but people understand the issue." Mishra asserted, "When an issue deals with their money, people are going to make damn sure they understand the issue."

The second referendum passed 887 to 326 in a special election. NYPIRG will receive approximately \$30,000 a year for the next

NYPIRG conducted a voter registration drive, which had a response of about 500, but most of the 25-30 active members' time was spent on the funding effort. Now they will have time to work on other projects. Planned for this year are a report on toxic chemicals in Long Island drinking water; the initiation of a public interest program on WUSB, the campus radio station; a supermarket price comparison for the area; and an attempt to organize NYPIRG chapters on other Long Island campuses. Also planned are a Nuclear Teach-In next semester, and the annual Sun Day program.

Permission is required from the NYPIRG State Board for the local projects. Mishra said this is partly for auditing purposes, and partly so that the Board can determine if a local project is of sufficient importance to be conducted statewide. "Very rarely has something been rejected," he remarked. "The local board really decides what is going to be worked on—they understand the needs of the local community."

He added, "The Board, at its monthly meetings, votes on certain projects that every PIRG chapter has to work on." The rationale behind this is, "When you go to the Governor and say, 'Every chapter has been working on this,' it has much more impact." Among the accomplishments of NYPIRG are the passage of the Truth-in-Testing and Generic Drug Laws in New York State, and the passage of laws

Continued on page 5

***'Nader said students are the biggest catalyst in social movements -- and to be an effective catalyst, you have to be organized.'***

—Prakash Mishra

Anderson Act, which limits the liability of a nuclear power plant. What we'll essentially be saying to the plants is, 'Put your money where your mouth is.' He explained that although, "We know a meltdown would cost several billion to clean up," under the Price-Anderson Act the federal government would have to pick up a large part of the tab. "Why should the people have to pay? If they (the nuclear plants) are so sure (a meltdown) can't happen, they should pay 100 percent."

"The phase-out and shutdown of nuclear plants is one of the goals of NYPIRG," said Mishra. He said that the coordinator of the May 6 and September 23 anti-nuke rallies was Donald Ross, the executive

typing a paper as he spoke, he said that a portion of the 15-20 hours he spends in the office each week is devoted to "making sure things are going smoothly, keeping up good relationships with Polity (he was Polity Secretary last year) and trying to develop a relationship with other clubs."

Diamond estimated he spent 30 hours a week at the office earlier this year while working on Stony Brook NYPIRG's major project of the semester—the referendum. The chapter, which has existed on and off since 1974, was going to run out of money since its funding from Polity and central NYPIRG was temporary. A referendum asking students to earmark \$1.50 of their activity fee money per semester for the

## Pushing Nukes: 'Socially Embarrassing'

By Erik L. Keller

"Mitch Cohen wanted to join but we didn't let him. On second thought we should have. Then we could have billed him as Mitch Cohen — Friend of nuclear energy" chuckled FONE spokesman Louie Epstein. Cohen was not available for comment.

FONE stands for Friends of Nuclear Energy, a small campus organization that encourages the use of nuclear power.

Epstein, an Engineering Science major, said he believes that an organization like FONE is necessary since there is so much anti-nuclear power sentiment on campus. "We want to point out the problems with other power sources," he said.

FONE receives money from its members and does not seek Polity funding since, said Epstein, they would have to meet certain regulations regarding membership.

FONE's members are University faculty, undergraduate and graduate students and a few people that are not University affiliated.

The last meeting of FONE was attended by only a few of the 15-member organization. In addition to its membership, three members from the Long Island Clamshell Alliance came to the meeting.

When a discussion about the possible radiation effects of

the Three Mile Island accident arose, Epstein said, "You would get as much radiation (at the reactor site) as if you moved to Denver," to which Clamshell member Marcia Prager retorted, "And that's the standard LILCO line."

"The anti-nuclear people say that people in the industry shouldn't talk about the issue and the fact is that they are the only ones who are qualified to talk about it," said Epstein.

Epstein spoke about various problems of non-nuclear power sources. He mentioned events like the Liquefied Natural Gas (LNG) tank explosion that killed 133 Toledo residents in 1944.

"Every energy source has its problems, but by comparison nuclear's problems are mild," he said.

"We welcome members from all walks of life...if they are pro-nuclear and suit our needs," said Epstein. FONE members later said anti-nuclear people are welcome to the meetings, provided that they would not cause a disruption.

Epstein said the group is trying to teach people about nuclear energy since anti-nuclear feelings come from ignorance and misinformation by anti-nuclear proponents.

He also says that the news media contributes to this. "The media has long been prejudiced about nuclear

power," said Epstein.

FONE has had printed a number of anti-coal and solar posters. However, said Epstein, as soon as they were put up, they were torn down.

"Being pro-nuclear is worse than being a cannibal," said member Howie Epstein. Louie elaborated and said, "It's a great shame that it's socially embarrassing."

"We are a fission interim group," said Louie. FONE's position is that fission should only be used until fusion becomes an economically realistic power source and that all available energy research monies should be sunk into fusion research.

Fission involves the splitting of an element while fusion involves the addition of two elements to create a single element. Fusion reactions provide more energy per reaction than that of their counterpart, fission.

Louie said that he and a few of his members want to work with Enact, the University's environmental organization. "We believe that anti-nuclear should be environmentally minded, but they aren't since nuclear power is the safest," he added.

However, the members of FONE could not sway the opinions of Prager or that of her Clamshell friends. Although Prager may not agree with many of Louie's positions she said, "I think he's a lot of fun."

# Cambodian Tells of Escape

Continued from page 1

(in the city) were the enemy. The enemy: the CIA, the government, the military. He said they couldn't see the enemy in the crowd. So for security, they had to move everyone out.

"I hated communists," Pol stated calmly. "I hate them. Over the radio, all I heard was execution and murder."

Pol's father predicted "it would be a matter of days" before the communists fell. "A month later," said Pol, "we were still in the road. People were dying. We just had rice. We fished every day. Vegetables were available. We were surviving with rice soup every day. Everyone started to have swollen faces because of malnutrition."

Pol said, "The communists appealed to the old government officials to help them reconstruct the country. My father thought hard, and decided to join them. The reason he did this was because they had lists, records of all the politicians. Since my father was so clean, he felt that they would not harm him."

"At the same time, I was working on my plan to escape to Thailand. I was thinking, should I leave in the worst crisis? When my mother was taking care of eight children, my brother was sick? I balanced this with my dream of helping Cambodia. Emotionally I felt I should stay, but I knew I couldn't really help. I decided to escape."

He also decided to conceal his plans from his parents until the last moment.

He told his father in the Khmer Rouge headquarters, where they had journeyed so his father could join the communists. "I asked my father if it was okay with him (for me to escape). He said if I tried I would be killed by the communists if I were alone. He said the communists were looking for former soldiers, CIA, police, to arrest and punish them. He said it would be very dangerous."

"And if, he said, I made it through all of the communist network, I'd never make it through the jungle. There were elephants, tigers, poisonous snakes. And that I would get lost. And there was no way to get out of the jungle."

Pol explained to his father his longing to escape:

"Since I was a little boy, I always thought I would eventually be an educated man. And now, everything was stripped off. They closed every institution. I said, 'I see no future.'

"I would be working in the rice fields. I would get old and die in the rice fields."

Pol told his father he would try to move to the north and settle down until he saw an opportunity to flee. "I would not stay on the southern border, with no chance of escape."

"I said, if I stay, I would be of no help to my family."

"Then he turned to me, so sad." He recalled his father said, "Do you know Thailand is not a good place to get an education? If you want help you have to go to America."

"I left him there," Pol remembered. "That was the last time I saw my father. He was in tears. I turned and looked at him—his face turned dark and sad. I went, weeping."

Pol said his mother was shocked to hear his father agreed to his escape. "We both cried. But I said to myself, I had to leave."

"My brothers called me selfish. My uncle said, 'Let him go.' My mother trusted him, listened to his advice. She went crazy, crying and packing for me."

"There were no words. We understood that that was the last time we would see each other."

"I said goodbye to my uncles, my aunts, my grandparents. I was weeping the whole time."

"I left in the afternoon. It was raining so hard." Pol said he felt this was a bad omen. One of his uncles looked him in the eye and said he was a bad son for leaving the family. "I took every insult, every compliment—then I took off. All my brothers and sisters lined up outside, and asked where I was going. I couldn't tell the younger ones in case the word would spread."



Sihanouk supporters in Thailand.

"I took a look at them—the last look. I rode the bicycle in the rain. I never saw my family again."

After leaving home, Pol rode his bicycle across four provinces. "I was on the bike all day, almost all night, for 10 days."

"I was stopped by the communists all the time. I was asked where I wanted to go, and for my papers. I was so pitiful looking. I told them I was going to my parents in the northern part of Cambodia. I told them I was instructed to go there. I told them I was a student; I told them I was poor and had to work and that I was separated from my parents by the war; that not until my 'comrades' defeated the corrupt government, backed by imperialist Americans, could I go see my parents. Those lies saved my neck."

"Sometimes," he added "they fed me. I was finally stopped at the northern part. It was the rainy season. No travelling was allowed; everyone had to work in the fields. I was sent to the woods."

Pol was joined there by another traveller. "We rode together on our bicycles. We made friends. After three or four days, I talked him into running away. We were sent to the working camp together. We were split into groups. We worked so hard. They didn't give anything to eat: a little rice—nothing."

"In order to escape we had to have lots of rice. We exchanged our clothes for rice. Sometimes we had to beg for food."

"The communists warned us over and over not to escape. They said they'd shoot us on the spot." Pol said he didn't care. "But if we left the camp, there was no getting back in."

Pol and his friend left the camp two weeks later, armed with authorization papers forged by a schoolteacher who was also escaping. "He went south, we went north. It took us hours to crawl across the road. Then we walked in the woods." It was raining, and so dark they had to walk with their hands in front of them. They accidentally began to head south again. "We found what we thought was another camp. Again we crawled across the road, only to find the schoolteacher. He had made the same mistake—it was the same camp!"

Pol and his friend went off again, and were nearly caught when a local farmer brought them to the attention of a communist. "We just lay down on the ground, so quick. We each had a sword to protect us. We watched him—I told my friend, if he comes near us, we would jump up, and surprise him, and cut his head off! But luckily, he left."

"Whenever we ran into the communists, we showed them the papers. One time, a

soldier couldn't read, so he took us to headquarters. The officers knew it wasn't real, and then 10 soldiers surrounded us and questioned us."

"My friend was so nervous, he said: 'Oh my god, we're going to be dead.' Of course I was nervous too, but I said I'd do the talking."

Pol said that when the officer insisted the papers were fake, he replied he couldn't have forged them, having no pens or paper, and no knowledge.

"Why is there no seal on the paper?" asked the officer.

"When I got it, there were so many people...nobody got a stamp."

Pol said he spoke to the officer "about imperialists and communists and everything."

"I talked to him almost two hours. Then he started to feel bad for us."

But the deception almost failed when the officer asked to look into the bag the friends were carrying. "There were paper and pens in the bag!" said Pol. "My friend was smart; he opened the bag, and folded pants around the pens and paper, lifted them up, and said, 'See? Nothing.' Then they let us go."

They were again followed by soldiers, and informed that the officers had more questions. Pol told his friend, "No way are we going back. They'll realize we were lying, and kill us on the spot. We looked at each other and took off."

They ran across fields and into the woods, followed by the soldiers. When they came to a deep waterway, they tied bamboo into a makeshift raft and pulled it across the water amid the communists' bullets. "We lay down, and I said, 'Shoot if you want, you can't hit me!'"

"From then on, we never showed ourselves to any other person." They spent 11 days in the jungle, and finally reached the Thailand border after climbing a mountain in the Dang Kek range. "At the borderline, there was a guard post. We saw all the communists' belongings. We took off into another rocky stream."

"Seeing flat land, I realized we were in Thailand. 'We made it! We made it!'"

"We were so afraid to see humans again. We knew they were Thai, but didn't know if they were communist. We surrendered to them, our hands up."

They were welcomed by a guard, and searched for weapons. He questioned them and wrote a report.

"Everyone in the village came to us," said Pol. "They gave us fruit. They were so surprised to see Cambodians. We spent the night in the mayor's house."

In the morning they went to police headquarters. "The police thought we were Khmer Rouge! They didn't believe us, because no one had ever escaped through that area before."

They were questioned by experts, who said they were genuine refugees and set them free. They were put into refugee camps, where they ate their first normal meal in a long time.

From the Surin province refugee camp, Pol applied to emigrate to America or France. He wrote a letter to a teacher in the U.S. through "Voice of America" in Washington D.C., after hearing the radio program. "It was a long letter, in which I asked him to sponsor me out of the refugee camp."

"Three weeks later, I got a reply. I was admitted to America." He was also admitted to France, but chose not to go there because the French had colonized Cambodia. "I don't like French behavior. They thought they were our masters for 90 years. And Americans always treated us like friends. Plus, my father's last words to me were to go to America."

Pol was given medical tests and treatments at the American base in

## Schedule for Cambodian Day - December 13, 1979

Location: UNION AUDITORIUM

12:00 - 1:00 p.m.	Music by Steven Payson Percussion Ensemble
1:00 - 1:10	Dr. Richard Schmidt, Acting-President of the SUNY at Stony Brook
1:10 - 1:15	Rithipol Yem, President of the Stony Brook Committee for Cambodian Relief
1:15 - 1:30	Prof. Bernard Tursky, Chairman of the Political Science Dept. at SUNY at Stony Brook
1:30 - 2:00	Harold Grimes, International Rescue Committee
2:00 - 2:30	Peggy Turbutt, U.S. Committee for UNICEF
2:30 - 2:45	Pat Verdon, Hunger Task Force of Hofstra University Catholic Chaplaincy
2:45 - 3:15	Rabbi Adam Fisher, Temple Isaiah
3:15 - 3:30	Rabbi Alan Flam, Stony Brook Hillel
3:30 - 4:00	Speaker for Bread for the World
4:00 - 5:00	Larry Simon, Educational Director of Oxfam-America (International Coalition of Relief Agencies)
5:00 - 6:00	"Cambodia" A Nation is Dying," PBS documentary

DINNER BREAK (6:00 - 8:00)

Location: UNION BALLROOM

8:00 - 8:10	Rev. Robert Smith, Stony Brook Campus Catholic Parish
8:10 - 8:20	Slides by Aarom Neresain, Catholic Relief Services
8:20 - 9:20	"Cambodia: A Nation is Dying," PBS documentary
9:20 - 9:50	Larry Simon, Oxfam-America
9:50 - 10:10	In Tam, Former Prime Minister of Cambodia
10:10 - 10:20	Rithipol Yem, President of the Stony Brook Committee for Cambodian Relief

Music will be performed throughout the evening by the group "Sphynx."

# From War-Torn Homeland

Thailand. Ten days later he was in Arkansas, then Washington D.C., where he spent seven hours a day learning English.

Pol went to work, first in McDonalds and then as a busboy, while attending a community college. He managed to locate an uncle who was in the Cambodian embassy. "I called him up and got hold of other relatives, and found that my brother had quit the Marines and fled to Malaysia."

Pol recently found out through his brother that all of his immediate family is still alive. But over half of his other relatives have died.

Pol was interviewed by a writer for the Reader's Digest, who helped him get into Thompkins-Cortland Community College in New York. After graduating, he came to Stony Brook under the Educational Opportunity program. He is now a senior political science major, and plans to pursue a PhD in South East Asian affairs.

"I like the educational system here," said Pol. "Work study, aid for the poor...I always dream I could bring the same system to Cambodia."

He wants to return to his native country.



Cambodian refugees clog the roads on their long march to Thailand.

"Some day I want to go back and help." For that reason, he does not intend to become a U.S. citizen, although he likes this country. "It's not a perfect country, but it is the best country," he stated. "It has a great political system. We have political freedom here, and human rights."

During the interview, one of Pol's suitmates rushed in. "Pol! There's a thing on Cambodia on the news!" After a car commercial interrupted the scenes of horror, Pol responded, "That really upset me. Cambodia has always been everything to me."

He recalled, "I went hungry and starving sometimes, and I saw people struggle just to survive. Care must be given to poor people in the world as well as Cambodia. We must join together in any humanitarian effort. I understand that grades and work are significant (to people), but when we get down to the point when people just need bread or rice in their bowl—just to survive—I think we should take some of our time to help them."



The reality of war is famine, not fanfare.

## NYPIRG Calls for Change

Continued from page 3

dealing with insurance redlining and discrimination in auto insurance.

The Board, said Mishra, is composed entirely of students. "You're allocated so many State Board reps according to the financial contribution of your chapter," he explained. Stony Brook has two representatives, Jim Conte and Geoffrey Woodward. In addition to determining which issues NYPIRG will explore, the Board is responsible for hiring and firing all NYPIRG staff. Stony Brook NYPIRG has one staff member, Diane Carr, who, said Mishra, helps students with their projects and provides some continuity for the organization.

NYPIRG also provides counseling and information for the local chapters. According to Mishra, NYPIRG has several lawyers, and two scientists, who "both have degrees in biology, and do mostly environmental work."

There are PIRGS in 27 other states, and a national PIRG in Washington, D.C., but Mishra stated NYPIRG "has more political clout than any other PIRG in the nation."

Mishra said consumer advocates Ralph Nader and lawyer Donald Ross, who is now NYPIRG's Executive Director, were instrumental in beginning PIRGs across the country. "Back in the early 70's, when Ralph Nader was going from campus to campus, students were asking him the same question: 'What can we do to help?' The answer was: 'Organize'."

"Nader said students are the biggest catalyst in social movements," related Mishra, "and to be an effective catalyst, you have to be organized."

Iowa and Oregon were the first states to form PIRG's. In 1973, said Mishra,

students at Syracuse and Buffalo State decided to start a PIRG in New York. "It was their dream that their PIRG would be the biggest and best. They went to Ross and said they wanted to form a western New York PIRG, and spread it throughout the state. He said, 'You're crazy.' The rest is history."

The struggle for power is not at all over. "The opposition at CUNY schools is a major blow to us," said Mishra. He explained that a member of the City University of New York Board of Trustees is also a Trustee of the Educational Testing Service, which is severely affected by the Truth-in-Testing Law. "Since one of his interests is being attacked by PIRG, he's trying to purge PIRG from the CUNY's." For example, said Mishra, Hunter College PIRG is no longer allowed to send money to the NYPIRG central office, although it is required for bookkeeping. "What they're trying to do is, instead of having a state-wide organization, to have individual clubs—they don't really want any PIRG ties school to school." The ties, of course, increase the power.

The students at Hofstra are experiencing interference as well. Last year, said Mishra, a referendum to create a NYPIRG chapter at that school "won by four or five to one, but the administration wouldn't hold it binding." This year, they conceded to allow the students "to make a tentative agreement to join PIRG."

No such problems exist on this campus, said Mishra. "We haven't heard anything major from the administration here—they basically leave us alone."

And although the NYPIRG referendum here was delayed, Diamond commented, "The public prevailed, what can I tell you?"

## Record-Breaking Tripling Predicted

Continued from page 1

chance of being relocated if the space is needed for triples (tripling in the other quads has been discontinued). If too few students sign up to move, the University would then relocate some to other quads.

Next year's housing plan is scheduled to be completed in February. It is being drafted by a committee chaired by Director of Residence Life Claudia Justy, and will be submitted for approval to the University President's cabinet, the SUSB Senate's Student Life Committee, and the President's Quality of

Student Life Committee.

In an effort to alleviate the predicted overcrowding, Polity President David Herzog said, "The Steering Committee on the Quality of Student Life is making sure that all off campus housing possibilities are being strongly reviewed."

He added, "there is no doubt that tripling is inevitable. The way in which Polity is dealing with this upcoming issue is by making sure that before any policies related to tripling are put into effect for the fall of 1980, that we have direct input."

In the past many people have

called for a reduction in admissions as a remedy for tripling, but the University is not considering this. "Those decisions concerning enrollment," said Frisbie, "are made independently of housing accommodations." The higher Stony Brook's enrollment, the more money it receives from SUNY Central. "The budget ... is driven by enrollment," explained Frisbie. In addition, said Sanford Gerstel, Assistant to the Executive Vice President, more students are needed for a "more flexible array of programs," since a certain number of

students is needed to create or keep a program. He said, "We're still not large enough to have the flexibility that a University center requires."

The freshman targets will begin to decrease after next year, in accordance with a national decline in the number of high school graduates, but the University is expected to grow in other ways.

"We will be building graduate enrollment," said Wadsworth. For this reason, the University is requesting that the state allocate money for the planning of more

apartments. Stony Brook already has the plans for Stage XV dormitories, but Wadsworth said apartments would be more suitable for a growing graduate population.

But plans for graduate apartments will have no bearing on the many hundreds of freshmen who next year will find themselves sharing institutional furniture and floor and closet space designed for two. It appears that only a drastic increase in off-campus housing will ease the crunch next September.

# Walk Service Gathers Speed

by Ed Silver

Two rapes, ten assaults (four of them felonies) and one sex offense misdemeanor were reported on campus from April to August, 1979, according to Director of Public Safety Robert Cornute. A new security report indicates that from September to November, there were an additional ten assaults and one sex offense. In response to the Women's Center claims that at least 15 rapes, two of them gang rapes, occurred early this semester, Cornute acknowledged that many crimes probably go unreported.

The problem of making this campus safe could easily overwhelm any small group. Still, in an effort to provide at least some security for at least some part of the day, the campus walk service was established.

From any part of the campus, a person can call Polity Hotline (246-4000) from 8 pm to 1 am, Sunday through Thursday, and receive two escorts to any campus destination. But while many have recognized its worth, the walk service's progress has been a slow crawl.

One problem is that usage is still low. Hotline Coordinator Babak Mohavedi, who is ultimately in charge of the service, said there are only two to four calls per night. "People either don't know about it or they are shy to use it," he explained.

No men have called the service, he said. This is probably due, at least in part, to University Relations bulletins describing it as a Walk Service for Women. Mohavedi said rape prevention "is our main purpose, but not our sole purpose. That is safety." He added, "It is something for everybody to use."

There is still debate over the preferred gender of the two-person escort teams. While defense tactics are discouraged (the escorts are instructed to call Hotline on their walkie-talkies in case of trouble, so

Hotline can phone Security), many believe teams of women are less safe from attack than mixed or all-male teams. The current policy is that two women cannot share a shift.

"People feel safer when there's a man there," explained Mohavedi. "People who are thinking of rape will think twice about it" with a male present. "We're not trying to be sexist, but trying to protect students in a reasonable manner."

But Mark Silverman, who is acting

which sparked an argument over the director. Sandra Katz planned the service on paper after the idea for it had been raised in the Women's Center last semester. But her careful designs never left the drawing board stage, since the Women's Center was without funds to sponsor the program. This semester, Hotline announced it would be starting a walk service. Since Polity was supplying the funds, Katz learned, it would choose a director and oversee the organization.

reviewed by the Polity Council, which is empowered to veto his selections.

Herzog asserted he picked the person most capable of giving the walk service the publicity it needed before it could expand and be an effective organization. "It is the most important service on this campus for people who are in many cases afraid of walking on this campus," he said. Keeping that in mind, "I chose who I thought would best serve the students, and tried to make the process as fair as possible." Katz' bitterness, Herzog claimed, was the response of an applicant who didn't get the job.

Herzog selected Dawn Schoenberg to be director, who has since resigned. "A lot needed to be done and I really didn't have the time," she recently said. To take her place, Silverman was appointed by Mohavedi.

Silverman plans to add hours to the service, and include Saturday and Sunday hours next semester. "The service's problem is not the people working for it—they're terrific—but that they don't have enough hours," said one undergraduate who uses the service. Currently there are about 15 people working, and they are striving to recruit additional staff.

At least one student would like to see the hours extended to the daytime as well. Last July, she was following a path near the Stony Brook Union. She didn't hear her attacker's approach, only his jump from behind that knocked her to the ground, and then silence as his arm twisted around her neck. "I passed out struggling," she recalled. "And when I awoke, I found myself screaming and he was running away." She guessed she hadn't been raped because he might have been afraid that someone would respond to her cries, though no one did. It was 10 AM.

**'Males and females working together to overcome evils in the society is the best way'**  
— Lisa Daniel

director of the service, believes it is better to send out two women than to tell a caller there is no escort team available, adding that two women are probably as safe as other combinations. So far the efficacy of various combinations has not been tested, since no escort team has been confronted.

The ideal, all agree, is a mixed team. "Males and females working together to overcome evils in the society is the best way," said Lisa Daniel of the Women's Center.

In several months, the service may get some funding from the University, but now its money is coming from Polity Hotline.

It was funding which caused Polity to assume organization of the service, and

Katz is angry that in spite of her work, she was not selected to be director.

Katz said that instead of following her suggestion of placing crisis intervention counselors on the selection committee, Polity President David Herzog made sure Polity members would be "in on it." She charged Herzog personally took charge of the selection process to ensure that Polity would "get the credit" for the program. "It occurred to me that Herzog was in it for his own gain."

Herzog explained that as Polity President, he assumed the responsibility for appointing organization heads. "It doesn't give me any credit to pick, for instance, the Hotline Coordinator," he said. He added that his decisions are

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# The Illusion of Apathy

Apathy is widespread at Stony Brook and elsewhere; or at least so the news media have reported.

Its incidence is rampant. Just look at the numbers in America who do not vote. Inactivity abounds at colleges. Evidently, the number of people refusing to become involved is abysmally high. Apathy's evil is that its results are so devastating: the perpetuation of institutional racism; students unable to guide their own destinies in institutions of higher learning; people who are unaware of problems throughout the nation and the world. Apathy is the nation's young, whose parents leave them to be mesmerized by their babysitter, the television. Are not these definitions held to be self-evident?

Apathy is a cancer; it can attack anyone of any walk. It can not discriminate one being from another. Its strength lies in the ease with which it perpetuates itself by cajoling the unsuspecting to fall into its ever-swelling ranks. It takes little (perhaps no) conscious effort to become apathetic.

Does it take a conscious effort to vote? to protest? to be knowledgeable of all spheres around oneself? The answer is generally a resounding "yes." Does it take a conscious effort to lie back and watch the tube? to let an institution have dictatorial power over people's rights? to perpetuate the status quo? The answer, obviously, is—a hesitant "no." Hesitant, because in order to "to" anything requires energy. The energy of a single person, according to psychologists, is a fixed quantity which varies amongst individuals.

If there is indeed a lack of energy, surely scientists could invent a Geritol for the mind to cure it. But its manifestations do not indicate a shortage of mental energy. If there were, then invention and innovation would certainly cease. No, analysis of the energy and dynamics of human beings is not precise enough a subject

to give insight into the causes of apathy.

A look into why a person focuses his energies on a specific topic or goal should more clearly define why this thing called apathy has become almost omnipresent. A person must be interested in a subject before he gets involved with it. Because one's energy is limited, one can not be expected to become highly involved which affect the largest number of people must choose from different areas of interest to find their own; but it is a choice made freely?

There are numerous influences on people's lives. The most pronounced, which affect the argest number of people, stem from the communications industry. There are estimates that by age 64, the average American spends between four and nine years in front of the tube. Whether two years or four, it is a great amount of time to spend in front of a single influence. Radio also has a vast effect upon people. There are a myriad of other influences including family, literature and education.

But the major influence on American lives is the communications media. Television

consistently bombards the public with figures concerning the rapid rise of unemployment, the soaring prices of food and every commodity, the troubles overseas and next door; it asserts that it is a dog eat dog world and people must watch out for themselves—they must seek out every creature comfort to assure their survival.

Instilled with this view of the nation's poor economic status, and the difficulty surrounding that struggle to survive, Americans are impelled to devote their energies to keeping themselves alive. The struggle presents itself simply and immediately.

Almost everyone has to deal with the problem of obtaining and retaining a job. In order to do this, and to have a "better" job, most college students have found that good grades are essential. There are numerous methods of assuring good grades, from studying hard to bribing professors.

Yet, many have found that good grades alone will not guarantee that better job, and to make themselves more appealing to prospective employers, join clubs or take part in

activities. But, ah, careful not to devote too much time to these, or one will "burn out."

Social acceptability is another motivating force. This status is achieved by being well-versed in the social graces: owning designer jeans and knowing the latest disco craze in one clique; smoking expensive dope and hating disco in another.

In order to succeed and survive, students at college are expending their energy on everything from getting good grades to dancing. There is no question that students are expending great amounts of energy. But doesn't this belie the fact of widespread apathy?

With all the energy that students and others expend, apathy should be non-existent. But the energy goes towards self-improvement, and so people have no time to explore avenues that will not lead directly back to them. They are obsessed with their own lots. It is called narcissism.

Because people devote their energies inwardly, a cry of "apathy!" goes up. But apathy is merely a facade, a sham. It is a disguise for narcissism.



## Letters

### Iranian Takes Offense at Story

To the Editor:

After reading the article "Being Iranian at SB: The View Home," I was very surprised to see such a fine newspaper as The Stony Brook Press printing such an uncivilized and unrepresentative article.

After reading the article, I was ashamed to be an Iranian. The article most certainly did not represent the majority viewpoint of Iranian students here at Stony Brook. Such comments as

"women should thoroughly cover themselves" and "when he sees a pretty girl it ruins his whole day" are primitive and psychologically insane, and not those of a college educated person.

The article gave readers a wrong impression of Iranian peoples' beliefs and ideas. Although some Iranians still live in the sixth century or so, the majority of Iranians are not primitive, but educated. I don't

understand why this student has had many girlfriends, if it is against the Islamic law. The student has constantly criticized himself and it is obvious that he is not sure of what he is saying. His emotions have taken over him.

I hope that such one-sided articles will not be published in this newspaper in the future, unless the other side of the issue is also analyzed.

Name withheld on request

Applications are being accepted for the positions of news and sports editors, and assistant photo editor.

Writers and photographers are invited to apply for training and staff positions.

\*\*\*

Letters to the editor should be no longer than 250 words, and may be sent to P.O. Box 591, E. Setauket, N.Y. 11733.

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We extend our gratitude to those who gave their support in this, our first semester.

The Press will begin a regular publication schedule when it appears Thursday, January 31.

We wish a most happy and rewarding holiday season to all.

## The Stony Brook Press

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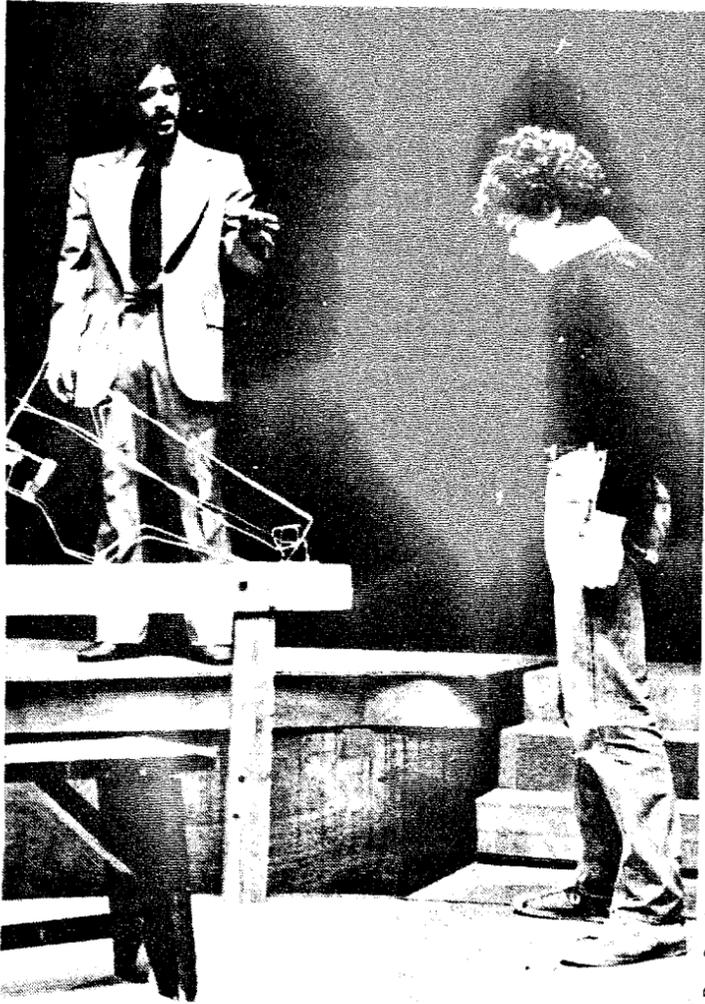
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# 'Equus': Galloping Triumph ...



Mark DeMichelle and Howard Owen Godnick: Powerful portrayals and staggered staging.

By Vivienne Heston

"Equus," a Drama Club production, sold out a week before its final curtain. The cast and crew of the student production demonstrated to a skeptical theater department and a presumably sophisticated audience that they could do justice to Peter Shaffer's complex drama. It was by far the best student theatrical endeavour that I have ever seen.

The play is the story of a boy who creates his own bizarre religion only to find himself enslaved by it. He blinds six horses in a stable and is then admitted to a psychiatric hospital. What results is a psychological mystery story whose final resolution spares neither doctor nor patient in its implications.

"Equus" was an enormous undertaking for a company of students. The high tension had to be maintained without stepping over into the realm of melodrama. The action was continuous with no actor allowed an idle moment (indeed, when the actors were off-stage, they provided choral and other effects). The stage was practically bare, but with the aid of intricate lighting (credit goes to the producer, Seth Schulman) and a brilliant set design, (William Fell), action could move freely from scene to scene, and from past to present.

Mitch Silver proved himself to be a highly talented director. His blocking was effective and his interpretation was most

sensitive. The players moved comfortably on the relatively small stage, making it seem much larger than it really was. During scenes where the action was occurring in different lieux, Silver was careful not to have the two collide and each event was played without intrusion. His sensitive touch was best displayed in the nude scene which was admirably done, and moving in its simplicity. It is also interesting to note that he even sculpted the horses' hooves and masks.

Dr. Martin Dysart (Mark Demichele) is the "lost" psychiatrist asking "fundamental questions" about himself and his professional purpose. Demichele gave a believable and three-dimensional portrayal. Though he rushed through some essential dialogue, he revealed his character's anguish powerfully, and interplayed beautifully with his patient Alan Strang (Howard Owen Godnick).

Godnick is a multi-talented actor who electrified the theater with his presence. His part was challenging in its change of mood, and he met the challenge with great energy and comprehension. Godnick was convincingly disturbed and in pain; as the play progresses, he and Dysart become increasingly exposed. The two characters depend on each other for their self-discovery. Both actors brought the play to a stunning climax as Alan thoroughly reveals his secret and Dysart's doubts are

crashingly confirmed.

April Leonie Lindevald gave a noteworthy performance as Alan's nervous and fanatically religious mother. She had a polish and a depth which shone through a most professional presentation. Mr. Strang, played by Mike Jankowitz, aroused the viewer's sympathy by his displayed confusion and concern for his son. "It's not in my nature to confront private feelings," he explains to the doctor. This was credibly projected.

Nicole Barrett's rendition of Jill Mason was crude at first. Her speech and movement were overly suggestive. However, she softened towards the end and during her final scene, gave a courageous performance with convincing emotion. Debi Hawkins have the right touch of efficiency as the nurse. However, Leila Paspalas' magistrate came off more as Dysart's mother than friend, and the intimacy was lost.

The horses were neither majestic nor god-like; they were still-life props instead of dynamic forces of atmosphere. The chorus and lighting did the job for them, adding the eeriness that this production longed for.

Though there were slight rough edges to the play, all in all, it was a galloping triumph. "Equus" achieved what it was supposed to: It both moved and unsettled the audience. The animated discussions at intermission and standing ovations at the conclusion bore testimony to its success.

## ... Or Unsatisfying Drama?

by Patrick Giles

Stony Brook Drama's production of *Equus*, which just completed a highly successful run at the Calderone, proves that a student company can bring a polish and professionalism to their productions but that, when it comes to dealing with the essentials of creating first-rate theater, they are not quite so adept.

I don't want to sound hard on this production, one I generally liked and respected. Director, designer and cast have done solid, competent work with this highly demanding play: it was never boring or embarrassing and contained several highly impressive moments. But the core of the play—the interplay of actions, emotions and delusions that lead in a chain-reaction to the blinding of six horses by a seemingly mild-mannered young man—slipped past them. Without it, the play retains momentum and interest but loses some force and feeling.

Mitch Silver's direction never lagged: he gives a tight pace and unity of style to the entire cast. He has an eye for groupings and a flair for staging staggered levels of action; but he brings little intelligence or sensitivity to a play that cannot survive without it. *Equus* is a study of the characters' psyches—everyone on that stage, even the horses, become participants in a rapid series of mental duels, pursuits and flights. The missed connections, confessions of failure, unresolved longings pile up and eventually throb with frustration—a restraint unleashed by Alan, the central character of the drama. While Shaffer's views of madness, rationality and psychotherapy are debatable—I find them evasive and dated—no one can deny that *Equus* is a very solid, well-constructed theater piece. It's a play of nuances—that's what's happening—which provoke and flesh out the moments delineated.

Silver gives the story a good going-over, but the final effect, despite great care, concern and discipline, doesn't grasp the play. We learn only the bare bones of the elaborately thought-out explanations

Shaffer has prepared for us. The characters seem thin, easy, reduced. The final effect is almost tabloid—a New York Post expose rather than a fully realized dramatic event. The moments of shock and revelation lack the wallop they should carry, mainly because the entire play is acted in a fevered style. (The volume level of the voices is often excruciatingly loud—in a small theater with palatable acoustics. Is the company planning to move to the Main Stage?) The direction lacks personality; I couldn't figure out what Silver felt about *Equus*, except that it's a big hit and he loved the play and hoped it would fill his theater. What does he feel about the truly awful events on-stage? What forms these moments, and animates them? I don't know, and I didn't because he didn't seem to, or at least didn't get it across through his actors.

Much of the acting is commendable. I must confess I was surprised by Mark DeMichelle's Dysart; considering the inadequacies of some of his work, I didn't expect him to carry this role. He does—not brilliantly, since that would be almost impossible for any student to do. But, as Dr. Dysart, there is a discipline and modesty he's never shown before. He still runs through lines with haste, as if unsure of them, and still loves that gruff voice of his, but he also commands attention by working hard—really hard—on the control and intelligence the Doctor must demonstrate in dealing with his highly disturbed (and disturbing) patient. The quiet passion demanded of the role is too much for him, though he does deliver it in an admirable reading of the difficult, questionable final speech. This is not a totally successful performance, but it's an impressive one, and should be highly commended.

April Leonie Lindevald and Mike Jankowitz bring skill and force to their portrayals of the disturbed boy's parents. Jankowitz has a fine understanding and objectivity but sounds too much like Cary Grant in his Early MGM Period. Someone should have told the parents that they were

practically alone in their attempts to cultivate British accents (Kevin O'Mara's funny cameo as Dalton is Park-Slope Irish), but once credulity is suspended, the players work well. Lindevald is a find—a bold, talented actress. She gives the finest performance in the play, bringing a scrutiny and daring to her work the rest of the production lacks. It's easy to reduce Mrs. Strang to comfortable dimensions, making her sympathetic or contemptible, but Lindevald achieves both: the rapid, at times seemingly spontaneous, spasms of rage, guilt and confusion that rend Mrs. Strang were totally honest and believable. I was also impressed by the calm, professional skill demonstrated by Debi L. Hawkins' Nurse, and the work in the last scene by Nicole Katherine Barrett, who plays Jill's desire, shock and fear convincingly.

Leila Paspalas has such presence on-stage that it can sometimes work against her: here, as Hesther, she is clean and precise, but lacks the elegance and restraints needed to play the role with conviction. She moves extremely well, but her voice lacks the range and suppleness good acting demands; perhaps it's because Paspalas is an accomplished singer, and, like most singers, finds plain, spoken expression difficult. Earlier this year, as Widow Begbick in *A Man's A Man*, her hard, sharp speech worked for the nonsense-griminess of that part, and were contrasted by the sweet, vivid elegance of her singing. But Paspalas doesn't sing in *Equus*. She needs help in releasing the vocal eloquence Hesther—quiet, dissatisfied, lonely—so badly needs.

And Howard Owen Godnick's impressive physical and vocal skills injure his work as Alan. Godnick hauls in everything but the kitchen sink in this performance—mime, dance-like movement, croaking, singing, screaming—yet I sat through the evening puzzled by my lack of response to a talented performers' exhausting work. Even though I was more affected and provoked by his work on my second

viewing,—it seemed calmer, clearer—I still felt a lack. Then I realized the performance was just that—work. It was possible to admire it, but as the actor performing, not revealing or playing a character. What brought on this curious, crippling lapse is a mystery. Maybe director and actor were unaware of it; but I must confess that Godnick made me understand the character's appalling struggle only twice—and very briefly—during over two hours of acting.

The confluences of grief, panic and perversion animating Alan require maximum attention to the nuances of the text. Unfortunately, except for some highly convincing moments in his final scene, this painstaking work was not apparent amid the flashes and booms of Godnick's performance, and as a result the climax did not deliver the meltdown desired—merely a lot of fireworks.

In fact, fireworks as opposed to explosions characterized the evening. It reminded me of Silver's last production, *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, in which the irony and wisdom of that comedy was completely sidestepped, and the performance became a celebration of the very callousness and shallowness the playwright sought to expose and condemn.

In *Equus*, the actors yell, run, climax like crazy, while the details and nuances whiz past them like arrows. I know this is just a University production; I know you can't ask for the moon and stars from a young, inexperienced troupe. But they bring a skill to their work (I should mention the fine costumes and sporadically impressive lighting, which features several fine effects and little expressive consistency), that one doesn't expect from one's classmates, especially at Stony Brook. *Equus* was a far better production, in several respects, than much of the faculty-produced work of the past two seasons. But dammit, they miss the purpose of the piece, the observation and introspection that create stirring drama, and deliver an impressive, but ultimately unsatisfying, performance.

# Screening '79: The Year in Cinema

by Stephen Tiano

One of America's most venerable lies at the heart of the annual "ten best" list: audacity. How like us to pronounce judgements of "good" and "bad" on acts of creative expression. But since the accountant mentality dictates which plays, records, and movies are produced, the finest reasoning may go into such judgments. At any rate, in discussing the year in film, I prefer to speak about a few of my favorites.

*The Kids Are Alright* captures a certain portion of history truthfully, even though it merely anthologizes some of the group's television and concert appearances. Interestingly, no perspective dominates for too long. Each band member receives his due: Daltrey the showpiece, Townshend the master-mind, Moon the energizing madman, and Entwistle the policeman. The force and persona of the Who come to life on the big screen. The irony of drummer Keith Moon's death shortly before the release of *The Kids Are Alright* somehow makes this musical communion all the more poignant... and perfect.

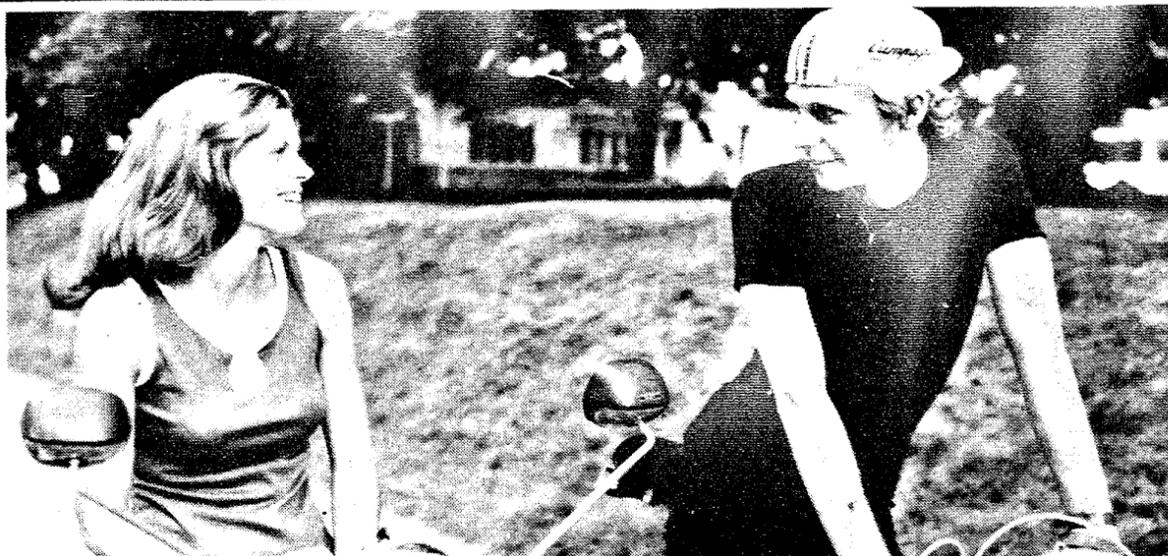
After the reams of publicity it received, Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* might have been dubbed *Apocalypse Finally*. But the movie, an oppressive masterpiece, saves itself from death by overexposure. The translation to the movie screen of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* succeeds. Any esoteric references are only that, references, with as little bearing on the story, the horror of being human, as geographical setting and historical perspective. When Brando, as Colonel Kurtz, speaks—relating his dream about a snail that crawls on the edge of a razor, and recalling how the Viet Cong possessed the will to hack off inoculated arms of children—that horror rips through to the soul.

Another of the year's big budget blockbusters was *Superman*, an entertainment in the greatest tradition of comic books and fantasy-adventures. Unfortunately, *Superman* suffers the divisive effect of changing perspective. Sometimes the movies plays like a romantic adult adventure; other times it spoofs the superhero tradition. Weak direction allowed this schizoid quality to reach theaters, marring fine performances from a crew of well-seasoned professionals, and blemishing the latest in special effects. Maybe in the half-completed sequel some

kind of creative control will reestablish itself, and provide a unified context in which to view the story of Superman.

*Rocky II* really is a sequel, one that works because it holds onto the best quality of the original. The filmgoer continues to care about the characters from Sylvester Stallone's *Rocky*. The maintenance of an emotional bond does not come easily; it requires an almost perfect joining of old and new. The well-played soap opera melds with the inevitable progression of characters' lives. The scenes which exemplify this unity take place in a hospital room and on the Philadelphia streets. In the first instance,

Right: The Who (c. 1963) demonstrate that the mod look is dead, but *The Kids Are Alright*; below right: Neither rain nor sleet nor even a snowstorm in the Philadelphia zoo can stop Sylvester Stallone from proposing to Talia Shire in *Rocky II*; below left: Dennis Christopher and Robyn Douglass anticipate *Breaking Away* together; bottom left (and what a bottom it is): Playmate Cyndi Wood "entertains" the troops in *Apocalypse Now*.



*Rocky* neglects his training while keeping vigil over his comatose Adrian; in the second, he does his early-morning running in a sequel to the most forceful scene of the first movie.

The film *More American Graffiti* triumphs if only because it provides the reminder that the definitive "Heat Wave" remains the one recorded by Martha and the Vandellas. It establishes sequel as a new genre in film, and uses music to point out that there was a time when the frenetic quality of rock really did equate with the scary craziness many felt when they realized how "evil" were the values their basically "good" parents put stock in. The radicalization of two "Dick and Jane" characters recalls that, in the sixties, the police were being hit back. And that was how it actually happened for many of us.

*Breaking Away* is one of the year's most financially successful movies. Another story about evolving values, it focuses on the naive desire of a boy to transcend his time and place. Perhaps *Breaking Away* has been such a box office smash because even as it depicts the awakening of a mind to the reality that lies behind one's illusions—in one scene the boy cries out: "Everyone cheats!"—it allows

for the romance of hope. Filmed on a budget millions less than today's blockbusters, *Breaking Away* also represents a victory for all those who still believe that the real special effects are certain words and looks which pass between people.

Woody Allen's *Manhattan* tells the story of people with mixed feelings having mixed feelings about other people with mixed feelings. The nature of romantic relationships and the betrayal of trust appear to make love one more crapshoot. The photography of Gordon Willis and the music of George Gershwin star as much as the town itself, the bright young talent of Mariel Hemingway, and the only true triple threat in film today, Alan Stewart Konigsberg.

Certain flaws prevent *Time After Time* from rising to the heights which parts of it almost scale. It is another case of two different movies in one: the first, the story of Jack the Ripper's escape into present-day San Francisco by the magic of H.G. Wells' time machine, and Wells' trek after him; and the second, Wells' confrontation with the twentieth century. The charm of the latter story, and Mary Steenburgen as Wells' newly-found lady love, overpowers the flaws. Together, Malcolm McDowell as Wells, and Steenburgen—the latter a wide-eyed, but bright, tough wonder—bring together two completely different times and places. Romance accomplishes this trick with ease.

*Alien* takes a B movie plot, the kind one can see on television any Saturday morning, and raises it to an enviable level with riveting performances and good special effects. A thoroughly unsettling science fiction and horror concoction, *Alien* turns on the notion of humankind's vulnerability to more powerful beings. But the true fright lies in realizing how weak the human creature is. No pretensions here, just a good scare and some gallows humor.

## And the Worst

The last movie I want to mention is Mr. Mike's *Mondo Video*. Quite simply, an abomination. The manager of one theater advised prospective patrons not to waste their money. Originally produced for television, but deemed "unsuitable," the film seems the perfect thing to precede and then follow "Laverne and Shirley" or "Three's Company." One always hopes that if we must have vile, bad taste, it will be uproariously funny. Mr. Mike's misses the mark every which way. Only Sid Vicious, singing, "My Way," provides a single bright spot in this turkey.

# THE AMITYVILLE HERRING

## A Fish Story

It was a Sunday like any other Sunday. Maureen woke me after Mister Coffee had filled the pot with hot blackness. I heard him gurgling as I walked down the stairs. Maureen mentioned to me that I had been acting pretty crabby and shellfish, thinking only of myself. I don't know what was on my mind, but I did know one thing - that the last thing I wanted to do was to start a fight on our first weekend in the new house. So I decided to make a conscious effort to be amiable and amenable in our Amityville abode, abandoning adverse antics. I cheerily agreed when asked to go out and buy the Sunday Times. Maureen also asked me to buy a herring. It sounded innocent enough.

"In cream sauce!" she called after me as I drove away...I never heard her.

I picked up the paper and brought back the herring, placing it on the dining room table next to the bagels, cream cheese, egg salad, and Mister Coffee. My first indication that anything at all was fishy was when the phone rang abruptly. I answered and Noone was on the line - Ed Noone, my business partner. He seemed noticeably upset; his car had been fishtailing on turns ever since Tuesday, when he had helped us move into our new home.

### Same day—seconds later

In the other room, our "daughter" Missy was calling me. Missy had been living with us for a while and I never talked about her much, since I knew Maureen didn't like discussing her previous marriage. One day, though, I really lost my temper with the kid and said, "You know, Maureen, your daughter is getting to be a pain."

Maureen replied, "What? I thought she was your daughter!"

"You don't know her either?"

"Uh uh!"

We still have no inkling of her origin but we figured she's a cute kid, so what the hell, we kept her.

In response to hearing "Daddy, daddy!" I ran into Missy's room to see her goldfish tearing at the little plastic diver in their tank. They circled the little plastic guy and then closed in for the kill like piranhas on the Scarsdale Diet. It was a terrible scene. I shielded the innocent, squeamish eyes, and told Missy that she shouldn't look either. I led her away from the grim sight and told her to go out and play in traffic, thinking to myself, "ich feh yik bleh," and other words that danced through my head at the thought of poor little Diver Dan's fate.

Maureen was putting on her makeup in the room that we had designated her makeup room; she casually called out, "Honey, I don't think one piece of fish will be enough. would you get some more?"

"Oy Gefilt," I muttered under the depths of my breath. "What kind should I get?" I called to her. But before Maureen could answer, I heard from behind me, in a coarse tone and enunciating slowly with a threatening almost blood-curdling clarity:

"GET TROUT!!!"

Ignoring the rest of Maureen's drowned-out sentence, I ran into the dining room from where I again heard, coarser and louder than before: "GET TROUT!!!" I found the herring sitting up with an evil smile, eyes glowing and gills steaming. It stared me right in the eyes and said deliberately, slowly, evilly: "Geeeeeet Trouuuuuut!!!"

### Same Day, Same Time, Same Place

I heard a sputtering, a bubbling from Missy's room and raced to the door to find all the little goldfish, now finished with Diver Dan, circling and attacking the air filter, trying to bite it to death. Shaking my head in panic and disbelief, I thought, "goldfish don't do these things; they're nice little fishies" ... A rattling sound from the kitchen called my attention there. As I left Missy's room, her JAWS poster seemed to snap at me.

The kitchen pantry looked like a dam about to burst. When I got there, the doors explosively splashed open, sending cans of Bumble Bee whizzing by my head. Ducking into the dining room, I saw the herring grimace madly, turn its head around 360 degrees, and croak, "Aaaaugh, I'm a Pisces!" Just then, the guacamole dip picked itself up and hurled itself at the wall, and I heard the TV go on by itself in the living room. "Sorry Charlie! Starkist wants tunas that taste good," the TV bellowed. The herring cackled, "Sorry Charlie. Sorry Charlie." The TV switched itself to channel four - Billy Graham. The herring made a retching noise and the TV blew up in a stream of tubes and tartar sauce.

"Is something wrong?" Maureen asked from the other room. "Yes, something's wrong!!!" I called back. "There's a possessed hors d'oeuvre grinning at me!" Maureen chuckled and walked in to see what was happening as the fish closed its eyes and pretended to be asleep. Everything seemed normal to her; she asked me to stop kidding and clean up the mess, then went back to work on her other eyelash. As her door shut, the little fishy lit up and the face again twisted into an evil smirk.

"GET TROUT!!!" It laughed and little teardrops of cream sauce began to bleed from the flowered wallpaper. "You little Son of a Fish," I threatened. "How do you

"FOR  
COD'S  
SAKE  
GET  
TROUT!!!"

think you'd look in my La Machine?" The whole kitchen shook, rattled and rolled.

Frozen filet of sole and fish sticks smashed out of the freezer and the tupperware went crazy. All through the house now we heard, "GET TROUT!!! GET TROUT!!!" Hearing the noise, Maureen rushed into the kitchen amidst a shower of dishes and silverware. We both retreated into Missy's room. I almost backed too close to the fishtank where the goldfish were leaping to the top, snapping at me. "That's it!" I snarled, "Turning our own goldfish against us!" I braved through the doorway and half of the dining room set stuck out legs to trip me. I fell against the flowered wallpaper and got up, brandishing "it" - my Popcil Pocket Fisherman.

Amidst flying shards of glass, I walked slowly towards the table. I heard a slow rumbling and looked behind me, barely in time to see the refrigerator rolling right at me trying to make the Amityville place my final Westinghouse. I darted to the side, but the fridge caught my arm. I had to let go and heard a crunch as our last hope, my only weapon, crumpled into mail-order tinfoil behind the massive icebox. I fell towards Missy's room, bruised and broken. I looked Maureen in the eyelashes and said, "Call... Him!"

She picked up Missy's Princess phone and dialed the health spa for a housecall.

Barely an hour later the doorbell rang and despite the shouting from the herring and the flying furniture, we answered the door. There, in a dark suit and leotards, was Jack LaLanne. Maureen gasped, "The Exercist!"

### The Exercist

Jack looked solemn and asked where the fish was. Maureen motioned toward the dining room with her Revlon bottle. LaLanne nodded and followed us into the bathroom as the carpet spat tacks and the chandelier spun crystal at us in a gale. The electric carving knife flew at the bathroom door. I barely slammed it shut in time to hear the thwak of the knife hitting the door and the whirr of it buzzsawing its way through.

"GET TROUT!!!! GET TROUT!!!!!" it screamed. The sound bellowed at us from all over. The coarse guttural laughter shattered the mirrored door of the medicine cabinet. LaLanne piously removed his jacket and adjusted his leotards.

"Distract him," he said to me gravely. "Huh?" I huffed.

"Distract him!" he said, more imperatively than before; gritting his teeth and readying two black bags, one full scale and one Barbie doll-sized, he pointed toward the dining room. I knew that he meant business. From behind the now-smashed medicine cabinet door I grabbed the cordless WaterPik. I ran toward the kitchen, obeying the instructions of The Exercist. Forks and knives flew at me. The kitchen thundered "Get Trout!" and, "Would Drano let you hurt your drain?"

Furniture and kitchenware flying, I grabbed an umbrella to defend myself and made my way toward the pantry. On the floor I found the jar as tables, chairs, dishes and recipe cards rained on the umbrella.

### How Clever I Am

I emptied the jar into the Waterpik tank and stood against the window. As the dark figure emerged from the lavatory I attracted the vicious fish's attention by shooting tartar sauce at him from the WaterPik. It growled like a cross between a tiger, a snake, and Louie Armstrong and said "GEEEEET TROUTTTT!, FOR COD'S SAKE GET TROUT!!!"

It spat and gagged at me as the pulsating jet spurted tartar sauce with machine gun-like force. It danced and dodged in avoidance and didn't see Jack sleekly slip the little black bag next to it on the plate. "Cease Tartar," The Exercist said. I desisted and backed off.

The evil little piece of seafood stared menacingly and turned, hissing and steaming, to see The Exercist. It arched its little back and sneered when LaLanne said, "Say, are you getting a little paunchy around the middle?" The herring looked at its own stomach and back at LaLanne; it "grrrrrrrd" questioningly. LaLanne continued: "You can get quite a gut sitting around the house; and what about those fins; getting flabby?" (The herring tried making a muscle with one fin and feeling it with the other; it frowned disappointedly.)

"Mussels a problem?" he went on. "Get in shape. Spring's coming up right after winter, you know. The new LaLanne Exerslimmer's a great idea for those tired old gills. Afraid of scales? Don't be! Give Exerslimmer a try free in your own home." Jack reached into his bag and took out his Exerslimmer. The herring peeked curiously into his little bag and took out one to scale. Grasping the device firmly Jack instructed: Breathe in - and out - and pull and push and stretch and stretch and bend and one and stretch and two..."

The herring struggled confusedly with its own little Exerslimmer, as it sweated and strained and La Lanne kept on with, "That's it, keep it going, and three...and four...and five...and thirteen." I sneaked up behind it with the empty tartar sauce jar. "Winters are free, you know, at Jack LaLanne." The Exercist took out a copy of a spa membership contract from his black bag. From his own, the herring took a tiny contract and read it along with Jack, not interrupting the rhythm of the calisthenics.

"And one and eight...and one and NOW!" That was my cue - the jar came down on the little fish. It took the two of us to hold it down and screw the cover onto the jar.

We sent the still-rattling jar on a cargo plane to the Arctic and had it dropped into the icy depths on the way. The world was safe...For now, and as long as the Arctic was cold there would be a jar of frozen herring in Nova Scotia.

I had a nightmare that night. I was approaching the health spa and reached for the door—but the door was a jar.

# A Stroll in the University Hospital

by Erik L. Keller

With this article the Press begins its coverage of the University Hospital, scheduled to open in January. In this issue, a tour of the hospital is described.

Following tour guide Gilbert Castellon, 23 of us crammed into one of the many University Hospital elevators. The non-mechanical heat sensitive buttons were perhaps the first surprise for the nurses on this 1 1/4 hour tour. The high technology of the hospital amazed many.

As the group left the elevator for the 18th floor, Castellon started to explain the hospital's various systems. He first went over a light-coded fire alarm board that would tell the stationed nurse of a possible fire. He then brought the group to one of the nursing stations ("nurse communication centers") that are scattered throughout each floor. These areas house nurses who will monitor patients. None of the monitoring equipment was yet installed.

Many of the hospital's 540 beds will be for tertiary care patients. Every room will include such features as a computer plug that can instantly give the patient's medical record and chart, a physiological monitorial system and a television monitor that is connected to one of the nursing centers.

All rooms offer a great view of the surrounding landscape and of the circular hospital hallway. There are 30 beds on most floors in each 12-story hexagonal tower.

For safety, there are shock absorbent pillars in the place of corners. One nurse speculated that this is for the protection of wheelchair-racing patients.

Scattered throughout the center is a message tube system, Advavex, which connects the entire hospital complex. The

system uses air to propel canisters containing messages. However, most were skeptical about its reliability. "It will never work," predicted one nurse.

After finishing a tour of the tower floors, Castellon took the group to one of the ramps connecting the hospital with the Clinical Sciences tower. Unfortunately the day was rainy and little could be seen through the ramp's glass walls.

"You can see all over campus," said Castellon, pointing over the bared nap of trees that carpet Long Island. At his subsequent mention of Roth and Tabler Quads, a cheer arose.

"There is a person above us who says he can see the Twin Towers on a good day," remarked Castellon. Captree bridge and Pilgrim State Hospital are two of the landmarks that usually stand out but couldn't be seen because of the milky fog.

As the group left the elevator on the fourth floor, a couple of workers momentarily stopped their labor to look over the nurses. "Whoa! Hi there sister," called a sheet metal worker to a nurse, in vain. Throughout the hospital, looks and comments by the workers were frequent.

This floor was dirtier and more unfinished than the 18th. Boxes of medical equipment, metal scraps, aluminum sheets and unconnected electrical wiring were scattered about. The operating, radiology and nuclear medicine rooms, burn units and post-operation recovery rooms will be situated on this floor.

Over the roar and whine of electrical equipment, Castellon explained this floor's figure-eight hall plan. He stressed the need for signs, "because you could easily get lost in this place." According to University Hospital officials, over \$100,000 will be spent on graphics.

Dorothy Frassetto, Director of Volun-

teer Services, said the signs are still in the planning stage since it has not yet been decided what sort of sign system would be the best. "It's a whole science in itself," she added.

Castellon told the nurses how a patient is prepared in one of the operation preparation rooms. "You take a patient from a dirty stretcher to a clean stretcher...and finally they get parked over here next to the wall." since many hoses and outlets will be next to the patient, Castellon joked, "you could even get recharged while waiting."

Currently, the only prominent features of the operating room are dust, a few electrical outlets suspended from the ceiling and a hole in the floor for the surgical table.

None of the operating rooms will have amphitheatres for observation. "Yeah, they (students) will stay right here with their hands in the patient," laughed one nurse. Castellon explained a closed circuit television system will be used.

For burn victims, there is a large tank that will be used for healing purposes. A patient will be lowered into it from a steel beam suspended above the tank. "Well you know, the tank's big enough for two..." chuckled Castellon.

Jokes and a light informal presentation help to make the tour more interesting, Castellon said. He explained that he prefers to work with groups of less than ten since he can then relate on a more personal basis.

Castellon has been a tour guide for six months. The idea of conducting guided tours came from an overwhelming concern to show visiting professors, Health Sciences Center faculty and potential student the hospital, said Community Relations Associate Jim Rhatigan.

Wanting to use students from all schools as representatives, Rhatigan trained a dozen tour guides. Because of attrition he is now down to three. The students who are currently working will train hospital volunteers to be future guides, said Rhatigan. He added that he feels it is a good idea to make all volunteers totally familiar with the hospital before they do anything else.

Rhatigan said he expects many of the volunteers to come from the student body. "Students of this university have always displayed a commitment to certain idealistic principles," he later added.

Castellon said he really enjoys his job as a tour guide and is fascinated by the entire structure of the University Hospital. He is a pre-med student and said he is meeting many of the people who will be running the hospital. Contacts like these can never hurt, he conceded.

The last stop of the tour was a brief visit to the radiology room. According to Castellon, the hospital will have two Computerized Axial Tomography (CAT) scanners, a fact that impressed many nurses. A CAT scanner is special X-ray machine that can produce cross-sectional images of the body and accurately find tumors, hemorrhages and other types of diseases. The cost of a CAT scanner is \$500,000.

The nurses thanked Castellon at the tour's end. Nursing student Naomi Hoblin said the hospital is not like anything she expected. She added that she was overwhelmed by the hospital and would love to work there. Her only concern was the effect the hospital's high degree of technology will have on the personal touch of patient care. But the technology is amazing, said Hoblin. And the decor? "It's like the space age," she replied.

## Pats Edge Binghamton, 96-92

Continued from page 12

overtime game." According to the announcer, it was the first triple overtime game played at Stony Brook this decade.

With three seconds left in the first overtime period, Paul Santoli scored two from the freeline to tie the score at 75. With one second left in double overtime,

Binghamton scored on a jumper from outside the key to even the score at 83.

Right away the Pats went ahead in the third overtime by four points. Binghamton brought it within two, but Rick Malave scored twice from the line with nine seconds left to end the game, 96-92.

Mitchell said that the game showed that

the team could play well together. "It was a real, total team effort," he said. "We came out early really flat. But, Mel kept us in the stretch." In the end, it was sheer hustle that enabled the Pats to win. "We were down all over the court," said Mitchell.

Walker said the Patriots' ability to win

was always there. "I think the guys deep down inside knew they could play tough," he said.

Stony Brook did what it had to do, but the team's play left room for improvement. "It could have been played better," Walker added. "But I guess we played alright. We won."

## Spectators' Cheers Psych Swimmers

Continued from page 12

and says he needs a first." He added, "If the coach isn't pleased, then you're not happy with yourself."

Levine said the pressure is tougher still against stiff competition. "When you're going up against somebody who is faster, you have to bust your gut," he said.

Swimming is competitive, but most Patriots said that the race is between man and clock, because in the water, it is difficult to judge where an opponent is. "A good swimmer can swim against the clock," said Swensen. "He doesn't need the competition, really ... You just have to be able to know where you are in the water compared to the clock," he explained.

"In my case, it's a race against the clock," said Kirsimagi. "In the pool, it's hard. You can't see your opponent. You really swim against time," he said.

The key to success for the Stony Brook aquamen is to keep themselves psyched up. With teammates and crowds screaming out cries of support, the swimmers say it gives them that much more incentive. "When the crowds are cheering for you, it gets the adrenalin going," Levine asserted.

Wycoff added, "If all the people on your team are doing good, it psyches you up."

Coach DeMarie said that the Patriots have a strong team, though none are olympic contenders. But in terms of the spectators, Tom Melgar said this makes little difference. "Maybe they (spectators) don't know what good times are, but if you hear them cheering, it helps out."

With good spectator turnout, the Patriots said they can psyche themselves into winning events and alleviate their pain. "When I'm swimming, I'll just put the pain out of my head. It's easy to do with people cheering," Wycoff explained.

Chris Fairhall

## Classifieds

### Personal

DEAR JOHN, can my family get jobs with the University too? Dear Liz, more vaseline before you push it further. Dear Jerry, Oink! Oink! You fascist pig!

DEAR BOB, I haven't found the right girl yet. Dear Dick, I bet you can't wait to go back upstate. Hey Eileen, I see they relocated you too! Alpha. Beta. Donut-Demolition Company.

DEAREST KAREN, this is the great day! HAPPY BIRTHDAY my love always Mitch llym.

SETH D. Lowest of the low, shake of the sea. EBB King of Kings. Warning! Dangerous things lurk at the bottom of the sea.

WHEN I WAS A VIKING, my friend he was a raven.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Horacio Preval - The Kid.

GREETINGS TO ALL at SBU for the season of the Solstice, especially Pat, Mark, Peta and everyone at IVCF. Love Jethro.

DEAREST MARY: I publicly declare that you are not now nor ever have been a waterbaby. I love you anyway.

ADOPTED BRO: Sure hope you like "Mithral"! Merry X-mas 2 weeks early. Love, Adopted Sis (N.C.B.-C. or is it N.C.B.-S?)

JESSE - BELATED HAPPY BIRTHDAY, but it's better than nothing dear Kwar. Love, Debs.

TO THE PRESS: Can I join too! - The racist.

TO MY SEXY ANTIBIOTIC: Have a terrific vacation. I'm looking forward to another semester with you. See you in 1980. Love, A Special Fan! XX

DEMO: HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Just think, you've reached your prime. It's Geritol and prunes from here on. See ya in the old folks home! Phil.

BUCKO and the YID KID: All is jive in love and war. Your move, cunts. Stay cool and keep kegeling. Viv and Jesse A.K.A. Jaws and the Bronx Bomber.

MERRY MARXMAS and a Happy NEW ORDER (While you're home for the holidays, don't forget to smash the state!) Red Balloon.

TO MIKE: (at Equus Saturday night: the musician from Westchester with nine cats) I'd like to talk to you again. My number is (212) 461-1338 or call David 6-6151 and leave a message. Ellie.

COHNHEAD - Double your pleasure, double your fun. Have a Quarsome. It's the one vice to have if you're having more than one.

SWIZZY: Keep up and the force won't stop til' ya' get enough. (More or less.) I give up. Blame it on the boogie. J.J.

DON'T SLEEP WITH STATESMAN EDITORS.

BARB, CAROLINE: Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday, Love, Jesse.

COACHES WEEDEN AND ALEXANDER: Due to last minute problems, we could not run the stories. Sorry, C.F.

BU-FU AND STI-BU: As hopeless as it all seems now, masochism and forced insomnia will see us through. Anyway, we did it (whatever IT is) this semester. Love.

### Services

STONY BROOK UNION will be open for 24-hour operation from Fri., Dec. 11 until Fri., Dec. 21 as a service to studying students. Courtesy of UGB and Union Staff.

JESUS OF NAZARETH requests your presence at a dinner to be given in his honor. Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship tonight, 7:30 pm. Union 226.

PROFESSIONAL D.J.'s available for any occasion. Spectacular light show. L.I.'s best. Call Spectrum Sound. Ask for Mike. (516) 475-0559.

THE BRIDGE TO SOMEWHERE now has applications available for all interested in becoming peer-counselors. Stop by Union Room 061 to pick one up.

### Housing

TWO STUDENTS LOOKING for 1 or 2 rooms in house, walking distance to campus. Please call Rob or Harry at 246-4446 anytime.

### For Sale

ONE HALF FARE airline ticket till December 15th. Call 751-5605. Also typing available, unreasonable rates.

# The Stony Brook Press/Sports

## Patriots Take Triple Overtime Decision

by Chris Fairhall

Stony Brook's hoopsters edged Binghamton Saturday night in the Stony Brook Gym, 96-92. The high score shows it should have been a strong offensive game. But with three overtime periods, this was hardly the case.

The Pats were down by 5 at the end of the half, 36-31. Co-captain Mel Walker had hit seven field goals and center Eugene Treadwell went up for four lay-ups. Considering the number of times the team got down court though, it did not score that much. "We came out early really flat," said forward Heyward Mitchell, the other co-captain.

Stony Brook scored first. But shortly afterwards, Binghamton caught up. The visitors would score, and the Pats would threaten, but do little more than that until the guards, Walker and Joe Grandolfo, scored three times in a minute with 15:50 to go. From there, the Pats played Binghamton shot for shot, though few as the shots were.

There were a lot of fouls throughout the game. With 1:55 remaining in the first half, Mitchell had three of them. With 7:57 left, the Patriots had seven team fouls. Grandolfo and forward Keith Martin fouled out in overtime. Though none of Binghamton's players fouled out, Stony Brook players went to the foul line on 20 occasions. "It was a very poorly played game," said Walker.

Though it may not have been a masterful game, Coach Dick Kendall commented that he liked a couple of things he saw there. Walker scored 38 points with 14 field goals. "Mel played good a lot of times," Kendall said. Martin scored six baskets, played tight defense, and came up with a couple of key steals. "He looked like the Keith that played two or three good games for us," said the coach.

"The thing that pleases me most is that the inexperienced players are getting into

the ballgame and not quitting," said Kendall.

Another of these new players is sophomore Steve Robinson, who has only been at Stony Brook since last winter.

With 4:37 left in the second half, the coach put in Robinson. He was in for only four minutes, and within 90 seconds he had

a blocked shot, an assist, a field goal and a steal. "I was hungry 'cause I was on the bench for so long," he declared.

Robinson was taken out with 38 seconds left, but he sparked the Pats to within two points of Binghamton. "I knew I wasn't going to play that long," said Robinson.

The man's ability had been tested few times before the game, and he usually did not fare too well, according to him. "I haven't played too good," he said.

Robinson was replaced by Paul Santoli, who Kendall had taken out earlier, probably for a breather. Santoli is usually strong on defense and with a few well-placed assists, rebounds and a steal, Saturday night was no exception.

Kendall said that it was also important for Santoli to be assertive in his offense. In that game he was. "I haven't been shooting very well," Santoli said. As he hit four from the field and three from the line, it did not appear that was true for Saturday. "I wasn't afraid to shoot the ball," he said.

As the time took its toll on both teams, the game turned out to be a marathon. And the Pats proved to have more endurance. "I won't say we weren't tired at the end," Santoli conceded. "But we forced them to move the ball around a lot and they lost it."

While endurance helped the Patriots win the game, it was sheer hustle and a tap-in that got them into overtime. With 38 seconds left, Santoli, fresh from the bench, knocked a Binghamton pass out of bounds. The Pats were down by two and in the next 20 seconds, there were five fouls, but none of them merited a line shot. The Pats got an offensive rebound and kept putting the ball up to the basket. With 11 seconds to go, Joe Grandolfo tapped it in. Afterwards, Stony Brook played tight defense, and hit the ball out of bounds. Binghamton tried a last ditch attempt at a far-off shot, the buzzer sounded, and the score was tied at 67.

Then came the third overtime. Grandolfo recalled the moment. "It felt alright," he said. He added it was the "first time I was ever involved in a triple

Continued on page 11



Joe Grandolfo is fouled Tuesday night by a Lehman player.



Heyward Mitchell is in search of another Patriot to pass to.

PHOTO BY ERIC A. WASSER

## Depth Marks SB Swim Team

### Divers Exhibit Aero-Acrobatix

by Chris Fairhall

The man leaves the board. His body springs up into the air. It twists and wreathes with great agility. He plunges into the water. The dive is completed in a few seconds.

The Pat's divers compete as a squad in meets with the swimmers. Both groups must score for Stony Brook in order to win meets. While the swimmers must have great endurance to get on the scoreboard, it is important that divers have balance and acrobatic expertise.

Peter Nestel has been diving for the Patriots since last year. The key to good diving, he said, is a sense of ease that divers must have in the air. "They key is probably a natural sense of where you are in the air. Balance is of course important. A natural sense of flight."

First year diver Frank Paez said the approach to the board is paramount. "Everything is in your approach to the board," he said. "If you're off balance, the dive won't come out. If you leave right, everything goes right," Paez declared.

For Mike Kramer, another first year diver, concentration is the key. "Before I get up to the board, I go over the motions of what the dive is going to be," he explained.

Kramer has far to go to become an excellent diver, and he only recently got started. "Pretty much I learned to dive over the summer by bouncing off the board and doing it different ways," he said.

A former diver for Stony Brook, Ronald McDonald, has been periodically helping the new divers. "They're doing alright, but they could be doing a lot better," he said. "They're basically training now, but they're going to be good."

Though the diver depends upon agility and the swimmer

depends upon endurance, both say they need the cheering from a crowd. "I'd have to say I dove high board very well yesterday," Nestel said of the St. Francis meet last week. "Overall it was just a lot of psyche on the team. It really helps every diver to know the team is psyched. They were right there cheering us on ... It was really nice."

The swimmers say that they improve in practice by competing against themselves and the clock. Coach John DeMarie is active in guiding them along their daily six to seven thousand yard practice. The divers also learn from one another, but the coach does not spend much time with them by comparison.

DeMarie conceded that the team needs a coach in charge of diving, although he added that one of the team's former divers helps it out. "I've got Ronald up there," he said. "I would hope some day to have a full time diving coach," he declared.

The divers did well against St. Francis last week, but they won neither the high dive nor low dive events. DeMarie said that was because St. Francis had a scholarship diver. "We go up against schools with scholarships and full time diving coaches," he said.

When a swimmer finishes a race, his time is recorded. With diving, there is nothing definitive like a time to determine how good a dive is. The score is from zero to 10 based on the opinions of two judges. "Very rarely will anybody get a score above eight," said Nestel. "The average score is between four and six. It's subjective, obviously. Sometimes a judge won't see something ... Sometimes it's the other way around," he explained.

One aquaman said that the coach could put pressure on swimmers. "You're on the block, and coach points to you and says he needs a first," he said, adding, "If the coach isn't pleased, they you're not happy with yourself." The same is not true of the divers, however.

Nestel's attitude is more laid back. "If I scored a 3½ and I deserved a five, I wouldn't worry about it," he said.

### A Painful Existence For Pats Swimmers

The look on Chris Swensen's face after he completed the 200 butterfly in last week's meet against St. Francis told a tale of physical anguish: His face was red; it was ablaze. His massive chest expanded and contracted with quickness uncommon to nature. The man was jaded. He was in pain.

The story is not uncommon to any member of the men's swim team. The sport taxes every muscle in the body. After the 1,000 yard freestyle or the 50 yard backstroke, the swimmer is in pain. "It's like running a marathon. You run into a wall," said Swensen.

For some, it's the shoulders. For others, it's the arms or the chest. And for most, the pain is throughout the body. "It's the whole body," said Swensen. "Stomach, shoulders, legs," he added.

Coach John DeMarie said, "We are a hard-working swim team and we are going to get better." And, the improvement will come through hard work. "We swim six to seven thousand yards a day," said the Coach. "Most people don't have the slightest idea of what's involved."

The work that DeMarie gives the team at practice has apparently paid off. The team's record is 3-1, and it is 2-0 in the league. Swensen said the practice conditions the swimmers for meets. "You hurt in your race," he said. "You have to make it hurt more in practices."

Not only do the swimmers have to put up with pain, but they must contend with psychological pressure. "You're constantly in pressure. In a meet, the money is on the line," said Howie Levine.

With a close meet, Joe Kirsimagi said there is another obstacle. "You're on the block, and coach points to you

Continued on page 11