Season’s Greetings
A DOLLAR SHORT

SUNY Binghamton students are preparing for their final next week with no classes study week now. Stony Brook students deserve no less. In an effort to start the semester after the Labor Day weekend, the University has shortened the school year, but kept the required work load the same. Forget about cramming this semester, there isn't even time for reviewing.

How can you review when you're still being taught new material days before the final. How can you study an entire semester's worth of work when you have tests and papers due the penultimate week of school? How can you? You can't. And you shouldn't have to.

While no one likes to delay vacation any more than they have to, a reading week would be a welcome relief for all those students who are in the library so much they have considered changing their mailing address to the reference room.

Controversy existed since the 1970's in the conflict between the 15-week school calendar, which allowed students extra study time, and the much more expensive 10-week calendar. The current 14-week calendar is the, perhaps inevitable, compromise.

It is time for the university to re-evaluate the effects of the calendar, and to take action to give students extra time at the end of the semester. Almost every student is looking around now, wondering "if I only had a few more hours..." Students may think that it's just their problem, but it is not. It's a school-wide condition the university can cure. It should.

SUNY Stony Brook Press

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The Press has finally reached the conclusion of its printing schedule for the year, and it's time now for our staff to cram 14 weeks of study into their minds between now and finals. If you don't see any Press staffers showing their lovely faces on campus in the weeks to come, it's more than likely they're off in the Library breaking out.

Cover Graphic by Kristin Rabin
Behind the Asbestos Door

by John Isbell

On the asbestos-filled fourth floor of Old Physics, one room was left unlocked even though administration knew about it and the potential hazard it presented for over a year. In fact, nothing was done until Bill Wiesner, President of the Stony Brook chapter of United University Professions (UUP) threatened to "contact an outside agency, possibly Newsday." The entire floor was then sealed off within hours.

Charles Hansen, vice president of the UUP informed Wiesner of the open room containing not only such a large concentration of asbestos that Chris Vestudo, president of the Graduate Student Organization (GSO), described the asbestos as "hanging from the walls like hair," but also a large number of stamped-out cigarette butts.

This situation disturbed Wiesner, so he mentioned it during "at least three" management-labor meetings, the first of which was over a year ago. Since nothing came of this, Wiesner brought President Marburger to the step to point out the asbestos-filled room with its broken lock and missing ceiling tiles. This exposed what he felt to be asbestos insulated pipes. After seeing this, Wiesner brought President Marburger a memo to Francis months earlier.

Marburger claimed that Francis had the door fixed repeatedly, but that someone kept breaking the lock and "entering the room illegally." Wiesner doubted this, so the Press asked Francis' office to send a copy of the memo and the work orders. The memo made it, but the work orders never materialized.

Wiesner said he gave admin that last chance to take care of the problem because he saw no reason in possibly damaging the University's reputation unnecessarily.

Wiesner to Marburger: It's now or it's Newsday

The Longest Yard

Giants: First and Ten

by Mike DePhillips

John Madden controls the NFL and creates an alternate universe in which the Giants exist. That's gotta be it, their playin perfect football. The Giants have been a pleasure to watch, playing close, exciting football games but usually leaving no doubt in the viewer's mind who is the superior team. What's more in a game that had choke written all over it, the Giants won. They stifled the 9-2 Redskins and took sole possession of first place in the NFC East. This seems like the year at long last.

In addition to having a special team, there is a special way in which they are winning. They're doing it with style and grace, sort of speaking softly and carrying a big stick, a really big stick. Like all New York teams (and they are a New York team, New Jersey is just a better place for everyone to start their cars after the game). They have to achieve perfection to earn any respect, no one can deny them this no matter how slow it comes about.

Two weeks ago in the Monday night game, the Giants came back after a 17-6 deficit in the second half, shut down Joe Montana, scored 21 points and the announcers were still talking about the incredible first half the 49'ers had. Announcers suck, they really do.

None of them really know that much about football except of course John Madden. Football and John Madden are synonymous and the Giants are synonymous with John Madden. We really need tough intelligent sharp football team. From past performance they're unbelievable. The only thing that could go wrong now is that the Giants catch the disease that's all to familiar to them cheekily.

This year is different though, they've had more than their opportunity to fold and they've won, making each victory seem like a logical conclusion to each game. The Giants are now 10 and 2 which is the best record in the NFL, it is shared with the Bears but we all know what kind of schedule they've seen. If the Giants win one of their remaining two games or if Washington loses one of their remaining games the Giants will win their first division title in my lifetime. Washington must face Denver (10-9) on Saturday, the Giants have SF Louis (3-10) and Green Bay (3-11) between them and the playoffs. Anything can happen, but if the Giants play half as good as they have been and win both their games they will have home field advantage all the way to Pasadena.

The key to the Giants success lies in their whole game. Even when one aspect lacks the rest of the team fills the void. It's good to know that when Lawrence Taylor has an off day and when Allegre kicks two ground balls to the left of the uprights they can still win. When Morris's rushing game is shot down Simms arm will rise to the occasion. And when LT's 3 sacks bring him past Manley defense also caught 6 of Schroeder's passes-

Thanks, Jay.

This really does seem to be 'the year'. I can finally say 'Yeah, Phil Simms is a pretty good QB' without getting laughed at. I can also say 'Yeah! The Giants are amazing!' and really mean it. It is time for Giant fans to bask in the glory of victory, sweet, sweet victory. Enjoy.

December 11, 1986  page 3
Polity Hotline is now accepting applications for the Spring semester.

If you would like to become a Student Avocado, stop by room 258 in the Union and fill out an application (by 5 pm).

SAB, from Florida, wishes all students a happy and lucrative holiday season. Thank you for your support.

The Student Polity Association wishes you a safe and happy holiday season and reminds you not to drink and drive.

The Eleventh Commandment

Thou Shalt Order Thy Yearbook!

'87 Specula Orders will be taken until December 19th.
026 Central Hall (6-8347)

GOLDEN BEAR

Projected opening: February 3rd, 1987

Applications are now being accepted for assistant managers and counterpersons. Pick up your applications from Barbara in the Polity Suite (2nd floor in the Student Union).
Talking About Love

Dear Eros:

A couple of weeks ago, I met this girl at a party. She and I hit it off very well, at first. She really turned me on. Anyway, one thing led to another and we ended up in my room. We were fooling around and we were going to have sex. Everything was perfect—but then I couldn't get it up! She kept trying to help me, but nothing worked. After a while she gave up and said, 'What are you—impotent?' I felt about two inches tall, literally. What could be wrong with me? This has never happened to me before.

Anonymous

Dear Eros:

My gynecologist tested me for chlamydia. What is it? Can I still get it if I'm still a virgin?

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Under Pressure

Students Cope With Finals

by Marc Salzman

The Fall semester of 1986 here at St. N.Y. is coming to an end, and the level of stress is tripled among the attending students. This stress can lead to irritability, alcohol and drug abuse, and maybe even suicide among some students. Many student resident halls set up study breaks, decompression areas at this time in the semester. Mount College, in Rohwed, is planning to have a relaxation area on Sunday and Tuesday nights, in the Main Lounge of the building. They are serving energy foods and drink, and featuring old silent movies. This should be successful in helping students to take it easy and stay sane.

At this time during the semester, the library is completely packed. All tables are taken, and almost every chair is being used. The level of socialization decreases in current Periodicals, and other rooms, and the level of concentration is sky high. When you walk into the room, you can cut the tension with a knife.

Coca is showing "Back to the Future" this weekend, and there will be other relaxing, social activities, but the motive of this weekend coming up is not socialization, but for cramming in a friend's class notes of classes hardly or never attended. One tries to absorb an entire semester's worth of information in one or two nights in order to achieve high scores on those final examinations, and for those final grades. In order to do this, students may stay up around the clock for the days that are ahead of them.

Don Lukenshull, Mount College Leg President and a junior majoring in both psychology and SSL, said, "I don't know what I'm doing, honestly. Sometimes I start little projects that won't take me a long time to finish, just so I can get my mind off studying; or I walk around a lot just to help me reduce my stress. Sometimes you reach a capacity, you can't know anything else. The information tank is full and you just have to get out of the room." When asked if he ever did an all-nighter, he responded, "Well, so far not this semester, but last semester I did, with a buddy of mine. We No-Dosed ourselves to death all night. We just took off, and got the hell off this campus. We went to Hecksher State Park, and got out of Stony Brook."

Tom Lackin, a pre-med student, double majoring in Bio-Chem and Chemistry, and a finalist veteran, explained, "I have been in school for about six years now and the best way to relieve stress is not to have it. I've been studying all along, so I don't really have to cram for my exams. Just doing a few problems here and there and that's it. I'm not really cramming as a lot of people are." In addition to stress, the feeling of aggravation and frustration is tripled. It is not an easy time for the vast majority of students, and to be successful now one can only do the best one can, and relax while preparing for finals. If one gets frustrated, angry, aggravated, and even passed off, they will not be able to think clearly. The amount of information one is studying will not remain in the memory bank, and the level of stress will triple. The best thing to do is sit back, take a deep breath, and do the best one can.

December 11, 1986
HERE I AM AGAIN IN MY "PHILOSOPHY
OF JUDICIAL POLITICS" CLASS AGAIN, WHAT
IS HE SAYING? FINALS COME SOON.

EVEN IF I DO GET ALL A'S ON
MY FINALS, MY GPA WILL STILL
BE ABOUT 1.8, AND OVER ALL
I'D RATHER NOT SAY

ARE 8:30 FINALS, WHAT IS
THOUGHT. I'M SET MY
ALARM FOR 8:00, GIVE ME
15 MINUTES TO WAKE UP.

I MEAN A 1.4 IS NOT BAD, IT MIGHT BE
MY PHILOSOPHY... "IF THE ANSWER IS WRONG,
MULTIPLY IT BY THE PAGE NUMBER.

THINK I'LL GO TO THE UNION FOR COFFEE AND
REPUBLICANS, COFFEE TO KEEP ME AWAKE AND
REPUBLICANS TO AMUSE ME.

WINDY?

A RAY OF HOPE IN THE DARK VOID OF
TODAY! THERE SHE IS... MY
CANDY COUNTER GIRL

SHE'S THE ONE WHO THRILLS
ME WITH HER TWITTERERS, TAUNTS
ME WITH HER MUFFINS, AND
EXCITES ME WITH HER
JELLY BABIES!

JUST A WORD FROM HER CAN MOVE ME
LIKE A '57 FURY...

CAN I HELP YOU?

YES I'M HAVING ONE
MUFFIN, A PACK
OF TWITTERERS AND YOUR
JELLY BABIES... ETC.

WHAT ELSE COULD GO WRONG
TODAY? I THINK I GO BACK TO
MY ROOM AND SLEEP

SURPRISE!

WE HAVE A SPECIAL
SURPRISE FOR YOU NEXT
DOOR...

COME HERE, YOU LOOKING
COUGHS LIZARDS YOU

DUE TO MARK'S MISPELLING OF
DISAPPEARED AND LICE IMEANS LAST WEEK
HE HAS BEEN SENT TO...

CARTOONIST HELL
AND WON'T BE BACK FOR A LONG
TIME.

HAPPY 26TH BIRTHDAY!
YOU REMEMBERED
HOW KICK.

THE STONY BROOK PRESS
Tired Of Just Hanging Out?

Join the World's Foremost College Feature Weekly: The Stony Brook Press

In the spring, we will continue to meet Monday nights at 8:00 in room 020, Central Hall.

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UNION AUDITORIUM
I
*

The Daka Cafeteria
by Gray P. Cole
To be sung to "Hotel California" by the Eagles

On a Long Island campus, JAPpies everywhere
Dank smell of detritus, rising up through the air
Up above in the penthouse, I worked in fluorescent light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for a bite
As I stood in the doorway
I smelled a nasty smell
And I was thinking to myself
"This can’t be Heaven so this must be Hell"
Then she gave back my meal card, and said “Have A Nice Day”

Welcome to the Daka cafeteria
Such a lovely place (such a lot of waste)
Plenty of goo at the Daka cafeteria
For the next four years, you can find it here
Staff are totally twisted, they’re all lost in their dreams
They got a lot (of) grubby, grubby plates, they call clean
See them “work” in the kitchen, sweet tee slop-house sweat
I hate to remember, I drink to forget
So I called up off-campus:
“Please bring me some wine”

He said, “You ain’t allowed no spirits there since nineteen eighty five”
And still those bastards were serving up stale cake
Wakes you up in the middle of the night

Welcome to the Daka cafeteria
Such a lovely place (what a big disgrace)
Bringin’ it up at the Daka cafeteria
What a nice pigswill. bring your seltzer pills...
Splatters on the ceiling
The cockroaches on rice
And she said “You are all our prisoners here, so you pay the price”
In the murky chambers
We gather for the feast
We stab it with their plastic knives
But we just can’t cut the meat

Last thing I remember, I was
Running for the door
I had to find the mudtrack back
To the place I was before
“Relax” said the can-man
“You will never get reprieve
“You can drop out any time you like, but they will never leave.”

The author of this voluntarily eats on the meal plan.

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Press Anti-Drug Plea

Hey, crack kills! When you graduate from pot to crack, you
may get a certificate—a death certificate! You can really go
places on crack—Jail! You’ll never play on Lou Pinella’s team or
wear a Member’s Only jacket. You know why? Because cocaine
is a big lie. Get it—A BIG LIE. Take it from Mike Schmitt. He
trusts in his ability—he doesn’t need cocaine, just the money he
made from doing the commercial. If the idea of a baseball player
telling people not to do coke seems hypocritical—then you
should listen to the words of this nation’s first lady, Nancy
Reagan. SHE KNOWS. She has seen the devastating results of
an “Addict on Junk.” She knows what it’s like to be scraping the
back of your desk-draw for a bong hit when you’re jonesin and
out of cash. Just say no. God-Damn It, for goodness sake just
say no. What do Len Bias, Ronnie Van Zant, Buddy Hollie,
John Lennon and Jimmie Hoffa have in common? They all did
DRUGS and they’re dead! Get it they’re dead, DEAD, DEAD,
DEAD, so don’t d-d-d-do it. The Stony Brook Press felt
obligated to jump on this righteous and moral bandwagon.
Thank you for your continued support.
Concerts Are Worthless

If Nobody Knows About Them

by Jeff Ericks

The Student Activities Board (SAB) provides this university with the Tokyo Joe's Visual Dance Club, Stony Brook Concerts, and various lecture series. Just over the past week, SAB sponsored four major events; a Tokyo Joe's with the first concert in this country past week, therefore they were burying all attempts Herron, a famous reggae oriented musician. Saturday, a concert featuring Holly Near, whose career included being a part fo the two showings of a laser light show. This lack of turnout can not be blamed on the Herron, 200 for the Private Sector show at Tokyo Joe's, and a total of about a little over a year, turnout to events has not been better. In fact, it has been much worse, with only an event at all. It will just be a waste of the Student Activity Fee that the Polity Council by advertising properly to make an event a success, they should not try to hold an name alone is enough to convince someone to buy a ticket Eddie Murphy. This is because everybody already recognizes their name, and their place of the event as well as how much a ticket costs. This type of advertising works great when you're booking a concert for groups like the Kinks, or comedians like Eddie Murphy. This is because everybody already recognizes their name, and their name alone is enough to convince someone to buy a ticket. The SAB chairs should learn that if they are not going to spend the time and effort by advertising properly to make an event a success, they should not try to hold an event at all. It will just be a waste of the Student Activity Fee that the Polity Council and the rest of the student population believes is being wasted enough already on this campus.

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Fragile Circle
Television Sit-Com At The Calderone

by Craig Goldsmith

John Morogiello, the author of the play "Fragile Circle," says in his program notes that he is "not really asking anyone to think at all. However, that should not stop those precious few of you who enjoy finding deep significance in a mental vacuum. Go home and think really hard about this play. Tell me what you got from it. And I'll be more than happy to laugh in your face."

For a playwright to judge his own work is a very difficult task, but Mr. Morogiello is quite correct in his assessment of Fragile Circle. There is not much to actually think about. Fragile Circle is the simple story of two lovers who marry and fight their way through the eleven years that the play covers. But what a funny eleven years. Mr. Morogiello's sense of humor is off-beat and well-timed. The audience laughed. Hard. There is no better way to spend an evening, especially with finals coming up.

The story centers around Jerry, played by Mr. Morogiello, and Debbie, played by Robbie Van de Veer. Scene one opens on Jerry and Debbie attempting to patch up a lover's quarrel that had resulted in Jerry being kicked out of Debbie's apartment. Jerry manages to cajole and beg his way back into Debbie's heart, and the scene ends as Debbie accepts Jerry's marriage proposal.

Scenes two and three describe the events of the next eleven years of their marriage. It is a topsy-turvy marriage; the two manage to fight over the most trivial of matters, ranging from the quality of Jerry's jokes to the way he talks to his dead mother. Throughout, the one liners and sight gags are flying. Jerry tells his dead mother that Debbie must love him - "I just pushed my guts up all over the kitchen floor and you know what she said? That's all right."

Director Martha Banta keeps the play moving at a quick pace. The jokes are delivered with a punch and a verve that kept the audience giggling almost constantly. I say almost not because some of the jokes were not funny, but because the play is a black comedy of sorts. The last part of the play is at times quite and as the couple discuss their feelings of guilt about their failing marriage. The play offers no real insight into marriage, however, outside of the comment made by Jerry - "Sad endings have become cliched. Happy endings have become museum pieces."

Both Mr. Morogiello and Miss Van de Veer provide excellent performances. Miss Van de Veer has a smile that won't quit and Jerry holds onto his dead mother's voice. Both are excellent comedic actors and have never been able to understand. Lanky John Morogiello will be recognizable to anyone that has been here a couple of years as the star of New Campus Newsreels. His is also a gifted comedic actor and playwright.

Fragile Circle will be playing at the Calderone Theatre in Nassau Hall, South Campus, until Saturday. Showtime is 8:00pm and admission is free.

Architect and Emperor

continued from back page

In act two, the characters assume a variety of roles and, using masks, get to the less than pure heart of the matter. Judgment is manipulated but cannot be escaped. The playful games of the first act give way to darker frolics at the bar of justice. Escape and justice in Arzabul's world are both illusory.

The La Mama production uses two sets of actors in the two roles. The pair I saw, Mason and Walker, bring a spirited intensity and commitment to their roles.

For an exciting, creative, and challenging evening of theatre, try The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria.

New Order

continued from back page

only give phrases, snap their fingers, sing it.. the band was really cool about it" 

"the band was really cool, the more the merrier." Hmmm, well okay, even though I experienced total confusion getting from one part of the floor to the next, New Order and Certain Generals put on a fabulous show. Although Ruth Polsky was not there in body, you could feel through the bands' strength that perhaps she was there in soul, and even though her life was cut off at a young age, her death would not be in vain if all the money collected at the benefit helped out other young inspiring bands presently lacking the funds to get off the ground.

Aside from my hysteria caused by severe heat exhaustion due to the extensions suffocating my head, was the severe discomfort I experienced when I drenched wormlike through the masses to go to the ladies room. There were people crunched up everywhere and in every conceivable place. They were lined up, arm to arm, back to back, split end to split end, and sweat bead to sweat bead during "Blue Monday," the speakers mysteriously boomed out. Mr. Bruno at 1018 explained that the malfunction was caused by some unknown disciple "spilling a drink into the sound boards." And according to him, "the band was really cool about it."

About ten minutes later, New Order resumed its act. John announced that his favorite song was on - it goes, "you've got blue eyes, you've got green eyes, you've got grey eyes." You know that song don't you? No one else did. Besides that song they played, "Get down on my knees and pray", "Do never enough until your heart stops beating", an instrumental, and amongst others, "Every jump counts second." Yes, you probably know the titles and sure, don't I feel ignorant?

Photo courtesy: Martha Seng, Associate; Carol Brandt

FOR CHRISTMAS I WANT...

... A MACHINE GUN

AND A KNIFE.

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WUSB would like to wish everybody a healthy, happy holiday season and an enjoyable intercession. Good luck on your finals!