

The Stony Brook

PRESS

The Community News and Features Paper

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"We don't need a phallus, we can go nuts!"

February 8th, 2006



January Super World Election Roundup Bonanza

By Alex Walsh

Of the nearly 200 countries in the world, 122 are (or claim to be) democracies. This means, of course, that at any give time there's probably an election or two going on somewhere.

The results of the recent Parliamentary elections in the Palestinian Authority have surprised almost all observers, and with good reason. The victorious Hamas party is labeled a terrorist organization by virtually all Western governments, including the United States and the European Union, and polls before and immediately after the election pointed to the incumbent Fatah party holding the most seats. Despite the exit polls, leaders from both major parties soon announced that Hamas had taken a majority in Parliament. International observers reported that the election was carried out very well, and was free and fair. Turnout was around 73-76 %.

Hamas' powerful representation concerns many in the West because it complicates the situation in the Middle East. Whereas the former Fatah-dominated government recognized Israel and had taken part in peace negotiations,

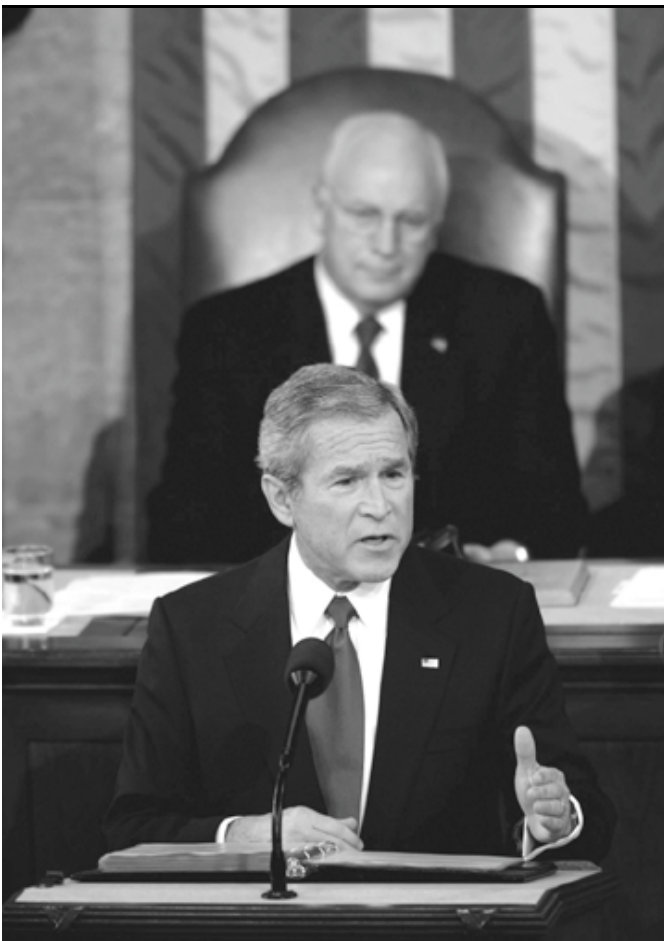
Hamas leaders refuse to recognize the Jewish state's right to exist, and the Israeli government will not negotiate with them if they do not renounce violence. This jeopardizes the current framework for peace, based on the 1993 Oslo accords and the more recent "road map for peace," both of which were agreed to between Israel and Fatah.

Hamas controls 80 of the 132 seats in the legislature, and will be able to form its own government, most likely with lead candidate Ismail Haniya as Prime Minister. Hamas invited Fatah to form a governing coalition, but the offer was rejected as Fatah leaders chose to establish themselves as a political opposition. Although it is perceived largely as a militant organization, Hamas has run social programs in the Palestinian territories for years, and is expected to work well on such issues while in government. The main concern in the international community is about relations with Israel and the loss of foreign funding, which the Palestinian Authority relies on

to continue operations, from the US and EU. These powers have said they will not fund a Hamas-led government unless it renounces terrorism and recognizes Israel. Canada also held Parliamentary elections in January. After a motion of no confidence was passed against Liberal Prime Minister Paul Martin in November 2005, Parliament was dissolved and new elections called for. Again, the incumbent party fell after the vote. The new government will be formed by the Conservative Party, who took 40% of the seats in Parliament, with Stephen Harper as Prime Minister. Former PM Martin has resigned as the leader of the Liberal Party, although he still holds a seat in Parliament. The Conservative leadership has vowed to fight corruption in government, in the wake of a financial scandal that led to the turn against the Liberal Party. Another campaign promise was closer ties with the United States, although a dispute has already broken out between the two nations over Canadian claims in the Arctic. On January 22, elections were held in Portugal to replace the Socialist President Jorge Sampaio, who was forced to resign due to term limits. In Portugal, as in Canada, a conservative candidate won. Former Prime

"Any given time there's probably an election or two going on somewhere."

Continued on next page



Cheney pulling the strings from underneath the desk, Courtesy of rigged Ohio election voting machines

Every year, the president, by law, delivers the State of the Union address in the nation's capitol. On Tuesday, January 31st, from approximately 9-10pm, this speech took place in the presence of the members of the Congress, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, and distinguished guests.

Bush opened his State of the Union Address with praise to Coretta Scott-King, Martin Luther King Junior's wife who passed

away this week. A woman much deserving of praise, she fought with her husband for equality and the voting rights of black Americans. Ironically, this is the same president who stopped many black voters who were trying to get to the polls on Election Day in the state of Florida. That wasn't the only ironic event that happened this evening. Bush pointed out a family in the audience who lost their son, Staff Sergeant Dan Clay, who was killed in Iraq. He said, "as we honor our brave troops, let us never forget the sacrifices of America's military families how thankful we are to these families who are being deprived of their loved ones". Yet Cindy Sheehan, a mother of a fallen soldier, had a ticket to attend the speech and was physically removed from the building that night. She wore a tee-shirt stating saying "2245 Dead. How many more?" and was removed for being a protestor. She didn't say a disruptive word; she simply unzipped a jacket. This is a woman who gave her own blood for this war, someone we according to the President should be thankful for, and she is treated like a criminal for wearing a shirt!

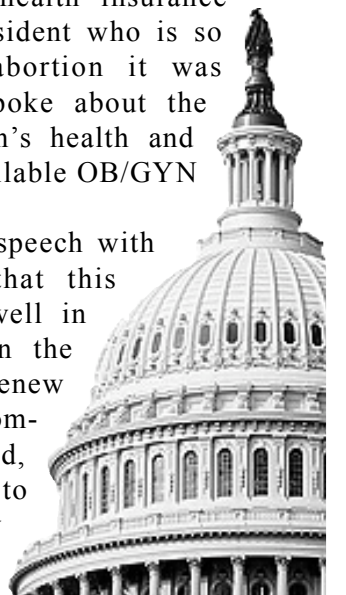
Even stranger was that Mrs. Young, wife of congressman Bill Young, was also removed from the Capitol for being a protestor against for wearing a shirt with a message about the war. Her message was "Support the Troops -- Defending Our Freedom." How exactly the officers took that message to be offensive is something hard to understand. Both Young and Sheehan were apologized to

for their removal but the damage has already been done.

More irony came as Bush spoke about cutting party lines that were made even more obvious by the Democratic reaction to the speech. Such points as Bush wanting to reinstate the Patriot Act made Senator Hillary Clinton literally roll her eyes. The Democrats applauded as Bush complained that his plan to destroy Social Security, the main point of his address last year had been rejected. Talking about how the baby-boomers will be turning 60 this year, he said, including two of his Dad's favorite people – him and President Bill Clinton. "This milestone is more than a personal crisis – it is a national challenge."

Something everyone could agree on was ending America's "addiction to foreign oil" and increasing health insurance coverage. For a president who is so adamantly against abortion it was amusing when he spoke about the importance of women's health and the need for more available OB/GYN services.

He ended his speech with patriotic optimism that this country will finish well in all aspects, "excel in the global economy and renew the defining moral commitments to this land, confident of victories to come." Here's to only 3 more years!



Election Roundup Continued...

Continued from previous page

Minister Anibal Cavaco Silva, of the Social Democratic Party, took 50.54 % of the popular vote, narrowly securing the majority needed to win. His two main opponents were Manuel Alegre Duarte and Mario Alberto Soares. Both candidates are members of the Socialist Party, which won the Parliamentary elections last February, but only Soares was officially endorsed by the party. The office of President is largely ceremonial, but this result is still seen as a bad sign for the ruling Socialist government.

Another Presidential election took place in Chile, resulting in the nation's first female President. Michelle Bachelet, the moderate liberal candidate of the Coalition of Parties for Democracy, defeated her more conservative opponent Sebastian Pinera in a runoff election, garnering 53.5 % of the votes cast. Bachelet's party has been in control in Chile since the end of military rule in 1990. Her election continues the trend of victories for left-leaning candidates in South America, following the election of Evo Morales in Bolivia and the overwhelming victo-

ry of Venezuelan President Hugo Chavez's party in parliamentary elections.

Ruling governments were also upheld in January elections in Finland and Cape Verde.

The Caribbean nation of Haiti was supposed

to hold elections this month, but a fourth delay pushed the poll back to February 7. Explaining the delay, government representatives claimed many voters had not yet received electoral identification cards. Haiti, one of the poorest countries in the world, has been administered by an interim government since an armed uprising forced former President Jean-Baptiste Aristide into exile in 2004. A UN-sponsored force from Brazil was deployed in the country to restore order following Aristide's departure. Still, more than 800 Haitians have died since September 2004, and the dissolution of Parliament means the President has been ruling by decree since January. The poor security situation in the country – it is estimated that 10 people are kidnapped daily – and shortage of election workers have raised concerns over the feasibility of conducting a poll in Haiti, but there is still hope that it will spark a democratic reconstruction. The current favorite to win the Presidency is Rene Preval, whose Hope Platform has strong backing from former Aristide supporters.

Elections kick ass.



The Real Winners of January
Courtesy of Alex Walsh

Ford Will Cut 30,000 Jobs, Close 14 Plants

By Lena Tumasyan

Ford, "America's Car," founded in 1903 by Henry Ford, is now in trouble. It plans to cut 30,000 jobs and close 14 manufacturing plants over the next 6 years.

Ford Chairman and CEO, Bill Ford made the announcement on Monday January 23rd, after 10 years of losing market share and previous cutbacks, such as the 2005 attempt to increase profit by running the North American plants at 75% capacity.

Over these next six years, Ford will cut up to 30,000 jobs in North America. Half of them will be through "regular retirement and attrition." Some laid-off workers that have a contract through the United Auto Workers union will continue at nearly full pay through September 2007 when their contract expires. It will try to provide incentive packages to some of these and to others, to rid of them sooner. By the end of this first quarter it will reduce officer ranks 12% and cut 4,000 salaried jobs.

All of these announcements have come after Ford made a deal with the UAW to lower health care costs, which meant to reduce its \$3.1 billion health care bill by \$850 million. Ford cited health care costs as one of its biggest challenges.

Within the next three years, manufacturing plants in St. Louis (Missouri), Wixom (Michigan), Atlanta (Georgia), and Batavia (Ohio) will close. This year it will decide on two additional plants to close in the United States for the following year and it will reduce shifts of production in other plants. Ford's cutback represents 20-25% of its 122,000 workers in the United States, reducing worldwide man-

ufacturing capacity by 26%.

Besides the closings, Ford announced new changes and plans for the future. For example, it will try to make more hybrid vehicles, will design more smaller-sized cars, and try to reduce the price tag on all vehicles without the messy incentives and rebates that are now offered.

Ok, so Ford has a plan. But what are the people who have been laid off to do? I will admit that some of Ford's cars, Aston Martin, Jaguar, Daimler, Land Rover, Lincoln, Mazda, Mercury and, Volvo, are quite attractive and a pleasure to drive. Some, like the Expedition and Explorer and quite large, even unnecessarily so. If one wanted to buy a family vehicle, minivans are actually safer, more fuel efficient, and better designed than large-sized SUV's, trucks, and the like. Still others are racy and have fun looks.

However, the way Ford decided to cut funding is by first cutting health care pay and then dropping people's jobs. Now, the unemployed individual has to pay more out of pocket for medical costs in addition to finding another source of living. The only advantage is that workers in the union are covered until 2007, but with the high trend of moving manufacturing plants overseas and reducing the ones in the United States (with all industries in general), workers have little time to acquire a new



VROOM VROOM VROOOOOOM!
Courtesy of workers who are now jobless

skill to give them a more stable job.

Finally, health care costs are going up, so the fact that Ford is paying less means drastic changes to retired workers and their families.

Life isn't easy and it is not getting easier any time soon. Perhaps with more standardized equipment in manufacturing plants, which reduce costs, and a greater variety of smaller vehicles, Ford will be able to increase profit and rehire some of its unemployed masses. Just don't put your hopes on it.

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It's Time To Wake Up

Naptime is over. Everyone has to get back to their finger-painting, coloring, and criticizing of the government. The vacation was wonderful but it's back to grindstone because although we slept in and watched sitcoms all day doesn't mean the world did. Bush used NSA to spy on average Americans without the consent of the court. The government asked Google, as well as other search companies, to hand over information on its user's searches. Iran is going ahead and making nuclear reactors, which leave behind fuel for nuclear bombs.

Congress narrowly voted to cut student aid. On campus, all the buses apparently run on bio-diesel now. USG Senate is amending the constitution through "re-interpretation" at the behest of the Judiciary Branch. Apparently they can't wait for a case in order to do their job. Legislation is being brought to the Senate looking to create a \$1000 per semester stipend for all senators—not too long after the entire Senate decided that they were going to wave their stipends.

It's time to play catch up.

Bush has been jumping the gun ever since 9/11. The Patriot Act is bunk. He started a war on an ideal that will never end. He started a war on foreign soil based on faulty information. He botched the response to Hurricane Katrina and most of New Orleans is uninhabitable. Bush set his eyes on Iran in the State of the Union address. A wartime president has no more power than a president sitting during a time of peace. Spying on American citizens because you can is unconscionable. Bush has officially jumped the shark.

Google has got balls. They don't want to cave to the man because those search terms could invade their user's privacy. Go Go Google.

Iran. Bush never wants them to have nuclear weapons. I think he really just wants to have the best toys. Nuclear power is a great way to provide electricity and, done correctly, it's safer than people think. We're in a position to say more than, "No." The utopian vision of a united Earth spreading out to the far reaches of space under one galactic banner can only be realized through the proliferation of energy technology.

Congress shouldn't cut education funding. That is an absolute. There is no argument – education funding should not be cut. You've got to read the period at the end of that sentence for the full effect.

Bully to SBU for using bio-diesel. If you own a car manufactured from 2002 on you could probably use bio-diesel too. No one tells you this when you buy your car but your exhaust could also smell like burritos and other lunch items from Taco Bell.

The re-amend-i-pretation of the USG constitution in this case actually helps matters but it sets a dangerous precedent of bypassing the Constitutional laws USG should abide by.

USG Senate, Executive, and Judiciary are public servants. Their jobs are volunteer positions and they shouldn't be looking to get paid. If the backers of that bill want more money they should look into protesting the tuition hikes proposed at the Senate Hearings that were in the Wang.

Bulimia, the New Black for Spring?

My freshmen year, I gained the dreaded freshman 15 and then some. However, many of the girls who lived in my hall managed to stay thin and in shape. I always assumed they were just naturally that way or that they were on speed. The bathrooms in corridor-style living sucked hardcore. The toilets were always clogged, flooding and not flushing. Maintenance blamed it on people throwing paper towels in the toilets and the paper towel dispensers were removed. I don't think they took into account all the girls throwing up in the bathroom. The acid that comes up from purging erodes the pipes and food doesn't flush or break up easily especially after a heavy binge. Statistics show that 1 in 4 girls on college campuses have an eating disorder. When you are wondering why there is one working toilet for 30 girls, don't blame the non-existent paper towels.

Bulimia isn't the only way girls are hurting themselves in desperate attempts to be thin. When you go to the Wellness Center at the SAC, there always seems to be a few girls who look like they need to eat something. These are the gym abusers. They over-exercise, under-eat and attempt to burn more calories than they consume. No matter what you tell them, they will never believe they are thin enough. People with eating disorders have a distorted image of themselves and will never be satisfied with what they see in the mirror.

Bulimia is harder to detect and probably even more common than anorexia. It's supposedly become

so regular that there are reports in some college dormitories with signs in their bathrooms stating, "Please stop throwing up in the toilets, you are backing up the pipes!" Bulimics become experts in hiding their problem. Bulimics usually purge late at night or when everyone is showering so no one can hear them. Some bulimics have gotten so good at hiding their problem that they are able to purge without a single sound.

Eating disorders and self-image issues aren't only affecting females. The male population is very much affected as well but this is underreported. In the past few years, there have been more than a handful of males starving themselves so they can fit into girl jeans. Popular male rock bands sport tight clothes that display their famished figures and some impressionable males are doing everything to emulate their idols.

You do not need to go to such extreme measures to lose weight. Eating disorders have disastrous results. Females may have problems conceiving in the future, and you may eventually die. A healthy diet and exercise is sufficient enough to get you at the ideal weight. So if your toilets are backing up or you see someone losing weight at an abnormal rate, these may be the warning signs. If you or someone you know needs help, you can speak to a counselor at the student health center for free at 632-6720. And to the females, real women have curves.

Tuition Increases

Dear Editor,

On Wednesday, February 1st Congress voted 216 - 214 to slash federal student aid to the tune of \$12 billion dollars to pay for tax cuts for America's wealthiest.. This horrendous cut to student loans, part of the budget reconciliation bill, is the largest cut in the history of the loan programs.

This legislation is a heavy blow for New York college students at a time when college costs continue to rise and students go deeper in debt. Shame on the New York delegates who decided to use students and families to pay for other priorities.

Rather than cutting lender subsidies, the bill derives most of its savings by continuing the practice of forcing student and parent borrowers to pay excessive interest rates on their loans and by increasing interest rates for parent borrowers. In the same budget bill that authorized these student loan cuts, Congress also called for up to \$70 billion in tax cuts that will be finalized this spring.

Nearly 70 percent of the bill's total student loan cuts of \$20 billion come from students and families. The bill cuts:

Almost \$13 billion from excessive subsidy payments that student and parent borrowers make to lenders. This bill uses this money to pay for new tax cuts rather than keeping this money in higher education and using it to pay for additional need-based grant aid or lower student loan interest rates.

Approximately \$2 billion by increasing the parent loan interest rate from 7.9% to 8.5%.

Other changes to the student loan programs included in this bill that could have a significant impact on borrowers are:

\$2.2 billion in cuts to critical student loan delivery funds used to administer the federal student aid programs. Without these funds, the administration of federal student aid is in jeopardy.

\$1.4 billion in revenue generated by a new mandatory 1% insurance fee levied on guarantee agencies for all loans. Lenders could potentially pass on this cut directly to student borrowers.

Fortunately, there are some positive budget measures that will direct a small portion of the student loan cuts back to students. The bill spends \$3.7 billion on grants for students majoring in math, science and foreign languages. In addition, the bill will gradually lower charges for some students, known as origination fees, over the next five years. Finally, the bill retains 6.8% as the cap on student interest rates, a measure that will help protect students as interest rates continue to rise.

We commend our New York State Representatives who votes "nay" on this bill, particularly Tim Bishop, Stony Brook's Congressman. He understands that achievement in college will improve as college stays affordable.

Sincerely,

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Kate,
 The practice of making students foot the bill with increasingly large costs for higher education is appalling. It's nice to hear about the people who voted against this bill. People like Tim Bishop.
 My only question now is who counts all this stuff? I mean billions keep popping up in the news and the accountant in charge must be crying him or herself to sleep at night.
 But I digress only to digress again. Thanks for keeping us informed NYPIRG. Keep on rockin' in the free world.
 -The Stony Brook Press

RETRACTION:
 In issue 7 we published "SHU Student Beaten After Exposing Fraternity Hazing Ritual" by Joe Safdia. There was an accompanying picture of a paddle that had the Greek letters Sigma Alpha Mu on it. This identifies a Frat commonly referred to as the Sammys. I would like to take the time right now to say that no Sammy was implicated in the kidnapping or hazing and the pictured paddle was out of place. It's our bust, we didn't mean to imply that the ΣAM Frat had anything to do with the case the article was about.
 Rob Pearsall
 Executive Editor
 The Stony Brook Press

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The 2005 Atlantic hurricane season was the busiest season in recorded history, and quite possibly the most destructive and most unusual. It is unlikely that it was the busiest season ever, since most reliable records have only been kept since the late 19th century with the most reliable records going back only to the 1960's and 1970's. The season also produced the most intense Atlantic hurricane (in terms of atmospheric pressure), the costliest hurricane in United States history, the first recorded landfall of a tropical cyclone in Spain, and the first storms to exhaust the World Meteorological Organization's alphabetized naming lists for Atlantic hurricanes and tropical storms. The season produced a record amount of tropical storms for a season, a record amount of hurricanes in a season and a record for the most Category 5 storms in a season. Setting yet another record, four major hurricanes made landfall on United States soil in 2005: Dennis, Katrina, Rita and Wilma. Three other major hurricanes formed as well: Emily, Maria and Beta.

The season started on June 1st, with the first storm, Arlene, forming on June 8th. Even though the official Atlantic hurricane season ended on November 30th, there was still tropical activity with the formation of Epsilon on November 29th and the formation of Zeta on December 30th. Zeta is the latest Atlantic tropical storm to form in a calendar year, tying a record from the December 30, 1954 formation of Hurricane Alice #2. Here is a complete list of hurricanes and tropical storms formed in the Atlantic Ocean in 2005:

Arlene

Formed: June 8, north of Honduras
Development: Made landfall west of Pensicola, FL.
Damage: One death was indirectly attributed.

Bret

Formed: June 28, north of the Mexican state of Tabasco
Development: Became an organized tropical storm that moved into the state of Velacruz the next day and dissipated.
Damage: Hundreds of homes were damaged and two deaths resulted from flooding.

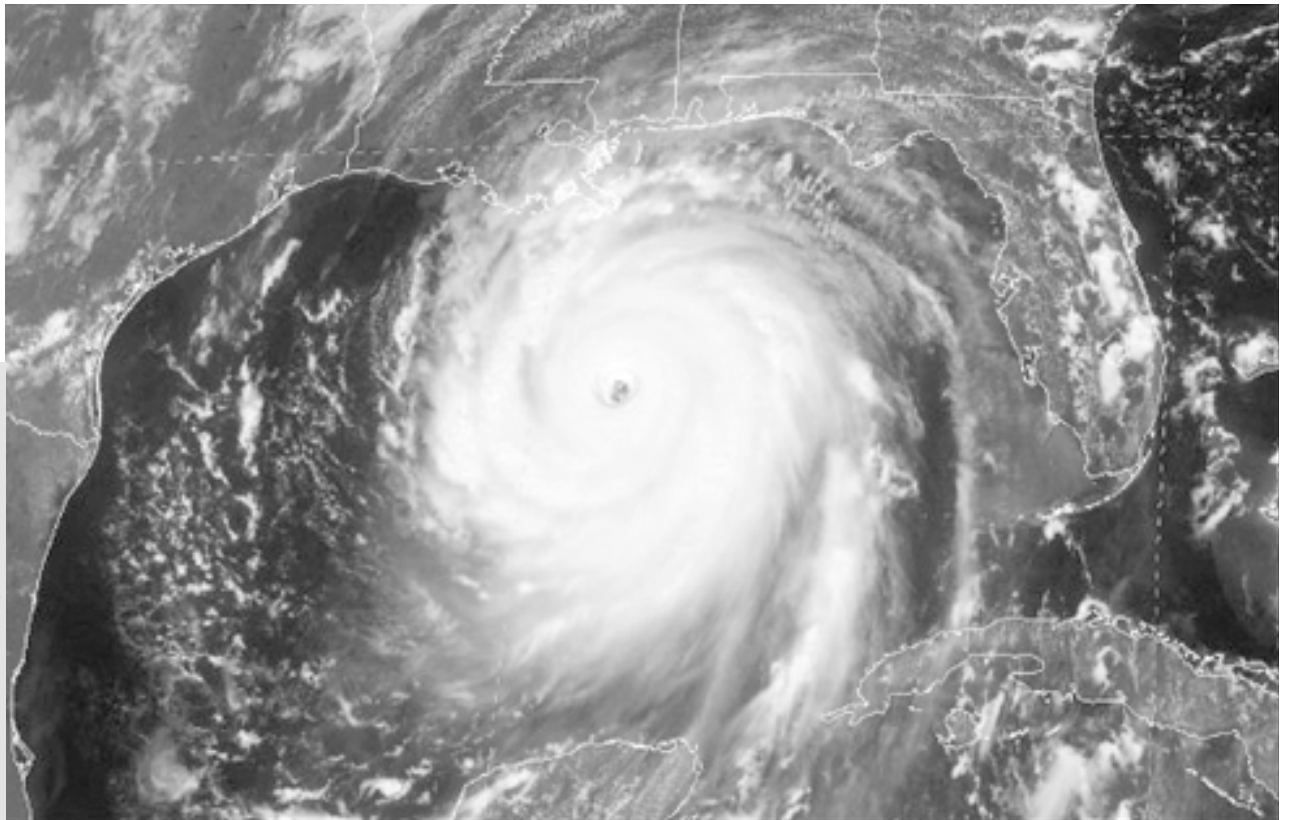
Cindy

Formed: Tropical depression south of the Yucatan Peninsula. Became a tropical storm on July 4th.
Development: Made landfall in Grand Isle, LA on July 5th.
Damage: The remnants of Cindy were attributed to three deaths.

Dennis

Formed: July 4, in the eastern Caribbean
Development: Moved to the northwest,

Visible Radar Image of Hurricane Katrina at 1:45 PM EDT on August 28, 2005.
Courtesy of CIMSS and NASA Geostationary Operational Environmental Satellite 12



intensifying into a Category 4 hurricane*, making it the first major hurricane of the season. Made landfall as a major Category 3 storm near Pensacola, FL on July 10th.

Damage: Between \$5-9 billion United States, with 77 or more deaths in the US, Cuba and Haiti.

** A major hurricane is a hurricane classified as Category 3 storm or higher on the Simpson hurricane intensity scale.*

Emily

Formed: July 11, east of the Lesser Antilles
Development: Quickly became the second major hurricane of the season. Peaked as a Category 4 hurricane and made two landfalls: the first at the Yucatan Peninsula and the second in rural eastern Mexico on July 18th.
Damage: Fourteen deaths resulted from Hurricane Emily.

Franklin

Formed: July 21, near the Bahamas
Development: Stayed relatively weak as it meandered into the North Atlantic.
Damage: No damage or deaths were a result of Franklin.

Gert

Formed: July 23, Yucatan peninsula
Development: N/A
Damage: No damage or deaths resulted from Gert, as prior evacuations in preparation of Emily helped avert more casualties.

Harvey

Formed: August 2, southwest of Bermuda
Development: N/A
Damage: No damage occurred with this storm.

Irene

Formed: August 4, west of Cape Verde
Development: N/A

Damage: No damage resulted from Irene as it never posed a threat to land.

Jose

Formed: August 22, north of the Yucatan Peninsula
Development: Strengthened into a tropical storm later in the day and made landfall on the Mexican Gulf Coast.
Damage: It resulted in seven deaths.

Katrina

Formed: August 23, near the Bahamas
Development: Strengthened into a Category 1 hurricane that affected south Florida on August 25th. It rapidly intensified into the second strongest Atlantic hurricane on record (at the time) and third major hurricane of the season on August 27th and 28th. On August 29th, it made landfall in southeastern Louisiana as a strong Category 3 hurricane. It moved northward into an extremely prone New Orleans, then northward into Mississippi and the Tennessee valley.
Damage: Significant portions of the New Orleans area are below sea level, which resulted in massive damage from flooding and the subsequent failure of parts of the city's levee system.

The failure of proper evacuation and disaster recovery at all levels of government contributed to the casualties resulting from Katrina. At least 1,400 people lost their lives from Katrina, with estimates as high as 4,000 to 5,000. At least \$75 billion to \$100 billion in damage occurred, as the significant damage to the area's fossil fuel and agricultural industries impacted national and global supplies and demands. The afflicted Gulf Coast area will be significantly affected well into the future as infrastructure and industries are rebuilt.

Lee

Formed: August 28, as a tropical depres-

Postal Worker Brings Back the Ole' "Postal Worker Shoots Colleagues in Deadly Massacre" Trend

By David K. Ginn

Either there's some built-in psychological damage from working as a postal employee, or it truly is just a trend to walk into work and kill everybody. Either way, it's pretty sick.

The shooter, 44-year old Jennifer Sanmarco, was a former distribution clerk for the office in Goleta, California. Apparently, she had been diagnosed with a disability around the time she was fired. The Los Angeles Times reports Postal Inspector Randy Degasperin, who represented the postal police, as saying it was a "psychological medical disability". No further information on the woman's condition was revealed.

The woman, 44, entered the parking lot a little after 9 pm on January 30, during the overnight shift. After tailgating a larger vehicle to sneak through the barrier, she shot and killed one woman in the parking lot and critically injured a second, using a 9mm pistol that was later recovered.

She killed another person in the parking lot before entering the building. The doors to the building required a keycard to enter, and she swiped one accordingly. It's unclear whether or not it was her own retired keycard or a keycard she stole from one of the bodies. Considering the precise security measures taken upon termination of a government job, it was most likely the latter.

She killed another person near the entrance, and then killed two more. The Santa Barbara Sheriff's Department has stated that she reloaded at least once during the massacre. Finally, after killing five people and injuring a sixth with a gunshot to the head, she turned the gun on herself and blew her brains out.

As this story is still fresh, both the Postal Inspection Service and the Santa Barbara Police have not yet discovered the motive behind the attack, although it has been stated that the woman was fired due to non-



Ms. Sanmarco
Courtesy of those others news outlets

threatening complaints from other workers.

So, just as disgruntled postal workers were becoming a nostalgic joke, and the phrase "going postal" was starting to lose its roots and become normal slang, we have a new bit of madness to rekindle the fire.

I can't see anyone using the phrase "going all Columbine" to describe a fit of anger, but perhaps the wheel of time and the magic of nostalgia will change that. Then, in about fifteen or twenty years, another angry kid will shoot his fellow classmates, and suddenly, to quote The Smiths, "that joke isn't

funny anymore."

It seems reasonable that there's more than a media trend to these incidents. After the Columbine shootings there were quite a few copycats, but others were unrelated. Although seeming maliciously trendy, perhaps this most recent postal shooting says something about postal work in general.

Most catastrophic events, especially those that represent a pattern, are usually a brutal slap in the face leading to the examination of much larger issues. Just as the Columbine incident caused both the public and the schools themselves to reconsider the impact of teenage social interactions, this continued workplace violence should cause us to reconsider the realities of working class adults. This has as little to do with the Goleta Post Office as the rash of school shootings had to do with Columbine High School. In or out of the workplace, school, or wherever it is, the basic sense of limitation and confinement within social order hangs over people's heads like an albatross.

In high school, you either conform or you become a casualty of the system. In working class America, you either conform or you become a casualty of the system. There is no option to pursue your dreams, or to be yourself. You must work, earn your paycheck, and pretend to be happy and satisfied.

Not that any of it makes this incident less heinous or terrible, just that a simple demonizing of an individual, no matter how fucked up and terrible of a person, is not going to solve the greater issues at hand.

Hurricane Review continued

sion well east of the Lesser Antilles.

Development: N/A

Damage: It did not pose any threat to land, and no damage occurred.

Maria

Formed: September 1, as a depression east of the Leeward Islands.

Development: It briefly became the fourth major hurricane of the season and moved into the North Atlantic Ocean, where its remnants affected Iceland and Norway.

Damage: One death resulted from a Norway landslide created by Maria's remnants.

Nate

Formed: September 5, southwest of Bermuda.

Development: Strengthened into a hurricane that slightly brushed Bermuda on September 7th.

Damage: No damage or deaths resulted from Nate.

Ophelia

Formed: September 6, over the Bahamas.

Development: Became a hurricane on

September 7th. It moved northward towards the east coast of Florida, where it remained stationary for two days. As it teetered between hurricane and tropical storm strength, the storm slowly paralleled the United States eastern seaboard.

Damage: Three deaths and \$1.6 billion in damage were a result of flooding from Ophelia as it brushed the East Coast.

Philippe

Formed: September 17, east of the Leeward Islands.

Development: It strengthened into a Category 1 storm, but did not affect land as it dissipated on September 23rd.

Damage: No damage or deaths were a result of Philippe.

Rita

Formed: September 18, east-northeast of Cuba.

Development: It moved south of the Florida Keys on the 20th and quickly became the fifth major hurricane of the season. It became a Category 5 storm and the fourth strongest Atlantic hurricane on record (at the time).

Damage: Rita, now a Category 3 hurricane,

made landfall on September 24th near the southern border of Texas and Louisiana. 119 deaths and \$10 billion in damage resulted from Rita. Along with Katrina, Rita significantly affected global oil supplies, prices and demand as it destroyed large offshore facilities.

Stan

Formed: October 1, west of the Yucatan Peninsula.

Development: Strengthened into a hurricane on October 4th. It made landfall south of Velacruz, Mexico that day.

Damage: 1,100 deaths were an indirect result of Stan as heavy rainfall caused landslides and major flooding.

Tammy

Formed: October 5, east of Florida.

Development: Moved towards the northwest. It made landfall near Jacksonville, FL, as a tropical storm that day and merged with a frontal system responsible for the record rainfall in the Northeast in mid-October.

Damage: N/A

Continued on page 13

The World Social Forum and the World Economic Forum

By Claudia Toloza

The last week in January kicked off the annual meetings of both the World Social Forum and the World Economic Forum. The World Economic Forum met in Davos, Switzerland. The World Social Forum, which met for the first time in 2001 in Porto Alegre, Brazil as a response to the World Economic Forum, this year gathered in three different locations. From January 19th to 13th, the World Social Forum (WSF) gathered in the town of Bamako, Mali; from January 24th to 29th, the WSF gathered in Caracas, Venezuela; and later in March the WSF will meet again for its third installment of the year in Karachi, Pakistan.

On the WSF website it is estimated that around 80,000 participated in the 2,000 activities that were organized in Caracas, Venezuela. Out of those 80,000 participants, 53,000 of those participants alone were individual participants. This WSF met to discuss such topics as the environment, indigenous peoples' rights, politics, and anti-war movements, among other things.

Much of the beginning of the Forum in Venezuela was marked by anti-war protests. Thousands of participants gathered in the streets, protesting the current war in Iraq and carrying signs with anti-Bush slogans. One of the main supporters of the protests was Hugo Chavez, President of Venezuela, who is and has been very critical of U.S. foreign policies and of the current President Bush. One of the noted protesters and guests at the WSF was Cindy Sheehan, an American activist. Cindy Sheehan is perhaps more widely known as the mother who camped outside of President Bush's Texas estate to protest the war after her son had been killed in Iraq.

Some activists criticized the involvement of President Chavez as taking away focus

from the issues of the Forum and rather focusing attention on his leftist social movement. Annoyed activists pointed at the fact that many street vendors were selling t-shirts with Hugo Chavez's face on them, which took away from the WSF's main focus of enacting social change. Activists such as Luis Silva expressed



It's Bush with a Hitler mustache... and we didn't put it there!

Courtesy of People with a sense of humor

to the Associated Press that the WSF, "...born as an alternative...has succumbed to political parties and governments. It's acting as a stage of support for Chavez." However, not all activists were critical of President Chavez. Some recognized his efforts in keeping a strong stand against U.S.-sponsored trade agreements and also his implementation of

social programs.

On the other side of the world in Davos, Switzerland, things were a little different at the World Economic Forum (WEF). Some of the major topics being discussed were, of course, globalization, the creation of jobs, and the economic rise of both India and China. In comparison to the 80,000 participants of the WSF, only over 2,700 people participated in the WEF. The WEF, unlike the WSF, is a gathering chiefly reserved for the economic elite of the world.

The theme of this year's World Economic Forum was "creative imperative". The WEF sought in its meeting to bring together the political, business, and civil society sectors in finding the solutions to the problems that afflict the world in a creative manner.

More so than the WSF, the World Economic Forum was marked by the presence of celebrities who included the likes of Angelina Jolie and Muhammad Ali. One of the most notable celebrities present was Bono, lead singer of U2, who in recent years has become one of the biggest activists in the fight against AIDS. At the WEF, Bono announced the creation of a campaign called "Red". The "Red" campaign will consist of a product line including footwear, clothing, and sunglasses, among other things. Part of the profits made from this venture will go into the Global Fund to help fight AIDS, malaria, and tuberculosis.

Both the World Social Forum and the World Economic Forum are conveniently held at the same time and have separate agendas to make the world a better place. Whether part of the masses that participated in the WSF or of the small, elite group that took part in the WEF, one can only hope that the issues brought up in each will actually have a positive impact on the world.

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Asian Americans and Suffolk County

By Staff

Suffolk County Executive and SBU alumnus Steve Levy is pulling it all together as far as the Asian American community is concerned. He is in negotiations with Charles Wang, owner of the NY Islanders National Hockey team, to move the Islanders to Suffolk. That might also mean Suffolk gets a pro-basketball team since its far enough away from the city to be non-competitive.

In December Levy created the Suffolk



County Asian American Advisory Board and on Saturday, 4 Feb, in the H. Lee Dennison Building in Hauppauge, the county had its first official Lunar New Year Celebration, cosponsored by HSBC. Members of the committee are Chairman Dr. Chung Chi Chou, and in alpha order, Akie Naito Gears, Belinda Pagdanganan, Rev. Francis Sang, Dr. Panna Shah, Stella Shieh, Ritu Wackett, DaZhou Wang, and Dr. Jim Yih-Jin Young. The committee is part of the Office of Minority Affairs under Edwin Perez.

Pictures clockwise from right. Suffolk Cnty Exec Steve Levy, Suffolk Cnty Legis. Vivian Vilorio-Fisher, and Wang Center Director Sunita Mukhi; swearing in of the Asian American Advisory Board by Exec Levy; Youth hockey players with Yuyu Shen; Chinese youth hockey teams with Charles B. Wang at the Nassau Coliseum on Long Island.



The Celebration drew a standing room only crowd for the performances that ended the day. Students from CCALI - Chinese Cultural Association of LI Chinese School performed and sang, danced, demonstrated Chinese yo-yo, and had a fashion show of traditional Chinese clothing. There was also singing, Chinese pipe playing, a magic show, and kung fu demonstrations by guest performers.

Throughout the day the Dennison building lobby was packed with displays, performances, and visitors. Lion dancers thrilled young children and two young women played the zither, a traditional Chinese string instrument like a horizontal harp.

There are photos of all on the website at <http://www.aasquared.org/gallery>. The demonstrations included dough figure making with adorable dragons, paper cutting, calligraphy, chinese knotting, exotic orchids, tra-

ditional tea ceremony.

There were also country displays from India, Korea, Japan, and the Philippines. At the Japan table everyone watched sushi being made from scratch - and then cut up for free tastings.

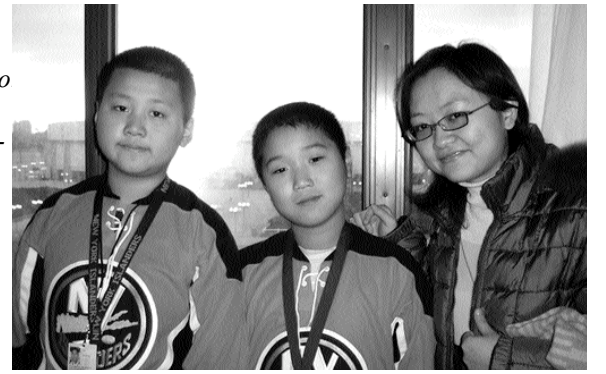
To top it all off, Good Taste Buffet of Commack showcased a variety of free food, buffet style.

Suffolk's first Asian American event was a success and throughout the year, different Asian American cultures will be showcased.

Islanders Bring Chinese Youth Hockey to Long Island

By Yuyu Shen

On January 4th, Stony Brook University junior Yuyu Shen had the opportunity to spend the day with two youth hockey teams brought to the US by the NY Islanders National Hockey Team to compete in the Bell Capital Cup in Ottawa, Canada, and then visit the Islanders and see New York. Here are her impressions:



Meeting the two teams of youngsters on the hockey teams from China was an interesting experience. When we got to the Nassau Coliseum, the Harbin Red Stars were playing on the ice against a local youth team, the Long Island Gulls. There were only a few people in the audience, most of whom were the parents of the Ducks and several graduate Chinese students from Stony Brook University, but both teams played with utmost energy and professionalism.

Soon the other Chinese team, the Qiqihar Snow Leopards, who had played

teams lived), and later on the ground floor too. Some of them started playing in the hallway because they couldn't find their keys to get into their rooms. The whole environment in the sixth floor was like a Kids' Kingdom - loud, energetic, and after all very cute.

Of course, there were a lot of things special about them too. It's not only that they got out of their home country, flew several thousand miles to Canada, and built great friendships with their host families despite the unfamiliarity and language burdens. It's not only that they managed to do very well in their first world-wide tourna-



ment in such a situation - both of the teams got into the quarter-finals and one made it to the semi-finals. It's something more than that. I remembered what I heard when I spoke that afternoon with Mr. Mike Milbury, then the general manager of the New York Islanders hockey team, who went to China and brought the teams out with Charles Wang's help.

Mr. Milbury said that when he saw the kids love for hockey and how serious they were even when they didn't have good equipment and rinks to practice, he was determined to make something happen for these kids. Their passion and love for sports, determination despite any disadvantage there is - maybe this is the most valuable thing the young players have to offer, and the most effective universal language they can use.

You can read all about the Harbin and Qiqihar teams in Canada and the US, with supplements, at <http://www.aaezine.org/Articles/vol13/N1BellCapitalCup2005.shtml>

earlier, came out of the dressing room and I started my interview with them. They were like any kids anywhere. They had different personalities, some were a little timid, some were very outgoing, some were quieter, and some liked to fight with each other. Of course though, they were all interested in kids stuff such as the Game Boys they had bought, but they liked to pretend to be grown-ups sometimes too.

I later asked the chaperones and the coach how it felt to take this team outside of China for such a long time and if it felt any different than the adult teams they had worked with. They all said that it takes much more effort and energy with the kids because they have to be cared for in every aspect, and kids do like to run around and make noise. Well, kids are kids any time. I didn't fully realize that until we went with them to the hotel for more interviews. They had been here for two days already and have gotten familiar with the place. I saw kids running around the sixth floor (where both

Lunar New Year: Year of the Dog

The Year of the Dog 4704

The Lunar New Year, also known as the Spring Festival, usually falls in late January or early February in the Western calendar. It is the most important holiday of the year and the celebration lasts 15 days. It concludes on the 15th day with the Festival of Lanterns. It is celebrated in China, Japan, Korea, and many of the Southeast Asian countries.

New Year's Eve is the most important. Unlike in Western culture where that is a time for going out with friends, in Asia it is a time for returning home to family. In China it is the largest migration of people

anywhere on earth at one time. The centerpiece is a huge feast with over 10 courses. Each type of food represents something symbolic and always includes sweet rice cake.

Each year is represented by a different animal, repeating every 12 years. Thus to know a person's sign is also to know their age. People are born in the year of the rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, ram, monkey, rooster, dog, or pig.



Courtesy of google.com

www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine in SB Press Vol 2 No 1 February 2006

For the latest and greatest about Asian American events check out our constantly updated calendar at
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Courtesy of Joanna Goodman



A Recipe for Dictatorship

By Marcel Votluka

“A dictatorship would be a lot easier, as long as I’m the dictator”

~George W. Bush

“Strip Search Sammy”, the Dictator’s Dream

Samuel Alito. This name provokes aneurisms in those who value freedom, justice, and limited government. And rightly so. Throughout his judicial career, Alito has displayed an alarming support for expanding presidential and government power beyond its constitutional limits, whether advocating “absolute immunity” for the Attorney General in a 1984 case involving wiretaps of peace activists, taking a narrow view of defendant’s rights, or upholding the humiliating strip search of an innocent 12 year old girl.

Furthermore, “Strip Search Sammy” has demonstrated a poor understanding of the basic principles behind the Constitution. Alito’s critics complain that he will try to overturn *Roe v. Wade*. Indeed, his stated contention (outlined in a 1984 memo) that the Constitution does not protect the right to an abortion is false; the Constitution is intended to limit *the powers of government*, not the rights of the people. Indeed those are virtually unlimited, enshrined in the Ninth and Tenth Amendments.

But far more important than Alito’s stance on abortion is that fact that he – as well

as Supreme Court Justices Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas – openly supports the idea of a “unitary executive”, maximizing the single-handed power of the President while minimizing checks and balances. But should this really surprise us so? President Bush eagerly claims broad powers for himself, and his picks for the Supreme Court reflect that view.

Alito in particular has the most disturbing track record. Professor Cass Sunstein, of the University of Chicago Law School, conducted a study which found that throughout his judicial career, Alito ruled against the individual in 84% of his dissents. The study also found that he instead opted to rule in favor of the government and large corporations...politically connected corporations, that is.

So here we have a custodian of justice acting as a defender of the interests of the government as opposed to the individual. The interests of the state overriding that of the individual...this is the raw premise behind fascism and communism. Of course, the Americanized euphemism for this is simply the “Unitary Executive” theory of presidential power.

The Unitary (Dictatorial) Executive

What is the “Unitary Executive” theory? In short, this theory and its adherents, calling themselves “Unitarians”, envision an executive branch (and therefore a President) that enjoys broad powers, is independent of the

other two branches of government, and is accountable only to itself. And they twist the Constitution to within an inch of its life in framing their justifications. To put it bluntly, they advocate that the President enjoy almost dictatorial powers. Let’s take a look at their logic.

First, “Unitarians” like Alito say that because the three branches of government—legislative, judicial, and executive—are co-equal, *each branch has the responsibility to interpret the constitution and the law, including the President*. Alito explained this concept in a 1986 draft memo: “Since the president’s approval is just as important as that of the House or Senate, it seems to follow that the president’s understanding of the bill should be just as important as that of Congress.”

Second, “Unitarians” go on to say that because the President’s job is to execute all laws passed by Congress, he or she should enjoy a great deal of leeway in doing this. They intend that to mean *the President has the right to re-interpret, or even refuse to execute, laws that he or she independently finds to be unconstitutional*. Hence the use of “signing statements” in order to interpret legislation as the President sees fit.

Third, “Unitarians” claim that the executive branch, in order to protect itself from (supposedly unfair) encroachments to its power by other two branches, *can adopt extra powers in order to become more independent of the other branches*. Therefore, they mean that the President has the right to enjoy exclusive control over the executive agencies (like spy agencies and the budget offices and regulatory committees), and coordinate them to counter challenges to his or her power posed by the other two branches. Hence the widespread use of the executive order to create supra-legal acts as well as appointing cronies to powerful agencies like the Office of Management and Budget.

Overall, “Unitarians” argue that the President enjoys the privilege of minimal oversight and maximum priority for his/her policy objectives...to get what he or she wants *without having to deal with Congress and regulatory bodies*. Hence, Presidents Carter and Reagan successfully challenged the legislative veto—which stated that whenever Congress delegates power to the executive branch, the President must seek a certain level of approval from Congress before using it.

In brief, this is the core political ideology of Samuel Alito, Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas, and any number of Bush Administration officials, to say nothing of Bush himself. The implications of this theory—an excuse to award the executive branch awesome powers in the alleged interest of keeping other branches from encroaching on its authority – are nothing less than authoritarian. Hence the term *unitary executive* – one person with broad powers. Instead of “Unitarians”, adherents to this political ideology should call themselves “Fascists.”

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Why the Unitarians are Wrong

The Unitary Executive theory rests upon premises that seem to make sense – checks and balances among the three branches is indeed an essential aspect of American government, and sometimes abuses of power occur that are up to the other branches to correct. And naturally, each branch has certain powers delegated to it, and generally should not encroach on the others' turf.

But when put into practice it aims to reduce executive branch oversight and accountability; to give the President far more leeway to assume greater powers that the Constitution allows it. It frees the executive branch from the normal system of checks and balances in favor of giving the President great unilateral power...and justifies this in the name of checks and balances (in other words, keeping the executive branch "independent"). It is inherently contradictory in nature.

Not only that, it goes against the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. The three branches of the government – legislative, judicial, and executive – are meant to share power; we have a system of checks and balances to maintain that interdependence and balance of power. But the "Unitarians" disagree; they argue, essentially, that the three branches are all equal, but 'some are more equal than others.' I gather they all must have studied *Animal Farm* closely.

Article II of the US Constitution clearly lays out all the powers the President may enjoy. The President cannot just award more powers to the executive branch on a whim. The President does not get to pick and choose which laws he or she will carry out through "interpretive signing statements", for example. Although "Unitarians" often argue that the President enjoys broader authority in times of war, Article II does *not* give the President dictatorial powers in times of war – as Commander in Chief, he or she simply has final say in military decisions.

And because the three branches are interdependent, the President has limited powers and is supposed to work with legislators and agencies to achieve his or her policy aims – not steamroll over them unilaterally. That's the precise reason why we have a Constitution in the first place; to enshrine this principle in government. Too bad we are governed by a pack of scoundrels who reject this principle.

Bush as the "Unitary Executive"

The idea of a "unitary executive" has existed in one form or another since FDR's administration, but Presidents Nixon, Reagan, and Clinton intensified it through executive orders, signing statements, and weakening or taking over the executive branch's regulatory bodies. President Bush has made this "unitary executive" ideology into an art form within five short years. He routinely uses the term "unitary executive" to describe himself and his powers. And he has been unusually aggressive in claiming broader powers for himself, believing the 9/11 terrorist attacks and two heavily

disputed elections have given him a popular mandate to power. In short, he has acted with impunity in his every word and deed.

Let's review, shall we?

Most recently, Bush has shown his contempt for the courts and due process through his illegal program to spy on Americans through the NSA. This is in spite of the fact that the FISA court (developed especially for surveillance cases) is basically a rubber stamp and rarely turns down requests for warrants to conduct wiretaps. Even former Attorney General John Ashcroft had doubts about the legality of the program. *Newsweek* reports that in the spring of 2004, while Ashcroft was being hospitalized, Bush Administration officials approached him and tried to persuade him to overturn his deputy's refusal to give his blessing for the NSA spy program. Ashcroft balked at the request.

"Bush has acted with unprecedented impunity and contempt for checks and balances."

But far more alarming is Bush's idea that he has the right to re-interpret the law as he sees fit. He recently issued an "interpretive signing statement" upon the passage of Senator John McCain's bill banning torture. He wrote, "The executive branch shall construe [the law] in a manner consistent with the constitutional authority of the President. . . as Commander in Chief." In other words, he will follow the law as long as it does not get in his way. Past Presidents have at times refused to enact certain parts of laws that they deemed inappropriate or encroached upon core executive authority; however, until Jimmy Carter's presidency this technique was used rarely. Ronald Reagan, Bill Clinton, and the Bushes increasingly relied upon the practice, and Dubya himself made 435 signing statements in his first term alone.

Following Bill Clinton's lead, the Bush Administration has made extensive use of so-called "video news releases" (VNRs) to spread propaganda about its policies, such as the war in Iraq. VNRs are typically produced by federal agencies to promote a particular policy or program – they are created to resemble a legitimate TV news spot and are

used within many TV broadcasts.

Viewers are often not informed about the actual origin of the programs. According to the Government Accountability Office, this practice violates a ban on using government funds to produce and distribute propaganda. But Bush covered himself by citing a Justice Department opinion saying that as long as the VNRs did not promote a specific viewpoint, they were legal, and compared them to any old press release.

This practice coincides with the Bush cabal paying off journalists such as Armstrong Williams to promote "No Child Left Behind", as well as working closely with journalist Judith Miller to put out propaganda pieces in the *New York Times* corroborating its shaky case that Iraq was developing nuclear weapons.

Furthermore, Bush went to war in Afghanistan and Iraq without a formal declaration of war from Congress – as is mandated by the Constitution – under the pretext of unitary executive powers. And no, the bills passed by Congress authorizing the use of force *do not* count as formal declarations of war, period. In fact, starting with the Korean War this country has not gone to war based on such a process – all the wars and interventions since then were technically police actions. This practice has resulted in giving the government greater leeway and less accountability in pursuing these wars. All this has made Bush, Cheney and their cronies in the oil and construction industries, as well as defense contractors, very happy.

And as a "unitary executive" Bush seems to think that he can get away with lying to Congress about the reasons for war. The Downing Street memos indicate that officials understood that the case for war was weak and that Saddam Hussein was not posing a threat to

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courtesy of Marcel Votlucka

his neighbors or the US. Yet the British officials were astounded to learn that “the facts [were] being fixed around the policy” instead of the other way around. If these allegations are indeed true, it means Bush and co. intentionally lied to Congress. This is a violation of the Federal Anti-Conspiracy Statute and the False Statements Act – and an impeachable offence. Yet with “unitary executive” power fueling him Bush feels he can act with impunity.

“Unitarians argue in favor of awarding the President broad powers in the alleged interest of keeping other branches from encroaching on its authority.”

Bush has also claimed unitary executive privilege in performing the following acts:

*He asked for \$5 billion in completely unrestricted foreign aid as part of funding for the Iraq War while shielding it from Freedom of Information Act requests as a way to limit the information flow

*In his first term he set up the Office of Faith Based Initiatives, which awards federal money to religious groups and private charities. This is a clear violation of the First Amendment.

*He limited funding for stem cell research, allowing funding only to a few mediocre stem cell lines that he alone deemed appropriate.

*He unilaterally withdrew from the United States from the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty with Russia as well as the Kyoto Protocol.

*He single-handedly nullified the Davis-Bacon Act within the areas attacked by Hurricane Katrina through an executive order. The Act sets a minimum wage standard for workers.

*The Sarbanes-Oxley Act, passed in the wake of the Enron scandal, was intended to produce more transparency and accountability in the way corporations underwent auditing procedures. Bush unilaterally re-interpreted the Act to apply only in limited cases, limiting opportunities for corporate whistleblowers and protecting his friends in big business.

Most alarming of all, he claims the right to declare anybody, citizen or alien, an “enemy combatant” – a free pass to treat the “enemy combatant” as a war criminal not subject to due process and the Geneva Conventions. We can see the results in the infamous Guantanamo Bay concentration camp and in the practice of “rendition” (sending prisoners to other countries to be tortured in search of gleaning intelligence). This thwarts the core American judicial concepts of *habeas*

corpus (which guarantees your right to go before a judge), jury trials, due process, and “innocent until proven guilty.”

Cronyism makes the President less accountable

Moreover, over the past few decades the executive branch agencies have come under the direct or indirect control of the President. Most people might not think of them as very important, but they are. These are regulatory agencies that serve as a check on unfettered Presidential power, and they enable the executive branch to share power and work with legislators and the courts. These agencies include, among others, the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), the Federal Election Commission (FEC), and the Office of Management and Budget. Absolute Presidential control of these agencies, as stated before, is a major part of the “unitary executive ideology. Columnist Robert Parry describes some of the implications:

“[I]f the “unitary executive” had existed in 2001, Bush might have been tempted to halt the SEC accounting investigation that spelled doom for . . . his major financial backer, Enron Chairman Kenneth Lay. As it was, the relative independence of the SEC ensured that the . . . fraudulent schemes propping up the Houston-based company were exposed.

“Direct presidential control of the FCC would give Bush and his subordinates the power to grant and revoke broadcast licenses without the constraints that frustrated Richard Nixon’s attempts to punish the Washington Post company for its Watergate reporting. Bush also would be free to order communication policies bent in ways that would help his media allies and undermine his critics.

“The Federal Election Commission, which oversees political finances, is another agency that would fall under presidential control. Hypothetically at least, influence-peddlers like Jack Abramoff who spread campaign contributions to corrupted lawmakers could get a measure of protection if the President didn’t want the agency to pursue their violations.”

Whether it involves inviting crooks like Ken Lay to Energy Department meetings, or appointing horse traders with no disaster management experience like Michael Brown to head FEMA, or even his sneaky tactic of using ‘quick ‘n easy’ recess appointments to avoid worrying about Congressional approval (UN Ambassador John Bolton comes to mind), Dubya’s strategy seems to be to insulate himself from the outside world and steamroll his agenda through Congress by surrounding himself with yes-men.

Bush is certainly not the first President to make cronyism the order of the day by appointing loyal allies to these agencies. Such appointments are well and legal as far as the Constitution is concerned, but the end result of such cronyism is that the President is made

less accountable to Congress. Do the math. To concentrate that much power with a small group of people opens the door wide to abuses of unchecked power. This is yet another symptom of the “unitary executive” ideology at work.

A Recipe for Dictatorship

The idea of a “unitary executive” has so enthralled Bush and his close-knit cabal that they have acted with unprecedented impunity and contempt for checks and balances over the past five years. We’ve seen how he takes the law into his own hands, disregards the courts, recklessly feeds illegal propaganda to the media, claims extraordinary war powers that the Constitution clearly does not give him, and openly deceives Congress and the American public.

Getting back to current events, we can complain about “Strip Search Sammy” Alito as much as we like, yet he was easily confirmed anyway. And with Samuel Alito taking the place of the more moderate Sandra Day O’Connor, the Supreme Court will lean more heavily in favor of a Chief Executive with increasingly draconian powers. Sitting Justices Clarence Thomas, Antonin Scalia, and John Roberts are all “Unitarians”, as is Alito. But he’s only part of a much larger underlying problem.

Here’s a little hint of the awful possibilities of a Supreme Court-sanctioned “unitary executive.” Jeremy Brecher and Brendan



“I will bring no agenda...” Yeah, right...
Courtesy of www.courttv.com

Smith of *The Nation* write: “In *Hamdi v. Rumsfeld*, Justice Clarence Thomas used the “unitary executive” theory to argue that the Supreme Court’s restrictions on the President’s unilateral power to lock up US citizens constituted ‘judicial interference’ – a view rejected by the Court’s majority.”

That “majority” no longer exists. And the so-called “liberal” justices – Anthony Kennedy, Ruth Bader Ginsberg, David Souter, John Paul Stevens, and Stephen Breyer – can’t be counted on to save us from the excesses of an authoritarian President. For example, all five are avid supporters of eminent domain, the government’s ability to snatch innocent, law-abiding people’s property – their homes and businesses – for whatever purposes it wants.

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With such 'friends' on the Court, who needs enemies?

Which brings us to the heart of the matter. In a more global sense the "unitary executive" theory goes hand-in-hand with unlimited government and socialism - the stepping stones to totalitarian fascism. Republicans like to accuse Democrats of irresponsible "tax and spend" tactics, for instance, yet under a decade of Republican leadership the size of the government has continued to grow dramatically. Bush himself has never vetoed a single spending bill during his presidency. We are suffering a crippling national debt, runaway inflation, and a weakened economy because of these and other misguided policies. The worst of it is that Bush is merely the latest of a long line of Presidents who have contributed to this outrage, claiming a popular mandate as a justification for government excess.

Yet people continue to passively accept it in addition to Bush's more sinister power grabs. We can attribute this to an unhealthy, passive attitude that welcomes granting more power to the State in the false hope of solving social and economic woes or protecting our collective security. The "unitary executive" branch - the *dictatorial* executive branch - is a natural outgrowth of this misguided way of thinking.

And now with Alito's lead, supported by a rogue pack of "Unitarians" in the Bush Administration who believe in an authoritarian executive branch (and have acted on it), the new Supreme Court is leading us further down a slippery slope to overt fascism.

This is a recipe for dictatorship. And George W. Bush--and perhaps future presidents--won't hesitate to take advantage of it.

AA E-Zine

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The Statesman Doesn't Write As Good As Us

By James Messina

In Volume XLIX, Issue 29 of The Statesman, the cover story is titled "Crossing the Line: Drugs Enhance Academic Performance". A pull quote is used with a glaring clerical error, spelling "prescription" "perscription". On page 9, on the last line of an article reviewing a

CD, the adjective "good" is used in place of the adverb "well". Despite the fact that The Statesman produces approximately five pages of actual content per issue, they were apparently overworked for this time around. They couldn't be bothered to spell check. Good job, guys, keep it up.

Hurricane Review continued

Continued from page 7

Vince

Formed: October 9, southeast of the Azores. The formation of a storm in this area is extremely unusual as tropical activity doesn't usually occur so far north and east in the Atlantic.

Development: It was the first tropical system to make landfall in Spain on October 11th.

Damage: N/A

Wilma

Formed: October 15, southwest of Jamaica. **Development:** It strengthened into the strongest Atlantic hurricane on record and made its first landfall on the Yucatan Peninsula on October 22nd. On October 24th, Wilma made landfall in southern Florida as the sixth major hurricane of the season as a Category 3 hurricane.

Damage: Sixty people are confirmed dead from Wilma, and the storm caused \$20 billion of damage.

Alpha*

Formed: October 22, southeast of the Dominican Republic.

Development: Moved northward into Haiti and the Dominican Republic on October 23rd as a tropical storm.

Damage: 42 deaths occurred from Alpha.

*Alpha was the first storm to be named from the Greek alphabet after the regular naming list was exhausted by the previous twenty-one named tropical systems.

Beta

Formed: October 26, off the coast of Nicaragua as Tropical Depression Twenty-Six. **Development:** It strengthened into the season's 7th major hurricane and set a record as the season's 13th hurricane.

Damage: Severe damage was reported in Nicaragua and Honduras. However, no deaths resulted from Beta.

Gamma

Formed: November 18, passing through the Lesser Antilles

Development: Made landfall on Honduras' northern shore.

Damage: 37 deaths were a result of flooding from Gamma.

Delta

Formed: November 23, south of the Azores. **Development:** Moved northeastward as a tropical storm.

Damage: Caused seven deaths and severe damage on the Canary Islands.

Epsilon

Formed: November 29, east of Bermuda.

Development: The storm became a hurricane on December 2nd and baffled meteorologists as the storm remained a hurricane despite unfavorable conditions.

Damage: It did not affect land.

Zeta

Formed: December 30, 1000 miles southwest of the Azores.

Development: Zeta is tied as the latest forming Atlantic tropical storm with Hurricane Alice #2 in 1954. It also persisted into the 2006 calendar year, finally dissipating on January 6th, 2006.

Damage: It did not affect land as it gradually weakened.

.....

There were many factors contributing to the unusual frequency and strength of storms in the 2005 Atlantic hurricane season. A peak in the long-term cycle of tropical activity and the warmer ocean waters allowed for more storms to form and strengthen. However, global warming is cited as having no substantial effect on this particular cycle. Since 1995, Atlantic tropical activity has been greater than that from 1970 to 1995. Meteorologists warn as faster ocean currents bring warmer water northward in the Atlantic, this cycle is expected to persist for the next decade or two.

Predictions for the 2006 Atlantic hurricane season are still premature and uncertain, but it is always smart to prepare for hurricane season. An evacuation plan addressing issues with escape routes, communications, insurance policies, special needs and utilities should be created. The entire East Coast and Gulf Coast are both very prone to hurricane landfalls and having such plans will help ensure a better chance of survival, evacuation and recovery.

NEWS-IN-BRIEF

Compiled by David Ginn, Rob Pearsall, Claudia Toloza and Matt Willemain

Half of Chile's Cabinet Comprised of Women



Michelle Bachelet who was recently elected the first woman President of Chile has unveiled her new cabinet consisting of an equal number of women and men. In her presidential campaign President Bachelet had promised to promote the equality of both men and women. Her cabinet consists of 10 men and 10 women, all of who were picked by Bachelet to become part of her cabinet. The women in the cabinet have been assigned such important positions such as Vivianne Blanlot, an engineer who was named the new minister of defense which was coincidentally the same position Michelle Bachelet had held under Chile's former President Ricardo Lagos. Michelle Bachelet's recent victory and half of her cabinet being women marks an important step towards the future of Latin American politics where women will hopefully take a more active role.

The Hussein Center Ring



Saddam Hussein walked out on his trial following the expulsion of Barzan Hassan and a defense attorney. Hassan is Hussein's half brother and former chief of intelligence. He was thrown out of court after deeming it the "daughter of a whore." The new chief judge, Raouf Rasheed Abdel-Rahman stated that "any accused who oversteps the line will be thrown out of court and will be tried in absentia. Rahman forbid the attorneys that were removed from court to return and appointed two court defense attorneys. Hussein claimed that these lawyers were "evil" and left the court after being threatened with being thrown out of court. So now there are court appointed defense lawyers defending the accused, who aren't in court. Only two of the five original judges remain at this point in the trial. They have the duty to catch up and impartially judge the testimony they missed out on. CNN reported that this will damage the integrity of the court. The defendants are on trial for the killing of 148 Shia villagers in 1982. They could face the death penalty if convicted.

Perfect Attendance Gets Rewarded



Several schools across the nation have instituted programs to promote perfect attendance. One such school is Chelsea High School in Massachusetts which has started a program in which it will reward students who have perfect attendance every quarter with \$25. Other schools are far more extravagant in their perfect attendance rewards. One school in Hartford rewarded the 9 year old winner of a perfect attendance raffle with the option of getting a brand new Saturn Ion or \$10,000; needless to say that the student's parents opted for the cash reward. Funding for such programs comes from businesses, donors, and at the time, school budgets themselves. Critics of such attendance programs point to the fact that perfect attendance programs reward students for something that they are already supposed to do. However supporters of such programs like the principal of Chelsea High School see the programs as rewarding good behavior rather than bad. Also many schools districts receive more money from state governments and thus are motivated to continue programs which increase daily attendance.

Alito Confirmation Haiku



Alito, oh my
Why hast thou been now confirmed?
Our country is scared

Coretta Scott King Dies



First wife of civil rights activist leader Martin Luther King, Coretta Scott King, died last week at the age of 78. Mrs. King passed away in her sleep at a hospital in Mexico after her heart and breathing stopped. Mrs. King had also been battling ovarian cancer, cerebral vascular disease, and in August she had suffered from a stroke and heart attack. After her husband's death Coretta Scott King worked diligently her whole life in keeping her husband's dream of racial equality alive. In 1968

she founded the Martin Luther King Jr. Centre. Mrs. King's final resting place will be next to her husband at the Martin Luther King Centre.

Nation Removes Head from Ass

The Nation magazine, long a staunch supporter of the Democratic Party, recently published an editorial entitled, "Democrats And The War," in which they stated, "We will not support any candidate for national office who does not make a speedy end to the war in Iraq a major issue of his or her campaign. We urge all voters to join us in adopting this position." This is a sharp reversal, as this logic would have lead the *Nation* to support Ralph Nader in 2004; at the time, the *Nation* was one of the most vocal and consistent critics of Nader's candidacy.



Suspect May Not Actually Know Where Bomb Is

After countless real-time minutes of shouting "Tell me where the bomb is!", federal agent Jack Bauer is close to accepting the possibility that the shady computer programmer in question may not actually know where the deadly nuclear bomb is. Furthermore, he is also coming close to questioning whether or not there really is a nuclear bomb. Actually, he's beginning to realize that there must be a greater plot out there... or else he may be shouting "Tell me where the bomb is!" until he's sixty-five. That is, if the show does manage to keep going.



Editorial Space:

We had some space left over so it's time for our favorite space filler. Let's get ready to play "Charles in Charge." I'll write the lyrics and you get to sing along!

There's a new boy in the neighborhood. He lives downstairs and it's understood that he's there just to take good care of meeeee!

You can keep it going from here, right?



Chris Penn's Dead, Sean Penn's Not

By James Messina

Chris Penn died January 24, 2006. He was discovered dead in his Santa Monica condo. The cause of his death as of this writing remains a mystery; proposed causes of death range from natural causes to a drug-related accident. The reason for this ambiguity is dual in nature - the autopsy with corresponding toxicology report hasn't been released, and Penn had a background which could support several causes. Chris Penn had a history of illness, as well as drug use, though neither the type of drugs nor the type of illness was revealed. Though less renowned than his brother Sean Penn, he was regarded as a good actor in his own right. He is perhaps best known for his role as "Nice Guy" Eddie Cabot in the film *Reservoir Dogs*, and had been featured in numerous other films, often in a supporting role.

Chris Penn's cause of death is a conundrum. Maintaining the vein of mystery, his birth date is unknown. It has been given as October 10, 1965, though alternate sources claim he was 43. Inexpert theorists have assumed that Penn was in fact an alien sent to Earth to be the most awesome dude ever.

He will be missed.



"Stop pointing that gun at my Daddy!"
Courtesy of *Reservoir Dogs*



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We Can't Save the World if We're Stressed

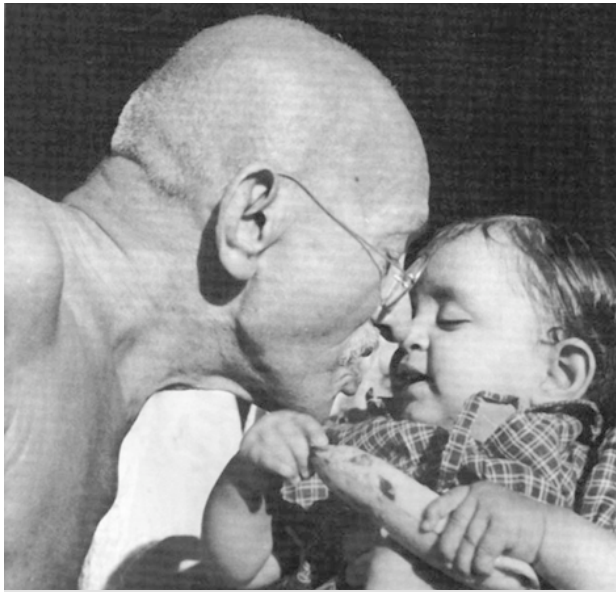
By Sara Ibraheem

Gandhi once said, "you must be the change you wish to see in the world". As college students, the power of our words, thoughts, and actions can sometimes be hidden behind a massive stress barrier. Thinking of the future alone can cause anxiety and high blood pressure. Now add a few papers, exams and a bunch of applications and we have the recipe for a very stressed-out student. We can't put off making a difference until we find out whether or not we got into grad school or if we got that grade we worked oh so very hard (or not so hard) for. We can hand in that assignment a little late and get points off, but in this day and age we can't afford to waste a day without getting our voice heard. I know that in the grand scheme of things, we might sometimes feel powerless and too overwhelmed with other things to really focus on what we can do to make a difference. And that is specifically why I chose to write this article. There are things that we can do for ourselves to clear our minds, calm us down and really help us gain a more accurate perspective.

Stress stunts our emotional growth and disables us from going out there and fighting for what we believe in. Whatever it is that you might feel like you want to do but can't because you've got too heavy of a load on your shoulders, you can achieve if you become more aware of the stress you feel and take a few simple steps to relieve it. Although what people find enjoyable and relaxing varies from person to person, the following are a few universal techniques that, if taken seriously, can be very effective.

First, make a list of realistic things that make you happy that you maybe have not been doing because of the time factor. Now, plan ahead to do one thing from the list each week. There are about 15 weeks in the semester, if each week you put thought and effort into doing something that you sincerely enjoy that's

15 enjoyable experiences right there, not a bad place to start. If you're like me and like bubble baths and chocolate or if you like playing or watching sports, don't take these things lightly. Even if you're on a budget, invest in that extra smooth, rich caramel-filled chocolate that's maybe a little pricier than your average Hershey bar. If you're into sports, plan sports nights with your friends and serve food and drinks that you enjoy. Needless to say if alcohol is something you'll be indulging in that night, don't drive.



Chill out and kiss a baby
Courtesy of Locke-Gandhi Monster

A college student's life is very fast-paced, running from class, to the library to the SAC and back to class, and let's not forget that research paper or reading hundreds of pages in between. Stop for a few minutes each day to admire the beauty around us, the stunning blue color of the sky, the serenity of the rain drops falling upon the concrete and the amazing feeling of warmth on our skin when walking in the sun. When grabbing a quick bite at the SAC, union or wherever, savor the taste, feel, smell

of the food and remind yourself of how truly blessed we are to be able to just swipe that card and get a nice warm meal. I feel that finding beauty in people is just as important as finding beauty in our surroundings. Hold the door for the person right behind you and bring out their gratefulness when they say "thank you", smile at people that you might have classes with but don't personally know and maybe even say "hello!" And, on special occasions, why not go down to the nearest soup kitchen and make something really amazing happen for someone: soothe their hunger pain. Although such activities might sound like they would take up too much of our already limited time, the emotional rewards and stress reduction experienced is well worth it.

There are so many clubs and organizations on campus that you might not even know exist. Go on the university website and look under clubs for what might be exactly what you've been looking to become part of for so long. If you like to dance there's a ball room dancing, belly dancing etc....If you enjoy art there is art4everyone where you get to share your knowledge of art with children in the pediatrics ward at the Stony Brook Hospital. And let's not forget French Club which meets every Wednesday during campus lifetime in the Humanities building first floor in the staff room. If you have interest in the French language, culture, food, films stop by and meet people who share those interests with you and me.

The list of things that you can do goes on: listen to your favorite CD whenever possible, call up a friend that you haven't talked to in a while and arrange to meet up, speak your mind because that sure feels good!

I think changing the world is too much of an important task to let stress and a hectic schedule get in your way. Make yourself feel better and go out there and make a difference!

Down the Slippery Slope

By Joe Safdia

Ever since the devastating terrorist attacks on 9/11, the United States Government has taken unprecedented measures in order to protect the American people from future acts of terrorism. Most of these methods, however, have involved trampling civil liberties that our founding fathers fought so hard to protect. Recently, the Bush Administration has found itself defending a domestic surveillance program conducted with the NSA in which the government employed wireless phone taps on American citizens who make international telephone calls to "suspected terrorists". These searches have been conducted without warrants, circumventing the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution. While many believe that programs such as this are necessary for defending our freedom, the nature of these programs and the controversy surrounding them show us that the "Land of the Free" is heading down the slippery slope.

President Bush has sworn up and down that his domestic spying program has prevented many terrorist attacks since its inception in

2002 while the Republicans continuously demand that Democrats show them "the victims" of the program. But their unwillingness to show examples of the program's success as well as Bush's blatant disregard of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, or FISA, show possible ulterior motives that differ and possibly even contradict the program's public goal of preventing terrorist attacks. For those of you who don't know, FISA is a secret court that the President can go to in order to obtain permission to conduct 72 hours of wireless taps without a warrant, provided probable cause is provided. It has been around since 1978 and has protected the American people well since then (with the exception of 9/11, although that was caused by poor airport security and the lack of organized national intelligence), so one must wonder why suddenly the FISA court is not enough. If the law has proven to be effective in protecting us, then bypassing and circumventing this law, and our civil liberties in the process, shows that protecting us may not be the actual goal of Bush's domestic spying cam-

paign. Meanwhile, the Right demands that the Left "show us the victims" of a program which the nation for three years had no knowledge of while refusing to show evidence of its success. Coupled with the question of how did they know that the only Americans they spied on were the ones with ties to terrorism (since the NSA has to have been spying on many innocent people without probable cause for some time to figure out which ones actually had some sort of connection to Al Queda) and it becomes evident that the current Administration is conducting a program which does nothing but trample our constitutional rights. The fact that half the country is in staunch defense of such an unconstitutional and illegal act shows that America is heading down the slippery slope.

This is not an isolated incident, but rather a dangerous trend that surfaced in the wake of 9/11. That trend is the sacrifice of crucial civil liberties for a false sense of security, predictably resulting in neither as the saying

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Down the Slippery Slope Continued...

By Joe Safdia

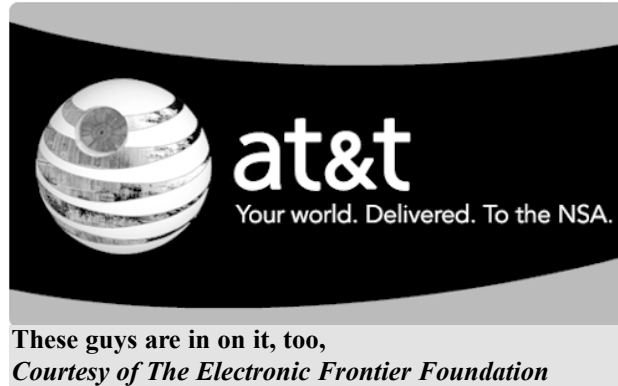
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goes. The PATRIOT Act, passed over a month after 9/11, allows for the government to conduct searches and seizures against Americans who are “suspected of terrorist activities”. The Act has taken outrageous methods to destroy our rights, but its success in protecting us from terrorists is questionable. It’s provisions include allowing for the meritless and warrantless detainment of Americans as well ridiculous government privileges in terms of domestic surveillance. The latter would allow the government to, without your knowledge, obtain communication records, voicemail, and even library records (in case Osama Bin Laden stops by the Brooklyn Public Library one day to pick up a book on how to bomb America) without disclosure to the public. Before 9/11, such actions would be ruled unconstitutional without a second thought, but now in a nation where legislation is created from fear rather than necessity, laws such as this that overrule vital individual rights is condoned and encouraged by both the American people and government. And further we slide down the slippery slope.

This trend of cutting civil rights goes beyond the fight against terrorism, its scope even reaching trivial matters such as pornography. In an attempt to fight Internet pornography, Google and other search engines are being forced to provide search queries and Internet addresses to the U.S. Justice Department. Besides the fact that the government should not be making anti-pornography laws (it’s time to embrace the dead concept known as personal responsibility), this is yet another instance of civil liberties being fazed out under the guise of protecting the people, children in this case. The government taking the role of parent away from parents, Internet usage for everyone restricted for fear of children finding material

falling under the obscure category of “harmful”, and America slides further down the slippery slope.

How do those that take the freedoms that are rightfully ours get away with this? How does a whole nation full of genuinely good people support politicians who disrupt the balance between security and freedom, cutting away the latter while failing to protect the former? Paranoia, fear, and misconceptions are the answer. In a world where we perceive our security as being threatened by forces abroad, we are more than willing to sacrifice a few freedoms for increased security. The American



people do not care about freedom, and they do not realize that freedom and safety not only aren’t mutually exclusive, but rather go hand-in-hand with one another. In fear of a terrorist suddenly attacking us in the street, or in a mall, or in our home, or even in some completely random place, we give our utmost support to any piece of legislation that remotely looks like it will protect us, no matter how oppressive it is. Symbols and images govern our nation today, as the American flag and the World Trade Center burning has taken the place of democratic ideals and the love of freedom. And the misconception of how terrorism works, the idea that only foreigners from certain Middle Eastern countries rather than any person at home or abroad can be a terrorist, has

led to worthless pieces of legislation that has made our nation no more safe. In reality, just as any person in *The Matrix* can be an agent, any American can be a potential terrorist. The only way to guarantee the 100% safety of the United States from terrorist attacks is to transform our democratic land into a fascist police state not unlike George Orwell’s *1984*, and it’s only when that happens do the terrorists truly win. To view terrorism in the way we have perceived it since 9/11 will only lead to more civil liberties being taken away while Al Qaeda and other organizations find it as easy as ever to take American lives yet again. Until we correct the mistakes we continue to make, we will continue down the slippery slope.

The purpose of this article is not to claim that America is dictatorship. Far from, but the article is to show that no nation, not even the United States of America, is immune from becoming one. A democracy does not become a dictatorship overnight, but rather over a period of time as it slides further and further down the slippery slope towards a state that possesses neither freedom nor security. The people of this great nation deserve better than this. We deserve adequate protection against terrorists and other sorts of threats against our persons without losing the freedoms that make us truly American. We deserve privacy from authorities in regards to all personal matters, be it taking out a library book or masturbating to Internet porn. And we deserve to be able to go about our personal affairs without a Big Brother watching everything we do and conducting an in depth investigation about it. And until we reject this wave of Orwellian legislation and return to the America our founding fathers died to create and protect, we will continue to plummet at high speed down the slippery slope.

The slippery slope to a dictatorship.

Michael Williams: April 25th, 1958 - January 7th, 2006

By Rob Gilheany

Mikey Layne, born Micheal Williams, passed away on the 7th after a long battle with AIDS. Mikey had played here in Stony Brook at the Spot with his band, Mikey and the Merry Pranksters.

Mikey was born in Philadelphia and was raised in New York City. His mother Marjorie Eliot was a stage actress, so the family moved around. They spent time in Boston and San Francisco. Mikey graduated from West High School in NYC, a well-known performing arts high school. Mikey studied piano under Mary Kirk. In the 80s, he started writing songs and putting bands together. Some of his bands were named Rainbow, Trinity, and Mikey Steals. Mikey was a founding member of the Black Rock

Coalition. Mikey’s music has many influences, but the biggest influence (and he had no qualms about admitting it) is Sly and the Family Stone.

Mikey met a major love in his life, Karin Eberhart, and moved to Germany in 1994. While living in Maninz, he and guitarist

Markus Randisak formed the band The Merry Pranksters. They put out the CD “Thank You for Talking to Me, Gunya.” The CD sold thousands of copies, and their song “What Kind of Love” charted in two German cities. The “Gunya” CD had a love song (“Hey Karin”), a song about the Martin Luther King Jr. holiday (“Gigi”), and a punk song called “Speak your Peace.” It was a real fine CD.

Mikey followed Karin to America and lived on campus in Bodiun, Maine where Karin was a student.

He ended up back in New York and set up a new band to record a new CD called “The Electric Circus.”

I met Mikey in the summer of 1997. He had just put together his new band and was starting to record the CD “The Electric Circus.” Mikey was charming, intelligent, engaging, and very talented. He gave me a copy of his latest CD, “The Merry Pranksters: Thank You for Talking to Me, Gunya.” It was his CD he had made while living in Germany in the mid-90s. I loved the CD. Mikey’s heart

and compassion shines throughout his music. You can hear it in his love songs like “Hey Karin” or his political songs like “El Salvador.”

We became roommates on the Lower East Side. I loved his company, his music, and his band. We were semi-legal sublets on Pitt Street. We shared that apartment with an old Stony Brook alumnus, Steve Loren, who was Mikey’s drummer at the time.

Mikey and his band were making the “Electric Circus” CD. Mikey would record songs about poverty and race in songs like “Take a Stand,” songs about being free and being yourself like his classic “People’s Park,” and he took pointed and humorous shots at his foes in “Uncle Tom.” He tackled complacency and indifference in “It’s a Beautiful Day.” The CD was very upbeat and was fun listening. I would go see the band play at Arlene’s Grocery, the Continental, and CBGB’s. I also got to see Mikey make his music in the studio.

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By Rob Gilheany

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Mikey did a lot of composing in the studio. He was the best arranger of music, period. He was like an Impressionist artist in the studio.

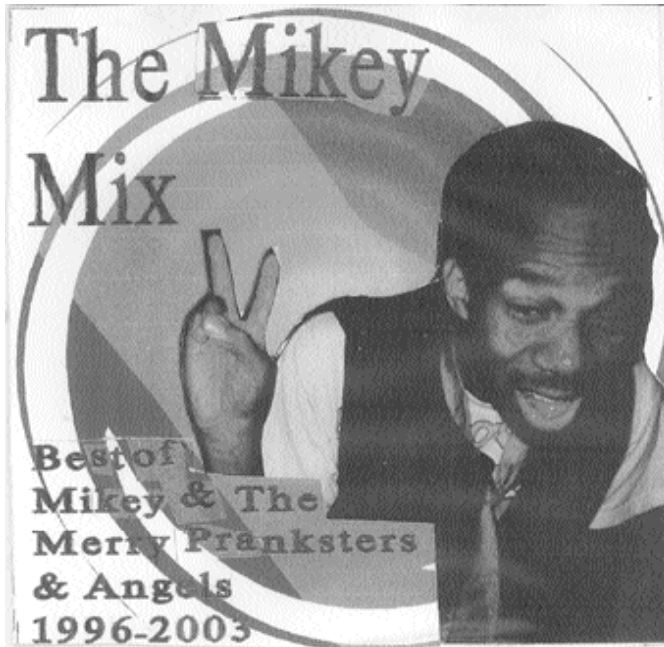
Mikey and I became close friends and he invited me to be the manager of Mikey and the Merry Pranksters. Mikey booked all the NYC gigs, and I booked the Long Island shows, particularly at Stony Brook.

After the "Electric Circus," changes were made in the band. Mikey had up and down relations with musicians since coming back to NY.

Mikey and the band played at Arlene's Grocery, CBGB's, the Spiral, the Red Lion, the Continental, the Orange Bear, and other city venues. On the Island the band played at Stony Brook, the Spot, the Unitarian Fellowship, the Chandler Estates, and at summer festivals called the "Be-Ins."

Mikey started to write and record his masterpiece CD, "A Black Panther in King Arthur's Court." It is one of the best ever recorded. It is the best CD that I own. His "Spanky's Medley-A-Go-Go" is a brilliant funk opera. Mikey mixed genres on this CD to get funk, blues, jazz, even an alternative-like song in "Freelader Bob" and a hard-rocking song like "White America." This CD's opening song, "Love People Jam," is a great song. It uses, tastefully, the sample loop to which Mike added extra track to make a crescendo. Mikey, during the recording of the CD, started dating a woman from France, Ceciél Boeher, who played the soprano sax. Mikey worked

her voice and the odd instrument into the songs brilliantly. Ceciél's sister Maraina was an opera singer. Mikey put her in "Miraina" and it was flawless. "Maraina" is one of my favorites of Mikey's songs.



The "Panther" CD declared, "It's Good to Be Black." It held up positive African spirits in "Shango." It demanded that people be "Real" and not "Plastic." Mikey used his beautiful and soulful voice to sing about street kids in "Momma." The CD took on racism and police brutality, called for sexual freedom, and said, "Too bad we all can't live rent free." Mikey's heart and passion showed throughout his music.

Mikey never stopped making music and caring about people. He was always on the side of the underdog, the downtrodden. He had his heroes in his songs, like the anarchist squatter in "Valerie in the Trash" or "Freelader Bob."

In recent years, Mikey had been thinking and writing about children, kids who have been abused. His heart was always with the most vulnerable.

I heard some of his most recent recordings, like "Not Going to Jail" (I love that song) and "Gino, Gino," a song about an AIDS baby who died at ten. Even with a topic like that Mikey was able to make an upbeat song.

In 2003, I put together a compilation of Mikey's songs called "The Best of Mikey and the Merry Pranksters and Angels." I said it was a misnomer: there are too many of Mikey's great songs to be put on one disc.

Mikey had always been broke. He sent his money down to a lovely five-year-old boy, Pedro, who lives in Equidor. Mikey sponsored Pedro through Children's International. He would send Pedro letters and small gifts.

Mikey and I have had our differences and arguments, but I never stayed mad at him. It dawned on me why. In his heart of hearts, he was a very sweet guy.

There will be a memorial service at the Unitarian Fellowship on Nicolls Rd Saturday, February 18th, from 1 to 6 pm. There will be testimonials and music. After the memorial service, we will be heading to the University Café, where the DVD "Mikey and the Merry Pranksters, Live at the Continental" will be played.

Activist Passings

By Rob Gilheany

Betty Friedan

On Saturday January 4th well known author, activist and feminist, Betty Friedan died on her 85th Birthday.

Betty Friedan became well known in 1963 after her book, *The Feminine Mystique*, was published. It spoke of women who were supposed to be happy and lived fulfilling lives that were about the successes of their husbands and/or children. Friedan's book broke a great deal of new ground in the feminist movement.

She is looked upon as a stalwart in the feminist wave of the 1960s on. She worked with Bella Abuzg and Gloria Steinem among others, for the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. She was a founding member of the National Organization for Women, (NOW).

NOW is the largest organization of its kind and has been fighting for women's equality on many issues including pay equity, reproductive rights, and a woman's basic right to be free from discrimination and harassment.

Betty Friedan's work lives on through the work of many feminists and other human rights activists, inspired by her life and work.

Stew Albert December 4th 1939 – January 31 2006

Yippy Stew Albert died of inoperable liver cancer in Portland Oregon on January 31st. Stew Albert was one of the founding members of the Youth International Party, the YIPPIES. They were formed in 1967 for the purpose of

Before press time, we were saddened to learn of the passing of actor and activist Al "Grandpa Munster" Lewis (1923-2006)

putting forth serious revolutionary politics combined with radical and satirical street theater. He was considered by many to be part of the unholy threesome that formed the YIPPIES along with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin.

They were part of a major anti-Vietnam War march, where the YIPPIES broke off and did their legendary levitation of the Pentagon.

Stew and Abbie caused chaos for the New York Stock Exchange on an afternoon in 1967. They threw money from the balcony of the stock exchange and proceeded to burn the money. That caused many stockbrokers to clash with each other over the money that was raining from the balcony onto them. According to Abbie Hoffman, in his auto Biography, the Money was donated by Jimi Hendrix.

Stew Albert was active in the anti-Vietnam War movement. He helped plan anti-war teach-ins and marches. He was an indicted co-conspirator in the infamous Chicago 7 trial, where the government tried to criminalize the actions of the demonstration organizers.

Stew Albert moved to Berkley, California and was active in the formation of People's Park. Young activists took over an abandoned parcel of land from Berkley University and turned it into a counter-culture park. That became a sort of contention between the youth, the activist, the University of California, and Governor Ronald Reagan. He was involved in helping Timothy Leary, after he escaped from Prison. He helped set up his stay with Black Panther fugitive Eldridge Cleaver, who was in exile in Algiers. Stew did organization work alongside Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC).

Stew and his wife and daughter moved to Portland Oregon in 1984. They remained active and involved. He never lost his faith. He set up the YIPPIE reading room, which you can check out online.

The family requests that in lieu of flowers, admirers make donations to Planned Parenthood in Portland Oregon, or the Rosenberg fund for Children, 116 Pleasant Street 3312 Easthampton Ma 01027.

For a midterm, I was given a study sheet in class. At home, I answered the questions on paper so I could “study” better. By study, I mean memorize facts from books and regurgitate them back on the page. I wrote them all out, nice and neat; it was quite a feat. When I came into class to take said midterm, it turned out that the official test was the exact same questions, exact same sheet. Basically, all I did was write over my answers from what I could remember and then handed the test in for an easy A. That really pissed me off.

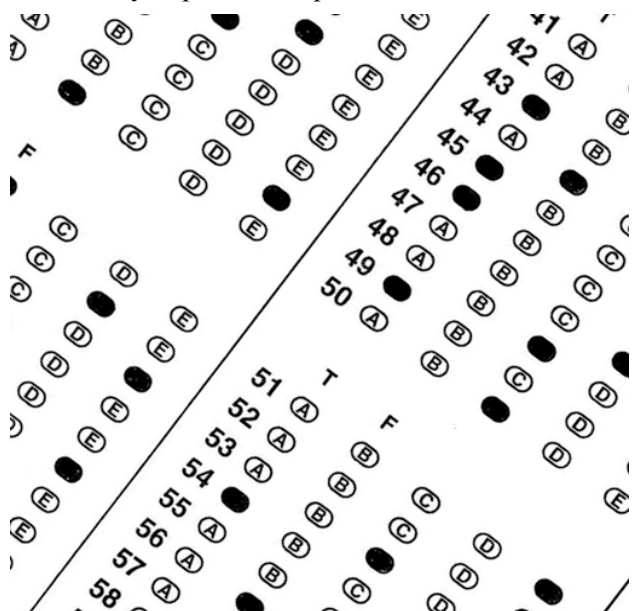
I thought about what I was actually learning from this midterm exam. I came to the conclusion that I was being tested on my short-term memory skills. The test asked nothing different from the review sheet save only that I complete it in less than 2 hours in a classroom, a sort of academic, beat-the-clock game-show. Maybe the teacher just wanted to “test” if any of the material she assigned was read. To be fair, some of the questions did ask for my own opinion but largely that was not the case, and if so, that is not a good enough reason to justify writing the same answers all over again.

And I still can’t find a justification. I am an English Education Major and one of the requirements of this field is to take something called a “Methods” class. This class asks the questions “What is an effective way to teach? Is there a difference between what I think I am teaching and what I am really teaching?” There is also a lot of talk about controlling the classroom. The result of this class changed my perception of what teaching really is. It also made me realize that a lot of teachers in this school and schools I have been in were wasting my time (big surprise).

There should be no reason that any student at any time cannot ask the teacher directly, “What is the point of this?” and not receive a direct answer. It sounds like an offensive question because it actually makes you on the same level with your teacher (And yes you are on the same level, we are all equal under our Constitution right?). You now have to be answered as an equal, a human being. Also it is scary to voice one’s own ideas. People may not like your ideas. People may laugh. It takes a great deal of courage and those that do should be commended... even if their ideas are stupid and laughable.

From elementary school on, we are taught a lot of things that are not specifically part of the curriculum. We are taught to obey an authority figure who obviously knows more than us. We are taught that learning is done in 45 minute bursts. We are taught that our feelings do not matter. We are taught that the per-

son who gives the fastest answer to a question is the smartest. We are taught that it is wrong to be wrong. We are taught to care about what others think of us. We are taught a wide variety of “truths” that are not even subject for discussion. We are taught that Lincoln freed the slaves, Our Forefathers were always honorable, and we live in a free classless society. Students, in my experience, rarely are asked to think about the truths for themselves to discover their degree of truth rather they are told these without question at an early age, that it is true. No one ever told me that textbooks are written by a person, a person that contains his



But did I really learn anything?
Courtesy of the Tron of Scans

own flaws and biases. This technique does an amazing thing: it creates a passive population of people who do not think for themselves and subjugate their ideas to those who are in authority. A person coming out of this system would be perfect to work in a business. Who wouldn’t hire someone who is used to spending 8 hours a day, the best part, too, in a dull building, who never questions the boss? It creates an institutionalized person.

It is not the goal of any teacher to tell me what to do with my self. I find it stifling, though, that most of the classes I have taken have had so little interaction with the world outside of school, the little or no connection school seems to have with daily life; school exists in its own world. How can one talk about living in a free democratic society in New York State when, if you look at the voting districts online, it is clear that the voting districts are completely unfairly drawn (<http://assembly.state.ny.us/mem/> – click on an Assemblyman link, then click on their voting district link). Today was the first day I even looked at my State’s website. I have lived in

this country all my life and I can’t even name one local councilman, or assemblyman, and I can only name a handful of the Senators that are splashed about in the media. Perhaps this is only my personal sob story but I feel there are a lot of people out there who could care less.

And I should know – I was one of them until recently. Originally, I went to college to have a good time and come out with a piece of paper that will help me get a good job. Unfortunately, I learned some stuff along the way. Now I do not want to have a good time. I want to talk with people that are interested in talking about things. I do not know how it happened but it did and I’m stuck with a vision of the world I cannot change, and I do not like it. I would love for someone to change my mind! Save me from this hell. Ahhhhh!

I consider myself very fortunate to live in this country. I believe I have so much more freedom than I would have in many other places. I also live a relatively stress-free life. I do not have to worry about food or shelter and I can even attend a university. I feel it is very patriotic to question the system that one lives in and find authentic answers that are open to change.

It is hard to talk to people about what they think without them bringing in an authority or institution that they rely upon for their wisdom. Talking about what one really thinks is scary because one may learn something that will change their world forever. Many times when this happens, people pretend they didn’t learn anything new at all and will continue to live the old way. Many people, I find, are more concerned with being right than actually learning something... and that’s a shame. It is very hard to learn something when one knows everything. It all goes back to school, where we learned that getting being wrong is bad.

You feel school has not had any negative effects on you? Well I would love to hear from you; my email address is jugglingactor@hotmail.com

What I do now in my classes is question the teacher every time I feel it’s worth the struggle, and if I seriously do not see the point of the lesson at hand. I encourage you to do the same; after all, you are paying for it, so you might as well try something brave. Be A Hero.

My goal is not to start trouble but to learn what the teacher is planning for me. I do not have any aversion to doing work that I believe could lead to something positive. This means I have to be willing to listen to the teachers’ answers. It is just as important as asking why.



Stony Brook

► Social Justice Alliance ◀

For Global Justice and Human Rights

Mondays 5:00 pm SAC Third Floor Lobby

FARTS - F = ARTS!

Feb.10(21+) and 14@ 8pm	A Little Night Music	The University Cafe	"It's a great night full of songs and laughss with Broadway hits wrapped in hilarious sketches"-Rob Ryan (director/preformer))
Feb. 17-19 @ 8pm	Danny and the Deep Blue Sea (Cabaret)	Fanny Brice Theatre	Written by John Patrick Shanley and directed by Eric. C. Webb: a story about two completely screwed-up people in the Bronx, each trying to turn the other into his or her salvation.
Feb. 23-26 Thurs-Sat @8pm Sun @ 2pm	Origins and Destinies: Immigration and Transmigration	Staller Center Theatre 1	A Theatre and Dance Performance directed by Amy Sullivan
March 3 - 5 @ 8pm	Baltimore Waltz (Pocket Theatre)	Staller Center Theatre 3	"A beautiful play about a brother and sister that facing death to a rare disease, decide to tour Europe as a last adventure looking for a doctor that might have some answers. A dark comedy with a very touching story, The Baltimore Waltz is a trip that anyone can take and feel towards"- Odalis Hernandez(director)
March 17-19 Fri & Sat. @8PM, Sun. @7PM	U.L.S.	Staller Center Theatre 3	"A drama that explores love & hatred, and whether or not we can change who we are, or think we are, as easy as we would like to. A brand new play"- Craig Zuckerwise(playwrite and director)
March 9-12,16-18	Waiting For Godot	Suffolk Community College:Seldon	Written by Samuel Beckett: Two tramps are waiting by a sickly looking tree for the arrival of Godot. They quarrel, make up, contemplate suicide, try to sleep, eat a carrot and gnaw on some chicken bones.
March 11@8pm	The Prisoner of Second Avenue (L.A. Theatre Works Radio Theatre))	Staller Mainstage	Neil Simon's classic tale of a married couple trying to survive life in their New York apartment building after the husband loses his job, starring Sharon Gless and Richard Masur. Performed as a live radio play.
March 26@ 7pm	HMS Pinafore (The Carl Rosa Company)	Staller Mainstage	A hilarious tale of love, hypocrisy and mistaken identities that unravels aboard the HMS Pinafore.

Pocket Theatre: Undergraduate student directed plays \$3 suggested donations

Cabaret: Graduate student directed plays \$3 suggest donations

Mainstage: Professional Actors and Directors \$30+ tickets (but there is often inexpensive student rush!)

Modern Feminist Review of the Film *Kill Bill: Volume 1*

By Travis Aria

Kill Bill Volume I, as most of you likely know, is the first half of a two-part motion picture saga written, directed, and produced by Quentin Tarantino. The basic storyline of this film can hardly be considered original. It is essentially a tale of revenge. However, what separates this film from the hundreds of various other vengeance-based stories that have been made into movies is apparent from the very first scene; the person seeking retribution, the main character and protagonist, is a woman. As the movie progresses, it becomes obvious that her character is not an anomaly and that, in fact, she is but one of many women that rule or have ruled an underground traditionally dominated by men.

Nevertheless, the portrayal of women dominating over men alone is not enough to place a film in the range of media accepted to be feminist in nature. If the dominating females are sexualized in any way (such as was the case in *Charlie's Angels*), one could argue that their dominion is offset by the fact that they ultimately exist for the viewing pleasure of male audience members/viewers. Thus, while certain women dominate the men in the film, the men in the audience still "dominate" over the female characters in terms of their greater subjectivity (the women are being objectified and are thus denied a level of subjectivity).

Additionally, even if a film depicts powerful females with high levels of subjectivity and does not objectify or sexualize them, valid arguments can still exist against the film being feminist in nature. *Kill Bill Volume I* is a film that masquerades itself as being "feminist" in nature; yet, it is significantly far from being so as a result of major and deep-rooted shortcomings.

Over four years after having been severely beaten and almost fatally wounded (via a gunshot to the head) during a wedding rehearsal by a man that was the father of her baby (Bill), the main character, dubbed "The Bride", is awakened from a coma by a mosquito drawing her blood. It is likely no coincidence that only female mosquitoes draw blood. Thus, while placed into an unconscious state by a male, The Bride was essentially brought back from that state by something that was unquestionably female. This is evidence of Quentin Tarantino's attempt to hold a pseudo-feminist position in relation to this movie.

The first fighting scene in the movie takes place between The Bride and Vernita Green; a member of the assassination squad that, at an earlier point, assists Bill in the murdering of The Bride's friends and fiancé. Both characters are wearing everyday, non-revealing attire in this first fight and are filmed as male fighters often are, with the majority of the emphasis on the choreography and realism of the scene. Their sexualities are

not played up at all, as this would adversely affect the degree of realism in the scene.

However, the scene falls short of being feminist when considering Vernita's position as the primary caregiver to her daughter. Reminiscent of nuclear-style families of the 1950's (as a result of the imposed romantic solution to "the woman question"), Green is home, caring for the "private sphere" while her husband is out at work in the "public sphere". She appears to have given up her life as a powerful assassin in preference to the



Vivica A. Fox as Vernita Green, Courtesy of Hollywoodtown

romantic solution, female role of ideal caregiver. However, whether or not her reformed life is merely a cover to protect her family and those close to her is uncertain. What can be ascertained is that Green utilizes her traditionally female position in an attempt to fool her enemy. During her fight with The Bride, after Green's four year-old daughter arrived home from school and was instructed to "go upstairs to [her] room". Vernita proceeded to "fix Nikki's cereal", a seemingly harmless and motherly act. However, this was in fact a deceitful ploy to conceal a loaded gun and attempt to kill The Bride in surprise-attack fashion. This particular action undermines her apparent motherliness and stresses her true role as a "bad guy" in the film, while its violent nature is inherently antifeminist.

At a later scene in the movie, the character Oren Ishii is portrayed as the female head of underground crime for all of Tokyo, an extremely powerful woman. Her two highest-ranking subordinates are women as well (Gogo, a deadly and criminally insane fighter, and Sophie Fatale, Ishii's multi-lingual lawyer). The henchmen underneath them are called the "Crazy 88", and are composed almost entirely of men.

Here a situation that is the exact antithesis of reality outside the movie exists. Women rule and while men can still coexist in the women's arena, there appears to be a glass ceiling preventing men from reaching the very top of the hierarchy. The highest-ranking man is Johnny Mo, the head general of Oren Ishii's Crazy 88. Merely a great fighter and a subordinate to the aforementioned women, Johnny

Mo appears to not be involved in the strategic management of Ishii's criminal organization; he is merely Ishii's pawn.

Unfortunately, when examined under a feminist eye, the portrayal of women in power in this movie is not enough to justify considering *Kill Bill Volume I* a feminist film for two main reasons. Firstly, the powerful females in this movie achieved their domination over men subsequent to their assimilation into the traditionally male-dominated arena of physical violence. In a sense, though they managed to dominate over men, they failed to escape submission to the institution of patriarchy and its violent implications. The Bride's total annihilation of the almost entirely male Crazy 88 and Oren Ishii's use of brute violence to instill fear and induce submission into otherwise dangerously threatening and deadly male crime lords, while certainly making evident their respective dominant positions over men, unfortunately still is achieved through an overall yielding to patriarchal values. Violence, in any shape or form is essentially antifeminist due to the feminist stance on eliminating it

from our society. Secondly, and more obviously, the character depicted as superior in rank and fighting ability to all of the above-mentioned characters is a man; Bill. Therefore, despite the fact that the world thus far painted by Tarantino appears to be ruled almost solely by women, a man is ultimately on the top of the hierarchy. However, as the title of the movie implies, Bill's demise will serve as the resolution of the two-part saga and thus he will not remain on top forever.

Kill Bill Volume I is essentially a tale of revenge incorporating a female protagonist who is one of many women that rule/have ruled an underground traditionally dominated by men. The representation of women in dominant positions over men alone is not sufficient for a film to qualify as feminist if the dominating females are sexualized/objectified in any way. This is not the case in *Kill Bill Volume I*, as a greater emphasis appears to be placed on the realism or the intensity/style of violence in the fighting scenes. The female characters of Oren Ishii, Vernita Green, Gogo, and The Bride are portrayed without unnecessary emphasis of their sexualities, yet are as violent as their typically male counterparts. Feminism, at its core, is mainly about ending violence. Thus, an intensely violent film that depicts female characters in powerful, yet traditionally male, positions still remains very much antifeminist. *Kill Bill Volume I* is a film that, upon first glance appears feminist; however, it is in fact considerably far from being so as a result of its violent nature and its manner of defining the power of its female characters through the clouded ideals of patriarchy.

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Game of Memories: A Kingdom Hearts Review

By Joey "The True Keyblade Master" Safdia

Kingdom Hearts. A brilliant and wildly successful crossover between the lovable, innocent characters of Disney and the dark, broody characters of Square's *Final Fantasy* games. Taking the role of Sora, the Keyblade Master from *Destiny Islands*, you team up with Court Wizard Donald Duck and Captain Goofy in order to find your friends and save the world from a race of world-devouring demons known as the Heartless. Many people have experienced the action-packed, real-time gameplay of *Kingdom Hearts*, but what many don't know is that there is a sequel to *Kingdom Hearts*, and it is not *Kingdom Hearts 2*.

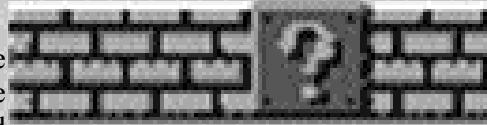
Kingdom Hearts: Chain of Memories, the 2004 Gameboy Advance video game, may be one of the most underrated games ever to hit a handheld console. Taking place directly after the events of the first



Kick ass with cards!
Courtesy of Square-Enix

Many (including myself) have had reservations about a card-based battle system taking place in real-time. But the battles retained the look, feel, and pace of the original in every respect, from Sora's Keyblade acrobatics to the dazzling pyrotechnics accompanying enemies' attacks. Both the player and the enemies have a deck with cards for everything from Keyblade strikes to healing spells. Each card has a value of 0-9, and

should two cards be played at the same time, the highest card wins. You have the ability to stock up to three cards and unleash devastating attacks called "sleights". Traveling from room to room also requires cards, specifically map cards that can create rooms either teaming with Heartless or treasure, depending on the whim of the player. Voice acting is



game, consisting only of breakable items, springs and platforms, and the Heartless. There is no deviation from this general design, and after 13 worlds in the main game and 12 in *Reverse/Rebirth*, players will quickly opt to rush through the levels in order to get to the next cutscene rather than actually train and raise their levels. The storyline of each world (other than the ones that make any sort of progress into the actual story of the game) follows the simple pattern of meet a person in need, find out their problem and help them out, beat the boss, learn a valuable life lesson straight out of a Disney movie (how ironic). The soundtrack, while good per se and mostly taken right from the original *Kingdom Hearts*, is repetitive and can get annoying very quickly (try listening to "Under the Sea" for 45 minutes and see how cheery you are). These flaws, however, deal only a very minor blow to the overall quality of the game.

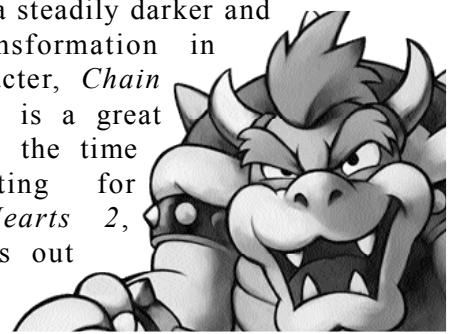
All in all, *Kingdom Hearts: Chain of Memories* is a must-buy for any fan of the series, but for all those of you who have never heard of it before, I would recommend picking up a used copy of *Kingdom Hearts* for the Sony Playstation 2 first for \$20. Its plot does a good job of tying in the sto-

game, Sora, Donald, and Goofy continue their search for Riku and King Mickey Mouse at Castle Oblivion, where a mysterious hooded man tells them that the farther they go into the castle, they will gain something important but they will also lose something dear to them. What could that mean? The only way to find out is to play. With numerous Disney worlds to travel to, fluid gameplay animation, limited voice acting, and Playstation 2 quality cutscenes, *Chain of Memories* was a game that took the Gameboy Advance to its limits and beyond. The gameplay, too, delivered big-

limited pretty much to battle grunts, but even that was transferred over well to the Gameboy Advance, not to mention authentic sounding original voice acting for the game's original characters. To top it all off, after you beat the main game, there is a second game called *Reverse/Rebirth*, in which you take control of another Keyblade master in his own adventure through the lower levels of the mysterious Castle Oblivion.

Of course, *Kingdom Hearts: Chain of Memories* is not without its flaws, of course. Level designs are uniform throughout the

rylines of the original game and the upcoming sequel. Hinting at a darker storyline in *Kingdom Hearts 2* and showing us, in my opinion at least, a steadily darker and cockier transformation in Sora's character, *Chain of Memories* is a great way to pass the time while waiting for *Kingdom Hearts 2*, which comes out this March.



STONY BROOK RECYCLES!

PAPER

- NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, CATALOGUES
- WHITE/COLOR PAPER
- NO GLOSSY OR WAXY PAPER!

PLASTIC

- BOTTLES & JUGS (MUST BE EMPTY AND CRUSHED)
- NO STYROFOAM, FOOD CONTAINERS

STONY BROOK RECYCLES!

PAPER RECEPTACLES ARE ON MAIN CAMPUS AND SOME DORMS

THE ENVIRONMENTAL CLUB ENCOURAGES YOU TO RECYCLE!

Great Comic Books # 4 - *Marvels*

By Thomas Mets

Marvels

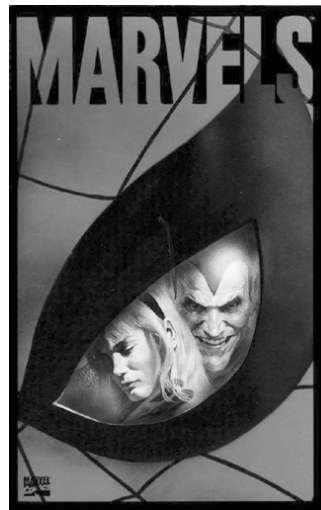
Writer- Kurt Busiek
Artist- Alex Ross

If Superman was real, you'd be terrified of him whenever he wasn't saving the world. Stan Lee realized this while co-creating almost the entire Marvel Universe in the sixties, and that has remained one of the core differences between Marvel and its Distinguished Competition (Any DC Comic that asserts otherwise is aping Marvel.) *Marvels* reflects the public's fear, and awe of superheroes through the eyes of freelance photographer Phil Sheldon, as he witnesses the great events of Marvel's Golden, and Silver, Ages. Writer Kurt Busiek is an expert on old Marvel comic books, and portraying human reactions to incredible events, which makes him a perfect fit for a story about a photographer's reactions to the milestones of old Marvel comics. Artist Alex Ross compliments the script with the best art of any comic book I've ever seen, with his nearly photorealistic art a perfect fit for the tale of a photographer, making the superhumans seem real and awe-inspiring. Each issue can be enjoyed independently, but there are themes that continue throughout the series, as Phil's stance towards the various superbeings, and his role as family man, changes throughout the years.

The first issue is about a young photographer's experience as a bystander of the 1930s comic book battles. Because of his profession, Phil is able to see so many strange events, and allows him to be exposed to the *Marvels* (his term for the superheroes) before most New Yorkers. The story convincingly portrays the public's initial disbelief, fear, and gradual acceptance of the heroes, especially when they join the war effort, a reflection of the comic books of the era. The inconsistencies of the Golden Age books (Namor's a hero one day, taking over Spain & invading New York City in the name of Atlantis the next) are used brilliantly in the story's portrayal of the public's confusion to the mess. Busiek excels at quiet moments like Phil Sheldon breaking off his engagement because he doesn't know how a man can protect his family in the age of *Marvels*, or recognizing something human in the Robot Human Torch. Ross excels at pretty much everything, from the cars, fashions, architecture and news magazines of the era, to the carnage and destruction in the aftermath of superhero battles, and the epic scale of those battles, especially his spread of a massive tidal wave hitting New York City. And for a painter, he has an amazing understanding of the storytelling techniques essential for making the comic work.

The second issue is set more than twenty years later, the first of three which perfectly compliment Silver Age Marvel tales. Marvel's resurgence in the Sixties (during which it went from the verge of the bankruptcy to the number one publisher in the industry, a spot it still holds today) was the result of three creators, writer Stan Lee, and artists

Jack Kirby (*Fantastic 4*, *Avengers*, *Captain America*, *Silver Surfer*, *The X-Men*, a whole lot more) and Steve Ditko (*Spider-Man*, *The Hulk*, *Doctor Strange*) and almost all of the stories were set in New York City. This has resulted in the Marvel Universe being very interconnected, something Busiek exploits, when he combines two very different Lee/Kirby Silver Age tales, the wedding of Mister Fantastic and the Invisible Girl (with all the spectacle of a 1960s royal wedding), and the introduction of the Sentinels (the X-Men villains designed to hunt and kill mutants.) He reconciles the popularity of the Fantastic Four, and the Avengers with the hatred the public demonstrates towards



Various covers from Spiderman's past
Courtesy of Spiderman's past... and Marvel Comics

mutants and the X-Men, all the stronger as mutants were rarely mentioned in the Silver Age Marvel comics, aside from issues of *The X-Men*, of course. In the process, he proves that the X-Men were always an essential part of the Marvel Universe, as the dark side of what the superheroes represent: the obsolescence of ordinary humans.

Phil has become a balding father of two, and a respected photographer, trying to find a publisher for a book of his superhero work. He's not a perfect man, and in a few pages he goes from pondering what to write for his introduction to joining a mob against the X-Men, and throwing a brick at sixteen-year-old mutant superhero Iceman. By the tale's end, circumstances force him to make a difficult choice, when he realizes just what mutants are, and he doesn't know where to turn. The tale is all the more tragic because anyone familiar with the X-Men knows that he

makes the wrong decision, but he doesn't have the luxury that the reader has of knowing that the superheroes will always do the right thing.

The third issue is set a few months later, and coincides with growing public distrust of the superheroes. It may be the quickest read, but it does have the best art of this series, and pretty much of any comic book. The issue is about the human reaction to Marvel's first cosmic epic, the *Fantastic Four* tale "The Coming of Galactus" (a tale I'm sure to cover later.) The Fantastic Four's desperate battle to save the world (shown in beautiful splash pages, and spreads) parallels with Phil Sheldon's equally desperate journey home, as he witnesses the reactions of ordinary New Yorkers to the possible end of the world. The issue answers the question Phil had in the first issue, about what an ordinary man can do to protect his family in the Age of *Marvels*. The answer is nothing, which is one reason he begins to get angry at the public for not appreciating the superheroes. The presence of a Doomsayer (an Easter egg for anyone who has read *Watchmen*) raises the tale from cosmic to apocalyptic.

The final issue is set in the end of the Silver Age, as distrust of superheroes has reached an all time high, and Spider-Man is believed to have murdered a retired police officer. Phil's book has become a success, and he decides to repay the superheroes by clearing Spider-Man's name, something that he can do as an ordinary man. He interviews witnesses ranging from an elderly woman (whose violent rendition of events is perfectly rendered by Alex Ross's blood red colors for the flashback sequences) to the imprisoned, but still dangerous Spider-Man villain Doctor Octopus (a cameo which remains one of the best moments of Spider-Man's most prolific enemy). Along the way, he befriends Gwen Stacy, the daughter of the murdered cop, and is impressed with her innocent awe of the superheroes, and realizes they exist to protect people like her. When he witnesses the Green Goblin abduct her from her boyfriend Peter Parker's apartment, he expects Spider-Man to save the day, and follows with his camera ready to photograph the triumph. It's an appropriate ending, as it focuses on Marvel's most popular hero, and features an alternate POV of his best-regarded story (*Amazing Spider-Man* #121-122, also considered the end of the Silver Age.) Phil's decision at the end, thought abrupt, is understandable, and carries a sense of inevitability, as Phil becomes an anachronism in a darker age of superheroes.

Marvels includes many easter eggs for attentive readers from celebrity cameos (the Beatles at the Fantastic Four wedding), visual references to other comics (*Mad Magazine* mascot Alfred E. Newman joins a lynch mob), and cameo appearances of minor Marvel characters like J. Jonah Jameson before their first appearances, and more (legendary Golden Age Marvel Editor-in-Chief Martin Goodman appears as the EIC of the *Bugle*). There are many references to Marvel stories, some of

Continued on next page

Lost - The Best Damn Show on T.V. (Vol. 4)

By David K. Ginn, where the 'K' stands for "Kate is Pretty Cool"



Oh yes. This is what you've been waiting for. Episode by episode!!!
I'm just joking. Not this time.
Nah, I was just joking about joking.

We've had it pretty rough on Lost Island lately. Kate saw a horse in the jungle, Eko came face to face with the monster, Michael (surprise surprise) took off to find the kidnapped Walt, we met Captain LostBeard (M.C. Gainey) once again, who had a fun little diplomatic session with the increasingly annoying Jack. Then, as if things couldn't get worse, Charlie sees visions of Hurley in Jedi robes. Then he takes Claire's baby to "baptize him". Locke beats the hell out of his face. Here we are.

Episode 2x09 - What Kate Did

In this episode, we find out what Kate did. The title was so ambiguous I wasn't sure what it would be about, but alas it was about what Kate did. That was the last thing I was expect-

ing. I thought we'd learn how Locke became wheelchair-bound, or why Eko was on the plane. Damn these obscure titles! An episode about Kate? You mean another episode of Kate staring off into the distance for an abnormally long time? Oh yippy!

Episode 2x10 - The 23rd Psalm

Thy rod and thy Jesus-stick, they comfort me.

Episode 2x11 - The Hunting Party

Jack was a boring husband. M.C. Gainey rules.

Episode 2x12 - Fire + Water

Haha. Burn boy fall down. Burn boy go boom. I could do this all night.

Keep watching *Lost*. It keeps getting better. Rock on with your smock on!!!



Great Comic Books # 4 - *Marvels* continued

By Thomas Mets

Continued from page 8

them obscure, some of them not so much, such as Phil Sheldon wondering why Spider-Man doesn't just attack Peter Parker for the unflattering photographs he sells. These inside jokes are trademarks of Busiek & Ross's later work.

Marvels was originally supposed to be a simple anthology of superhero tales with beautiful paintings instead of traditional comic book art. Only one of those was ever finished, a twelve page story written by Steve Darnell featuring the Golden Age Human Torch's interpretation of his origin, which perfectly compliments the public reaction to the burning android in the first issue. It was included in a two dollar Zero issue (those were popular in the 90s) alongside Alex Ross's sketches on characters ranging from Spider-Man villain The Hobgoblin to the women of the X-Men (two sketches, in fact).

Marvels is available in several different editions. The original four issues can be found easily for their cover price of \$6 each, while cheaper reprints can be found for half that. There's a \$20 trade paperback of the five issues (alongside some commentary), which I've seen in Barnes & Noble, Waldenbooks, and FYE. The best possible reprint is a \$50 oversized hardcover which, according to *Publishers Weekly*, includes "over two hundred pages of

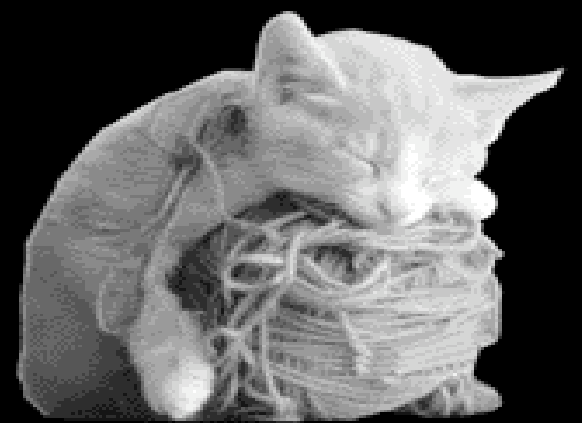
extras: four drafts of Busiek's original proposal for the series, all of his scripts, a short bonus story, dozens of Ross's sketches and related artwork, and a guide to the many celebrity cameo appearances Ross drew into the original."

The influence of *Marvels* can be felt in books like *The Pulse* (featuring the crew of the *Daily Bugle*), *Gotham Central* (a well-received title about cops in Gotham City than continued for 40 issues), independent comics such as *Love Fights* (a romantic comedy set in a superhero universe), and numerous knock-off mini-series, and one shots. When the Spider-Man movie series was announced, an image from *Marvels* was used to promote it. Alex Ross has preserved the reputation he earned with *Marvels* as the best painter in the comics industry, while Kurt Busiek has written critically acclaimed stories about everything from Conan and Superman to his creator-owned book *Astro City* (which includes covers & character designs by Alex Ross). Unofficial, and far less successful sequels have included *Code of Honor*, about cops in the Marvel Universe, and *Ruins*, a two issue mini series which follows another Phil Sheldon in a world in which everything related to the *Marvels* has gone horribly wrong. Busiek is working on a proper sequel, tentatively called *Marvels 2- Eye of the Camera* with painter Jay Anacleto. Expectations will be high.

Play America's Greatest Pastime

"Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm
060 Student Union



The Stony Brook Press:

Where dead things and sleeping things can peacefully co-exist... and then we guess which is which



BEERFEST FALL 2005

The Spirit of Beerfest

To all revelers who tasted the tempest: Hope you had a drunk-tastic night. BEERFEST Fall '05 was not without its bumps, though well-lubricated, cops, fights, miscommunications, meat-heads ... in the end, at least it was memorable.

Here's the stories that inspired the slip-shot selection of spirits - hometown heroes embracing the intoxicated life.

Beer 1: Yuengling

Story By Joe Safdia

The day my "drunk" cherry was popped. It was my 19th birthday, and we were sitting in my friend's basement watching movies and drinking. I was sitting so low down I may as well have been lying down, and I downed 4 screwdrivers and several Yuengling.

"Boy, I drank all that and I don't feel anything," said the intoxication-virgin, leaping to his feet before falling over his friend. I then wondered what I was doing on the floor, and how I got there.

So me and my friends, Patrick, Jerry, and Damian are walking around, drunk. Pat gets a call from his very anal parents, who are making sure he isn't drinking. Ironic, isn't it? He gets mad and starts feeling very suicidal. So we are on Avenue U and Mill in Brooklyn, with tall grass and a gate leading into water on one side and residential houses on the other.

Pat begins walking into oncoming traffic so he can get hit. Jerry, the cowardly giant that he is, brings him and his huge mass of muscles across the street. Me and Damian try to take Patrick down.

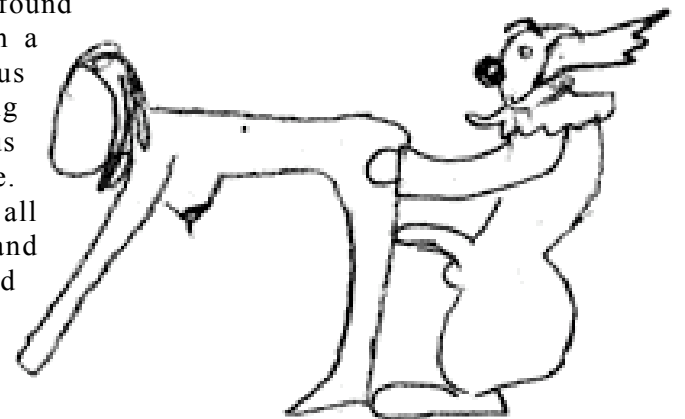
As we are wrestling on the grass and pinning him down, we hear (but ignore) people across the street and in houses yelling, "Look, that black kid and his friend are mugging that white guy! We're calling the cops!" It should be noted that Damian is black.



Jerry runs off into the night, never to be seen again until the next day. Me and Damian still have Pat on the ground when all of a sudden, not one, not two, but three police cars show up. We all simultaneously leap to our feet and begin rummaging through the grass. Our excuse? "Don't worry, Officer, my friend just dropped his wallet in the grass." The officer's response? To sit in the car with the headlights right on us in order to "help" by giving us light.

As we are searching for nothing at all and trying to think of ways to give these guys the slip, Pat whispers to us both, "Hey guys, my wallet is gone." Turns out he had dropped it during the fighting, except we fought through about 2 blocks worth of tall grass.

Needless to say, it took a very long time before we (meaning me) found the wallet. With a cop watching us and beaming headlights on us all the while. Afterwards, we all went home and sobered up. And that is the happy ending.



Beer 2: Red Dog (Replaced By Bass)

Story By Jamie Mignone

I can't remember their names.

It was long ago on a summer afternoon, evening, and night, I think. I don't remember the night, but I remember the beer. It was Red Dog. From a keg. Nasty. Whatever, the medium was the message in this particular case anyway.

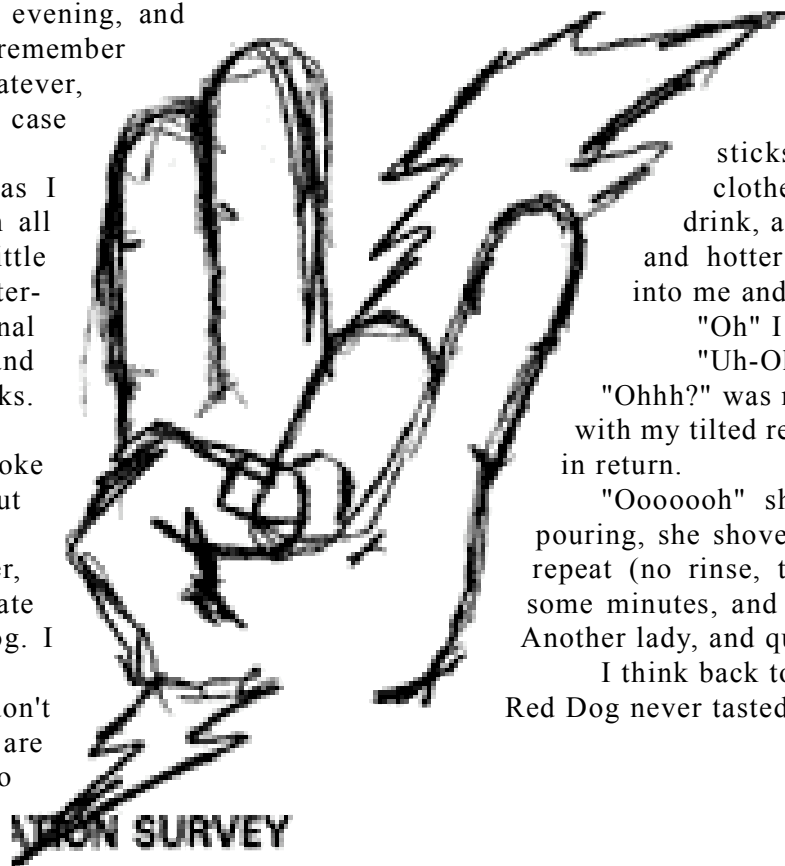
I started with white russians, I sipped as I watched several hardcore and thrash bands from all over New York and New England scream their little heads off for no apparent reason. This was the entertainment at my friend's party. She's a professional promoter and partier. All the food, all the booze, and all the live music you can stand, for just 10 bucks. Free for me, yippee!

I drank and sat, not so talkative, I just woke up. I sat and drank, bobbing my head, I had about five caucasians.

I switched to margaritas. It was summer, after all, and I had not yet developed my ultimate preference for whiskey. I ate a burger. A hot dog. I drank. Had about five of those margaritas.

I was drunk. I must have been because I don't remember much of the rest of the evening. Here are the remains of a few bits of memory, ashes to ashes, drink to drunk.

Jello shots.



Peeing, a lot.

"WOOOOOO".

Unhappy musicians screaming.

Then the incredible event that sticks in my mind and stuck to my clothes. As I was going to get another drink, a beer, a lovely girl, tightly dressed, and hotter than a microwave oven, bumped into me and spilled some beer on me.

"Oh" I said.

"Uh-Oh" she replied.

"Ohhh?" was my inquisitive retort, as I suggested with my tilted red dixie cup, that I pour some on her in return.

"Ooooooh" she replied with a smile. I started pouring, she shoved her tongue in my mouth. Lather, repeat (no rinse, thank you). This continued on for some minutes, and out of nowhere we made a friend. Another lady, and quite a lady she was.

I think back to this moment. I am blessed. Red Dog never tasted as good.

Beer 3: Dinkler-acker Dark

— Story By Adam Kearney

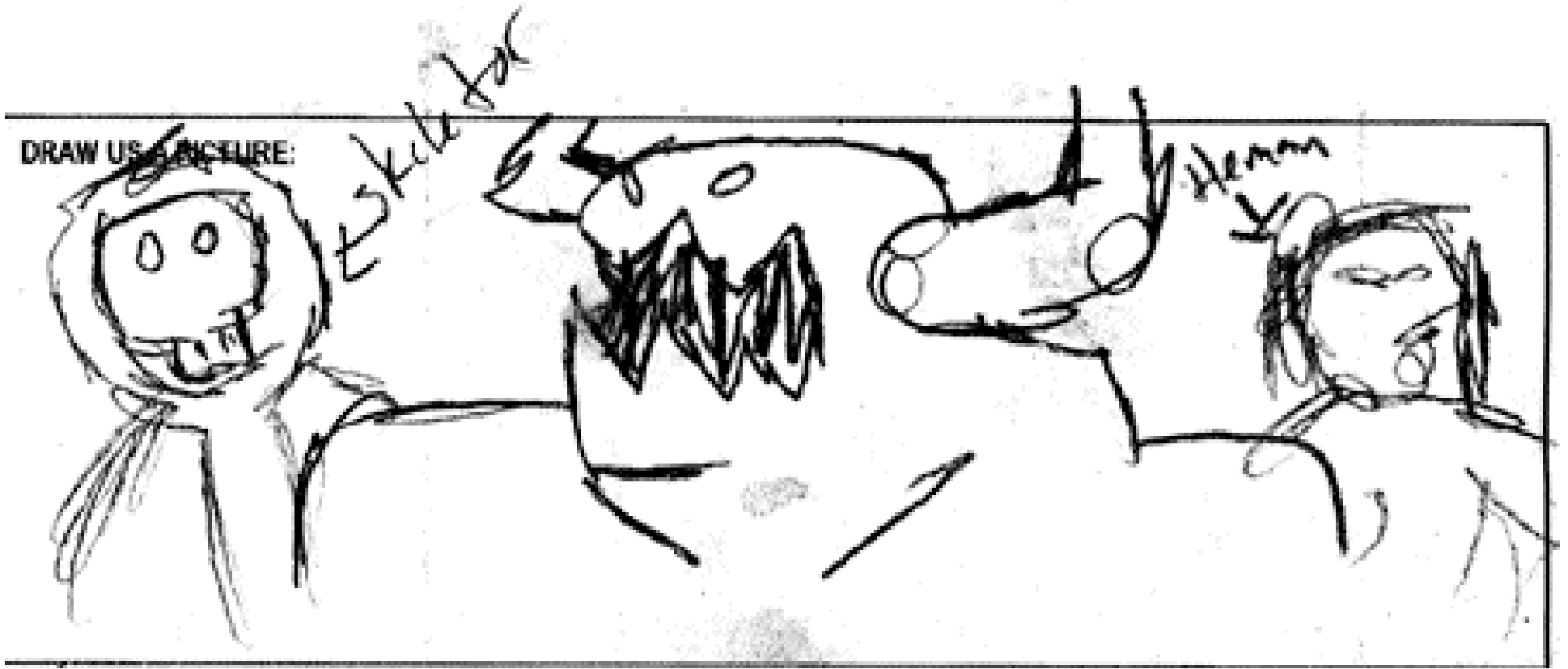
This dude had a job working for a restaurant and they had a shack in the back with all the beer, and one night we went back there and took 50 cases out, kicked in the door. Crazy German restaurant. We brought it to the parking lot and hung out, had cases in the trunk and we were drinking out of them, then we found this waterfall spot in the woods, by the train tracks, and were boozing it up on the beer we stole.

The next day we were trying to find the guy, Frankie Bones, who had all the beer in his trunk. FRANKIE BONES! We are all in the woods, then DT, detectives, undercover run up on us, around 1 in the morning. While we're all sitting in a circle, someone decides to sing Johnny Butt. At the part where it says you want to kill a cop, everyone

stops singing, except this one dude. (I wonder what crazy Burner this is?)

They think it's me. They put me in handcuffs and slam me against the car. "If it's not you, who is it?" I wouldn't say. Eventually, he confessed and we all got park-in-the-dark tickets, a violation you get, and then had them dismissed later that month. It got in the town news and in the police blotter.

Anyway, we had a house party the next week, and still had tons of beer. We drank the beer for a month afterward, cuz they didn't get it all - all we were left with at the end was the Dinkle-acker.

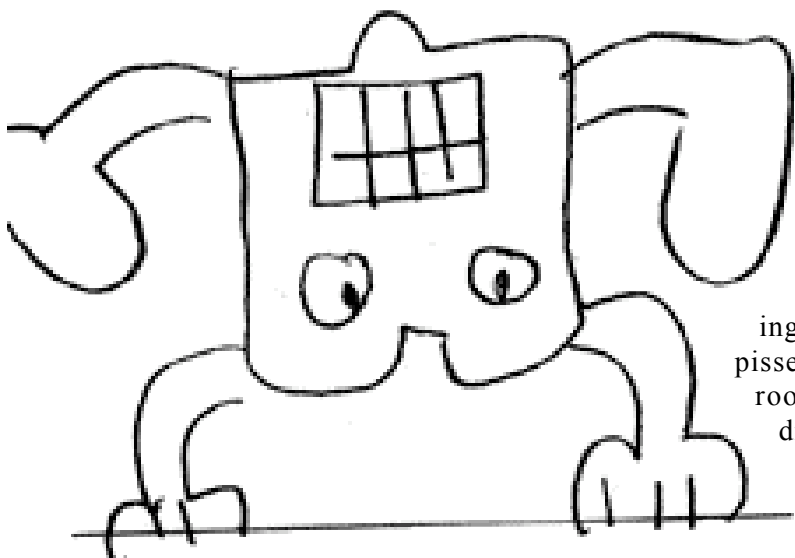


Beer 4: Bud Light

— Story By James Messina

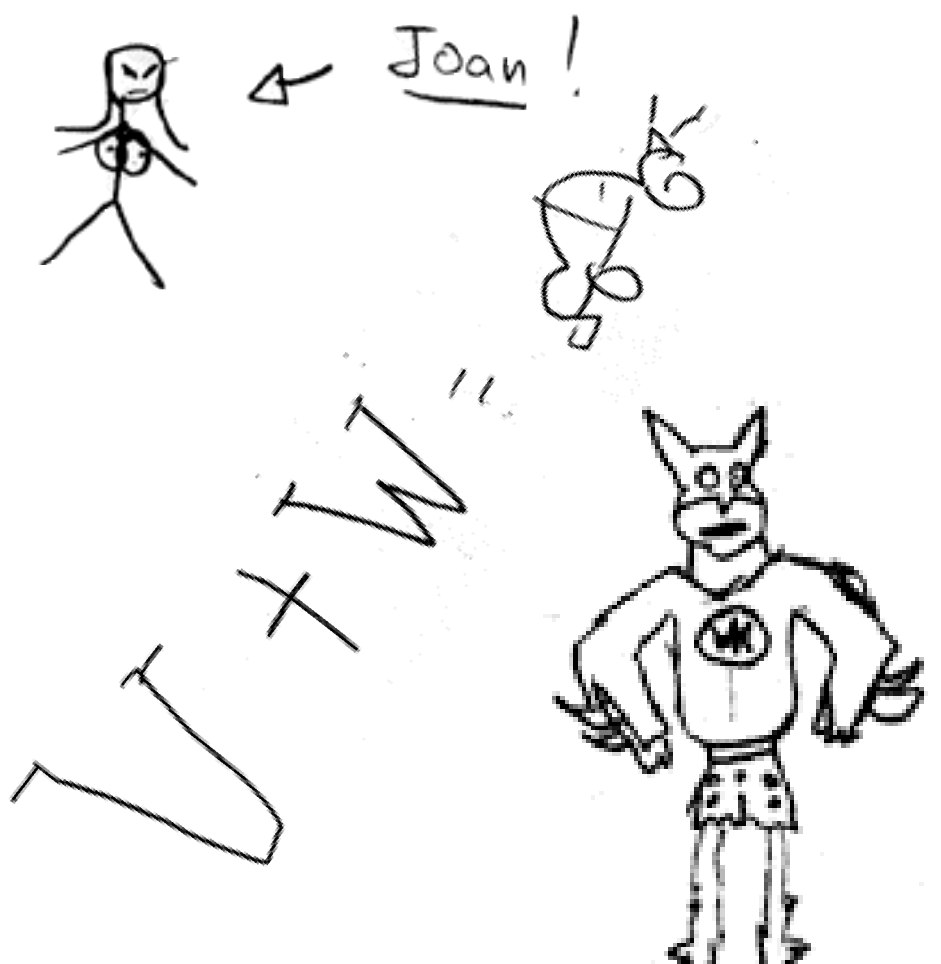
On the evening before my 18th birthday I went over to Amman to get drunk. It ended up that I did two shots of Jack and maybe a beer, and chilled around watching Family Guy. Not too exciting.

Then a group went out for a beer run. I chipped in (I think I gave \$20 - fleecing freshman is like shooting fish in a barrel), and decided as it was technically my birthday I should put forth more effort. I began drinking prodigiously as we wandered about outside. I'm told the last I was seen was running at the sight of the police somewhere near 3 am. I got back to my room somehow, took 15 minutes to put the key in, and passed out on my bed.



Sometime over the course of the night, I got up to go to the bathroom. Drunk as I was, I ended up never leaving my room ... I pissed all over my roommate's laundry bag, soaking some of his clothes. I then passed out on the floor. I woke up

at 10 am with two angry black faces hanging over me. My birthday being in September, it was an interesting beginning to the semester.





SEX & ASS
 are tied for the favorite
 three-letter word of
 the taste-testers at 8%.

42.9%
 of BEERFEST taste-
 testers could add
 the *Lost* numbers
 when they are
 drunk.

18
 is the average number
 of beers BEERFEST
 taste-testers said they
 drank.

BEERFEST FALL 2005
 Presented To You By The Stony Brook Press

INSTRUCTIONS: Welcome to Beerfest Fall 2005. Please take a minute to fill out the top of the form. The bottom section is where you'll be leaving comments about each beer and giving them a rating from 1-5.

YOUR FAVORITE 3-LETTER WORD: _____

BEER TESTER NAME: _____

WHAT IS 4 + 8 + 15 + 16 + 23 + 42? _____

NUMBER OF BEERS CONSUMED: _____

WHAT SHOULD BE HERE? _____

DRAW US A PICTURE:

EVALUATION SURVEY	BEER #	BEER NAME	RATING				
			1	2	3	4	5
BEER 1 COMMENTS:	FLAVOR						
	BITE						
	TASTE						
	IQIAQ						
BEER 2 COMMENTS:	FLAVOR						
	BITE						
	TASTE						
	IQIAQ						
BEER 3 COMMENTS:	FLAVOR						
	BITE						
	TASTE						
	IQIAQ						
BEER 4 COMMENTS:	FLAVOR						
	BITE						
	TASTE						
	IQIAQ						
BEER 5 COMMENTS:	FLAVOR						
	BITE						
	TASTE						
	IQIAQ						
BEER 6 COMMENTS:	FLAVOR						
	BITE						
	TASTE						
	IQIAQ						

Reminders: Drink responsibly.
 Don't let your friends drive drunk.
 And enjoy the rest of your night!

Thank you

For those of you who aren't lucky enough to know what BEERFEST is, it's a party thrown semesterly by The Stony Brook Press. The main attraction of the event is beer tasting. Every BEERFEST taste-tester tastes 6 beers (usually themed) and fills out one of these evaluation forms. We compiled all the results and got us a winner! Enjoy all the fun responses and stats we got from the forms.







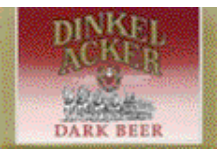



Bite – Barq's has it. It's a combination of carbonation and bitterness in the case of beers. Too much and it scares you away, too little and you'll feel it has nothing to offer.

Flavor – Does it taste like bananas, skittles, barley & oats or piss? What's the flavor of the beer and how much do you like it?

Taste – Taste is an overall factor. After you're done take the after-taste along with the bite and flavor and decide whether or not it was good on the whole. The mouth hole.

Iquaqi – You can't quite put your finger on it but you like. Or it turns you off for no other reason than you don't like it. That's Iquaqi. It's the je nais sais quoi, that special something; The certain allure that keeps you coming back or staying the hell away.

Taste Testing Results

						
Flavor	2.50	2.79	2.63	2.26	2.40	3.34
Bite	2.27	2.89	2.50	2.18	2.39	3.22
Taste	2.50	2.8	2.60	2.26	2.43	3.24
Iquaqi	2.53	2.65	2.56	2.19	2.56	3.33
Total	9.80	11.13	10.29	8.90	9.77	13.13

And the winner is....



Beer 5: Natural Ice

Story By Joan Leong

Life begins and ends with our beers of worship. After waking up for the eleventh night in a row with a slight hang-over or unexplainable bruises, we decided our bodies had enough. However, by the time midnight rolled around we got antsy and compiled whatever change we could dig up and bought 24 cans of 24oz of Bud Light at 7-11. There were 5 of us, a plethora of beers, Southern Comfort and Alize. That could only equal death or heavy denial of crimes the next day.

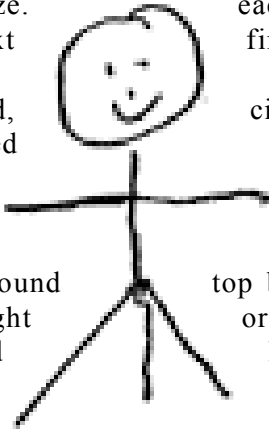
Somehow Wendy and Joan ended up in Tabler Quad, drank, smoked hookah with cool cats like The Count and played with pet mice. Around 2 am they stumbled back to the dorm and gathered the dying troops and stepped it up a notch. Beer pong and shots started us off and before we knew it, our boys of destruction showed up. Our dear friends from Sound Beach appeared out of nowhere each with a pack of Natty Light under their arms. They arrived drunk from another party and were ready to keep partying.

Between this time and the sun coming up, much chaos

had ensued. People started ripping each other's clothes off and throwing it out the windows. Violence. Phones were smashed to pieces. Dance parties. Make-out sessions behind clear shower doors, on the floors and on beds. Gender barriers were broken as lips and hands just found each other. We're not going to deny or confirm an orgy occurring in the bedroom.

As people continued to wrestle ferociously under and around the beer pong table, Melanie and Pete nonchalantly continued to play beer pong as the sun peeked in. The walls and our skin were blue from an ink war. Someone peed in the top bunk. Everything and everyone was destroyed or missing. By the time we sobered up, stopped the endless violence, restrained our hormones long enough to put our pants back on and went looking for all the missing people; It was 8:30am on Sunday morning. Time and events all bled together.

We did it again, Natural Light and Budweiser kicked our ass.



DRAW US A PICTURE:

I
LOVE
AMBERLY
JANE



Beer 6: Guinness

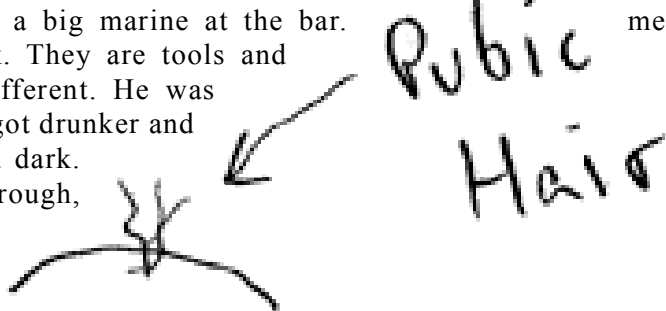
Story By Amberly Jane

I was dating this half-Irish, half-Puerto Rican guy, who was very self-loathing about his PR side, so he REALLY embraced anything Irish. So he was a drunk. We would sit and watch TV, and he would consume 32 cans with nary an effect.

The only times he would extradite himself from the sofa would be to go to this hardcore Irish bar O'Breaens. The place is upstate, in the middle of nowhere, run by Mickey, an IRA informant with a brogue thicker than haggis, who had an affinity for Tom and I. Perhaps because it was Tom's home away from home, and somehow he understood Mickey, even though half of his tongue was gone. Blown off by way of mortar.

We went to the bar one night. Tom got hammered. I had to drive, so I had a Guinness. (Tangent: I had a 1965 Plymouth Valiant at that time, and it was sweet.)

Anyway, there was a big marine at the bar. Military men usually suck. They are tools and such. This one was no different. He was flirting with me, but as he got drunker and drunker, his flirting turned dark. He asked me if I liked it rough, and as he did so he raised his hand to mock slap me. Tom didn't know he



was joking. Eh, maybe he wasn't. All I saw was Tom behind him rolling up his sleeve, and then punching him from behind. The marine spun around, and they began to fight, as a few rumble-lusty Irishmen leaped from the bar and joined in. A girl in the back screamed. Mickey shouted something I didn't understand. I tried to move away, but by that point the entire bar was brawling. Bottles were broken, stools were smashed, and a completely innocent old drifter in the corner got the brunt of it, when his cranium connected with a glass mug that had been launched from the other side of the bar.

Tom and I left before the cops showed up. I pulled him out of the frenzy, matched his drunken resistance with a little Sicilian determination. We went back to his place, and I tried to drop him off so I could go pass out. He didn't want me to leave, so he got on top of my car hood, angrily pulled his pants down, and started waving his genitals at me.

That's when I knew it was the end.

Rob Rarsall must die.

Additional Beer: Sparks

— Story By Melanie Donovan

These are some pretty vague stories of several different nights and memories that are all mixed up in me, Joan and Melissa's minds. Hope this helps.

Devil Springs 160 proof Vodka screwdrivers and watermelon cocktails leads to breaking windows, lights, stealing everything in sight and dancing like there is no tomorrow. Every whack party can be remedied by stealing everything. Such as hats, dolls, photographs of

DRAW US A PICTURE:



TOO DRUNK TO FUNK 1"

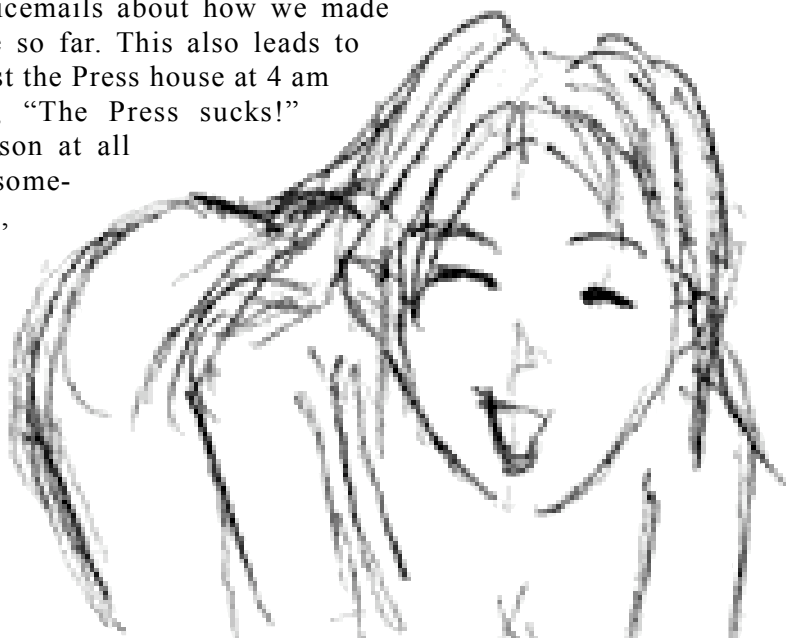
someone's little brother with a Mohawk, zip-lock bags, shot glasses, coupon books and two scissors. Devils Springs makes us do crazy u-turns right in front of cop cars only to have the 3 cars following you do the SAME exact turn. He pulled us all over and all he could say to us is, "You

guys drive like crap."

Sparks energy/alcohol drink leads to hyperness and orangey fun. We never actually buy Sparks, just steal them out of the hands of innocent bystanders. We even downloaded the Sparks songs, which screams "Caffeine, Taurine and ALCOHOL" or the robot that sings "Jump start your night life, drink Sparks, party right."

A keg of Natural Light for about 10 people leads to funneling 9 beers in a row, kicking windows in, and having taxi drivers leave us hateful voicemails about how we made them drive so far. This also leads to driving past the Press house at 4 am screaming, "The Press sucks!"

for no reason at all and then someone saying, "I think I dropped my hat in front of the house ... can we go back?"

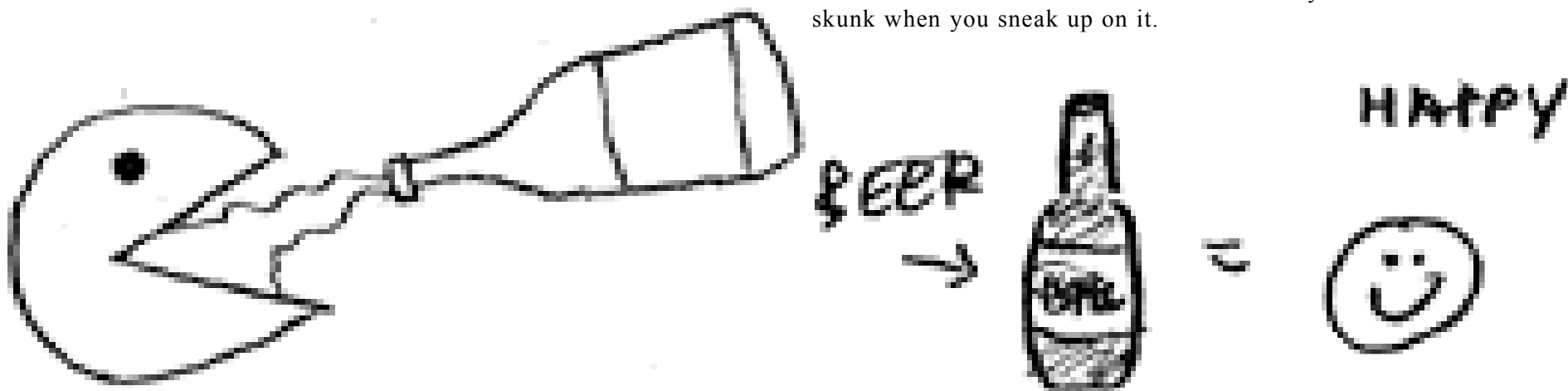


Additional Beer: Private Gentleman's Club

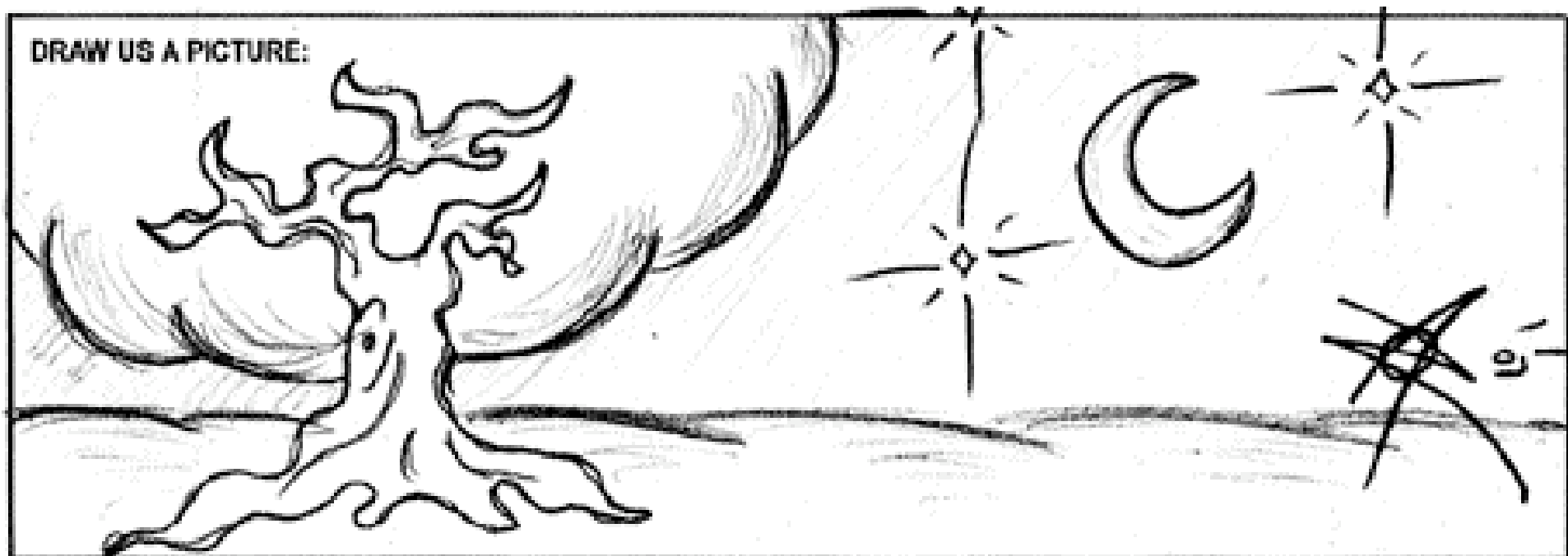
— Story By Joe Filippazzo

Remember the time three years ago that Derrick Prince lost his cell phone in the grass and I helped him find it? Almost simultaneously, Jaime fought that meat-head for being a dick and everyone cheered. Then some dude showed up with a black garbage bag full of bagels.

One could say we found many things that night: a cell phone, vindication, bagels and beer. Well, we brought the beer, we didn't find it. Well, I guess we found it at the beer distributor in exchange for money. Why don't you shut the fuck up? Moral of the story: Private Gentleman's Club is tantamount to the smelly shit that comes out of a skunk when you sneak up on it.



DRAW US A PICTURE:

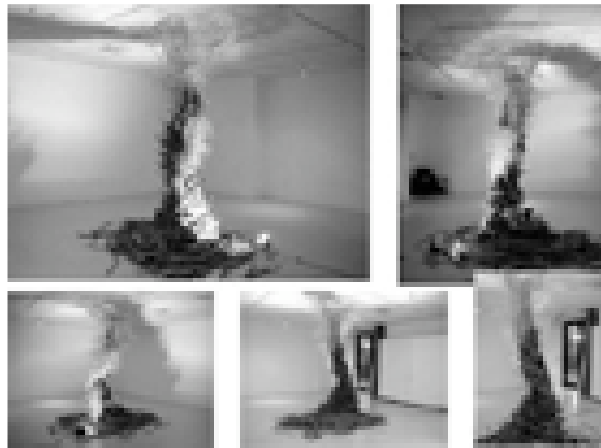




I Like: Campus Art Exhibits

By Stephanie Hayes

Despite having won a few awards for artwork back in the languid days of grade school, I become ill at ease when 'art' comes up in discussion. I'm going to hazard a guess that I am not alone, that many Stony Brook students are of the same mind. We can exchange thoughts with our friends on movies, albums or even books. But for non-majors, art is a topic to shy away from. Actually, I continue to hold the prejudice that there is a high-brow mentality around things like art galleries and live theater (or 'theatre' as it's called in Staller) that is absent when referring to something along the lines of last week's *Lost*. Well, let me impart this little gem of knowledge unto you: In the face of being unable to verbalize exactly how an exhibit has stirred you (or left you cold), you're still welcome to attend and enjoy as many art shows as you find out about. The exhibits on campus are enormously underrated. Do yourself a favor and check them out.



Alton Falcone
"Trisagion"

Melville Gallery until 2/6, noon-4 (Monday - Saturday)

With a gazillion wood splints spiraling to the ceiling in a ten-foot tower, this sculpture is quite striking. Chicken wire pops out through the wood and wraps up around this twisty column like smoke. I was going to make up something mock-profound about the holocaust but I actually have *no* idea what Falcone meant to represent with this battered wood and crawling wire. My friend says it gives him a splinter just looking at it but, essentially, I really do like it. The two materials work well together and with the smartly strewn bits of wood at the base, the piece seems complete. It's also worth mentioning that this particular installation is awesome just for being accessible at the hours it advertises. How many times have you walked through the library to discover the doors of the graduate gallery are closed?

Laura Alesci, Johnnie Wong
"Self Reliance"

Tabler Gallery until 2/10, viewing available whenever building is open

The undergraduate gallery is a gift for those of us with short attention



spans. For any given show, it's rare that the artwork is all from the same artist, and even when it is, pieces have a strong enough variance to hold any viewer's interest beyond a few minutes. At this show, viewers can bounce from Wong's rotation of oils, acrylics and charcoal over to his "Young Slave" figure, a corkscrew pedestal of cement, displaying a plexiglass cube of honey and motor oil. The cube was either leaking or purposefully dripping but whatever's goin' on there, it maintains a distinctive and fascinating attitude. My favorites by far, though, were Alesci's charcoal figures. Between shoddy eyesight and dim mental processing, I could only see a series of arbitrary dash and corner marks on two sheets of paper. Luckily, my head adjusted after a few seconds and all of a sudden I could pick out a figure. Then I looked at the middle drawing and could pick out several. The implication of expression and details like knobby knees? Wow. It's brilliantly executed in a collection of simple marks. Personally, I believe the best time to admire this show is between 5 and 10 when you can grab a post-viewing snack from the café.

Nzingah Muhammad

SAC Gallery until 2/22, 11-5 (Tuesday - Friday)

In a country that has preconceptions about Islam, polygamy and dissimilar lifestyles in general, Nzingah Muhammad's artwork offers the gentle reminder that no one has the right to judge what they may not understand. She presents stunning photographs of her extended family, which is composed of 30 siblings and 5 mothers. Not only is Muhammad allowing viewers a glimpse into a polygamous Muslim family but also the complexity that adds to her identity as a black woman based in Brooklyn. "It captures so much and touches on a hot button political issue [the wariness incited by 9/11], works to further the understanding of Muslims, and couldn't have been shown during a more appropriate time- Black History Month," says gallery worker Anton Downie. Indeed these photographs are really something. Each portrait conveys an individually compelling expression- these are portraits relaying



happiness, innocence, wisdom, serenity, and pride.

John Huddleston
"Killing Ground"

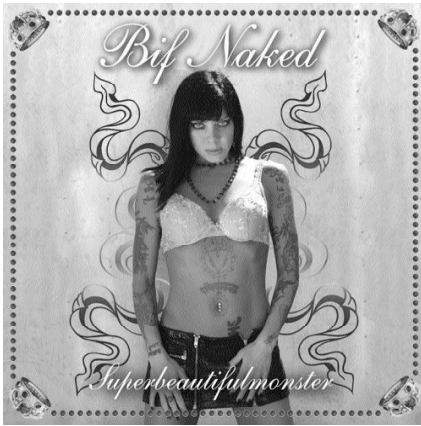
Staller Gallery until 2/25, noon- 4 (Tuesday - Friday)

Vermont artist John Huddleston has gone around the country, photographing battlefields... or what's left of them today. In a part of Nashville that served as a soldier camp in 1864, now stands a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant. Civil War authority James Griffin suggests that this war has entranced so many not merely because it was fought on American soil between Americans but because of "the immense scope of it. It was the first time a lot of new war technology could be tested in large-scale battles. The size of armies were gigantic and by the same token, casualties were particularly devastating. Then you have to consider a lot of [convoluted] motives on either side. This is also a time that marks a flood of mass media war coverage." Huddleston's photos show many battlegrounds that have been preserved and historically noted with little plaques but many more grounds where the death toll wasn't as overwhelming and the battlefield is forgotten. Now stand car-washes (Wednesday is bargain day!) or lots primed for luxury homes (coming soon!). Stark black and white illustrations of soldiers in battle or photographs of fields covered with dead bodies are juxtaposed with the safe, sub-

urban landscapes of the present. One of the last photo couplings I remember is of a place in Jonesboro advertising a slave auction well over a century ago, while the modern day photo is a racial slur in large scrawled letters across a Jonesboro road. It's an exhibit that reveals how much we've changed since the mid-1800s but also how much we haven't.

Bif Naked - *Superbeautifulmonster*

By Melanie Donovan



Bif Naked came out with her second release called *Superbeautifulmonster*. I have to admit I wanted to review this album because I liked the few songs I heard from Bif Naked's previous album, *I Bificus*. Then I realized I was a lot younger when I liked those songs and she appealed to me because she was on an episode of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. So now listening to her again, I find it to be very boring and nothing really special. I gave this album a couple of listens because sometimes it takes a couple of tries to like an album. It is very pop-punk, even more so than the first release. Bif Naked uses her voice more in this album, straying away from her screaming vocals of her first release.

The songs and lyrics have an Avril Lavigne sound. They sound generic and each one is similar to the other. She does a cover of Metallica's "Nothing Else Matters" which is not so bad. Her sound is still very 90's alternative sounding, which some people still enjoy. When Bif Naked first came out, it was time when people wanted singers to show that "girl power." So I guess it worked for that time. So, if you liked Bif Naked before, you might like this album, but I would not recommend it to first-time Bif Naked listeners.

Beth Orton - *Comfort Of Strangers*

By Stephanie Hayes

The low, sometimes delicately trembling voice of Beth Orton has successfully carried her simple songs of melancholy for over a decade. "Conceived", the single from Orton's fourth album, *Comfort of Strangers*, continues to showcase her beautiful, quivery voice. She is still less than optimistic about the world and humbly supposes she's "no good" for her other half but there is an added hint of wisdom in the lyrics. "Some of the time, the future comes right round to haunt me/ Some of the time, the future comes right round just to see- that all is as it should be/... We've got to let it be," she croons in the chorus. There's almost a mater-

nal insight, advising the listener to accept the imperfections that are bound to riddle every relationship and find solace in the occasional "warm sun". This is the attitude that defines her latest album and she has really got it down to an art. The only hindrance on *Strangers* is the nagging awareness of how familiar certain melodies seem; it certainly isn't the most original material you'll hear this year. The open-



ing track, "Worms", has Orton's trademark tongue-in-cheek insight but her throaty voice paired with the piano makes the song indistinguishable from something by Fiona Apple. Though not as blatant as in "Worms", there are also moments in *Strangers* where Orton's haunting melodies eerily resemble those of Cat Power. In the end, it doesn't matter. Low-key yet rich songs like "Feral Children" and the title track are honest and bittersweet. With Jim O'Rourke (Sonic Youth) aiding production, this album is certainly worth a listen. It's fucking gorgeous and the poignancy conveyed by Beth Orton as a songwriter is undeniable. *Comfort of Strangers* will be released on February 13th.

Duncan Sheik - *White Limousine*

By Stephanie Hayes

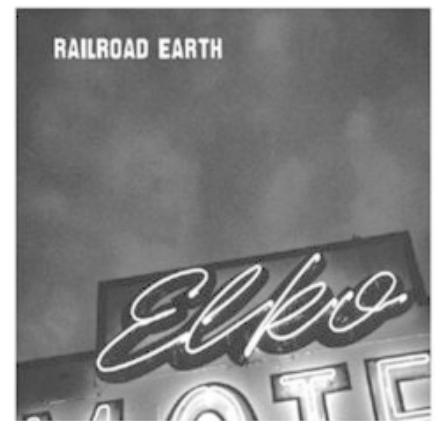


Ah, Duncan Sheik. While he was never a personal favorite, I will always think of him warmly as one of those inoffensive '90s "alternative" musicians - good stuff that Duncan Sheik. I digress: he did a song on *The Great Expectations* soundtrack way back in my middle school days. I loved (more emphatically-loved) that album. (But it would be a mistake to rent the movie in case you haven't been subjected to it already.) Anyway, the name of his

song on that soundtrack evades me but it definitely didn't leave me with a sour impression. In fact, I remember thinking that song was pretty... all right. "White Limousine" is the single off of Duncan Sheik's new album of the same name. This single is decent-but-nothing-special in the same style of his *Great Expectations* song. I really enjoyed hearing it but I've already forgotten how it sounded. His voice is soothing and it sounds like there are a few smart puns in there "everything is boring/ everyone is bored". There's something being said about war and it sounds meaningful. Yeah, I couldn't name specific merits of this song for the life of me and I've listened to it several times through. At the very least, this is an ideal gift for that friend of a friend you don't know well because it's doubtful they will equate your present with poor taste. He's really not too shabby- not bad at all that Duncan Sheik. It's possible that I'm too tired to think clearly but then again it wouldn't have hurt for Zoë Records to have sent the entirety of *White Limousine* instead of this miserly promo single.

Railroad Earth - *Elko*

By Lucasz Chelminski



Do you enjoy ten-minute banjo solos? If so, read on! Then again, if you're part of the vast majority of people who either do not or aren't really sure how to respond, keep reading anyway. Railroad Earth is a jam band, and I don't like jam bands. It's just not my thing. That said, I tried my best not to let my bias take hold here. Music is music: if it's captivating, it will get your attention no matter what you usually listen to... *unless you like jam bands.*

It's all about the live show: getting there, getting high while getting there, smoking a little when you get there, taking a nap, eating a few pizzas, some donuts (you need some sugar intake), smoking a little more, passing out, and getting back on the road. At least I think that's what it's all about. Anyway, long solos and jam sessions are perfectly acceptable in this case because people are in the mood, yeah?

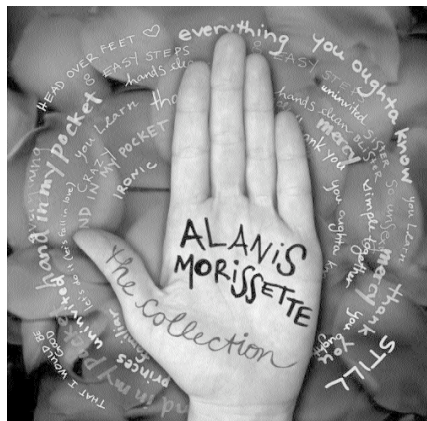
Popping this album into your car CD

Continued on page 45

REVIEWS

**Alanis Morissette -
*The Collection***

By Stephanie Hayes



No, I'm not going to dignify this album with a review but, in case you are curious, this is a collection of Alanis Morissette's hits. Truth be told, I was flabbergasted to discover this woman had pumped out enough hit songs from 1995 forward to warrant a "best of". Luckily, I'm not about to encourage discourse on *that* disheartening topic. Essentially, I simply wanted to share the first time I heard Alanis' guttural angst anthem "You Oughta Know". I never understood the weight of her lyrics and therefore found her sky-rocketed career a little puzzling. This is because, for about a six year period, I was under the impression that she was screeching about a "crossed-eyed bear you gave to me" not "the cross I bear". My version is better but talk about a life-altering understanding. At least one other brave soul has admitted to me that they once mistook these same lyrics so in case you were still in the dark about that one or enjoyed laughing at my idiocy- there you go.

**Hockey Night -
*Keep Guessin'***

By Stephanie Hayes

Perhaps I'm not a pitchfork savvy listener but every now and again I'll get obsessively suckered into a particular sort of hipster band- I'll own that. Hockey night is just such a band. I really like Pavement. And Hockey Night vocalist Paul Sprangers' voice is identical to Stephen Malkmus'. But Sprangers' music is so chock full of quirky charm in its own right that any parallel to Pavement is excusable. "Get Real" is the opening track and shows off memorable rockin' guitar riffs, it's an outstanding nugget of enthusiastic goodness. Every song that follows continues to match the addictive energy of this first track without ever growing gratingly monotonous. The cheerleader-esque rhyme in "For Guys Only" is soooooo catchy. Sprangers, like Malkmus, milks his sarcastic voice for everything he can. The result is a slew of bold, whimsical indie rock songs. You probably

aren't human if you find yourself sitting still as a statue to the motion-inducing songs on *Keep Guessin'*- they're *that* fun. Hockey Night weaves in and out of pop and classic rock. This genre hopping is particularly interesting with the band's unique arrangement of two guitarists and two drummers. It is this powerful set-up that allows all of their "borrowed" sounds to remain characteristic and



specific to Hockey Night instead of making them out to be a weak hybrid of Pavement and Thin Lizzy. The surprising reinterpretation of so much music you thought you'd heard enough of is both comforting and a breath of fresh air. *Keep Guessin'* is so fantastic that I can't even find the words to tell you just how fantastic they are. Check them out at <http://www.hockeynightmusic.com>

**Stiffs, Inc. -
Electric Chair
Theater Presents**

By Madeline Scheckter

Stiffs, Inc is one of the greatest bands you've never heard of. They released their second and last album in 1997, played their last show in 1998 and bid us adieu. From then on, Stiffs, Inc's music became increasingly difficult to find, which is precisely what is meant when people use the phrase "damn shame." Nearly 10 years after they left music fans wondering why they never called us back when, really, we thought we'd been perfectly charming, their music continues to resonate, it continues to be visionary, and it continues to be stunning. Described occasionally and as accurately as is possible as "Victorian punk," Stiffs, Inc created a sound that inspires the most adoring and perhaps cultish fans. I'll be honest; writing a review on Stiffs, Inc is a complete farce. This isn't a review; it's a sermon.

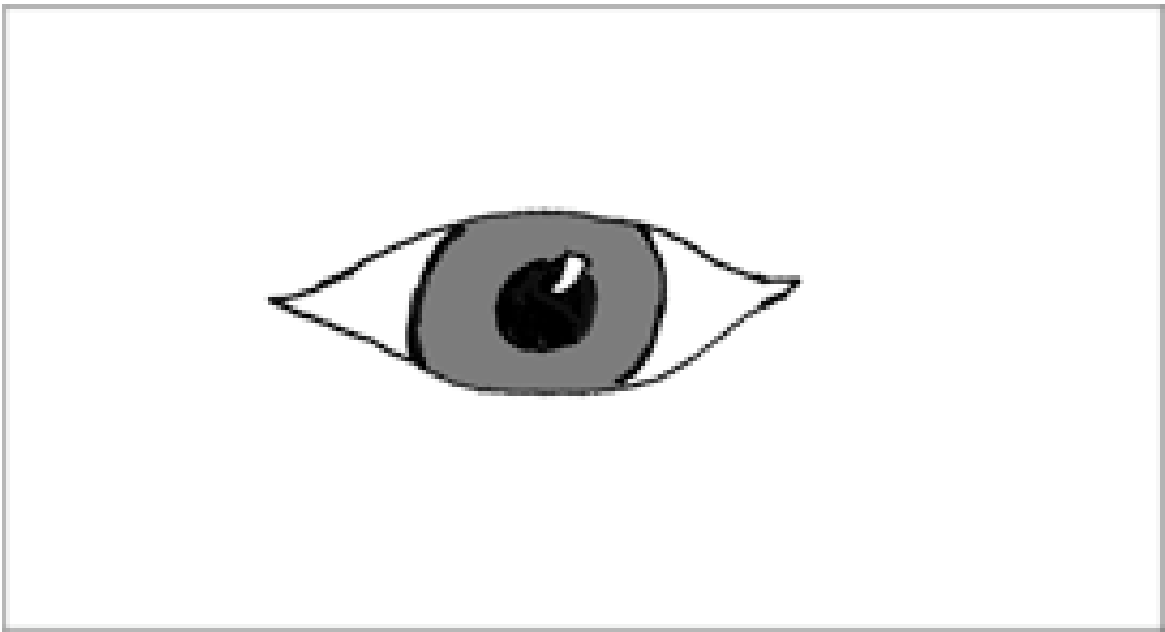
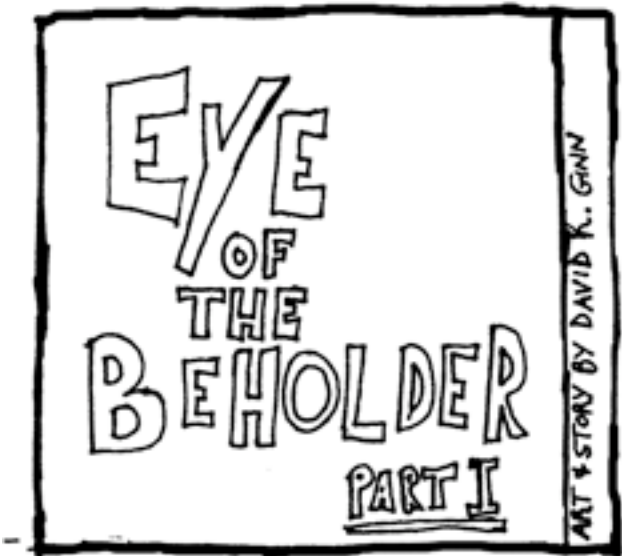
Neither I nor my imaginary crack team of statisticians, scientists, small children, smaller dogs, sociologists and music critics has been able to figure out why interest in Stiffs, Inc seems to have picked up in the past year, but we can certainly tell you it has. Perhaps it is this that has led Stiffs, Inc to offi-



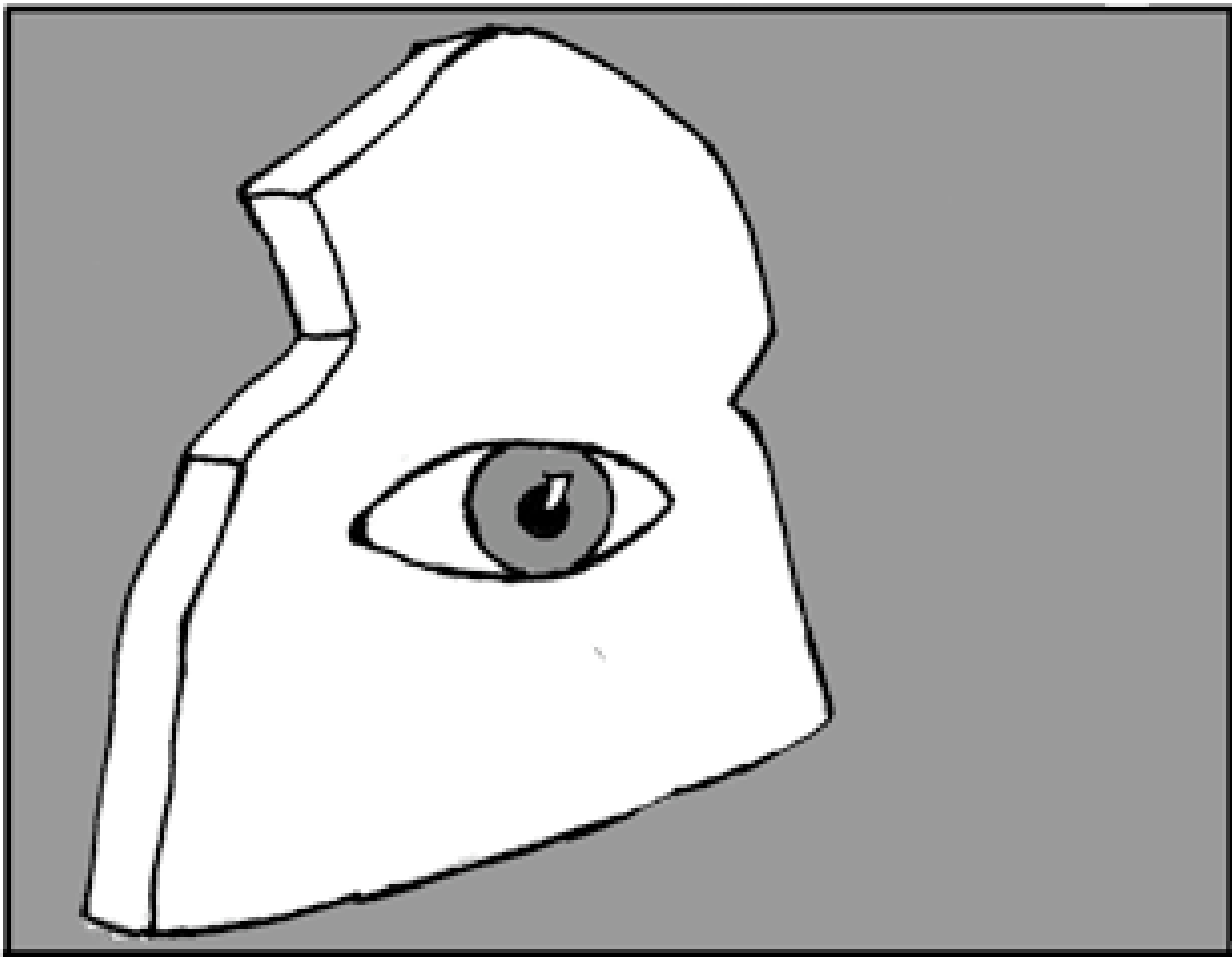
Continued on page 47

PRIVATE EYE

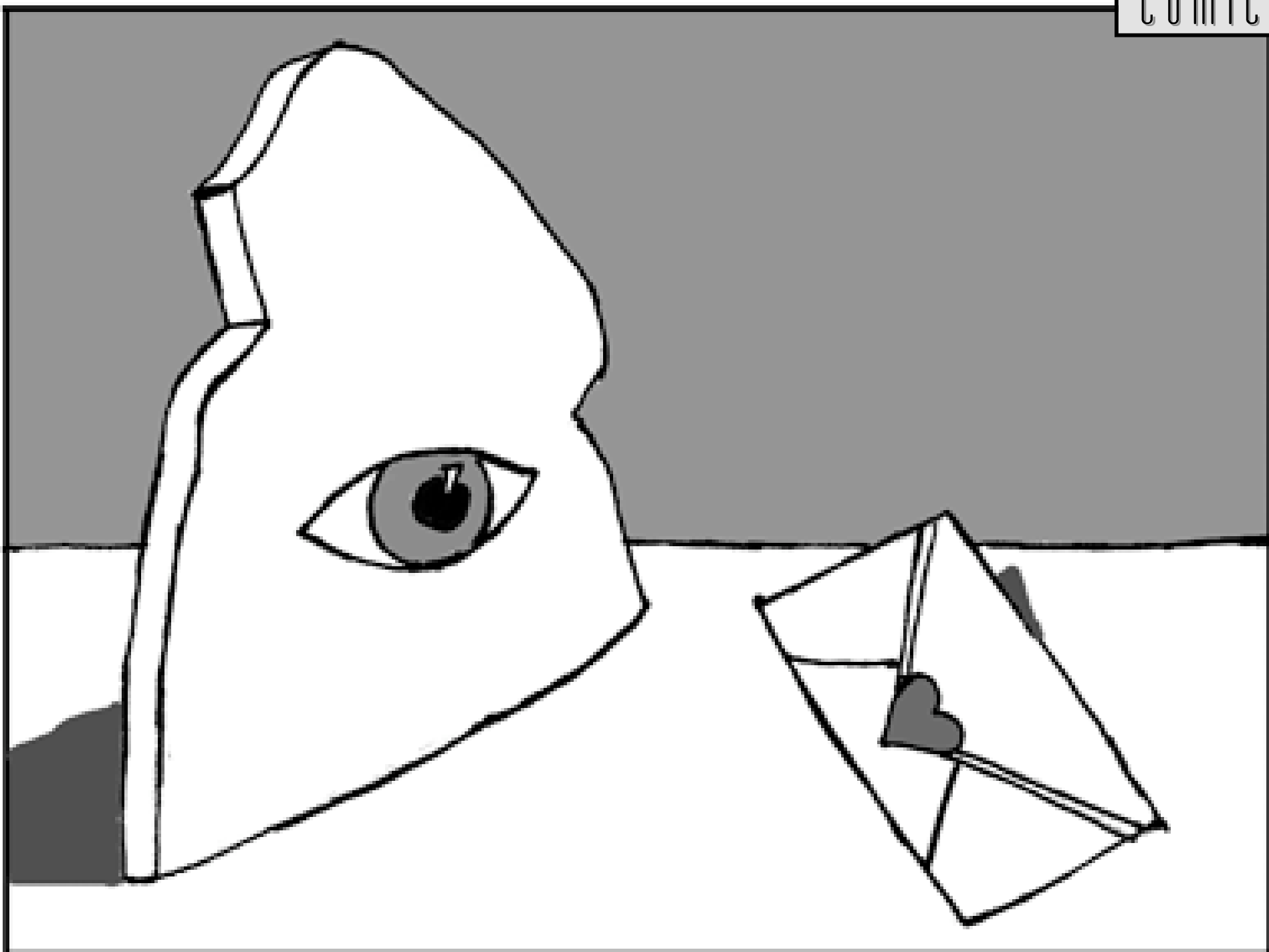
CREATED BY DAVID K. GINN



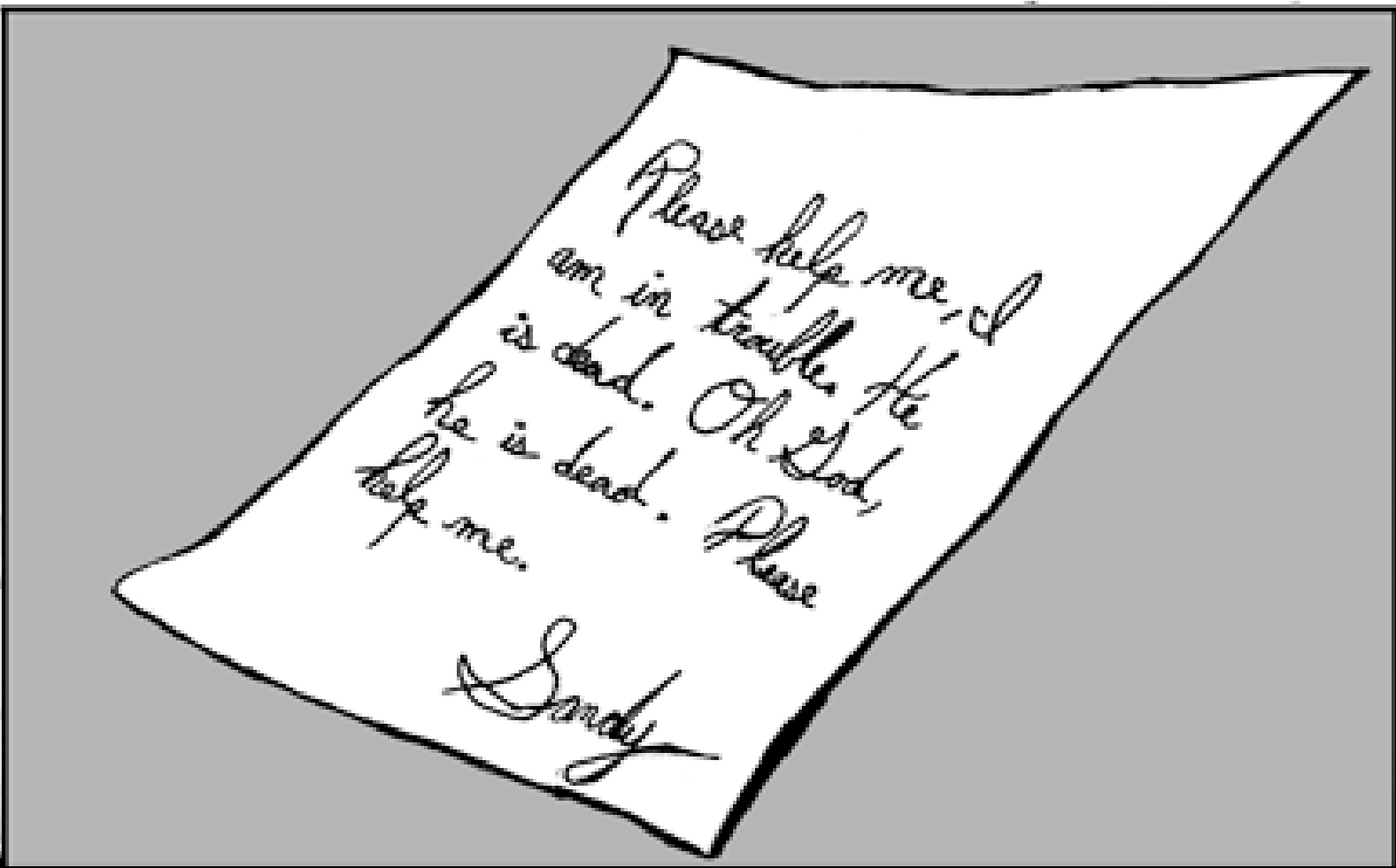
HE WAS A PRIVATE EYE



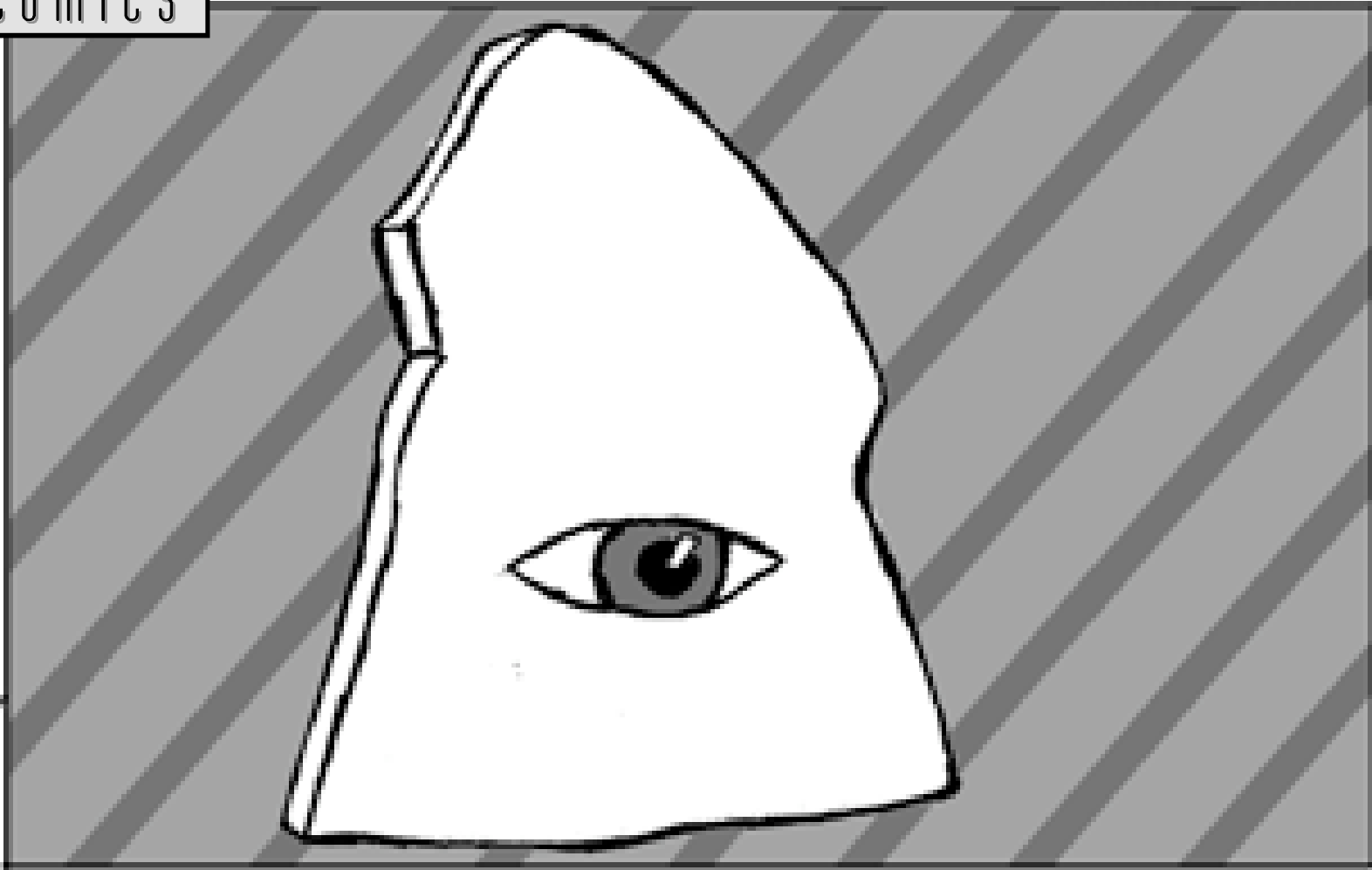
CONFINED WITHIN THE SHARD OF GLASS THAT KILLED HIS WIFE, TRAPPED WITH NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO LIVE IN THEIR MEMORY, HOPING THAT EACH CASE WILL BRING HIM CLOSER TO CLOSURE...



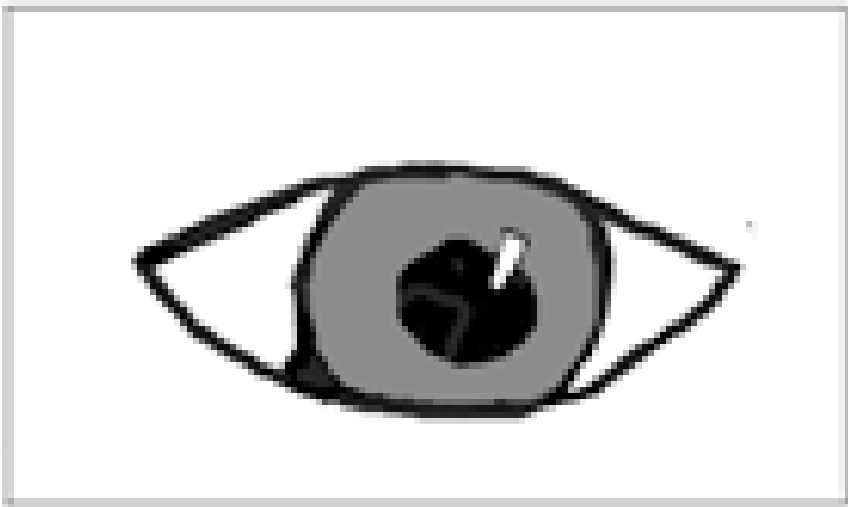
THERE WAS A LETTER TODAY. IT'D BEEN A WHILE SINCE HE GOT A LETTER WITH A HEART ON IT.



SANDY...
OH PLEASE
GOD, NOT
HER



WHY DOES EVERY THING HAVE TO REMIND ME OF THEM?



THIS IS THE START OF A LONG DAY.



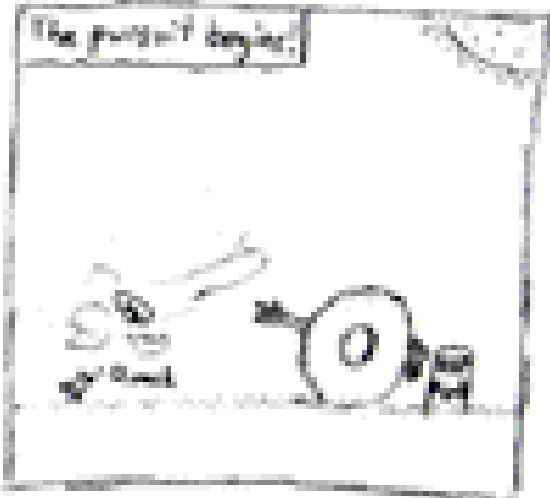
DEAD BABY JOKES ARE SO INSENSITIVE.



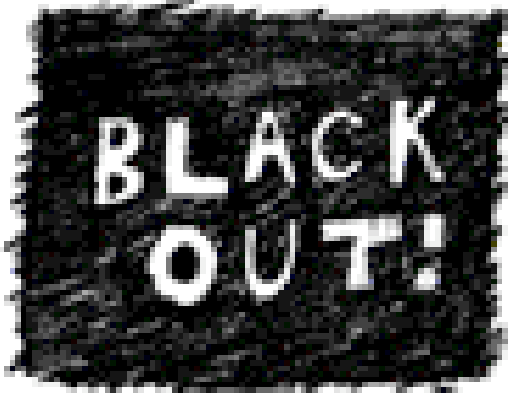
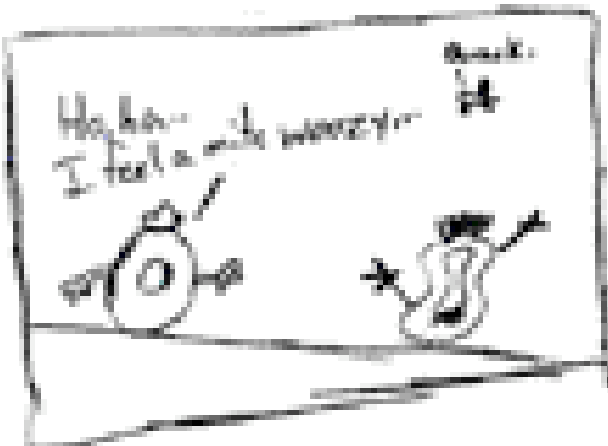
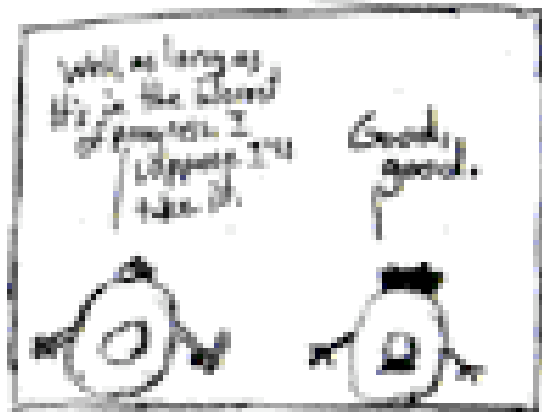
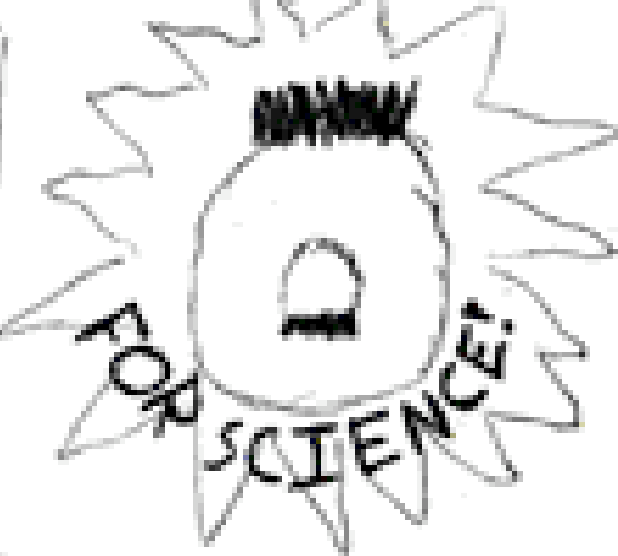
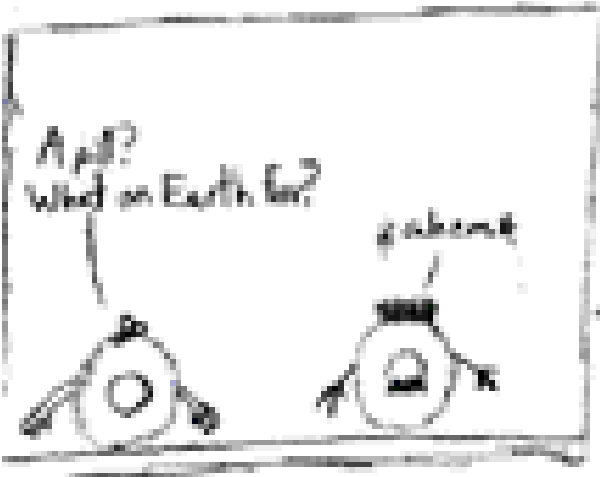
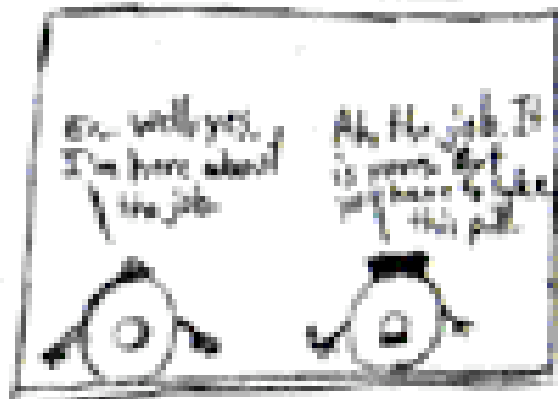
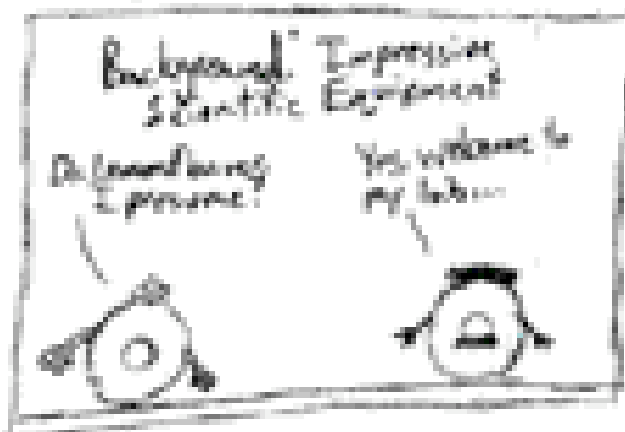
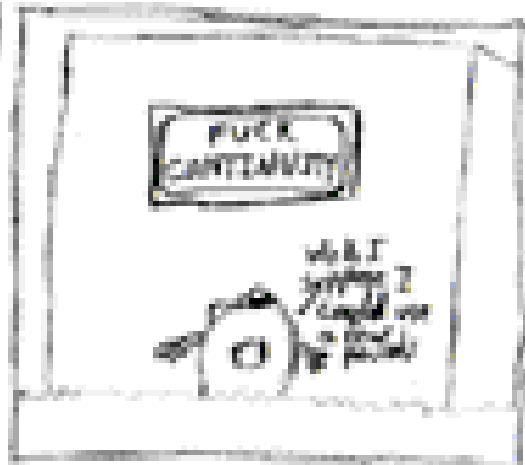
DEAD BABY JOKES ARE SO PASSE.



CRUNCH! HUMP



The Secret Origin of Cherry Cherry Fruit Loops - Part One - by Alex Lubh



To Be Continued. Check next page for the exciting middle-ish segment of this thrilling cereal based dramatic picture story.

in SINC

Special note:
In this issue's comic, all
dialogue is lifted directly from
the conversations of these two
people in real life.

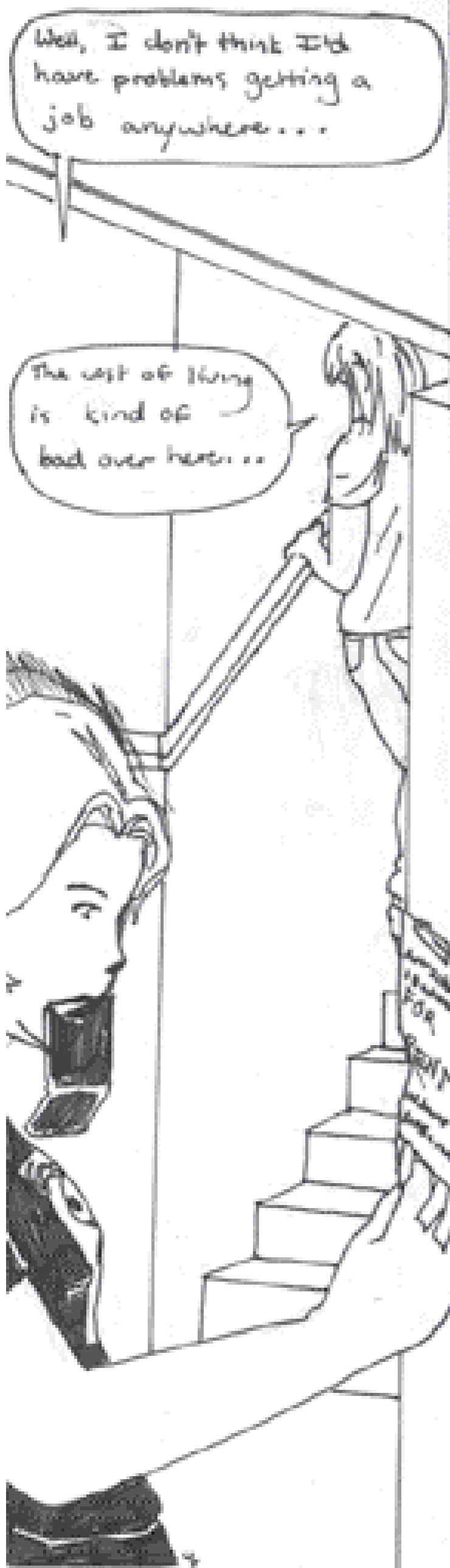
I swear. 





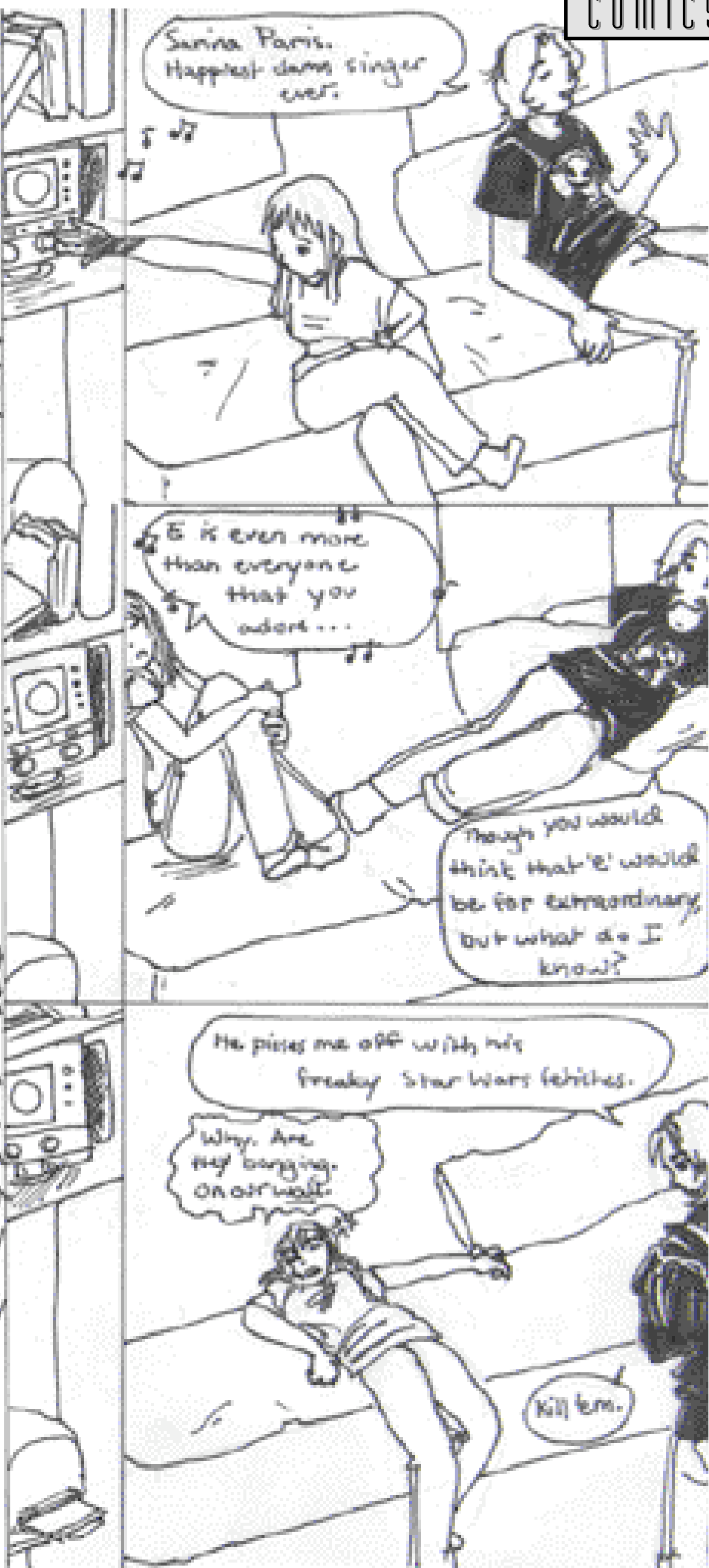
2





Well, I don't think I'd have problems getting a job anywhere...

The rest of things is kind of bad over here...



Sarina Paris. Happiest damn singer ever.

E is even more than everyone that you adore...

Though you would think that 'e' would be for extraordinary, but what do I know?

He pines me off with his freaky Star Wars fetiches.

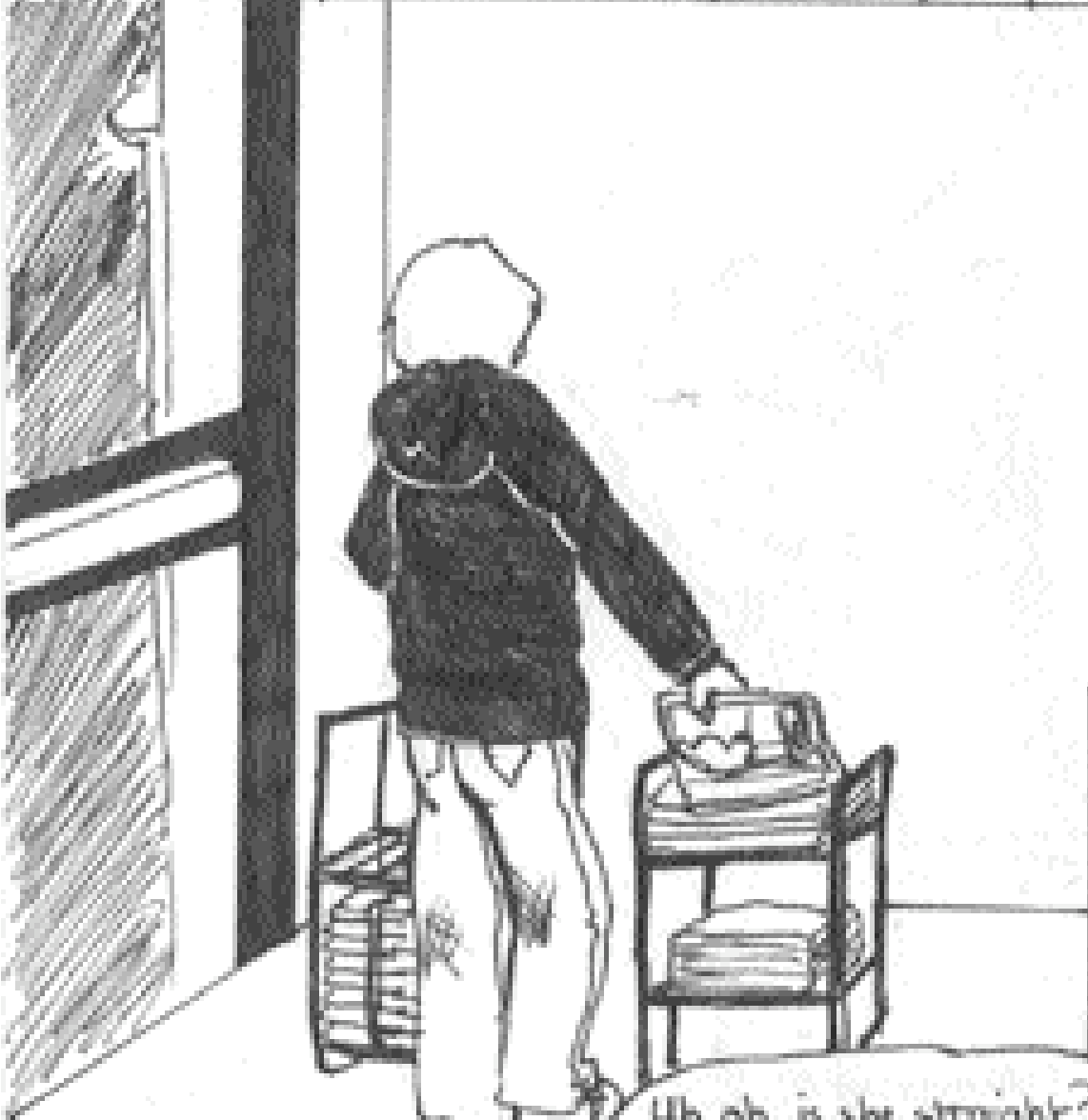
Why. Are. my. bangs. on. a. wall.

Kill 'em.



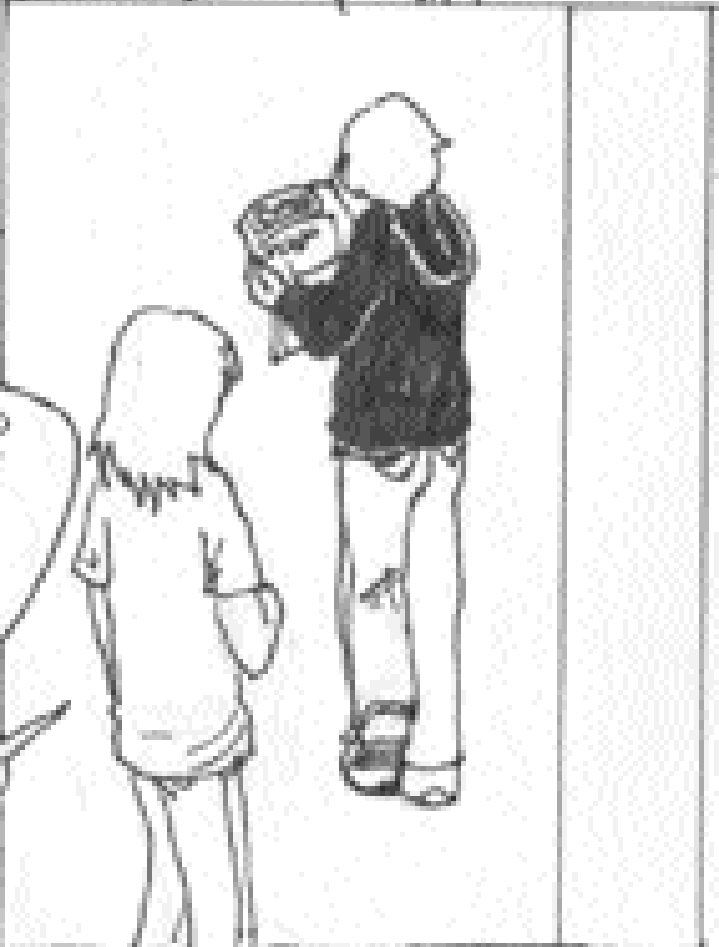
Did you actually call him a *harsh* master? Do I have an evil twin? Did you actually get out a book, and not to count a spell for each card? Or am I the only one that could resist?

I don't know how it happened really. He started as an actual traveler, and I was reading through the tarot descriptions and thought, "Hm... you know what would be cool?"



Uh oh, is she straight? But it's for the school paper, I guess you can't do *shoyrai*.*

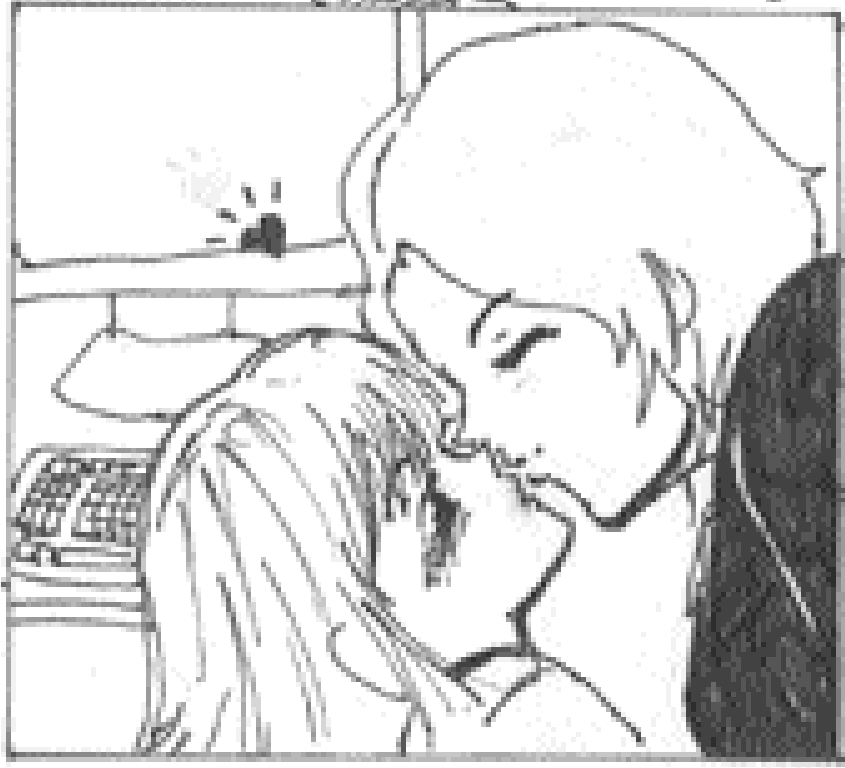
You can never tell



* *Shoyrai* = Female/Female romance. See in SINC, season 1 is *MP KTOE*.



Feb.



I just couldn't leave without a kiss ♥



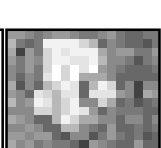






TOP TEN

Uses For Cotton Swabs



That Nobody Talks About

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>10 A .02 oz. barbell</p> | 
<small>Joe Safdia</small> |
| <p>9 Two dollar bill in a cotton-based economy</p> | 
<small>Alex Walsh</small> |
| <p>8 Safety vampire teeth</p> | 
<small>Rose Slupski</small> |
| <p>7 Collection of smegma</p> | 
<small>James Messina</small> |
| <p>6 Brilliant torture device for the armless with ear infections</p> | 
<small>Mike Prazak</small> |
| <p>5 Three-dimensional representations of stick figure porn</p> | 
<small>Sam Goldman</small> |
| <p>4 Midget Tampons</p> | 
<small>Jowy Romano</small> |
| <p>3 A neat way to create bloody writing on the wall—for that Martha Stewart touch</p> | 
<small>Joe Rios</small> |
| <p>2 Cat abortion tool</p> | 
<small>Joe Rios</small> |
| <p>1 Double-ended dildo for lesbian mice</p> | 
<small>David K. Ginn...</small> |

You too can contribute to the Top Ten by visiting the Stony Brook Press website and registering an account!
 Visit www.thwstonybrookpress.com now, bitches

THE PRESS' OFFICIAL DRINKING GAME



Rule #1: Sit on a bench & brownbag it

Drink Once For Every:

- Car that doesn't stop for pedestrians
- Car driving on the sidewalk
- Goose
- Person you see going to class in PJs

Drink Twice For Every:

- Pedestrian that walks in front of a moving car
- Car parked on the sidewalk (Have fun during move-in!)
- NYPIRGER asking you to vote

Drink Thrice For Every:

- Student struggling to pay tuition
- Skateboarder falling down
- Person riding a Segway

Take a swig for every: person with a music listening device

In Your Face 'World of Warcraft'

The two weeks remaining in the winter break flew by rather fast. Lee called numerous times, but I chose to ignore them. He had lied, he was still with his boyfriend and I wasn't going to fuck with that. The day I returned to Stony Brook, a snowstorm had come in and blanketed the entire campus with snow. Luckily, Ed had a car and rescued me from the train station.

Ed's break had been rather uneventful, except for one encounter with his girlfriend, Nia. They were at his house, alone and laying on the bed. One thing led to another and eventually he climbed on top of her. It was their second time, and they were still figuring everything out. Afterwards, while lying down together, Ed heard a frightening sound- his mom's car in the driveway.

"Get up!" he screamed as he pulled on his underwear.

"What?" Nia asked.

"I just heard my mom! Get the fuck up! Here's your shirt," he responded frantically.

"Calm down!" she said as she pulled up her jeans.

"Just get dressed!" he said and put on his sneakers. They jumped out of the room and into the kitchen just as Ed's mom walked in.

Ed and I walked upstairs to Janey's room to see if she was back, say hi. She didn't have a very enjoyable break. "I talked to Charlie once over break!" She said, obviously frustrated. "I called him a bunch of times, left voicemails, and the only time I talked to him was when he actually picked up. He never called me, he was never online. I'm so fucking pissed."

"That sucks," Ed said.

"Maybe he was really busy, was he working?" I asked.

"No," she replied.

"Maybe his phone was broken?" I said.

"He just got a new phone like a month ago," she said.

"I don't know," I said.

"There is one thing," she said.

"What?" Ed asked.

"June," Janey said while grinding her teeth. She was referring to his ex-girlfriend, who'd viciously dumped him the day that Charlie and Janey had first got together.

"I don't think he'd do that," I said.

"Why not? It's not like we're dating, he can do whatever he wants to do with anyone he wants to," she said.

"So you wouldn't care?" Ed asked.

"Of course I fucking care! I'm just saying what would stop him?" she said.

"I just don't think he would, it's not like they were on good terms," I said.

A week went by and it was like I had never left. My classes were okay. I was trying to focus on classes more now since landing in academic probation, my parents were on my

ass about it. Charlie and Janey hadn't really spoken since everyone was getting back into the swing of things.

"It's not like I was avoiding her over break," Charlie said, John had just come from Janey's room and had heard her side.

"Then why did you talk only once?" John asked.

"That's just how I am. When I'm home, I'm home. That's just it."

"What does that mean?" John asked.

"It means that, I have my friends here and I have my friends at home," Charlie said.

"Uh huh. Janey's not exactly a friend though, you're fucking her."

"She's still not my girlfriend."

"Did you see June at home?" John asked.

"Yeah, we saw each other," Charlie said.

"And you guys had sex?" John asked.

"Yeah. I'm not with Janey," Charlie said.

"Are you with June now?"

"No."

"Well where do you stand with Janey?"

"I don't know. I don't see a problem with just going back to what we had before," Charlie said.

"Then you need to have a serious talk with her," John said.

The next week, my friend, Dan, was having a party off campus. Nobody was really up for it so I got a ride with Dan and his friend. The party was at his suitemate Tucker's house. Upon arrival, I looked at Tucker and quickly understood he was gay. He was cute, curly hair and nice features. We went into the basement where everyone was, they had a bunch of bottles and there was a good number of people there. We started by doing some shots, filling our cups, and gathering around for a splendid game of asshole. I won the presidency on the first round, kept it one more round, dropped down to vice president, and then in a Watergate-worthy scandal, finished the game as asshole.

"I hate this damn game!" I said laughing.

"I'm just happy someone else got to be asshole. Three straight rounds of asshole is not fun." Tucker said.

"So you live like five minutes from campus, but you dorm. How come?" I asked him.

"Because I hate being home. I want the freedom," He said.

"Makes sense," I replied. "I could never live at home so I know what you mean."

"You wanna do some shots?" He asked.

"Sure!"

The next hour was a blur, we played beer pong, drank more. I could feel myself getting sloppy. At one point Tucker, myself, and two other guys went outside to smoke, Tucker brought out his bowl and we each took hits. Then it was just me and Tucker outside, we ended up against his house making out. Our hands and tongues were everywhere. After a while we went back inside. People were

starting to leave and it was slowing down. Tucker, who was quite drunk, sat at his computer and started playing a game. I, quite obliterated at this point, sat right behind him. I was kissing his neck and doing anything I could to get his attention. Unfortunately, World of Warcraft could give him more than I could. However, I had two things that World of Warcraft did not, hands and a mouth. In an act of complete drunkenness I took advantage of the fact that there was nobody in the room and opened his fly. He was short, probably 5'4" tall; due to this observation, I was not expecting the anaconda that came out of his pants. We fooled around for a little bit until we heard the screen door opening, he quickly zipped up his fly and we acted like nothing was going on. An hour or two later I left and passed out in my dorm room.

The next day I realized I didn't have his number so I found him on facebook and friended him. He accepted and we talked online a little. My friend Maria and I were going to see a movie at the Union and I asked if he'd like to go, he said he would and we made plans to meet around 7:30 - the movie started at 8, so it would give all of us time to grab some snacks. At 7:50, I started getting a little nervous, at 8:15 I gave up and went inside to see the movie. I didn't pay attention to one line of dialogue.

I went back to the room hoping to see an Instant Message or facebook message explaining his absence, there wasn't one. Ed came back and could tell that I was upset.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Tucker didn't show up tonight, no reason, I haven't talked to him, he just didn't come," I said.

"I'm sure there's a reason," Ed said.

"Like what? I'd like to hear one," I snapped sarcastically.

"Like maybe he fell asleep," Ed said, getting annoyed with my attitude.

"Who would sleep that long?" I retorted.

"Well maybe he didn't want to see that movie," Ed said.

"Then why would he say yes in the first place?" I said.

"Because he felt bad and he didn't want to no?" Ed offered.

"That's so fucking rude and stupid- who would do that?" I said, seething.

"You know what, I don't know. Be mad and upset for no reason but don't take it out on me, I'm going to my friend Tracy's," he said and walked out the door.

I felt like shit.

The next day I woke up and I had an IM from Tucker. He had stayed up all night the night before working on a paper and fell asleep before the movie, he said he was really sorry. I just laughed, and kept laughing. Ed woke up and asked me why I was laughing so much, and I told him about the IM. He picked up a shoe and threw it at me. Tucker asked if I wanted to come over later and hang out. I couldn't type 'yes' fast enough.

To Be Continued...

Ask Amberly Jane

My first orgasm. I felt it again today, a faint shadow anyway, as I was standing in front of the white porcelain water fountain - like a heavy floating marshmallow - that doesn't gush as much as just dribble.

I was in the hall outside my room. All was quiet ... except for a distant bass vibrating the floor beneath and up through my red shorts. Bbbrrr. Brr. Bbrrrrrrrrr. Pulsations from the pelvis, quaking, up and down in simultaneous waves of hot firecracker bubbles. A familiar wetness; I gush.

I know why. My first orgasm was in my bathroom. Laying on the floor I could feel the cold tiles through the thin towel. I was 14 or 15, and had been trying unsuccessfully for several weeks, was sick of being frustrated, yet determined to master this whole orgasm thing.

When it finally *came*, the pleasure, which felt like the pure light that beams out of every orifice when an alien explodes, was enough to keep me addicted to a 5x-a-day juicy self-love regimen.

GOOD GOD, I've never had one as good as that first one. Impossible, unless I were to abstain from orgasms for 14 years, and Jesus, you don't want me maiming anyone.

Yes, the clitoris is a wonderful pink knob. Hell, I love the whole damn vag. But the clit is a handy-dandy bundle of 8,000 nerve fibers, all firing, all throbbing, and in all - twice the number in the penis sorry fellas, looks like you got fucked on that one. (Oh, and 'multiples' anyone?)

This time, instead of the controversial 'Position of the Week' picture, I thought a map of female genitalia was in order ... for the guys, but from the stories I've been hearing, also for some girls. (Notice: There are 3 holes - vag, ass *and* pee. Virgin or not, you must explore and be comfortable with your own body. If religion makes you ashamed, I say fuck it.)

Love the honey pot. It is your friend. Like a fancy car you only rub with a diaper, the more attentive you are to it, the more mileage you will enjoy. TLC and a regular buff, and you will be a happy traveler.

That tidbit on the wondrous world of nerve fibers, I gleaned from the Vagina Monologues, by the way, which will be performed on campus in March. I plan on trying out. We'll see what transpires.

Incidentally, I realize it's strange getting aroused by the memory of cold tile. Carnal associations the way they are, I'm super glad my mom is anal-retentively clean.

So, fantasies. (That's where I'm going with this.) My brush with the porcelain that day inspired me to add that feature to a fantasy, stored in the files for future masturbatory use. Which inspired me to ask my friends their recent fantasies.

"I'd like to get fucked good by a guy and have a pussy on my face at the same time," said Veronica. "That would be really gratifying. I know I wouldn't give good oral, but I know I'd be trying."

Then April came in, and offered up her own account unprompted. "I was laying in bed with (boyfriend), fantasizing that he was a detective. I got so wet. Retardedly horny."

Good ones. I love, love my friends.

Myself, I just want good sex.

The kind you clean up with a mop and bucket.

The kind that makes you believe in God.

My fantasy is ... for another time.

I stumbled across a particularly vile fantasy during winter break. I was staying in Brooklyn, the Red Hook area, which if anyone's knows is a *mad* sketchy area, with loads of construction funded by overseas investors promising renewal, while rusty railway cars, the old 'King Kong' kind, sit mute and stalled and peeling by the waterfront.

Little matter to me, I lived in the Florida ghetto, near St. Petersburg, saw a couple guys on crack hauled away by the cops, while their wailing wives and children looked on. This was at the motel where I was living; also a dead guy appeared upstairs. They said it was the drink. But I digress...

Brooklyn. That's where the production studio is, so that's where I was. Some friends, who I worked with on an independent feature 5 years ago, are now making their own film - and also simultaneously a documentary on the 'making' of the film. I am the interviewer in the documentary, which was a scary proposition the first day of shooting - the makeup women made me look like a prostitute.

Anyway, somewhere on our way back to the studio, on the corner of Coffee and Dikeman (!), Simeon, my filmmaker friend, found an SD memory card on the train. On it was the most vile thing I have ever seen.

Keep in mind, that if it exists, it fulfills someone's fantasy.

Unsure of what to expect, we loaded the card into the computer, and what came up was a little something called Scat Domination.

It was not shit, if that's what you're thinking.

Maybe some of you are familiar with it. Maybe this is your cup of tea.

It was from Brazil, no one spoke English. In each of the two parts, 4 girls would come in, and a 5th girl would be sitting on the couch. They would start yelling at her, cursing, and slapping. She was *not* into it.

They ripped her clothes off, slapped her around some more, took off their own clothes and forcefully rubbed their pussy in her face.

Then, and this is the vile part, they held her down, forcefully opened her mouth and threw up into it. Let me just say that when they stripped, I said to Simeon, "Damn, they're hot. But why are their bellies so distended?" Well, when I tell you that the greenish corn chowder vomit came out like a hose, I mean it was projectile with gusto.

They each took their turns on her, some fitting their whole fist down throat, up comes the rain to wash the spider out. You know what

I'm saying folks, I don't need to spell it out for you. And then rubbing their pubes all in it, with her face ... ugh. That was hard to write. Even harder to see. After watching the whole thing, shit would have been welcome. The images gave me nightmares ... sharing helps.

Other than that my Brooklyn experience was top-notch, I saw a high school friend for the first time in 11 years! Winter break in general was good, a mix of sleeping in and doing psychedelics amongst the backyard apple trees. Built some 4 stroke engines (coupled to a jet propulsion system) to pay the bills, and had those six-hour friendship-renewing rituals of hops and bong resin with old, old friends.

Damn, did I mention I love my friends?

Some of them came to visit me my first day back. Apparently, some of the guys upstairs spent \$650 on a popular fantasy: two strippers for our friend's bachelor party.

One last fling before the ring.

The strippers, one a butter face, were supposed to perform ass-to-ass, made infamous in the climax to *Requiem for a Dream*.

"They didn't do it!" He sighed heavy, searching. "Instead one chick just put a condom on his foot, and then sort of fucked it."

He called the head office, and they told him to call the girls and complain. Yeah right.

Bogger gave the butter face a \$20 by accident, and almost plucked change from her crack.

Another fantasy fulfilled.

Much more to divulge, but it will have to wait for next time. Adieu.

Dear Amberly Jane,

I have a bit of a problem. For years I've been masturbating without issue. Yet lately, I got a girlfriend. She's given me head, hand-jobs, and we've had sex, but I haven't cum. No matter how hard she and I try, eventually I just settle on spanking it while she waits, or she maybe helps out. She hasn't cum either, in case you're wondering, but I'm selfish enough that I'd prefer you just answer my question. What's up with that? Why am I able to cum by myself but not when she's doing it?

-Semen in Suspense (Feel very fuckin' free to give me a better name)

Dear Semen,

What's up indeed.

Practice, practice that hang-up away.

I used to know a strange guy vying for an FBI job to bring them down from the inside. He could only have sex in his special chair. It was, of course, the chair he sat in while choking it to double penetration shots. No matter where else he tried to shoot, that flag would not fly. Not in the shower. The bed. Well, you get the idea.

I told him to keep practicing with his girl, and eventually, they popped when no one expected it. Don't focus on it, and the more comfortable you are together, the more likely

Ask Amberly Jane

she is to have an orgasm as well. (Editor's note: This letter was received pre-winter break, and a little birdie told me these days, rocks are popping all over the place.)

Dear Amberly Jane,

Have you ever gone to the Metropolitan museum? What a place! Being among all those exotic artifacts, I wanted to take my clothes off (is that wrong?)

I was there only last week and I was walking through the galleries. Some of the things I saw there were Knights in armor, and ancient Sumerian arm bands and bracelets made of pure gold, old furniture from the French Court in the 17th century, a beautiful collection of mummies and artifacts from Ancient Egypt, and I saw the tail end of the Fra Angelico exhibit with golden gilt paintings of Christ and the Virgin (he was little and on her lap).

It was all so beautiful.

At the Ancient Egypt exhibit, they took

a real temple from ancient Egypt and brought it over stone by stone and reconstructed it inside. Among the real mummies and the golden statues, and the chariots (and the horsehair whips) I saw myself, with you painted in gold dust and your eyes drawn in kohl, like the girls from the temples and had scarab fantasies about my wooden cock in, between your golden legs, at your most precious scarab.

When I was in the French Court Gallery there was a bedroom from one of the palaces, I saw the massive stone fireplace and the huge four poster bed that belonged to King Louis XIV. I imagined a big fire and having before been to the Fra Angelico exhibit, I saw you on the bed (with me under you) and you were wearing the blue and white tunic (white under the blue, for purity) and I was playing 'Dirty Mary' with you and the kohl from Ancient Egypt had ran down the cheeks on your golden face. Your holy garb was open to the waist and I was sucking milk out of your breasts like baby Jesus. You made me.

Am I wrong to want to fuck there, and want to wear and rub and smell those beautiful ancient things around me?

Love, Imhotep

Imhotep,

What imagery! I haven't been seduced like that since I was 19 and my professor described me as the jewel within the lotus.

The bed is inviting, and the horsehair whips must not go to waste.

-AJ

Dear Amberly Jane,

I was at Starbucks once, reading over a paper. When, in through to break my concentration, I heard two girls talking in baby-talk. I lifted my head to catch these two hot Barbie kittens cooing and gurgling in sexy squeals. I felt blood rush to my head and in a swirl I saw them playing on my bed in panties and t-shirts, each wearing a cotton terry bib, and me spoon-

feeding them babyfood out of those little jars, and getting it all over their lips to spill onto the bib.

They made a babyfood mess on themselves and each watched the other have a pee-pee 'accident' and giggle in their warm glee. And so it was time for a sudsy bubble-bath. Off came the dirty (soaked) items and into the hamper, and out came the soft bar of soap to clean their wet tan skin, and a new razor for a steamy shave of their legs and under their arms and not to forget their most important 'other bits'.

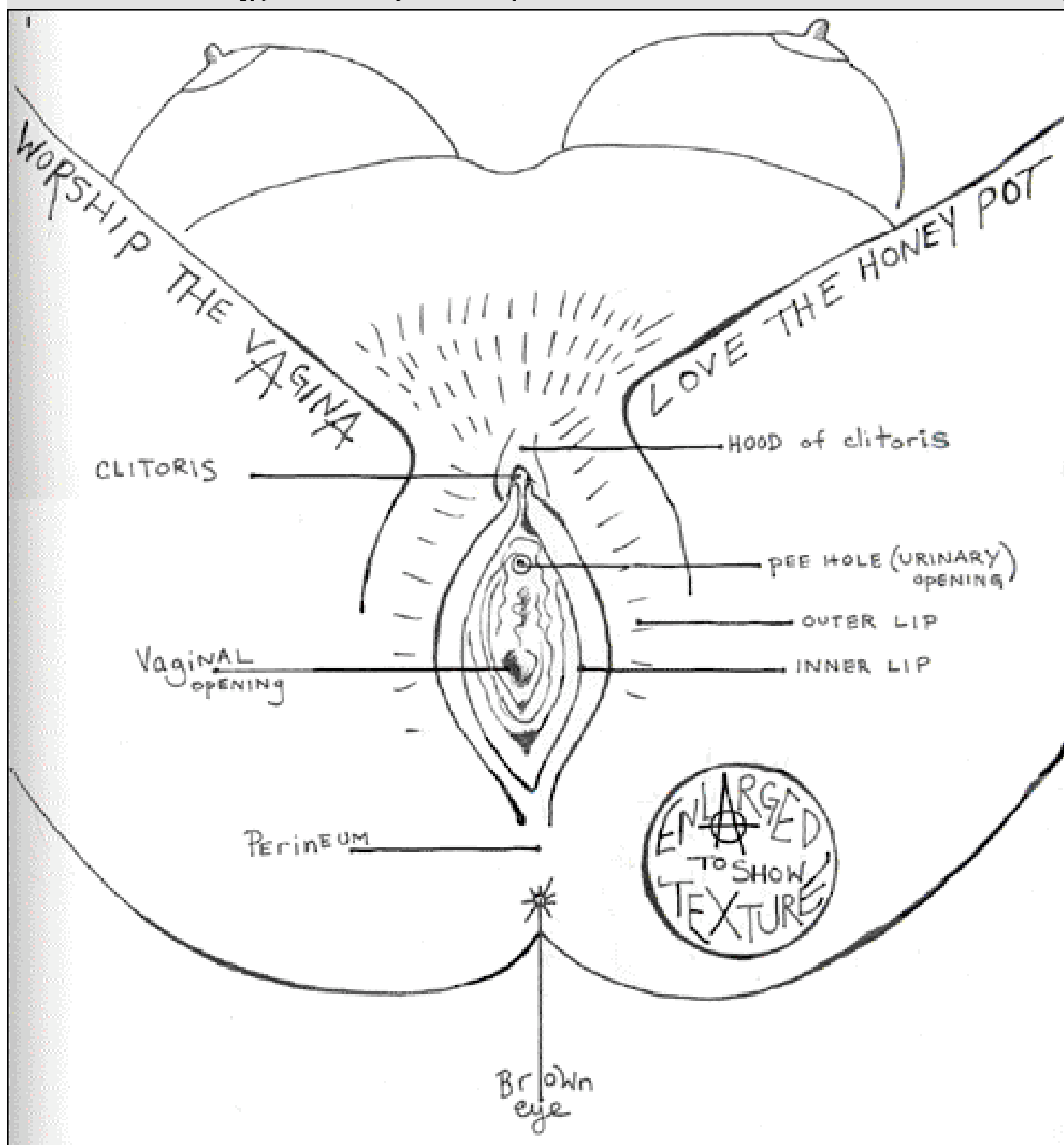
After that wonderful wet fun, I then dried them both with big plush warm towels and painted their clean toes with nail polish. Exhausted from all that bath-time playing, the two grown baby-talking girls got tucked in under a thick, down-filled duvet that smelled clean with bleach, for a nap. I then turned the lights out in their room as they slept warm and cozy, cuddled together, and returned to my reading.

With love from Daddy

Daddy,
You are sick and I love it.

**AmberlyJane@
hotmail.com**

Embrace the chaos.



The Reformation in Central Kentucky Scintillates

By James Messina

I'm glad to be back at the helm of the article that has galvanized the campus to learn more about cryptography. I'm sure you are, too, adoring public. Don't deny it – I really am that brilliant... and skilled. And sexy, too. And delusional. Yeah. So, to arrive at some sort of point, I had an enjoyable break, but not one that was as devoted to cryptology as it should have been. Therefore, I come to you in a dearth of knowledge, but fear not! I shall write despite a clear lack of expertise.

I'm relatively confident that provided I don't end up becoming an institution at this institution, I can continue to churn out articles. Cryptography has a surprising breadth and, to interested parties, it's quite fascinating. Which isn't to say you're interested, but if you've come this far, sit back and learn a bit about polygraphic substitution ciphers.

Now we're entering into the big leagues. As well, we're entering into a world I may not be equipped to delve into. I'm currently approaching the line between academic and practicable cryptography. Academic cryptography largely relies on computer algorithms for encryption and decryption, and takes some computational muscle far beyond that of the average Joe. Devising these algorithms and finding flaws in them is also a feat far beyond the average Joe, requiring a comprehensive and advanced knowledge of mathematics and computing. It's quite a bit trickier than seeing how many times a digraph crops up. Practicable cryptography can be generally defined as encryption and decryption routines that can be performed by an individual without a strong mathematical background in a reasonable amount of time by hand.

Having warned you that my knowledge subsequent to this point tapers dramatically, I continue. Polygraphic substitution is a method where two or more letters are encrypted together. This differs from monoalphabetic substitution, which has been used so far, like so: In monoalphabetic substitution, A = B, or B = 11, etc. In polygraphic substitution, AB might equal CX, or anything else, depending upon the operation performed. The beauty of polygraphic substitution is that this same digraph AB could later become DM in the same message. Monoalphabetic substitution using a system like the Vigenère cipher could also feature a letter having more than one equal in its encrypted form, but in terms of security, most polygraphic systems are superior.

It seems my explanations are somewhat nebulous, so it is my reckoning the best way to tell you about polygraphic substitution is to show you. This issue, I shall focus on a

digraphic system called the Playfair cipher. The Playfair cipher was devised in 1854 by a man named Charles Wheatstone, and it received its name due to its advocacy by his friend Lord Playfair. It was used by the British in the Boer War and World War I, but was "cracked" in 1914. The Playfair cipher is considered a good cipher for field implementation. It can be taught to almost anyone in a matter of minutes but, despite this ease of use, it is relatively difficult to decrypt.

The Playfair cipher works thusly. A 5-by-5 table is constructed, and a key word agreed upon. Now, because the English lan-



Now's the time on Sprockets when we pretend we have titties, Courtesy of the glowing funny-box

guage is comprised of 26 letters, and the table has only 25 squares, the letter "Q" is dropped by convention. Having noted this, we proceed. The keyword is then filled into the table in any agreed-upon pattern, such as filling it in left to right or right to left, or down then up, etc. It is important to eliminate any letters that repeat themselves. For example, the keyword "lobotomy" becomes "lobtmy" when filled into the table, because the letter "o" appears three times. Below is an example using the key "whore stool".

W	H	O	R	E
S	T	L	A	B
C	D	F	G	I
J	K	M	N	P
U	V	X	Y	Z

To encrypt the phrase "Now is the time on sprockets", do the following. Break the

phrase into digraphs, like so: "XN OW IS TH ET IM EO NS PR OC KE TS". If the message contains an odd number of letters, add the letter "X" to the beginning. Similarly, if two letters repeat, like the two "o"'s in bloom, then replace the second letter with "X". The digraph becomes "OX". If the letters appear on the same row of the table, like "LA", replace them with the letters to their respective rights, i.e. "AB". If you were to do this for the letter "B", simply wrap around to the left of the same row, getting "S". If the letters are in the same column, go to the letters directly beneath, going to the top of the column if the desired letter is the bottom of the column, in a manner similar to that described for rows. Thus, the digraph "MX" becomes "XO". If the letters are neither in the same row nor column, then they will form a rectangle with their corners. Take the first letter and replace it with the letter in the same row that will form a corner with it in this rectangle. Repeat for the second, bearing in mind the order this is done in is of cardinal importance, and not to switch it. To encrypt the digraph "DP", look to the rectangle it would form. "D" would be "I", and "P" would be "K". Decryption is just the reverse of this process, taking into account that most 'X's will be extraneous.

So, using the example at the beginning of the paragraph, "Now is the time on sprockets", we get "YM RH CB DT HB FP WR JA NE WF PH LT". Tada.

PUZZLE THE 7th:

Ah, the most puzzling puzzle of all. Another elusive invisible one. The solution, my friends, is inside of all of us. Or some such nonsense. I didn't bother with a puzzle last time, remember?

PUZZLE THE 8th:

19/11 7/5 8/7 AZM\$ 32/19 40/23 16/11 4/5 20/13 #NT3 17/10 20/11 1 [R]SD 5/4 28/17 26/23 XL? 3/2 92/49 8/5 5/3 112/59 29/16 ~XM@ 0 44/25 52/29 16/9 ...

Not to toot my own horn, but I'm quite proud of this one. It's pretty devious. I feel a bit guilty; in all honesty for the message to stand a reasonable chance of being cracked, it should be longer, but I haven't the patience to go through the algorithm that much. Rest assured, I shall reveal its secret next article, and you shall be amazed. Then again, probably not.

iRate

A Macintosh Column by Joe Rios



Hello Apple users and curious onlookers! Welcome to iRate, the new column focused entirely on Apple products and services.

First on the examination table (hope you brought the gloves) is the brand new line of Macs with Intel chips. After introducing the new members of the Mac family, we'll get into the significance of it all...

Selling alongside with the Power PC iMac G5 is the new iMac with Intel. It looks exactly like the old iMac, but don't let its looks fool you: this iMac packs a powerful punch, estimated at twice the power of the iMac G5. It sports a built in iSight camera, and comes with Bluetooth and Airport Extreme standard. Of course, running it all is the operating system we all know and love.

The new "Big-Daddy" of apple laptops is the entirely new MacBook Pro. The MacBook Pro runs the new Intel dual core, bringing the estimated performance to FOUR TIMES the power of its predecessor, the Powerbook G4. This 15.4-inch powerhouse also includes and iSight camera, Apple remote, standard 128 MB

video (upgradable to 256MB), Airport, Bluetooth, lighted keyboard, and more.

These two new Macs are allegedly the most powerful computers Apple has to offer, but they will cost you. The MacBook Pro starts at \$1,999.00 for the 1.67GHz model, and whopping \$2,499.00 for the 1.83GHz model. The iMac with Intel starts at \$1,299.00 for the 17-inch model. The larger, and slightly more powerful, iMac weighs in at 20 inches, and will run you \$1,699.00.

So yes, it's shiny and powerful, but before you run out to get one, take a few things into consideration:

1) Certain programs are not compatible with the new processors. Versions of programs like Final Cut Pro, designed for Power PC, will not work. Apple is, however, offering a "cross over upgrade" for certain programs. Other manufacturers are factoring the new processors into future releases.

2) Most regular programs like Safari, iTunes, and others, will work just fine; in fact most of your programs will work thanks to the

Rosetta Emulator built into the Intel version of OS X.

3) There is no Virtual PC for the new Intel Mac, and Microsoft has not said whether or not they will build one. Rumor has it that perhaps the new version of Windows, Vista, will be able to run without VPC. (I'm hoping for that one!)

4) This is the first version of a new technology, and despite Apple's dedication to quality, random bugs are likely and almost certain.

Taking all of that into consideration, if you are a power Mac user who needs their programs to work 100% perfect, you might want to wait as much as a year. If you are someone who wants an ultra-powerful Mac, and want to be on the cutting edge, the "MacTels" are just right for you. Retail availability is limited, but if you want one sooner, you can purchase them from www.apple.com.

The War on Terror takes a brutal new turn...

Neverland

Voices From The Muslim Holocaust

Read it now at: www.geocities.com/ironfistoffreedom

Johnny Samson and His New Friends

By Boston's Own Matt Willemain

And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him. (Judges 16:19)

Johnny Damon is officially excused. He could play for the Iranians and I would still love him. As far as I'm concerned, everyone who had one late season call up, ninth inning at bat for the 2004 Red Sox gets a free pass and a half. I've got pictures of Earl Snyder and Jimmy Anderson on my wall. Eighty-six years, and you're ready to turn on the guy just because he betrayed all that is good to take up the sword for evil incarnate?

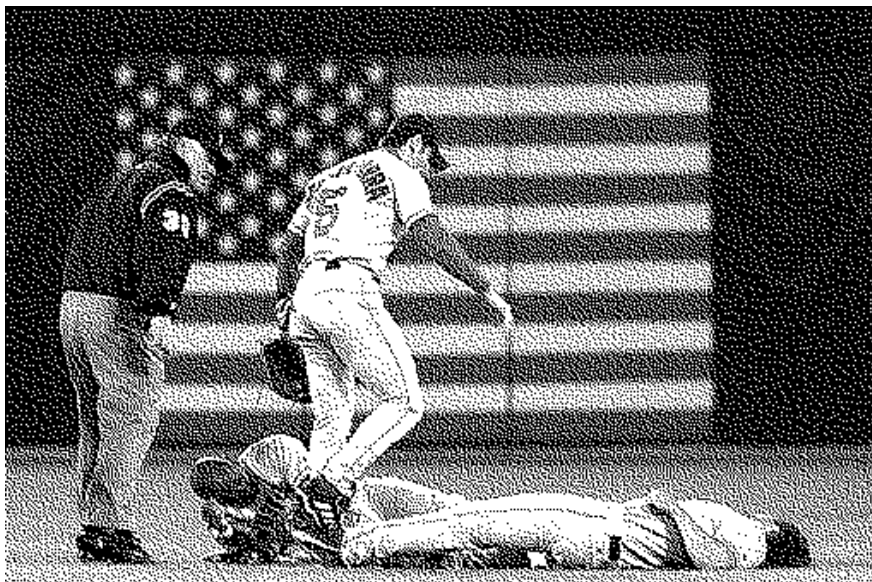
Come on Red Sox fans, the team didn't really want him in the long term, and the Yankees did. As ESPN's Sports Guy has pointed out repeatedly, baseball team management, and baseball fans are a lot less loyal to players than players are expected to be to their teams. It was Johnny's time to go. But we'll always have ALCS Game Four, staring down the barrel of a sweep, when Johnny and the Lansdowne crowd played I-don't-want-this-fucking-potato with A-Rod's first-blood homerun ball. That was one of the best moments in the whole Championship run.

That being said, I'm pretty excited about his inevitable decline in performance. And I'm totally going to boo him. Boo Johnny Damon! But, honestly, the haircut, the shave, putting up with Steinbrenner—hasn't he punished himself enough?

So now it's out there. I don't really despise every Yankee. What went wrong? Was it the move to upstate New York at the still vulnerable age of seven? Was it the late-developing interest in the game (I didn't really pay any attention to the "kids game" of baseball until the '99 playoffs), which deprived me of those defining childhood moments? Actually, I think I'm ok, you're ok, Yankees suck. I think you can respect a few of the Yankees and still hate the uniform. Rationalization firmly in place, let's open the floodgates of sedition. Here's my take on the Yankee roster: the Good, the Bad and the Ugly (Jorge Posada looks like a

rat. Don't even try to pretend it's not true, New Yorkers.)

Yankees I hate? Pavano and Wright are overrated. A-Rod, what a clown. He signs that contract with Texas and then he gives up because he wants to be ostentatiously victorious without having to work hard for it. His career is perfectly captured by that bullshit slap play from Game 6. How's he going to let talking heads bully him out of playing for the juggernaut Dominican Republic in the World



Cut Johnny some slack, he's probably still suffering from that head injury, Courtesy of the 2003 ALDS

Baseball Classic (talk about a murderer's row)? Also, I'm still a little annoyed about last year's MVP race. But the Yankee I hate most of all is Sheffield. He's got that flammable combination of dangerous skill and a loose, belligerent tongue. It was endearing in Pedro Martinez, because he was a good guy, but Sheff pisses me off. Remember, after Game 3, he said, "They're a walking disaster. They act like they're tough, how they care so much about winning, but it's all a front. They're just a bunch of characters." Actually, in retrospect, that's pretty hilarious. Still—Sheff—I hate that guy.

Uh, oh, that was a short paragraph. I better keep it real brief during...

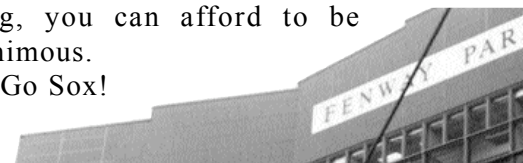
Yankees I like? Al Leiter's debut start for the Yankees last year after getting booted from Florida was amazing, frustratingly, and he's good in the broadcast booth, too. In fact, starting pitchers 7-12 for the Yankees last year

all earned my grudging regard. Hideki Matsui is just damn good—I was real excited there, for a minute, when I heard his agent wasn't getting along with Steinbrenner. Tanyon Sturtz also amazes me, he was great when it counted, and to kick ass for the Yankees when you grew up a Red Sox fan has got to be particularly hard to do. You've got to love Mariano Rivera, for being the best guy at his job *ever*, and for knowing exactly when, and against who, to fall to pieces. Mike Myers gets the Johnny Damon get-out-of-being-hated-free card detailed above. I guess the biggest surprise is that I don't hate Derek Jeter.

It wasn't always that way. I remember loathing Derek Jeter. He was the anti-Nomar. But Nomar's two teams removed, and in his late period with the Sox he wasn't really the unofficial captain he was back when Nomar vs. Jeter was salient. I think Jeter's Saturday Night Live appearance was a turning point. He was real game, both for the hilarious Weekend Update debate in which Seth Myers represented the position "Derek Jeter sucks" and Derek Jeter argued for "No, I don't" (best editorial point-counterpoint since The Onion's Humidifier vs. Dehumidifier), and for the "Derek Jeter looks like if The Rock had sex with a muppet" bit. Plus he plays hard. Regardless of the unfortunate outcome, that epic game where Jeter went face-first into the seats was a great contest, exactly what I want to see when I tune in. That was a good ballgame, because of the intensity of players like Jeter.

Don't get me wrong, I still hate the Yankees. I'm cocoo for Coco Crisp. I'm ready for another Sox World Series. But give Johnny a break—it's not like we need him on the team to win. We don't need a homerun-hitting shortstop. We don't need any steroid sluggers. When you've got the most dangerous 3-4 hitters in baseball, ace defense and improved pitching, you can afford to be magnanimous.

Go Sox!



iRate

The Stony Brook Press

Meetings + Wed + 1 PM + Union 060



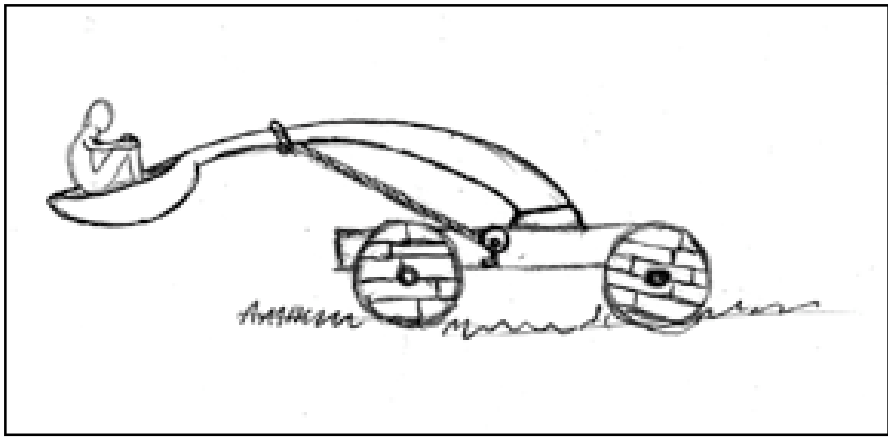
Die Well

By James Messina

that's my plan. I don't have the balls to die, because I think it will suck. But if I did, oh, I'd die alright. And I'd go out like a badass. Now to the drawings.

(Drawing of magnifying glass)

This is a magnifying glass. Look up the Archimedes Death Ray. That's how I got the idea,



I've got pictures for this article. I'm going to write it. There's not much to say. I don't much like it, but fuck, I drew the pictures, right? Death. Yeah, that's a good starter. If you live, and you want to make a mark, you have to work hard. For years. Fuck that. If you die, that's just an instant, and it's just as good. You'll still get remembered. So

so it loses points on originality. It's also a logistical nightmare. Imagine making a magnifying glass that big. So, fuck that. On to the next one.

(Drawing of boobies)

Another good death. By asphyxiation. By giant stripper titty. You die like a man, you grin like an idiot. Doesn't get much better, in truth. The memorability of this death isn't too great, but there's no sense complaining about giant titties.

(Drawing of plunger to soup)

I noticed the first two drawings I made were death by one giant apparatus or other, and that seemed a mite unfair. My next death is by many minute apparatuses. A giant hydraulic or spring-powered plunger launches me forward into a latticework of very thin metal cable. I am cubed and made into soup. Trust me, when the news came out you had yourself some Soylent Messina, you'll be remembered for some time to come. I like this one better than the first two, but not as much as the finale.

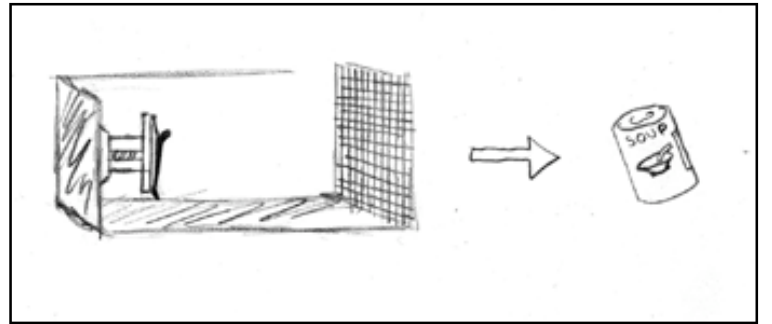
(Drawing of catapult)

This is the good shit. A giant catapult. This one is my favorite by far. Think of this. Suicide by jumping off a tall building or precipice? It's been done. And a giant catapult wouldn't be too original, right, just an extension of this idea? WRONG!



That's right, bitches, this one is brilliant. When someone dies after committing suicide from some height, it comes a surprise, but it's not implausible. After all, there's some shit above you - that's obviously where your corpse came from. But with the giant catapult to aid me, I could scare the shit out of people. That motherfucker launches me a country mile and I land in the middle of a crowded boardwalk. Confusion ensues, as people try to find where I came from. And you can't. I'll make the books for sure.

So that's about it. I don't really want to die, but when I do, it's a fucking catapult.



Railroad Earth - *Elko* Continued...

By Lukasz Chelminski

Continued from page 28

player will give you a similar experience. Except you're not high and instead of getting into the music you'll kind of zone out and may actually die in a fiery car accident. That is if it's really good, which it isn't, because I'm still alive. My girlfriend drove half the time, although she turned the CD off after 5 minutes. Apparently she wasn't zoning out. She doesn't like jam bands either.

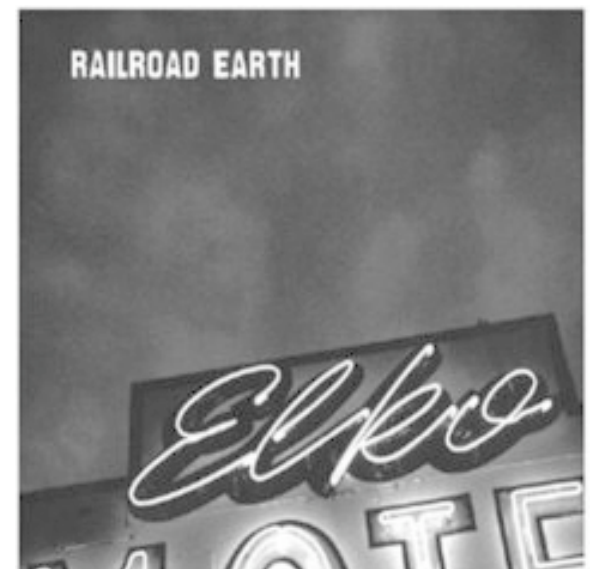
I should mention that *Elko* is a 2 disc long live set. I think it could have used more (or any) on-stage banter, some kind of hi-jinks going on, or something. You can barely tell that it is live except for the intermittent applause at the beginnings and/or ends of some tracks. Did I mention that it fills two compact discs? It clocks in at just under two hours and five minutes. That's also a grand total of 12

(twelve) tracks. I will leave the math to the readers' capable hands.

I'm kind of confused as to why jam bands release stuff that isn't live anyway. It's kind of how Plato has that whole thing about imitation. A studio recording of a jam band is just one step further from the real thing. But enough philosophy, sheesh. This should be the standard. I guess this release has a kind of standard thing going on. I'll let you be the judge of whether that is a good thing or a bad thing. It is not unpleasant to have on and unobtrusive, uh....

In my jam-band-disliking-opinion, this is par for the course. If you like this kind of stuff, give it a listen. There's some slim pick-ins nowadays, mu-ah-haha. It isn't bad, but it isn't really scintillating. Some songs are cool to cruise down the road to, though. Rich textures and all that: Ok great, any jam band

worth the smelly rags they call their clothing is brimming with musically talented members. The challenge is creating something that stands out.



The Legacy of Dude

By David K. Ginn

This is the next (and last) story in the ongoing saga of Dude. This story deals with an ancient prophecy, and the extreme measures taken to fulfill it. I warn you that in this story there are SPOILERS for the rest of the story, so if you don't want to be spoiled about this story don't read this story.

BonoCactusBird I was having a bad day. He called his friend, Julia (SPOILER: she dies by the end of the story). Julia said she could not entertain him on that lonely Sunday, nor could she entertain the notion of large corporations merging under one title yet somehow prevailing as undetected corporate monopolies. BonoCactusBird I was very

upset, but refused to show it. The reason he refused to show it was that Julia lived twenty miles away, and that was an awful long trip just to show someone how angry you are. Thus, he merely told her how he felt.

Also, the many expletives and incoherent grunting sounds certainly helped the message along.

Julia was sad.

No one really cared.

As a matter of fact, I don't really care, either. This story is boring the hell out of me, even as I'm writing it. I'm also trying to think of the appropriate time and circumstance under which to kill Julia, but I'm coming up blank. I suppose her death should be at the hands of the one who truly ordered the kill.

Julia was just about to calm her miseries by eating lots of Dutch chocolate when suddenly the author became bored with her character and decided to kill her. Detectives, who arrived at the scene later, were dumb-



Farewell, BonoCactusBird I. Who is that on your back?
Courtesy of wherever the hell Matt got this picture

founded. This was clearly not their favorite story.

BonoCactusBird I flew to a nearby store to get a flavored Icee. There were many people there, and their natural reactions to a bird/cactus/man-full-of-regret-and-longing threatened to compromise the credibility of the story. The author took measures into his own hands and deleted those people from the narrative. Detectives, who suspect foul play in the mysterious disappearances, are asking all readers to be on the lookout for a violent and unforgiving villain wielding a backspace key.

Those detectives, who now compromise the pacing of the story, have been hit with a jurisdictional mandate preventing them from appearing at any later point in the narrative.

BonoCactusBird I bought his flavored Icee from a scared and stereotypically depicted Middle Eastern clerk who had seen this sort of thing all the time back home. Thus, credibility was established (SPOILER: the Middle Eastern clerk wins the Halo 2 online championships before the end of the story).

Seeing no other way to reveal the previous spoiler within the context of future events, the Middle Eastern Clerk closes shop immediately and rushes home to fulfill his destiny as quickly as possible. After winning the championships, he disappears, as he has no other useful purpose in this story.

BonoCactusBird I flew to a land in the clouds known as Cumulusia, but, in finding out this place had been abandoned in order to build a stratus night club, he leapt back to the earth and eventually fell to his death.

Thus, the ancient prophecy was fulfilled: that from the depths of a terrible story shall arise a story even more terrible, and that upon completion it will die, spawning only a few mediocre spin-offs.

(SPOILER: the following is a spoiler)

(SPOILER: no, it's really not)

American - Do You Speak It?

By Michael Savino

This relatively new language is known for being the bastardization of clichéd English and ignorance. Words are often perishable according to nothing as sophisticated as applicability, but rather bow down to herd mentality. Dialect has been replaced by style. Style can accurately said to be rooted in one's musical preference more strongly than location. Some styles include speaking from the side of the mouth. In popular usage – this being the only pure usage – there is a dearth of words not pertaining to “coolness”, “uncoolness”, or

fashion. Such idiotic phrases as “This War has gone too far...” are commonly uttered.

Briefly, I will now juxtapose American Materialism with German Idealism.

First, it needs be clarified that American Materialism is not namely in opposition to a dualistic philosophy; rather, it is simply void of, or opposed to, ideas (or concepts) of any kind. In other words, it is antagonistic to thought.

American Materialism is therefore American Idealism.

In German Idealism, the material world, in a loose sense, is nothing. American Idealism, however, posits it as *everything*.

German Idealism tends to emphasize the complexity of man or perhaps his individuality, while American Idealism is trend mentality.

German Idealism has received significant contributions from Immanuel Kant and Arthur Schopenhauer. Some contemporary contributors to American Idealism have been Flava Flav and Britney Spears.

Chill Fest opening of school activities began with new student check-ins and orientations, and continue through February 28. **Photographer Jan T. Nowicki** captured candid of several Chill Fest events from this past weekend: a Kumdo exhibition in the Student Activities Center, a tightly contested swim meet between Stony Brook and visiting Binghamton Bearcats, and the Inter-Fraternity and Sorority Council's Pajama Jam. A full schedule of ongoing Chill Fest activities is online at <http://www.sunysb.edu/sb/newstudents/nschill.shtml>.



Stiffs, Inc. - *Electric Chair Theater Presents*

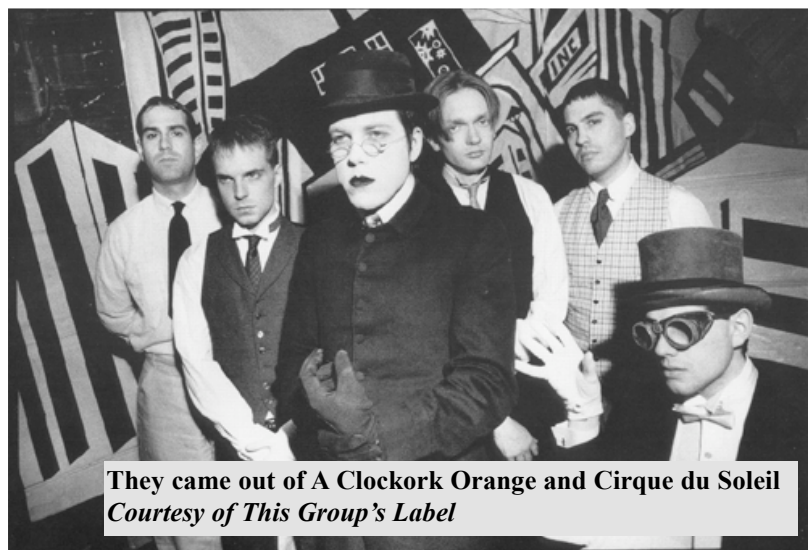
By Madeline Scheckter

Continued from page 29

cially resurface (myspace.com/stiffsinc). Perhaps this increased interest prompted the re-release of *Electric Chair Theatre Presents* in January. Nearly ten years after it was released, the climate is finally right for *ETC*. This may have to do with global warming, but it needs more study. Nevertheless, but in fact all the more, it is thus my moral obligation, my civic duty, and my extreme pleasure to tell you to go buy *ETC*. From beginning to end, this album is clever without being obnoxious, intelligent without being pretentious, and incredibly weird without being annoying or trite. Musically, the general consensus is that they paved the way for bands like Franz Ferdinand, The Decemberists, The Stokes, et cetera.

There are a million reasons for a person to buy this album. I have neither the time, nor the patience, nor the print space to list all of them. First, the songs are full of interesting references both literary and cinematic. These references provide not only hours of fun when one tries to figure them out, but also an enjoyable sense of futility, uselessness, and cultural ignorance. Second, *ETC* syncs up with the Kino, International release of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* far better than Pink Floyd ever did with *The Wizard of Oz*. The

songs' subjects somehow reflect what is happening in the film, characters move to the music. It is truly the most brilliant of coincidences. Third, the songs are so layered, one is tempted to bandy about words like "genius," but one realizes that is socially irresponsible.



They came out of A Clockwork Orange and Cirque du Soleil
Courtesy of This Group's Label

The entire album is wonderful; it inspires feelings of wonder and dread. According to my O.E.D., that means *Electric Chair Theatre Presents* is truly freakin' awesome.

It is standard in reviews to point to stand-out tracks. It seems frivolous to do that with an album I think is better than cheesecake, but what the hell, I'll talk about three songs that offer more pleasure in their compa-

ny than most people do. "Gold Diggers of 1996" is delightfully satisfying in lyrical complexity. Musically, it has enough layers to seduce but not so many that it becomes confusing. Also, it has some lyrics in Pig Latin, which is charming. As the first full-length track, it draws the listener in building and building and coming to a sudden stop. After this track, one cannot help wanting to hear the rest of the album (multiple times, if possible). "Caligari Wonders" sounds like its namesake. There is a fine line between who is mad and who is not, and the fantastic instrumental work truly gives the impression of that grey line as the music mimics a loss of control. Finally, "Richard" closes out the album. It makes references to *Richard III*, and Shakespeare is, in fact, pretty damn cool thankyouvery-much. This song has always given me a knot in my stomach, and a song with the power to do that is certainly worth listening to.

One is may hear songs at Stiffs, Inc's myspace site, and one can purchase the album at <http://cdbaby.com/cd/stiffsinc>. As of this time, Stiffs, Inc insist that they are still broken up, but perhaps one day they'll call us music fans back. We *have* been perfectly charming, after all.

DEATH EGG ZONE