

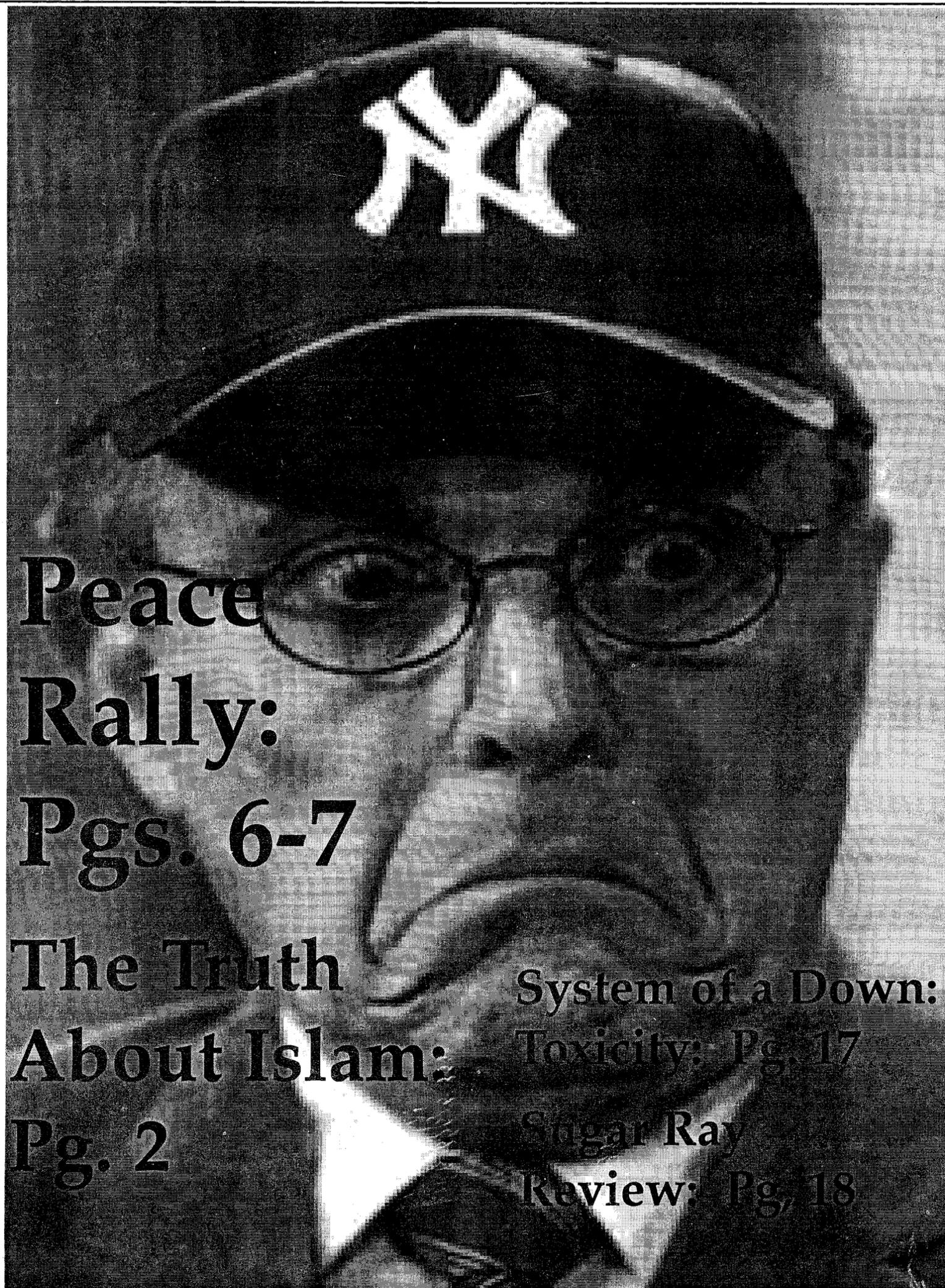
THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIII, Issue 4

"Damn I'm ugly!"

October 31, 2001



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The Truth About Islam and the Food of Islam

By Jamie Mignone

I am an atheist. I was asked to attend The Truth About Islam: An Educational Forum on October twenty third. I said, "No." I was told that there would be food at this event. I said, "What time?" and I went. And I ate the food.

I ate the food after three hours of lectures and a brief question and answer period. The speakers included Dr. Mudhafar of the Muslim American Society, Mr. Ghazi Khankan, the Executive Director of the Council on American Islamic Relations in New York, and Mr. Arshad Majid, an attorney and an alumnus of Stony Brook. They all said several words of greeting that I didn't understand. I had no problem with that; the language barrier doesn't stop hunger.

Dr. Mudhafar addressed the audience first with a speech about the main points of Islam. He explained that Islam is an Abrahamic faith. I'm not interested in faith, but I'll listen to a man who gives me food, so I was told that being an Abrahamic faith means that Islam is related to Judaism and Christianity, which I had already renounced. I hoped that the food would be better than matzo ball soup, or a communion wafer or other food that I've encountered in a religious context. So Abraham had these kids named Ishmael and Isaac who are the ancestors of the prophets Jesus, Moses, and Muhammad. Muhammad was begot by someone who was begot by an ancestor of Ishmael, while the others are results of Isaac's begetting-it-on. All parties mentioned above are revered by Muslims, thus explaining the term Abrahamic.

Despite my fear of traditional foods, I stayed. Muhammad, I was told, was born in Makkah (or Mecca) in the Middle Ages. He was mindin' his own business when the archangel Gabriel was sent by God to follow him around and tell him what to do for the rest of his life. I felt sorry for the guy. It must have been like having a TA making sure you're not cheating during a midterm exam by standing directly behind you until you finish. Then I learned that Gabriel was with him for twenty-three whole years before the prophet left this world. This was all written down and titled the Qur'an (Koran).

So this poor guy has to walk around Saudi Arabia doing God's will without a moment of privacy and he lays the foundation for one of the world's most popular religions. He tells his followers that if they declare their faith, go to Mecca, pray, give to charity, and fast for a month every year, they're goin' to heaven. I wasn't too keen on fasting, but everything else seemed a much better alternative to the Catholicism that was shoved down my throat. Another point made in the Koran that I truly respect is in passage 2:256. It states, "There is no compulsion in religion. Truth stands out clearly from falsehood; whoever rejects evil and believes in God has grasped the strongest rope that never breaks." Aside from the, "and believes in God" part, this passage reflects a sound moral

philosophy. It also means that nobody will knock on my door at five-thirty a.m. on a Sunday to ask if I've "accepted Muhammad as my slaver, err, I mean savior," like some OTHER religions (YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE, AND IF YOU EVER WAKE ME UP AGAIN, YOU CAN BE SURE AS SHIT YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!).

Dr. Mudhafar explained the four main sources of knowledge of Islam. The first non-food knowledge source is the Koran. When the answer to one's questions is not found in the Koran, a Muslim will look to Muhammad and follow his example from records of Muhammad's life. If one still cannot find a way to solve a conflict, the historical precedent is examined, much like the US's legal system or English common law. If you're still left in the dark, it's up to you and your best judgment. It was within my best judgment to eat food, but I still had much to learn.

The media, Dr. Mudhafar said, have found it necessary to find a way to intimidate the people. He believes that since the fall of communism, terrorists have become the target of media hype after years of red scare. The media's association of Islam to terrorist groups he says is a fallacy. "Terrorism has no religion, terrorism is terrorism."

The next topic was war. Islam = no killing. Speech = not eating.

Mr. Khankan took the podium and started his presentation with a video entitled The Gift of Islam, which explained important Muslim contributions to society. The astrolabe, dome and vault construction, medical advancement, and several examples of art and architecture were given in this video, but to my dismay, there was no mention of culinary expertise. Mr. Khankan explained that textbooks leave out a thousand years or so between the fall of Rome to the renaissance when the dominant world civilization was Islamic. I wondered what was missing from our cookbooks.

He also had something to say about US foreign policy. He said that before taking military action, the president should have gone through the international court of justice. "By bombing, we are not making friends in the world." The repercussions of acting in haste will make more enemies, if anything. By not consulting the international court, terrorist leaders will have another supplement to their hate campaign.

The final speaker before dinner was Mr. Arshad Majid. His experience here at Stony Brook was during the time of the Persian Gulf War with Iraq. He encountered the same media nonsense that we have the privilege of experiencing now; a vibrant little screen that barks out blurbs of uninformed bias and pretty little pictures of how neatly the bombs pulverize Arab buildings. In astonishment, Mr. Majid contacted media sources to ask why they would be so ignorant of Islamic culture. He was told that there were no established contacts with the Muslim community. He then made it his

personal mission to provide them. He set up correspondence between the media and successful Muslims to prevent such misrepresentation in the future. Turn on CNN. It didn't work.

Mr. Majid got into government as an assistant district attorney. He urges other Muslims to do the same; to permeate American society and to find positions of power and to prevent ignorance and stereotyping. He encourages Muslims to seek careers in journalism, politics, and anything else that would help protect their culture. Mr. Majid says that Islamic law equates with American justice. He finds pride in participating in both cultures. It was past nine o'clock, the scheduled dinnertime. I was really hungry. Really.

I wanted food, I wanted it hours ago, and I had to wait for scary people to ask irrelevant questions about the bible and stuff. Somebody asked about the hand-cutting thief punishment. I thought it was a silly question, nobody gets their hands cut off! Mr. Khankan proved that wrong, but he clarified the issue. He said that there is a three-strike policy before the final sentencing. Someone may have to steal to feed their family and I may attend a lecture to feed myself, in such cases, the hands are spared, but outright greed gets you a few pounds taken off. I was waiting to put a few pounds on.

Finally, after hours of battling hunger and god-fearing WASPs who had to interject under their breath about the new testament or some other religious nonsense that made less sense than the subject that I was listening to...I was fed. Oh, glory, I was fed.

I was led to the Union Ballroom where tables were set with a variety of bottled soft drinks. The food waited in lovely aluminum trays with festive sterno fuel heaters that always signify the finest catering. The room smelled of exotic spices from a faraway land. I got in line. I was served some bread, then some rice with peas and slices of almond. Then some mixed vegetables in a yellow sauce were put onto my plate. It all smelled so delicious that I didn't know where to start. Last came my favorite part of every meal, the meat. It was good spiced meat, still on the bone, cooked to a tender texture...ahh, meat. I ate an entire serving before I bothered to taste the food, so I went back for more. It was good food. I was told later that the meat was goat, so as it turns out, I love goat. It doesn't taste like chicken, it tastes like goat...good. I like Muslim food, and I should have stayed to find out what it was called so I could eat some more some day.

So, Muslims don't hate anyone and they make great food. Terrorists, on the other hand, hate everyone and eat dirt. There is definitely a difference. Love Muslims and their food, and you will know the truth about Islam.

Join the Press! The Press was created in 1979 to give students a vehicle for expressing themselves in ways that other campus newspapers could not provide or would not allow. We exist for the students, and we need students to supply intelligent, well fashioned and interesting material to fill our pages. We are now looking for: news reporters, investigative journalists, theater critics, movie critics, comic artists, photographers, and graphic artists. If you would like to join the Stony Brook Press, come to a meeting. We meet every Wed. at 1:00 pm in room 060, in the basement of the Student Union. You can contact us a (631) 632-6451 or stonypress@hotmail.com.

EXPRESS YOURSELF!

JOIN THE PRESS!

Parasites, Muslims, Elections, Oh My!

By Debbie Sticher (Gambian Peacecorps Correspondant)

In light of these "tragic events of September eleventh," I could be doing better. I managed to watch live on CNN the buildings fall into obliteration. That night I dreamt of a neighbor's house collapsing from my suburban street in upstate NY. I was the second arrival at the hotel here getting ready for a swearing-in celebration, all excited to be a brand new volunteer. No more than 10 minutes into my conversation with another soon-to-be-volunteer, a waiter came up to us and informed us "they are blowing up the World Trade Center". Oh, you mean like in the process of? We ran to a TV just in time to catch the smoking buildings. And then the towers fell. The ceremony in the days that followed was somber, as gradually, we all were able to hear that friends, brothers, and mothers who worked in the building were miraculously late that day. But that's not even the beginning, now I see.

At first, there was much sympathy walking around The Gambia; people, who when they heard where I was from, would immediately offer their apologies. But now that bombs are serially being dropped on an Islamic country - something far closer to their kinship than far-removed New York - the climate has shifted. Bin Laden's picture has gone up in batiks (small bodega-like shops owned by Lebanese and Mauritians) in places. I was walking today through a soccer game of 10 year olds and one started singing this song in a native, or possibly Arabic language, which distinctly contained the words "slavery" and "Afghan." And another kid chimed in "Victorious, victorious..." They were staring me down, it was directed at me. I'd heard this song about a week before too, but I had only heard the word "slavery" that time. Again, prompted by my passing. Don't know what that means. I keep thinking I'm imagining it, but I know I'm not. It's a really weird feeling, being stared at (in the village, I was stared at as well... but there I KNEW everybody) and being called "taubaub" all the time. It means white person in a derogatory manner, kids are taught that from an early age. At first it bothered me, but I understood it. My deep down ancestors were assholes. Kunta Kinte

came from a village not too far from here. But nowadays, since some dude's called this Jihad on Americans... I understand it still, but I'd sure as fuck like to get the fuck somewhere safer. Or at least somewhere where people aren't distinctly yelling shit at me. I THINK I'm safe, that The Gambia is one of the safest places to be. But... there have been 1000's of protesters in South Africa, Kenya, Pakistan, and Indonesia marching against American policy, and effectively Americans.

There's a "rally for peace" tonight at the Banjul arch, about 100m away from where I work during the day. I don't know what that will be. I think I know what that will be. At least, I suspect it will be peaceful.

Gambians are very good Muslims, very peaceful. Besides, most people around here are concerned about the political elections, which will likely be fixed and not popularly supported, which is a whole new can of worms. People ride around in caravans in pickups waving big leaves in support of the current president (the "green party" we like to call it). All of his supporters were green. I live in the thick of the UDP yellow party. I think their jaundiced cries for democracy will be squashed, not only by the greens, but also by the five other political parties ALSO running. The reds and the blues have already consolidated into something; they're probably purple for added confusion. Most people here, you realize are illiterate peanut farmers and could give two flying fucks what happens in the capital because they are damned if any of the bazillion dollars of aid that enter into this peaceful, neutral, poorly resourced country ever reaches them anyway, at least not before simple infections of the skin kill them. Harrumph... anyway, it's going to be a big plaid mess comes Election Day, and likely in the days to follow... people will be pissed, anyway, and I'm not looking forward to that either.

I feel like a Muslim in Utah right now.

Okay, so the third thing I have gnawing at me are these damned parasites in my belly. I'm sure

they're likely the size of carpenter ants because this is Africa after all. I'm not feeling quite right, though typing this out to you has served as a profound expulsion of gas interestingly enough, so psycho-somosis (is THAT a word? It should be) may have played a role. I get so tense when someone says hello to me (which a good portion of people do, just because you're glowing White, will likely speak English, and will amusingly turn your head at the sound of it) that I'm sure my lower intestine has virtually hog-tied my kidneys, bladder, and ovaries just by doing loopy-loops from stress.

Today I told some guy I thought I was going to barf on him if I started a conversation with him (he's my new friend Smiley, a peaceful rasta who harasses me every time I go to the bank) which was pretty darn honest. Okay, that's it for now. On the upside, my job is going well and the people I work with are highly co-operative. I also work at a catholic school, so I do, admittedly, feel pretty secure there, hanging out with nuns; they're cute. I also teach computers to older teachers, mostly from Sierra Leone and Nigeria, so they have sort of a displaced haunted look about them.

Something to keep in mind:

I sat there teaching Mr. Koroma how to operate the mouse when the following dialogue occurred:

Me (as the computer is starting up): So... where you from?

Him: Sierra Leone.

Me: Have you ever used a computer before?

Him: No never. They were starting to introduce them into the urban areas, but they hadn't yet reached the provinces, where I was teaching...

Me: Oh.

Him (staring into a pocket of space about a foot in front of him): ...and then the rebels burned down my school.

Yikes.

This Essay Completely Misses the Point

By Jose Lugo

It was not "American colonialism" that killed 5,000 people at the World Trade Center, it was mid eastern religious bigots that were the killers, and the global political left then committed political suicide by making excuses for and defending the killers.

The political left has to learn one very important lesson, and that is that a bigot is a bigot no matter what the color of their skin is. If they are white, black, brown or yellow, if they are bigots then they must be stopped. And they must be stopped not just for religious or moral or legal reasons, they must be stopped for the simple reason that they will kill again if not stopped. Next time it may be even worse than the World Trade Center because if they get their hands on nuclear weapons, they will certainly use them and make the World Trade Center look minor in comparison.

It seems that the political left has fought racism to such a point that they have gone beyond reason and black or brown people have reached a saintly status where they cannot be charged with any kind of wrong-doing no matter what the crime may be; this is in fact a form of racism.

The political left has many legitimate points. The corporations that they oppose have gained too much power by using their money to influence government institutions. The result of this is low wage working people in the third world supporting a stupidly over indulgent society in the

industrialized countries; this is a situation that is inherently unstable and may yet plunge the world into a major depression. Also, the environmental destruction that the corporations are causing by dumping toxic chemicals into the environment and destroying forests must be stopped. An active anti-corporate movement involved in the democratic process is vital as a counter balance to the corporations, but this movement has self destructed by calling

for peace and understanding in a situation where killers must be stopped before they kill again.

There is no difference between the KKK, Nazi groups and the religious bigots from the mid east. Peace is certainly desirable, only a fool wants war for the glory, but we are in a situation where killers must be stopped before they kill again. And it must be realized that these religious bigots have



said many times they surely intend to kill Americans and Jews wherever possible. Clearly appropriate military action must be taken against them, peace marches are not the action required here. In fact, whenever the left demonstrates for peace in this matter, they are in fact protecting religious bigots, this clearly counters their stated ideals. I doubt if they will find much support.

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Editorial: There's Always Prostitution...

I was in the financial fucking aid office today four fucking times. It wasn't exactly a party, or even close to a celebration, though "Celebration" by Kool and the Gang was playing...again...on repeat. It's bad enough to have to beg the government for money, but to be put through that torture is inhumane.

The begging process has been turned into a long, drawn-out process that involves waiting in line, being frustrated, and a series of forms that keep lots of folks employed by the state and the university, just to sort through them. First, you must be shamed by revealing your income in a W-2 and 1040 combo. Then, one must fill out federal forms, state forms, and maybe lather, rinse, and repeat and try to get some sort of scholarship. They will offer you loans for more money than you need while conveniently neglecting to inform you how much you actually owe. Then, once you receive confirmation that you're eligible, you must sign a confirmation letter and send that piece of unnecessary scrap back to them.

Why is this process existing in

its current state? It's to discourage you from getting your tax dollars back. You work, right? Notice how certain wages are just gone; social security, medi-this-or-that, and state tax. Its just gone. Its about twenty percent of your wages. The only way for a student to see this money ever again is to take it back in the form of a pell grant, and maybe some TAP. So do it. Lie to them, do whatever it takes, just get your money back now, or you'll never see it again.

You may want to consider lying in the following ways. First, tell the financial aid counselors that your parents hate you. They fed you paint chips and Raid. Next, get some clergy to write a letter that supports your claim. Separation of church and state is no longer an issue, they eat this shit up! If you cannot collect, or cannot stand to collect more paperwork, your status of "financial independence" can be achieved through a drastic last resort...get married.

A final step in getting your money back is to reach the age of twenty-three, but good luck doing that if you have no cash.

Letter: Ross Gives a Peace of His Mind

Did Glenn "Squirrel" Given get his nickname for his brains. I think so. What kind of paper (The Press) has a response written to an article condemning the paper's lack of sympathy for the victims of 9/11 by a guy who himself said that the attacks were the fault of "our own politicians"?

But that's just typical.

It seems The Press is very much dominated by what I call Peacemongers. These are people who think that there is no price for freedom, people who do not realize that freedom is not free, and so they criticize from the comfort of their ignorance.

I went to the "Peace Rally" on the 17th, mainly to gaze at the menagerie of fools, and certainly there were many. "War is not the

answer," I heard. No More Killing! they cried.

Are these people mad? Have they not noticed that the World Trade Center is no longer standing, that the Pentagon has a tremendous hole in it? Where have they been? Did they not notice that we were attacked, without cause, and that thousands of innocent people died? And what makes these people think that these madmen will stop? What makes them think that they won't attempt another September 11th if we don't do something to combat it? Bin Laden himself has stated that it is his hope and intention to keep on going until every American and every Jew is killed. Do they really think that after killing over 5,000 people in one day, they're just going to say "OK. That's enough."?

These people have to be set straight. "If you want peace, understand war." Liddel Hart said, and he was right. How many people have to die before these Peacemongers get smart? There were men and women who sweated and died for our freedom, and its an insult to them to say that by fighting they were therefore not noble.

But there are others, more than just the Peacemongers. Peacemongers sometimes mix with Those Who Live in Oblivion. It is true, Mr. Given (Given to stupidity, probably) that The Press itself was discussing how to get a new TV and a new game system (No, Mr. Given, not yours, but a new one - though we know from your response to my last article that you evidently spend too much time playing anyway) as well as a scam [Writing entertainment reviews is not a scam, it is a regular feature in this or any periodical. -Ed.] to get video games in the wake of the attack. That's unacceptable. I do expect, for one, that they should instead have been working on scrapping the paper they had already done, which was a disgrace, and preparing a new one dedicated to the victims of 9/11. This they had plenty of time to do, no matter what lies they spew.

It is distressing to see how many people, at The Press and on campus, do not truly understand the situation at hand. I have seen, for instance, a sign in The Press office that reads "Please Don't Start World War III." This sentiment has been echoed by various campus organizations who are opposed to

military action. Now, nobody wants World War III, but let me explain something: The war has already started, and it was not started by us. It was started by a bunch of fundamentalist madmen who truly blaspheme their own religion. These people killed thousands and they'll do it again if we let them.

The Peacemongers have had their say, they've had their rally, they've even had their share of The Press. But what about us sensible people? When is our rally? Let's remember the victims of 9/11 the right way; let's remember the heroes who raced into that building to help others by making certain that those who caused this remember their names forever. You know what I want to do with al-Qaida and the Taliban? I want to kill them. That's right, kill them. I know people make it like that's an evil thing to say, but it's not. I want them dead, gone from this earth, so that they can do no more harm. And frankly, I would not be satisfied with anything less. God forbid the next victim is your mother, or your brother, or your daughter, or you. Let's do the right thing and send these people to their Maker and let Him do the rest.

They won't be missed.

If you agree, feel free to call the Stony Brook Press or to write into us. Maybe we could have a Sensible People Rally - we could certainly use one.

Ross Rosenfeld,
Press Staff

Letter: Toilet Paper

Do I have toilet paper stuck to my shoe? I find that to be one of my major dilemmas lately. It seems so minimal but imagine a dirty, off white arse wiper stuck to the bottom of your fashionable payless sneakers. The thought that I could be the butt of some joke (no pun intended) sends me into a frenzy. But what is it about toilet paper that sets me off? Well, honestly, I'll have to admit that it's not just that that freaks me out. I'm paranoid about everything. Well I would have to explain my paranoia too I guess. I'll have to be honest; its because I am overweight and have about no self esteem to my name.

What does all of this have anything to do with toilet paper? I'll let you know why I even started this whole article. If I have toilet paper stuck to my shoe and I walk down the hall, someone is bound to notice and stifle a laugh. That laugh, I will automatically think is towards me, because I think everyone is making fun of me to begin with. But this time, the laugh will really be about me and I'll pick up on it and do a whole body check (tucked shirt, flab covered, unruly curls worn as neat as possible, feel around face for foreign objects) and fail to notice the trail of toilet paper squares that follow me.

So I proceed to walk down the hall where clusters of chattering college students hang out and I hear the laugh. Two. A few obvious ones escape the mouths of people who don't care that this is an embarrassing matter. I seriously begin to believe it is me they are laughing at and do another body check, still failing to see the stubborn paper that has chosen to cling to me. I walk out of the building and decide to go to the library where I can just relax. Out in the air and on the campus, I am free from

everyone's looks because everyone is too far away to really see me.

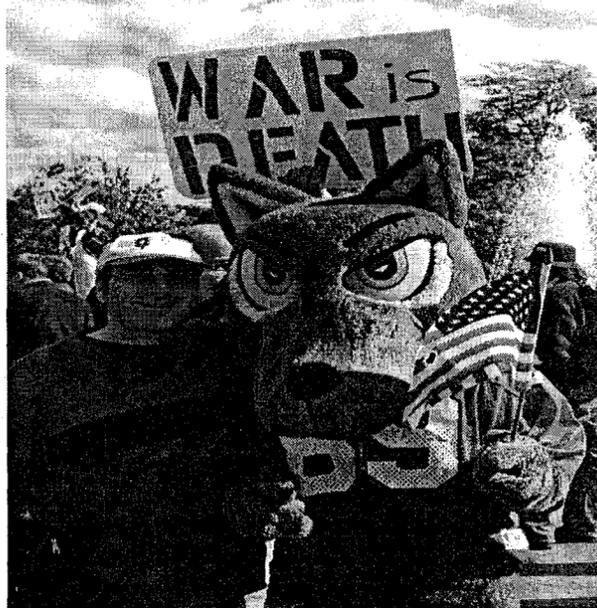
Once in the main lobby of the library, that all changes. In the crowded hall, I feel eyes upon me. And just as I am about to walk into the main library, I hear a snicker and the words "toilet paper." To this I turn around and see a group of youngsters laughing and suddenly I see it there, my worst nightmare. Too humiliated to speak, I run to the bathroom, which seems like an eternity away from where I stand, and lock myself in a bathroom stall. Embarrassment reddens my face and all I can do is feel like a piece of gum on the sidewalk that's been stepped on too much. You see, with me, not only is this embarrassing, but it is an even that sets off insecurities like a prairie fire. I begin to think that everyone was looking at my body and my unattractive face and messy hair and were disgusted by me. And suddenly I can see it clearly: once I walk out of the bathroom, crowds of people will be waiting for me so they can point at me and laugh.

"Look!" They'll say, "Look at the fat girl with the stuff stuck to her shoe!" And they'll laugh and chant, "Fat girl!" until I nearly dissolve from sheer humiliation.

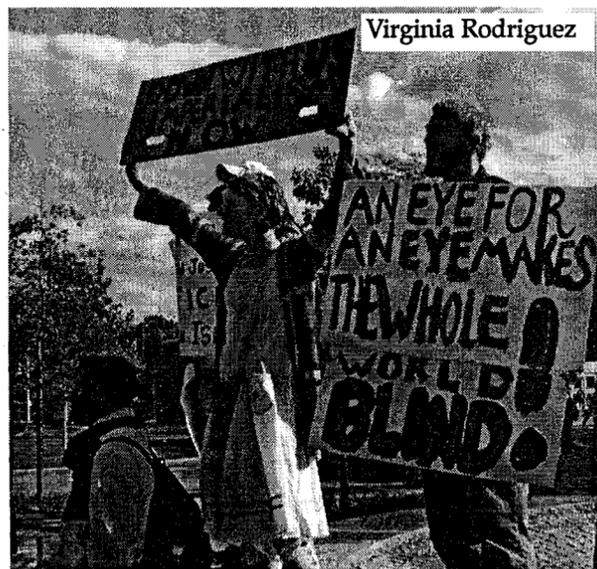
This I get from the possibility of one day accidentally stepping on something in the bathroom. And that's why I have become so paranoid about this whole article. So if you ever see a short, chubby, black haired girl, eyes round with paranoia and a piece of 2-ply toilet paper stuck to her Adidas, please don't chant "fat girl."

Students Revive Dissent at SBU

By Bev Bryan, photos by Glenn Given & Isaac



"We wanted people to be presented with an alternative to the war"



Virginia Rodriguez

"America has to look at itself first"



Bill McAdoo, dean, Africana studies dept.

I wandered into the midst of the rally for peace held here on the 17th of October in what I now realize was a totally shell shocked state. I hadn't thought about the war going on except to run through the scenes of destruction in my mind.

The newspaper articles I'd read about the bombing of Afghanistan were so much undigested pulp. I don't really trust my leaders to do the right thing and I didn't know what that thing was.

When I got there Muslim Chaplain Sister Sanaa stood at the microphone and asked, "Do you feel the winds of change?" indicating the blustery weather that speakers and demonstrators struggled with through the whole event.

She was followed at the mic by David Anshen who questioned the Federal Government's idea of "infinite justice" in light of the many civilian casualties of the air attacks on Afghanistan and the 700 individuals detained in the US in connection with the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center. He managed to rouse me from my intellectual stupor by asserting that the war was against the interests of the American people. "You are not part of our government," he said to us.

Susan Blake, coordinator of an organization called PeaceSmiths, spoke after Anshen. She asserted her misgivings about the legitimacy of the Bush administration. Her declaration that, "it's not unpatriotic to say we want the democratic process to actually work," met with general applause. About the war she said, "It seems like a lot of people are for this but I think a lot of them are confused, looking for the right vocabulary." I had certainly been speechless.

She asked how we could claim to be morally superior to terrorists when international law does not allow for military retaliation to criminal acts. As she put it neither the US claim to a "preventative right of self defense," nor "immediate death penalties against our political enemies," are sanctioned by international law.

She mocked the idea that smart bombs don't hit children and that the rations of fast food air dropped into Afghanistan would actually prevent the starvation deaths of many displaced orphans and widows.

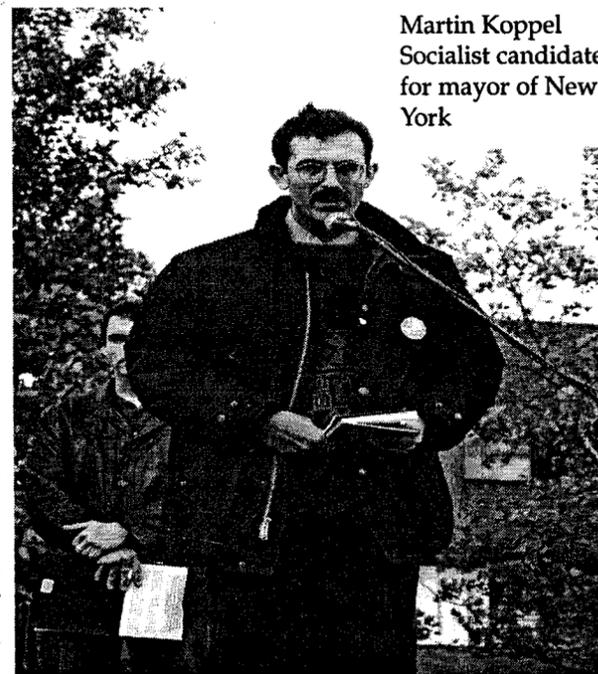
The next speaker was the Socialist Worker's Party Candidate for the mayor of New York. His name was Martin Koppel and he began by saying that the war was not yet a war but "a one sided slaughter." He was not outraged only by a war that has already claimed so many civilian victims including UN aid workers, but by the massive layoffs being used to protect corporate bottom lines at a time when the nation is supposedly pulling together.

Many speakers that day believed that the war actually ran counter to our Government's professed aims. They feared that the hasty cocktail of bombing and high pressure diplomacy would dangerously destabilize fragile governments in the Middle East and radicalize factions currently moderate.

"The soil for new terrorism is being watered with every bomb we drop." Said,

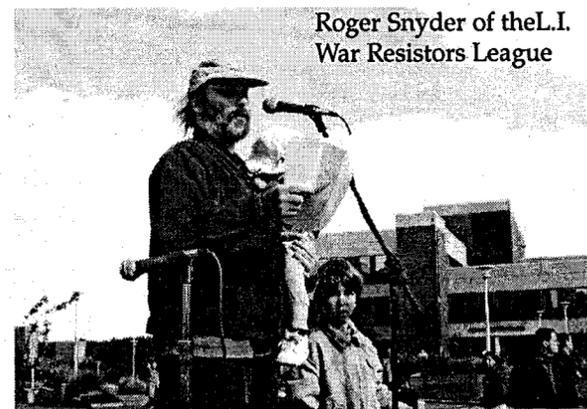


"Not a war," but "a one-sided slaughter"



Martin Koppel
Socialist candidate
for mayor of New
York

"The soil for new terrorism is being watered with every bomb we drop"



Roger Snyder of the L.I.
War Resisters League

Dissent (continued from pg. 6)

Roger Snyder, a speaker from the Long Island War Resisters League. It was warned that the attacks on Afghanistan would bring further terrorist attacks for the American people to bear.

Snyder, who brought his two young sons on stage with him, compared the war to a lynch mob. One of the reasons those like the demonstrators consider the war unjust is that neither Congress nor the UN has sanctioned it. Congress has waived it's right to approval as well as it's right to a great deal of information about the military actions of the government. The latter is for reasons of security as Congress has leaked sensitive information to media.

It is for such reasons that those present, and especially those who remember other wars, expressed fear for what is to become of justice and democracy both at home and abroad.

Azlan Tariq, president of the Muslim Student Association, spoke emotionally about his horror at the war. "I want to ask the president of the United States how can you sleep at night?"

Others, like Bill McAdoo were concerned about the un-professed aims of the Government. "What was that Desert Storm all about?" he said. "What are our political interests in the region?" Undoubtedly this was a reference to Afghanistan's huge untapped oil potential. "America has to look at itself first," he cautioned.

There were also a vocal few attending the rally in order to voice their dissent from the dissenters. Such a one was John Cotter who carried a largish American flag and considered the event entirely suspect because there were radical communists listed among the organizers. He also had misgivings about the Muslim Students Association. It seems a Muslim student association at a college in California has posted statements supportive of Osama bin Ladin on their web site.

I studied his nifty tattoo of a dancing girl decked out in patriotic theme costume while he went on to say that while he felt the protesters were very wrong, he would fight to the death for their right to say it.

"Would they deny that at times there is evil in the world and that evil must be destroyed?" he asked.

Stony Brook student Lennon Stravato accompanied him. Stravato countered the claims of those who feel that it is wrong to bomb Afghanistan with the assertion that, "There is no distinction between terrorists supported by a state and that state's military."

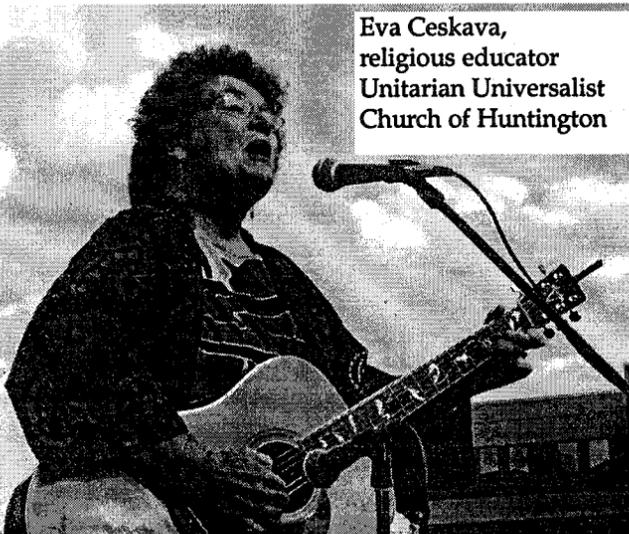
After McAdoo finished, Eva Ceskava, a religious educator at the Unitarian Universalist Church in Huntington, took the stage with her guitar and the rally came to a close with the song "May There Always be Sunshine". The bright, lilting melody made for a jarring contrast to the troubling words that preceded it. She moved on to "Blowin' in the Wind" as the crowd of some two hundred people dispersed.

Afterwards, I had the chance to talk with Nayeema Choudhury, a member of the Muslim Students Association. She carried a posterboard sign that read "The Blood of The Innocent Will Be On Your Hands." Some of the other students who stood on the foun-



Suan Blake,
coordinator,
PeaceSmiths

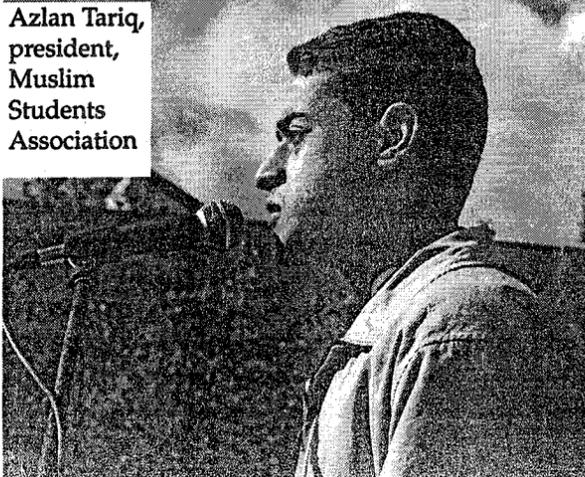
"it's not unpatriotic to say we want the democratic process to actually work"



Eva Ceskava,
religious educator
Unitarian Universalist
Church of Huntington

"I want to ask the president of the United States "how can you sleep at night?" "

Azlan Tariq,
president,
Muslim
Students
Association



tains and crowded around the stage had held up placards with messages like "Down With U.S. Imperialism Now," and "Our Grief is Not a Cry for War."

Choudhury explained what brought her to the rally saying, "I was sick of sitting at home watching everything going on and feeling helpless. This might not end the war but its something if we all come together and let everyone know what Islam is about."

She made it clear that she was not ashamed of her identity and added that she used to work at the World Trade Center. Sharing her fears about current events she said, "I just hope it doesn't turn into anything worse."

She also brought up the political stability of Pakistan as a source of anxiety.

"I'm scared to move on, who knows," she said "I'm scared to bring children into this world...I'm afraid when I go to work that people will discriminate against me because I wear this thing on my head."

She finished by referring to the scarf that covered her hair and neck.

A few days after the rally I spoke with the student organizers of the event, Virginia Rodriguez and Andy Farrell, about the beginnings of the event. They told me that, originally, there had been a lot of red tape and misgivings among the administration because the peace rally would coincide with homecoming. The two students went to work building a coalition for the event with student organizations like the Social Justice Alliance, the Feminist Majority, LGBTSA and the Muslim Students Association. They soon discovered that there is strength in numbers and the rally went ahead.

When asked why they would want to put their time and energy into a project like this Rodriguez responded easily that, "We wanted people to be presented with an alternative to the war—that everyone is not for the war." And more to the point: "I found it really fucking disturbing that there hadn't been any protests on campus. It seemed like no one gave a damn! I figured I had no right to bitch about the widespread apathy unless I was gonna do something about it."

Andy deplored American foreign policy saying, "I've always had a problem with the US and it's foreign policy, and I see war as no reason to become nationalistic. If anything, it is the time to oppose the lies of the U.S. government more than ever."

Olivia Winslow, a reporter for Newsday wrote in her coverage of the event "While peace rallies at some other campuses across the nation have led to noisy confrontations, the Stony Brook rally was much more muted."

Speaker Bill McNolte mentioned in his speech that an anti-war demonstration at on at the CUNY schools in the city led to calls for investigations. This stands in contrast to the tolerance shown for such an event here on Long Island.

Apartments?

By Chitra Ramasubbu

I normally never complain. When students around me say, "Oh this school sucks," I never felt that way. I always thought that Stony Brook was doing its best. It didn't take me long to change my mind. "UNDERGRADUATE APARTMENTS"!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Yupp, the word that is haunting all those juniors and seniors who were cheated by this damn school.

I want to tell you guys about this incident that happened two weeks ago. I was dumped in this room with a girl I hardly know. She was totally opposite to me. When I slept she was awake and when I was awake she was sleeping. I changed my room after a month of suffering. (Thank you Room Freeze!!!!) I went to the Student Telephone services to activate my authorization code. The lady in charge goes "Oh, I think I saw you two weeks ago. (For the first room activation) You can't change your room frequently, you'll be charged if you do so,"

WHAT!!!!!! Wait a minute; lets make this whole thing straight. The Apartments weren't ready and I was forced to live with a loud roommate and couldn't study. So change my room to a TRIPLE, move all my belongings from H Quad all the way to the other side of campus with that damn heavy computer, fridge etc to Roosevelt 3rd floor and on top of that they threaten me that they'll charge me for changing my phone number, as if I opted to do so, like my only hobby on campus was to change rooms.

TO THIS STUPID SCHOOL:

1. First of all, we came here to study. We're all juniors and seniors. A big future before is, working hard, stressed out, trying to complete our graduation requirements, preparing for every damn standardized exam you could think of. We can't be wandering around for our basic needs like housing, water etc

2. I opted for a quite 24 hour quiet lifestyle, but you guys put me in this loud hall

with this girl who I don't even know. This is not the time for us to be adjusting with some new roommate. Its time for us to concentration on our studies.

3. If you stopped the apartments construction because it was not going to get ready on time, then why is it going to take two months extra now?

4. First you tell us that it's going to be ready on the 22nd of October. On the 21st we get an email saying that there will be no Phone or Internet for another three weeks. But we could still move if we want. WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM!!! We are not from the Stone Age or something!! Would you officials live in a room with no phone and Ethernet? Do you think Students or FOOLS or something, to hear every damn bull shitting you guys do!!!!

5. There is just a month to stay in the apartments even if we move this semester, then why open it in the first place. Or I have even a better idea, maybe we could move two days before we graduate so we could live in the apartments for two days or something and you could take pictures of us and brag about how awesome your apartments were and have our smiling faces on the cover of your campus residences calendar or something.

6. Why do we need the A/C anymore? "Take that shit out". The summer is over and we'll be freezing in our rooms anyway. Now that I lost confidence in you guys I wonder if we have electricity, water and heat since its no big deal for you guys, you can take your sweet little time and provide it after 15 weeks.

7. If " Campus residences" blame "Dormitory authority" why didn't they make the Dormitory authority talk to us? You call us for a Stupid meeting and say "Oh! We don't know when its getting ready". We come all the way there, wasting our time not to hear "Sorry for the Inconvenience". Free food for one night is not the

compensation for the apartments. We students are not Idiots.

8. Why do we have to waste money on a meal plan if we didn't want to eat this crappy food on campus in the first place? The least you could have done was to put us in a cooking building.

9. U wasted our study time, fighting with my roommate, moving from place to place. I moved three times this semester. We should be provided with a compensation for all this. Not only by money but also given a half a letter grade higher, for all these inconveniences you caused.

10. You guys lied to us, you put us into so much of trouble, affected our studies, wasted our energy, made us broke because of the meal plan, spoilt our moods from the beginning of the semester. In on single sentence, "YOU JUST DESTROYED OUR WHOLE SEMESETER OF LEARNING AT STONYBROOK."

Those in charge do not feel the pain and agony we go through. They're comfy, comfy at home. If only there was a way we could make them live like we do now. They should be forced to live with someone totally wild. They should pay for food on campus and eat that crap at least for a semester. They have the money they have the comforts. We pay the fees, and are treated like slaves here.

WE NEED COMPENSATION FOR ALL THIS!!! ITS HIGH TIME YOU GUYS PAYED THE PRICE FOR ALL THOSE SELFISH ACTS YOU DID. WHY SHOULD WE BE AFFECTED BY SOMETHING WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH? IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH SOME STUPID GOVERNMENT ORGANISATION YOU DEAL WITH IT! WE LEAST CARE ABOUT THAT, WE ARE NOT HERE TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS. WE ARE HERE TO STUDY. IT'S YOUR JOB TO PROVIDE US WITH THAT ENVIRONMENT. SO STOP BULLSHITTING IN YOUR EMAILS AND TRY TO GET SOME DAMN WORK DONE.

Friday the 13th: Shirley takes Stony Brook

By Daniel Hofer and Dustin Herlich

...And Then Something Goes BOOM

By Philip Grandin

On September 11, (how many articles in the last month began with that phrase?) the scale of terrorism was redefined at every level. Why was bin Laden's attack upon the World Trade Center so potent? No one had expected terrorism to be as large as flying a fully-loaded jet into a skyscraper.

Most of our generation, not to mention those younger than us, really have no idea what life in the Cold War was like. For many people younger than this year's freshmen, the concept of mass destruction (i.e., nuclear bomb) is as abstract as Hiroshima in the history books, or better yet, Independence Day.

Finally, with the calamity of last month, the American government has seriously taken into consideration the aspect of large-scale terrorism. Anthrax cases and scares in the last couple weeks have, sadly, almost become as regular as the weather on the news. There seems to be another infection or attempted infection every three or four days; this brings to light that the United States' vulnerability to not only big explosions concerning jets and big cities, but to our unfortunately new-found words: bioterrorism and chemical terrorism. Not to mention the nukes.

On October 22, the Social Justice Alliance sponsored its second talk in their ongoing series, stimulated by the current global situation, Bringing Context to the Crisis. Earlier this month, their first talk, "The Urgency of Decent," was given by Mike Davis, Stony Brook history professor and associate editor of *The Nation* magazine. Organized by Chad Kauzter, president of the Stony Brook University Social Justice Alliance, last Monday's talk was "Weapons of Mass Destruction: An Assessment of the Terrorist Threat," given by Professor Les Paldy.

The talk centralized upon the reality of large-scale terrorism. The truth of the matter is that large-scale biological, chemical and nuclear terrorism—although possibilities are fairly unlikely. This, however, does not protect Americans from the possible small-scale attacks.

Let's start with those lovely microbes....

In 1972, an international biological weapons treaty was signed—the United States held-up the treaty, destroying its biological weapons program, but the Soviet Union, on the other hand, kept their weapons pretty much until their end.

We all know Russia, and how well organized it and its former-Soviet buddies are, particularly in the ways of security and keeping weapons within their borders. Let's all remember how well places like Iraq and North Korea play with the others. There is no real way to know just how many biological weapons and potential-weapons are out there.

Beyond that, the difficulty in producing a lethal disease for distribution among the masses is not so high, given that the terrorists know what they're doing. The proper equipment, cultures, et cetera, can even be found right here on campus—one of hundreds of research universities around the country, not to mention the world. As much crap as we all give Stony Brook though, let's not assume that sensitive areas are easy to get to, however—we're pretty safe about that.

However (gotta love that word!), in 1985, a cult inflicted over 700 people in Oregon with salmonella via spreading the bacteria over salad bars. Although restrictions on attaining active cultures are stiffer now, I'd be wary of salad bars. Hell, if you're on campus, just plain avoid the salad on principle. By the mid-'80s, smallpox in civilized countries had become as foreign and ancient as the Bubonic Plague, so in 1985, Americans stopped



being inoculated against the disease, as the side-effects from the vaccine were worse than the cost of vaccinating the entire population.

This leaves some 280 million people ripe breeding-ground for this highly infectious disease. That's kind of scary. Just in case, the Secretary of Health is making sure that there's a stockpile of 300 million smallpox vaccines.

Let's remember that bioterrorists must infect people before they can cause mass destruction. There really is no good way to deliver a disease to millions of people. You could put it in a bomb and blow it up, but then the microbes die in the explosion; you could spray it over a city, but you'd need a lot—I'm talking a ton for every square mile, furthermore, to have the right delivery into the body, the disease must be ground into a fine powder, which is too small and then the organisms will die; if they are too big people don't inhale them.

As long as we're on things that are really, really tough for some of those shifty al-Qaeda bastards to do, let's play with chemicals. How dangerous is this chemical terrorism? Affects of nerve gas alone can easily be seen in World War I, and more recently, in the cult attack in a Tokyo subway a few years ago where 12 people were killed and thousands of Japanese sickened. How easily are the proper attack materials obtained? Well, there are over 30,000 tons of it in the United States (heavily guarded), and also over 50,000 tons in Russia; both countries are in the process of destroying chemical weapons with American taxpayers' money.

Much like bioterrorism, the proper materials and equipment can be synthesized in any college research lab; however, the distribution is equally as difficult.

The proper equipment needed to spread toxins over a population is under military guard, and cropdusters lack the proper distribution systems to spread the chemicals. Yes, of course, a cropduster could be modified, but, particularly in this time, doesn't one think that certain people are going to be keeping an eye on who buys cropdusters?

And then something goes BOOM. Actually, a nuclear attack is more of a flash of a millionth of a second. This is the stuff they make movies out of kids: some fluke with a nuke. Of all the terrorism threats of mass destruction, a nuclear attack, while having an extraordinarily high consequence also has an extraordinarily low probability. In order to obtain a nuclear device, terrorists would have to acquire it from an existing nation's weapons stockpile. Anyone who knows anything

about the last 55 years knows that a nuke's components—enriched uranium, or plutonium, are both under the highest security in the nuclear players around the world. The most likely attack won't be in the form of a bomb though, nuclear reactor domes are designed to withstand being crashed into by a jet, but then again, so was the World Trade Center.

That's nice, we know what the threat is, but what is Washington doing about it? In response to bioterrorism, the American scientific and medical communities agree that the United States needs to organize and strengthen its public health system, such that biological attacks can be quickly controlled and eliminated should one occur. What most people are not hearing about, however, is how Bush tripped up earlier this year (gotta love that Dubyah...). When the 1972 treaty concerning biological warfare came up to be reviewed and to strengthen inspections power last year, and earlier this year, the Clinton and Bush administrations handled it very differently. While the last administration was very close to accepting the stronger treaty, it was tabled as the United States changed power. Conversely, Bush immediately rejected this due to pressure from the biotechnologies/pharmaceuticals industry, as a more open exchange of biological technology would leak secrets in their business. As for chemical and nuclear terrorism, the government is taking the most obvious security measures, which is probably highly sufficient.

Finding about ten members of the University police at this discussion, I spoke to Douglas Little, Deputy Chief of the university police, who praised the faculty and other speakers for coming out to inform the community and educate the local police about potential threats, and noted that University Police is taking all necessary precautions—because you just know that all those anti-American extremists terrorists groups are just eyeing to blow up Stony Brook....

The next discussion will be posted around campus in the next couple week. The Alliance plans to have Group Captain Khalid Banuri, Department Director of Arms Control & Disarmament at the Strategic Plans Division of the Pakistani military. It sounds like an interesting subject—check it out.

In the spirit of Halloween, remember that there have been at least six cases where fissile material has been caught smuggled out of the former Soviet Union. Now that's some scary stuff.

Fan Boy to Art Snob: Parts 3 & 4

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

Images as Words

Before the Philosophy students raise up arms at the following employment of Structuralism and Semiotics let me address their concerns. I myself am a student of Phenomenology but my academic and personal research is deeply rooted in film theory and pre-Chomsky linguistics. As such, I draw a lot of conclusions from the work of Metz and Saussure. Be they flawed or not, both writers and their respective systemologies represent a process by which we can break down a media/medium to their component parts. Frankly, I like Structuralism and Semiotics because they work on what they are applied to (in the same way that Newtonian physics works on things not moving at the speed of light). While later I intend to put aside semiotics and empiricism in favor of a phenomenological viewpoint of the comic format, for now it will serve well to highlight the most crucial axis upon which comics rest.

Anyway, into the breach...

First off, let us do away with the word "word." We do this because a word in actuality is a specific type of sign. A sign, as we will use it, is anything (verbal sounds, marks on a page, gestures, etc.) that serves to stand in for/take the place of/summon forth that which is absent. Most primally, we can see it like this. When we employ a sign of any type, we are attempting to make present and immediate something that is not present. Although these are not magical signs that summon the actual thing, they do work to bring to the mind of the perceiver the thing being summoned.

Saussure noticed this and made a rather astute observation. Any sign is comprised of two aspects.

1. The Signifier: the sound, shape, etc. of the sign, the sound of the word "Truck" for example.<None>
2. The Signified: the concept, the idea of Truck in our minds (or more specifically the general concept shared by all users of the language being employed that is associated with the sound of the signifier)

Now we must remember that neither of these aspects of the sign attempt to make any connection between the sign and the actual thing/event/attribute.

At this point, many people will intuitively ask, "Well then, what the frigg is the use of signs?" Good question. Frankly it is not the purpose of language (re: system of signs) to make connections to the real world (here in: RW). Its purpose is the summoning of concepts to the mind. (This is a debatable stance but for our purposes let us go with it.) We internally (for the most part) handle the making of connections between the concepts that arise in our minds and the real world.

Suffice to say a sign summons the concept of an absent thing/event/attribute and our mind mitigates that to the RW.

One question that we should ask is, "Where do these signs gain their meaning from?" Well that is a damn interesting answer as it turns out. When we think about it, it is rather counter-intuitive for signs to have any fundamental connection to the RW. Were they to have such, then our question would be answered, but as it turns out, the word "Truck" simply is not a Truck. "Truck" is a string of sounds -- specifically it is a string of sounds that is only understandable by those of us who employ the same language (let us call this group of same-language users the 'lin-

guistic community'). A Truck (not "Truck," but the actual thing) is a big metal machine that voraciously consumes unrenewable fossil fuels. Consider the following; a Stop Sign and the word "Stop" printed on it. Those things, neither alone nor together, are the act of Stopping. For the most part, we agree to stop at the Stop Sign, but the Stop we experience is not the "Stop" printed on the sign nor is it the Stop Sign itself.

There is a important exception to this. There is a certain type of word that is what it is. We call these words onomatopoeia. Onomatopoeia (do not ask me how to pronounce it) is a word that imitates the sound that it is denoting. For example, "Meow" is an onomatopoeic word. In these words the Signifier aspect of the sign is in essence identical to the Signified aspect (i.e. that which is being signified is a sound that happens to be identical to the sound of the sign). For words, onomatopoeia can only exist in speech -- writing "Meow" is not even close to the sound that I am attempting to reference (it's not even operating on the same sensorial device). One could further assert that onomatopoeic words do derive their meaning from the RW. To make such an assertion we note that the act of uttering an onomatopoeic word is an act of creating and most literally bringing into being that which we're attempting to make reference to. When I say "Truck" a Truck does not pop into existence, but when I say, "Meow" a Meow (whether or not it emanates from a cat is irrelevant in this case) has popped into existence. This is a bit of a tricky definition though.

Put that on the back burner.

Regular linguistic signs are arbitrary (i.e. they are not that which they are communicating). They gain meaning by an agreement within the linguistic community. Lemme 'splain. "Truck" means Truck because we all agree to use that particular sound, and to recognize that sound when used, when every we want to talk about a Truck. Because we all agree that this is so, it is so. If one day every English speaker spontaneously agreed that the sound "Truck" would from that day forth be the Signifier for the concept of Zucchini. We would have a lot of dictionaries to update, as well as having to find a new sequence of sounds to employ for talking about Trucks, but otherwise, no harm would be done. By this arbitrary systems we create and perpetuate the meaning of a linguistic sign.

Something wholly different though is the sense of the linguistic value of a sign. Linguistic value is the sense of understanding we gain of a sign because of our knowledge of the placement of the sign in contrast that which it is related. Imagine it as such, we know the value of \$5 because of it's status as less than \$10 and more than \$3.90. We know the value of Truck, Car, and Motorcycle because of their similarities as vehicles and their differences in form. By this, Car gains a specific value because it is what Truck, Motorcycle, Jeep, etc. is not within in the "system of vehicles." within the linguistic system of signs their exist, in essence, only differences and linear relations. When employed as language we also add context and contrast. In such employment, it is the applicability that the summoned concept has to the world, rather than the value of the utterance, that is defined by either or both, the context or the practice of contrast.

The meaning and value is not always enough to make sense of the utterance. We also need to establish the identity of the concept communicated. We gain this identity by fitting signs into a system (like for example the English lan-

guage), predominately this is manifest as the linguistic community. In this system, we are able to place the sign in a context and employ contrast to help determine its identity. One can best think of the context as the background upon which the sign is employed (i.e. the words proceeding and following the word in question as well as the time and place in which we encounter the word.) From this placement in a sequence or structure (re: context) we can determine a more precise concept of the signified. For example, if I say to you "That damn Minivan!" you have a vague notion of what I am trying to communicate. You will have a better (or different rather) understanding of my utterance if you are in the car while I scream at the Minivan that has just cut me off. Let us examine "Minivan" as shown above. That word, "Minivan" we have agreed upon to be denotative of the concept (remember this is all arbitrary) Minivan. When employed we contrast the concept of it against all other possible concepts in order to assure the correctness of its use. Of course, this seems like a tremendous matter to instantly contrast every concept against each other for each utterance we hear or speak, but the field of possibilities is constrained by the context of the utterance. Case in point, if I had screamed "That damn Minivan!" too you over my cell phone you would not be able to figure out exactly which Minivan I'm attempting to summon forth. You only have a general notion of the signified as that which fits into the family of parameters we have agreed upon as being constitutive of Minivan. If you were in the car with me when I screamed "That damn Minivan!" as a Minivan cut me off, you would have a very specific identity of the concept that I am bringing forth. Let us say that two Minivans cut me off, I scream "That damn Minivan!" and you have a limited field of possibilities for which the communicated concept can be matched (one of the two Minivans, but not both as evidenced by my usage of "That" denoting singular, rather than "Those" denoting multiple).

What the hell does this have to do with comics you ask?

A lot actually.

As we discussed in From Fan Boy to Art Snob Part 2, a comic is comprised of both images and words. Even when only one of those aspects (image bereft of words, text without image, or neither text nor image) the absence of the other (or both) is made significant because of our understanding of the comic format. We can read the absence of either image or text (or both) as a manifestation of image and text as absent. That is icky I know. Try and relate it to what Sean Connery said to Ed Harris in Just Cause "Don't my lies tell you as much about me as my truths?"

Getting back on track though. The illustration of a comic is a sign. It is made up of a Signifier (the actual image you see) and a Signified (that which is denoted by the Signifier). There are some subtle differences though. In an image, we do not gain the Signified Concept primarily by arbitrary agreement. Rather we gain the concept by visual similarity (visual onomatopoeia). Actually we have a world of concepts for different things and we compare the image presented to us to these concepts (again the field is limited by the context of the presentation) and we match the image to a suitable concept. We do away with the arbitrary meaning of these signs because either the image displays the attributes assigned to certain concepts or it does not -- and it is not a matter of communal agreement. The image of Superman is not a blender even though in an extreme cir- (Continued on page 11)

Fan Boy (Continued from pg. 10)

cumstance the word "Superman" could become agreed upon to be the Signifier for the concept of a blender.

The image is an onomatopoeic mimic of what it is attempting to represent. An onomatopoeic image operates in a subtly different although similar way to its aural cousin. Both represent through mimicry and imitation of that which they attempt to communicate. In the case of the aural onomatopoeia, we also have a manifestation (because the nature of the utterance is that the signified aspect is identical to its signifier) of the referent. In a visual onomatopoeia, we do not have such a manifestation. We do have a representation through similarity though and that mimicry is the important aspect. It is this identity through similarity that separates it from those signs that gain their Signified aspect through mutual agreement by the linguistic community.

That is not to say that there is not an amount of communal agreement in comic imagery. In fact, the communal agreement plays heavily into the usage of verbs and certain attributes in images. Confused? O.K. for example a comic image may show movement/change (which is the essence of verbs) through one of two ways.

A verb is concerned with motion of some sort. We understand motion as we encounter as the change of spatial location/position through time. To move on (no pun intended) we must recognize that temporality and change are interdependent in that neither could exist without the other. We could not move (re: change spatially) if we did not do such through and with time, and time could not exist without the change of things passing (forgive the metaphor) through it. In a comic, we interpret change by comparison of juxtaposed images. If Batman is standing in such and such a way in panel A and in such and such a way as to be noticeably different from panel A in panel B we deduce that in between those two panels motion (or spatial change) has occurred. This in and of itself is an amazing act because the reality is that the two panels are separate. We put them into relation by visual similarity of content (as well as visual flow of the layout which I have discussed as being an agreed upon construct). This is an example of the linear relation of components generating phenomena, in this case the conscious allusion to motion/change.

Change is also denoted by a set of visual symbols/attributes (as when blurs or lines are used to imply a sense of movement) in a single panel, or it will use the contrast of sequences of images to evoke verb status. In the case of symbolic single image verbs we enter into the same realm as the agreed upon meaning. The blurs and lines of movement are subject to the communal agreement of the denoted meaning. Like the example of the Superman/blender above, we could all up and decide that the blurs or motion lines mean some type of change other than spatial (perhaps it could mean a change of color or density etc. etc.).

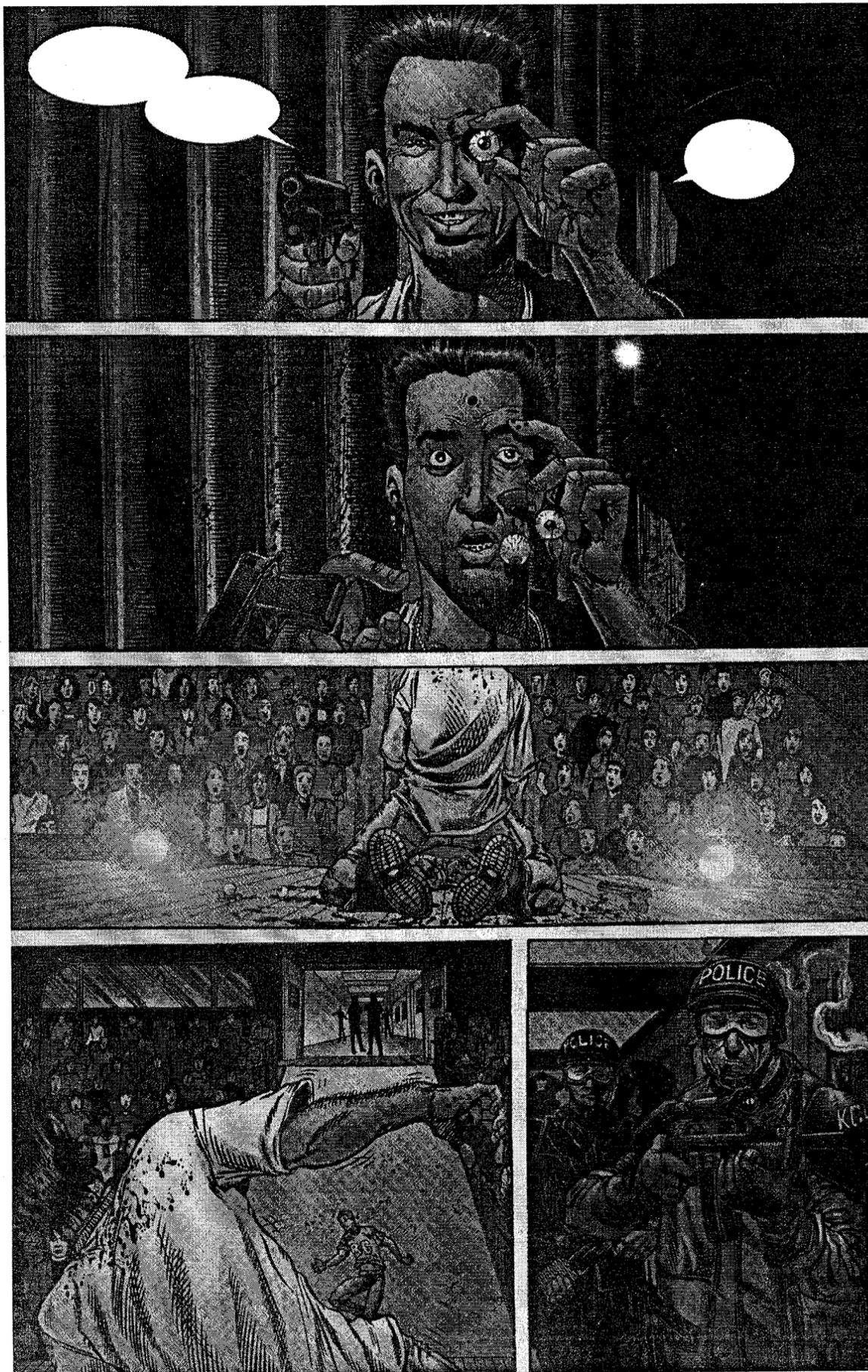
Hrmmm. The more I think about it though the more some of those visual symbols seem related to RW phenomena. For example, the blur of detail is something that we encounter when we observe nearby objects moving at high speeds (relative speed of course). The motion lines are perhaps a symbolic representation of this phenomena. O.K. maybe that did not pan out as I planned it. But there is still an amount of agreement that goes into the reading of certain symbolic visual components. A good case is the "stinky lines." These wavy vertical lines, usually found

above images of smelly people or garbage are symbols that have no corresponding RW phenomena (at least none that I can think of). But there are exceptions to every rule.

The linguistic signs we use to describe attributes of a thing (adjectives) are easily manifested in the image. When we see an image of a red car, we do not even need to summon this abstract concept of redness in order to mitigate and place the attribute onto the subject -- we just see the red car. Of course the attributes of the image are determined by a system of difference as are any RW thing, the red car image is only red because it is "not any color other than red" and gains definition as such. The difference is that the attribute is manifest immediately in the image rather than communicated as concept and later attached to the RW. Other adjectives, specifically ones not

placed in a RW system of difference (ex: the attribute of size as opposed to the attribute of beauty) but instead in an arbitrary scale, were never manifest in things anyway. These arbitrary scales exist only with in the perceiver so we do not need to worry about where their place is in the image.

Next issue I will delve further into the role of the image in the comic, addressing the linguistic value of the image in both sequence and isolation. Also I would like to explore the history of pictorial writing systems and weigh the benefits and hindrances associated with both phonetic alphabets and ideographic systems (as well as how these systems manifest in the comic). Until next time get some friggin' culture and buy a comic book.



TOP TEN

Spooky Things at
Stony Brook and

Where to Find Them

10

Shub-Niggurath; the goat-headed demon of 1000 frat parties (bamboo forest)

9

The Phantom Dulap (under Shirly Strum Kenny's 1st chin)

8

The Crucified Remains of Lobster Girl (atop the Wang Center when the clock strikes 1:13 am)

7

The Children of the Corn (Chi Alpha club office)

6

The Science Fiction Forum (Harriman Hall)

5

The Headless Whoresman (The Park Bench)

4

C.H.U.D.s (The Press Office)

3

The Sea-were-wolf (Pritchard Gym)

2

The Cursed Pie from the End of "Thinner" (Bleacher Club)

1

A legion of shiftless, soulless, loveless, undead zombies (Commencement)

Battle of the Century

Halloween

VS

Your Mom

John Harvard's 'Seasonal Pumpkin Ale'

Picking up treats

Fishnets

Smashing the pumpkins

The back of the costume catalogue has every costume in "sex y" version

"Please take only one" baskets

PRO

Against drunk driving

Picking up tricks

Substitues food for love

Candy isn't all your mom gives out...

All of her Victoria's Secret catalogue

Gives out a whole lot more than candy

Goths

Child molesters

Apples with razors

The Smashing Pumpkins

Type 2 Diabetes

Only comes once a year

Goth child molesters

Those FUCKERS who give out the pennies

CON

Racoon eyes

So fat her nickname is "DAMN"

Fishnets

Eats your candy

Only cums if you rub her feet first

Ok ok, lets get off of mothers, 'cause we just got off of yours

Biological Warfare Claims First Victims

By Adam Kearney & Jamie Mignone

The national media has brought attention to the potential threat of an evil bioterrorist attack in the form of scary, scary anthrax, but little has been mentioned of the plague that is slowly but surely ravaging our foliage. While public spokesmen and government officials dodge a hail of threatening terror-mail, the trees are left defenseless.

Symptoms of this horribly devastating threat to our plant life are severe and numerous, and it is surprising that they have gone unnoticed by the national-level news industry. The disease causes botanical victims to disintegrate, losing leaves and branches at an alarming rate. Early warning signs include drastic color change in the leaves, from a healthy green to a disturbing hue of red or purple, and in some cases, a sickly yellow. Though it is too early to tell, once the disease has run its course, the trees seem to be left incapacitated for some time. Environmental experts assure us that the effects are only temporary, but we know better. It is obvious that some foul internationally cultivated seed of evil has been unleashed upon the forests of our home. Leaves litter the ground in the wake of this deciduous holocaust.

When interviewed, members of the botanical community remain silent, paralyzed by fear. One tree interviewed said ".....," but upon interpretation of her body language, one could determine that she was under extreme duress due

to concern for the substandard protection of her fellow trees by the US government. The civil liberties of the botanical community have gone undefended for far too long. Had the trees been given proper representation, plagues such as the one that is the cause of the current epidemic would have been deterred.

Despite the urgent inquiry by the Stony Brook Press, the Center for Disease Control refused to comment on this issue, though tree spokespeople are extremely opinionated. "This is fucked up," says one tree enthusiast, "I've heard [that] the terrorists have even managed to drop tons of mysterious white powder from the sky in some places up north." Another source who wished to remain anonymous said, "the pines are in with the terrorists; they seem to be immune to the lumbrosity infection."

Upon further inquiry, a response from the Homeland Security Agency was finally given. The official press release states, "What are you fucking stupid? It's called WINTER, dipshit!"

This is obviously a lie, an attempt to trick the American public. It is a ploy made by the right-



wing-Washington-windbag-conservative-fat-ass-lying-liars, who don't care about the trees, but probably say they do for the purpose of lying in of itself.

What could be the motivation for such heinous contamination of the botanical community? Perhaps terrorist groups in the Middle East are poisoning our plant life out of jealousy "cuz some people don't got trees." Hmm... The fate of foliage is uncertain, with Washington's lies and terror looming, yet the trees stand strong in the face of tragedy.

Friends Who Watch "Friends" Together Stay Together

By Tyler Schauer

"OHHHH... The season premier of 'Friends' is tonight... OHHHHH... I can't wait, can I come over to your place to watch it... OHHHHH!" some random girl screamed like a rabid raccoon who had just found an open garbage can that was full of vegan food as I was passing by. The person she was talking to, a boy, also emitted a high pitch squeal of delight. I assume he meant to say either "yes," or "Oh boy 'Friends'... that makes me... happy."

I was in a complete state of boggle from this brief episode. I did not understand what this "Friends" was, or why it tightened people's vocals chords to the point where their voice was a few notes shy of shattering glass. So I have decided to dip my hands in some investigative reporting to get to the root of this so called "Friends."

I turned to my friend of vast information, some call it the "Information Superhighway," I like to simply refer to it as "The Internet." As it turns out, "Friends" is a TV show and there is no direct correlation to this particular TV show and spastic vocal chords.

This "Friends" is a TV show, ironically enough, about friends, six of them to be precise. There is Monica, Rachael, Ross, Chandler, Joey and Phoebe. Let me assure you from my in-depth study of this show that all the characters are very complex and dynamic, very realistic, and in the season premier I can guarantee a few things happened; Monica was neurotic, Chandler said something witty, Joey said something dumb, Rachael got flustered, Phoebe was weird and Ross was worrisonome.

I decided to take to the dorms the night of the premier, just to make sure that my random encounter with annoying people was real and not a hoax or cruel joke played on me by friends. To my shock, almost every single room was watching "Friends;" and if they were not watching it they were not at home, they were most likely watching it at a friends place or a bar. It is difficult to comprehend anything that could be more pleasurable than watching "Friends" while drinking expensive drinks with friends.

Like moths flocking towards the brightest light in a solitary field, these people all came together for a

common purpose and goal. They put aside their differences and disagreements to sit down and enjoy this mind numbingly wonderful sitcom. I have never seen such unity before, so many people, coming together, Friends. It was one of the most beautiful acts of humanity that I have ever had the good fortune of witnessing.

I was still in complete bewilderment from my findings, the figures did not add up. Why were all of these people coming together to watch TV? Who actually watches TV? At college people are supposed to study to become the leaders of tomorrow, to learn the vital information so they can become engineers and scientists that will make the world a better place for our kindred, drink beer, and maybe even dabble in some psychedelic drugs, not watch TV or the "Boob Tube" as my grandmother references it.

Naturally I knew that the best way to test "Friends" to see what it was really made up of was to break it down as much as possible. See what makes it tick and throw it to the dogs. Therefore, that's exactly what I did.

I taped the season premier and rounded up a solid group of canines.

I wanted an accurate sampling so I went from poor neighborhoods to rich ones, to search for highly trained and educated dogs to the dumbest breeds out there. To find dogs of all sizes, colors, breeds, classes, and ideologies. I feel that I managed to collect a good cross section with minimal nicks and bites on the arms and legs. It's a damn good thing I didn't test wild mountain cats or worse yet... sharks or mountain gorillas. I attained a German Shepard, a Golden Retriever, a Pug, a stray Collie, and a mechanical dog that does back flips.

After about two hours of butt sniffing, barking, and growling I was able to give the command of "sit" which most seemed not to know, but they followed suit (except the mechanical dog, I had to shut it down).

After they were all sitting and paying close attention, I put the tape on and retreated to my hidden room with a one-way mirror to record their responses. All the pooches gave it a fair shot and sat through most of the show, except the Pug who pissed on my rug in the middle of the show.

I sat down with each dog and talked to him or her about the show. Feelings were very mixed, the German Shepard said, "Woof... HOWL... Woof... Woof." Which can be translated as "I am in extreme discontent with this rubbish, it was not amusing at all, can I please have the bone you promised me so I can go home now?" Interestingly enough, he said this with an English accent... German my ass.

The Pug and the Golden Retriever responded with a "woof woof woof woof woof" in rapid succession. This can be translated as "he he... I loved it... he he... mmm mmm mmm what a goot show... he he... pet my belly."

They also said some very obscene comments about the smell of the Collie's butt but I will leave them out of this article in good taste.

It turned out that the stray Collie had fleas and he scratched himself to death before commenting, I was very disheartened.

The mechanical dog was mostly useless except for his/her hours of entertainment in my "alone time."

After showing them the tape I decided it was time for a taste test. It turned out that out the dogs really did not like the flavor of friends, unless it was marinated in Angus beef stock and stuffed with milk bone doggy treats. Those pooches love their milk bones; it gives them great muscle tone, nice skin and healthy bones, not to mention a wonderful smile.

In conclusion, I have determined that "Friends" is a divine gift from god him/herself. What other mystical deity could bring people together like his in such harmony and unity? The CEO's of major networks that control the world? Lesser gods like Ares and Aphrodite? I think not. It is truly an amazing and bewildering show with roller coaster plots, psychologically deep characters, underlying messages about social and political problems, and above all, side splitting humor.

What do those damn dogs know anyway? I would like to give thanks to the Puppy, to the English dictionary, and to my mother; without her I would not have been able to fashion such Pulitzer Prize winning material.

I've Been Given Space to Write - and I'll use it, by G-d.

By "Little Blue Super Jew" David Pratt

I was hanging out in my dorm last night with a few of my suitemates talking about girls and the various experiences we had all had. The three of us pretty much agreed that the best was getting head in public. I mean, come on, how do you beat it when, you're camping out for Dave Matthews Band tickets with thousands of people around you and your girl suddenly decides to dive beneath the sleeping bag? You know how you beat it? By writing about it in a place hundreds of people will read about it. Yeah, that's tight. The request when I agreed to put something in for the newspaper was that it be something about Halloween or something funny, or a possible combination of the two. But honestly, if you had just spent the past two hours recounting all the places some girl had unzipped you, wouldn't that be the first thing on your mind, too?

Anyway, I guess I should get to Halloween. You've got to love this holiday. When else can you dress yourself up like whatever kind of crazy fuck you want and then go to the houses of total strangers and demand they give you candy? You're not just asking for candy, you're saying "Trick or Treat," which translates to "You better give up that candy or some ill shit is going to go down. Know what I mean bitch?"

One Halloween I dressed up as Death, complete with scythe and a mask that I could see out of but no one could see into. Man, you would not believe how the old people forked it out that year! That one lady that keeled over when she saw me left the whole fucking bowl of candy right there for the taking. Take it from me, if you're going to go grab candy in an older neighborhood, dress as something they're afraid of. If you can go as an HMO Doctor or Lung Cancer, you're pretty much solid.

I know I'm supposed to be writing about Halloween and all, but I just have to mention that I have the sweetest view of like three different girls' dorm rooms from my window. Yenta that I am, I've got to cast my eyes over when one of them starts changing right in plain sight. I'd like to make that plea to all girls with



windows that face other dorms right now; please, please change in front of them. You're making some insomniac shut-in who's already beaten all of his video games very, very happy.

Getting back to Halloween. Honestly, no real guidelines were given to me when this request was made. How am I supposed to just write about Halloween? You know what Halloween is? It's actually a very important Christian Holiday with Latin origins, formulated because ancient folk believed that October 31st was the Day of the Dead, and by dressing as a spirit one could ward them off. Somewhere along the line the fucking greeting card business and the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles got a hold.

By the way, the Christian Church denounces it now because they can't remember their own damn origins, and argue that it's pagan because they don't have the . . . wait, am I going off on a tangent about Christianity? Okay. Stop me if you see me doing that. I tend to trail off when things like that come up.

I think this year for Halloween, I'm going to go as Little Blue Super Jew. Shouldn't be too hard, considering that's just me wearing blue and spouting out more Yiddish than usual.

LBSJ, or me for the sake of expediency, is the . . . holy shit, I think some of the people I'm watching out my window are seriously getting it on. How cool is that?! Dammit, I keep trailing off.

Okay look, it's like this, Halloween, it's a good holiday. We get free candy, we get to spend some time thinking of creative costumes and a lot of us get to go out and get wasted with our friends. Not such a bad way to spend the day. Beats piddling around campus.

Halloween is coming up, so do whatever the fuck you feel like doing for it. Pass out candy, go trick-or-treating, go to a party, go throw fucking toilet paper all around the place, whatever. Point is, holidays like this are tailor-made for people to go and do whatever they have to in order to enjoy themselves, and Little Blue Super Jew is down with that.

Anyway, it looks like those people I was watching are actually doing some kind of drug deal, so I'm gonna keep an eye on that. Meantime, this is Little Blue Super Jew saying Happy Halloween, and don't choke on that razorblade in the tootsie roll.

You know, I never did like tootsie rolls.

the Arcade

open mon-fri
games all day
pool 5-11pm

basement, student union

Web Sites Worth Looking Into

By Wendy Ruchsberg & Walter Moss

These are some of our favorite sites, though there are plenty of other good ones. Most of these sites have *listservs* that will e-mail you with the latest news and updates to the site. If something is in quotes, it's because it was taken directly from the site (Hey, you try doing thirty descriptions!).

General Interest

<http://www.fair.org>

Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting. "Media analysis, critiques and news reports."

<http://www.zmag.org/>

Z-Magazine. Current Events and politics, has extensive collection of Noam Chomsky interviews.

<http://news.independent.co.uk/>

The Independent. An excellent United Kingdom paper.

<http://www.thenation.com/>

The Nation. The on-line edition of America's oldest left wing magazine.

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/>

BBC News. World news without the American bias. It's hit or miss really.

<http://www.rabble.ca/>

Rabble-based in Canada. AN Excellent alternative media source.

<http://www.indymedia.org/>

Indymedia Centers.

<http://www.commondreams.org/newswire.htm>

Common Dreams-"Breaking News and Views for the Progressive Community."

<http://www.alternet.org/>

Alternet's run by the Independent Media Institute, a "nonprofit organization dedicated to strengthening and supporting independent and alternative journalism, and to improving the public's access to independent information sources."

<http://www.wsws.org/>

World Socialist Web Site. News from a socialist's perspective.

<http://www.radio4all.org/anarchy/>

Anarchy For Anybody! Essays on Politics, Philosophy and culture.

<http://www.corpwatch.org/>

Corporate Watch. Excellent site, with plenty of resources to research the world's worst corporations.

Specific issue sites. Some of these are pretty self-explanatory, hence we have only given the title.

Human Rights (see also Globalization)

<http://www.hrw.org/>

Human Rights Watch.

<http://www.soaw.org>

School of the Americas Watch.

Globalization and anti-corporate

<http://www.abolishthebank.org/>

Anti-Capitalist Convergence Website.

<http://www.globalizethis.org/>

Mobilization for Global Justice.

<http://www.commercialalert.org/>

Commercial Alert.

<http://www.sweatshopwatch.org/>

Sweatshop Watch.

<http://www.behindthelabel.org/>

Behind the Label Information on specific corporations.

<http://www.wtowatch.org/>

WTO Watch.

<http://www.50years.org/>

50 Years Is Enough U.S. Network for Global Economic Justice.

<http://www.corporatepredators.org/>

Corporate Predators. This is actually an archive of a *listserv* I'm on. It's called "Focus on the Corporation." I am on a lot of *listservs* and this one is in the top five in terms of informational value.

<http://www.essential.org/>

Essential Information- In short, they "provide provocative information to the public on important topics neglected by the mass media and policy makers."

Social Justice

<http://home.earthlink.net/~foodnotbombs/>

Food Not Bombs's a grassroots anarchist group which focuses on feeding vegetarian meals to the homeless and poor as well as protesting global injustices.

<http://www.homesnotjails.org/>

Homes Not Jails. A similar concept but more complicated because it deals with housing and homeless issues. In short it is an "all-volunteer direct action housing advocacy movement." Log onto their website...it's an interesting site.

Culture Jamming Sites

(DISCLAIMER: We do not [officially] endorse culture jamming. We are merely pointing you to informational resources.)

<http://blowthedotoutyourass.com/>

<http://www.billboardliberation.com/home.html>

<http://www.culturejammers.org/>

Science & The Environment

<http://www.nature.com/nsu/index.html>

Nature Magazine On-Line. The web site for the world's most respected scientific journal.

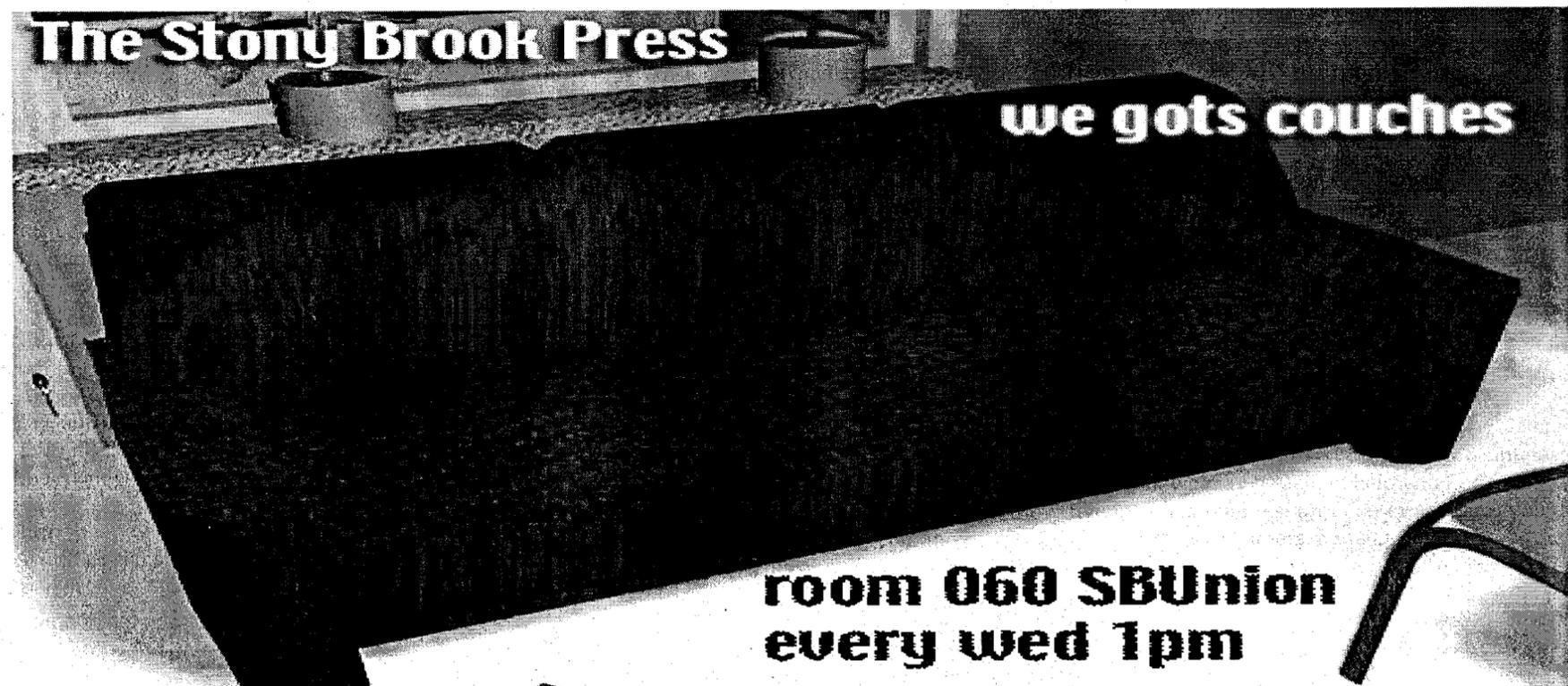
<http://www.ucsusa.org/>

The Union of Concerned Scientists. Scientists for peace and the environment.

<http://www.ran.org/>

Rainforest Action Network.

If you have any specific areas of interest you think we may be able to help you find alternative informational resources on or any sites you'd like to suggest to others, e-mail us at stonypress@hotmail.com.



They Really Are Drawings

By Chris Stackowicz

I walked into the gallery the night Ms. Ji-Hyun Seo finished installing her new show of drawings. There happened to be a young lady entering at roughly the same time. Even though I had seen the process behind making the work, seeing it in the gallery always provides for either enlightenment or disgust. Being able to hear an outsider's initial reaction gives some justification for what it is the artist is trying to accomplish. It being such that outside viewers, those unfamiliar with a particular artist's work have a reaction. Gauging the reaction of the unknowing is one of the better ways to judge the effectiveness of your work, especially when it's on display in a public venue such as the Melville Gallery.

The young lady in the gallery with me, at first walked around the room, standing quite a distance back from the subtly framed images. After she gave a cursory glance to the show as a whole, she walked closeto an image of toilet paper absorbing a puddle of water. Her reaction was "Holy Shit! These aren't photos, there drawings!" I replied, "My God, you're right," even though I was well aware of the images being drawn with a pencil, painstakingly, for hours on end. Somehow this proves at least one thing; Ji-Hyun has the ability to draw with such remarkable realism that she surely fooled more than enough people into thinking these were photographs. In essence, the fact that they aren't photographs is one of two important elements to these pieces.

Why does an artist choose to deliberate and manipulate an image to such an extent that they produce that photo-realism effect? Obviously she could have taken a third of the time and just made photo still-lives of these objects and had some alright images. She could have drawn and left the trace of her hand, thereby letting the viewer be well aware of their being drawings. But in this case she has chosen to work, and really work the images.

The removal of the artist hand, or attempt at it is what intrigues me here. In the process of replicating reality, Ji-Hyun clues us into a certain failure, that being in drawing, her inability to ever completely remove the mark of her hand. But it is that attempt at removal, that clues us into her intent, especially when the two images that evoke the strongest physical or mental reaction are analyzed.

Three of the images are good drawings; the composition is nice, the technique is strong and

the reality effect works, but they don't pull at the viewer. They sit in their pretty place as pretty drawings and do little more.

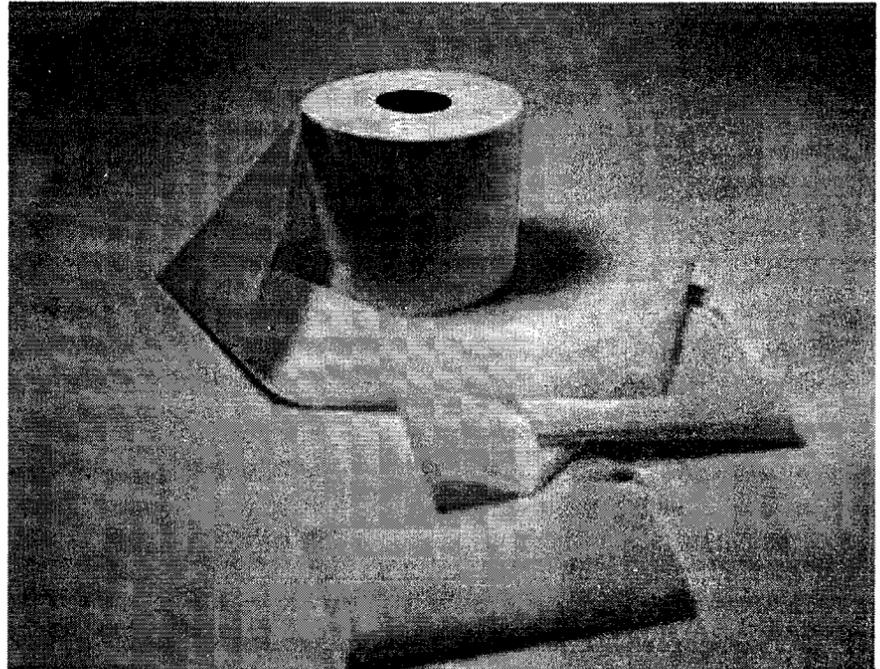
The image of the toilet paper that I described above, the soap bar with hairs on it and a trace of a hand-print (despite the cliché of the hairy soap image) are more than just pretty (actually they aren't even pretty, but solid in all the formal categories I mentioned above). They actually tug at the viewer. They push the viewer away and yet, simultaneously compel one to look closer.

Their subject matter is two situations that fill us with disgust, two repelling incidents in our normal life. When we see those replicated in a gallery we recoil in the same way.

Ji-Hyun does not want us to recoil from her, as an artist. She wants to make the recoiler see what it is that makes her recoil from these images. So she has to study them in every minute detail to make them make her recoil. When she has done that she can capture that sense of disgust at normal every day activity.

The pictures aren't about an artist trying to disgust the viewer. They are about studying and reflecting the mechanisms of our own disgust. In doing this and being as analytic as possible in her method, Ji-Hyun is able to convince the viewer that she has carefully studied this mechanism of disgust. She has approached a psychological manifestation as scientifically as possible.

Had she taken a photograph of them, the viewer would only have been able to see an instance of a chemically produced image of something that has disgusted us. It would not let us into the psyche of the artist who had taken the photograph. No amount of cropping could do that. It would remain exactly what it is. Whereas, when she meticulously draws them, when she meticulously attempts and fails (in the long run the girl in the gallery was able to discern, even



after delay, that they were drawings) at removing her hand from them, we see the ability for the drawing to project or hold traces of the artists intentions, as well as what those barely perceptible intentions can invoke in the viewer.

While the entirety of Ji-Hyun's show may not be perfect, the two successful drawings, yes. I consider them successful whatever that means, are enough of an impetus for more work to be produced in this manner.

Very rarely can an artist convince the viewer so much that what they are making is real. The illusion of the photographic method works. It lets us into the imagery. It allows us to know what it is that she is drawing. It lets us know how she looks and studies what it is that she is drawing. It lets us know how she feels by looking and studying her subject matter. Most of all, it lets us know, that Ji-Hyun has been able to capture that moment of disgust. I can see the images a million times over and still feel disgust. Unlike the other images in the gallery, these allow, through the beauty of her craftsmanship, an access into the mechanism of disgust. They allow us to know that the artist is trying to study what it is about these images that disgust her, and for that matter, us as well. And that study is beautiful.

Ji-Hyun has given the viewer a lesson in how to make disgust beautiful and how to make beautiful disgusting.

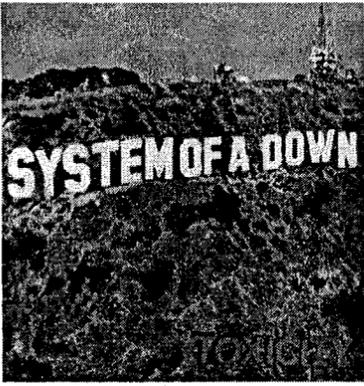
the Spot

open thur-sat
6pm-mid
music+beer+cabaret

2nd floor
fannie brice thtr.

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

System Of A Down: Toxicity
Sony Music Entertainment Inc.



Most people when asked, "What type of music do you listen to?" vomit forth the cliché "everything but Country." Of course this answer is more than a cliché it's a little lie we

say so as not to offend those that we speak to.

Inevitably our musical inquisitor will whip forth some album that is beyond our musical horizon. Toxicity is the album I use for the

forementioned comeuppance when presented with the "anything but Country" passivity of opinion.

If you're not a member of the Nu-Metal culture, Toxicity, and all of System of a Down, will seem alien and strange, slightly off-putting and upsetting like a naughty uncle's too-lengthy hugs. But, I entreat you to listen again.

Upon further investigation you will surely discover the ingenuity and infectiousness of the fourteen tracks on System's second full length CD.

The music is paradoxical, it is a mix of the past 15 years of metal music (echoes of Anthrax, Fear Factory and Tool can be found in all their songs) with an undercurrent of Klezmer music (Jewish folk music) that manages to shine through and add a unique twist to their stop-start driving and crunching guitars.

I won't say whether the average listener will jive with their sound but two things are eminently clear upon a thorough listen to Toxicity. One, with very few exceptions (A Perfect Circle and Slipknot's first album) System is head and shoulders above any other Nu-Metal act currently making music. Two this superiority of sound stems from their brazen innovation in the face of Nu-Metal homogeneity and their unabashed socio-political awareness.

On the latter note any fan of Rage Against The Machine or Public Enemy should make sure that they own this album post-haste.

Tenacious D: Tenacious D
Sony Music Entertainment Inc.



Warning, if you don't mind some cream in your jeans then listen to Tenacious D. Kyle Gass and Jack Black are simply here to rock

your friggen socks off. No Joke, The D is a rock hard hard-rock acoustic duo of dynamism.

Kyle has fingers of silver put to good use on lead guitar. Jack's voice is gold, a man who has mastered not only the penultimate singing technique (Yodeling), but has gone beyond the limitations of one-way rocking to invent the ultimate singing innovation "inward-singing."

Their respective talents (although both play guitar and sing) are put through the wringer on the debut CDs 21 songs and comedy segments.

Whether it's love ballads like; "Fuck Her Gently," (a song whose video has passed no censors and as such will not be seen on MTV), the epic metal poetry of; "Wonderboy," or the fecundity of "Kielbasa Sausage," Tenacious D leaves you with a warm feeling in your belly. Tenacious D is like a hot load to the back of your throat -- easy to get if you know the right people.

Some would call The D a dead-on skewering of early metal and prog-rock. Some

would call them musical heralds of Satan. I saw that they are possessing of the vision, talent, humor and cognitive capacity necessary to lead us in the rebuilding process.

They rule acoustic-metal as two kings. They sound nothing like Frente!/DMX. I wholeheartedly recommend Tenacious D to anybody interested in knowing what it feels like to have your ass blown out.



PS2: Devil May Cry
Capcom

Last year I wouldn't have recommended that anyone buy the Playstation 2. Generally the video game system comes out first will reserve it's best games for a release simultaneous to the following competitors. Such was the case with the PS2.

Where PS2 owners have floundered through the past year without many innovative and engaging games to reward them, now we're being paid back in droves.

One such game that makes the PS2 worth the 300 clams is Devil May Cry. Fans of the Resident Evil or the Castlevania series should stop reading and go buy the damn game. The above-mentioned series play heavily into the style and action of the game.

The premise is such: you control Dante, the son of legendary demon hunter Sparda, and an accomplished demon hunter himself. A beautiful woman, after attempting to kill you, takes you to Mallet Island to fight a big nasty demon called Mundus and prevent it from taking over the whole world.

Yeah the plot is a bit cliché and the voice acting is, although better than most games, laughable but the action and style of the game is phenomenal.

A diverse array of guns, magical weapons and supernatural maneuvers, like being able to assume a powerful demonic form, help you battle your way through the 23 missions. Even on easy the game is challenging (but not impossible) enough to hold your interest once the pure visual spectacle of the game has passed (which takes a damn long time).

Not scary per se but certainly intimidating the castle (and demon realms you latter enter) and it's inhabitants elegantly fit the world of Devil May Cry. The bosses range from Zelda 2 shadow versions of yourself to towering monstrosities all of which require deft fingers and a quick wit to best.

Without a multiplayer mode Devil May Cry loses a bit after you've beaten it once. But, the Hard and Dante Must Die difficulty settings (as well as the frikken hard to find secret missions and special characters) are sure to renew you vigor for demonic fisticuffs.

Devil May Cry is without reservation one of the top five games for the PS2 and anybody who owns the system should make damn sure they have this beautiful, entertaining and exhilarating adventure/horror game.

My Fat Fei Long Style will wreck you quick, into the emergency room

My Shien Kyaku is beautiful and deadly like assassin Geisha

Come to the Arcade and bring your whack fighting style so I can house you

mon-sat 6-11

pool games butt-kickins

Basement Student Union Building

A Sugar Ray Experience

By Andrea Leeson

On October 16th I was left with a free extra ticket to Sugar Ray that I could not give away. No one wanted it. Maybe they were busy; maybe they have good taste in music. Either way, I did find a supercool friend to come with me, and I have to say that we did have a pretty good time dancing. I was angry at the situation though; I think I wanted to stay asleep on the Press couch, and I informed her that all I would write about would be clothes and hairstyles and stupid mainstream labels and sneakers. I was moody, but we danced and it was nice. But we left when we became nauseous towards the end of the show. Mark McGrath is obnoxious and ridiculous. He pretends differently; we saw through him though...

Two bands opened for Sugar Ray-Iridesense and Halfmanwonder. These bands were really good. I was surprised by their down-to-earth talent in music. I was expecting glamour, glitz and MTV, but the lead singer was wearing a white t-shirt and cuffed jeans (there'd be lots of cuffed jeans tonight). I talked to a member of Halfmanwonder, who had a groovy Shaggy haircut and was "dumbfounded" at the entire situation.

I wanted to ask, but didn't, why he wore sunglasses while he played. But I did ask how they came to be the opening act, and he told me that Sugar Ray supposedly asked the school for lists of local Long Island bands to consider as opening acts. So I was happy with Sugar Ray's choice and behavior even before their performance. I was surprised again. Anyway, Halfmanwonder was great. They were really radio-friendly and I loved how they would hop around the stage in unison. They were truly happy to be there, and it was contagious. With songs called "Holiday," "The Fun Song," and a shout out to Queens, I was grooving pretty well by the time the next band took the stage.

Between acts I observed the audience. Teenage girls were everywhere... this must be someone's greatest fantasy. It was certainly not mine. Wherever I looked there were braces and baby-tees. The pimply-mall crowd moved onto our campus. Yeah, we've got our own homegrown hoes and chickenheads here, but at least they're of age. So here I am going through metal detectors, getting frisked, and having my bag checked, all so I could sit on the floor of our "sports arena" amidst last season's imitation platform, Steve Madden's "I LOVE YOU MARK" signs, and Sketchers. I asked the girls behind us a few questions; they were smart, interesting and fun. I really liked these girls, and began to scold myself for judging this crowd by their sorry bad taste. I talked to Deanna, 14 years old, of Hauppauge. I asked her if she was also here for Mark McGrath. Turns out she is "totally obsessed with Murphy," the bassist player. She told me he inspired her to play the bass guitar, and throughout the show I heard her making reference to different types of guitars and how much she loved playing. I have lots of respect for this little confused feminist, even when she showed me the t-shirt she had made that had "MURPHY" glued onto it with little rhinestones. Teenybopper at first glance, she impressed me with her determination for playing, and admiration for the music, not the "sexy" frontman.

When Iridesense came on stage, both Deanna and I were very glad to see a female bassist. I was surprised once again, having expected only Hot Topic dressed sex men. She was a chick bassist in a far out, black sequined dress, with this great feathery bottom. Their first song

started with her telling the audience to "put your right hand over your heart." I was intrigued and happy. They played a great show, and like Halfmanwonder were "Oh my god, so psyched to be here." The second song was a great fuck-you-to-a-lover-song, and those are the best. She sang "take one last long cus I'm GONE," and I said yup... right on... At one point she said "It's amazing Sugar Ray let us open for them," and I thought,

"fuck no, they're absolutely fucking lucky to have you guys on their stage." So on November 8th I'm going to The Spot, 2nd floor of the Fanny Brice Theater Building, to see Iridesense (www.iridesense.com) play at 10 pm, and Halfmanwonder (www.halfmanwonder.com) play at 11. Is this a shameless plug? Well, yes it is, cus The Spot is cool and so are you!

So after Iridesense I look to the crowd for more stimulation. I talked to Lillia and Lisa, both 17 years old. I asked them what other music they liked. They told me- Blink 182, Sun 41, Green Day, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. No surprises there, except that one of them told me she was interested in coming to Stony Brook for college. Looks like the advertising through misogynistic rock stars is working.

Sugar Ray came out. Mark McGrath stuck his tongue out a lot. I realized he's not that hot. I know, I know, y'all will disagree, but I tell you, he's got this weird monkey face, and a bad hairdo. Ick. Again the guitarist was wearing aviator sunglasses. Musta been real bright on stage. Goddamn, they are such fratboy rockstars. They opened with a song called "Answer the Phone." It was not good at all. "Answer the phone, I know that you're home, I wanna get you alone." Yeah right, better bring the Rohypnol Mark, cus you're looking like a big ape right about now. Then they sang that radio song that I like, "Falls Apart," after giving "a toast to Stony Brook" with a keg cup. Whatever. I tend to avoid those jocky, college white hats with coed naked t-shirts and lacrosse key chains, and now here they are, onstage, and people paid to see them. My supercool friend and I wrote notes back and forth where we could adequately make fun of Sugar Ray to maintain sanity. "He talks 2 much," I wrote. She agreed; "and a lot of it is scripted." It was like watching Total Request Live when those dorks read off the TV screens and all that. Oh my. They sang "an older one" called "RPM" and I decided that Mark McGrath should scream more, and talk less. People almost started to mosh; it was hard and loud. I was shocked. And I liked it. Made me really miss loud shows with outcast kids jumping around and fucking up.

So, Mark McGrath was pretty stylish. I was not shocked this time. He was the complete



rugged rock star, in Diesel jeans and a navy blue t-shirt. I saw all those sexy tattoos when he lifted up his shirt slowly to a girl in the front row. What a fucker. He kept sticking the mic in his pants. He made a shout out to the "Seawolves." I laughed. No one cheered. My goodness. He told us a story we didn't care about. How an hour (yeah right) before the show his girlfriend called to break up with him. She told him, "I don't like what you've become Mark." Ha, yeah. I bet she was a punk chick. And he's just a sell-out dick. Later he tells us, "I figure they call this place Stony Brook for a reason," with weed implications that I am sure the 13 year old audience missed, and then described a strong drink he's heard of know as a "Long Island Special." I'm assuming he was talking about a Long Island Iced Tea, but whatever. They certainly don't pay this fool to be smart.

There was one cool thing he said before a song, "Under the Sun," dedicated to eighties music and culture. He started by saying, "remember the 80's?" Ah...this was too funny with the age of the audience. He told us the song was about "a night like that." A night when he'd go to college rock shows with his friends; bands like "The Cure, the Psychedelic Furs, and Duran Duran." In the song he says he'll "always remember Run DMC, and all the good times that we had on the beach, stealing sips from a paper cup and making out in the sand." Cheesy, I know. But I grew up on Long Island's south shore on Jones Beach. "As we grew up under the sun..." I sigh. I'm sorry, I just have my weak spots.

So me and my supercool friend left soon after this. It was a long day, and I don't think I am healthy enough to deal with too much MTV culture in just a few hours. Bottom line, the show was alright, but that doesn't matter; the monetary success of the show will illustrate the benefits of having music here at Stony Brook. So now we have even more of a reason to demand more music. We have more of a reason to demand good music, and let's all say something. Let's all demand more groove... George Clinton tells us what we need to do. Get down, just for the funk of it...

Graduation Conspiracy

By Trina Scannapieco

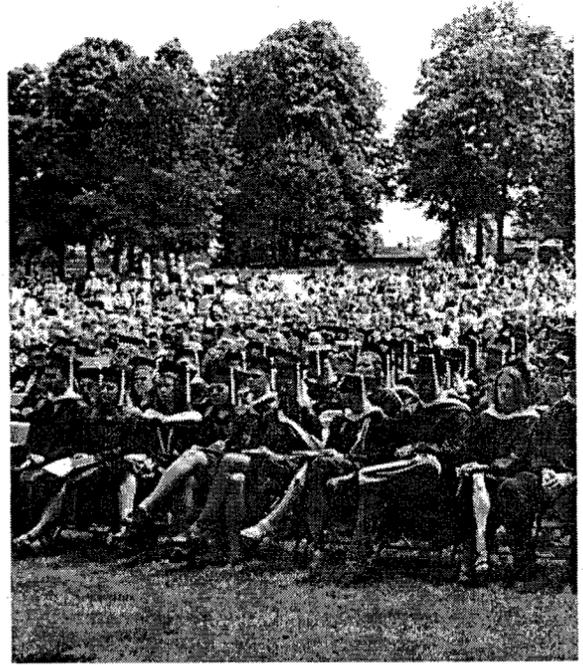
First and foremost, I would like to congratulate all of the graduating seniors!!!! Across campuses in the United States and abroad students are eagerly working toward their long awaited goal of graduating from colleges and universities somewhat like ours.

We all dream of our one day of commencement. This should be a day of great joy and praise. I am proud to be one of the graduates planning to attend commencement of December 2001. To my great dismay December commencements here at grand Stony Brook are not held with as much esteem and respect as the same commencement ceremonies held in May.

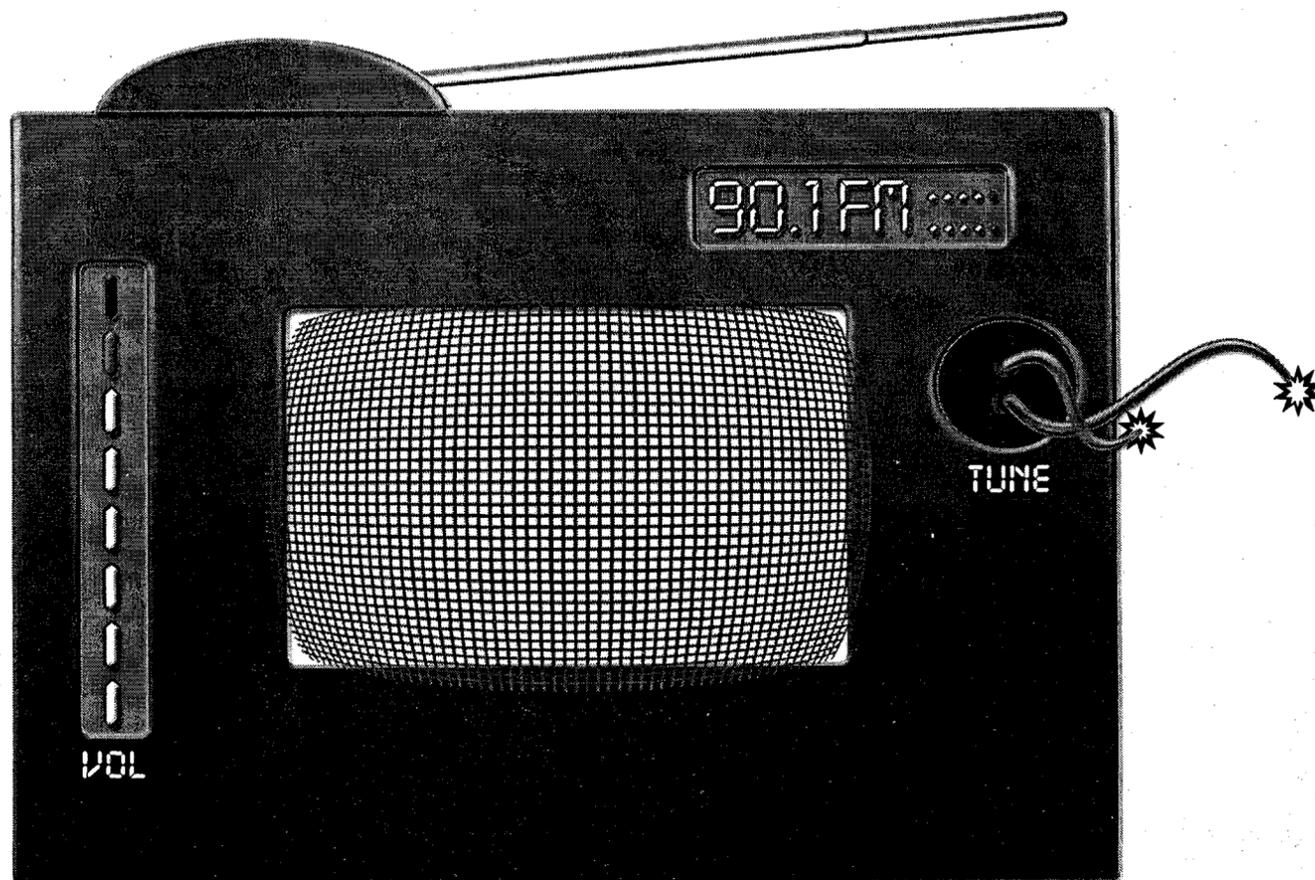
I have several reasons to be outraged at Stony Brook University. First because it has been a long standing policy of our university to have December Commencement Ceremonies the day before final examinations. How can anyone enjoy themselves when afterward they have to go home and study for final exams? Many of us are obligated to attend the commencement ceremony because our family and friends have waited in anticipation of this day for four years, plus or minus a year. Many students, including myself will have to say to these proud and excited family members and friends that we can not go out and celebrate with them because we have to study for finals in the morning. My second reason for my outrage is that our diplomas will state that we graduated the year after, which will be 2002 for this December Commencement class. The university is too cheap to make two separate diplomas for those graduating after the end of the Fall semester and those

graduating after the Winter semester. The universities' reasoning is that because our final grades are not in anyway therefore we have not graduated. I am very hurt that I put in all this effort and I am not "officially graduating" until the next year. The third reason for my outrage is that the December Commencement ceremony is not as elaborate as those held in May. We do not get to walk and our ceremony is half as long as the May ceremony. Basically our ceremony will be rushed because of everything else happening after graduation. Why do we have to be rushed?

This is supposed to be a day of great joy, but it is becoming to be a day of many disappointments in the university I spent many years attending, supporting, and personal growth. I feel that the university is saying to its December graduates that it doesn't care about us because we are graduating during the "off season". Why do these differences exist? We paid the same tuition rates, we met all the same requirements, and poured the same amount of sweat, hard work, and tears into graduating, but the day is not the same as those who have or will be graduating in the May commencement ceremonies. These policies my not effect all of us individually, but it will effect other fellow students here. I brought this to President Kenny's attention in an e-mail and her response was "a committee decides when graduation is held far in advance, but I am sorry for the inconvenience." It is more than an inconvenience for many of us because it ruins this very special day that we have all been looking forward to for a very long time.



I would like to change these policies, but in order to do that I need my fellow student to bind together in one voice. To me there are no valid reasons for maintaining the difference in the two commencement ceremonies. I am asking my fellow student to sign petitions to change these policies. A couple of other students and myself will be circulating petitions. Please take five minutes to sign one and together as a student body we can bring the honor back to all those who graduate during



W-USB
the dial is broken. you have no choice.

Hard Pressed for a costume
idea this Halloween?

Or are you just
plain ugly?

Who cares? Be
your favorite
2-D hero for
Halloween!

Wear this
mask on 10/31!
you unimaginative
Bitch.

instructions

1. cut out face
(the one on the paper)

2. cut out eyes
(not your eyes, dummy)

3. hide your ugly mug

4. impress your friends

5. Quit Art School

(if you're in one, you should have a
better idea, unless you don't believe
in Halloween...)

You wish you could
be me! Sucka!

