

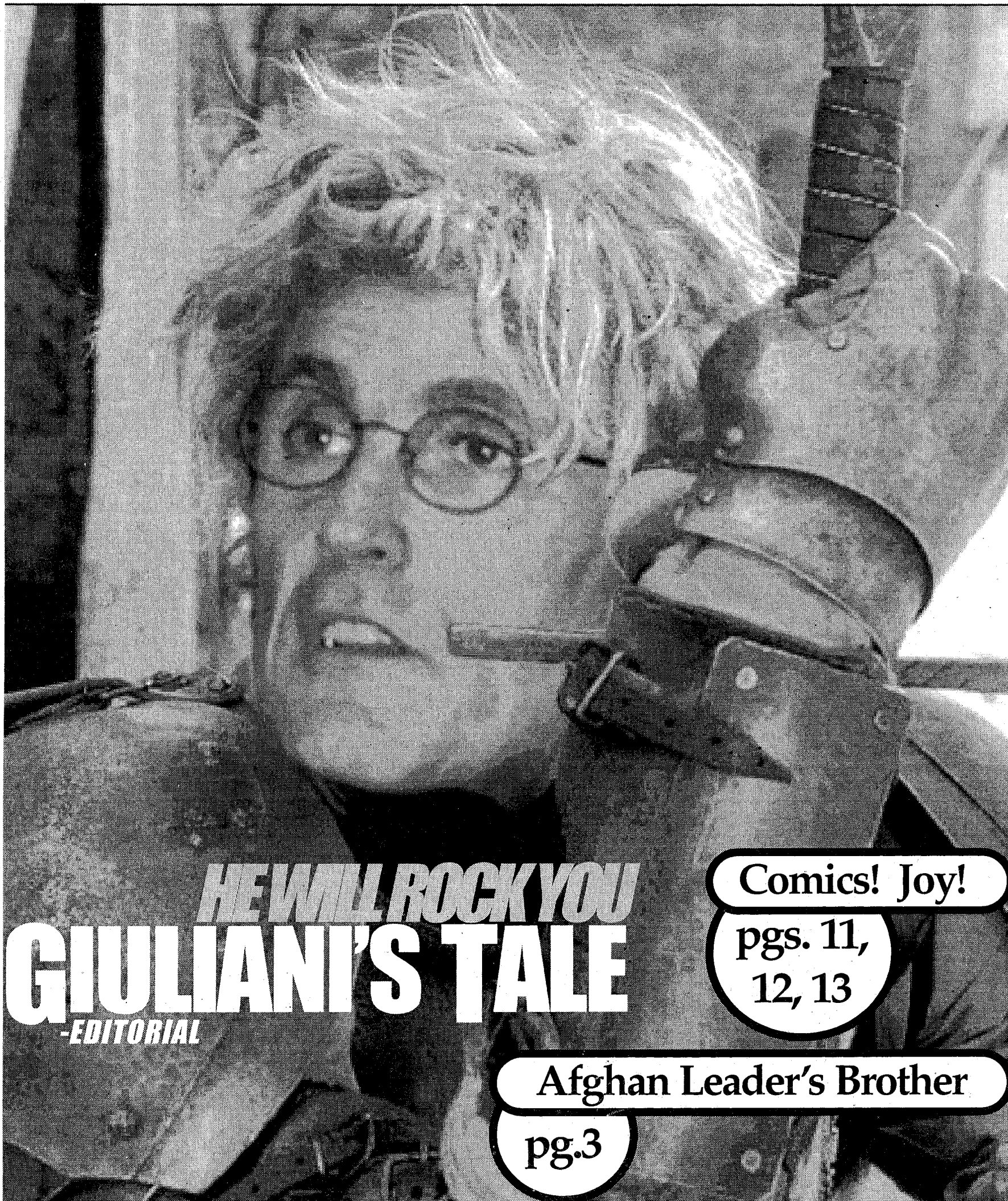
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PRESS

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"C-O-M-M-U-N-I-T-Y"

February 20, 2002



HE WILL ROCK YOU GIULIANI'S TALE -EDITORIAL

Comics! Joy!

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Afghan Leader's Brother

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Campaign Finance: Corruption Just Got Cheaper?

By Jonathan Gelling

Perhaps the only thing that can make a whore more pathetic is to become a less expensive whore. It demeans anyone to have to sell themselves for less money. Maybe it's just the recession, but these days even the going rate for politicians has come down with the rest of the market. The new campaign finance reform bill passed by the House of Representatives (it was already approved by the Senate) recognizes this new reality. With the new law in place, more or less the same wealthy donors will continue to buy the same amount of influence they have for decades now. But under the new reforms it'll be much less expensive for them to do so. That's progress for you.

For starters, the new law would all but eliminate the millions of dollars in soft money, which are campaign donations that are almost totally unregulated, given by corporations, wealthy individuals and other lobbying groups. Instead, these groups will only be able to donate a mere \$10,000 to each local and state party across the country (of which there are hundreds so this "limit?" is far from meaningful). At the same time, maximum regular donations to individual candidates will be doubled from \$1,000 to \$2,000 and will increase automatically to adjust for inflation (it does not presently).

Clearly these rules are designed to better represent the interests of your average college student. Those of us out there who have had the frustrating experience of not having \$20 in our account to clear the ATM minimum will now be just as free as wealthy people to write

\$2,000 checks (as opposed to those \$1,000 checks we've written in the past) to our representatives in Congress. And who ever said America was not the land of freedom and equality? The law will give all Americans the chance to donate thousands and thousands of dollars to political candidates and parties, regardless of how much money each of us actually has to do so. That's true equality for you, folks. No one can buy freedom like that, unless of course they have enough money to make the purchase.

The changes to the campaign finance law merely perpetuate a system that ensures any candidate for major office will need the support of many wealthy patrons even to be competitive, regardless of the level of personal qualifications he/she may have. Wealthy candidates are also going to be boosted by this legislation, since they can continue to spend however much of their own money they choose to, while their opponents will now have an even more difficult job of raising money (the fundraising limits get relaxed for candidates facing a wealthy opponent, but they still will be far stricter than they have been in the past).

Honest supporters of campaign finance reform might argue that even though campaign finance will continue to rest in the hands of a wealthy elite, at least the proposed reforms will slightly expand the size of that elite. A somewhat larger group of wealthy individuals and special interests will be able to make their voices heard in the halls of power in Washington, DC. Probably the new voices will be every bit as

obnoxious as the ones that are already there -- and equally unrepresentative of the majority of the American people.

Of course, a true campaign reform that would really get Big Money out of politics would be to have publicly financed elections. That way, any serious candidate would be allowed to petition for the support of his fellow citizens. Every candidate for office would have an equal chance to present his/her message to the voting public, and people would be given real choices on their election ballot. There could be no question of government officials being beholden to special interests, at least not merely for the sake of campaign donations. Ideas not supported by wealthy elites could receive an open and honest debate, in an environment where money would be significantly less important than votes. Such a reform would be very revolutionary in comparison to the current system of politics in this country. Such drastic change seems almost unthinkable in today's cynical atmosphere, however, at a time when our political system leads many young people to believe that if voting actually did accomplish anything, then it would certainly be banned.

It just seems unthinkable that a \$10 trillion economy, led by a federal government with a \$2 trillion annual budget, should be beholden to special interests that only have to spend a few million dollars in purchasing leading politicians. This is America boys and girls, we deserve to be led by nothing but the highest priced whores in the whole damned world!

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"Gladly Handed Over:" Tough Words From Afghan Leader's Younger Brother

By Ross Rosenfeld

In a small, but neat office on the fourth floor of the Life Sciences building here at Stony Brook, Professor A. Wali Karzai, the brother of Afghanistan's Interim Leader, Hamid Karzai, sat reclining in his chair as he spoke of a life filled with tragedy and triumph. Mr. Karzai is a tall, dark-skinned man with a pleasant and comfortable countenance. His dress is meticulous, much like his highly scientific mind, but he appears amicable. The long black hair is wily and untamed, suffered by the various hardships of a lifetime. He jokes that his brother Hamid may have cost him some of that fine black hair; for his mind is on Afghanistan and the troubles of his people.

But Professor Karzai, who works in the Biochemistry Department, has two people: he is both an Afghan and an American, and he has been caught in a flux of conflict. He worries constantly for his family in Afghanistan – for his brothers, Ahmad, Shah Wali, and, of course, Hamid, whose burden is nothing less than tremendous. But Karzai has faith in his brother.

"Hamid...puts the Afghan national interest first," he says. "Always has. And he doesn't believe in the rule of guns and war, he believes in law and democracy."

With the current factional fighting within the Northern Alliance, or "United Front," as Karzai calls it, the choice of his brother for leader becomes even more important. "He has had very good relationships with all different groups and factions in the country," Karzai says. "And I think maintaining those relations... with a lot of different people will serve him well."

But Hamid must be careful. He is now the world's most prominent juggler, forced into a position in which he must attempt to balance the needs of the Afghan people with the wants of the United States government. He must appear to his people as a strong leader, but at the same time must maintain international support. With growing factionalism and lawlessness within Afghanistan, Hamid Karzai has to be strong but tactful. If his people view him as a U.S. stooge, he will be ineffectual; yet, if he does not cede to certain U.S. demands, he may lose his power base.

The question of Taliban and Al Qaeda prisoners, then, becomes an important one. I asked Professor Karzai how he felt his brother would deal with such prisoners.

"I think that Al Qaeda members have committed international crimes," the professor said. "And they should be dealt with according to international law. If another country wants them, I think they would be gladly handed over."

"All of them?" I asked.

"Whoever is caught of the criminal bunch, yes."

This issue has been one of concern to the U.S., since no U.S. official has been able to state for certain that this will occur. Mr. Karzai, however, did point out a discrepancy between those of the "criminal bunch" and those forced into the Taliban army.

"The foot soldiers of the Taliban who...were recruited and forced to be part of the movement – and [the Taliban] did that heavily – if they haven't committed any crimes, they should not be punished."

This is a problem that has been little addressed, and may in fact cause difficulties in the future. The question is, who is defined as our enemy? The Bush administration's position on this has so far been less than clear. Up till now, we have assumed that all members of the Taliban are our enemies, without consideration as to whether or not they were forced into the army. Also: Does the

U.S. truly want to deal with all of these prisoners, or would we be willing to give some to the new Afghan government?

These are all pressing issues that Hamid Karzai will have to deal with in the near future. Right now, though, he must concentrate more on keeping the various factions of the Northern Alliance from killing each other, and on rebuilding a tattered nation. His brother, the professor, paints a grim picture:

"If you look at Kabul and Kandahar and other regions you...see that the majority of the buildings are destroyed, the institutions are destroyed; essentially, the norms and rules that hold a society together are destroyed."

Continued U.S. and international support is very important for his brother's rebuilding effort, Karzai says. He believes, also, that an international peace-keeping force is very much necessary, but is uncertain as to whether it will come about.

Meanwhile, despite giving credit to U.S. special forces and being thankful for U.S. aide, Professor Karzai denies the boasts made by U.S. Secretary of State Donald Rumsfeld that his brother was rescued by U.S. forces, claiming that such reports have been "misreported and misinterpreted and never clarified." Hamid Karzai, he says, was not plucked out by U.S. forces and brought back into Afghanistan, but returned there instead on a motorbike!

"On a motorbike?" I repeat.

"Yes," he says, "And went from one place to another under the Taliban's nose...with [his] people."

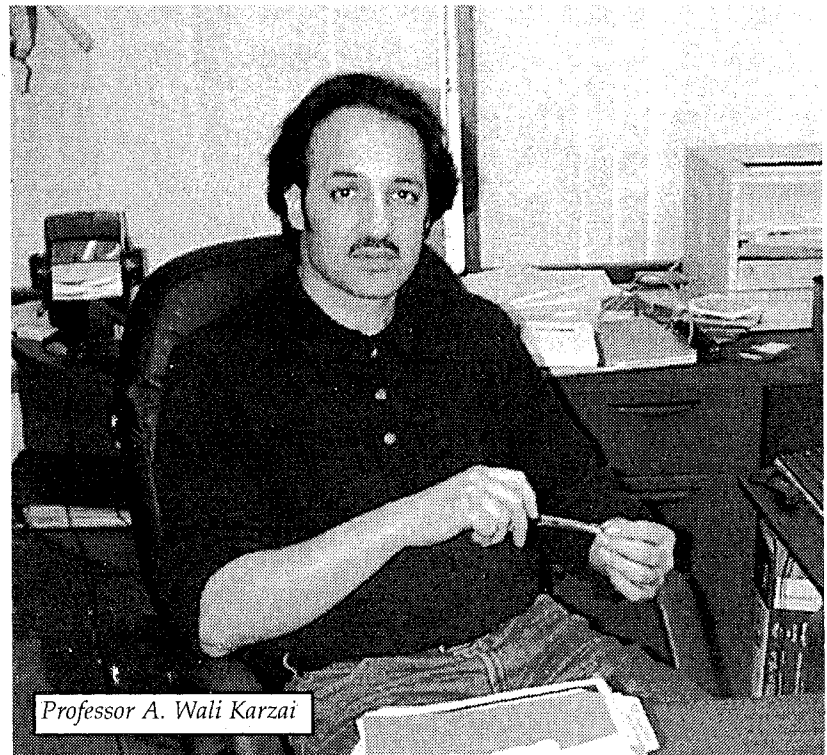
Hamid, he explains, was taken in a helicopter to meet with U.S. officials and various Afghan groups, but he was never "whisked away" as Karzai puts it, and was in fact present at various skirmishes between his group and the Taliban.

It was a dangerous mission for Hamid. He had been at the top of the Taliban hit-list ever since his father was assassinated by the same group back in 1999, and had he been caught, it would have been certain death.

Professor Karzai remembers having to leave Afghanistan as a youth in much the same way that Hamid was forced to enter it. Fleeing with his brother, Shah Wali, Karzai made a dangerous night voyage that would lead him from Afghanistan to Pakistan, and then to Germany, and, eventually, the United States. Along the way he experienced various forms of racism, and was awarded with an esteemed career as a dishwasher when he finally did enter the U.S. in 1982 – a far cry from his life in Afghanistan, where his father had been a Pashtun tribal leader.

The Russian invasion changed everything, Karzai explains. "It was essentially undeclared war on the people," he says. "Anybody who disagreed...with the communist government...would be put in jail." That included Karzai's father, who was jailed for two years by the Russians.

From this "undeclared war," as Karzai calls it, there developed a county of "lawlessness." The Russian invasion "forced people to rebellion," Karzai remembers. The result was total anarchy,



Professor A. Wali Karzai

and then the Taliban, which rose up in response to the blatant disregard of order. Taliban leader Mullah Omar, who Karzai believes is still in Afghanistan, was one of the first to lead the call for order, which initially Karzai's family supported. Soon, however, the message of the Taliban changed, and so did the attitude of Abdul Ahad Karzai and his son Hamid. They became the most vocal opponents of the Taliban, and later Abdul would pay the price for such courage.

"As the movement grew it was essentially hijacked," Karzai says. "There was a lot of foreign infiltration [such as that by Osama bin Laden]."

Karzai would not hear of Osama bin Laden, however, until some years later, in 1996 or 97, he says, "when he was reentering Afghanistan and establishing terrorist training camps. A lot of people talked about these foreign elements that were coming into Afghanistan and destroying things. [These people] hijacked the Taliban movement and eventually became the government." Karzai pauses to think a moment, then adds, "I think he's an evil person," echoing the words of George W. Bush.

As for the current threat that Al Qaeda poses, Karzai warns that we should be "vigilant." Al Qaeda is still out there, he says, "and if they're not pursued and captured, they will probably regroup and try to do something. I think that the sneaker-bomb thing is a good indication of that. There are still people trying to do [terrorism]."

But Karzai is optimistic overall. He believes that the U.S., under the Bush administration, is sincere in its fight against terror, though he stresses the importance of not leaving Afghanistan to the winds. "I think that the future of Afghanistan is linked to the future of the rest of the world community," he says. "My hope is that peace and security will take hold in Afghanistan and [that] the country and its people will prosper, and [that] Afghanistan will join the community of civilized nations and take its rightful place there."

As for his own future, Karzai says that he plans to remain at Stony Brook University though the thought of returning to Afghanistan has occurred to him. Currently, he is working on creating "novel antibiotics," with a deep concentration on the workings of bacteria and how such workings could be used to fight bacterial diseases and infections.

He wants to help people.

Editorial: Sir Rudy

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

-King Richard III (V, iv, 7)

How far mighty England has fallen. Where once the sun never set upon the shores of the British Empire now they are reduced to bestowing Knighthood upon every Tom, Dick and Harry that crosses their path.

Sir Lancelot? Surely.

Sir Alec Guisness? O.K.

Sir Rudolph Giuliani? For shame, for shame once-noble U.K.

Now I know, Rudy actually summoned the breifest glimpses of humanity after 9-11. But I ask, is that really recompense for the years of cultural, social, legal, political and econmic tryanny? Was the Queen Mum not informed of "Quality of Life Crimes," "The Disneyfication of Manhattan," "The Gestapo Tactics of the Street Crimes Unit?"

How about Diallo? Remeber that little side-effect of Giuliani's rule.

I don't know about the Queen but I would

like to see a little more than an 11th hour bout of decency in the ranks of my round table. What about the firefighters and rescue workers of NYC? What about a little help for the victims (and I'm not talking about a tacit participation in an unjust war) instead of a pointless accolade for a horrible, horrible man.

What am I asking? They knighted some of the fucking Beatles for gad-sakes, (Harrison posthumously even!) but never the one who meant the most (Lennon you social troglodyte)!

England obviously has no standards left.

I advocate severing all ties to merry old England. I just can't take these bloody "Marilyn Monroe to Princess Di Lyric Changing" poofs. Thats it, no more Bass for me. I going straight to the Guinness.

IRA!

IRA!

IRA!

Editorial: I Wanna Be Consolidated

So, I returned from the intersession to find that my roommate had unexpectedly dropped out of Stony Brook because she's gotten tired of getting shafted by Academic Advising and and the financial aid office and the meal plan office and the rest of that cohort. I can't say as I blame her and while we miss her in the suite I thought it was pretty cool to have a de facto single. I put the other bed up against the wall and got a plant to keep me company.

A month later, last monday, I get this wad of forms stuck in my mail box (this has got to be some kind of mail fraud). They were in a variety of attractive pastel colers and they were offering me the option to stay in my room as a "double-single" for another 530 dollars. Like the meal plan, I imagine this is one of those things they just stick on your tab if you don't get after them about it.

If I didn't want to give them another half a grand to stay in the room I signed on for last semester I could check one of two boxes. The first box said that I had chosen a roommate to fill the spot and for residential housing not to worry about a thing. I'll give them the benefit of the doubt and call it wishful thinking on the part of the housing office that I know some girl who really wants to drop everything and move in with me after the start of the semester.

If I checked box number three that meant that I declined the other two options and understood that next monday I would be "consolidated." This is the actual word they used. What they meant by this is that I would move all my stuff to some other room of the housing office's choosing.

I went to the quad office, like the forms suggested, and explained to them that I know extortion when I get it in the mail. The young woman I spoke with gave me my RHD's phone number, as if she couldn't imagine why I wouldn't have gone to her first unless I didn't have the number. My RHD called the quad office to confirm what I already knew, there were no girls on the waiting list for housing in my dorm.

I called a girl at Residential Housing who told me that there is a board that meets to come up with these rules for what is supposed to happen when your roommate drops out of school and other such contingencies.

Apparently, there are few token students on this board composed mainly of administrators that meets now and again and then evaporates so that there is no one for someone like myself to appeal to. After all that talking I think someone said they would look for a girl who wants to live in my room. I think they should know better than I if there was someone like that out there.

I can't imagine that any honest person in their right mind let alone a lucid student deciding that the appropriate thing for me to do if my roommate leaves is to find a new roommate myself or move out of the room I'm already supposed to have secured. I seem to remember signing some piece of paper last semester promising to stay in the room I signed up for and not go anywhere. Monday has come and gone and nothing has happened yet, so now its like I'm playing bureaucratic chicken with Housing. I have no intention of moving. The weather has been cold and it could be very traumatic for my plant.

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Letter: No, get YOU a Dictionary

Dear Press,

I am pleased to see that the amount of content in this edition has increased. Some of it is interesting, and at times, even funny (especially the want adds).

A reader regaining a little confidence,
Brian Fix

Dear Brian,

First off, we at The Press value your continued correspondence. We appreciate your concern for the quality of our content. We can only hope for the day when Brian and The Press are strolling hand-in-hand down the zebra path once again. Thanks for sticking with us.

You are also one of the few who realized that the last issue of The Press was "The University Community's Feature Paper." A quick survey of all of the local newspapers revealed that we are the number one "community" paper in our area. In fact,

P.S. I'm glad that you guys think your paper is the "Community's" paper, that's quite a statement. ;)

we think it is safe to say that we are not only the number one "community" paper in our area, but we are the number one "community" paper in the entire WORLD. We agree with you, that is quite a statement.

However, while your shrewd eyes were fine-toothed combing our cover for typos, your less-than-shrewd fingers made one yourself. We're the "community's" feature paper, not the "community's."

-Editor

Letter: I'm not pretentious you unworthy non-skater!

hi, my name is Adelanwa Adeniji I am writing in reference to the editorial "Goddamn Kiddy Skateboarders". I believe this should be put into print because it will clear up all the misconceptions about skateboarders in general and specifically will truthfully address skateboarders and skateboarding on this campus.

Skateboarding has gotten a bad rep mainly due to the fact that the only people that understand it is skateboarders. People from the outside only know skateboarding from what they see on television, the usual "X games" and Tony Hawk Pro Skater". The will not deny that the wax placed around the school was most likely placed there by "skaters" but the chewed and chunked ledges around the school are NOT done by skateboards. This is done by BMX riders. I believe this is known to just about anyone that takes the time to look at what they are talking about. As to address the writers comment of "I'm a skater and I'm cool and I can do what ever the fuck I want on this campus" shows why skateboarders get a bad rep in general for the most part skateboarders could care less about the people around aslong as they can skate. Its the same way anyone else that someone else would react while doing something that takes extreme concentration. As for the being "cool" part thats the writers problem. Its not our fault that she or he worries that they are not "cool". The reason skateboarders are here is because the Javits Center was shown in a skateboard video, this mystery spot where Gino Ianucci did a quick tail slide has put

Dear Adelanwa,

Thank you for taking time out of your day to write and share your feelings. Unfortunately, your attempt to clear up any "misconception" about skateboarders has been in vain. First off, you claim that the only people capable of understanding skateboarding is the skateboarder. Are you saying the only way for one to understand the ways of a skateboarder involves rolling around on a board themself? Is this "culture" so in-depth that an "outsider" cannot understand it? Nowhere in your letter do you attempt to explain to us what we do not understand.

I apologize for not including BMX riders in the editorial. It is in fact BMX riders who wake me up on my Saturday mornings to grind away at my newly refurbished quad. But that doesn't change anything. The editorial could have easily included BMX riders and rollerbladers. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, you are all lumped in the same group. Besides all that, you still admit to waxing our ledges. It's ugly and nobody wants it. Go wax your house and see how it looks.

One of your reasons you say skateboarders get a bad rep is because you could "care less about the people around you." Are you saying that while you are playing around on our campus, we should just steer clear? How fucking polite of you. Well it just so happens that we don't care about you either. You make skateboarding appear to be like smoking. Should the non-smoker have to tolerate the smell of a cigarette just because the smoker is smoking it? Do all us non-skaters have to tolerate your imposing actions and attitudes just because you are skating around? From the way you make yourself out to be, there should be laws restricting skating. I would love to have my class in the No-Skating section.

Apparently, you missed the sarcasm in the editorial. I refer to being "cool" because it comes across that you ingrates try too damn hard. Neither I, nor anyone I know is worried about whether or not we are "cool." It is in fact you who should stop

stony brook on the map in term of skateboarding WORLD WIDE, so i dont think they will stop coming around anytime soon. If you don't believe me ask the police officers how many time they throw skateboarders out for skateboarding on any given weekend. The worst part of this editorial is that the author uses the useless point of kid skating on the train platform. Honestly , out of all the people that are kill by train or even the LIRR how many of them are killed because they were skateboarding. NONE. I think for the most part this article is based on the fact that the author know nothing about skateboarding. All they know is that the clothes that they purchued from pacific sun-wear or the jeans that they though people that skateboard wear, just aren't to use the author word "cool" enough anymore. The author's line "these kids don't live around here" has not talked anyone around here who skateboards they either attend stonybrook themselves or live in a 15 - 20 mile radius. Before you chant the all to familar stony brook sucks song look into the problem before you point fingers. Oh yeah skateboarding brings people of all socio and economic backgrounds so if anything it adds life to the people that are on the campus.

oh yeah next time you see a bmx rider on campus check and see if the gets kicked out. I doubt it. know what you are talking about before you publish crap.

worrying about it and go do something productive. I know, how about starting to fix up our skate (and BMX) ridden campus.

You do however inform us that Gino Ianucci did a tail flip- wait a second, nobody gives a fuck! Don't bother us with usless skating factoids. If the place was really that famous it would be in Tony Hawk or the X-Games. You know what, if the X-games or skating video games didn't exist, I bet there wouldn't be half the amount of people skating today as there are. I'm sure I wouldn't be far off to say that most skaters started skating because of what they saw on TV or in a video game. But according to you, they do not understand skateboarding.

Let me repeat what I said in the editorial. You skateboarder kids don't live around here. Where do you live? You haven't told us. I will admit, have seen people who live on campus skate around here, I actually know some of them. On the other hand, let's think about your statement. Does someone who lives 15 to 20 miles away from here live here? Apparently not. If someone lives two miles away from here, then they don't live here. Don't think too hard on that one, I wouldn't want to be the reason you get a headache.

Finally, it appears that you missed the gist of the editorial. Let me sum it up for you: "fuck off and die." Nobody wants you around here. Nobody wants to deal with your prissy fake attitudes. Nobody cares what you think, especially if you don't care what we think. Also as far as skateboarding bringing people together, how about you go to class instead of wasting time roaming the streets. You will meet all sorts of people from many different backgrounds there. You may also learn how to write properly. I'm not saying I'm God's gift to writing, but I do know how to construct a readable sentence.

-Editor

P.S. Oh, and don't complain about publishing crap, because we just published yours.

Polity 101: Intro To Bullshit

By Daniel Hofer

So, we all know that Polity is the biggest waste of time. They steal our money, they get impeached yet they still manage to hold positions, nobody votes for our "representatives," et cetera, et cetera. You know the deal.

We have to deal with them on a daily basis. Just the other week, I went over to Polity to give them the paperwork for a check. This check was going to pay for the food at our open house we had the same week. Being new to the ways of Polity, I was redirected a few times as to where the paperwork was supposed to go, and I ended up in Kathleen Westlake's office, the Executive Director of Polity. She was in what seemed to be a meeting, yet she was very friendly. She told me I had to fill out another form in addition to the one I had to get the money I needed. She also said, "Usually you have to wait three to five business days, but if you get the rest of the paperwork to me today, I can have it done by tomorrow. Just remember that for the future when we are more busy." I thanked her and went back to the Press office to fill out the rest of the forms.

A little while later I went back to Polity and dropped the forms in Ms. Westlake's mailbox with a note thanking her and telling her to call me if I forgot anything. Well, I did forget something, and Ms. Westlake did call. We talked, she understood I was new to the "ins and outs" of Polity, and we even shared a laugh. So I went back to her office for a third time to finish up business. When I got there, my earlier forms were sitting out on her desk, and it looked like she was ready to do what was needed to get us our check.

On the way back I thought, "Wow, maybe we have been wrong all along about Polity. They seem like a nice bunch of people." I thought we had turned over a new leaf and entered into a new era of working together to get things done.

Two days later, we needed our money for the open house food, and we didn't get our check from Polity. So naturally, we called Polity and asked what was going on. We asked why our check wasn't there when we were told it could have been ready for us this one time. They say back, "Listen, I don't know who told you that, but you know it takes five days to process paperwork." Well, well, I guess I was wrong.

My little story was going to end here, but in the same week, our "governing" organization surprised me once again! Our Interim President told all of the Polity club's presidents and/or vice

presidents to come to a mandatory hour and a half meeting one night. I wondered what could they say that would take an hour and a half?

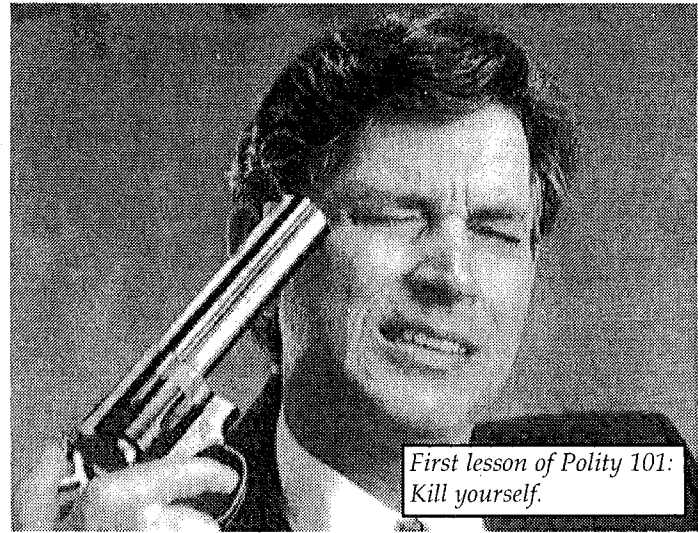
The meeting began with a little icebreaker. We all had to introduce ourselves to the rest of the club leaders. That took a good ten minutes. Then we all received a number between one and nine and we broke up into nine groups. Sounds like we did a lot of important stuff so far right? It gets better. In our groups, we had to make a ramp for a ping-pong ball out of paper and tape. I swear to God I am not kidding. The object: Have your ball stay in the ramp the longest without stopping. The point: None. So after much mockery and skepticism, we got down to work. What else could we do at this point? We were already there, and we decided we might as well stay to see what the "mandatory" part of the meeting was. Anyway, we were told we had ten minutes to build our ramp. Yet it was an hour later when they began to test our work.

Our team tied with another team, and we both should have come in first place, but apparently, those who were in charge of the judging didn't get the same Stony Brook ejumication that we received. The winning teams used a pendulum to hold the ball when it fell out of the end of their ramp. Now I don't want to bore you with physics concepts, but when something is swinging, the velocity (or speed or motion) is zero for an instant at one of the peaks of the swing (try it yourself or ask someone who looks like he knows).

So, if the judge knew what he was doing, he would have stopped the time when the pendulum with the ball in it stopped in midair, but no, he waited for the whole thing to stop. In the end, our teams did not win. Do I sound spiteful, nitpicky and annoyingly stupid? Hell yea, I didn't go to some "mandatory" meeting to do kindergarten arts and crafts.

Oh yeah, speaking of important things, our Interim President rambled off what we needed to know just before the meeting was over. Did I catch any of what she said? No. I think everyone was talking when she was. I don't think anyone heard her.

The final part of our mandatory meeting



First lesson of Polity 101:
Kill yourself.

consisted of a few complaints from club leaders towards the leadership and organization of Polity. We were also graced with a little announcement from a Polity staff member. He said we needed to raise \$40,000 to build a house (just one I am to believe) for Habitat for Humanity. Aww, how nice, the school is doing something humanitarian for a poor family. Strange how they don't offer up their own funds, or any of their donated funds (like say, new athletic fields and President Kenny's mansion). Sure Polity, we the students who don't even have full housing and quality facilities (minus the athletes and the research graduates) will gladly raise \$40,000 for ONE FAMILY. I feel like I'm being put on a guilt trip. How do you tell people who are asking you to do something nice to just fuck off? I say, "Fuck off." It's not like they don't have the money to just do it themselves.

Ok, enough of making myself look like an asshole. It's Polity I am trying to trash here, not me. Anyway, I think we have come to the end of my story with Polity for now. Who knows what the future holds? I do (sorry for the rhetorical question). The future is the same as the present; Polity is and will always be bullshitting us. Don't listen to their lies. If it says in the rules that it takes five days for something, then it will take five days, no matter how much they say otherwise. If you have to go to some mandatory meeting of theirs, sign the attendance sheet as fast as you can and get out. It's always the same story with them. There's a saying, "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me." Well shame on me.

the spot

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

2nd floor
fannie brice thtr.

This Is What Democracy Looks Like!

By Chris Sorochin

Author's Note: This is a previously unpublished account of the April 2000 protests in Washington, DC

"Globalization Sucks."
Protestor's Sign in Washington

Here, brethren, is my account of the World Bank/International Monetary Fund protests in Washington, DC. It will be a great disappointment to some that I was not tear-gassed, pepper-prayed, billy-clubbed or beaten. Nor did I witness anyone else actually suffering these indignities. But many did.

I arrived in the nation's Capitol on the afternoon of Saturday, April 15 and was so exhausted from the 4 1/2 hour bus ride that I had to immediately repair to my hotel and have a long rest. That evening I had little desire to venture beyond the immediate Union Station area. If I had, I might have witnessed, or been part of the mass arrest of some 600 protestors, as well as assorted journalists and tourists caught in a sweep of the area near the IMF building. Seems the Authorities wanted to "send a message" and charged the arrestees with "parading without a permit," a new (and unconstitutional) law in ordinances designed solely to inhibit free speech.

About 300 federal marshals also raided the protest headquarters in another attack on the First Amendment and confiscated posters and chicken wire. They claimed the place was in violation of the fire codes. I just heard yesterday that after the protests authorities have admitted that the cooking stoves in question were suddenly not fire code violations! At the rally on Sunday, filmmaker Michael Moore wondered if it was standard procedure in DC to dispatch a mob of Storm Troopers, American Style, to investigate the possibility of faulty wiring and blocked exits. He also wondered why the government would go to such lengths "...to snatch a bunch of posters but can't get a 6-year-old Cuban boy back into his father's hands." Oh yeah, on TV I saw a report that a bunch of right-wing Cubans protesting to keep Elian Gonzalez in Miami claimed they were attacked by IMF protestors.

Sunday was the big day, with tens of thousands of folks streaming into Washington, although protests had been going on since April 9. I made my way to the corner of 17th and I Streets and saw a metal barricade across the street with a chain of protestors on one side and a line of black-clad, riot-helmeted cops on the other. It was the first of many. The US government had declared a large swath of blockage around IMF Headquarters to be something like "diplomatic territory" and could thus declare it off limits to the public.

I hung out at the barricade for a bit. At one point, some cops tried to get in. The protestors were determined that none should pass. The cops went to a section personned by a couple older activists, thinking they might succeed there. But they didn't.

Then I sauntered on down to 14th and I Streets, where crowds of people with signs and puppets and gas-mask wearing ready-for-battle types had congregated. Blocking one section of the street were a line of riot cops. Several trash receptacles and newspaper vending boxes had been overturned in the street.

Between the line of cops and protestors were the mangled remains of tulip stalks and their yellow petals; I surmised someone had attempted a replay of those famous flower-in-

the-gun-barrel scenes from the '60's. I later read in the Daily News that Washington police chief Charles Ramsey had been handing out flowers. Maybe the tulips were from him.

"Q: What's nicer than roses on your piano?"

A: Tulips on my organ." Yuk yuk yuk"
Bad joke

One of Ramsey's acolytes, one G.P. Marlin was addressing a houndpack of media vultures (including yours most incompetently, who, having forgotten to bring a notepad, was scribbling on little sheets of hotel stationery). He was saying his troops hadn't been using tear gas. He implied that the protestors themselves had been using some smoke-producing agent, an implication I later heard repeated on TV. Several of the protestors present contradicted him, "I got it in the face...", "I've got it on video..." and suchlike. One guy related an account of "about 30 bikes charging at full speed... Cops got off and started beating us down." this must have been one of the "restrained shows of force" the Daily News gushed about.

The big "legal" rally was to be held in the Ellipse near the phallic Washington Monument. I proceeded around all the barricaded streets to see the same cops and protestors. There were even tiny, narrow alleyways with barricades and cops.

I should mention here that the efforts to totally shut off access to IMF headquarters were not entirely successful. Bill McNulty told me the heartwarming anecdote of how People For the Ethical Treatment of Animals, one of the many organizations represented, had rented a truck, filled it with horse manure, drove it through a secret entrance they'd discovered and dumped the whole smelly lot in front of the IMF. They were arrested and the truck confiscated. They were released shortly thereafter, but the police held onto the truck. So they went out, rented another truck from the same company, filled it with more horseshit, drove it through the same entrance and dumped the second load in front of the IMF. They were arrested again and I guess then they sealed up all possible ingress. Doesn't a story like that just reconfirm your faith in the indomitable spirit of humanity?

I came across one street with many overturned newsboxes and some ninja-clad anarchists wandering around. At the barricade were a couple guys from the United Auto Workers. They were dialoguing with the cops telling them, "It's all about solidarity" and that this was "...not just a student movement; it's a union movement." They wanted to know why the police union hadn't joined the protests (which many major labor groups support) and warned, "Just wait 'till it's steelworkers here, with arms like this, not a bunch of kids."

There were tens of thousands of people in the Ellipse, from all walks of life, but lots of youth. We heard someone quote from the Meltzer Report that the World Bank and IMF were destructive to efforts to end poverty, contrary to claims by IMF/WB officials parroted on CNN and other mainstream media. The policies of these institutions serve the interests of the G-7 (the world's seven richest countries), especially the US. The effort against them is supported by the G-77, poorer countries.

Oscar Olivera fled Bolivia, where government troops trained at the School of the Americas were going after labor unions and managed to kill one person and wound a hun-

dred. It seems that the Bolivian government was to turn over access to clean water to a private company (Bechtel). Many people in the poorest country in South America could not afford to have to start paying a bill for water and massive opposition forced the government to cave in.

Michael Moore, serving as master of ceremonies, reminded us that Good Friday came a week early, on April 14, when the Stock Market experienced its largest drop ever. I wondered if it might have anything to do with the protests.

George Becker of the steelworkers' union called the arrests of activists a disgrace and reminded all of us that our country is founded on protest and disobedience to unjust, unrepresentative authority. "Democracy is dissent," he reminded the audience and praised the students, recalling the civil rights movement, the antiwar movement, the anti-apartheid movement and Tiananmen Square. "History is on your side." "More World, Less Bank." On various T-shirts and posters

A speaker from the International Union of Electrical Workers spoke of how GE (for "Gone Elsewhere") moves jobs around the globe to find the lowest possible wages. GE is the most profitable corporation in the world and sets the global corporate agenda for the US and the world. GE workers making \$3.50 in Turkey recently lost their jobs to workers in Hungary who will make \$2.00 an hour. Of course, these jobs originally were held by US workers and when GE executives discover a place cheaper than Hungary, they'll move there.

Michael Moore was back to announce that, in another of his inspired political pranks, he was running a potted plant for Congress in the 11th district of New Jersey, where the incumbent is running unopposed, on the theory that a literal vegetable could probably do less harm than some of its flesh-and-blood counterparts. Moore urged anyone voting in the fall who felt there was absolutely no real choice to write in "Ficus" on the ballot.

Congressman Dennis Kucinich, a strong friend of labor and definitely not a potted plant, got up to speak and the speakers went out. As technicians were struggling to fix it, a chant went up: "Ain't no power like the power of the people, 'cause the power of the people won't stop."

A member of a delegation of church people from England told us that the IMF had criticized the UK for budgeting too much on social programs. Even first-world countries are a target and even the parsimonious "New Labor" policies of Tony Blair, which have cut a great many social programs, are too generous for the IMF.

The most popular speaker of the day was probably Ralph Nader, who swears he'll run a real presidential campaign this time. He said that the movement against "globaloney" is uniting both progressive and conservative forces, and people of all descriptions (even though the crowds in Washington were predominantly white, middle class and young). Nader spoke of how globalization was a way to get taxpayers to subsidize business deals and bailouts for big business. he told us that the 300 richest people in the world have wealth equal to that of the bottom 3 billion (or half the planet).

Of the many disparate groups circulat-

Continued on page 8

This Is What Democracy Looks Like!

Continued from page 7

ing through the rally, there was one in top hats and tailcoats. Calling themselves "Billionaires for Bush," they handed out flyers urging us to help the rich get richer by voting for George W.

Then there was a huge march up to the IMF, or as close as we could get to it. We chanted various things, my favorite being, "This is what democracy looks like!" We circled around and came back to the Ellipse. As the day had become quite hot and the sun was beating down and I was hot and dehydrated, I decided to make my way back to my room and rest. The first obstacle was going all the way around the barricaded blocks to reach a Metro station. It was quite an odyssey. It took me through the campus of George Washington University. Outside one of the buildings, students were beginning their own spin-off protest, shouting "Whose dorms? Our dorms!"

There was sort of a procession forming and when we came to Fraternity Row, I saw the only grass-roots opposition to the protests of the weekend. On the wall of the Delta Tau Delta house hung signs made with sheets and spray paint. I'll share them with you:

"GW Delts--American Capitalists and Damn Proud of It."

Well, I doubt that these keg-worshippers are capitalists, or ever will be, although they probably will work for capitalists. I hope the distinction isn't lost on them.

"Secret Service Protecting the American Way. Respect Those Who Protect Your Rights."

I can only guess that these guys really had no clue about the protests and were hard up for something to express.

There was one other sign, to the effect that protestors should "thank a vet" for the rights we were exercising. I really can't stand this sort of cheap and ignorant guilt-trip and hoped that some of the Veterans for Peace contingent would visit the Delts and educate them as to the real motivations of warfare.

"Do you smell what the people are cooking?" -Graffiti on (closed) Farragut West Metro Station

That night I go back up towards the protest scene, but all is eerily quiet. I hear on TV that the plan is to disrupt the Monday morning rush hour. Before turning in, I treat myself to more than a couple "pints" of Guinness in the bar attached to the hotel. The whole complex is run by an Irish company (more globalization) and I expect it to be good. Though well-poured, the glasses are visibly smaller than a pint. I toy with the idea of complaining, but the bartender, like everyone else in DC, seems uninterested in my gripes.

Next morning, as I'm preparing to head out, I switch on the tube and hear the slant being put on the protests: the protestors themselves are being disruptive and using smoke bombs and tear gas. The police are being restrained. The police version of events is accepted as gospel, while allegations of abuse by protestors is qualified, "Well, I heard it from a protestor, so I can't tell how true it is." And of course, no lucid presentation of the reason for the protest (one paper characterized the demonstrations as "anti-trade." Isn't that silly?).

Lots of attention was focused on the "ninja" anarchists and their antics. One of the strange things about Seattle was that of the hundreds of arrests, these guys don't seem to have gotten nabbed; even though they were

the ones obviously destroying stuff. Are they real smart? Or do they perhaps "know someone?"

Other news reports showed anarchists swarming on cars. One news bite featured a lanky young man lying in front of a police car and being forcibly dragged away.

I heard that the fun was starting and police were making arrests. I also heard that most of downtown Washington was closed and many people weren't going in to work. My girlfriend later told me we'd effectively shut down the government.

It was a gray, overcast, miserable morning. People were everywhere and so were battalions of riot cops. Some with bullhorns were telling people to get back on the curb. I wandered down to 14th and I, where another march was forming. And it was starting to piss rain, but it didn't stop anyone. We marched to the Ellipse, followed by police (including something that looked like a personnel carrier), where we were joined by several thousand others. A parade marshal indicated that those who did not want to be arrested should stay towards the back.

There was a huge puppet, carried by some ten people, consisting of a huge yellow head that read "Liberation" and arms and hands that spread out wide enough to go across an entire street. "Want to help carry?" a girl asked me and, being a congenial type, I agreed. I was to regret it. They gave me part of one of the hands, supported on a wooden slat. The rain had made the cardboard soggy and it was falling apart. Plus, I couldn't see ahead of me and other participants had the annoying habit of not getting out of the way. I looked for an out and didn't find one, so I was stuck carrying the thing, even though it started to come apart, to the end, 20th and K, I believe. There everything focused on a square and a park where protestors were right up to a metal barricade and another little army of cops in riot gear were on the other side. This was it.

I stayed towards the back, glad to see real media types there, until I remembered that in police riots, they get stomped, too.

I was standing near one of my partners from the puppet. he was talking to a tall guy who was describing how he'd lain down in front of a car and they'd pepper sprayed him and dragged him off. "Yeah, I saw you on TV this morning," I cut in.

"It was on TV." Yeah, but not the pepper spraying. He told me he was Rob Kelly from Santa Cruz, California and said they didn't have to do that; he'd have moved without the pepper spray, but they didn't bother telling him to.

From the front of the crowd came a chant: "Put your badges on! Put your badges on!" It seems the guardians of the peace had made the classic brutality-prefiguring gesture of removing their badges.

Waited a bit longer. Tried to go down the same way we'd come, but a line of plain-clothes cops, with identifying arm patches had blocked the way and were literally shoving people back. One of them, African-American, as many in were, was actually having a political debate with a couple of protestors, "Listen, you guys aren't doing anything for me by being here."

You should all go home and write letters." Yeah, right, I thought, as the demonstrator started to go on about the civil rights movement and Malcolm X. I'm sure there was plen-

ty of O.T. going around that weekend, too. Bands of cops were on every street.

The very same cop, all prepared to stomp some ass, had the gall to inform us that the pen was mightier than the sword. Like the Power Structure deals in words rather than violence?

I hung around until noon and then cut out for the bus terminal. I was cold and wet and it didn't seem anything was going to occur. The street was unblocked after a while. Before leaving I did see a middle-aged man who'd been pepper sprayed. His face was bright, burning red and medics were trying to flush out his eyes.

Safely (?) back in New York, I got bits and pieces in the following days. Eventually police had agreed to let those who wanted to be arrested in to the front of the IMF and then arrested them. And then further reports of brutality commence; people dragged by the hair, and threats that "anyone who laughs or talks gets their ass kicked." Once arrested, protestors adopted a strategy of "jail solidarity" and refused to give their names. This clogged up the system. Authority retaliated in various ways: people were isolated, female prisoners were body searched by male guards, a group of about 30 male prisoners were put into a cage and surrounded by federal marshals who yelled and punched any who looked up. "There are no video cameras here," they bellowed and threatened to put them in with the general population who'd "love to get their hands on pussy faggots like you." Actually, by one account demonstrators were well-received by the general population and dialogued with them about the routine abuses they suffered.

Perhaps most egregious was the fact that the judge who the protestors were brought before, in groups of 25, was blatantly lied to. They were asked to sign something releasing them and told that everyone else had, when, in fact, they hadn't. Nor were they allowed to have their own lawyers. A lawyer from a group to represent them reports being "stared down by US marshals" as the judge lied to the defendants.

At this writing, there are still some 100 or so people in jail. Some were released without giving names in order to break solidarity.

The media continues to distort the event. The New York Daily News was especially bad, implying that the protests were rained out and not reporting incidents of police brutality. The accompanying pictures showed protestors looking sullen and/or just plain goofy, which is not how it was at all. Many reports went out of their way to mention that "many" participants (out of thousands) carried signs saying things like "Destroy Capitalism." All in an effort to frighten away Middle America, but, too late, Middle America already has a pretty good idea what's going on. The thousands that were there will go back and spread the word of what really went on, thus weakening the already credibility-challenged mainstream media.

Brothers and sisters, great things are in the offing. A large and diverse movement to take back our country and our world is gathering momentum. These great awakenings come along every three or four decades and the Powers That Be always try to destroy them. But progress is made. I urge you to spend at least part of your summer educating yourselves or maybe even acting on these matters.

Welfare Poets to Bring Sound and Fury to Stony Brook

By Bev Bryan

A troupe of poets and musicians called the Welfare Poets will be giving a performance in the Student Union at 8:00 (PM) this Thursday. The event is co-sponsored by NYPIRG, SPAB, Unity Cultural Club, Coalition, The Chinese Association of Stony Brook and even some dorms in H quad.

The word welfare in the name has a double meaning signifying the group's identity with the working class and with poor people but also welfare in the sense of a concern for the welfare of the people, explained co-founder Hector Rivera in an interview. This concern comes through clearly in the words and music of this approximately ten member Latin jazz, funk, hip-hop bilingual spoken word troupe.

The idea is to provide audiences with "information and inspiration" with a style that the Welfare Poets call "urban plena." Plena is an African percussion based musical style originating in the coastal regions of Puerto Rico. The word plena can also mean newspaper and plena song lyrics are usually topical, dealing with issues and events affecting the lives of the singer and listeners. Urban plena, then, is music, as Welfare Poets co-founder Hector Rivera puts it, "telling the stories of the ghettos."

Co-founders Rivera and Ray Ramirez met as students at Cornell where they stayed in a dorm called Ujamaa named for the traditional African concept of cooperative economics. Discussing the history of the Black Panthers in the course of their studies they wanted to know what Puerto Ricans had been doing at that time in the struggle for their rights. They were told to investigate the answers for themselves.

Rivera read books like Piri Thomas' *Down These Mean Streets* and Pedro Pietri's *Puerto Rican Obituary*. "Down These Mean Streets was the book that really put the pen in my hand and said 'you have

a story to tell'", Rivera said.

Their investigations at school led Rivera and Ramirez to collaborate on projects like the newspaper they created and named Umoja Sasa (unity now) in 1990. The two young men began performing together after Ramirez' poetry began to get recognition at Cornell and the project has been taking on size and momentum since that time.

They perform at poetry festivals around the country and major hip-hop events like Black August. Committed activists, they hold and participate in benefits and teach-in style concerts and protest happenings in the city and beyond.

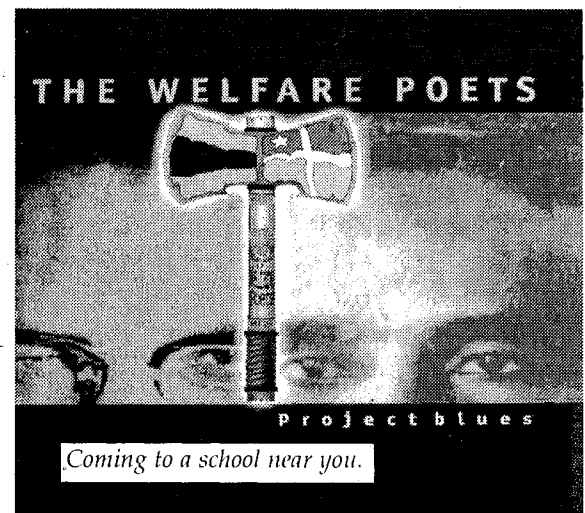
The group is particularly out spoken about the US Navy's continued bombing of the inhabited Puerto Rican island of Vieques. A few of their numbers describe the human and environmental toll of the ongoing military exercises in Vieques that have exposed the island to toxic depleted uranium.

Among the subjects that feature in their material are police brutality, socialist economics and the experience of urban poverty. Possibly the most remarkable thing about the Welfare Poets is their ability to go into technical detail without resorting to prose.

Ramirez cites performers like Sandra Maria Estevez, the Nuyorican Poets and The Last Poets (considered by many to be the progenitors of rap) as their chief influences and sources of inspiration. He compares the purpose of such urban poets to that of the griot.

"There is a West African saying that the job of the griot is to expose the king in his nakedness. It's not a popular job," he says but one that those like the Nuyorican Poets take very seriously.

The Welfare Poets' sound calls to mind



sometimes the socially conscious Latin jazz of 70's, sometimes Bob Marley. The words fly from volatile mirth to unconcealed rage, encompassing hip-hop's emotional and rhetorical range.

In performance and in the studio the Welfare Poets switch freely between English and Spanish. The group can access such a quantity of style and language because the members hail from St. Croix to the Bronx, and represent more than one generation of musicians. Rivera believes it is this that allows them to reach as many different kinds of people as they do.

The performances are meant to reach people in a very personal way. Rivera works with high school students and young people in poetry workshops and has great deal to say about the transformative effect that writing can have on people's lives. "If people can believe in their power to create then they can start to have visions and dreams of how a better world can be...there is a change that comes when people can feel that their voice is valuable."

The Stony Brook Improv Troupe

By Daniel Hofer

The skill of improvisation is a talent that is hard to master. For those who don't know, improvisation, also known as "improv" for short, is almost like acting, but without the script. I'm sure you have seen the TV show, "Whose Line Is It Anyway?" which features some of the best impromptu comedians you will ever find.

Besides national TV, there are other ways of seeing improvisation. Local groups have shows where you can be part of the action, like the studio audience of "Whose Line Is It Anyway?" One of these local acts is based in our very school. If you didn't figure it out already, their name is The Stony Brook Improv Troupe.

The Improv Troupe is not a club in the sense of something under the control of Polity. It is a group of students, who practice and work on their ad-libbing skills together. Throughout the year, they put on shows in various venues around campus. The other day, I finally went to see one of their shows.

They were performing in the Student Union Auditorium. That night, the troupe was comprised of four ad-libbers, and one host. During the show, the host introduces games for the ad-libbers to play. These games can involve any combination of players and teams. The games the Stony Brook Improv Troupe played were similar to the games the professionals play on "Whose Line Is It Anyway?"

The random part of the games comes from the audience participation. Many games require the scene to be set. In this case, the host would ask the audience for a place or a situation. The players will then have to work with what the audience gives them. Some games involve certain ways of speaking. In one game, a player may only speak to the other in question form. Another game requires the players to begin their lines with the next letter in the alphabet. For example, if player one has to start with the letter H, he may say, "How are you?" Player two will have to begin their line with the letter I. Maybe they would say, "I'm fine." The game continues on until they go around the alphabet at least once.

One game involves the audience to come up with lines before the show begins. Random people write down lines they can think of on a piece of paper and give it to the host. When the game begins, the host hands the ad-libbers two or three lines. The players don't look at the lines until they pull it out of their pocket during the game. The players then have to work these lines into the conversation and situation.

Another one of my favorite games is called "Props." Usually teams of two must make sense out of a random object they are given. In turns, the teams turn their props into different objects. A prop can be interpreted in many different ways depending on the imagination of the team.

The Stony Brook Improv Troupe works well together as a group. This is one of the integral parts of an ad-libbing crew. Working and practicing together helps the troupe to understand each other and guess where a certain improvised skit is going to go. Of course, the point of the improv troupe is to have fun.

I said before the group performs various shows during the year. They don't seem too big on advertising their shows however. I expected a larger crowd when I saw them that night, and that may be due to their advertising. If you are walking around campus and see a flier that has the Stony Brook Improv Troupe on it, stop and take a look at their show times. Usually they ask people right before the show starts to come and see them. If your walking around and one of them asks you, take half an hour out of your night to see what they are about. If you were trying to study, you would waste more than thirty minutes procrastinating. So instead of sitting in your room, see something you've probably never seen before.

To make things simpler, here are the next few shows the improv troupe are doing: February 21, 22, and 23; March 14; and April 18, 19, and 20. All these shows are going to be at The Spot in Roosevelt Quad and start at 8:00 pm. If you are interested in shows beyond April, or if you want to join the improv troupe, you can contact John at 631-216-3246.

TOP TEN

People being
honorarily
knighted
next week

10

The guy who yells, "Oh Shit!" in the video of the first WTC plane crash.

9

Arlington County Manager Ron Carlee, for expert leadership of the *other* city that had a plane crash into a major building.

8

Osama Bin Laden, provided he wears a suit of black armour, rides around on a black horse and eventually loses.

7

The Noble Sir Lobster Boy of Stony Brookshire

6

Ed "Fucking" Kotch

5

Anthony Mix-A-Lot

4

Sir Ronald, for chivalrously protecting McDonaldland from the schemes of the nefarious Hamburglar

3

Your Mom. . .err. . . I mean Sir Your Mom

2

Heath Ledger, for his Aussie sex appeal

1

Anakin Skywalker
(against the better judgement of the Jedi Council)

VOX POPULI

31% OF STUDENTS WHO LIVE IN THE UNDERGRADUATE APARTMENTS KNOW WHERE THE CHUNG CENTER IS.

75% OF ENGLISH MAJORS THINK THE CAPITOL OF FLORIDA IS PRONOUNCED "MY-AMI."

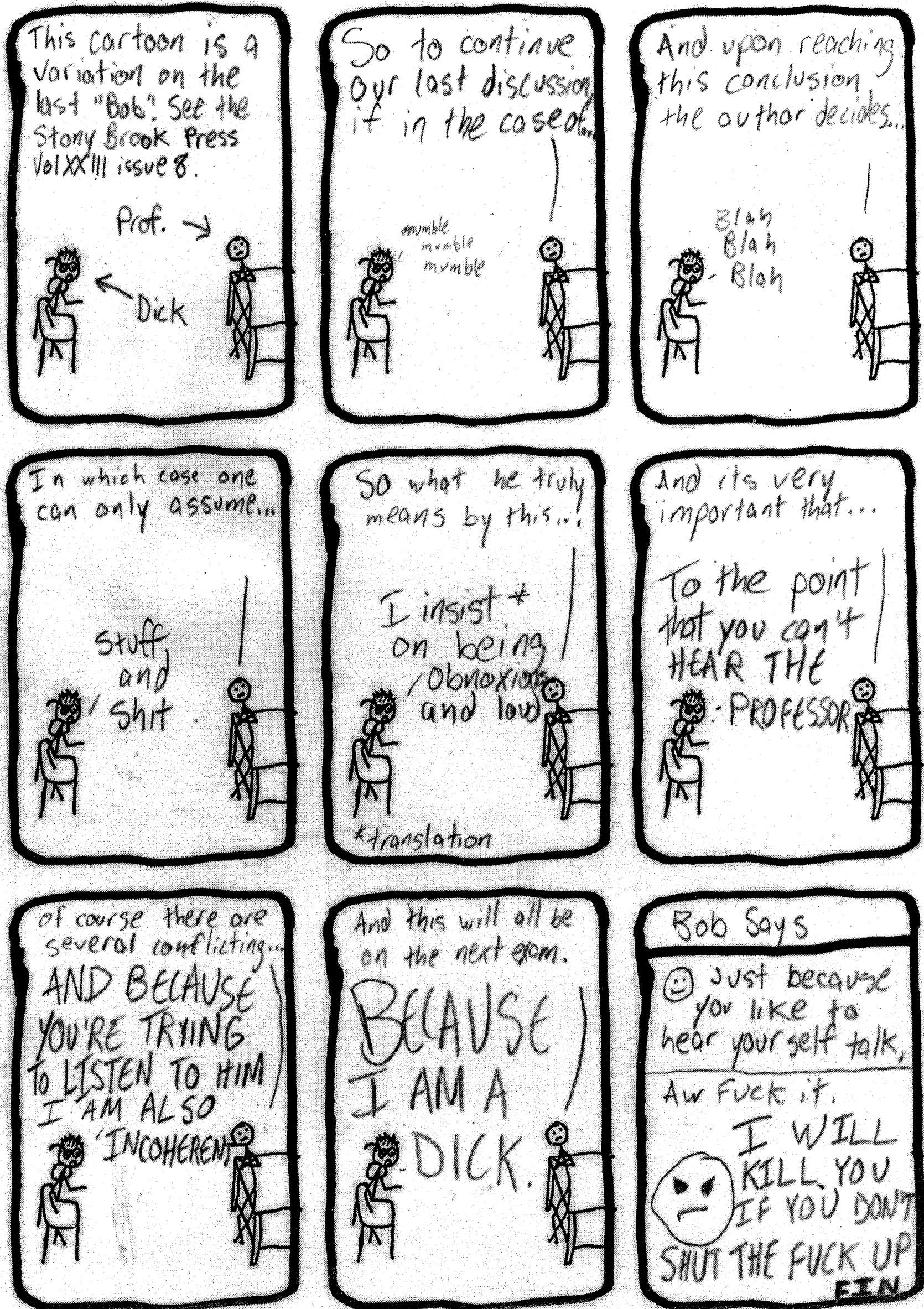
27% OF WOMEN THINK THIS SURVEY MAKES THEM LOOK FAT
79% OF MEN BELIEVE THEIR SHAFT IS WELL DEFINED

75% OF VEGETARIANS AGREE THAT MEOW MIX IS IN FACT BETTER THAN DENG LEE'S

72% OF MEN THINK RICHARD SIMMONS IS SEXY

45% OF WOMEN THINK THEY CAN "SWING IT OVER THEIR SHOULDER LIKE A CONTINENTAL SOLDIER"

55% OF PEOPLE WHO PREFER TO "DO IT BACKWARDS" ARE WAITING FOR THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS CHRIST



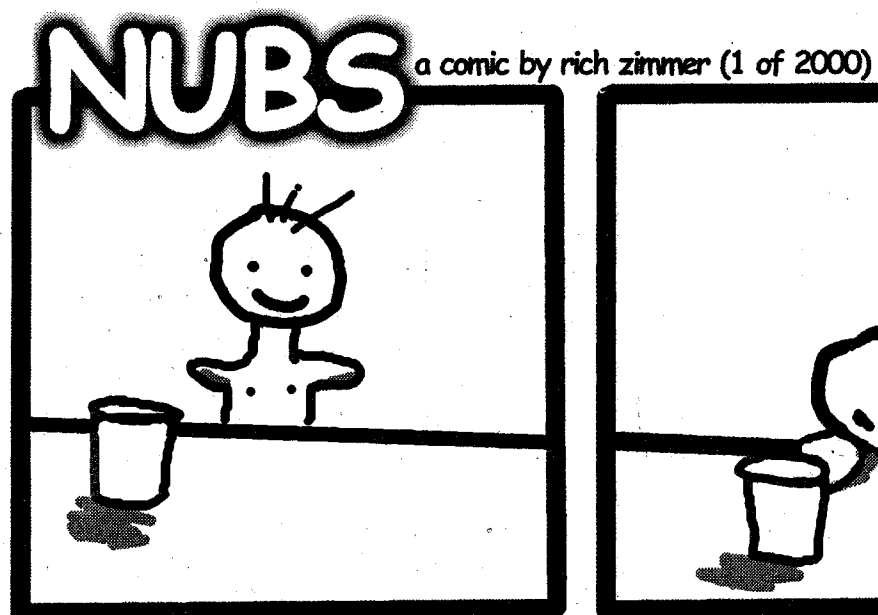
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See your own comics printed alongside these masterpieces next issue.

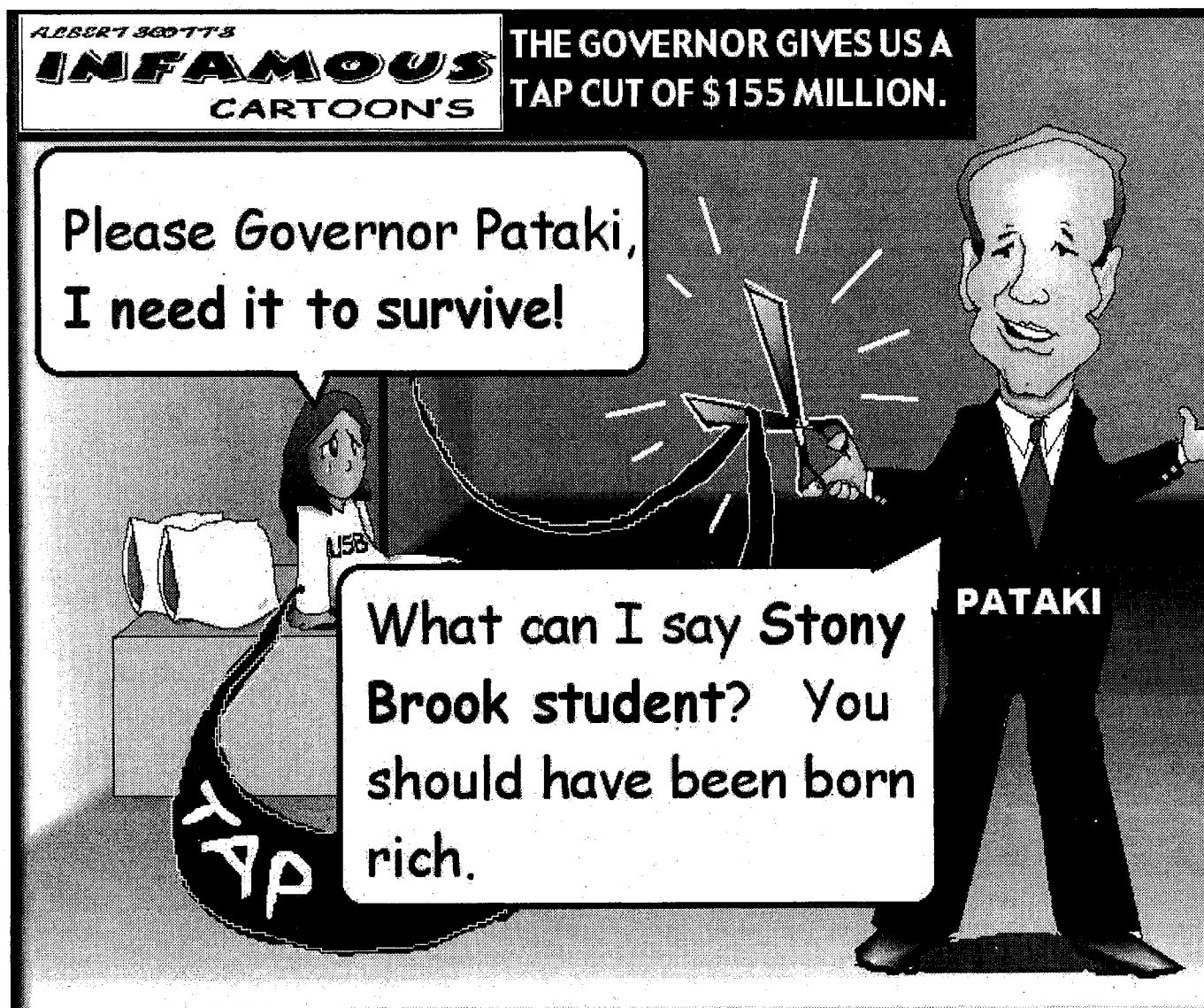
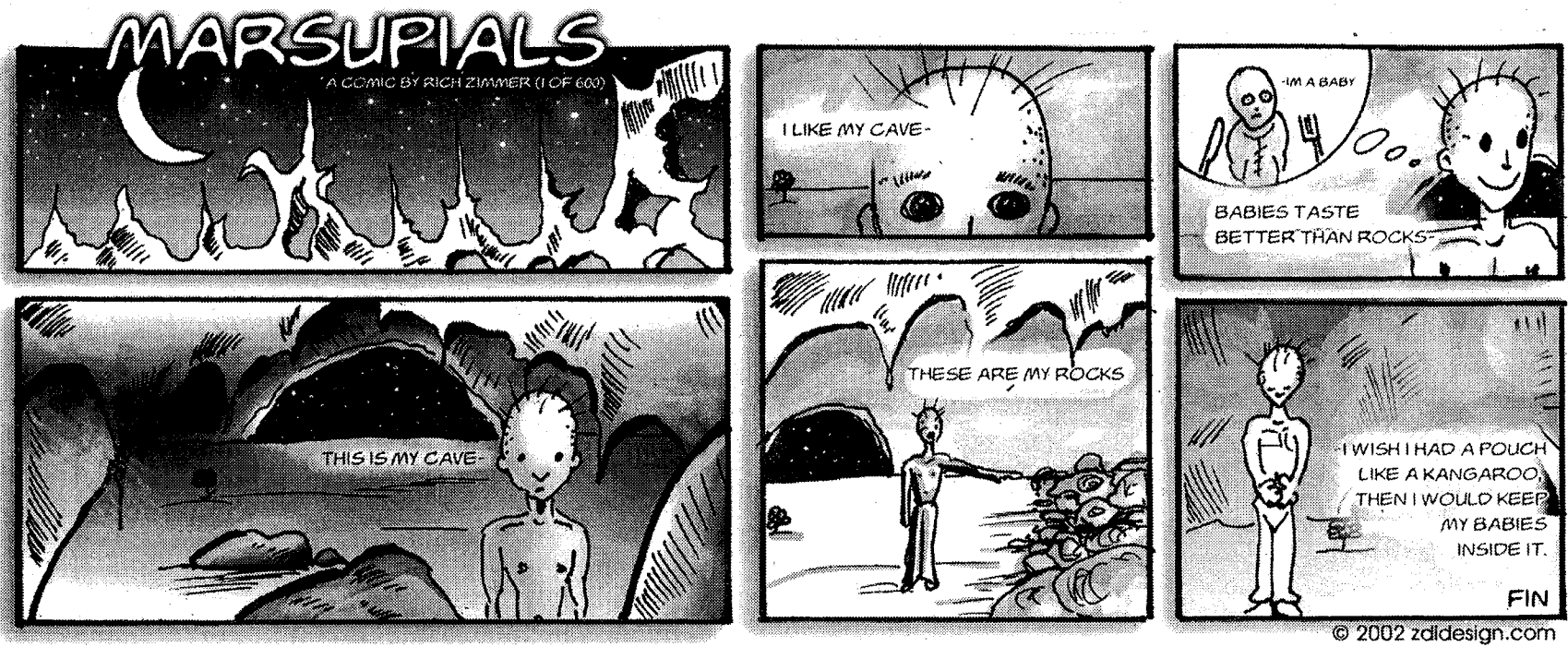
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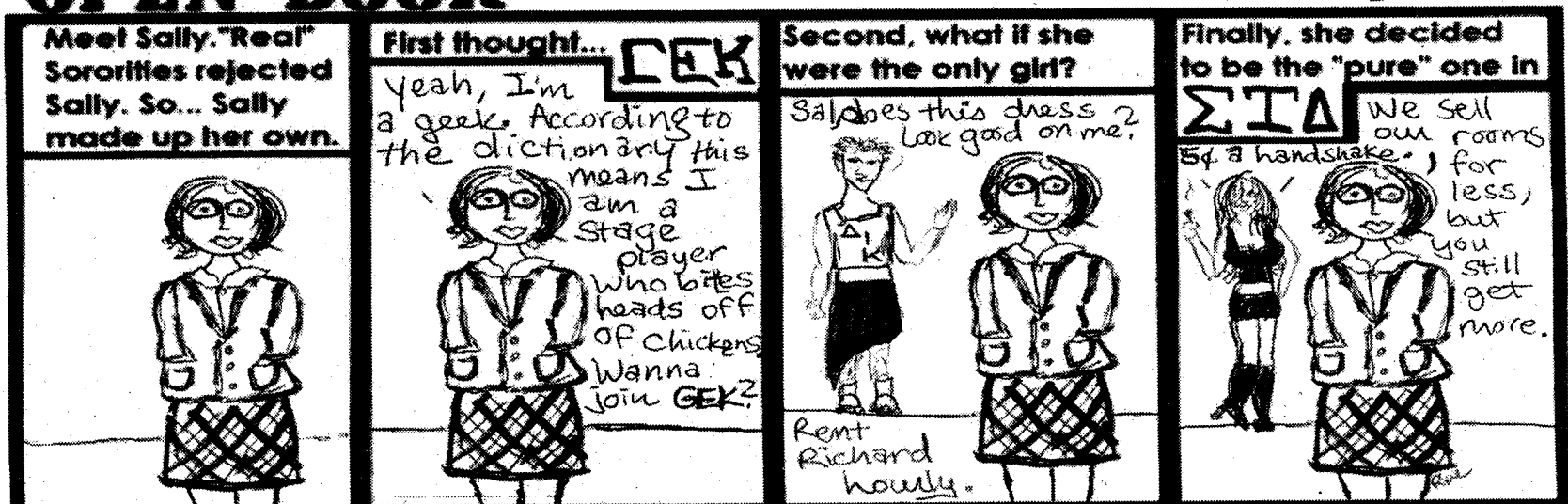


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OPEN DOOR

pixie



Animal Destiny

By Andrea Leeson

What is alive must die. Although it seems humans think that everything will live forever, this is not the case. Animals die. Many times, we kill them. It's time to talk about endangered species. It's time to acknowledge the fact that humans are amazingly, wonderously destructive, and in the quest for gold and profit we kill and ruin what is precious and irreplaceable. First, we are going to discuss the Golden Lion Tamarin.

The Golden Lion Tamarin is one of the most endangered primates in the world. The Golden lives in tropical rainforests of Rio di Janeiro, and is very tiny, weighing about 22 oz. They live in tiny families of about 6 other tamarins. They have non-opposable thumbs, and are monomorphic, meaning that both sexes look alike. Jesuit Pigefetta, who was one of the first Europeans to view a Golden Lion Tamarin while chronicling the travels of Magellan, described them as, "beautiful simian-like cats similar to a small lion."

Their local name means "little monkey-lion with the golden face." On an average day the tamarin will roam around looking for food. They enjoy small insects and sweet fruits, and have long fingers to help



them get bugs. They are very active and playful, making soft vocalizations to each other, so that prey cannot hear them. They jump with amazing speed from tree to tree, and love to be high up. At nighttime the little tamarin will return to its house, a carpeted hole in a tree that is lined with its own fur.

Females usually give birth to twins, and after about a month the male is responsible for carrying around the babies, with help from brothers and sisters. At sexual maturity the young leave the family to start new ones, usually having been driven out by their same sexed parent. Parent monkeys mash fruit on their heads to then feed to their babies. A tamarin can enlarge its mane of erectile hairs to look bigger, and has a very long tail that is used for balance, especially when jumping from tree to tree.

They are arboreal, mean-

ing that they live in trees. They are very adapted to their environments that are being destroyed at a rapid pace. 99% of the types of forest they need have been ruined for agriculture and housing. Basically, tamarins are losing their homes to plantations and condominiums. This brings human diseases, like herpes and rubella, which Golden Lion Tamarins are susceptible to. Not only do humans steal their homes, but we give them nasty, deadly viruses as well.

But there is hope, even if none of us do anything to save the little tamarin. The Golden Lion Tamarin Conservation Society works to release tamarins back into the wild. Since 1984, many zoos are breeding tamarins in captivity to help add to the population. And it is absolutely necessary to note that cocoa farmers, responsible for leaving less than 3% of land to the tamarins, can change their ways. There are two ways to prepare the land. They can either cut the trees

selectively, leaving 10% of the land, or they can cut the entire area clear. Selective tree cutting allows some plant and animal life to stay alive, including the Golden Lion Tamarin. This is not a final solution, but something that can be done until a better solution is met. It is important to educate the people of Brazil about the Tamarin, and of course, reforestation and translocation are necessary.

Despite predators including eagles, hawks, snakes, and jaguars, Man has become the Golden Lion Tamarin's most dangerous predator. Education is necessary, and then action. It is absolutely necessary to maintain the existence of creatures who have existed long before we have, and we as a world must accept responsibility and care for the gifts of land and creatures that we have been given.

*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

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

PS2: State of Emergency
Developer: Rockstar Games

State of Emergency is a sick, sick, sick game in every sense of the word.

For the first day after I bought *SoE* I was at a loss when it came to describing the game to my friends. Finally, a compatriot of mine summed it up succinctly. "State of Emergency is a lot like Crazy Taxi. Except replace Crazy with Viscously Murder, and replace Taxi with 'A Whole lot of People.'" His assessment was spot-on. The game itself is almost secondary to the pure visceral experience of virtual mass murder.

That said, *SoE* is split into two main modes: Revolution and Chaos. Revolution mode places you (as one of five alter egos of which three you unlock by completing missions) as a new recruit in the Freedom movement/army. Your goal is to complete the 50 odd missions on each of four boards (Mall, Chinatown, Eastside (ghetto), and Corporate Central (downtown) in order to remove the reigns of power from a corporate oligarchy and restore democracy to the people. Each mission is a variation on a handful of themes like Theft, Assassination, Protection (of a person or place), Escorting or Rescuing an important revolutionary, or Destroying Corporation buildings. Of course, the evil corporation does not want you to complete these tasks and responds with a level of aggression that grows exponentially. To complete these tasks-de-liberation you are armed with an bountiful array of weapons like an uzi, T2 style minigun, flamethrower, grenades, tear gas, taser and my personal favorite, a severed head with which you bludgeon your foes beyond this mortal coil.

The kicker is that all of this is happening during a full-blown riot. With hundreds of people looting stores and running from gun-wielding maniacs like you, the local gangs and an army of genetically engineered corporate thugs. The amount of activity on the screen is staggering and adds a unique challenge to the game in that it's often hard to tell what the hell is going on around you. Often you cannot help but mow down dozens of innocent bystanders whose only crime is being in between you and your objective. The missions themselves usually devolve into trial and error attempts to memorize the placement of your opponents and the quickest path to your goal. This arcade simplicity, while criticizable, is certainly addictive.

The alternate mode, Chaos, is pure joy. Chaos itself is broken down into two sub-modes. Primarily your goal is to accumulate points by destroying buildings, cars and objects while avoiding execution from gangs, security forces and the occasional suicide bomber. In the Kaos sub-mode, you earn more time by killing the aforementioned gangs, security forces and the like, which allow you to extend the duration of your rampage. As an added twist at random times score modifiers will be announced (like increased points for breaking windows, or penalties for killing civilians) that will allow you to reach the score goals that unlock fur-

ther boards and modes. You can also choose to play the Kaos mode with a 3-minute, 5 minute or infinite (with an increased difficulty) time run.

It is the second sub mode that is really disturbing. In Last Clone Standing your goal is to kill 200 unarmed "clones" as fast as possible. The sight of 200 security officers running for their virtual lives inspires a wide-eyed glee that, on one hand, appeals to the oppressed New York City minority in all of us, and on the other, makes you feel that you should seek serious psychological help.

That said *SoE* is technologically marvelous. The simple ability to have so many people on screen at a given moment without experiencing a Contra-style performance slowdown is impressive to see. Sickeningly enough *SoE* brings an addictive arcade style that you'll not tire off for quite some time (although, for the sake of your morality, the sooner the better). When you add up the infectious game play, high-quality visuals, and sheer freakish joy *State of Emergency* comes out as an outstanding game.

Store: 4th World Comics
Address: 33 rte. 111 Smithtown NY, 11787
Phone: (631) 366-4440

4th World Comics has been serving the local geek community for nigh on 17 years. Carrying a wide range of both mainstream and indie comics 4th World is a solid repository of all things geeky. In addition to their fine selection of comics they are also home to quite the extensive line of Role Playing Game paraphernalia, Japanese Animation, Action Figures and assorted collectable odds and ends. Rounding out their fine nerdopia is a healthy selection of primo dork-ware like X-Men, Star Trek and Anime t-shirts guaranteed to make you the envy of all the social troglodytes in your D&D party.

I recently visited 4th World in hopes of picking the brain of its owner (whom I found shares my first name - creepy). Unfortunately he was not in and I do not possess the journalistic tenacity necessary to motivate a return. I did get an opportunity to speak with the salesman (Chris) though. After a rigorous interrogation I was able to glean a few notable facts about 4th world that may serve to entice you to give it a visit. First off it has one impressive collection of comic back issues. When asked exactly how many, Chris could only reply with "lots." Upon inspection I verified that 4th World does in fact have "lots" of back issues. Although 4th World may only have 150 or so weekly comics customers in its 10% discount comics club, they make a point of participating in area conventions (like Stony Brooks own I-Con). Another good aspect of 4th World is that they are not afraid to expand their selection of comics beyond the mainstream books. They have always made a point to present as many facets of the comic art form as possible. I focus on the comic aspect of this fine establishment mainly because talking about RPGs and Anime bring up horrible high school memories. Rest assured that if you are of the ilk that possesses a vested interest in

these personally verboten [sic] topics then 4th World won't let you down.

A well-rounded selection of geek provisions 4th World Comics will certainly reap a mighty harvest for any geek or anybody with a geek in their lives and enough scratch to afford all the cool stuff that you don't need but desperately want. If there is one qualm to be had it is that 4th World is only accessible to those of us with vehicular transportations. Although one might wish to begin some weekly car-pool in order to take advantage of their wares. Another thing that could be in the negative column is the slight "Androids Dungeon" atmosphere. That's about it. And they need to get me more back issues of *The Invisibles*.

Store: Planet Comics
Address: The frikken Smith Haven Mall
Phone: (631) 724-4096

Once you can get over the horrible trial of actually being in the Mall (which of course requires a set of sub-trials to achieve) you'll find that Planet Comics does a fine job of shilling wonderfully useless tripe to you, the slack jawed consumer. Planet stocks a wide-range of video games (which provide their staple fare), a moderate amount of random toys and collectables, an adequate library of graphic novels and current comics and a piddling trifle of back issues (which, I might add, are not even alphabetized). The staff is friendly and knowledgeable while simultaneously maintaining a humorous condescension towards the foul denizens of the mall.

Planet Comics is a convenient bus ride from SUNY Stony Brook (which may, at times, be free, if you can catch the elusive campus bus that services the mall and Borders Books). This fact alone almost makes up for the degradation of mall shopping and their slightly less than sufficient selection of alternative/indie comics. Strangely enough, their corporate backing (they maintain close ties to the Babbages chain of electronics stores) allows them a strong customer base which, were they so inclined, could be turned on to comic books. Unfortunately, this is an opportunity that is not exploited enough for my tastes. Rather, Planet Comics seems content to let their comics sit in the back of the store. It should be noted that for the regular comics purchaser Planet does a good job of holding your selected titles for you, at times even taking the initiative to include unrequested titles that the staff thinks you might enjoy. This is a hit or miss practice, but not an unwelcome one.

Planet is a good store for the geek in denial or the layman with the secret geeky fetish. It maintains the façade of "non-shun-me-from-society-itis" while providing a respectable selection of the four dork food groups: Anime, Toys, Video Games, and Comics. They also sell the odd T-Shirt or too, but that is predominately the domain of its neighboring store, Hot Topic (a store so vile, so full of sad sad pseudo everybodies that only the most wretched of humanity would deign to patronize it).

Warm Memories of Cold Memory

By Dustin Herlich

On Feb. 5, 2002 Stony Brook University actually held a free event of worthy praiseful mention. This was a show put on by three local bands, held in the Union Ballroom. The idea is great, but the situation could have been better. The three bands that played, in order were "The Natural History", "Motorway to Roswell" and "Cold Memory." These bands have recently signed record deals with the same company, and did this gig as a promotional all together.

The Union Ball Room might be ok for bringin' down the house with House music, but for a rockin' concert, you need a better location. The audio in the ballroom is miserable. The treble bouncing off the walls sounds like you're inside a snare drum, and the base just sounds plain old garbled. The room was not built for audio-philis; it was built to withstand annoying wattages of dance style music, in which case sound quality becomes tertiary. The ballroom has pillars, which provide for pretty crappy views in some places.

Another major complaint I have is that this show was advertised as badly as possible. It comes across that the school wanted to prevent people from coming and enjoying a pretty rockin' show. Security was obscene. Why do they need to Xerox my ID? WHY? Does this not violate some law? The crowd was pitifully small. Maybe it was the poor advertising, maybe it was that people just have no confidence in school sponsored shows, but whatever the reason, these bands deserved a bigger crowd than they got. At least the show was free for students. To further prove that campus needs to improve it's advertising of good shows; most of the people I saw in the room were obviously high school students. Those off campus had to pay. Kind of sad when more paying people come to a show than those that can get in free.

All these gripes aside the bands were pretty good. They all had a pretty good sound, and tried to work what crowd was there. The first band seemed like they had not been playing together all that long, but their CD has some good stuff on it. All three bands had demo CD's available that night. The next band, Motorway to Roswell

was much better than the first, and really sounded great. They had some really good songs, and even with the crappy acoustics of the room the band cranked out some good stuff. The people there (I just can't bring myself to call it a crowd) were definitely getting into the band. I might actually go to another show put on this band. The headliner was Cold Memory. After the first song, you understand why they are the headline. They absolutely deserved their own show. I really enjoyed their demo CD as well.

When I asked their bass player to describe the bands sound, he said "good." That's actually not a bad way to describe them, as you can't quite call them rock, nor can you call them punk. Heck, even their instruments looked cool. Motorway to Roswell's bass player had one of the nicest bases I've ever seen though.

Basically, The natural history is a band that's trying as hard as they can, but still needs work, Motorway to Roswell is on it's way up, and Cold Memory is about to hit the stratosphere of fame. It would be great if this CD really puts them on the charts, because their hard work is evident, as well as raw talent. Of the three bands, they were by in far the best. I was originally not even going to watch their show, and maybe not even do a review of their set, but after the first song, I was convinced to stay longer. Even though these bands were not really my exact style of music, I still say it was a good show, and I hope that campus puts out more shows along these lines. The price was right, and so was the headline band. Now we just need to have them play in a place that really does justice to their sound. Oh, yeah, and we don't need more security guards then we had people attend. That was ridiculous.

As soon as the album for Cold Memory is complete, I'll probably pick up a copy, and chances are review it. If you've got the time, check out these web sites, and look for their appearance dates. Seeing any of these bands, especially Cold Memory is worth a trip to CB's or even a trip to any of the more local venues in which they congregate.

www.coldmemory.com
www.motorwaytoroswell.com

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Figure Skating Quality Ice Skates For Sale.
His(sz 10) and hers (sz 6) pair of matching skates for sale. Olympic quality and actually used in the 2002 Winter Olympics. These skates are top notch but we can't bare to put them on anymore for personal reasons. Contact: ScrewedAtSaltLake@hotmail.com

Inter Planetary Travel

That's right the power to leave the planet will soon be in your hands as NASA is forced to sell off the space shuttle to the highest bidder due to buget cuts. In 2003 it could be yours! Start saving now and contact: BushBudgetSucks@yahoo.com

Ensure a Victory!

Any parents interested in thier child's mental confidence and well being, contact me to pose as a judge or referee in the next competetive event your child will be involved in. If I can fool the Olypics, I can do anything. Marie-Reine Le Gougne: unfairjudge@yahoo.com

Empty Pizza Boxes!

7 empty pizza boxes for sale. These are great for campus club events. Advertise free food and buy our boxes, they'll only cost your organization an 1/8 of the price of 7 pizza's and they still smell like pizza. People are stupid, they'll show up see the boxes, smell the pizza, and think they just got there too late and missed the food. Contact NYPIRG 632-6457

You Give Me Cat

Me adopt and take very good care. Love kitty long time-I like many cat-more than one-Deng Lee-you Yahoo message me: dengleelovecat



Announcements

Update from Network Operations Center
We apologize for last issues classified. The network will be SEVEN times faster instead of three. Yet this still means you can't download music, movies, or anything else you would want to do download with a super fast connection. So shut up and stop complaining already you whiny brats.

NOTICE

All students who ate the meat loaf or any turkey products at The Bleacher Club last week please report to the infirmary

as soon as possible. You need to get tested for salmonella, dysentery, and colic. Sorry for the inconvenience.
-Campus Dining Service

Show Her You REALLY Love Her!

That's right, we all know Valentine's Day has come and gone and you all ready got your mate candy, cards and flowers, but is that enough?-Hardly! That's why Russell Stover, Hallmark and FTD Florist have joined together to create St. Valentine's Day 2 on Feb 27th. Don't miss this chance to show them that you REALLY REALLY love them.



Employment

Heelp Nideed
Ken yew spel? We kant. The Stownee Bruk Press is luki for aneewon with the ibulity to correkly spell werds to bekum prufe reederz. Luks reel gud on yur rezumay. 632-6451

Are You a Good Liar?

The olympic Judiciary Committee is looking for men and women who not only have no problems lying to the world as a result of a little peer pressure but are strong enough to not rat us out. Please.

Psychics Needed

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Vehicles

Stony Brook Vehicle
Tired of walking to all of your classes? The university is selling off one of it's green Chevy pick up trucks-you know the ones with the letters CCWP on them. This vehicle will enable you to drive wherever you desire on campus! Park right in front of Javits-anywhere you want!



Seeking?

I Want To Be Used!
Overweight woman into serious BDSM wanted Must be willing to wear my Shirley Strum Kenny mask while you do me from behind with a strap on and empty out the cash from my wallet and bank account AOL IM: SBstudentBody