

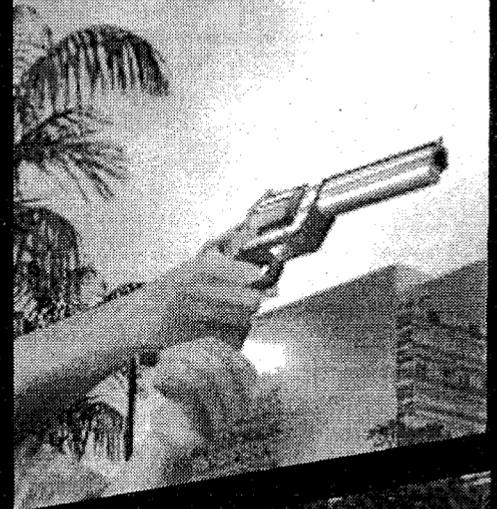
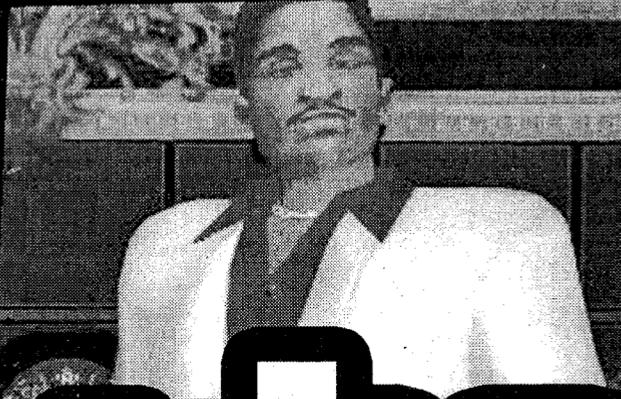
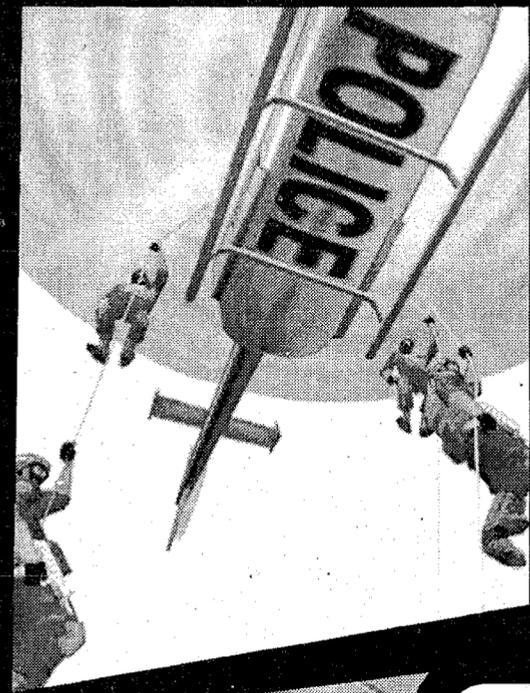
THE STONY
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PRESS

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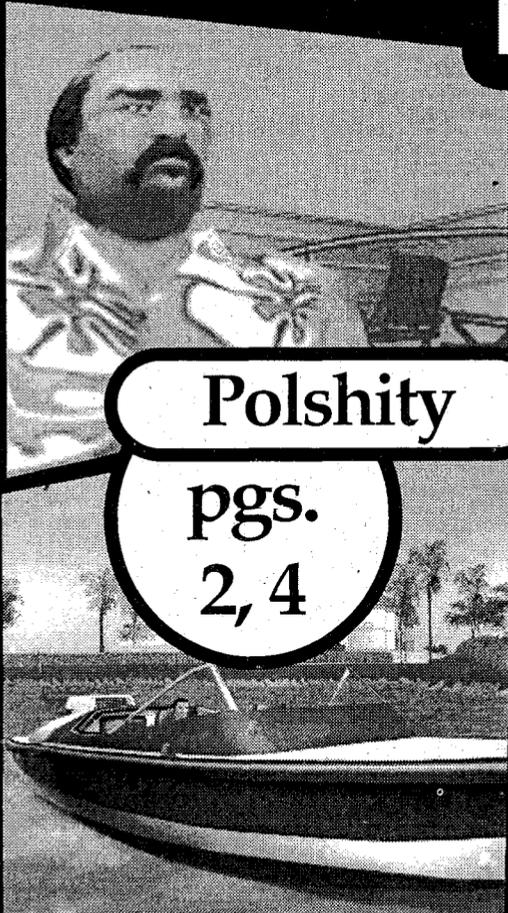
"It's impossible to be distracted by Muppets"

November 13, 2002



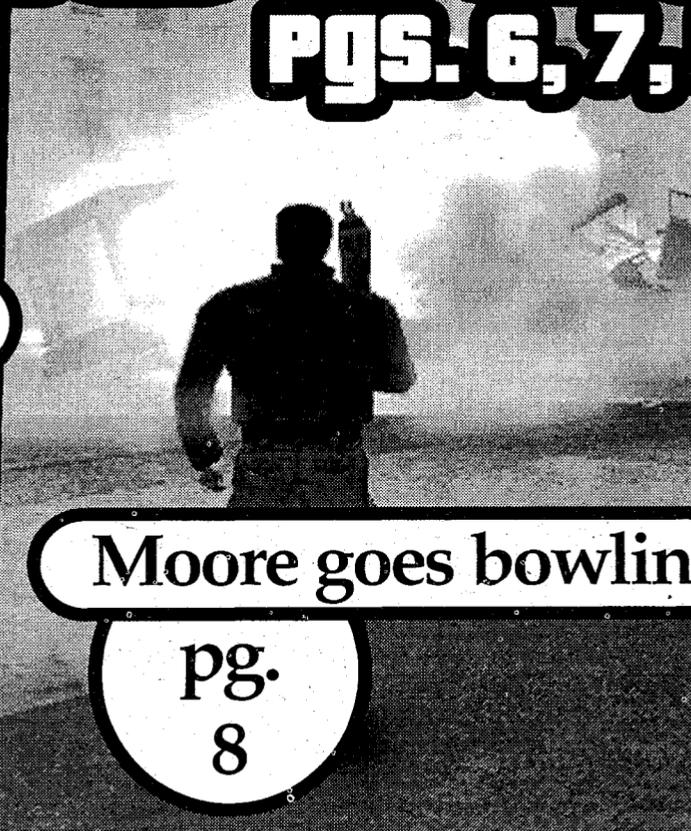
**the
CRIME
ISSUE**

PGS. 6, 7, 10



Polshity

**pgs.
2, 4**



Moore goes bowling

**pg.
8**



Polity Decertified, Could Soon Be Dissolved

By Andrew Pernick

As of October 11, Student Polity Association (SPA) no longer controls the Student Activity Fee. The \$86.50 per student, per semester, fee is now under the auspices of Dr. Frederic Preston and will continue to fund student clubs and organizations. In a letter from SUNY Stony Brook President Shirley Strum Kenny, responding to a memorandum from SPA President Akelia Lawrence, President Kenny cited "significant dissatisfaction with our student government within our undergraduate student body." The letter also cited "specific governance weaknesses" and "structural / constitutional problems on Polity's ability to effectively administer the allocation of our [Student] Activity Fee."

The problems with Polity became critical when efforts over this past summer to revise the SPA Constitution failed to yield a ratified document. According to a letter from SPA President Lawrence, "up until Wednesday, October 2, the Senate has finished revising only six (6) pages of the twenty-one (21) page document... Manifested in the document are Senate's efforts to take away much authority from the Executive Council..." This same letter requested the Administration to "take whatever steps are necessary to reformat the student government..." As of October 23, no fewer than six different drafts of the Polity constitution were under review in the Senate. The Administration, apparently tired of the political infighting and inefficiency of the SPA, chose to scrap Polity altogether.

In response to SPA President Lawrence's letter dated October 3, 2002, the Polity Senate passed a motion to proclaim that the Senate "is and shall be the Board of Directors" of the SPA. In a second Senate motion, the Polity Senate also

suspended the entire Executive Council "pending the outcome of an investigation into their [the Council's] agreement with and culpability in an alleged request to the University President to 'reformat the student government'." At issue is why the Senate was not notified by Council of this alleged agreement and whether the Council or the Senate is the Board of Directors of the SPA.

The result of these two motions and the letter to President Kenny is that there is considerable debate as to who, exactly, is on the SPA Board of Directors and which constitution draft is in effect. A Polity Senator who asked not to be named claimed that SPA is currently without funding and exists only for its own sake. This source, although refusing to call the SPA "deadlocked", did say that the likelihood of the Executive Council and Senate agreeing on a constitution or Board of Directors was virtually nonexistent.

With the SPA now operating without a budget, the next step for SUNY Stony Brook might be to dissolve the SPA corporation entirely, a process that requires a petition to the New York courts system and the aid of the New York State Attorney General's Office (Not-For-Profit Corporation Law, Article 11, Section 1102). The University could use Polity's lack of control of the Student Activity Fee as evidence that the corporation no longer has sufficient assets to function. The University could also allege that

Polity is so divided that it cannot reach agreements as to its elections or actions.

According to a second involved party, the dissolution of the SPA would clear the way for the University to replace Polity with a new student government. This has been confirmed by SUNY Stony Brook President Kenny's letter to SPA President Lawrence. The letter states that "Dr. [Frederic] Preston will formulate the details of a process / structure which will enable students to propose and vote on a new undergraduate governance structure."

A new student government could be formed in such a way that it prevents itself from incorporating. This step would allow the University Administration and the student body greater control of the governing body's actions, a status that many have claimed was missing from Polity. In the mean time, President Kenny's letter states that Dr. Preston will "oversee a process / structure to ensure that students / student organizations continue to receive services and activities supported by the [Student Activity Fee]."

Unfortunately, given the uncertainty inherent to Polity and the legal process involved in replacing it, any discussion about the future of

student government at SUNY Stony Brook is at best rank speculation. As of the publication of this article, plans for a new student government at Stony Brook appear to be amorphous and only in the earliest stages of development..



Nicotine Fit

By Chris Sorochin

"In 1960, when I came out of prison as an ex-convict, I had more freedom under parolee supervision than there's available to the average citizen in America right now..."

Merle Haggard

What is it with these politicians? Why, oh why, can't they devote their energies to things that really need doing? Or, at least continue lining their pockets from the public trough, but please, please, leave me (and thousands, perhaps millions, of others) alone to fill our lungs with carcinogens at the drinking establishment of our choice.

Let's first of all get clear on what doesn't motivate them, namely health, at least in any real way. At most, being anti-smoking is only a cheap-skate's camouflage to allow them to look like they're doing something for the public good, when in fact they're doing things like shutting down public health services. Case in point, Mayor Michael Bloomberg, who's so piously health conscious he's slashed \$750,000 from the New York City Childhood Asthma Initiative budget, necessitating the closure of a clinic in Hunts Point, the Bronx, credited with lowering the asthma rate in that neighborhood by 55%.

Author Barbara Ehrenreich, in a recent radio interview, remarked on how the recent trend appears to be that the government will do increasingly less to actually help people and increasingly more to control and repress people. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you health care in the modern political idiom: less actual help and more stupid rules.

And Bloomberg is not only proposing a ban on indoor smoking, Hizzoner also wants to ban smoking at all city parks and beaches, places

where the questionable dangers of second-hand smoke don't apply. Why?

There's obviously something more at play here than the Mayor's professed concern for the lungs of bartenders (as opposed to those of poor kids in the Bronx). But what?

One thing I've noticed is that many of the bigwigs in the antismoking "movement" (if we choose to dignify it as such- it's not so much a popular movement as a crusade by a small, but extremely vocal and well-funded minority of fanatics) are, like Bloomberg, wealthy business people. I read of one such phony philanthropist who made a huge killing in the sleazy milieu of the 1980's Wall Street feeding frenzy. He did so well that he never has to work again and decided to dedicate his time to making the world a better place.

Of all the problems plaguing our little planet, what did Diamond Jim select as most worthy of his attention? Cigarette smoke. Not hunger, poverty or war. Not the Ozone Layer or the Middle East. Don Quixote decided to slay the evil dragon of tobacco.

Yet another smoke-hating rich guy is the heir to a tobacco fortune! He ostensibly feels guilty about how the family acquired their pile, but one of my favorite so-implausible-it-just-might-be-true conspiracy theories is that all this anti-smoking nonsense is really cooked up by the evil tobacco companies, who are supposed to be so huge and powerful and expert at manipulating the public. Yet they are seemingly unable to prevent a small clique of wet blankets from terrifying politicians into passing ridiculous, invasive laws.

I wonder: could Philip Morris and the boys be applying the economic theory of artificial

scarcity to bolster sales? Anyone who watches The Simpsons knows that the surest way to get a large percentage of the American population to do something is to forbid them to do it, thus making it a cool, outlaw activity. This stratagem has worked spectacularly well in recruiting kids to the filthy habit: the War on Underage Smoking has done more to popularize the nasty weed than the Marlboro Man mounting Joe Camel and riding off into the sunset.

And is it my imagination, or are more people smoking, at least casually, these days?

OK, so that theory's a little far-fetched. How about this: the corporate overlords want every last possible segment of our lives micromanaged and all of us reduced to the status of virtual children. New York City has thousands of bars and it would be impossible to police all of them. Even if Bloomberg's Butt Ban goes into effect, people will still smoke in bars. Of course, it will be different; they'll be denied the dignity of an ashtray and everyone will be much more furtive, knowing the some Orwellian entity like the Pure Air Task Force (second cousins to NYC's hated Dance Police) could come stormtroopering in at any moment. In other words, we'll all be reduced to school kids sneaking a smoke in the bathroom.

This form of psychological warfare fits in well with the Patriot Act, as will the uncomfortable feeling one will experience upon venturing into a little local hole-in-the-wall for the first time and being given the hairy eyeball because the regulars suspect the newcomer is really some undercover scumbag looking to issue a summons.

Not to forget, a smoking ban will provide another excuse to levy fines: what city bureaucrats

Continued on page 21

Kicking the Pricks

By Adam Kearney

Washington D.C. our nation's capitol took a little jolt on October 25th, a faint rumbling throughout the terrain that may turn out to be just an aftershock of protests long passed, but could also become a precursor to further and more powerful political earthquakes. Approximately 300,000 activists found their way down to the National Monument, hoping to gain some further knowledge into the nature of the recently initiated next phase of the War on Terror, a war now being targeted towards Iraq, but more importantly they came to show that they did not support this war, that it was unjust, and that they were determined to stop it.

I was among those proud souls, bearing a peace sign and a vision of a world without senseless killing. Having arrived in the city at around ten a.m. after six hours of relentless driving, I was mildly disoriented and, after finding the general area of the event, found myself surrounded by turbaned Iraqis and ex-Marine Corps troopers jumping and screaming about as the man on the platform with the microphone announced "Saddam must go!" Instant confusion overtook me, watching the group of thirty or so pro-war fanatics talk about how the communists, bleeding hearts, and teenage terrorists were trying to prevent the US from carrying out the clear and justified objective of "removing" Saddam Hussein. This was not what I came for, this anti-anti-war rally, with these pathetic, horrible people chanting and screaming obscenities, calling for blood. Across the road and down into the distance I observed a mass of people, not capable then of realizing just how massive it was.

Damn, that was a lot of people. Most of them carried signs mocking our current heads of state, known proponents of a "murder for profit" philosophy. There was really too much to take everything in at once. But the sea of hippie freaks stretched beyond the limits of my sight and in all directions, a sensory overload, complete with inspiring beats from the drum section entitled

"Rhythm Workers for Peace." I moved out into the crowd, searching for whatever forms of leadership this mob possessed. Far ahead, there must be a stage and a speaker, but in between a thousand fliers and pamphlets, a million things to read about the criminal aspects of our government's operation, and it was a beautiful day- really everyone was blessed. I carried onwards to the rally's day-glo brain.

I knew I was getting close when Al Sharpton bumped into me. It took me a moment to realize but I soon determined his direction and began following him steadily to the stage, grimly fixated on the hair-like structure he has glued to his skull.

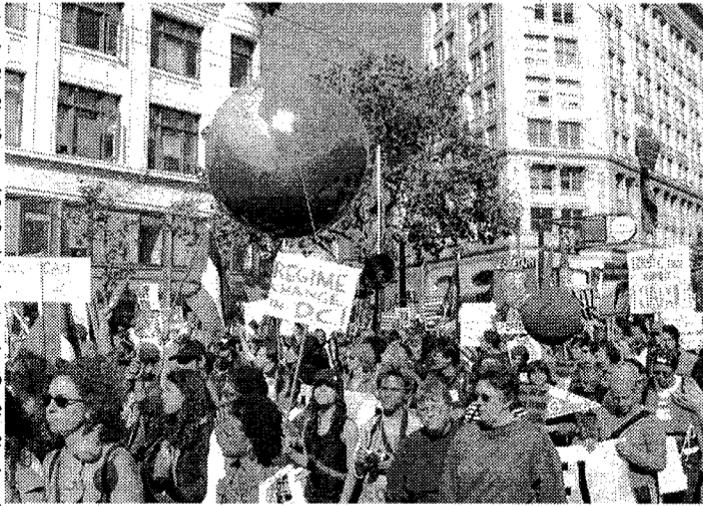
Having watched the news reports of the event afterwards, I determined that I may have been a little fortunate in getting to the event after the musical performance of an other-than-prime Patti Smith, however I was disappointed to learn that the Reverend Jesse Jackson had already made his speech. I have always had a fondness for that man, bordering on the comical sense, but I had missed him nonetheless and would have to settle for his doppelganger Mr. Sharpton.

He presented an eloquent, heart-felt speech about how the government is really trying to frighten us about Saddam Hussein as if he were the bogeyman and as if we, the American people, were little children. That we should not worry about important domestic issues such as prescription drugs, unemployment, and education because the bogeyman was coming to get us. He said, "We're not children, we're grown, and we're not running from no bogeyman." The next speaker of some local fame was Ben Cohen from Ben and Jerry's ice cream. He talked about the war from the business point of view. He described the war as a product being marketed by the Bush

Administration. He said "they've supported it with a multi-million dollar PR blitz, but the product is a deadly distraction, bristling with nasty side effects, and violating international law." He continued to throw some

harsh, realistic accusations into the mix, "This is a war based on lies. The connection between Saddam and Al-Queda is a lie, the idea that Saddam is capable of attacking the US is a lie, and a war of so-called "surgical strikes" is a lie." With the projected 200 billion dollars that is to be spent on this war, our country could instead use just half of that to provide free health care and education for it's citizens.

Then the march began and everyone took to the streets with slogans and signs. Seventeenth St. has probably seen this before but I had not. I'm



guilty, I knew I wanted this all along after the disaster in New York- I've waited eagerly for my chance to join in the fight for the ultimate good- the preservation of peace, justice, and human life.

A man wearing a sequined dress and a neon blue beehive wig, carrying a bull-horn will declare into the crowd that

peace is boring and that we want War on Primetime. The clown lovers dance beside him in mad sarcastic ecstasy. Hair-dye, glitter make-up, dreadlocks, bandanas, tie-dyed dresses, peace signs, and giant banners proclaiming "NO WAR, GODDAMN IT, FUCK YOU." No blood for oil. Compassion is thicker than both in the true American heart. The spirit is necessary, just, and beautiful.

I let the march pass me, but I play my part. An old man passing says to his friend, "It's not so extraordinary, that's why it's so extraordinary." It was an immense, successful demonstration, with little to no police interference, something my generation has rarely experienced. These were the true patriots, believing in the ideals of this country, especially freedom. There were no social distinctions, either, on the forefront of our war on bigotry. All races, religions, and colors were represented- punks and hippies and gurus and militaristic socialists- they spit the sour discontent with a nation of lies.

One great rhythm of a thousand peace drums- the vibration of Truth resonated around us all, stabilizing the footsteps on a march that ended not then but shall continue on the paths of every person present, and they will bring with them this real, refocused sense of hope- that a benevolent future is in store and no evil force can stand in the way.



Hey, did you hear about The Press?
 The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.
 Well?
 I heard that they only like people with racoons on their backs.
 Really?!?
 Word yo. Racoons.
 Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

The Press
 rm 060 in the student union
www.sbpress.org #2-6451
 meetings every wednesday at 1pm

Editorial: Who is to Blame for The Polity Problem?

Yes, Polity is fucked up. We all know this, and we all bitch about it constantly. We complain about the people in office, and we regularly whine about their inability to carry out their duties in a timely, organized fashion. But you know what? Ninety percent of the students on this campus have no right to complain, because they didn't fucking vote.

Really, think about it. How the hell do we continue to complain about people democratically voted to represent us, when meanwhile a painfully vast majority of us didn't bother to take the five seconds to vote, or even research the candidates who were running for office? Could we possibly be bigger hypocrites?

Naturally, there are going to be those who argue that they didn't vote because it was nearly impossible to get information on the candidates, and that's somewhat true. A lot of people who run for these positions do terrible jobs of campaigning and don't really give us very many reasons why we should even consider to vote for them over their competition. But first of all, the idea of learning about candidates works both ways. They can't exactly force information about them upon you, you

have to do a little research. And second of all, not every candidate did a poor job of campaigning for the last election, or have we all already forgotten about Vlad Frants?

In the days leading up to election day, Frants' face was all over this damn campus. He showed up everywhere, and was completely accessible. He walked around talking to students, showed up on SBU-TV, and even had his own website that was advertised on stickers posted all over this campus. You couldn't leave your dorm without seeing that kid's name and contact information for at least a month, and you know what, he didn't fucking win. The students on this campus are more apathetic toward their school than anyone whose parents are paying thousands of dollars for them to be here should ever be.

The reason the people who are in Polity now hold office is because their friends probably voted for them, and almost no one else outside of their respective group of friends did. The next time you're bitching about the state of our student government, and looking for someone to blame it on, try the one source most of you undoubtedly haven't yet: yourself.

Editorial: Polity Will Never Be Welcome Here

Polity as it exists, in whatever form it does, is a completely dysfunctional waste of time and money. Polity has no business trying to reclaim its ill deserved powers. Way back when polity actually did something they were a valuable student voice. What happened to the days when polity would be the party that would organize marches against the meal plan? Polity now is so defunct, that the only people who seem to care about it are its own members, and even then some don't care. The people in polity are too absorbed in falsely empowering themselves to care about a real government.

We need an elected student government that is much more concise than the drivel we have been exposed to. A unified, equally representative student government needs to be placed into this university. But polity as it stands now should not. Aside from having a completely inefficient method of handling student activity fees, Polity serves no purpose. They provide no voice. Isn't Polity supposed

to be putting on concerts, holding parties, and doing things with our money that improve the quality of life on campus?

The new government needs to be vastly more efficient, and designed not to be self-serving, not exist solely for the benefit of its members, and not give clubs such a hard time when it comes to getting their money. The new student government should have to put up money to bring things to campus that would improve quality of life. There is nothing polity is doing now that makes any of us want to have any of them back in office again.

The new student government should not even be called polity. There should be no excuses for not having an elected, functioning body set up by the end of the spring semester. There is no way we can continue to allow these conditions to persist.

Forget polity, let's forge ahead, create a government that serves its people, and live happily ever after.

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Letter:

Dear Editors of the SBP:

It came at a great surprise to me during your last edition you had an full page article recommending the abandonment of the Sci-Fi Forum in favor of the stony Brook Press. How disappointing. I have always thought about your publication with the highest regards and considered your words about the sci-fi forum were the words of wisdom (at least you don't lie as much as the Statemen).

But the article shows otherwise. If the said Forumites were so creepy, pernicious and socially inept, then why would you use a front page article to attract them to the press? Perhaps it is only an attempt to mask your own lack of creativity or the lack ability to appear as an organized newspaper? Or some kind of past fall out with them so you decided to attack them like Bush-sabering Iraq? Jealous of their games(playstation, dreamcast, gamecube, DDR) collection and try to get them disbanded so you can get the games since all you guys have is a poor old NES machine?(Do you really need a whole page for Pete's sake? Are you guys so lack of something else to write? The rest of the paper was fascinating by the way, especially about the ghost thing)

What was more surprising is that one of my suite mates actually goes to the sci-fi forum. He is suffering from depression and the people there cheer him up. When he saw the article, he went up to one of your club meeting, and one of the editors found out he is (would be was since he love to write but hate to talk) a forumite. He was laughed out the place with two people threatening him with physical violence if he ever showed up again. How Barbaric and borderline vulgar.

PS According to the same said suite-mate, the article in question is actually hanged outside the forum as a badge of honor and free publicity with #7 circled in red. They all took it good naturedly, with cryptic references, as "it is a squirrel thing" by the upper classmen there.

P.S.S Can you guys just get on with your life??? The rest of the University is getting bored at this. I swear, judging by the sheer amount of them discarded around the halls and used as well, sanitation uses, it look like the only people who really enjoy the paper are you guys who are full of it (that Ne me touché article was really lame), and your whipping post, the Forum. Go attack the anime club or something, they suck worse.

P.S.S.S I don't plan to join the forum or Press. And especially not the Statemen.

Thank you for your time Bored-Person-who-don't-want-to-do-his-Physic-homework-at-four-AM-but-love-to-write

"When you kill one man, you are a murder, when you kill ten million, you are a conquer, when you kill everyone, you are a god."-Common Bladist prayer

-Nameless Knight

Letter: Veteran's Day Rememberances

I had the fortunate opportunity to sit in on a class entitled "Making Peace With The Sixties", during which a panel of Vietnam War Era veterans presented their memories of of service to our Country. It was a poignant and moving experience for me. Memories of that difficult National time returned to the forefront of my mind, thoughts of my youthfulness thirty years ago.

I listened carefully to the Veterans as they recounted their Vietnam experience, memories that were still painfully alive and haunting. I watched these former servicemen become overwhelmed with emotion and joined them in their tears. Theirs was the story of service to our Nation during a time when that Nation was fragmented by an "unpopular war." There was great unrest in the political and public arenas. Even in the sanctity of the normally peaceful American household, turmoil erupted as parents and children drew battle lines on the issues of the war and it's effect. I remember one particularly ugly explosion between my Father and myself over the horrific massacre of four students at Kent State. My Father felt that those "four college kids" got exactly what they deserved, Death. After all, they were "commie red subversive hippie freaks" who were antiAmerican to the core. What my Father did not acknowledge was that many of our service people, who were fighting for our Country, were being drafted from the very Colleges and Universities that he saw as hotbeds of civil disobedience. My friends that lost their lives to the war were "heroes", but those who voiced an opinion against the war were "communists". Dead is dead; and the war was taking lives overseas and on college campuses.

Unlike the veterans of past prior wars, our Vietnam Era Service People were not venerated. On the contrary, they were frequently heckled, insulted, degraded and even physically assaulted by the very people they thought would support their service. Many Americans did not see these service people as National Heroes but rather a National Disgrace. They were labeled as "baby killers". They were not respected with a joyful "homecoming", with all the trappings and pomp and circumstance a returning warrior deserves, at least not on a National level. Many quietly slipped back into home life with only close family and friends honoring them and giving thanks for their safe return. Far to many returned physically and emotionally scared without the benefit public sympathy and understanding.

The Vietnam War was a difficult war on many levels. The Men and Women who served are still feeling the pain of that experience. The members of the Vietnam War Era Panel were united in expressing their feelings that Americans did not respect their service, did not see the value of their Military Duty. That America really didn't care!

As Veteran's Day approaches, we need to remember that those who served this Country are indeed Heroes. They should be honored, respected and thanked.

Take time to personally shake the hand of a Veteran, and say thank you. It's not to late to make a difference.

-Hanne Giordano

Letter: Yo Momma is so Fat, She's Fat

We would like to submit a list of "yo mama" jokes to the "Press" that we think would amuse readers. We'd actually like to make this a staple of the paper. Please seriously consider including these in the next issue.

~Katie Ashwill & Adam VanBuren

The Best Yo Mama Jokes

- yo mama is so short, she could fit through small spaces to save victims of terrorist attacks
- yo mama is so ugly, she could be a supermodel
- yo mama is so fat, she weighs 100 lbs.
- yo mama is so stupid, she has an IQ of 150
- yo mama is so smart, she can solve difficult codes for the military to save the world
- yo mama is so nice, she feeds the homeless daily
- yo mama is so nice, she helps old people cross the street
- yo mama is so skinny, she fits into a size 0
- yo mama is so pretty, she just gets the guys
- yo mama is so tall she could be a basketball player for the NBA. really.
- yo mama is so strong, she can lift heavy weights above 250 lbs. on 1 finger
- yo mama is so out there, she's really out there
- yo mama is so smart, she could be a rocket scientist
- yo mama is so crazy, she thinks she's a'gonna start a revolution
- yo mama is so ambitious, she thinks she can hold 5 jobs at 1 time
- yo mama is so mamaish, she is the mama of all mamas
- yo mama is so mamaesque, she resembles Big Mama in "Soul Food"
- yo mama is so mamaesque, she could be the mama of the world
- yo mama is so creative, she created tampons
- yo mama is so environmentally conscious, she's Mother Earth
- yo mama is so ghetto, she lives in the suburbs
- yo mama is so rural, she lives in the ghetto

- yo mama is so whorish, she is monogamous
- yo mama is so healthy, she has regular bowel movements
- yo mama is so musically inclined, she rocks out to Missy Elliot and Truth Hurts
- yo mama is so high looking, her pupils are dilated
- yo mama is so innocent, she's never had drugs
- yo mama is so red eyed, she looks like she's high
- yo mama is so mannish, she uses the little boy's room
- yo mama is so activistesque, she thinks she can change the world
- yo mama is so funny, she cracks jokes
- yo mama is so into herself, when asked if she's ever seen a comedian, she says, "yeah, in the mirror"
- yo mama is so idealistic, she wants to progenerate a new world
- yo mama is so Democratic, she's Republican
- yo mama is so into numerology, she thinks that there is only a certain number of people to be born and that number is 666 trillion
- yo mama is so fertile, she gets her period every week
- yo mama is such a boxer, she can just roll with the punches
- yo mama is so into rap music, she watches BET 24/7/365 and 366 on leap yrs.
- yo mama is such a crackhead, she doesn't get treats
- yo mama is such a despisa, she despises Jay-Z. word up.
- yo mama loves gangsta, that's right G-A-N-S-T-A, lovin' so much, she participates in it. mos def.
- yo mama is so healthy, she takes time out for fresh tastings
- yo mama is so wealthy, she's poor in spirit.
- yo mama is such a dopehead, she has large amounts of dopamine in her head
- yo mama is so slap happy, she's happy that she's getting slapped
- yo mama is so catlike, she's on the prowl for catfood. meow, meow. meow, meow
- yo mama is so doglike, she sniffs other people's asses
- yo mama is so animalistic, she has lots of primitive urges
- yo mama is so babylike, she needs daddy to change her Depends
- yo mama is so crazy, she's neurotic bordering on psychotic
- yo mama is so smart, she says "weeting" instead of "meeting"

How Not To Get Arrested

By Daniel Hofer

This past summer I had the unfortunate luck of getting arrested. The incident was aggravating to say the least, considering I committed no crime. However, my experience was an enlightening one, especially in terms of committing crimes in the future.

Here I shall convey to you some important tips for committing a crime. Don't think I'm advocating law-breaking, but if the need ever arise, I'm sure you will want to be ahead of the curve.

One of the many things people don't realize is how stupid the average criminal is. Another thing most people don't realize, is how stupid the average cop is. Such things as common sense and logic may not apply during an altercation with the law. As long as you prepare for the worst and hope for the best, you will be on the road to success.

Before The Crime

Preparing for the worst means planning to get arrested. Keep the following "pre-crime" things in mind when planning to commit a felony.

This is real life. Whatever happens, your very livelihood may be at stake. All those Chris Rock lines you memorized are not going to help you. Escaping a 6-star wanted level in Vice City doesn't mean shit. You don't know kung-fu.

Even if you do, you know nothing can stop a bullet.

Have an alibi ready. Keep your story straight, simple, and accurate. Make sure you can back up your claims. If you can be choosy, commit your crime in your own neighborhood. It is all the more suspicious if you are caught miles from home.

If your criminal act is premeditated, scout out your target and its vicinity. The better you know the area, the quicker you can get away. Plan for a nighttime incursion; in the day there are too many people out and the average range of vision is infinitely farther than at night.

Leave incriminating evidence at home. Don't carry that celebratory bag of weed. Don't bring that favorite butterfly knife you carry around for show. Many people will tell you to leave your license and other identifications at home, but this may or may not be to your advantage. If you are arrested, the police are surely going to find out who you are in the end. It will only prolong your time

at the precinct and make you seem more suspicious.

Make sure you are white. Seriously. I was told later on that the police had their guns drawn on my friend and I. I wouldn't doubt the situation would have gotten uglier if we were black. Your skin color can be the difference between a quiet, clean arrest and a spot on Cops.

During The Crime

If you actually have the guts to do what most people only dream, make sure you have properly prepared for your crime. During your mission, many unexpected things may occur.

Keep a cool head. This is by far the most important thing to remember. Don't flip out. Stay calm and controlled. If you are leading a group, this is especially important. If you forget your story, your escape route, and whatever else, the cops are going to have a party with you.

Stay alert. Make sure no one is nearby when you commit your deed. On the same note, don't act overly cautious; you may appear suspicious to passer-bys.

Get out of the area as soon as you can. They say the police take six or seven minutes to arrive after a call-in. I don't know when the police were called the night of my arrest, so I

can't attest to the validity of the statement. Regardless, the longer you linger, the worse your situation gets, especially if someone saw you or the aftermath of the crime (e.g. broken window, open door, dead body, etc.). If time permits, clean up your mess. Don't leave any evidence of a crime if you don't have to.

Stay hidden as much as possible. If you think you are being pursued, get off the street. If you are in a residential area, try to avoid entering the property of someone who is home. If the lights are on or a car is in the driveway, that is a sure sign that someone is home. If you have to emerge from hiding, don't forget to make sure no one is around.

Don't run from people who start to chase you (unless you know who they are). Chances are, the ones chasing you are undercover cops. Running from the cops will end in you being in handcuffs at the least.

Getting Arrested

Being cuffed is not how you would like to

end your outing, but you should be prepared for such a situation, nonetheless.

Do not resist arrest. How obvious this sounds and how often it occurs. The cops shoot first and ask questions later. It doesn't matter who you are, or what you were "really" doing. They will beat your ass until you shut up.

Again, keep a cool head. Once the cuffs are on you, no amount of yelling and complaining is going to free you. My friend and I had a viable excuse for being in the area; we were at a friend's party. On top of that, we were arrested two houses from the party, and our friends came out to see what was up. Yet I still found myself in the cell that night.

Stay courteous and polite, and your time with the police will be less painful. They will intimidate you and yell at you, and you will have to take it. Once the officers were done yelling at me, they were surprisingly friendly. If you are arrested, the best you can do is leave a good impression on the officers. At this point, you are going to be charged with something. Politeness may go a long way when they write up their report of the incident.

The Post Crime

If you completed your crime with no confrontations, congratulations! If not, your road to salvation may be as torturous as your arrest.

My charge was criminal trespass. I had to show up in court on a day they specified. This isn't the court you see on TV with a case, a jury, a plaintiff and a defendant. This court has about 50 cases, 50 defendants and one district attorney. "If you don't have a lawyer, one will be appointed to you..." and you will have to sit there and wait for all the people with lawyers to go first.

I highly suggest getting a lawyer. A lawyer knows the system, and may even know the judge or DA in court. My lawyer knew the judge and that helped speed up my time at court (and helped lower my sentence to nothing). No lawyer means you will be hanging around for quite a while in that miserable place. Unless you are planning to commit future crimes, the benefits of a lawyer will out due the cost by far.

When it is all over, look back at your experience. You will definitely have learned something from it all. I learned a lot about police officers and our system of law first hand; something I would never get from a political science class. Maybe you will decide that breaking the law is bad. Maybe you will improve on this helpful guide. No matter what, you will have an experience to last a lifetime.



The Stony Brook Press, harboring fugitives for 23 years.

Define the truth with us.

-Is shaving your head and beard punishment enough for treason?

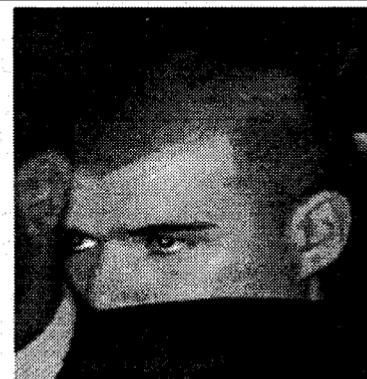
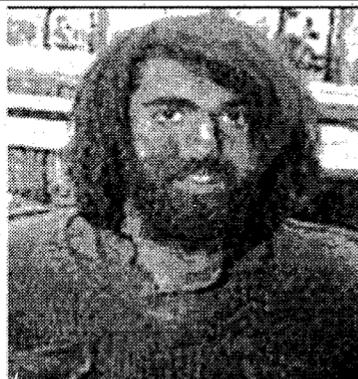
-Why did the Taliban buy up 30% of the world's pretzel stocks on January 1st?

-How did Pat Buchanan's book *Death of the West* end up amongst the flyers dropped on Afganistan?

-Which one of the girls in Hanson did I have sex with?

-The Shirley Strun Kenny-Enron connection (c'mon, you know there has to be one).

-Where do we go? where do we go now, Sweet Child, Sweet Child, Sweet Chieeeeild of mine?



John Walker Lindh, Staff Writer. Come join him in our cold and wet basement room. Follow the stench of the corpses to room 060, basement of the Union.
Submissions-letters-complaints: stonypress@hotmail.com

Stealing: Not A Crime

By Jamie Mignone

Stealing. Some would claim that it is some kind of art. These people are fools. Stealing is a necessary part of life, especially for the impoverished, and most especially for those who are being robbed blind by their environment. The necessity of theft is not localized to a particular genus of the eighth commandment, but for the average hungry college student, petty theft will get you by until you become a slick ass lawyer and you can legally steal.

It is important to know how to borrow food, so here are some easy to follow instructions on how to continue eating despite your lack of resources.

The easiest target for a free lunch is a supermarket. Supermarkets are corporate run, thus the actual people running it have no vested interest in its profit, they won't risk being bitten by a hungry transient like yourself, to



save the Winn Dixie a few bucks. They've got cameras. They pay no attention to the monitors. They may have security alarms, but they don't tag cupcakes, they only tag expensive, easily stolen items that aren't necessities like razor blades and film. Supermarkets may even have security guards; these are

tricky entities that vary on a case-to-case basis in regards to their propensity to do their jobs.

Security guards are either one of two things: retired cops who are putting in some cushy hours relaxing in a nice, easy position, OR they are psychopathic gung ho types who, because of a high school football injury, couldn't become real cops.

You must learn to distinguish the two. Here's a hint, look in their eyes as you enter the supermarket. If you experience, "the willies," maybe you should leave before you meet the real cops. If you are passively nodded at or ignored altogether, you are fucking golden, and a step closer to satiation.

Steal away. You've got a perfect hiding place for food, your stomach. Eat what you can while you are in the store. If someone is watching you, just stare them down and be sure they don't leave your sight, they will be way too spooked to complain about your behavior to anyone of importance, and besides, if you've already eaten, there are no goods on your person, and you ain't hungry no more. Still golden. Generally, you should avoid the complications involved with being seen stealing by not being seen stealing. Unfortunately, stealing is frowned upon.

While shopping, the next best place to carry your items is your pants. They won't look there. If some uppity store manager does look in your pants for stolen goods, he or she is definitely not allowed to do so, and if you can't get away from prosecution by reminding them of this, you can legitimately kick that sucka in the balls with the consent of any and all bystanders.

When you've got you precious cargo, stroll out of the store. Don't buy anything to make it look like you didn't steal, just leave. These people are working and they have better things to do than follow you. You're all good. Eat.

Crazy Teens and Illegal Drugs

By Rich Drummond

These two go together like peanut butter and jelly and are as American as a government official taking bribes, I mean donations. While I recounted the tale of this accused girl, random thoughts of various activities I performed in my heyday were conjured up. But enough about me, here's a story about a crazy mixed up teen, her star crossed lover, illegal controlled substances and grand larceny.

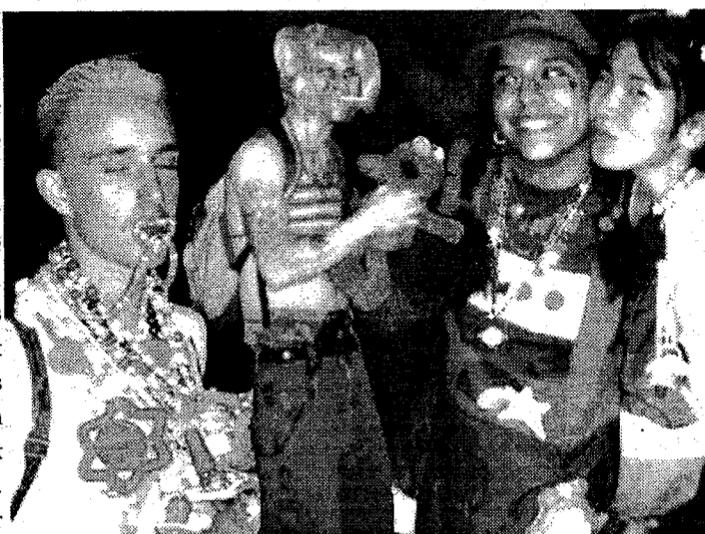
This all started on a grim autumn morning. The accused minor and her boyfriend were walking through the lobby of a typical Long Island High School, when the dean of students stopped them. He then proceeded to speak to her boyfriend in his office and left her outside. Due to a heart condition shortly thereafter, the boyfriend was sent to the nurse. He then summoned the accused minor in the office and told her to empty her pockets. When she refused and asked to speak with her mother, the School administrator told her "No" and stated, "that's not in your best interest." She then emptied her bag on the table and he uncovered a bag of pills. When confronted with this bag, the accused minor denied knowing what they were and then asked why she was searched. The school administrator then claimed that they smelled like pot. From there the accused minor was shuffled to and from the in school suspension office three times. They made her undergo tests for sobriety, which she passed, to her locker (for a search that found nothing) and then back to his office, where he had a male and female officer there.

The female officer then instructed the accused minor that she could either, "go out looking like a lady" or if she gave them trouble,

"we'll cuff you." When the accused minor asked why, the female officer grabbed her arm and threw her face first into the wall, stating that the pills were an illegally controlled substance. When the officers demanded why she had the pills, she stated that she knew of a person that could buy pills. Then they cuffed her and made her do the walk of shame through the hallway of the school, to a squad car that was waiting at the back of the school to take her to the police station.

Her mother met her at the local Precinct and the officers informed her that her daughter was being charged with possession, and not intent to distribute. They released her to her mother's custody and issued a court appearance. Later on that day at home, the accused minor was arguing with her parents when she ran out of the house and dashed down the block. After escaping from her parents, she phoned her boyfriend to pick her up. The next day they both got in contact with the boyfriend's sister where she was babysitting and went there. While they were there, the sister told them to take a safe and steal the little money she said was inside to help them. They carried this safe for about a block before a friend of the sisters came

and picked them up. They were taken to a wood and slept there overnight, when they broke open the safe with screwdrivers, uncovering thousand of dollars, much more than they had anticipated. When confronted with this, they both immediately called the sister and after they disclosed where they were, the sister informed them that detectives were on their way to arrest them.



Knowing that they had nowhere to go, they gave themselves up when detectives arrived minutes later.

From there, detectives drove them to another Precinct, where she was charged with grand larceny. Her school is currently contemplating expelling her and she has two court dates pending, one for the controlled substance charge and another from the grand larceny. The only saving grace may be that the court will have the lesser charge dropped and treat her with leniency for being a first time offender. So next time you're sitting in your dorm, doing nothing and bitching about how much your stupid yuppie-extension-of-your-parents ass has nothing to do for the night, be thankful your not just another crazy, mixed up teen enjoying life and pushing limits.

Moore's New Film Raises Some Essential Questions

By Jeff Blanch

Gun murders are a serious problem in America. An average of over eleven thousand occur each year, more than all other industrialized societies combined. There are many theories as to why this is. After the massacre at Columbine High School, in which 2 students massacred 13 people, and then turned their guns on themselves, the punditocracy of television went into overdrive. They came up with nice, simple theories as to how something like this could have happened, in America no less. Some blamed gothic rockers, mainly Marilyn Manson, for his dark lyrics and imagery. Others blamed violent movies and video games, like *Doom & Quake*, which Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris played. A few blamed the supposed deterioration in our society, the status of religion in the schools, and parents' roles in their children's lives being the most specified culprits.

But they were all wrong. These people, who are very handsomely paid to give their random thoughts in a studio, did not have a clue at all. After all, other industrialized countries have violent movies and games. Their people love them just as us Americans do. Gothic rock's popularity extends abroad as well.

So, the question is this: how come other countries maintain some of the same traditions that we do, yet aren't as quick to resort to violence, particularly with a firearm? Michael Moore's new documentary, "Bowling For Columbine," doesn't claim to answer this question, or any other question, for that matter. That's what makes this film stand out from others of its kind: it makes a practice of not trying to preach, and of not telling you how to think or feel about violence in America. It actually raises far more questions than it claims to answer, which is none, and that's why it's the most important film of the year.

Two of the questions that it raises are quite vital, and essential, for understanding the American psyche as far as our penchant for violence. One factor is how our fears can be easily manipulated. The mass media is a main culprit in this. As Moore says in the film, if you just watch the news on television, America can look like a

scary place. The media often plays to our worst, preconceived fears in the form of hyping notorious killers (as the recent sniper ratings event proved) and reporting on how escalators and "Africanized" bees can pose a grave threat to us. By itself, this pandering can easily be called absurd. But when this pandering comes in the name of high ratings and advertising revenue, it's downright unsettling. Cramming fear down people's throats carries with it a chain reaction, as some inevitably take measures to protect themselves. These measures include purchasing guns, security systems, or even moving to a private, gated community. Fear sells, in more ways than one. An interview with Marilyn Manson himself opens a whole new can of worms. Manson colorfully suggests that corporations and the government instill fear in the public, while urging them to buy stuff so they can feel better.

Another question Moore brought up, and a connection that I wasn't able to make prior to seeing the film, was a linkage between gun violence and our government's foreign policy. On the day of the Columbine shooting, Moore reveals, the highest bomb payload was dropped on Kosovo than at any other time during that brief war. Now, does that mean that there was a connection between that bombing and the shooting in Columbine? Of course not. However, that fact raises some intriguing inquiries that can't be easily avoided. In the immediate aftermath of Columbine, when the pundits were presenting their half-baked theories, how come virtually no one failed to make this connection? Can the way

our government pursues relations with certain nations carry with it an evident significance, one that can be passed along to individual Americans? A Canadian teenager whom Moore interviewed for the film had something insightful to say. He said that a difference between his nation and America's was the way in which foreign policy was conducted. Canada has a sedate and more peaceful foreign policy, where negotiation and compromise are frequently pursued. America, he said, has a habit of just attacking any nation who takes a path that's different from theirs. My lack of knowledge of Canadian foreign policy notwithstanding, it's extremely difficult to claim that he's incorrect. If George W. Bush bombs a nation of 23 million, in order to satisfy an insatiable bloodlust for one man, what message is he sending to his fellow Americans?

Don't be mistaken into thinking these are the only two questions "Bowling For Columbine" brings up. There's much more. Those are just the two that stood out in my mind after the credits rolled. You might have different ones. That's what makes "Bowling..." such a profound and intense film. Everyone's guaranteed to see it and interpret it in a different way. Michael Moore has done America a great service by making this film. Inevitably, those who really need to see this film probably won't at all. But don't let that stop you. Bring a family member, or a friend, or just go by yourself. While you may disagree with Moore's point of view on the matter, he's managed to create a film that's both hilarious and tragic. It is necessary viewing for anyone who cares about America's future.



The Ring Review

By Jonathan Frankel

Despite an ending that leaves its audience feeling like the target of a sick practical joke, "The Ring" is an artistic horror film with a moral. A boring moral, but a moral nonetheless. And what is the moral of the story? Don't neglect your children for one moment, or terrible things will happen to them. Like death. Or social disorders. Or they might grow up to kill from beyond the grave.

Quick overview: In an opening sequence, which makes one suspicious that this might be another teen horror flick, two teenage girls, are talking with frightened looks, about a video tape that kills you seven days after watching it. One dies at the end of the scene, and one is sent to a mental institute. The dead girl's aunt, Rachel (Naomi Watts), is a reporter, and is in the spirit of doing some sleuthing when recruited by her sister, the girl's mother. Rachel soon has the fortune of watching the tape herself, and enlists the help of a man friend, Noah, who knows lots of cool stuff about video and photography. Rachel's son (who is apparently able to communicate with the dead, which nobody in the movie is more than mildly surprised at) also aids

her—though not because she was smart enough to capitalize on his sensitivity to the paranormal; he only provides information when the plot requires him to help move the story along. The movie sends them all driving to far off places in different directions, usually in countryside settings amongst houses in bad need of repair.

Certain things in the movie are never explained, such as a blurry spot in front of its victims face in photographs or spontaneous nosebleeds. They are included in the movie only for the feeling of dread they provide. However, those feelings of dread are delivered well, and the fact that they are unexplained does not detract much from the movie overall.

The imagery and cinematography is beautiful. The mood and atmosphere is effective, and yes, it gives those thrilling scares that make you jump out of your seat. Seeing the victims' rotting corpses is just plain disturbing in that way that makes you unable to take your eyes off the screen. There is also a shot in the first third of the movie of Rachel standing on the balcony of her apartment that doesn't seem to have any relation to the story,

yet it's an impressive image by itself that makes you want to stare and lose yourself in the composition. I'm grateful that the director didn't cut it out during postproduction, as it is quite memorable.

The acting for the most part is sufficient. The script doesn't require superb actors beyond the ability to look frightened. However, there are scenes where Naomi Watts does a terrible job of reading her character. Not only is her acting simply awful, but she also seems to not have even understood parts of the script. In one scene she suddenly begins to act awkwardly and out of place and you suddenly remember this is Naomi Watts in a movie, not Rachel being frightened and lost, and the bad acting distances you from the scene. This is a big problem during the last thirty minutes of the movie. She was in "Mulholland Drive" as well, and I didn't care for her there, either.

At the end of the day, "The Ring" is good movie worth seeing if you like scary movies. If you don't like scary movies, it's a movie worth seeing for the spectacular cinematography that shines for more than special effects. If you don't care about either of those, and you rue unexplained plotlines, don't bother yourself with this.

The Georges' War

By Tim Connors

It's been four or five years since I wrote my first article for the Press. The article compared campus residence to a cult, which pissed of the residence hall director who supervised me as a resident assistant. Brian Libfield had to do a lot of editing to make that thing readable. I've written around thirty articles over the years, and now I have a real hard time coming up with ideas.

Sure I've covered schizophrenia, drugs, social issues, masturbation, and all sorts of personal issues, like when my dad died. Come to think of it, it's been two years since he was found in that shitty Bayshore single room occupancy, too rotten for an open casket funeral. I still find it troubling. Then again, I find a lot of stuff troubling.

Like this Iraq thing, it's not going to end well, sure we'll win after street to street fighting in Baghdad and an exchange of weapons of mass destruction, but our role in the world will be changed to that of a despised aggressor. Not that most of the developing world doesn't already see us that way, because of our multi-national colonialism. Looks like this article is just going to be another long rant, but hey if Dennis Miller can do it, why can't I? Other than his rants are great, and mine are just sort of very obvious. But I digress.

I just finished Hemmingway's *Old Man and The Sea*. It was great but sad and reminded me of how this Iraq thing is probably going to play out, with a heroic struggle against a wily adversary only to be cheated of reward for victory because of consequences of the struggle. The sharks will eat away at the States dominance long before we can fully control the whole world. Despite the hyper power propaganda, we're not the only big kids on the global power block.

The whole Iraq psychodrama reminds me of the Great War to end all wars, WWI. The parallel is that both were caused by largely symbolic events that were a pretense to settle long-term power struggles. It didn't matter that Arch Duke Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungary empire, was assassinated, what made the difference was Kaiser Wilhelm's attempt to make a strong public response of support for his allies. That guarantee led to the war, much like Bush's rhetoric leaving no room for any possibility other than war.

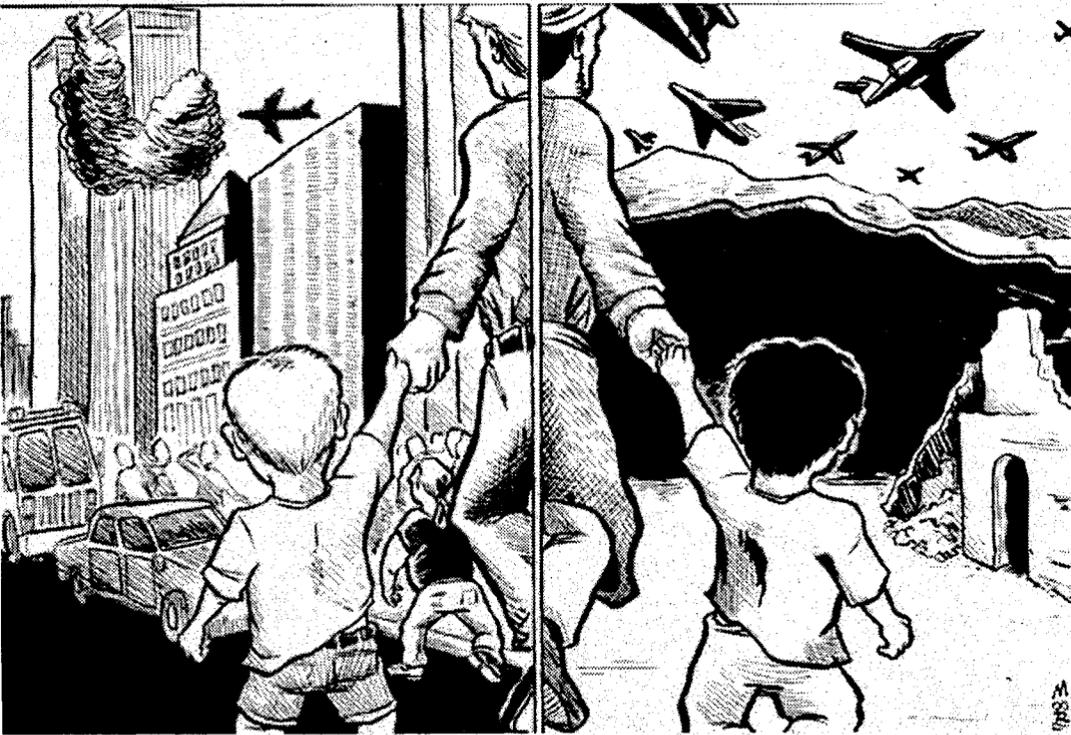
And since when has the objective of war been to kill a specific person? Isn't the point to kill lots of people in the other country, so they won't try the same shit again? Some right wing radio dude said something like, the only thing armed forces do well is kill people and break stuff. Can you imagine what the pictures of American artillery destroying civilian neighborhoods to kill Iraqi soldiers hiding there, or if there is an exchange of chemical or nuclear weapons?

What's going to happen after Israel gets hit with Scud's carrying nerve gas? Sure as shit they're gonna think about nuking the bastards. It's basically a known fact that the Israelis have nuclear weapons, but the one thing that September 11th shows is that mutually assured

destruction is not a deterrent in this case.

And about September 11th, what's the deal with most of the hijackers being Saudi's, and Bin Laden being a Saudi too? Wouldn't that kind of point to Saudi Arabia being somewhat complicated in the attack on the States? Come on, the only thing going on in Afghanistan is the growing of heroin poppies, which was being trafficked through Northern Alliance territory. That incursion is more about putting in an oil pipeline than seeking justice for 9/11.

Well, I'd better stop with that line of thought, what with all the new anti dissention laws that Bush ramroded through congress on the blood of the innocent. Plus there's a real good chance that the Press won't be able to print this. Notice how much Bush's new programs are given names that seem like something from Nazi Germany? What's with Homeland Defense?



As of late, this is about where I'd wrap up the article, but just for shits and giggles I'm gonna write a full page. Which basically means twice the bullshit for the same buck. Actually we don't get paid for this, for me it's just the ego thing of seeing my stuff in print. For cohesiveness I should try to continue along the same lines, but there's a limit on how much criticism can be laid upon Bush without becoming redundant.

But just to be redundant, thousand points of light, wouldn't be prudent, are you going to finish that drink or can I have it. The NY Times on October 7th had a survey, which indicated that 69% of the population feels that our leaders should spend more time on the economy. Big surprise there, the classified section is getting a little slim in the Philadelphia Enquirer.

Is it possible that the economy might be a little weak; even with the inflation stimulating interest rates the Federal Reserve has going? And what's the deal with letting a shipping strike go on for ten days, did Bush think that letting that go on for so long before acting was a good idea? Note to Bush, when a strike costs more than a BILLION dollars A DAY, you need to do something RIGHT AWAY. This is just another example of the lack of interest in the economy exhibited by this administration.

Throw on top of that the TRILLION dollar TAX CUT FOR THE RICH, which is barely mentioned anymore. Given the fact that social securities surplus fund for the baby boomers is being used for current fiscal obligations, would-

n't it seem that some sort of redaction of that FOOLISH TAX CUT FOR WEALTHY should be made.

Let's just send George on a fact-finding mission to the hills of Columbia, and get on with President Dick C., VP Laura B., administration without the mouthpiece for Condolezza Rice. Although, it's a breakthrough to have a minority woman do all the thinking for the white male who gets to play President. George would be much happier sampling product for quality in Columbia, and could still make incoherent statements that threaten world stability.

And about world stability, what's the deal with the States ignoring the rest of the friggin' planet? Sure I can live with no green house gas reduction, hey I always wanted to start a Palm tree farm in Maine, and the whole anti-ballistic missile system might produce some jobs and a better way to slice toast, so screw those stupid treaties. Given that track record, it should come as no surprise that George is calling for military action before consulting with the other major world powers.

That's right, just about no one supports us on this thing, except for our favorite colony Great Britain. And the British still want that whole colonial thing to come back so they can be something of a power again. I mean, isn't it time to stop occupying Northern Ireland? It speaks volumes as to who our main supporter is.

At the time I was writing this, there was no support from continental Europe, Russia, China, Japan, or Cuba. Although Fidel has a right to be pissed at us, what with the assassination attempts, Bay of Pigs' invasion, and the embargo. Sounds vaguely familiar for some reason. Oh well, just my imagination.

What would Jesus do? George talks to him all the time, so it seems odd that this man of profound faith whose basis for the salvaging of his life is his religion, has demonstrated few of the peaceful ideas put forth by his own faith's leader. Actually I know this one is fact, since I read almost (still have half of John) all of the Gospels of Jesus. Not that this article is a good example of those teachings either, but I'm still an unreformed sinner.

Best to leave the Religion thing alone, it's bad enough that I wrote about politics. By the way those are two subjects that shouldn't be brought up in a bar. Although oddly enough, when I was buying a new belt last night (lost thirty pounds!) the subject of the Iraq war came up. When total strangers start talking about how they're against the war, things are definitely off with the leaders.

By the way the main objection was having to pay for it, and being grateful that we weren't twenty anymore. Remember those selective service cards you had to fill out for you loans? You can thank Ronald Reagan for that, and if the whole thing goes to shit and the Middle East unifies to kick our ass out of Iraq, don't be surprised by a slight involuntary change in your vacation plans.

Battle of the Century

VS

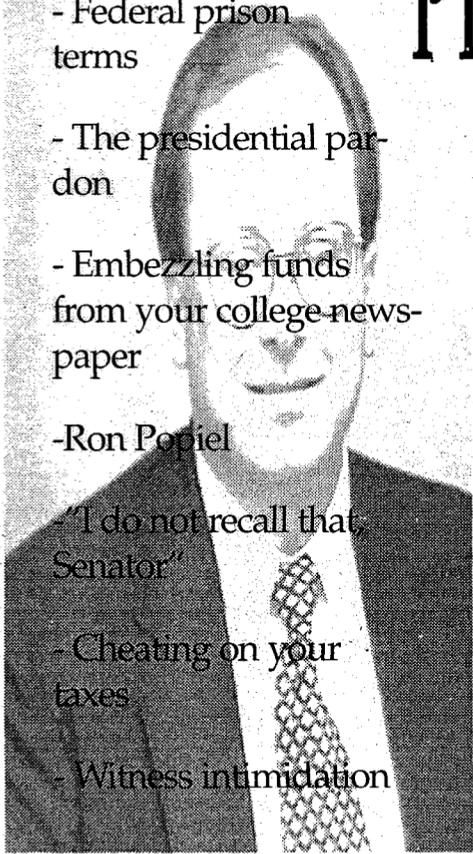
White Collar Crime

Blue Collar Crime

TOP TEN

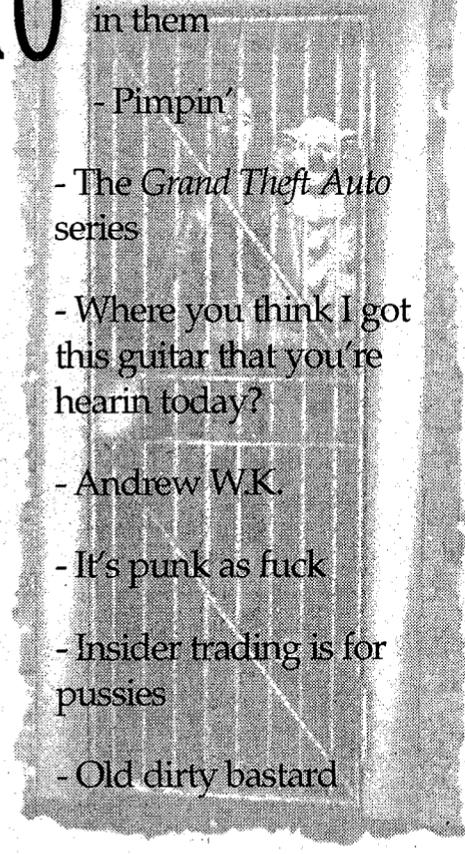
Reasons Crime Happens

- Cocaine
- Federal prison terms
- The presidential pardon
- Embezzling funds from your college newspaper
- Ron Popiel
- "I do not recall that Senator"
- Cheating on your taxes
- Witness intimidation



PRO

- Those burglar masks with the eyeholes cut in them
- Pimpin'
- The *Grand Theft Auto* series
- Where you think I got this guitar that you're hearin today?
- Andrew W.K.
- It's punk as fuck
- Insider trading is for pussies
- Old dirty bastard



10 The "Living" Wage

9 Not enough sex

8 The bitch wouldn't shut-up

7 Marylin Manson

6 Dumb ho's and Rophynol

5 Sam, my neighbor's black Labrador Retriever

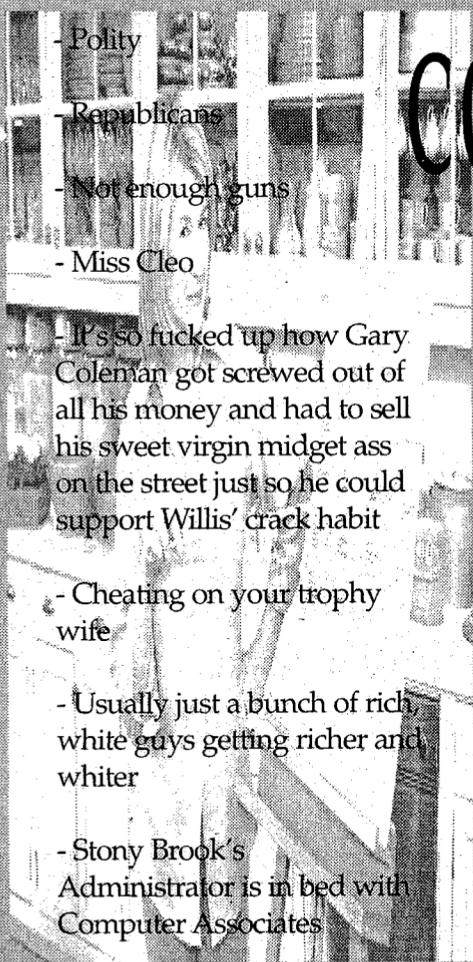
4 The Jews who control the media

3 Subverted homosexuality

2 Monthly arrest quotas

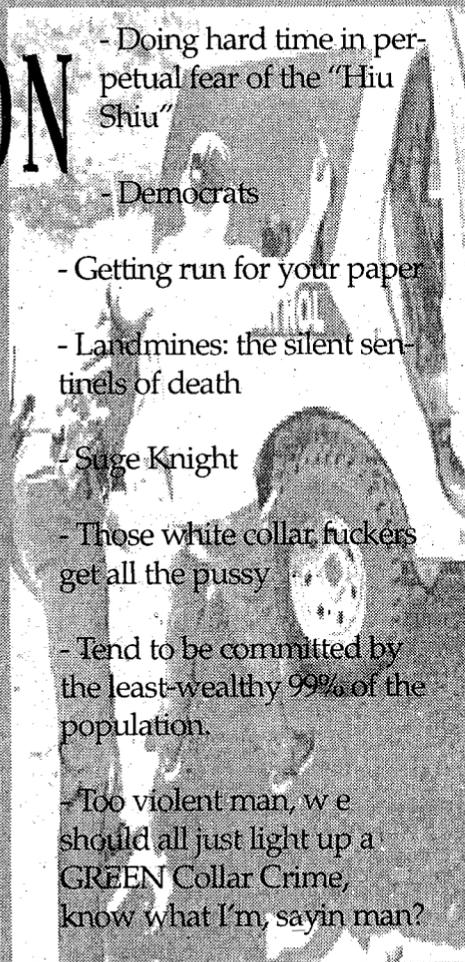
1 Someone smudged your Pumas

- Polity
- Republicans
- Not enough guns
- Miss Cleo
- It's so fucked up how Gary Coleman got screwed out of all his money and had to sell his sweet virgin midget ass on the street just so he could support Willis' crack habit
- Cheating on your trophy wife
- Usually just a bunch of rich white guys getting richer and whiter
- Stony Brook's Administrator is in bed with Computer Associates



CON

- Doing hard time in perpetual fear of the "Hui Shiu"
- Democrats
- Getting run for your paper
- Landmines: the silent sentinels of death
- Suge Knight
- Those white collar fuckers get all the pussy
- Tend to be committed by the least-wealthy 99% of the population.
- Too violent man, we should all just light up a GREEN Collar Crime, know what I'm, sayin man?



Karen D. Coleman Speaks About Marital Rape

By Jackie Hayes

Sitting in silence, I listened to Karen D. Coleman voice her story of survival. With a strong, distinct voice she detailed the horror of her experience. "He had a knife in one hand and some rope in the other," explained Karen D. Coleman while recounting her survival story. "Then he told me to get on the bed," she continued, detailing her encounter with marital rape. Marital rape accounts for twenty five percent of all rapes. Ten to fourteen percent of married women experience rape in marriage.

Sponsored by Students for Choice, Karen Coleman spoke at Colors Café on Wednesday, October 30. Karen was married August 18, 1990 to Ronald Coleman. After four years of marriage, Karen received a phone call from a woman claiming Ronald had fathered her child. Shocked by the phone call, Karen confronted Ronald. He denied the accusations, angered that Karen would believe a stranger over him. Later that night the woman called again expressing concern. Karen learned that, along with sharing a relationship and child with her husband, the woman had been physically abused by him. Karen again confronted Ronald and during a heated argument he pulled a knife out of a nearby nightstand, threatening to kill her. With little more than a t-shirt on, Karen ran to the police, immediately filing an order of protection against her husband. He was escorted out from the house and warned to never return.

On July 9th at 9:30 am Karen awoke and opened her bedroom door to find Ronald standing on the other side. Armed with rope and a knife, he ordered her to lie on the bed. Upon refusing, he punched her in the chest. After forcing her to undress he proceeded to tie her arms

and legs to the bedposts. With a knife to her throat Karen was violently raped by her husband.

In 17th century England, Chief Justice Mathew Hale stated, "The husband cannot be guilty of rape committed by himself upon his lawful wife." Traditional US law defined rape as, "sexual intercourse with a female not her wife without her consent." Marital rape was an accepted practice until the 1970s, when women activists began challenging the legitimacy of these views. Although marital rape is now illegal in all fifty states, some spousal exemptions still exist. According to Raquel Bergen's essay on Marital Rape, this indicates that, "rape in marriage is still treated as a lesser crime than other forms of rape."

Section 376 of the Penal Code dictates a five-year minimum and a twenty-year maximum sentencing for rape, yet the average prison sentence for sexual assault is 3-4 years. New York drug laws stipulate a four-year sentencing for possession of 8-16 oz of marijuana and a seven-year sentence for possession of 16 oz-10 lbs, both sentences higher than the average sentence for sexual assault. While the US has taken an active role in criminalizing drug use, arresting more than 734,000 in 2000 for marijuana related offences; little is done to prosecute rape offenders. Most efforts to deter rape are geared towards prevention. They advise women to never walk alone, learn self-defense, lock all your doors, and never jog at night. They seem to send the message that women must take the law into their own hands and will receive little help from the state or national government.

Karen's case was the second marital rape case tried in Westchester. Charged with first

degree rape, first degree burglary, unlawful imprisonment, two counts of second degree assault, and fourth degree criminal possession of a weapon, he was sentenced to 3-9 years on May 23, 1995.

To many victims, still sitting in silence, afraid of their own voice and ashamed of their experiences, it is uplifting to hear a survivor speak. Every voice adds light to the darkness, another footstep in the direction towards celebrated diversity. Karen Coleman, along with being a RN Coordinator, works with the SANE Program and Victims Assistance Services. On October 10, 1995, she spoke at "Vigil Against Violence." On February 2002 she appeared on "Fear No More: Stop Violence Against Women," a Lifetime special addressing abuse and sexual assault. Since she began to voice her experience in 1995, she has never stopped and plans to continue. Voicing herself has been her therapy and has given hope to many other victims still remaining in silence.



The Price Tag

By Alex Nikulin

Unless you are one of those people who have never worked a day in his or her life you know that money is generally hard to come by. You have to work for it. I know, it sucks, but that's just the way it is.

So, one day I am sitting here after class and I happen to have a cool graphing calculator, so I start punching in precise dollar amounts of the cost of different NATO weapons and then converting these amounts into Stony Brook terms-tuition, meal plans, parking tickets, textbooks, etc. The numbers really hurt, considering I get paid six and a half dollars per hour and we all know the prices on this campus.

-One F-117 Bomber = \$47,000,000 = 4 years of tuition at Stony Brook for 3456 Students

-One Standoff Land Attack missile = \$720,000 = Meal Plan 2 for 541 Students

-One Tomahawk Missile = \$569,000 = A semester of textbooks (5 classes) for 1264 Students

-One Maverick Missile = \$180,000 = 12,000 Parking Tickets paid off.

Here are some more cold facts for you. During the gulf war the coalition dropped 60,000 tons of explosives, losing 44 airplanes and 17 helicopters, all worth more than \$10,000,000 apiece. The total cost of Operation Desert Storm was about \$61,000,000,000, that's enough to provide health insurance (1 year) for over 20.3 million families. I do have to mention that of that amount, \$54 billion was paid by countries other than the US, which was kind of cool, but guess what-this time we are going in alone... Britain? No offense intended to the British, but their economy is not strong enough to pull off something like another Gulf War.

Some readers may think of the author as materialistic and cynical. There is truth to that- I am trying to be critical and not accept the official line of the US Government, because I see too many domestic problems that are not dealt with. Homelessness, children without healthcare and our horrible economy. Have you checked the Dow Jones Index lately? Maybe we should look around us, before we decide to dump billions of dollars into the desert.

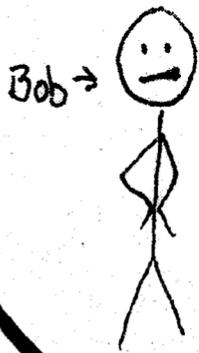
Sources I stole from:
Aviation Week
US Government
University of Illinois
Cornell University



THE COMICS SECTION

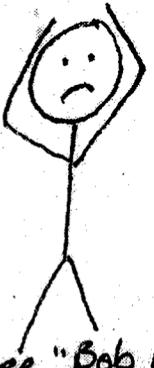
Return of Bob By Jamie Mignone

The masses have spoken. You hate this comic sooooo much, you can't live without it. You are stupid.



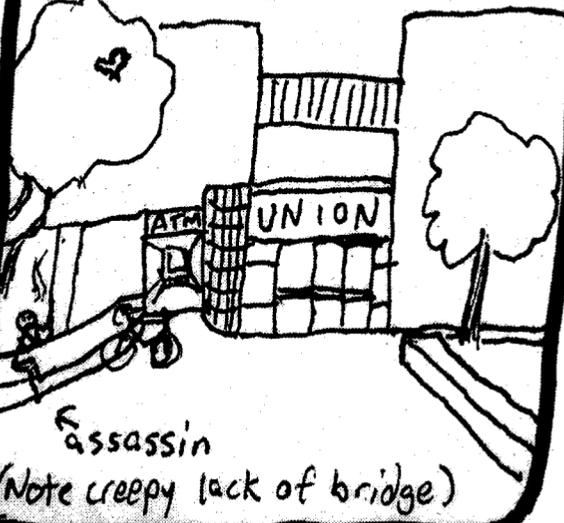
Bob → WHAT THE SHIT?

In the spring of 2002, an assassin's bullet struck Bob in the head. He died.



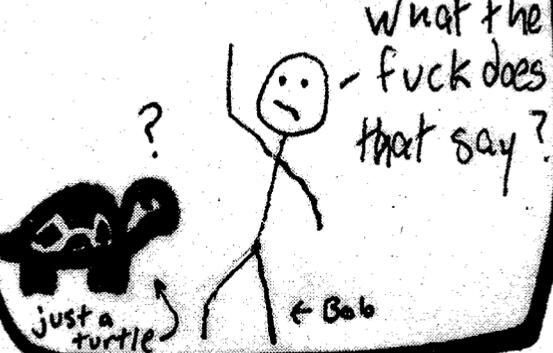
Where'd my horns go?
see "Bob is Dead"

The assassin was apprehended. His name is Jamie Mignone.



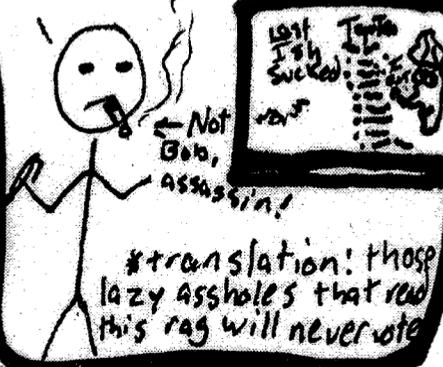
Assassin
(Note creepy lack of bridge)

He writes and draws this odious farce that is oft mistaken for a comic strip.



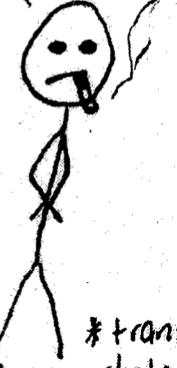
What the fuck does that say?
just a turtle ← Bob

When asked to resume "creating" this shit, Jamie copped out...



I'll let people vote on it.*
Not Bob, assassin!
*translation: those lazy assholes that read this rag will never vote

To no avail.



Fuckin' stupid school, stupid paper...
FUCK!
*translation: The lazy assholes who write the paper voted... FUCK!

So this bit of "creative" (ha-ha) "humor" (ha-ha) will continue to "grace" the pages of this "newspaper" (yeah fucking right)



I Don't need to take this shit, this is my life here!
← Bob, not assassin

And they all lived happily ever after, except Jamie and Bob.



I'm being abused.
(they're speaking in unison)

Bob says:



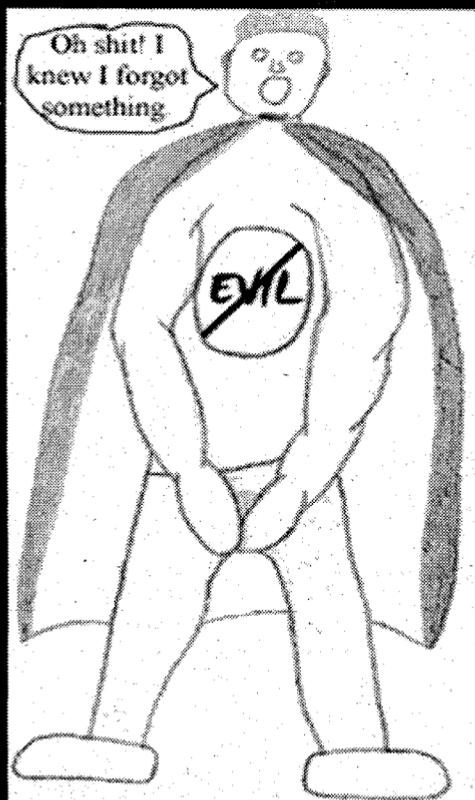
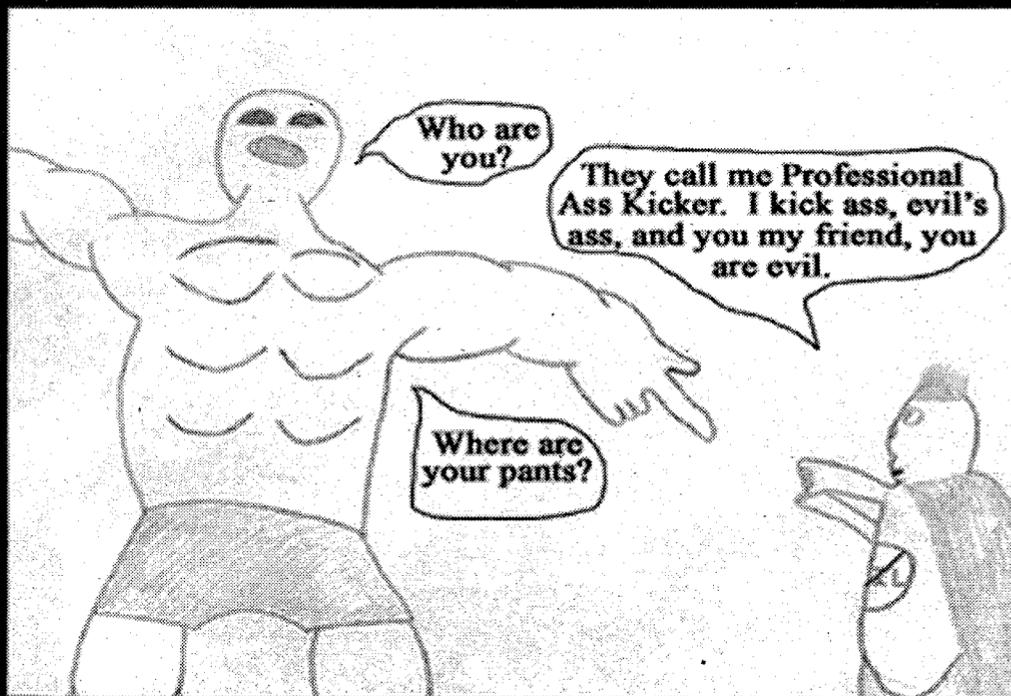
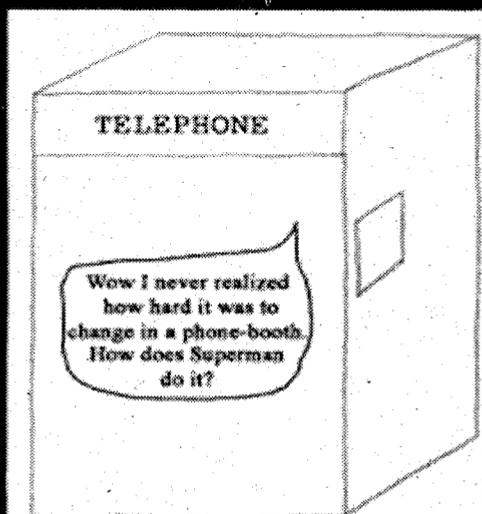
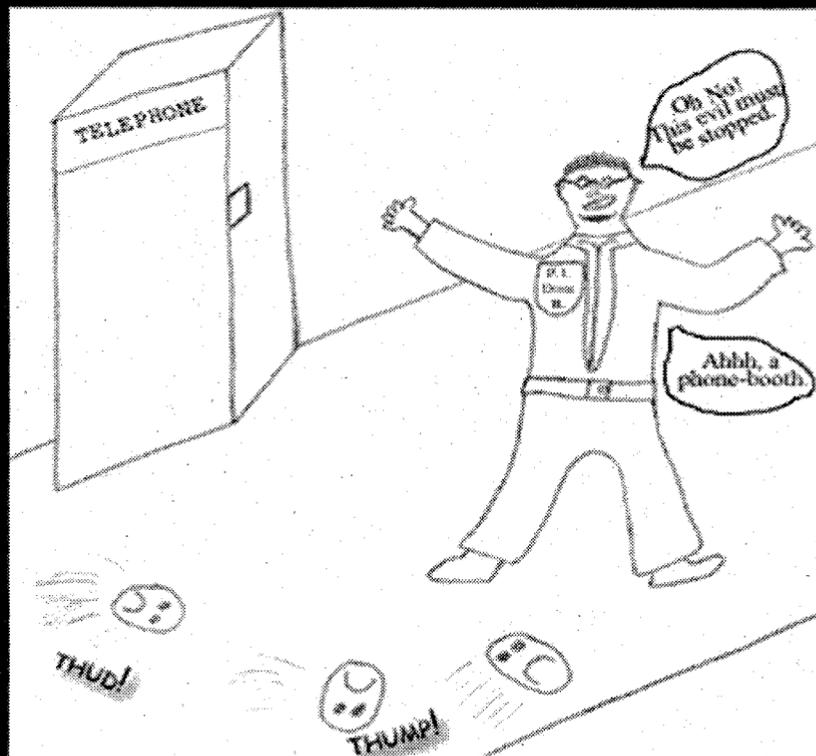
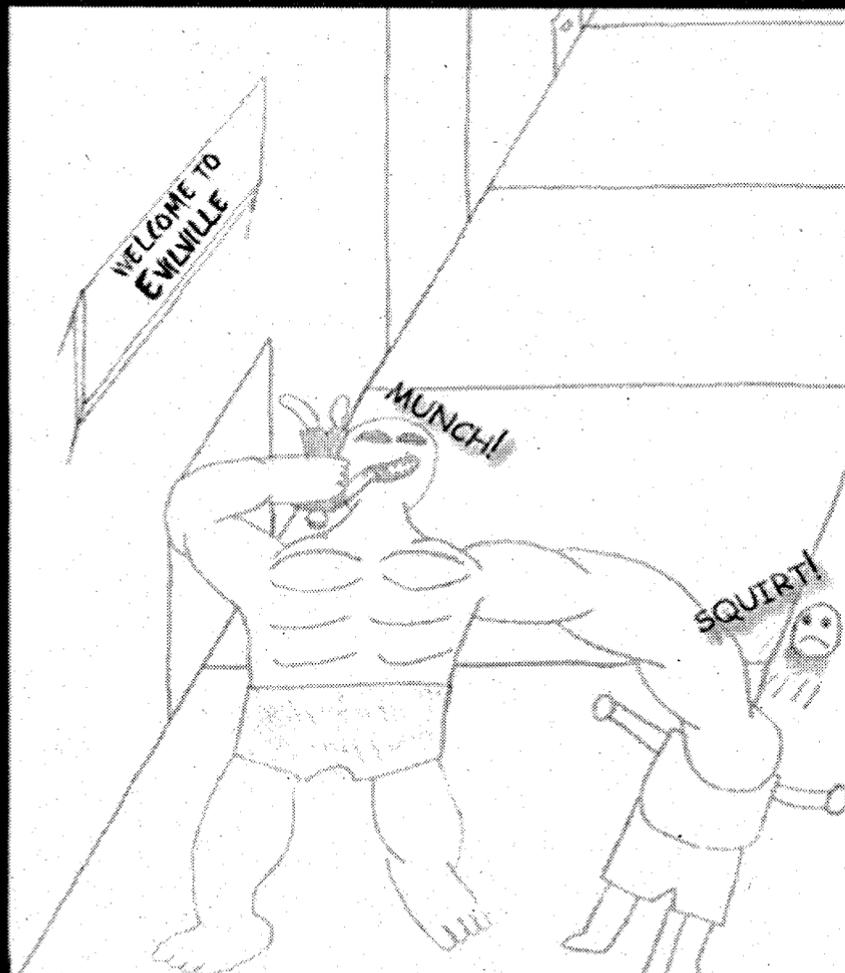
They make me out to be some kind of asshole, and it's totally not me, it's the asshole that writes this. In all actuality...

BOB IS COOL! PIN

ANTI-EVIL MAN

By Adam Schlagman

ISSUE #1



PANTS: DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT THEM!!!

NEXT ISSUE: WILL ANTI-EVIL MAN DEFEAT THE EVIL... (OK, SO IT DOESN'T HAVE A NAME YET).

FIND OUT IN THE NEXT UNEXCITING ISSUE OF ANTI-EVIL MAN, ENTITLED: NO PANTS, NO PROBLEM

Solve This Mutha Facka
By Jason Amoroso

Here's a classical problem that was taken from the fishing pole concept that some of you may know. However, due to the mature and responsible adult audiences that populate the school (ahem), this new story is created to suit your better needs. So without further adieu, Solve This Mutha Facka proudly presents:

Crackhead Eddie's Cocaine Caper

Crackhead Eddie was a drug dealer from downtown Crooklyn. Business was not all that great due to the "economic crisis" that was spreading through Crooklyn like wildfire. It was those damn Pigs who were busting up their joints and taking their booty! Crackhead Eddie fell victim to this too, and needed to come up with a plan to make sure he was financially set for retirement.

Then one day he found his opportunity. He got the hook-up from his long time friend, Joey MacDaddy who was selling Cocaine at half-price, a

bargain that Eddie couldn't resist! He had enough money to buy a few pounds of the good stuff and hitch a ride back on the bus (he needed to take the bus since it was quite a distance and he didn't want to get caught in his own car).

To disguise the coke, Joey had stuffed it in a 5-ft bag of hay that was air tight to prevent it from bending or breaking so easily. Then, he handed it to Eddie. All seemed well until he stepped on the bus. The bus driver suspected the bag, and, knowing the neighborhood quite well, knew what was in it. Although he didn't want to mess around with Eddie, he came up with an excuse that did not permit him to step on the bus.

"Excuse me sir, but I cannot allow objects that are no more than 4-ft tall on this bus. It blocks my rear-view vision while driving."

"Rear-view my ass," said Eddie. "How else am I suppose to feed my fucking animals tonight? With manure?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't allow anything that tall on my bus."

And with that he left Eddie standing out in

the cold.

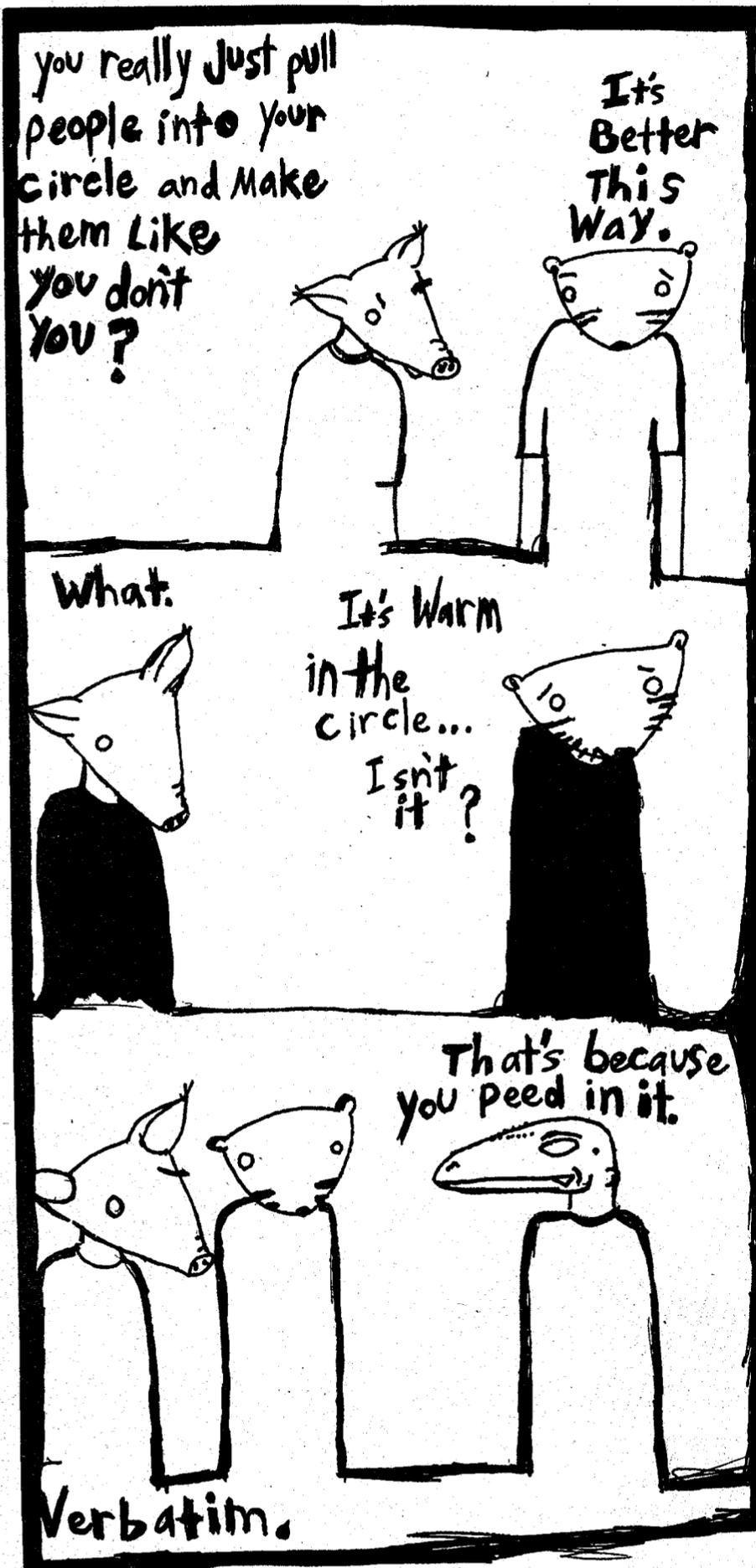
Joey saw the situation and, being the scholar that he was, came up with a good, clean idea to get even with that bus driver. He walked over to Eddie and said, "That's a real prick for ya, and he'll come by again soon since he's the only one driving around here at this time of night. But don't worry my friend, we'll get even with that son-of-a-bitch without causing a commotion around here. I'll give you something that will let you on that bus with he's stupid 4-ft rule."

And he did figure out a clever way. Eddie said his thanks and went home happily with his bag of "money."

Of course the question is what did Joey MacDaddy give Crackhead Eddie, and how did it help his 5-ft bag, 4-ft rule dilemma? (Remember, no bending or ripping of the bag)

Solution to last issue's "What am I?" problem:

A halloween mask (yeah the riddle did suck, didn't it?)



Alpha: the First One; the Beginning

By Ana Maria Ramirez

"I have nothing against traditional works, but to me, my art is a different way of seeing things...not just using your eyes, but in a more physical way."

Makiko Miyamoto, a graduate student, in the Art Department has established herself as a 'tactile artist' with her last installation show at the graduate gallery.

Miyamoto, born in Shizuoka, Japan, moved to New York after graduating from Craft and Product Design at the University of Tokyo.

Ever since her undergraduate career, Miyamoto was always intrigued with creating a space where one can seek solace and comfort. For her final thesis piece she designed a fireplace.

"For me, my passion is to create a special place and design and craft was really limiting," Miyamoto said. "We had to choose what the customer chose." So instead of catering to a clientele Miyamoto decided to create what she wanted with the material she wanted. And so after graduating, Miyamoto moved to New York.

Once in New York, Miyamoto attended New York Studio School for two years.

"The studio school was somehow very traditional, with very traditional art work," Miyamoto said. "They kept on telling me that these kinds of things [like her installation works], wasn't art. It became frustrating, so I looked for another school."

Miyamoto wanted to use a venue where the viewer wasn't just a spectator, but actually be a part of a work of art. To have the viewer not just gaze at a piece or walk around it, but in a sense enter it.

And so, unhappy with the constraints that she encountered at the Studio School, she transferred to Stony Brook University.

Now, at last year of her graduate studies, Miyamoto premiered Alpha, at the Graduate Gallery. In Alpha, Miyamoto creates an installation, which can be seen as a progression of an earlier exhibition she had displayed last year called Sheathing.

In this preceding show, she had created a tunneled canopy made out of white and pink satin fabric, wherein the center room a bulbous sphere, rhythmically expanded and contracted as it breathed. Here, Miyamoto wanted to create an environment that recalled the same feelings evoked by a womb. A space where she felt people wouldn't want to leave.

"In the last work, I tried to make a womb to make people feel safe," Miyamoto said. "To create the safest and most comfortable place."

But as for her latter installation show, Miyamoto focuses on the beginning and creation of

life. In Alpha, the viewer is again transported from the outside world and instead of a specific location, like the womb, the viewer is brought into a crevasse between void and conception—or what Miyamoto calls the 'actual static point' or beginning.

Like Sheathing though, this space was created by Miyamoto with satin fabrics all sown together by herself.

As a child, Miyamoto was constantly making dresses for her dolls and different kinds of stuffed animals with sample fabrics from her father's fabric company. Through this, fabric became a familiar material to her.

"When I was in Tokyo, I worked with steel, copper and silver, but somehow I didn't feel close to the material. It's somehow dead," Miyamoto said.

She feels that these materials are a type of masculine medium and that the need for an artwork to be eternal is just a macho ideology.

"I feel closer to fabric, it's a kind of skin. And even though fabric does not last forever, I like the sense of the fragile."

Once entered, the viewer finds themselves inside a seemingly subterranean circular space. Underwater bubbling sounds are heard all around the installation. The sounds are recordings of her own voice and the movement of water in a bucket, which she then manipulated and created an ongoing loop.

"It has a rhythm, just like your heart beat has a rhythm and nature has a rhythm," Miyamoto said. Around the circular space, biomorphic tubes grow out from the ceiling. Dividing each of these tubes are satin, organic shaped pillows, inviting the viewer to come sit and witness the action that is ongoing at the center.

In the center netted fabric also expands from the ceiling; acting as a backdrop for the projecting image of cells fervently multiplying, but at a certain point, the cells shrink back to into nothingness, to then again begin their growth. The cycle and the sounds are both played in sequence throughout the whole of the installation.

"This show especially focuses on the beginning, but it is also about the circulation of life. It is unending. It covers everybody. It's not just me continuing, it's nature continuing."

Compared to the last show, Miyamoto believes that Alpha somehow has more scary feelings, while Sheathing was more of a fantasy. Why here and not in Sheathing?

When observing Alpha, the viewer is immediately submersed with a feeling of serenity and solace, almost hypnotized by the sounds that are heard all throughout the installation. On the surface, the

piece acts as celebration of the mysterious, powerful, cyclical and spontaneous aspects of life. But when the viewer is brought to this recognition, one must also fully recognize something that is not as apparent. To recognize life, one recognizes the presence of mortality. Something that is not found in Sheathing.

As quickly as the cells that are projected on the netting multiply, the cells shrink back down again into nothingness, and even as minute as it is oblivion, it is still, an oblivion.

"There's a sharp, piercing aspect about this one...Of course life is scary in general because of the fear of death."

The first time Miyamoto began to contemplate death was at the young age of 11, when one night her mother had unexpectedly woke her up. Her brother Masato, she had said, had been in a tragic motorcycle accident that abruptly ended his life.

Her emotions had ranged from disbelief, to anger to finally the idea of her own mortality. What made it difficult for Miyamoto, was the loss of his body, the physical and tangible presence that would never come back.

"The way he died—it was hard for me to try to understand that he had just gone. Like someone had licked their fingers and he was gone," Miyamoto said. "It showed me how fragile the human body is."

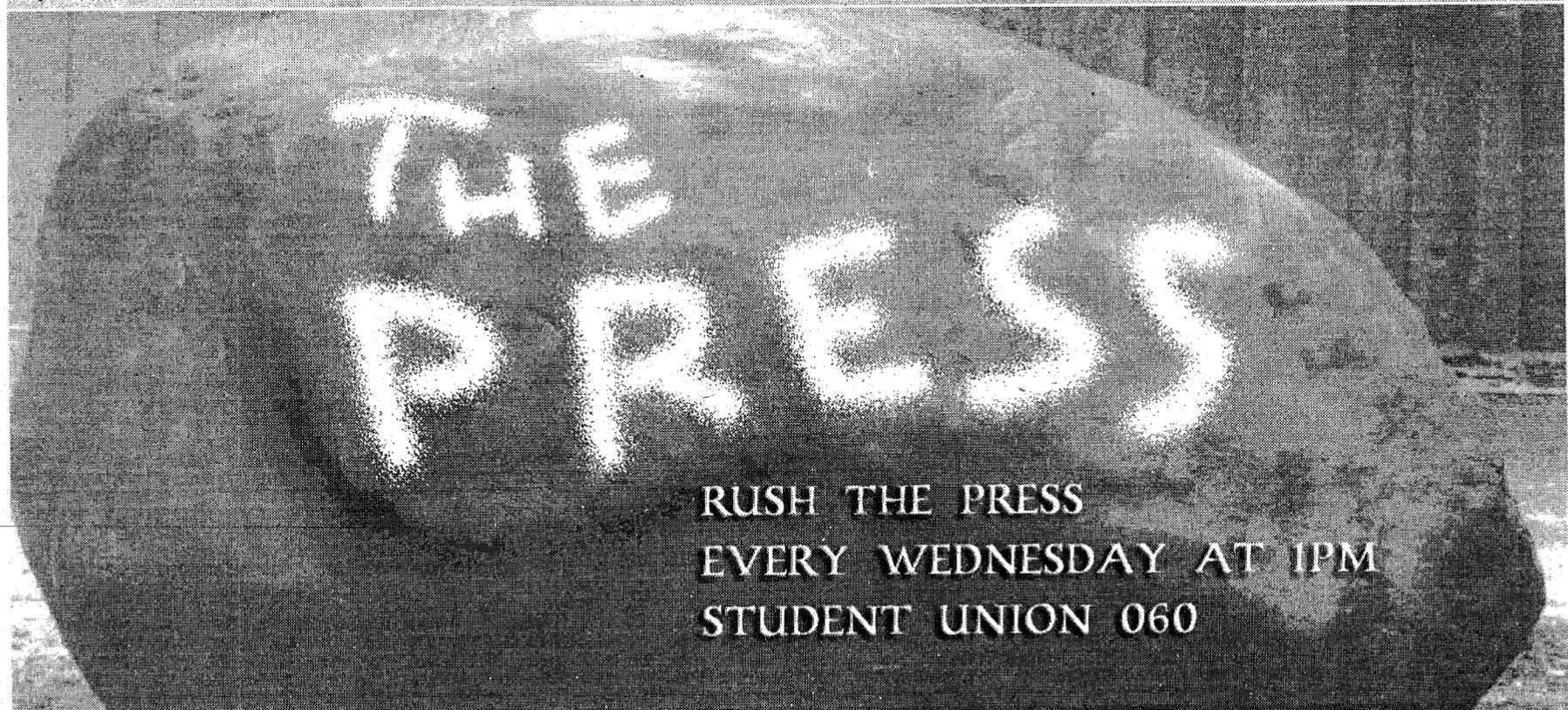
Miyamoto saw how this tragedy had crushed so many of her family members and how a person's death affects everyone around them.

"So, if I'm gone, if I die, if I lost my body people are going to have to deal with it and because of that I have so much responsibility of my body," Miyamoto said.

This family tragedy became a very influential part in Miyamoto's works. She believes that her work is of her own impulse to create a body for the person.

One of her current pieces on display at the SAC art gallery, in the ongoing Queer Works show also portrays this. Instead of an installation piece, Miyamoto creates, what she calls a hugging device. Two large crème colored pillows are hung from the wall and in between these are several small balloon shaped pillows. A door adjacent to it also covered with pillows is meant to be closed on the viewer, squishing them between these two pillowed walls. The piece is quite resonant to a vagina and Miyamoto agrees.

"This is the first piece that has female sexuality, the older pieces are congenital," Miyamoto said. "I accept that my pieces as sexual, but it just unconsciously happens. It is very important for me to create something not just visual, but something more natural, because people feel with all of the senses."



By Glenn Given

PS2: *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*
Developed By: Rockstar Games

The saddest sight I have witnessed in months must have been the gaggle of desperate, sunken-eyed dorks gathered outside of Gamestop at the Smith Haven Mall on midnight, Oct. 28th. Hands wringing, they cracked thoroughly unfunny jokes in a pathetic attempt to assuage themselves of the pain of dorkly self-recognition that hovered on the edges of their collective consciousness. To see ones own self reflected in the bloat and odor of those around you must have terrified these poor souls beyond the capacity for rational thought.

Before you jump up my crack and be all like, "well what the hell makes you so different? Weren't you there waiting as well!?" No, no I wasn't. I was dragged along by *The Press's* Ombudsman who, by virtue of having driven us to go see *Jackass: The Movie* (see review below) held sway over my post movie movements. As such I waited with this gallery of grotesqueries for the midnight release of *GTA: Vice City*. And, in a moment that revealed that, yes dear, there is a good and benevolent god, the truck that was to deliver said game had broken down and would not arrive until morning. I was smugly satisfied to know that dozens of people, who deserve to feel much more embarrassed than they do, went home empty handed.

The following day, when the rest of the sane world picked up their copies, I was there.

I now understand the insane desire that drove those sad little (not necessarily in the size sense) people to trek to the mall the night before. Everyday that has followed since the release of *Vice City* has been marked by a fanatic management of time undertaken to maximize my opportunities to play this wonderful, beautiful game.

To say that *Vice City* merely improves upon the already spectacular precedent set by *GTA3* would be a disservice. Rather, *Vice City* signals a turning point in the evolution of video games. While *GTA3* certainly wowed and impressed, having N times more sparkles about it than flaws, *Vice City* gives you the feeling that its ancestors had fallen woefully short of the mark.

While the game-play is virtually identical (with a few welcome tweaks and added abilities, most notably the inclusion of motorcycles, improved vehicle physics, bailing out of moving cars, now in the mix) it is the newfound completeness of the game world that breaks the mold. If you're looking for it it's there, from sprawling beaches, airports, skyscrapers, arenas, slums and my personal favorite, the new wave dance club.

Speaking of new wave, *Vice City* has multiple radio stations (two of them talk radio) full of gut busting skits and ass-kicking jams, from old school hip-hop to metal, new wave to an all power ballads channel. The soundtrack is so good that I would be tempted to drop \$50 on the CD compilation that Rockstar released alongside the game. Tempted that is if a little birdie hadn't tipped me off to this thing called the "Inter-Web" and the sea of free music available. Good try though Rockstar, you almost had me.

I have to stop gushing about this game. So let me end with this:

Vice City makes the strongest argument for the recognition of video games as an art form rather than mere diversion that has been seen to date. Its vision, depth, style and sheer engrossing game-play boldly state that *Vice City* is not merely a new classic but it is, like other recent innovations in gaming (e.g., *The Sims*), a hallmark in interactivity and design execution. It is the game against which all future games will be measured. To play it is to experience a work of astounding

character and beauty. I could not recommend it any more. Kudos to Rockstar Games for this tremendous accomplishment.

Comic: *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*

Publisher: America's Best Comics

Created By: Alan Moore, Eugene O'Neil

Recently, America's Best Comics wisely collected and released the 1st *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* six-issue run (the 2nd run is currently in monthly format and shows some genuine promise). *The League...* is an amalgam of Victorian era literature figures hypothetically brought together by the British government of 1898 as a secret task force for the crown. While this may strike the savvy reader as yet another "clever" re-imagining of the standard super-hero schlock, Moore's strong prose and playful respect for the source material elevates *The League...* above your average Post-Modern retelling.

The League... is Wilhelmina Murray (of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*), Captain Nemo (of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea*), Allan Quatermain (of H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*), Dr. Jekyll (of Robert Lewis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*), and The Invisible Man (of H. G. Wells' *The Invisible Man*). What Moore does so well in dealing with these enigmatic figures is to write them loosely enough so that their individual realities mesh, while maintaining a strong connection to the original characters (very much so in the case of some of these characters who have been watered down by late 20th century remakes like [shudder] Chevy Chase as The Invisible Man). Throw these figures into a bawdy tale of clockwork sci-fi and a war between two of the most nefarious villains in the lexicon of early modern pulp and you have one hell of a tale. Too make it even more appealing O'Neil's wonderfully raw and detailed art brings too life a bustling London crackling with excitement and wonder at the immanent dawning of its 20th century. *The League...* is one of those rare comics that you can hand over to any friend (shock of shocks, perhaps even to a girl!) with a taste in literature and not be met with a smug condescension after they've read it.

A rousing tale full of Machiavellian twists, Dickensian dialogue, and a fair share of cheeky name-droppings, *The League...* is sure to turn a smile on the lips of any fan of vintage British pulp. Moore and O'Neil have crafted a bold, inventive work that eschews modern comic's pithy motives and shallow archetypes in favor of robust characters, multi-tiered plots and a true grit in their flavor of London.

Of all the trite crap being optioned by Hollywood, it's heartwarming to think that they were able to see past the shallow ego-trips that most comics present and snatch up a truly ingenious yarn. Yes, that's right they're making a film version already, and (be still my beating heart) that man-jack of a Scottish-geritol-set-panty-moistener Sean Connery is in it. It's so good that I'm sure they will fuck it up beyond all possible recognition. So buy the Paperback collection now before the film leaves a bad taste in your mouth.

Film: *Jackass: The Movie*

Released By: MTV

Directed By: Jeff Tremaine

What can one possibly say about the MTV hit *Jackass*? It's either your cup of tea or it's not and no amount of cajoling is going to change

your mind about it. I for one, in difference to my normally high-brow tastes, think that *Jackass* is one of the purest forms of comedy available. The prospect of watching grown men puking, falling and inflicting the most cringe-inducing breeds of pain upon themselves simply fills me with a night-before-Christmas-like glee. Some would say that Johnny Knoxville and his cadre of stooges are nothing more than the worlds worst example of "dude-drink-this" style frat humor. I tend to disagree. The outlandish antics of these men are the proverbial barrel full of monkeys. While it can be said that their capers are asinine, immature, puerile, scatologically obsessive examples of the coarsening of American culture, it can also be said that when the chips are down it's a damn funny sight to see a midget being chased through the streets by a fat guy in his underwear.

Some people want their funny on the socially-introspective tip. To them I say *Jackass* IS a social commentary. It's the double-doggy-dare culture in its rawest. And that is what's on display in *Jackass: The Movie*.

So you're going to go see what amounts to an especially gross, hour and a half long,

episode of *Jackass*, or you're not; and you're pretty much set in your ways about it. For those of you who choose to (a stance which I recommend to any fan of the show) you'll probably never see anything as bizarrely awesome as Steve-O and Chris Pontious stuffing their shorts with krill and attempting to lure whale sharks into giving them blow jobs. For the rest of you that last sentence should pretty much push you to one side of the "I'm going to see it/ I'm not going to see it" argument.

At worst *Jackass* is a 90's pratfall act. At best *Jackass* pulls off some pretty cool stunts, the likes of which you will be hard pressed to find anywhere else. That's the kicker for me at least. It is the knowledge that at some point in each episode the *Jackass* crew will transcend their dick and shit humor and come out with something mind-blowing that makes me watch. Be it pogoing down a waterfall sculpture or receiving a tattoo while riding in the back of an obscenity-shrieking-Henry-Rollins-driven-Humvee as it careens across a jostling dirt bike track, *Jackass* has those supremely impressive moments. And there are more than the average share in this film.

It's not a great film, even for fans, but it certainly isn't a horrible one. *Jackass: The Movie* is worth seeing pretty much, only if you're a fan, or if you're stupidly, stupidly drunk. Not that I endorse that kind of behavior, I am, after all a trained professional, attempting such stunts under carefully controlled situations on a closed road, so please do not attempt this at home.

Movie: *The Ring*

Released By: Dreamworks

Directed By: Gore Verbinski

It has been a good long time since a quality horror film has been released. The last thing that even raised a hair on the back of my neck was a tight psycho-thriller called *Session 9*, which unfortunately I had to catch on DVD. Even *Session 9* was not really an out-and-out scare; it was more of a chilling film. *The Ring* is Gore Verbinski's adaptation of Hideo Nakata's *Ringu* (1998) -- which is itself an adaptation of Koji Suzuki's 1991 novel *Ringu* -- and it's as good as a horror movie is likely to come these days.

Continued on next page

Get Ur Geek On (cont')

Continued from last page

The Ring follows journalist Rachel Keller (Naomi Watts) as she reluctantly investigates the death of her niece; a death apparently linked to a spooky video tape that kills you seven days after you watch it. I think you can guess where this is going, of course Rachel, her son Aidan (David Dorfman) and her ex Noah (Martin Henderson) watch said spooky death tape, and the clock starts ticking. Over the course of the next seven days Rachel engages in a series of ever creeping investigative jaunts as she retraces the steps of el spooky tape back to its origin on a remote horse farm. It's hard to sum up but it's damn creepy. In nearly every step of Rachel's investigation we are enveloped in scenes of nail-biting tension (the relentless phone ringing after viewing the tape), operatic intensity (the stunning horse-on-a-ferry sequence), creepy-freakosity (the viewing of the tape) and straight



up pants-crapping scariness. As *The Ring* progresses to its well-orchestrated anti-climax-release-climax one begins to study the films shadowy scene-scapes with an obsessive voraciousness in the hope that one will gain warning as to where, how and why the next chill, shriek, shudder or scare will arrive.

In the end a horror movie can only be judged by the number of hours you choose to stay awake after seeing it. With *The Ring* I sheepishly justified a good 3 hours of "ceiling light, not mere lamp, on" reading. Even now, a good week or so after seeing the film, I get the occasional night time chill and have to look over my shoulder to assure myself that there's nothing following me.

Scares aside the movie simply looks stunning. Verbinski washes out the color of life in *The Ring* bringing a vibrancy of color to specifically

chosen moments wherein they do well to intensify the action. Watts gives another forceful, honest performance as a mother and detective, terrified by both her investigative revelations and by the loss of control over her and her son's fate. David Dorfman, establishes himself as a nonillion times creepier than that 6th Sense kid, and Martin Henderson carries himself aptly in a role that most likely doesn't afford him many options for really breaking out.

The Ring is, in the end, an exceptional work of horror that succeeds most when it eschews traditional American horror conventions, and performs admirably when it chooses to go with said conventions. It is a solid camp-fire legend, twisted around for the 21st century, sprinkled with shock cuts, unnerving special-effects, and carried on the shoulders of a director and cast that really knows how to get under your skin. It's a rousing film not only for the Halloween set but for anybody interested in exploring the more abyssal.

Please Donate Blood

By Laura Nollah

Please help our Stony Brook Patients by Donating Blood

The Stony Brook University Hospital Blood Bank is an independent collection facility serving the needs of patients at the hospital. Established in 1980, primarily to provide fresh blood to pediatric patients, we now supply all our patients with needed blood and blood products.

The reason you should donate blood is because there is a constant need at our hospital. The metropolitan area, including Long Island, will experience a loss of 25% of its blood supply because European blood will no longer be available. Each unit that is donated can be used for up to three different people. This means you have the potential to save the lives of up to three different patients. This would make anyone feel good about themselves, because the gift of life is preserved. Area hospitals need approximately 800 units of blood everyday. We need help, please donate blood. So those days you are feeling as if life is an obstacle enlighten yourself by helping patients with cancer see tomorrow. You have nothing to lose.

If you would like to donate blood contact Ms. Jennifer L. Peace of Stony Brook University Hospital Blood Bank at 4-7586 or email jlpeace@notes.cc.sunysb.edu. Even better take the campus bus to the Stony Brook Hospital main entrance and take a left down the first hall where

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Chevelle
Wonder What's Next
By Daniel Hofer



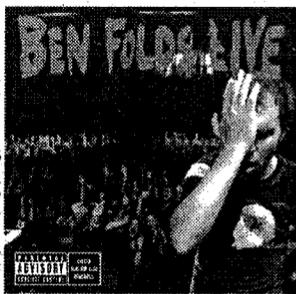
Chevelle is one of my favorite bands. I heard them live about three years ago right after their first album, *Point #1*, was released. They are a group of three brothers. Not to take away from the other two, but the writer/singer/guitarist, Pete, is surely the star of the band. His guitar work in *Point #1* is nothing short of amazing. He mixed light and heavy sounds together beautifully.

When I picked up *Wonder What's Next*, I wasn't sure what to expect. I knew they found a new label, and I was happy for them. When I heard they toured on Ozzfest, I was worried they had changed their style.

Wonder What's Next does sound different from their first album. I get a more mainstream "nu-metal" feel when I listen to some of their new tracks. I heard many times the unnecessary "yell-grunt" that is typically characteristic of most rap-rock/metal bands of today. On "Family System" and "Grab Thy Hand" especially, it seemed as though Pete dropped his guitar skills to fit into the mainstream crap rock of today.

Don't get me wrong however, I do like *Wonder What's Next*. I'm a little disappointed at some of their trite, everybody-hates-me lyrics on a few songs, but overall, I like their sound. If you knew Chevelle before they hit the radio, you may notice the same changes I did. If you get the album, I suggest listening to "Comfortable Liar," "Closure," and "An Evening With El Diablo." As far as Chevelle's next album, the title of this one makes me "wonder what's next."

Ben Folds
Ben Folds Live
By Jamie Mignone



Ben Folds looks like a very young Tom Waits, especially when sitting next to his piano. His new live cd has a DVD included that showcases performances from his tour this year; you get to see the man in action.

Having dropped his band, Ben Folds retains a strong stage presence. He gets the audience to sing in chorus to his music with surprisingly good results.

The main characteristic of Ben Folds music is pure honesty. He tells tales of sadness, curiosity, and revenge with a little boy's voice that you can't help but trust.

His set this tour includes his radio hit "Brick," which he details a back story for. It's about abortion. He also includes a very well rendered cover of Elton John's "Tiny Dancer," for which he accessorized himself with some big ol' glittery glasses for on the DVD.

He does the piano man routine better than Billy Joel, who sucks ass.

Mia Doi Todd
The Golden State
By Alex Nikulin



If you need to impress your girlfriend with "something different," but at the same time enjoy it

yourself, you will like this CD. It is like inviting everyone to watch a foreign film and watching "Run Lola, Run," sophisticated and yet at the same time fun. Songs range from very abstract, unrhymed texts ("Hajikita") to more mainstream tracks ("Autumn"), something I could imagine on the radio. The musical style of Mia Doi Todd can be compared to that of Dido, perhaps with a little more unearthly lyrics. I would recommend getting a copy of this CD to all who are looking for something more original and pure than your average played-out Z100 hits.

Riddlin' Kids
Hurry Up and Wait
By Rich Drummond



Riddlin' Kids. Their album, *Hurry Up and Wait*, has a younger generation, passive rock sound. From their cool band name, to the schoolgirl chick with the huge bust kicking a guy in the crotch on the cover, the Riddlin' Kids has a better than average sound. Their songs are generally a nice two and a half minutes long and they sing of relationship woes, to which we can all relate.

They have some catchy chords and riffs, but nothing spectacular, which I can only assume was the sound they were going for anyway. I especially liked their rendition of R.E.M.'s, "It's the End of the World as We Know It." Being able to master such technical vocal skills on such a track, shows that they are a band to watch out for in coming months and years.

Bic Runga
Beautiful Collision
By Sam Goldman



Never heard of Bic Runga? Well, her first album, *Drive*, only established her as a superstar in her native New Zealand, and earned her a spot on the Lilith Tour five years ago, when she was just 21. Having conquered her native country, an older, wiser Runga attempts to conquer the rest of the world with this, her second album. She may very well succeed.

Beautiful Collision was mixed by Michael Brauer (Coldplay), and shades of the British pop band rise up from the very first song, "When I See You Smile," which showcases Runga's lush voice. But Runga, who wrote her own lyrics and produced the record, really shows what she's about on the next track, her first single, "Get Some Sleep" (getting airplay on CTN), a sunny pop Thank You to her fans. That sunniness permeates the entire album; even on a song like "Precious Things," which sounds decidedly down. You sense that the happiness is just around the corner.

Runga is able to switch gears effectively from slow to medium throughout the record; "Election Night" has a guitar in it that sounds like it belongs on Pete Dinklage's record, while the very next track, "Honest Goodbyes" has a Harry Connick Jr. piano groove. Throughout it all, Runga's great voice and beautifully simple lyrics ("Don't explain to me how you're so broken-hearted/ I'm too busy mending my own") put her on par with and even above her contemporaries.

If you love Coldplay and Aimee Mann, but are looking for something that won't make you feel so depressed, you may just want to find

this CD. It's like Mann on some happy pills.

Tori Amos
Scarlet's Walk
By Diana Post



So this was the first Tori Amos album that I've ever listened to. I've heard many different things about her and what kind of music she makes. I have to say that I was surprised and impressed with her work. Some of the songs are quite bluesy and others are more influenced by classical rock and roll. Comprised of eighteen tracks, *Scarlet's Walk* is not a short piece, but all the songs make you want to listen to the next track. The CD also has an interesting feature: If you have the album in your CD ROM drive, and go to Tori Amos' website (www.tori-amos.com), it allows you to access a part of her site not otherwise open. Since they went to all this trouble, I'm not going to ruin the surprise. Anyway, getting back to the CD, the title track, "Scarlet's Walk," is easily one of my favorite songs. I think one of the things about Tori that I admire the most is her singing voice, and *Scarlet's Walk* definitely emphasizes her ability. Starting out with her singing by herself, and later using only a very quiet background beat and effects, "Scarlet's Walk" is one of the CD's jewels.

The Derek Trucks Band
Joyful Noise
By Dustin Herlich



The Derek Trucks band at first glance is little more than a FILK group of the strangest order. The album, entitled *Joyful Noise* has the kind of cover art and photos you'd expect from a Lord of The Rings soundtrack. A rather eclectic, internationally flavored group of FILKers was defiantly my first impression. Not having any information about what kind of music this might actually be, I popped the CD in, and prepared for the worst. Amazed, the CDDDB chose to name this CD as blues. This may not be so bad after all...

The album overall has some pretty decent guitar riffs, and instrumental moments. A lot of it sounds like jazz jam band rip offs, but it fits with the overall sound of the band. From what I can tell, they are not singing about anything too geeky, but the international flavor is especially evident in certain tracks, particularly in "Maki Madni" which features vocals by a supposedly renowned singer from India. Interesting in theory. In practice, not a terrible song, but does not fit in with a blues album. Although, this and the title track, *Joyful Noise* may be the easiest to listen to.

Also featured on this CD is the wife of Derek Trucks. Apparently, this is her first time singing since the birth of their child. Apparently, she was nominated for a Grammy, but alas, it was alongside Britney Spears and Cristina Aguilera. Needless to say, Susan Tedeschi didn't win, but she did win recognition. Her husband Derek, with her on the album, seems like he's trying to ride her coat tails to fame. A quick internet search also proves that he is incapable of smiling. Ever. If they called this album what it really is "Albino FILKer's band plays international blues" I would have known what to expect, and stayed away. At least his wife has a nice voice.

Counter Culture View on Mental Illness

By Tim Connors

Sure lots of scientists, researchers, and doctors have hypotheses about the causes of mental illness, so why can't I? Granted my ideas are not proven in reality, nor are theirs, however that won't deter me. As far as standards go for presenting an idea on causes, little has changed in the last hundred years. The only significant difference is the buzzwords, not the underlying principles. In large part the causes currently put forth are a justification of the current treatments rather than a sensible idea given the current evidence.

Most of the current theories around the cause of mental illness focus on a genetic component, which I sort of agree with but view environment related stimulus as effecting the process of the constant regeneration of the body. In the short form; life experience, chemical and biological pathogens, lifestyle choices, nutrition, and such all effect the accuracy of DNA replication.

I'm sure there are people laughing at this point, but I've just got way too much time on my hands and need to write to help with my cognitive recovery. There is in all likelihood a genetic predisposition, however identical twin studies indicate that genetically, the same people only have a forty percent chance of the other twin developing disease when one of the is sick.

What does this mean? An exact set of genes for mental illness can't be found, and not for lack of effort, but more as a result of the composition of the genes being divergent from the general populations' make up. Slightly different chemical composition in the genes results in a difference in the blood chemistry of the body, in my opinion.

There is no scientific data to support this and it's maybe totally impossible, but it's a tidy explanation for the lack of results in finding a cause for illness. Please note that these chemical changes effect the entire body, not just the mind. Just as someone who is mentally ill if they have any overall physical impact from their disease. I'd bet dollars to donuts (yes you cops can take me up on this!) that you'll get a first hand account of changes in energy level, and overall emotional responses that manifest themselves with corresponding physical traits.

So all that glue you sniffed as a child, and Twinkies you ate in front of the television probably increased your chances of developing a mental illness. As it stands now your odds are one in five that you'll have to receive care for an illness of this sort. What's better the odds are one in two that you'll have personal experience, and personally be impacted by a person with mental illness over the course of your life.

In terms of genetic predisposition, there is a good chance that how well DNA replicates in individuals also has a genetic component to it. This sounds like you could blame the individual with the illness for bringing it on themselves, but would you say the same thing to a cancer patient? There is very likely a similar process involved in both illnesses.

On a societal level the cause of illness is not of immediate importance, since the likelihood of finding a silver bullet cure, other than suicide, is unlikely. But the question remains as to why are chronic illness rates so much higher in developed countries than developing ones? (Source: Mad in America) That has something to do with the social supports and bureaucracy surrounding mental illness in this country.

There is a huge industry associated with mental illness, particularly with the expensive drugs, people employed in caretaker positions, service provider positions, and government oversight along with the taxes used to pay for all this. The people entrusted with solving this problem are in the infant stages of finding approaches that rehabilitate people; the actual details haven't been worked out for systematic application.

Much of the focus is still on maintaining control of people, not in their recovery. There is a prevailing view among service providers, in part a reflection of the larger society, of the lack of competence in all mentally ill people. Finding unbiased, committed, compassionate caretakers proves difficult for most agencies, however the people employed by an agency generally reflect the prevailing commitment to human rights of the mentally ill with that organization.

The prevailing culture in an organization plays a large part in the direction and focus of the employees, which translates into a direct correlation in outcomes of the sentient encountering extraordinary difficulty. (SEED, my phrase for the mentally ill) How so, you ask? Well how much effort is placed into creative thought to recreate a whole life in the SEED, is in large part related to how much encouragement and positive re-enforcement is given as a reward for that sort of activity.

Ah, but what are the nuts and bolts of that? The biggest tool available to Seed's is the phenomenon of modeling, or imitating positive behavior and life skills. Do as I say, not as I do does not work well with anyone. Role modeling behavior, and giving opportunities to experience the fulfillment of that behavior is vitally important to Seed's recovery process.

Individual Seed's play a large part in the recovery process, since all recovery is a direct result of their efforts. It seems to me that there are stages to recovery. First the acceptance of the possibility of positive change to an extent that would allow a lifestyle comparable to the general population. What follows is the creation of a plan to achieve that goal, and then the gradual building of skills, self esteem, and confidence that results form executing that sort of plan. One downside is that this template has to be tailored specifically to each Seed, and that requires commitment from the service provider. Once again a Seed is a "sentient experiencing extraordinary difficulties."

That's the process for a Seed to recover however there are some structural impediments to that

actually happening. In terms of a Seed's willingness to take this path the biggest obstacles are the government benefits which are important to survival, but in the long-term become a binky (baby blanket) of sorts. The loss of a predictable, but poverty level existence can be frightening, and the amount of work may not seem worthwhile.

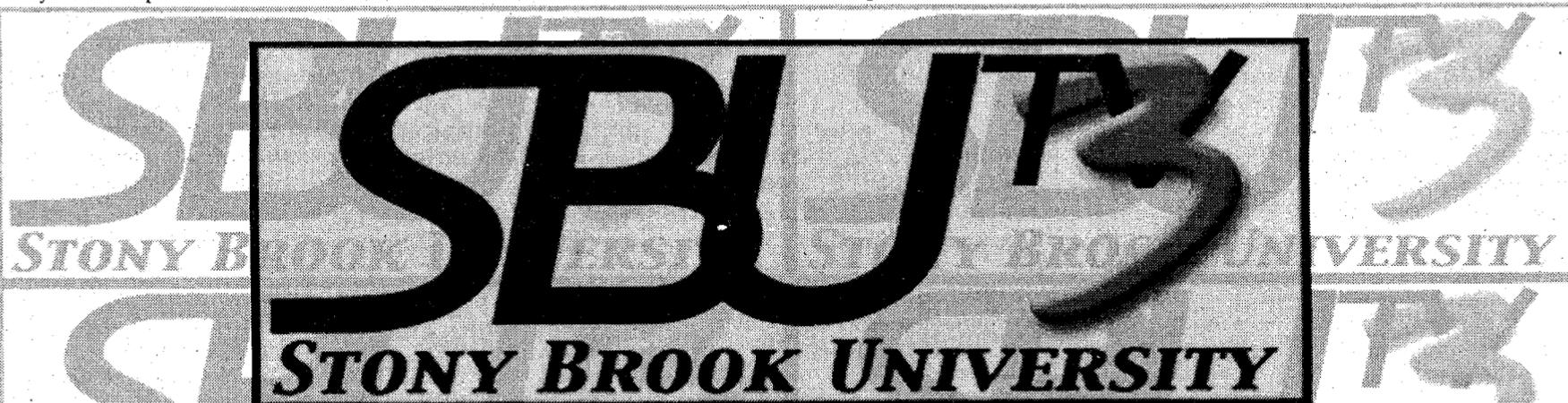
Getting a place to live and coffee with cigarettes becomes a lifestyle unto itself. Don't get me wrong there are some people for whom modeling the lifestyle of the general population will be a long and challenging process. Although a Seed may not start at the same starting line, that doesn't mean they shouldn't run the race as far as they can take it. The finish line after all isn't a specific place or thing, but just the time when one stops running.

The government gives some great opportunities to return to work, but Seed's are not well informed about them. The other difficulty is that finding employment can be difficult if disclosure is an issue because of a lack of work history. One way around this is for a Seed to present services that they are involved as actual employment, with the compensation rate being the amount of government assistance received divided by the number of hours of service. Seed's who do this also need to inform their service provider of this.

Employment is not a definite requirement, however there is some urgency in this area given the predicted problems with social security. Based on my education in political science, it seems likely to me that the most politically palatable choice of reducing costs in this program maybe to curtail benefits to those with disabilities. However that is not a given, nor should it be taken as such. Once again a Seed is a "sentient experiencing extraordinary difficulties," and is preferable to being called a consumer since the image evoked is one of possible growth rather than as a drain on society.

The challenge and reward of creating whole lives to fulfill the potential inherent in every person justifies the effort that this would take. The President calls for such an outcome in his charter for the freedom commission. This is just a pragmatic approach to achieve those goals, which are definitely attainable. Every person regardless of previous experience and limitations (yes all people have limitations and weak points) there is the amazing ability of the human spirit to overcome what seems to be an impossible difficulty.

By far the greatest area of inequality in our society today is in the rights and opportunities of Seeds. Our country is just beginning to address this area of discrimination, yet millenniums of pejorative views are not easily overcome. And perhaps that should not be the entire focus, for how the individual responds to the role within a framework is just as important as changing the rules of that system. What we believe is what we can achieve.



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STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY | STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY

By Chris Sorochin

I Was on an unofficial hiatus last fall, so I wasn't around to contribute my analysis of the September 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Just as well; everyone and their great aunt Bessie had two bits to contribute, some of it surprisingly astute, some just noise. Since I'm sure the anniversary will prompt even more spilled verbiage, let us depart from the conventional ruminations and take a little stroll down memory lane. Put on your "retro" Hawaiian bowling shirt, switch on the lava lamp and get ready to revisit that simpler, kinder world that existed before "everything changed."

In case anyone's forgotten, the last big, historic thing that happened was the little coup that took place after the 2000 presidential elections and put Little King George on the throne. Some of you may not have noticed, but this coup was not as dramatic as those in more obvious banana republics where tanks roll down the street. This was, as Michael Moore has it, a very American coup, sort of slipped in like a hidden surcharge and given a veneer of chintzy legality by a partisan Supreme Court.

Sleazier highlights included a riot by Republican aides, imported to Florida from DC, who surrounded a building in which votes were being recounted. They threatened those inside and even physically assaulted some. This little Blackshirt incident, christened the "Brooks Brothers Riot" for the preppy attire of the participants, has conveniently vanished down the memory hole, but is detailed by www.consortiumnews.com

Even more infamous were the tactics employed in Florida (by pure coincidence under the governorship of W's brother Jeb) to keep African Americans from voting. These included police roadblocks in predominantly black areas, police harassment in the same areas and challenges to registration of black voters. Thousands of African-American voters went to polling stations only to be told that they'd been stricken from the rolls for prior felony convictions. Many of these "convictions" were non-existent, yet they served their purpose of stopping blacks and other minorities-reputed to vote Democratic- from voting (translators for Spanish- and Creole-speaking Floridians were also conspicuously missing).

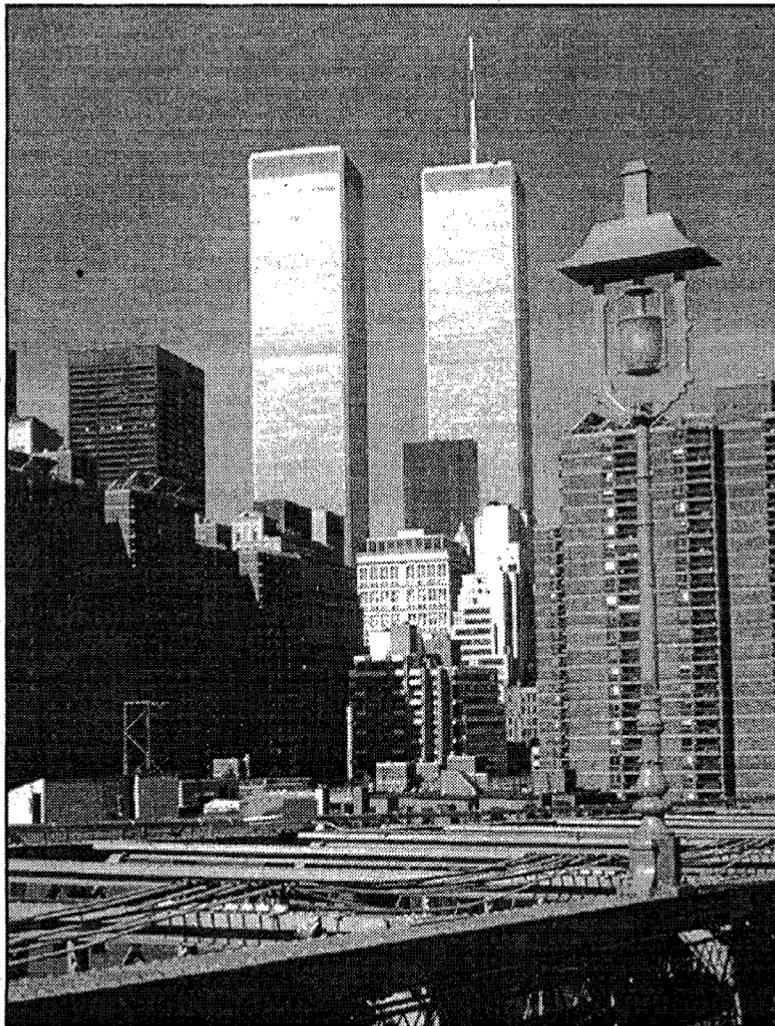
Fun fact: the CalTech/MIT Technology Report of July, 2001 estimates that 1.5 million votes went unrecorded in 2000. That's very many more than were in dispute in Florida. I wonder where they all went and why they don't count.

For two very interesting months, The US had no president-elect, which was just fine for the majority of us who were extremely unthrilled with both W. and his major opponent, the robotic Al Gore. Even though Gore had more popular votes, it was the electoral votes that still counted. Two members of the Supreme Court were closely involved in Republican presidential politics and should have recused themselves but didn't. Veteran prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi (of "Helter Skelter" fame) says the the Supremes are criminals for their participation in the coup and should be prosecuted.

I don't mean to imply here that Gore would actually be any better (he probably would have begun the bombing of Afghanistan much sooner than Bush to prove his alpha-maleness). The Democrats (a party that's so over it's pathetic) have by and large set new records for rolling over and playing dead in the wake of the coup.

When members of the Congressional Black Caucus urged an inquiry into the voting irregularities in January, 2001, the Dems stuck their tails between their legs and cowered into their holes.

And what did the illustrious Bill Clinton have to say about the coup? Well, he praised the American people for sitting around with their thumbs up their asses as their democracy was hijacked in broad daylight. "In any other country people would be out in the streets..." Bubba seemed to regard any popular action as a bad thing and praised the ability of Americans to be good little girls and boys and let their superiors run things. Yes, a real populist.



Anyhow, George II's coronation that same January (brilliantly described in these very pages) was an unprecedented masterpiece of repressive militarism, with security screening checkpoints, snipers perched on rooftops and massive numbers of Gestapo American-style.

Let's not forget either that dirty and heavy-handed tactics by law enforcement were major components at both major party conventions the previous summer and activists were arrested for such newly-minted crimes as puppetry and possession of cell phones. These assaults on democracy were immediately preceded by the globalization protests in Seattle and Washington.

Indeed, the entire world was refusing to go quietly into that good night of complete control by corporations. Protests erupted where- and whenever the moguls of capitalism met to divide up the pie. These protests were met with brutal police violence and repression wherever they took place, and several governments reputed to be progressive, such as Canada and Sweden turned out not to be quite so. The Swedes actually upped the ante by firing live ammunition at protestors, but the Italians stole everyone's thunder by actually killing someone, as well as beating and torturing protestors in police stations adorned with pictures of Mussolini and making them sing fascist marching songs. Need I mention that US law enforcement were on hand as

"advisors?"

I should add here that anti-corporate protestors in Third World places like Nigeria and New Guinea were being killed long before they got around to beating or killing any white people.

And no matter how brutal things got at these soirees, the movement grew by leaps and bounds and even greater numbers of protestors would show up at the next one.

Not only people, but governments of other countries, even allies, had begun to defect. The US arrogantly refused to approve the Kyoto Protocols on Global Warming, stating that we'd keep driving our SUVs even after the polar caps melt and who's going to stop us? Our war criminals will not stand trial in any international court and we'll invade anyplace they may be held. The US is the only country besides Somalia not to ratify an agreement on the rights of the child and we're one of the few to execute minors and the mentally handicapped. Ban land mines? Not us! No weapons in outer space? Don't be silly! How are we going to dominate the planet without implements of mass destruction beamed like God's own justice down from the heavens upon the wicked?

As the racist brutality of Israeli occupation of Palestine became more and more apparent throughout the world, the US government assured blanket permission for it's apartheid-state Mini-Me to keep on doing exactly what it wanted, no matter how heinous, conveniently forgetting that we'd selfrighteously subjected Yugoslavia to two solid months of "humanitarian bombing" for the exact same type of ethnic cleansing.

The trigger-happy Let's Bomb Everyone policy of our leadership was attracting loads of criticism. As was their propensity to shield friendly war criminals and other tyrants. When Spain had the audacity to try to try Chilean dictator (and US puppet) Augusto Pinochet, bricks were shit in Washington, believe me. Criminal mastermind Henry Kissinger now no longer travels abroad with such abandon.

Oh, and the policy of starving Iraq was not making us points, either. Two directors of the UN Oil for Food program- Dennis Halliday of Ireland and Hans von Sponeck of Germany- quit in disgust, denouncing the effect of sanctions on the Iraqi population "genocidal." Even regional allies of the US like Kuwait and Saudi Arabia favor and end to the sanctions, which kill and estimated 5,000 children under the age of five every month.

In August of 2001, Pentagon documents were declassified showing that US military brass knew that destruction of Iraq's health and water-purification infrastructure, coupled with sanctions, would have a deadly effect on the health of the civilian population, especially those most vulnerable, like children and the elderly. This clearly makes the sanctions and bombardment a war crime under the Geneva Accords.

Another adventure that was beginning to ripen in an unbecoming way was Plan Colombia, as escalation of US involvement came to look increasingly uglier and more ineffective, as well as draw criticism. Here at home, entire states turned deserters in the ever-more-discredited War on Drugs, as California and Arizona voted in medical marijuana laws.

Remember the last shocking attack on US soil? The bombing of the federal building in

Continued on next page

September 10 Revisited (cont')

Continued from last page

Oklahoma City? Exactly three months before 9/11, perpetrator Timothy McVeigh was executed. The government seemed to be in rather a hurry to hasten Mr. McVeigh's end, which is a bit odd, because there are still many unanswered questions about Oklahoma City, and McVeigh was one of the very few people who might have known some answers.

I won't bore you with conspiracy theories or indictments of government incompetence. Suffice it to say that 9/11 was extremely convenient for a power structure looking for excuses to silence criticism at home and abroad, make its own population easier to control and monitor and rally other nations around it by declaring they were either "with us or against us" and implicitly threatening bombardment to any not cooperating. Many of the provisions of the Patriot Act were coming down the tube long

before last September, but facing opposition. And plans to attack Afghanistan were on the table before the significant date as well.

It seems that much of this has not been realized, as dirty foreigners continue to talk back and huge percentages of Americans are traitorous enough to have serious doubts about the veracity of W and friends.

One strange thing is that the "Dead or Alive" quest for the head of Osama bin Laden seems to be on the back burner. In fact, it seemed to vaporize completely after Osama had outlived his use as a pretext for bombing Afghanistan and setting up more pipeline-friendly regime there. And the hunt for the culprit behind the anthrax mailings vanished as soon as it started to lead to sources within the US government.

Now they are hell-bent on going after Iraq again, despite lack of support or any clear

evidence. Not that they've ever stopped the bombing or starvation, but they now plan some further saturation bombing, followed by an invasion and an occupation. Iraq has the world's second largest oil reserves, currently nationalized. I'm sure that will change after Bush "liberates" the place from Saddam Hussein, the vicious dictator installed by the CIA many years ago and supported by successive US regimes until 1990.

All this may sound overwhelming and you may think there's nothing you, as one tiny individual, can do. But you can get educated, pay attention to what's really going on (with alternative media) and speak out in any public or private ways you can think of. There are millions all over the world who are beginning to smell a rat, and the more people who smell it, the less the rat can do.

Nicotine Fit (cont')

Continued from page 2

refer to as "revenue enhancement."

As if to provide cosmic confirmation to my theories, I've just heard that they're working on a bill making it a crime to dial a cell phone in a theater or other performance space. Can we look forward to the omnipresence of "Cell Phone Police?"

Or, could this all have something to do with the insurance companies' liability, as Bloomberg intimated in his speech unveiling this mad scheme? Has anyone thought to check out Bloomie's ties to them?

No one is pretending any more that these laws reflect popular will. I phoned the office of the mayor's press secretary Jordan Barowitz, to inquire as to why the mayor didn't campaign on this issue last fall. I have phoned several times now and have not received a reply. No wonder: had Bloomberg called smokers "stupid" and promised a ban during his campaign, City Hall might have cost him a good deal more than the \$90+ per vote he spent from his personal megafortune. No politician goes after smokers until safely in office. They're kind of like the Christian Coalition's infamous "stealth candidates," not revealing their true colors until it's too late. In Michael Bloomberg, New York City has indeed purchased a pig in a poke.

Michael O'Neal, a Manhattan restaurateur, wrote a letter to the Irish Echo saying what a grand thing a smoking ban would be for bartenders and their lungs. I called one of his establishments and asked whether smoking was permitted there. I was told I could smoke in the bar, just like in every other restaurant-with-a-separate-bar in the city. I left a message on O'Neal's voice mail asking why he continues to allow such a filthy practice. He, in turn, left a message for me about "a level playing field" and "everybody in the same boat," which I take to mean he would lose business if he were the only one with a ban in place.

Needless to say none of the phony liberals who normally cry "Repression," "Fascism" or "Police State" are lifting a pinky to fight this. As usual it's left up to the bar and restaurant owners' association, singularly ineffective body, in one recalls their previous campaigns against raising the drinking age and similar outrages against public jollity. I've read they plan a public education campaign to stop the ban. Have you ever seen anything about it in your local? Me neither. It seems this will be a very low-key campaign, probably involving the greasing of various public officials. Where's Big Tobacco money when it's really needed?

I wish the publicans success (and there should be citizens' movement as well) but I'd like

to suggest some tactics a bit more brazen than what could possibly be dreamed up by some bar owners who've probably never heard the expression "political activism" before. I'd like to propose some more brazen tactics inspired by the movements against apartheid, globalization and war. If we want to preserve one of the last remnants of social freedom in this country, we have to take off the gloves and stop being polite.

"Hit'em in the pocketbook" strategies include:

A tourist boycott: everyone knows how jealously Europeans guard their personal freedoms, especially the right to smoke. How about an Internet campaign encouraging sympathetic tourists to threaten to spend their euros, yen and dollars elsewhere if such a ban becomes law. The smoking ban is yet another instance of the sanitization of New York, like turning Times Square into a Disney franchise, all part of a huge plot to rob the Big Apple of its gritty charm. Tourism is a major industry and if revenues go down, the powers-that-be might see reason.

"A Night Without Bars" (and not a Tuesday night either): This one would require organization and cooperation. All sympathetic drinking establishments would remain closed on a predetermined night, preferably a big one like Saturday. The eerie, deafening silence that would prevail would drive home two important points: loss of revenue to the politicians and, more importantly, a dramatic illustration to the general public about the erosion of social life in this country over the last 25 years.

Boycotts: What businesses support Bloomberg? Why not circulate a list and urge folks not to support them? More importantly, many of the organizations involved in such travesties as the Coalition for a Smoke-Free City are so-called charities, for example the American Cancer Society, the American Lung Association and the Diocese of Brooklyn. If people choose to give to more worthy (and less invasive concerns) the leadership of some of these organizations might go back to trying to help people rather than control them.

Everyone loves street theater. I envision a force of "Smoke Police" (Thespian wannabes in obviously inauthentic uniforms) descending on all drinking establishments and warning the complacent patrons that they'd better get off their bar stools and get active, or a visit to the local will feel like a Sunday afternoon at Aunt Bessie's house. They would troop in wearing suitably puritanical snarls and hand out "tickets" which would really be informational flyers with the contact informa-

tion for legislators. Part of the problem, of course, is that the considerable "smoking community" is, like most Americans, apathetic and afraid to take controversial stands. Paradoxically, bars represent a kind of escapism, where people think they can forget reality. This mentality leads to passivity. What we need is the politicization of Joe (and Jane) Six-pack. Just think, if Joe and Jane beat the Smoke Nazis, they might be inspired to get out there and fight for universal health care, better social services and other more important issues.

And of course, the politicians. Since they don't usually bring it up, we can. This election season, let's make it a point to find out where they stand (not that they'll necessarily be truthful) and offer to vote against them if they vote for such foolishness. There should be a "hit list" of particularly virulent antismoking pols to be defeated.

It seems the antismoking puritans have all teamed up and are coordinating an effort to ban smoking in bars in New York City, Long Island and Westchester, so we can't just hop across county lines to relax in peace. (Ever think you'd say, "Thank God for New Jersey?"). Isn't it great how politicians can get their act together and work efficiently when they're putting the screws to us?

It would be great if New York became the nut on which the Smoke Nazis break their fangs. They did so on Toronto a couple years back, but Canada at least has the sense to discontinue moral crusades that prove unfeasible. Canada looks like it will decriminalize marijuana while the cruel, costly and useless War on Drugs continues here. Maybe there'll be a miracle and Bloomberg will crash and burn in a major scandal. Or the people will finally rise up.



"Dance of the Vampires" Comes to Broadway

By Ralph Sevush

I saw DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES last night at the Minskoff theatre on Broadway. This musical stage adaptation of Roman Polanski's 1967 film THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS features a score by Jim ("BAT OUT OF HELL") Steinman, book and lyrics co-authored by Michael Kunze (with Steinman and the brilliant playwright David Ives), and starring Michael ("PHANTOM") Crawford as the vampire and Rene Auberjonois as the vampire hunter.

It's currently in previews, with a huge advance sale and much anticipation. I was planning to buy good seats soon, but a pair of freebies fell into my lap so I jumped at the chance to see a Jim Steinman gothic Rock Musical on Broadway. And I have lived to tell the tale... but just barely.

This show, if it remains radically unaltered during its preview period, is going to go down in the annals of theatrical history, along with CARRIE and MOOSE MURDERS, as a catastrophe of epic proportions. Not that I wasn't entertained... it was kind of thrilling, actually, to be present. In years to come, I'll be able to say I was there. Like people speak about where they were when Kennedy was assassinated.

You want details? Okey dokey:

Dancing... This kind of choreography has not been seen since THE SOLID GOLD DANCERS went off the air;

Costumes... rummaged from the CATS going-out-of-business sale. Except for Crawford's "Count Von Krolock," who appears to be an Elvis impersonator from Sicily, performing in the lounge of an S&M bar;

Lighting... nausea-inducing Veri-lites careening around and blinding the audience, filtering through the noxious smoke like a rock concert gone mental;

Sets... the brilliantly quirky designer David Gallo creates some great stage effects, but they alternate with generic drops and projections and give no coherent look to the production (as, say, Edward Gorey's designs did for Langella's DRACULA). The rubber vampire bat spouting profanity was an especially dubious accomplishment;

Performances... well, pretty good actually, considering the actors were given no characters to work with and straining chords that must strain their cords nightly. Still, Crawford is all over the place, with his character sporting an Italian Bela Lugosi accent (with a hint of Cockney). At first a garish cartoon, Crawford later transforms into the tragic PHANTOM of his more illustrious past. His "11

O'clock number" allows him a haunting moment, singing new lyrics to the tune from Steinman's "Objects in the Rearview Mirror" from BAT OUT OF HELL II. As for the rest of the cast:

Auberjonois is fine, though underutilized. His Danny Kaye-style patter song is technically elegant, just not very funny. And his character simply disappears at the end, slipping out with a whimper.

The girl (Mandy Gonzalez) and the boy in the romantic leads both have lovely voices, but acting within the constraints of those characters would have been difficult for Lunt and Fontanne, much less young Broadway newcomers. Ms. Gonzalez, though, has a voice that rises above the rubble below and more than holds her own with Mr. Crawford's upper register.

The score... synth-driven rock tunes that sound like outtakes from the various "Bat Out of Hell" records are strung together pointlessly with one power ballad topping another. Like an audience watching a familiar Rodgers & Hammerstein revival, the songs create the stir of recognition in the audience once a melody ascends, but it is unearned and distracting as the familiarity has to do with Steinman's work UNRELATED to the evening's performance, and merely evokes other better songs Steinman has written over the years (especially his pop hit "Total Eclipse of the Heart," which opens Act II and is used as a "leit motif" for much of the evening's music);

The Libretto... therein lies the truest disaster of the evening, with subplots coming and going leading nowhere and adding to nothing, and characters that are cartoonish in Act I attempt to become melodramatic romantic figures in Act II. There is no clarity about the characters' motivations or arcs, no coherence between plot and themes (scattered and undeveloped as they are). It contains scenes that seem both truncated and overlong (an amazing feat!). Heck, there is even a dream sequence, with a "dream Krolock" and a "dream Sarah" and a "dream Alfred" dancing amongst the ghouls. Well, hey... it worked in OKLAHOMA!

Co-Librettist/Lyricist Michael Kunze seems to be the one most to blame for the evenings' many unintentionally horrific moments. It may be why the talented Mr. Ives was brought in to fix things. But Ives is just a writer, not an alchemist. And so, no gold... just lead. Steinman and Kunze's lyrics, too, strain for wit but, alas, lose the battle. "Kiss my apoca-lips," indeed! Even an occasional bright spot like the line: "he'll be on her like a metaphor," is tainted by its own merely semi-brightness. "On her like a metaphor" is not a metaphor... it's a simile.

Director Joe Rando left me wondering what this show was about. The young lovers both express the fear of living unlived lives... a worse fate than that of being undead. Yet this doesn't really seem to be a problem for them, as they start out as brave adventurous types to begin with. So, songs in which they hope to be "braver than they ever are" make no sense. Who shall the girl choose... the vampire or the innocent youth? It doesn't seem to matter much. The stakes are never defined, just as the vampire hunter's "stakes" are never used. What does the "vampire's victory" mean to us, in the end? That we are, in the new millennium, praying to the "God of Appetite"? Well, maybe so. It's just that little in the show paves the way to that unearned conclusion.

The subplot about the girl's undead father, his wife and his maid is neither as comical nor as grotesque as intended... but merely vulgar and pointless, like much of the other goings on. The same can be said of Krolock's gay vampire son, who pops up in Act II to seduce young Alfred in a scene simply SCREAMING to be excised. It is ironic that a tale ostensibly

about youth's fear that their lives might remain "unlived to the fullest" is ultimately expressed in a musical rendered inert by its lack of a dramatic life.

DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES feels like THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW at times, but only if you pumped ROCKY full of air and pre-tension till it reached grotesque proportions, and then milked it of all its sly wit, eroticism and thematic resonance, and all of its real rock n roll spirit and energy.

VAMPIRES is Grand Guignol horror, without the requisite blood and fear;

It is campy comedy, tragically low on laughs;

It is a gothic romance, without believable or sympathetic love interests;

It is spectacle, with spectacularly cheesy effects and visuals;

It is a musical whose music feels recycled and evokes other better work, with a book that serves no single theme or concept, while shooting at any target that walks by.

So, who is this show for?

Not the traditional blue-hairs and businessmen, who sat stonily through the evening, as if bearing witness to a cavorting Gorgon.

What about the kids? Overwrought, overlong, trite camp that trades on nostalgic affections doesn't appeal to any kids I know. Only at the very end, when a Goth kick-line of "RENT" rejects stands proudly to announce the victory of youthful vampirism in our modern age, does an obvious attempt at youth appeal become evident. Too little, too late.

What about the Crawford-iles? Those middle-aged women swooning over the gothic romance of PHANTOM will be unappeased by the cartoonish caricature of their romantic hero and the spoofing of their beloved genre.

What about Steinman fans? Hearing his old songs in this new context only makes one want to rush home and listen to older better compositions.

How about the musical theater hardcore? Perhaps, amused by the campy ineptitude of the goings on (and the pointless "gay vampire" subplot), they might enjoy the show, in a "wow, what a train wreck!" kind of way. But there aren't enough of them to make a difference to the show's long-term success.

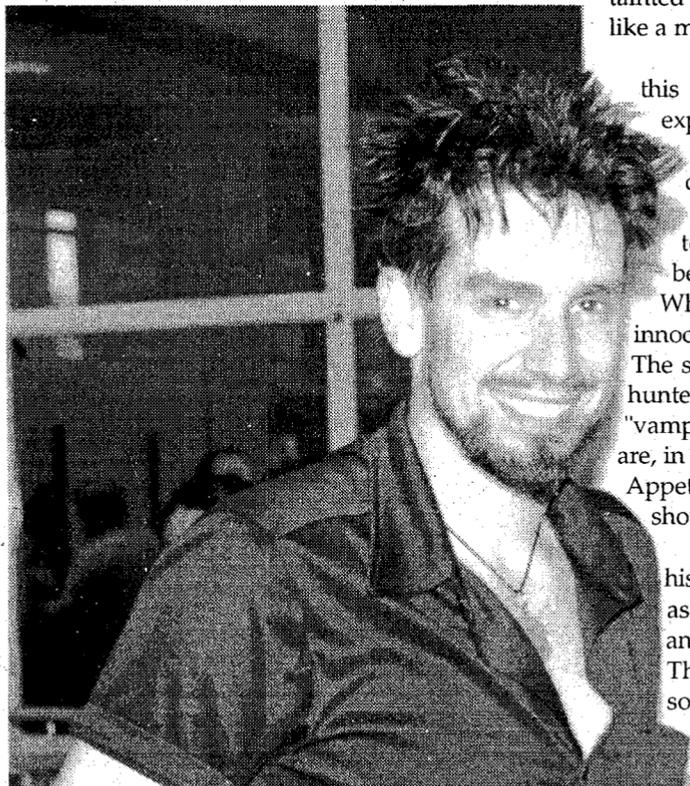
The Bridge & Tunnel crowd? Out-of-towners? Even people from Iowa or Westchester aren't THIS gullible. Well, maybe they are. CATS did run for a verrrrrrrrrry long time. Thus, this show has amassed an impressive advance sale that should keep it open for a while after its inevitable slaughter by the NY Times.

Actually, I should be the target audience for this show: 40+, with some disposable income and a real love of Steinman's music, Grand Guignol, romantic fantasy, and musical theater. How could I NOT love it? Well, as the friend who accompanied me to the performance noted: "You're not the target audience. You're not an idiot." Oh. Well, that could explain it.

I'd like to take a video camera and just stand outside the theater to watch busloads of theater parties walk blank-faced out of the Minskoff after every performance, day after day, as the show slogs on eating up its ever diminishing advance with each passing hour, in the theater industry's version of the Bataan Death March. It would be like a Fredric Wiseman documentary.

To be fair, the show IS still in previews and might get better. But the best this mess could be is mediocre, which would be an utter shame. It should retain the courage of its ineptitude and shoot for the stars!

DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES. A total eclipse of the brain. I will love you forever.



David White's Attack Against Z-100

By Brian Tovar

In the article that ran in the October 16th issue of the Stony Brook Press entitled "Stop Listening To Z100," David White addressed a specific segment of the population that listens to Top 40 music on WHTZ 100.3 FM. Commonly known as Z-100, the station is owned by Clear Channel

Communications and is among approximately 1,225 radio stations owned by the corporate giant. According to last summer's Arbitron ratings, Z-100 averaged a 4.7 percent share of total radio listeners each quarter-hour, trailing a close 3rd behind hip-hop station WQHT's 4.8 percent rating.

That being said, White implies that hit music aired on Z-100 cannot compare to the lasting legacy of bands he urges his readers to recognize as creators of masterpieces. Yet he conflictingly claims that great music "never dies," that a 5-star album from thirty years ago is still a five-star album today. Why does White want us to listen to bands that thirty years ago filled the airwaves of Top 40 stations like Z-100, bands that he would only be familiar with today because of the mass appeal they had for a previous generation? The self-convinced radicalism of White's argument against Z-100 ignores the very historicity of popular music and its means of dissemination. (As a clarification popular music is understood as being musical styles developed self-reflexively through modern means of mass communication such as radio and television.)

He encourages us to go out and buy CD's at random, and to pick unfamiliar genres or styles to explore. The reasoning behind White's plea for eclecticism is that the summer concert season will

improve if more bands tour. Yet many of the bands he specifically mentions have lost original members (Kurt Cobain comes to mind) or are incredibly popular groups that tour often, already, like Eminem and Beck. Suggesting we take a "walk on the wild side," White fails to deliver anything beyond the bland and banal.

International conglomerates such as AOL/Time Warner, EMI, Universal Vivendi and BMG Entertainment own all of the record labels that distribute the music White mentions in his article. Elektra, Asylum, and Atlantic Records are subsidiaries of AOL/Time Warner. Two years ago EMI and Time Warner very nearly made a \$20 billion dollar merger, an unsuccessful deal which would have brought White's list of favorite companies down to just three.

White mistrusts what he hears on Z-100 today because it challenges the status quo of what he accepts as the Great Fathers of pop music, a threat to an evolutionary cultural greatness from undeveloped strains of infectious genetic code.

Traditional music of European, American, or even non-Western origin obviously has no place in the canon of modern music White proposes, a narrow and chauvinistic selection that neglects to include even one female artist from any culture.

For the truly ambitious crusader of musical taste, White's arguments place restrictions into territories of pre- or proto-popular styles such as polka or country. Diversity has its limits. In White's Darwinist worldview, such retrograde, primitive (and of course, feminine) styles must be prohibited

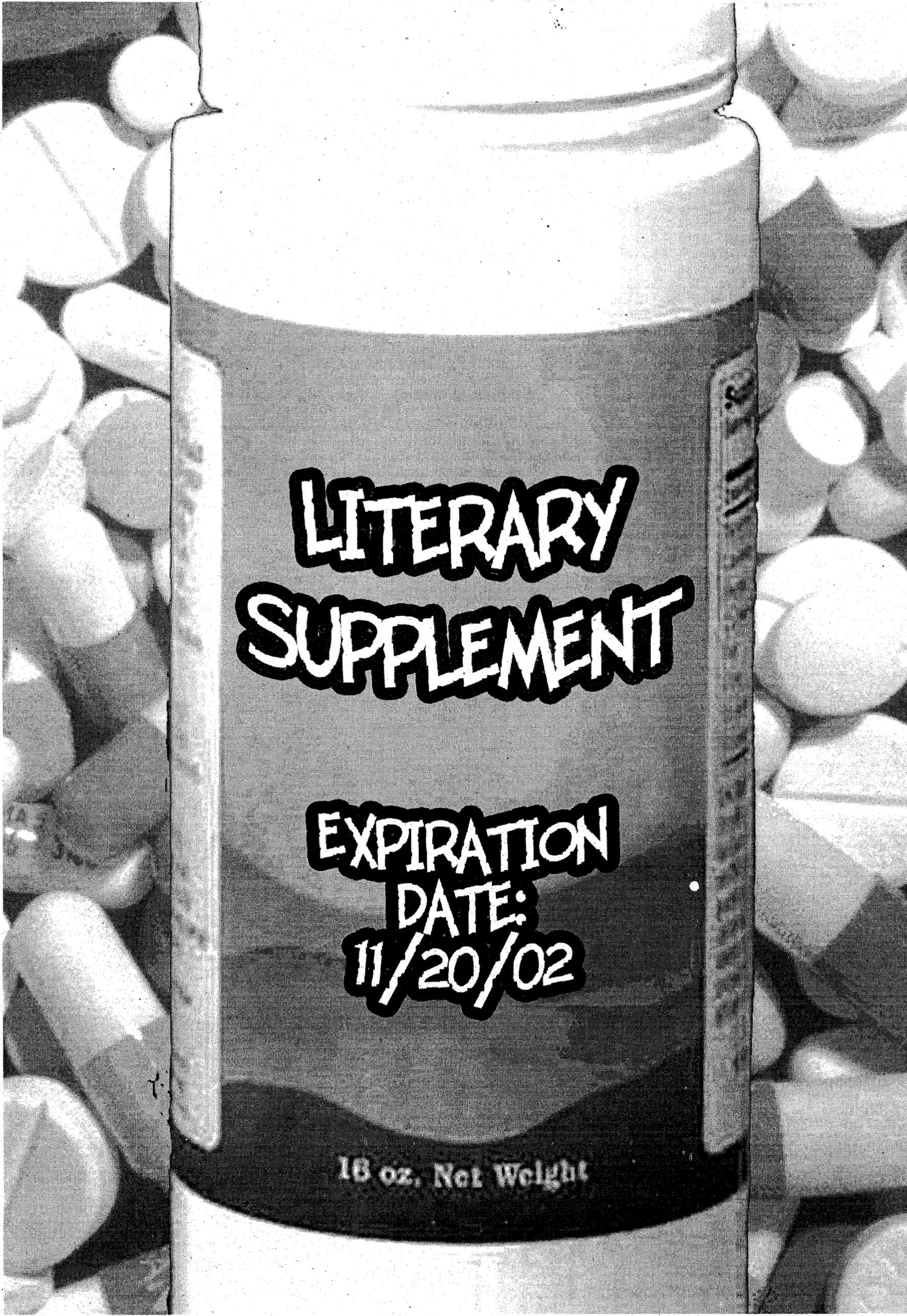
from infecting the racial purity of the proud, noble lineage of modern music. Such backwards styles have unfortunately come to represent effeminate primitivism, an acoustic menace that imperils pop culture's evolutionary elite with the possibility of genetic degradation. White recognizes the free-wheeling, rebellious sound of modern music to be the safeguard against primordial regression.

White would like to believe his taste is as "eclectic" as a Rolling Stone editor (itself a subsidiary of Vivendi Universal) yet it is apparent his battle cry for diversity is merely an endorsement for Big Media. White should acknowledge that revenues from compact disc sales of his favorite "classic" groups directly contribute to the very same media corporations that run the Top 40 show. The TRL phenomenon represents merely the broadest popular taste, the lowest common denominator of an array of musical product AOL/Time Warner, EMI, and Vivendi Universal eagerly promotes.

Corporations are keen to uphold the idea that individuality and self-expression are worthy personality traits. Advertising media deliberately repeats and privileges these ideologies, which simultaneously confirm populist political attitudes while promoting the sustained habit of cultural consumption. To support a product is not to confirm your identity but to conform to a greater authority, the discomfiting reality that the ultimate choice we make each day is not between right or wrong, but between Coke and Pepsi.

Venn Diagram





**LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT**

**EXPIRATION
DATE:
11/20/02**

18 oz. Net Weight