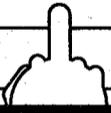


THE STONY
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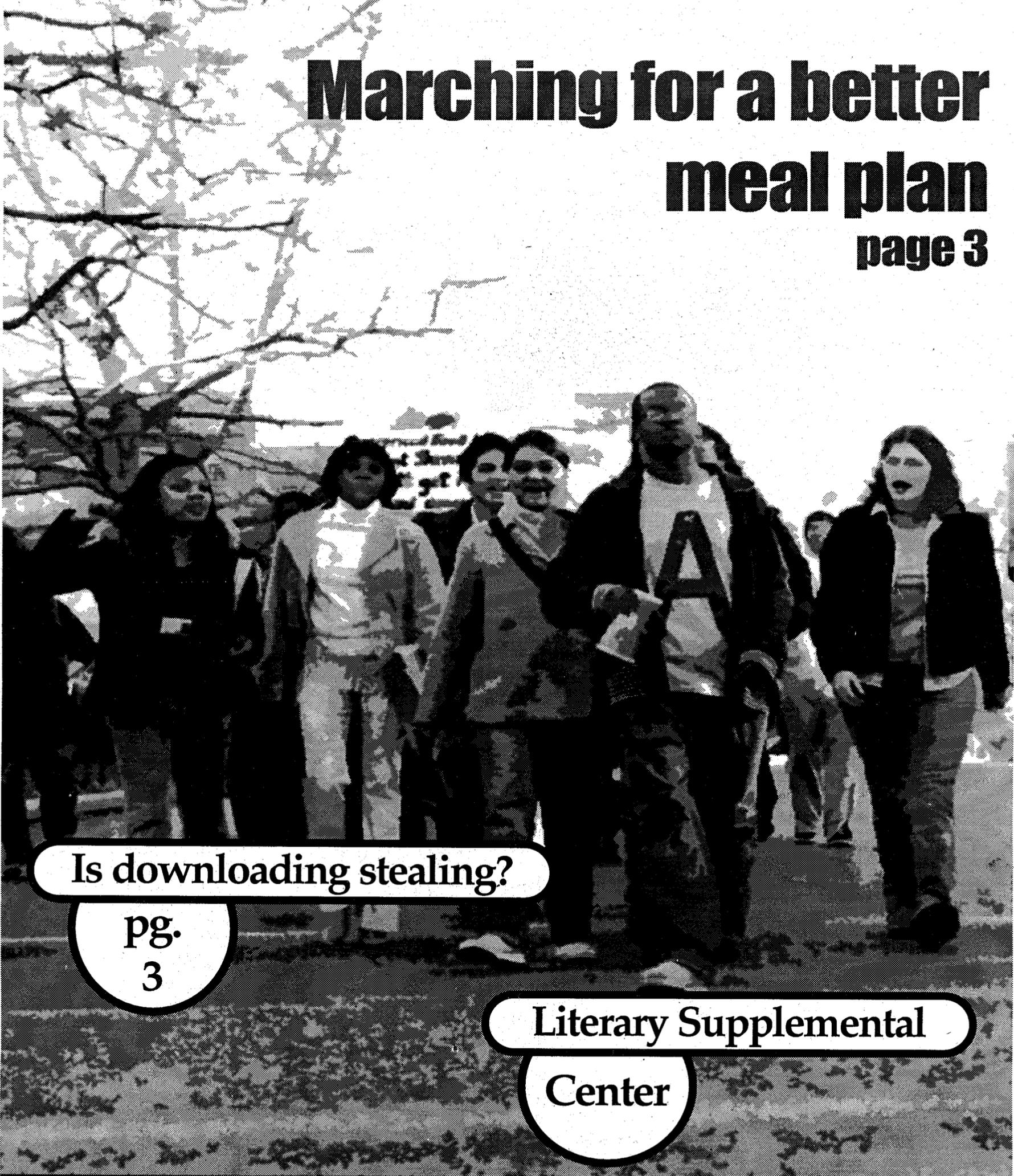


PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 6

"Part of a well balanced diet"

December 4, 2002



Marching for a better meal plan page 3

Is downloading stealing?

pg.
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Literary Supplemental

Center

A Wild Onion Takes Root In NY

By Sam Goldman

Days on the beach don't interest you? Summer job not your thing? A summer session at Stony Brook not your cup of tea?

Well, imagine this scenario for your summer vacation:

You and two friends are competing in a 24-hour race. Your team will have to run, skate, kayak and scooter your way over harsh, unforgiving terrain through a course that lasts over 100 miles, performing various tasks and identifying landmarks along the way. You'll have no help- you can't ask for directions, can't get any friends to drive you anywhere, nothing, though you will have a "support crew" of one or two people. And you're competing against over 75 three-man teams like your own for a purse that

will run over \$50,000, with first place winning half the pot.

Sounds like fun?

Registration begins December 6th for the New York Wild Onion, an adventure race that will have contestants racing through the urban jungles of New York City on June 13th. Organizers are looking for co-ed teams of three

plus one or two people for your support crew. The cost for registration is \$480/person.

Besides the urban setting, the Wild Onion has a few other interesting features. For instance, absolutely no streets or highway lanes will be cut off, so teams will have to put up with busy neighborhood streets, packed city highways and waterways, and patented New York attitude. Wild Onion co-founder Will Burkhart told the New York Times, "If we send you through Times Square at 10 o'clock on a Friday night, you are going to be battling the masses."

In a phone interview, Burkhart told The Press that the course will feature all five boroughs, and will be between 100-125 miles long. The course has not been finalized yet, and even when it is, Wild Onion organizers will not reveal any course details to anyone (including the teams themselves) until about 4 hours before start time, with the exception of the NYPD, who will be given course information to help keep the teams safe. Burkhart said that the course would most likely involve running, stair climbing, scootering, and inline skating, in increments of between 10 and 20 miles apiece. Past races have also involved kayaking and rappelling off buildings. Burkhart added that the race would most likely involve an element of public transportation to get from one borough to another, but that teams will be forced to travel from borough to borough under their own power.

To give an idea of what kind of tasks those brave enough to enter may undergo, Wild Onion Indianapolis, held in June of this year, involved teams shooting free throws at Conseco

Fieldhouse, slogging through drainage tunnels, and heading to a downtown natatorium (indoor swimming pool), where they had to strip down to their shorts and jump off a 15 meter diving platform. Wild Onion Chicago, held in September, had teams running up 103 floors of the Sears Tower, and cycling through 15 miles of city streets with 3 miles of dirt thrown in the middle. Burkhart expects between 75 and 100 teams for the New York Wild Onion.

New York City sports commissioner Kenneth Podziba hopes the race's focus on city landmarks will help attract attention to the city's over 1,700 recreational facilities. "If it's done the way we believe it will be done, it will be great exposure for the city," he told The Times. Burkhart told the Press that Wild Onion organizers are actively looking to televise the event locally and even nationally. The first Wild Onion, held in Chicago in 2000, was broadcast on ESPN. Still sounds like fun? If so, go to www.urbanadventure racing.com and follow the links to register online for the New York Wild Onion. Organizers are also looking for volunteers to work 6-8 hour shifts during race day, as well as volunteers for pre-race preparation, although registration for volunteers has not yet begun.

So, if you've always wanted to do something out of the ordinary for your summer vacation, get some friends together, sign up, and start training. Your perilous, hazardous course- and maybe the site of your ultimate victory- is only an LIRR ride away.



The Takeover

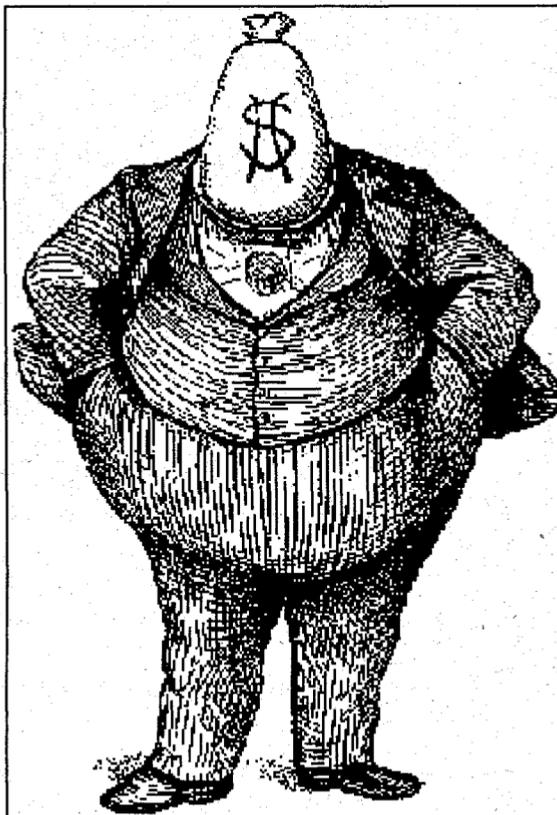
By Alex Nikulin

The original idea behind SUNY schools was to provide the students with a chance to receive affordable higher education. Yet, lately, State schools became a political playground where it seems that the students play a secondary role. It seems as if the university system went under direct control of Albany's politicians. Key positions in the SUNY system were given to incompetent individuals, who only damage the university system with their "revolutionary" policies. The net result is a possible tuition hike that is to hit Stony Brook as early as next semester. The increase in tuition is likely to make New York State University schools the most expensive public higher education institutions in the United States.

Politicians are trying to take control of New York's universities and their operation without any regard for the students. Pataki appointees have no idea as to what they are doing, Robert King, chancellor of SUNY is a professional politician, with no prior experience in education. When inquired as to his appointment he stated, "I don't think the nature of the work, being chancellor, necessarily requires an academic degree." Of course not, the only reason you are there is to support Pataki in the next election, it really has nothing to do with education whatsoever. Pataki filled up SUNY positions with his loyal supporters. First deputy secretary to Pataki, Donald Dunn, received the job of executive vice chancellor. Michael Clemente, Pataki's deputy director of operations became the general manager of the SUNY construction fund. There are dozens more. To get a general idea of how competent these people are, one should look at the proposition for reforming the SUNY system. Major points in this document included the privatization of school hospitals and increased tuition for students that take more than 4 years to complete their degree (more than 2/3 of the

students!) Pataki appointees were involved in financial scandals and document fabrications, while trying to cover up a construction scheme. Politicians who use it for political campaigning are overrunning the university system, while students are tripled in double rooms and are taking classes in groups of 500.

The tuition hike results from the cut in education funding, which is part of Pataki's program to make state schools more competitive and more independent. The major part of this philosophy is teaming up education with private companies, which



according to the governor's men is supposed to shift university costs to the private sector. Unfortunately, those of us living in the real world understand that the corporate world is not interested in anything but profit and since they do not engage in charity, everything must generate revenue. This is why Stony Brook is the site of the fiercest and virtually uncontrolled monopolies (Boars Head, Coca-Cola). Of course there are people who benefit greatly from this "public-private partnership." Shirley Strum Kenny was able to grab 14,000 shares of Computer Associates, while serving on the board of directors for our great friend, Charles B. Wang. The last trading price for a share of CA stock was 15.15 per share, multiply that by 14,000, you get \$212,000. Not bad. Corporate funds result in benefits for the schools and those fortunate enough to serve on different boards and committees, but the students are left with a higher bill to pay without receiving any improvements in return.

NYPIRG reports that New York's public college tuition has risen by 155 percent over the past decade, the fourth largest increase in the nation. Tuition and fees at SUNY's four-year campuses averaged \$4,088 last year, compared to a national average of \$3,754. Yet, it is unclear as to why other State schools are able to get by without hiking up their tuition, while SUNY's for some reason can not. Perhaps, it is because SUNY's have the most unprofessional leaders, which are appointed only to serve as political supporters for the governor. As soon as next semester, Stony Brook students, as well as students in other State schools are most likely to find themselves paying much more for their education. Considering that the reason most students go to SUNY is because they cannot afford private institutions in the first place, a tuition hike will be an extremely painful experience.

Bush Speaks on Meal Plan

By Bev Bryan

At quarter to one on Wednesday the 20th there were signs on campus that it was a sort of holiday but they were easy to miss. A small cloth banner hung from the Western wall of the Staller Center reading, "No War on Iraq."

There were also eight kids around the fountain preparing placards and masks cast in the likeness of the president. They were members of the Stony Brook Coalition Against War and the Social Justice Alliance demonstrating against military action in Iraq as part of the National Day of Student Action.

One of the students pointed out graffiti on an inner wall of the gutted Humanities building. When asked what kind, he described it as, "anti-war graffiti that we have no connection to." It read, "BLOOD FOR \$ NO WAR and THE AMERICAN DREAM."

A few more joined their numbers. Two of them dressed in white biohazard suits had walked over from the NYPIRG sponsored information table on the bankruptcy of the state fund for cleaning up toxic waste. When asked if there was a connection between the two issues — one NYPIRG member in plain clothes answered, flatly, "All this fucked up stuff is connected." When asked if there was a connection between the NYPIRG event and the National Day of Student Action NYPIRG coordinator Helen Ho said, "We're students and we're taking action and coincidentally it's the National Day of Student Action. But it



should be every day."

The students staged a "die-in." A young man in a Bush mask rolled a globe in the direction of others wearing signs saying things like, "I am one Iraqi mother killed in 'the war on terror,'" while another narrated. When the globe reached them they threw themselves to the ground lying motionless. "The Sixties are over!" quipped a smirking young passerby in a suit. The body count was up to eighteen, warm or otherwise.

Then came the shouting that could be heard from the far end of the academic mall.

"Strum-Kenney come here! FSA doesn't care!" This group, marching in protest of the high cost of good meal on campus, was much larger and grew as the war demonstrators gleefully joined them. Groups within the groups exchanged flyers. The marchers, a group as ethnically diverse as the Stony Brook student body, gathered mass all the way to the administration building and up the stairs finally stopping at the Presidents office and crowding in.

About 50 students continued to shout before an unfazed receptionist until one of the protest leaders went to the front of the crowd to make clear their demands. "There's a dozen people more equipped to talk about this than me," he said. He said they wanted an end to the \$500 meal plan activation fee, an end to point shaving as well as more affordable food options. He warned that FSA's plan was to push negotiations into next semester and prevent anything from being accomplished in this one.

A rap session followed. One student pointed out that a point is not a

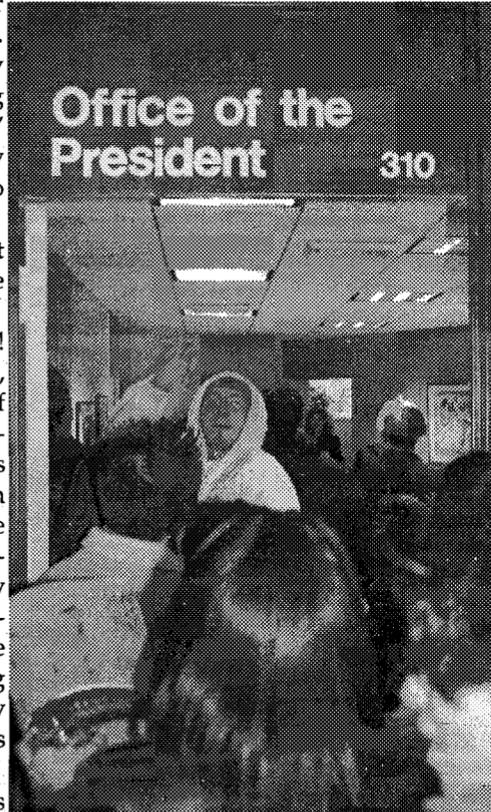
dollar but a dollar and 19 cents. Another asked, "Who doesn't have points?" More raised their hands than didn't. At one point an anti-war demonstrator in Bush costume came to the front of the room amid cheers that the president was to speak. "I feel your pain," he said, "Unfortunately I must take your money from your meal plan and spend it on bombs."

His speech was received with general merriment.

Sisters from Omega Phi Beta were on hand in their letters to lend their support. "We like to give back to our community here at Stony Brook and this issue affects all of us greatly," said Ashtri Bonaparte.

Eventually, President Kenney emerged from her office. Among other things she said, "You do not change a \$14 million operation overnight." The head of FSA, pointed out by Kenney as "Mr. FSA," stood next to her and together they promised to work on things amid shouted demands that a deadline be set for change. The organizer of the movement to reform the meal plan, a young man called Mandel, conferred with the two decision makers but no definitive conclusion was reached.

Students left discussing the war, the meal plan and promising to attend one another's events.



The Music Piracy Myth

By Dustin Herlich

Recently, in an article printed in *Radio and Records* by Carol Archer contained some rather heinous inaccuracies and fallacies. To start off, it needs to be made clear that downloading MP3's will never replace the music industry. That's just too ridiculous to be remotely true. The same was said about almost any media that has come out that home users can record to. Still, through VHS, tapes, CD, records and even MP3's, the recording industry has maintained itself. The only serious challenges that the music industry faces are corporate losses. I challenge any artist to come forward and prove that they have been personally hurt by MP3's.

I'll go through certain points of the article one by one... OF COURSE BLANK CD SALES HAVE GONE UP. There is currently no more efficient way to backup data of any kind off of a computer. Music, movies, large



reports, collections of pictures, and even this newspaper are all recorded to CD. CDs are a permanent record. Don't forget that any inspiring musician or filmmaker uses CD for recording their material as well. Any file you download will inherently be burnt to a CD if even for the fact that it won't clog up your hard drive.

Record sales have dropped because corporate greed has not allowed CD prices to reflect the current state of the economy. Twenty dollars for a CD is simply too much. Bring prices down a little, and watch people buy more CDs. Of course a survey can say that downloading music will make people buy CD's less. Think less individual survey, and more in reality. What kinds of questions were asked? What kinds of people

were the questions asked too? All these things matter.

Where does Archer up with the idea the MP3's hurt upcoming bands? Let me refer you to www.garageband.com. The site is based on up and coming artists sharing MP3's of their work. Oh, wait, let's not forget www.mp3.com. MP3's are the BEST thing to have happened to an upcoming band in a very long time. Find me a band that does not agree. The music industry makes enough money. They are in as much danger of going out of business as newspapers are from the internet.

MP3's are not any worse then any "problem" the music industry has come across. How about instead going after fully pirated CD's they sell in the streets, and things like that? How about lowering CD prices? How about putting out music that's worth buying?

Let's work on our priorities. The software industry has more piracy then the music industry ever could imagine having, yet we have not lost the software industry. There are plenty of places we can get movies on line, Hollywood has not been eyeing any real estate in South America. Let us keep our MP3's. We're not hurting anyone.

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Editorial: Thirsty for Blood? Drink Coke!

It is fair to say that most people on this campus are sick of Coca-Cola and their products. We are forced to consume their drinks for the simple reason that they have monopolized the campus.

Students like ourselves complain all the time. Coke's Minute Maid caps conveniently collect juice in them and spill on you when opened, Vitamin Water has been replaced by greasy Dasani "Nutri-Water." After all this, we don't even get a discount on their products. Does Coca-Cola really think we will want to purchase their products after we graduate?

There is so much more to hate about Coke than these superficial things. Beyond the borders of our country, Coke thrives. Bottling plants exist in great quantities on almost every continent. These plants hire locals and pay them the bare minimum. These people are not given health and other benefits we take for granted in the US. This policy should not come as a surprise, as most international companies do the same.

Coke however, has taken things to a level most other corporations are not willing to do. In South America, a union existed for

the benefit of a certain bottling plant. One night, Columbian paramilitaries killed the leader of said union and told everyone to leave the union or share the same fate. This operation was believed to be organized by the owner of the bottling plant.

In Africa, Coke is one of the largest employers. In Africa a horrendous number of people die each year from AIDS. According to *The Village Voice*, about a third of people our age in Africa are going to die of AIDS. A recent article in *The Nation* brings to light the question of Coke's role in the future of Africa. Being one of the top employers on the continent, they have the opportunity to save thousands of lives. Providing its employees with simple health benefits, Coke can help lessen the effects of AIDS across the continent.

Surely when you reach for that bottle of Vanilla Coke, you never think of what happens behind the scenes. In the season of being thankful, the least we can do is to realize the things Coke does to save a buck. Take note of the different groups on and off campus who are spearheading a campaign against Coke. Protest Coke's actions, even if you are simply sick of their prices and unappetizing products.

Editorial: To Wang or Not to Wang...

That is the question. It's no secret that good ol' Shirley is in cohorts with the wallet behind the new Wang Asian American center. The real question is why the hell would such a rich and powerful man like Charles B. Wang suddenly up and leave his throne on high? Is it too crowded up there with Shirley? Did he need more time to swim in his money bin? Maybe the feds breathing down the neck of his company were getting to close, and someone had to take a fall? The SEC has apparently already made Wang and his pals pay back stockholders for dirty stock deeds.

We here at *The Press* have an alternative theory as to the sudden change from corporate leader to "CEO Emeritus." It is our firm belief that Wang has left the building because of the jokes we as a student body have made. Yes, that's right, your constant jokes against the man have caused a giant among corporate men to leave his position.

We must admit, he made the job easy. Why in the world would you build a Wang

center with a giant phallus on top if you didn't want to be made fun of? Rumor has it, that he would like "Wang" pronounced as if there was an "o," not an "a" in his name, or "Wong." For all we care, he could call himself Charles B. Schlong. He still built a building with a really big weenie on it. Too bad it's not just a little closer to the SAC. Maybe we need a sky bridge connecting the two. We can call it the Vas Deferens path.

Getting back to the matter at hand, Wang has left the company he started oh so many years ago. Amazing that federal investigations, and economic downturns left him undaunted but petty little jokes were the killing blow. Perhaps our penis jokes were too prevalent in recent months? Perhaps it's all part of the conspiracy to overthrow Polity.

Whether Computer Associates is Wangless or not, we are sure President Kenny will miss playing footsie with him at board meetings.

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Pro-Forum dork, now with Squirrel goodness!

Dear Nameless Knight,

You have expertly sussed out my true motivations. My intense Jealousy of the SF4M's game systems has left me in a state so destitute, so woeful that my only options were to either write a jocular AA style guide to assisting the transition of students from Forum to Press (as many Press members have done) or to done silly costumes, wield a PVC and foam rubber rapier, prance around in the woods and refer to my comrades by sissy fairy names. As I am not a total waste of DNA, I decided to forego the aforementioned fantasy excursion and write something.

My lack of creativity and obvious projection of self-loathing is a direct result of not owning a Playstation, Dreamcast, Gamecube and/or DDR.

How Sherlockian of you.

Jackass.

I would like to offer my condolences to your roommate for being laughed out of the Press office. But, what else can one expect when they openly cavort with members of society who have no qualms about wearing Vampire: The Masquerade T-shirts. After all you reap what you sow.

It is a testament to the Forum that they have the maturity to hang my article (if one could even call it that) outside of their door. In fact it shows a distinct lack of dorkly mannerisms to respond to my mocking by laughing it off and treating it like the moderately firm ribbing that it was. While this does offer a snippet of evidence concerning the reformation of the Forum and it's members to more well-adjusted members of society, one cannot forget that they frequently watch cartoons that depict the rape of jr. high school girls by nether-worldly, multi-tentacled demon beasts, who, with orifice ramming phallus' possessing the girth of a Volks-Wagon Jetta teach said Jr. High School girls to enjoy their rapely torment.

For that I believe a little pointing and laughing is in order.

But then again you say that you are not and will not be a Forumite (or Presser). So perhaps, bereft of first-hand experience of said deviance, or journalistic observation of said deviance you are quick to jump to their defense. I say you may have been tricked by the silver tongue of your roommate into believing that all is right. I speculate that you roommate is merely playing the oldest of Forum chicaneries: the demon-rape-viewing-wolf in mere-fairy-elf-dork's clothing.

To address your other points:

"Why would you use a front page spread to attract [the Forumites] to your paper?" A: it's called the bait-and-switch, familiarize yourself with it.

"Can you guys just get on with your life?!! The rest of the University is getting bored at (?) this." A: well pardon moi I didn't realize that you were the campus' own personal Lorax. You're getting bored with it, a lot of other people are really digging it.

"The rest of the paper was fascinating by the way, especially about the ghost thing." Response: you're a huge dork

There exists a sad state of affairs, that at times is exemplified by certain organizations where in something good, cool, and pure (like Star Wars, Star trek, Sci-Fi, Comics, video Games, etc.) is ruined for the rest of the culture because chinless, mouth-breathing weirdo's have to go and metaphorically (and some times literally) masturbate all over it with their obsessive fawning and swooning.

Many of the things that the Forum holds dear are truly enjoyable exercises, arts and entertainments. That said many of the Forumites are cool

enjoyable, well-adjusted people (who I might add have a tendency to throw one hell of a good house party). It is supremely saddening to see these things brought down to their slash-fiction-Pokemon-porn reveling depths.

Moderation's the key to all enjoyment, and it would do many of the Forum good to remember this and diversify their obsessions.

To The Forum I say, kudos to your tolerance and open door policies, but in all honesty your garden of members could stand for a thorough weeding.

Sincerely,

Glenn "Squirrel" Given

P.S. I might add that since the success of the Lord of The Rings movie all you dorks have gotten mighty cocky and forgotten your place.

Statesman

To: The Statesmen

We the members of Student Polity Association, Inc. of Stony brook University hereby request the rebuttal of page eight of the Statesmen issued on October 31, 2002. It specifically states, "Student Polity Inc. is no longer the representative student organization for the administration of the Student Activities Fee." The letter also states the fallacy; "currently different mechanisms are being put into place by Administration to start the process for the structuring of a new student government."

The statements made by Akelia Lawrence are false. We are outraged that the Statesmen did not investigate the validity of this false letter. We believe we have been unable to reach quorum because of this article.

Due to this misunderstanding printed in the Statesmen, it would only be proper that the Statesmen issue a retraction of the letter and proclaim to the student body that Senate is still a functioning organization and that the executive Council is suspended, therefore Senate has this power.

Sincerely,

Student Polity Association, Inc.

Suggestions and Thoughts

Dear Editors:

Was up with the corruption in this school? Early this year, I got my bill and found out 173\$ of my parents/mine money went into a "student activity fund" and as a Business major aspirant, I like to look at all the loose ends, yes I am a transferee with somewhat freshman status, laugh, go a head.

So I talked to my RA and she told me it is for things you want to do on campus, activity and stuff. So recently in a building meeting I proposed to get a new laundry machine and a new dryer, considering a building with 600 students with three machine pairs it is a nightmare to get your clothes done. My last College was a SUNY Tech school upstate with a student population a quarter of this school, and they had about 40 laundry/40 dryers per building!, which are operated full most of the time.

Guess what, my proposal was shot down into hell on the idea the building is still thinking about how to pay for a pool table (which have been broken for two years). Our budget was only 800\$. 800\$!!!! What are they thinking?? We have a population of 600 in our building, which means only less than two dollars a person is actually devoted to our own well being? What happen to the rest of them??

RA told me it went to Polity, I moaned and talk to one of the "senators", he told me the budget was suppose to go to the clubs and similar organiza-

tions. So I took a look and what clubs, Asian American club, ok- Black Student club- ok- Jewish Culture Club- no problem. But my hearts sank when I saw Sci-fi Forum, the heart of all lame organizations, and the Press, which seem to be dedicated to their imagined sexuality of a few overweight editors. Polity is nothing more than a political machine dedicated to patronage!! The clubs who send a few dead weights to the place gets our money? Even when it is the polar opposite of what we want?

You gotta be kidding me.

To make the matter worse, I found out polity even lost that money to the administration and got them canceled- great, so the beaurcracts are now lining their pockets with it? Have we not lost enough already to an uncaring faucility and even disgusting dining service? What is this? Congress? The White house?

Solution? Maybe next year, they should consider saying students have to pay the 173\$, but give them a link to a webpage and tell them to click on each organization they want give money the money too. No they cannot ask for a refund. If they refuse to pick-then the money go to Polity or what replaces polity. There should be a mandatory 25\$ from the residents, goes to our dorms so we can actually improve the place with a realistic budget. And at the same time, It will destroy Polity overtime if they somehow got themselves back together, improve student awareness, and set fire to the butts of those corrupt club leaders and get them to work, for once, they may realize the fate of their organization depend on their ability to attract members. (There goes the sci-fi forum off the bat and improve the frat/sories leaders from openly degrading their members.)

Lastly, I believe in a little competives bidding for the campus dining service. Instead of letting them gorge us we should have several outsides restaurants bid for a chance to open their shop here. And why not? They would love it cause it is a stable source of income for them, why, I can name two to five restaurants around my neighborhood, Chinese takeouts even, that can out do Ding Lee by cost, nutrition, safety, taste and choices by a mile. If you preach capitalism in the classrooms, why not put it into action?

P.S. Do you think I do make a good press editor?

Michael Xin

Business aspirant.

More Ramblings on Polity

Dear Editors,

In recent press issues you've published an "Editorial: Polity will never be welcome here". Although I mostly agree with your opinions on the subject matter, I raise the curious question, that since the student activity fee for this semester seems to be lost on squabbles about who controls it, why doesn't the administration do the most illogical thing with it. Return it to the students? I'm betting that most students wouldn't mind getting back some of the 80 some odd dollars they paid this semester for student activities which never happened. I'm most certain that this is an original idea, and nobody else has had it. Hell, I might even go for a patent.

With that said, I must ask what dope allowed the publishing of "Letter: Yo Momma is fo Fat, She's Fat"? Not only was that the dumbest thing I've ever read, I feel stupider for having read it. I'm almost certain party of my mind has been lost for having laid eyes on this garbage. Please do a better job of screening the crap that gets published in this rag.

Thank you
-Y.A.R.A.P.L.

Pat McGee Band "Shines"

By Andrew Pernick

In the era of Morpheus and filesharing, it is rare that I actually spend my hard-earned cash on a CD. One notable exception is the latest CD by the Pat McGee Band, a quintet from Richmond, VA. Granted, the CD did come out in April 2000, but given the lack of radio play north of the New Jersey Turnpike, the word is apparently not quite out on the street. The sheer talent and heart poured into every track makes the situation more tragic.

The first track, "Runaway," is one of my all-time favorite pieces of music. Blending elements of modern and classic rock, and made even more amazing by the intricacies of a southern flair in the vocal harmony, this track is only improved when played live. "Rebecca," the album's second song, is a fan-favorite and has been on all three of the band's previous C.D.s. This time, however, the addition of Jonathan Williams' subtle vocal skills and tickling of the ivories as well as the voice of an appropriately quiet Al Walsh makes this the definitive studio version. Sadly, Jonathan Williams is no longer a member of the band and Al Walsh is currently involved in solo projects.

"Hero," in this reviewer's humble opinion, is the crème of the crop on this album. A second-person ballad with a southern feel, it is given a very strong driving beat by a very attentive Chris Williams on drums and a brilliant guitar bridge by Brian Fechino. Brian joined the Pat McGee Band after their appearance on the Late Late Show with Craig Kilborn. Pat's vocal bridge shows all of the passion he pours into his music as well as moving the song to a whole new level of

intensity.

"Fine," a textbook example of multipart harmony working together, also showcases the band's ability to blend instruments to create a signature sound. The subtle inclusion of piano accents highlights the attention to detail inherent in any Pat McGee Band song. This is another example of a great song that plays even better live. On the album, percussionist Chardy McEwan's congas and chimes are a little indistinct, but the eleventh track, "Minute" more than makes up for this very slight shortcoming.

"Minute" clearly sets itself apart from the rest of the album for two reasons; the presence of a very lively Chardy and the styling tones of Michael Ghegan's sax. A case study in conveying urgency and impatience, "Minute" also shows the amount of patience and nurturing that went into writing it. The saxophone solo about two-thirds of the way through the track, conveys a sense of eagerness and anticipation that is rewarded with sublime musicianship by the entire band.

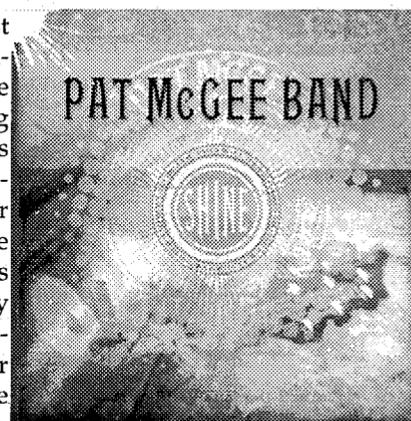
It is in the ninth track, "What Ya Got", where the sum of John Small's talent as a bass guitarist expresses itself fully. I was unable to clearly hear John's bass ingenuities as well on the other tracks, but upon careful examination of "What Ya Got," it is apparent that his technical skills are incredible. The "oohs" during the bridge add an old-rock feel to what is in reality a modern song. And the ending guitar wail is a thing of sheer rock beauty.

The title track, "Shine," is the type of song I might consider having played at my funeral.

The almost ethereal quality to the opening chords makes this a sure-fire tearjerker for anyone who has recently ended a relationship or suffered the death of a

loved one. A eulogy and elegy at once, its lyrics are reminiscent of lost friends and old memories. The combination of gripping lyrics and almost-familiar music helps this song cut straight to a listener's heart with the sharpest of possible knives.

Quite possibly the only way to improve upon the album is to see the Pat McGee Band live. They are coming to the NY area over Thanksgiving on a double-bill with O.A.R. at the Hammerstein Ballroom (314 West 34th Street, Manhattan) on the 29th and 30th of this month. And for those of you looking for a great Christmas break show, they are returning to NYC on the 29th of December for a show at Irving Plaza (17 Irving Place, Manhattan). Watching the interplay between Brian Fechino (now a permanent member on guitar), Chardy McEwan and Pat McGee is worth the ticket price alone. "Shine" is available on Giant/Warner Brothers Records at finer music stores everywhere.



Get Ur Geek On

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

What's in My Box?

OK, I admit it; Top Ten lists are played out. You don't want to read them, and I don't particularly want to write them. But, owing to my recent lack of disposable income I have been unable to acquire a sufficient array of new materials to wow and dazzle you with. As such, and coinciding with my big geeky comic database creation project, I have had ample time to sit and reread those works that make up my comic collection. In doing so it sprung to mind that any new comics reader might find a quick run down of the big (and readily available) hitters that should be in any readers collection. All of these books can be easily obtained from your local comic store, major book store, or Amazon.com.

Building a good shelf of books is like preparing a fine meal. You need to have your separate courses, each tailored to maximize the virtues of their material, running the gamut from, hearty to rich, refreshing to robust.

1. Tights and Capes: The Dark Knight Returns/Watchmen

Let's not ignore the obvious, for the past half-century comics have been dominated by super-heroes. For good or for ill all that spandex and referring to ones-self in the third person has inked the most tree pulp. There are some great super-hero stories out there, many have been collected in Trade Paperbacks, but very few of them, perhaps because of our hindsight and cultural context, continue to exist as challenging resonant stories. Of the handful retaining their "oomph", only two of them are universally held as paragons of their medium: Alan Moore's The Watchmen, and Frank Miller's The Dark Knight Returns.

Both works unabashedly dissect their own inspirations, tearing apart and rebuilding the normative notions of what a super-hero is.

Dark Knight... envisions a Reagan-era cold war future, a grim, dystopian, Gotham (which itself was pretty grim to begin with), that suffers the terrors of the costumed maniacs that make up Batman's rogue Gallery, cast into anarchy by a nuclear assault, and plays stage to the platonic battle between Law and Justice as personified by Superman and Batman (respectively). Miller is at the top of his game in both his illustration and prose. Dark Knight... is approachable enough to lure in the casual reader on their recognition of character, and yet manages to completely turn these characters inside out.

Watchmen, is a similar beast, but of a different order. Moore unleashes ??? hundred-odd pages of some of the most well crafted mystery, fantasy and character development to ever grace the pages of any comic you are likely to find. It is a sprawling tale of Machiavellian world domination, the secret lives of public heroes, and the nature of humanity in the face of god-like forces. Watchmen gives no quarter in its unflinching hyperbole of what we do when gods, or those we treat as such, walk among us and more frighteningly what goes on in the minds of the powerful. Moore's most praised work has been hailed as a Post-Modern masterpiece. I argue that to slap the Po-Mo prefix to it serves only to diminish what is, in effect, an astonishing work of societal self-reflection, and a keen mythology drawn from the world of the power elite and the dreams of the proletariat that hold them up. In the end both of these books should, nay, need to be owned.

See also: Spider-Man The Death of Gwen Stacy, Batman Year One, Judge Dredd (any of the collec-

tions), The Authority (any of the collections)

2. The Non-Fiction Testimonial: Maus

Non-Fiction Testimonial/Journalism comics remain one of the smallest sub-genre's of comic books. One should also note that the most literarily respected works of comic art. Art Spiegelman's Maus was the first (and thus far, only) comic book to win the Pulitzer Prize. Maus puts to page the recounting of Spiegelman's father's experience in WW2. The fathers accounts of his time in concentration camps, living on the run from the Nazi's and eking out an existence as a hunted ethnicity are revealingly inter-cut with his life today in New York. The humanism of the tale itself is enough to earn Maus numerous accolades. But, what truly raises it to the level of art lies in the visual interpretation of the story. Spiegelman's real people are rendered as anthropomorphic caricatures, each nationality/ethnicity being a personified version of a particular animal. Germans become cats, the French are frogs and the Jews are mice. The blunt impact of this interpretive choice cannot be understated; Spiegelman's artistic voice expands and drives home the horror of the Holocaust and the flickers of hope that persisted in the hearts of the victimized. I'm not the kind to get all weepy and moved by "the Triumph of the Human Spirit" but, Maus does move a reader in just that way. It's a genuine and heartfelt testimonial that achieves brilliance when conjoined with its wonderful illustrations.

See also: Palestine and Safe Area Gorzade (both by Joe Sacco, a wonderful comic art journalist who provides a unique look into the conflicts of Palestine and Bosnia respectfully)

Continued on page 14

Queer Visualities: Reframing Sexuality in a Post-Warhol World

By Ana Maria Ramirez

"They always say time changes things, but you actually have to change them yourself."

- Andy Warhol, *The Philosophy of*

Andy Warhol

"Isn't life a series of images that change as they repeat themselves?"

-Andy Warhol, *In Senses/Sight*

Andy Warhol, the renowned pop artist, first broke into the art world in 1952, changing the way people viewed art and pop culture.

Through his experience as a commercial artist for magazines like *Bazaar* and *Vogue* beforehand, Warhol along with other artists like Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenburg, Roy Lichtenstein; took items which were known to be kitsch or low art and raised them into the standards of high art by placing objects found in mass media and consumer products and into the art galleries of New York City.

Pop Art, known for its use of already existing mediums in the media would take these familiar and cozy figures and transpose their previous meanings into a whole new genre.

Today, 15 years after his death, Warhol's works still leave deep impressions on contemporary works, which is greatly noted within the current art exhibition in the Staller Art Gallery called "Queer Visualities: Reframing Sexuality in a Post-Warhol World".

In it, one of Andy Warhol's prints, "Birmingham Race Riot" is found. Warhol first took the image from a newspaper clipping which depicted one of the riots during the civil rights movement of the 1960s. By taking this image outside of the newspaper article, Warhol places it into a different context or frame. And later, contemporary artist Cary

Liebowitz again changes this image's context by placing it inside a cruddy beige Rococo frame.

The image hangs at the center of the art exhibition and represents what Jonathan Katz calls "art as a quotation inside a quotation, inside a quotation, the endless reframing exposing the inherently constructed quality of representation..."

Katz, now a professor and the Director of the Larry Kramer Initiative for Lesbian and Gay Studies at Yale University, had previously taught Art History and Queer Studies at Stony Brook University. He arrived at Stony Brook, in part to develop queer study classes and to also generate study interest in a range of queer studies. And the Queer Visualities show was one of them.

"Here's a show that broadly put, is all about quotation, citation and the way to think about it perhaps most clearly is to note that when a gay or lesbian person comes out of the closet and declares their identity as "gay" they're not speaking who they are, their reciting a social identity or a pre-existing notion," said Katz. "Their quoting something that's already out there in culture because nobody can be defined by gay. And so, what the show is likewise doing is showing that we don't speak so much as quote."

Katz states that the show is by no means all lesbian and gay artists. "I don't know the sexuality of a lot of the artists and I don't really care. What I am interested in is work that interrogates the question of both boundaries and more broadly history and art history."

The show at the Staller Gallery, along with the current student exhibition "Queer Works", which is curated by Christa Erickson, at the SAC gallery was actually made in conjunction with the "Queer Visualities 1st International Conference on Queer

Visual Culture."

The conference ran from November 14 through the 16 which began at Stony Brook University and ended at Stony Brook Manhattan.

"We expect it to be of some import to the field. It's a three day multi-site extravaganza with a drop dead gorgeous show," said Katz. "There has never been a Queer Art History Conference nor a Queer Visual Culture Conference and because we are the first we have the burden to represent as many voices and as much good work as we can."

Along with Katz, another new professor had been hired that same semester called Carl Pope. Pope, a professor of Photography in the art department was approached by Katz and asked to work with him on the conference. This ultimately led Pope to curate the Queer Visualities exhibition.

The show struggles with similar ideas of Pop Art, taking a conventional image or idea and twisting it, fighting against the boundaries of traditional and static ideas and broadening them into a whole different level of understanding.

"Because the conference deals with visual culture it makes sense to have an exhibition portion to the conference; it makes sense to have visual samples," said Pope. "And so, starting Fall 2000, I started the process of thinking about the notion of queerness and popular culture that I wanted to deal with."

For Pope, because the history of Queer shows is quite short, he wanted to take the exhibition a little farther and to deal with queerness in a more expansive way than what it is normally understood. He believes that one of the conventional ideas that are found in queer shows are images that deal with explicit gay sexuality.

"One of the text-book definitions of queer is

Continued on page 12

Critics of the Wang Center: A Response

By Ted Wang

During my freshman year (three years ago) a learning communities professor of mine remarked about what an incredible waste of space this Asian American Center is going to be and felt that it would be more fitting for the multimillion dollar donation to be spent elsewhere. Many of my classmates enthusiastically agreed with her. Being new and quiet I didn't say anything but I could never put that day to rest. Seeing a similar sentiment expressed in the Press recently I can no longer keep silent.

Dustin Herlich (*The Press* Oct 31st) describes the Wang Center as "a resting spot for students, and will house no classrooms or other much needed learning spaces. Instead it will house food, open spaces, gardens, a theater, exhibition space and fishies." Herlich apparently doesn't believe one can learn from experiencing the cuisines of different cultures. He also appears to think that nothing educational can possibly go on in a theater or an exhibition space that can showcase cultural works of art. How about those indoor open spaces - an area where students can escape the weather, be together and learn from each other - are they a waste of space too?

I'm not going to talk about the features Herlich has missed (or perhaps downplayed) in his research - like the global telecommunication systems, the two lecture halls and the non-denominational wedding chapel etc. This type of information can be easily found on the New York Times, Newsday and even our own SBU Asian American E-Zine (www.aa2sbu.org/aaczone/). The fact is do we really need more classrooms and even if we do is that the responsibility of a generous donor?

The State of New York already made it

clear what our school needs and that has been expressed in the form of Senator LaValle Football Stadium and bulldozing Humanities. And to those few students who grumble about having a rich culture but not having a wealthy benefactor to get them attention I must refer you back to our multimillion dollar football stadium - an icon of a rich culture with an even richer benefactor. Need I mention the names of Mr. Javits, Frank Jr. and Ward Melville, Harriman, Staller, and the name of every dormitory building on campus?

Now I like the new football stadium even if it is named after a senator who generously appropriated the funds from the people of New York rather than donated it out of his own pockets. I have only missed one game since it's opening. I however get irritated when I hear complaints of cultural favoritism aimed towards non-western cultures. If that's what the Wang Center - a cultural institution - is guilty of, then perhaps we ought to re-examine cultural favorites like our national language, history and even our holidays. Are those not a result of cultural favoritism?

Rant aside; let me tell you why a center with a theme on Asia and America is vital to this country and the world. According to the East-West Center, established by the US Congress, (<http://www.eastwestcenter.org/stored/pdfs/p&p059.pdf>) there are approximately 3.5 billion people in Asia out of 6 billion in the world. India and China alone has more than two billion and that is not counting their overseas Diaspora population or any other country in Asia. Asia's rising economy and population will ensure that one way or another the interests of this country and that of the Asian Pacific will collide as it did not long ago with the

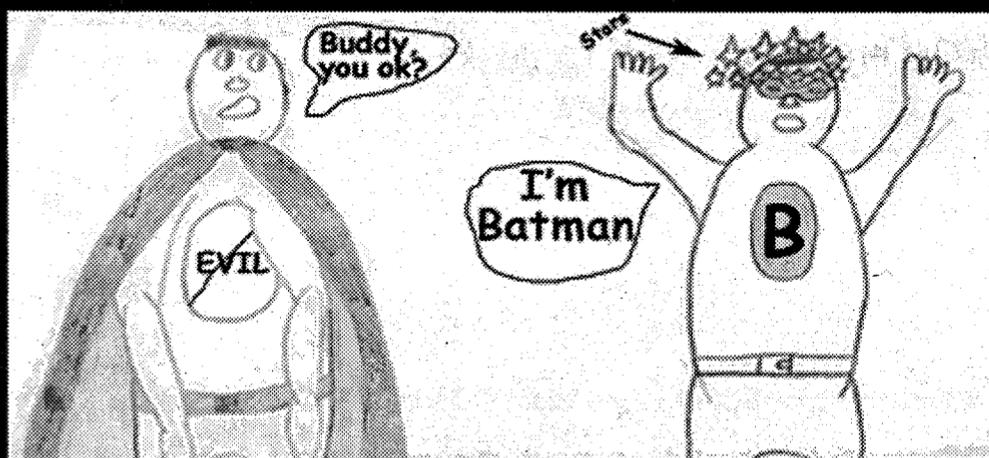
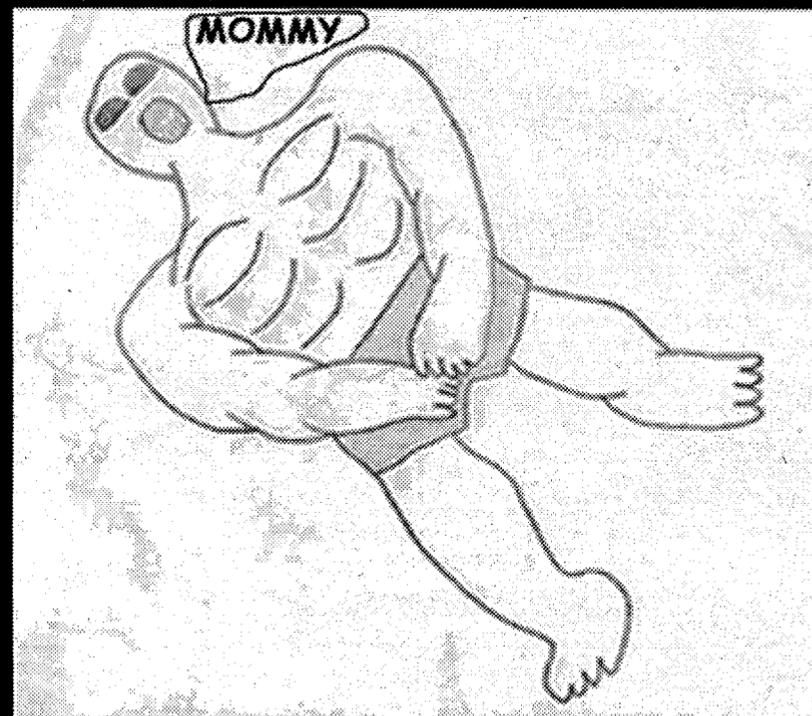
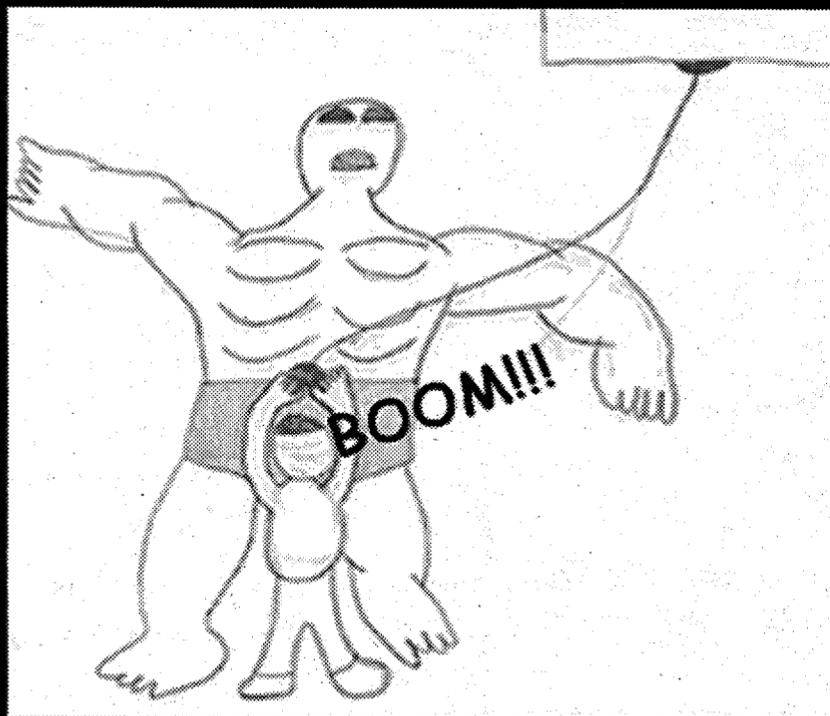
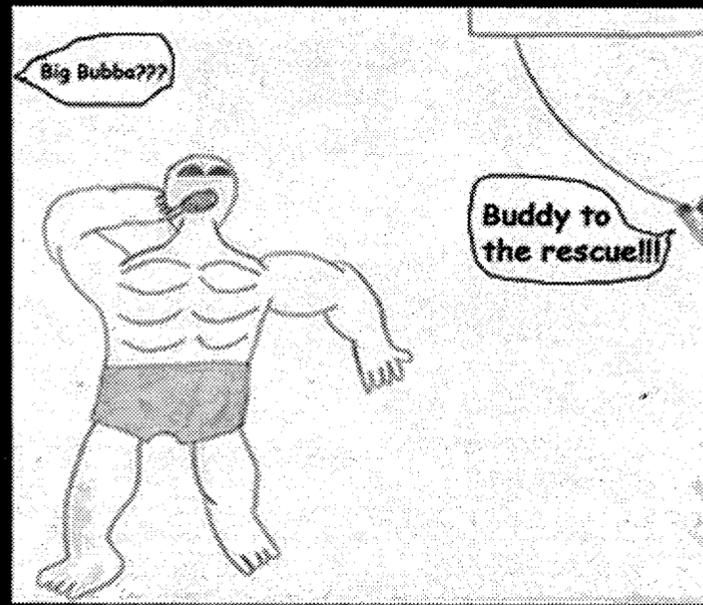
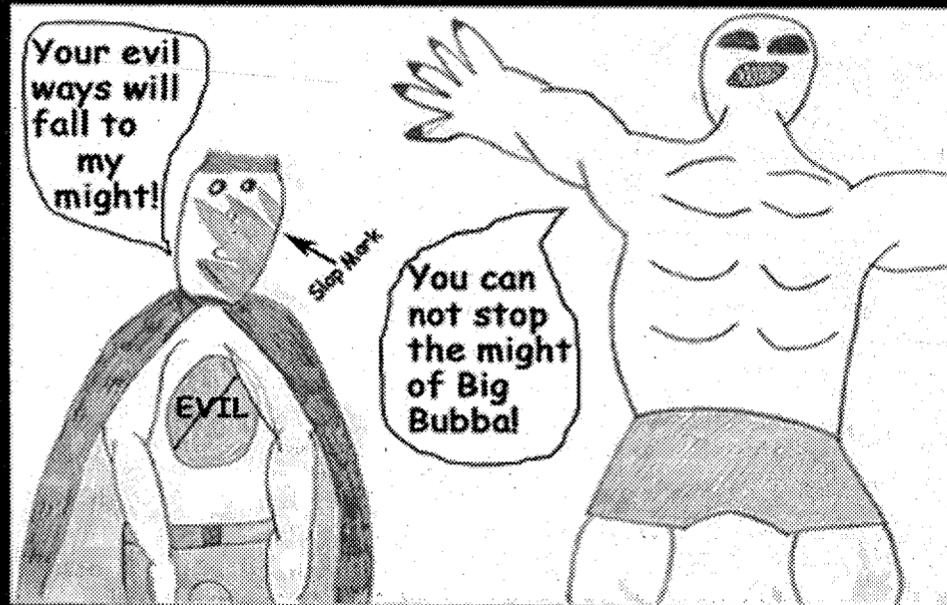
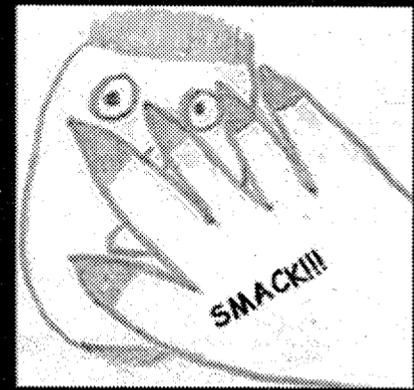
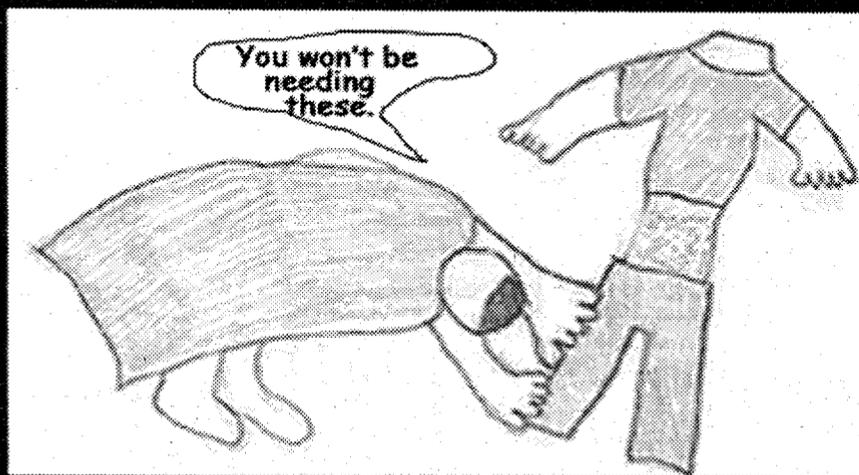
US spy plane incident near the South China Sea. Gunboat diplomacy will not work in the Asian Pacific like it did a hundred years ago. Demanding countries like China and India to disarm their weapons of mass destruction is like demanding the United States to dismantle their weapons of mass destruction (yes we have them too). In such a climate to be quickly briefed about what is going on in Asia, its sentiments and attitudes will not be sufficient. There are cultural nuances that can mean peaceful gestures or irreversible insults. This type of learning must start at the very least during the university years. Cultural understanding can easily be applicable in non-geopolitical fields like business, academia and science where cross-cultural relations are key to cooperation.

Closer to home there are quite a number of Asians (central, south or east Asian) living in America as citizens and non-citizens. It is impossible to talk about Asian Americans without talking about Asia. Asian Americans learn about the histories and cultural roots of their fellow Americans. It's about time our fellow Americans learn about their Asian communities. Does that mean we need a center for everybody's culture? In a word: YES. If the United States is to be the sole super-power it better have a clearer understanding of who is out there and what they are like. How's it going to do that when it barely understands its own multi-racial, multi ethnic country? The Wang Center attempts to take care of half that task (Asians being half the world's population) by presenting to our future leaders what they have been missing out on for most of their lives; a different point of view.

ANTI-EVIL MAN

By Adam Schlagman

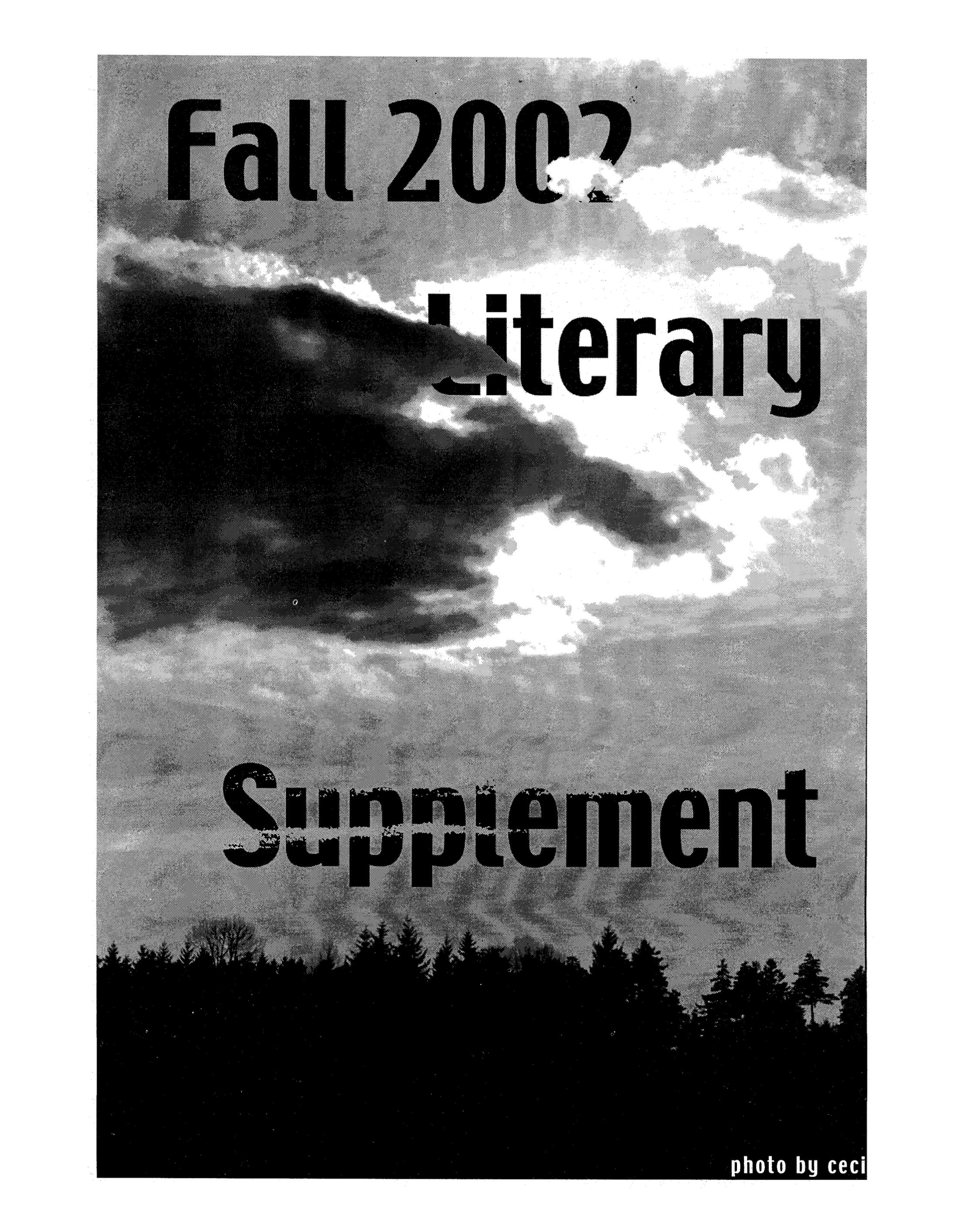
ISSUE #2



Who is the Mysterious Buddy?

Find out next time in the first ever live action uneventful issue of Anti Evil Man entitled:

Superman Get Out of The Way



Fall 2002

Literary

Supplement

photo by ceci

I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS RUNNING WITH
DAVID BOWIE
THROUGH THIS CHECKERED
MAZE
OF CARS AND STREETLAMPS
HE STOPPED
I GAZED BACK
AND FLOATED AWAY
AND BECAME
CAPTAIN AHAH

BY FIANNA SOGOMONYAN



image by ceci

HOME ALONE by Ed Raynis

I've always felt alone
even amongst the best of people
to help me along,
beginnings, middle, in the
end

I
Am
alone

I always loved
the warmth of home
open, shut,
leave behind the rest of
the world

I close that door

I
am
home

I came in
late and tired
I found you home
no longer alone
I kissed you once
but not no more
I am with you
but I'm
alone



image by
mike fabbri

**Pixilated vision of words written upon a blank page,
He puts his heart and soul into it.**

**Unrefined definitively in a manner lost to most,
He opens his heart and soul to them.**

**Contemplated corrosion of lucid emotion,
He writes his heart and soul for her.**

**Existed meaning lost in cryptic symbol,
He loses his heart and soul in himself.**

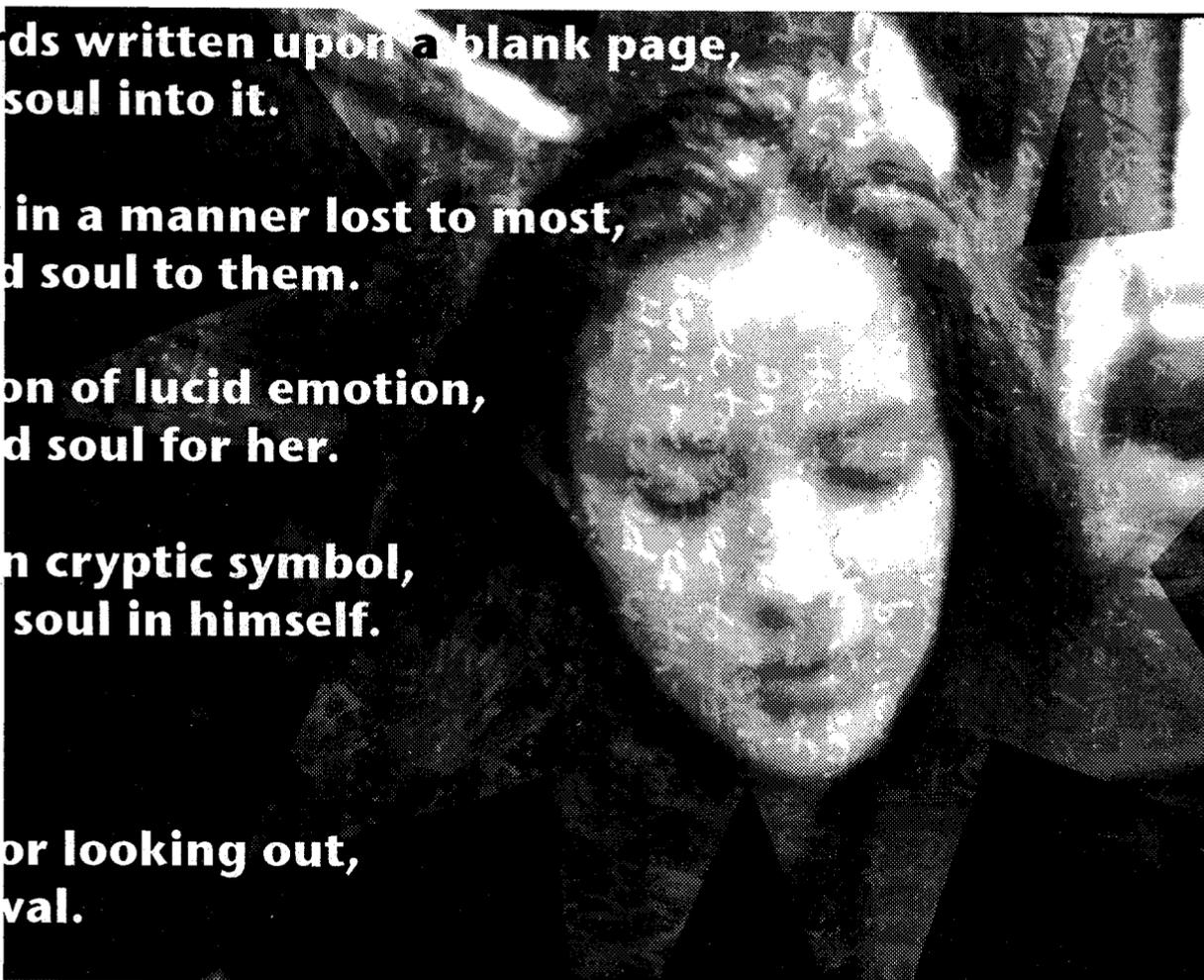
Wait

**I stand at my front door looking out,
Anticipating your arrival.**

**We stand in front of the mirror,
Wanting to walk through.**

**He stands in front of the line,
Hoping to kiss her.**

**She stands in front of the café,
Watching him walk by.**



**words and photo by
by Ceci Norman**

Let Me Live

"We resurrected him for you"
said the scientists to the pope.
He was born again.
This time his birth was not amidst cows and goats
but amidst tubes and valve.

"Blessed are our souls for we witness
the vision of the three wise men," people said.

"LORD, TEACH US HOW TO LIVE NOW.
We fear, we have drifted, a lot from you," they plead-
ed.

He looked at them with his compassion,
but his face turned pale and his eyes shut.

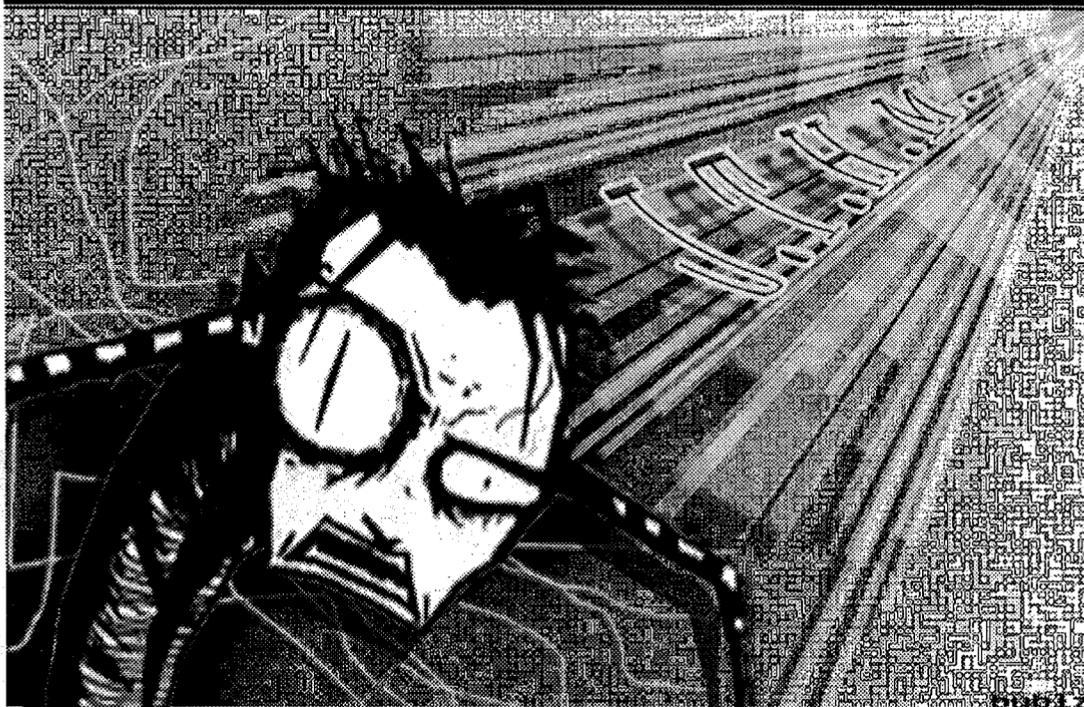
He contemplated and arose to say,
"My flesh is too weak,

By Perumal Ramasama

for I have stayed with the nail on the cross
for two thousand years.
I shall not teach again.
I fear another crucification.
This time I shall live,
to practice what I preached,
and men may learn from my life,
and not play with my words," he said.

He left the lab saying,
"Father let me live,
to practice for long what I preached.
Father bless these men...
for they know what they are doing
but for them I wouldn't be
with your children once again."

He left the lab with the north star following him.



Tribute to Johnny the Homicidal Maniac
by mike fabbri

Start this off with the word "FUCK"
But maybe I jumped the gun, maybe
Maybe we should stop fucking everything in sight
And stare at the wall instead
No, that's boring
I've got to go take a nap
After I eat some lunch
Rub one off
Take a shit
Fuck that
Drink coffee instead and call it a day
I hate you
Go away
Now

By Bob

photo by ceci



Masterminding The Perfect Session

By Vikil Girdhar

As long as we keep it within the family,
I promise I won't ask you to marry me.
So listen real close as I make my confession,
Let's create the perfect masturbatory session.

My grandma became a prostitute today,
Lifted up her skirt and showed me the way.
I paid her well and left the rest up to her,
I asked her to fuck me and she said "Yes sir!"

Oh dear Grandma, you're as sweet as candy,
Now stop stalling and take off your panties.
And then undress the rest, go nice and slow,
Oh Grandma, can you please become my ho?

You squeeze and tease, just kiss and dismiss,
And help fulfill this pervert's only wish.
Your hair may be white, what a soar sight
Yet I still want to eat your pussy so tight.

Your wrinkles just add to my sexual pleasure,
I dip my hand in your booty just for treasure.
This baby got back, it's you I want to mack,
Shit I swear I heard your bone just crack!

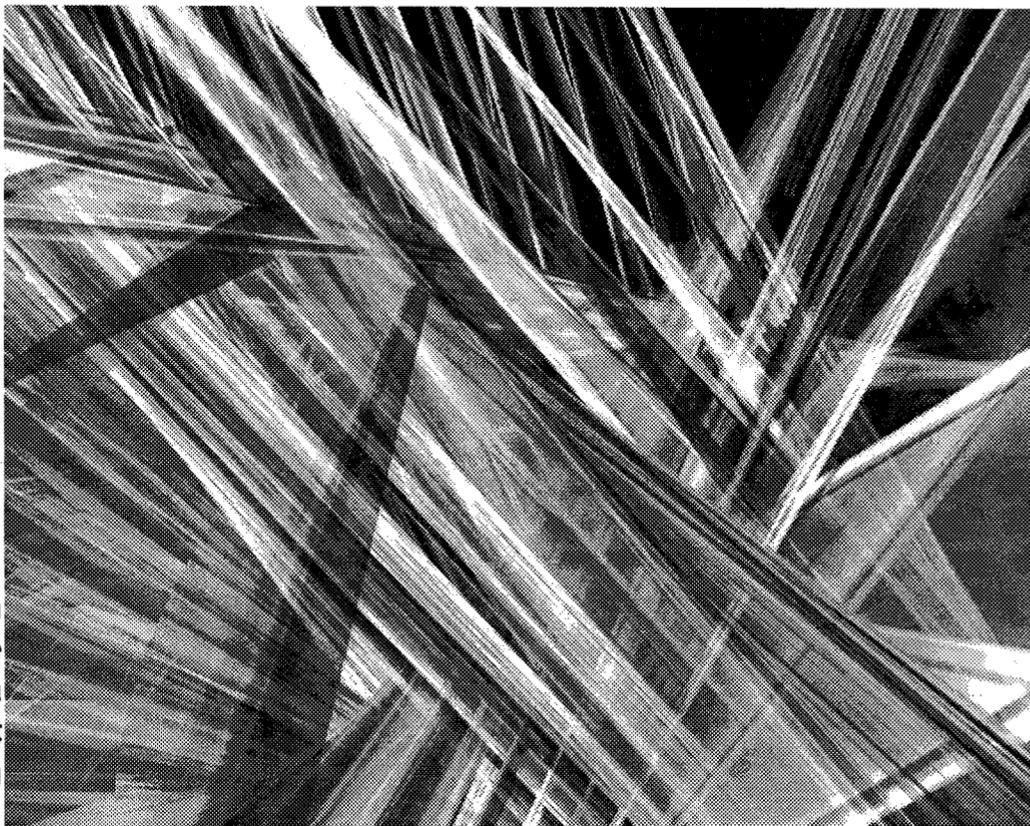
You nibble on my dick to the very last bit,
Hell, I even deflated your mango rotten tits!
On second thought, all this may be a sin —
And so I whip out the dildo and put it in!

When all of a sudden the alarm went off,
I had a lump in my throat and began to cough.
Much as I needed Grandma in my possession,
She was only the object of my affection.

She's ninety years old, yet so fresh and clean,
I need her back in my dreams, kna'mean?
So I lay back and reach back into my pants,
And masturbate till cum leaks out of my ass.

For those wondering what happened next,
A deep sensation of some good old sex.
Only this time, my hands did all the work,
Forgive me for being a sick and twisted fuck.

image by
mike fabbri



To Dance With Diamonds

By Esther Strusman

Can we look into the night and not be lost in our own daze that blinds us from seeing the black cape looming above us filled with memories that we can never forget, but instances in time that we can never again have.

Can I hold my thoughts in a glass at each moment in time and look back so that I can remember the joy I felt at that moment.

I wish I could look into my memories see them vividly and pure through clear eyes and know that my vision hasn't been blinded by the diamonds that I look into when I wish not to see.

I dance into the night and forget my sorrows, embracing the dance with all my heart and soul.

Letting my hips flow I feel released from my burdens, my anger, my sadness, my pain.

All I feel is the joy that comes with my swaying hips.

Again, I am lost in the diamonds.

No one can really see me when I hide in these crystal cages.

When I am hidden no one can see me.

And to hide behind my mask is blissful.

Just take a picture of my eyes so I can watch over all my loved ones without being blinded.

Diamonds are so beautiful.

I let them dangle from my body when I dance sometimes.

Yes the swaying,

The unending movements that release me.

Like a drug working its way through my veins,

I feel the music as it pumps alive in my blood,

Whispering my name in its hypnotic tempos calling me to the dance floor.

I feel alive with the music as we become one,

Lost in a harmony of house riding up and down my body,

As the music casts its spell on me I move where it pushes me

I speak back to it with my spins and dips.

It loves me like no other,

And always draws me back into its lure,

To spin again, move again, feel its embrace,

And after the night is done, I part.

But there is no question to it,

I will hear from this lover again.

And when I do I'll be ready.

FLASH/COLORS

By ed raynis

This is flash now

I have

nothing to

say, cause

I'm O:D ee ingg

i wish i could come back

to your level

But

I'm stuck here in this tortuous flame

i will come around.

I don't see things on your level,

I only hear

sounds

REMEMBER though

who gave the answers

when you didn't know them

it was i

who found the answers

It was I, who gave you the answers

your words have no meaning

I can only hear

the colors

I get all my direction from the colors

I only listen to the hues of the colors

colors, colors, colors

Pretty colors

Ewww

The are very pretty colors

Pink, Blue and chartruse

Purply colors and muave

Twinkly colors bright

I listen and I wait in delight

for all of them

colors, colors, colors

Eww Pretty, Pretty, colors

Tale of the Redheaded Monster

It was a crisp, mid-October day in the lane of pine and oak trees. The temperature was at sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the sun was still radiant on that same day, and everything was beautiful. The foliage, the apples, the smell of pumpkin pie cooling off on the window slit, it was as if paradise had been put on Earth for the first time in history.

While strolling down on Autumn Lane, Riversworth, a sucker for foliage, was stunned at all that nature had to offer him. From the leaves, tinted with hot colors of raspberry crimson, solar aurum, and organic orange, to the squirrels dancing with each other around the oak tree and the ground, and final the freshly grown, organic, radiant pumpkins that have blossomed into bright crops, worthy of being picked from the grounds that Demeter has blessed from the heavens. Riversworth was so impressed with the autumn milieu of Massachusetts that he decided to pick up a leaf from the ground to remain him of Gaea's love for Earth and it's inhabitants.

As his hand moved forward towards the pile, all of a sudden, the Earth had begun to tremble. The trembling frightened the doves stilling on the oak tree, forcing them to retreat elsewhere; while the squirrels were forced to depart from the lane, as they ran for their lives headed North. From the nosegay of leaves, a steam and fire had struck the ground, with blood from the river Styx flowing onto the pile of leaves with the odor of brimstone present as well.

From the pound of the scarlet solution and sulfurous smog that filled the lungs with distaste, came a beast like no other. It had a pig's snout, four legs of a canine, tusks as sharp as Spaniard swords, three to four inch red hairs to over it's body from the snout to the anus, and eyes, eyes that were so sable that the light hitting it was entrapped and diminishing their natural existences to the world.

As the beast used it's canine legs to raise itself from the ground, Riversworth was trembling in fear and sweating profusely, as if he were wearing a gloomy mink coat under the hot Arabian sun. As soon as the beast saw Riversworth, it

screamed for blood in its frantic squeal that sounded like the trumpets, trumpets sounding for hell's gates to open for a cavalry of headless horsemen to run amuck amongst Earth. When Riversworth heard the battle cry, he ran down the lane, as fast as he can from the beast, not knowing that the beast could run as fast as a Namibian cheetah. As Riversworth ran and ran, he turned around to see if he had avoid the beast, but every time he turned around, the beast grew larger and larger. First it was the size of a Spanish boar, then it was the size of a wolf, and then it was the size of a mammoth.

Riversworth ran and ran, until he stumbled over a crystallized black rock on the road. Once he hit the ground, he tried to get up and run again, but unable to because he twisted his ankle. Fearing for his life, he closed his eyes and prayed to Zeus to save him from this wicked beast. As the beast approached its prey, its war cries became louder and louder, and then all of the sudden it stopped.

Riversworth open his eyes, to see if Zeus had listened to his prayers to smite the beast, but instead found something else. His eyes open to a vision of a frau: a frau with long, straight autumn hair, white skin pigment, eyes with a pigment of the blue sky, and an athletic figure. In front of Riversworth, she was nude, nude from head to toe, revealing her unsupported bosoms, hairless legs, and crimson pubic hairs.

Riversworth was in relief that it was a frau instead of a beast. Riversworth then said "Thank you Zeus almighty, you have sent this stunning frau, with the strength of forty warriors, from the heavens to smite the war-mongering beast", then without a warning, the frau strikes Riversworth's heart. Ripping through his sternum with a steel grip, she grabs his heart from his body and brings it close to her lips, where she would drink his hot blood from his heart by pressing against the cardiac muscles to bring it to her mouth. As blood flowed into her mouth, a portion of it spilled onto her chin, which then flowed downward to cover her bosoms, and continued flowing downward to hit the surface of the Earth.

Riversworth, attempting to gasp for air as blood hemorrhaged from his sternum cavity, stated "damn you, damn you spawn of Styx, you harlot of Hades, you crimson nymph of blood, damn you for taking my most prized possession, my heart". After six second of attempting to survive without his heart, he died. As the sun's radiance was shirking into nonexistence, the sky turned from blue to red, with clouds forming to precipitate ashes and brimstone.

As the ashes and brimstone hit Gaea's Earth, the nude frau turned into Medusa, with a crimson skin pigment and scarlet snakes planted on her hair. She laughed as she saw Riversworth corpse being devoured by her snakes-every tissue and organ was digested by her lengthy and lethal friends. And so ends a tale, a tale of an innocent autumn day that turned into a cannibalistic nightmare.

By Karl Flusswurt

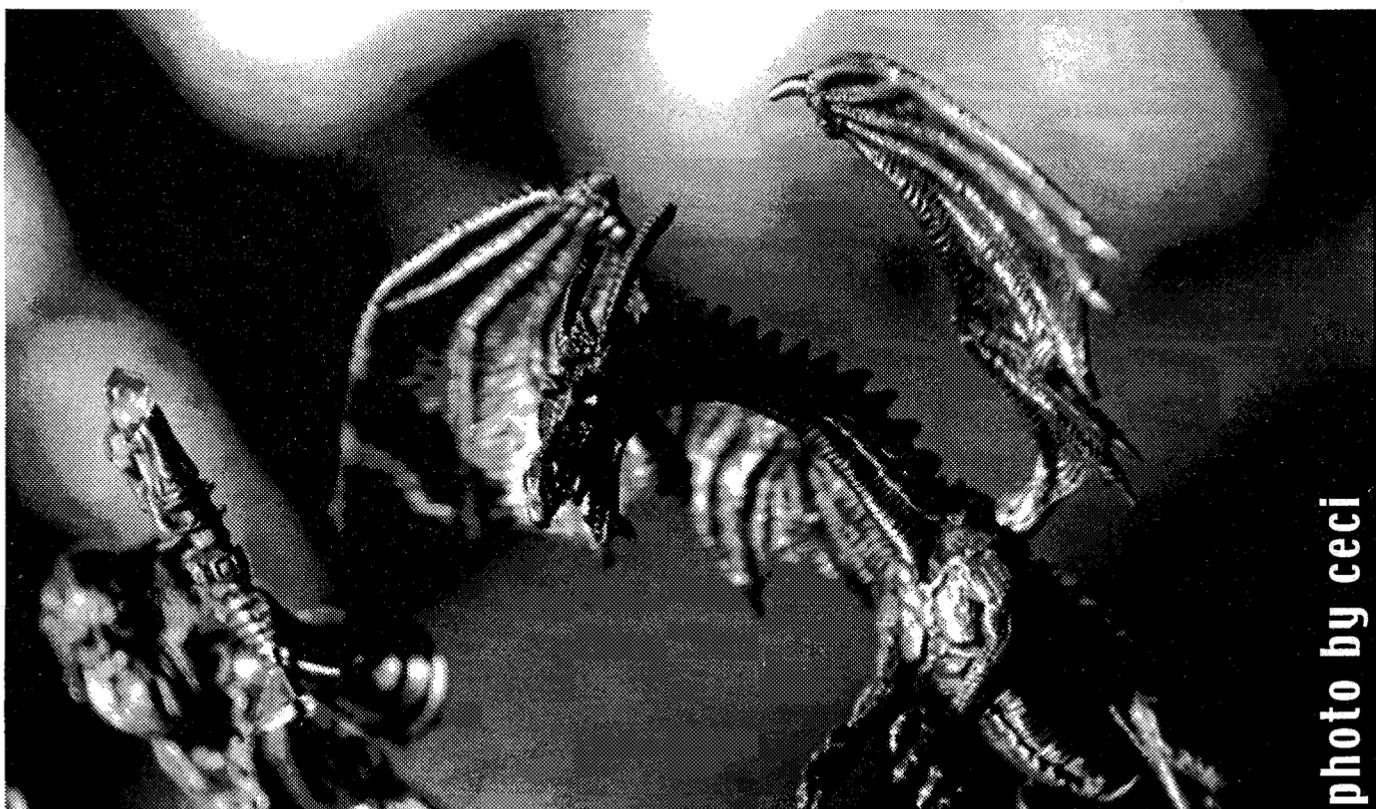


photo by ceci

Toaster

My toaster's name is Ted.
He is bright silver; he is shy and quiet.
Sometimes just when I think he's dead, he comes to life.
Just when I think he's had enough, he comes back for me.
I tell him sometimes, on quiet mornings over coffee,
I whisper low so no one hears...
"Hey Ted... Ted I'm tired.
That's a secret just for you Ted, just for you.
Cause I see sometimes you look tired too."
I think Ted gets sick of toasting my bread day after day.
I think Ted just wants to give up, but then electricity
Sparks through his body and he comes back for me.

Bed

I chose my bed out of a Sears's catalogue because
Of the droopy comforter and saggy pillows.
It looked like a little puppy dog, but when I took it home
It wasn't quite so friendly.
The first night I sank into it so deeply I felt I was drown-
ing.
I awoke at midnight and pulled the covers right up to my
nose because I was afraid of being swallowed up by my
Martha Stewart sheets.
She had promised I would feel at home but most nights I
just
Pray I'll wake up.

Tales of a Modern House

Handcrafted Knives

My knives don't say much.
I don't know why they're here. A salesman convinced me
to buy them on a dismal day in November.
I thought of Thanksgiving, so I bought them. I didn't use
them on Thanksgiving cause no one came.
I think they are pathetic, they have so much strength and
sharpness, but they must remain sedated in their little
wooden slots.
Always remaining in their cages; I never let them out.
How pathetic they are in their little wooden cubicles.
Sedated, drugged, ignored, sold by salesman that prey
On lonely people like me.

Oven

State of the art, is how the manual described it.
Honestly I don't even know what that means.
I haven't really seen a lot of ovens. I haven't really seen
a lot, period.
Once when I was bored I sat in front of my oven, and pre-
tended there was an ocean inside with a thousand
Fish swimming in every direction.
I imagined them every shade of blue and green that an
ocean could contain.
I Laughed out loud. My laugh echoed, hitting every pot
and pan in my empty kitchen.
Frightened, my fish faded and I returned to cutting car-
rots.

Television

I found my TV in a giant warehouse that had a
Catchy name like Circuit City. Walking down the isles
made me nauseous. It was like a thousand robots talking
at me.
I felt like I was on a space ship. I just kept nodding my
head until the salesman put a box in my hand.
I put it right in front of my bed, turned it on, and waited to
be entertained.
Disappointment won and I fell asleep to man made snow
packaged in a pretty box.

by Jackie Hayes

Wardrobe

No lions, no witches in there, I checked.
I just wanted to be sure.
I had a big smile on my face when I opened both doors
As wide as I could.
I crept inside and shut the doors.
I felt around the inside. I memorized every corner, every
crack.
There was nothing.
No porthole to another dimension.
So I closed the doors and sat in darkness until I couldn't
cry anymore.
Finally I got up reminding myself it will be perfect for my
shoes.

photo by dan h

New Year's Eve at her house and the traditional burning of the entire neighborhood's Christmas trees on the bonfire while shouting

New Year's

Auld Lang Syne and drinking champagne from Styrofoam cups:

Ten foot flames and the blinding filigree of smoldering pine boughs. Clouds of sparks like stars but so much more plausible than stars. I have no instinct to question the smell of smoke. With my glasses I can see every particle. Warmth and burning are perfectly connected.

All this stands in sharp contrast to staying in Delray close to Boca with my Grandparents. There, there is an intense feeling of living in a cardboard diorama of the world. Except that this

implies a duality that isn't there. Like living in a cardboard diorama when there is no other thing beyond the diorama. A copy that has annihilated the original. A universe both infinite and completely contrived.

Many here tonight have admitted to finding the moon enormous and opaque, unbelievable. It's easy to forget all that "earth is round" clap-trap. And Delray is a shabby cardboard diorama but the bonfire stands in emphatic contradiction to all that. It imparts the first peace I have known in a long time. Like human contact after a month in solitary. A refuge. Something like dry land. I'm here every year. I've learned to believe in it.

Superstitiously, I am always with her on this day. I believe, fervently, it keeps the wheel turning so that the days will continue getting longer and the nights shorter. Seeing the Christmas trees burn is an atheistic sacrament. Or maybe not so atheistic. The sight revives my faith in the Fact. It rages against the subjective.

by Bev Bryan

For a moment the trees act as a go between if I am sure of them who knows what I could give credence to. An impromptu rendezvous with the Almighty is arranged. This holiday season I have been given a second, bonus Yom Kippur. An experience unimaginable for many, analogous to shaking hands with the preacher on the way out of church and not feeling like either one of you is being in anyway disingenuous.

**I have traveled for all these years
always in perfect rhythm with myself.
I am lucky, I have seen
many great men.**

**They colored me with their blood
giving me a measure of
worthy aging.
Gladly I walked in the fra-
grance
of those stains, calling it - History.
I would rejoice to reach them again,
but the fear of then flying away
from concealed bags of my history-
like the birds escaping from the cages**

**opened,
as I untie the bags of my memory
hoping to greet them- chills me.**

**Perhaps my life would be more pur-
poseful
if I walked in the same pace
as before, in the same
direction,
for I am certain of missing
no great men of future,
waiting with a message for me.
As I am the only happening-thing
when nothing else could dare happen.**

**Thinking Time
by Perumal Ramasami**

UP IN THE AIR

by Ed Raynis

This here's a story often told
but this ones written upon my soul
I come from Tucker near Tennessee
headed up north back in 63.
I took the wife' my dog and kids
I took to booze and I hit the skids
I lost my job, my family and home
I found myself so alone
I'm up in the air

I might of been a fireman, but I couldn't
stand the heat
maybe a great political leader, but I
couldn't smile, lie, and cheat
a superstar athlete, the hero every
night
a writer, producer, director and actor
but things just got too tight
I'm up in the air

I'm up in the air
I'm up in the air
I'm up in the air
Up in the air

Now everything is back on plan
got a factory job lost my Bowery tan
the pay ain't great but what the fuck
It keeps me busy sometimes thats
enough
I ain't been high, I ain't been drunk
Its been a few weeks but feels like
months
to all I've loved
you know I still care
your all right with me
in my heart your always there
up in the air
up in the air
up in the air

Rejection serenades me further,
Into someone I cannot be.
As confidence transforms another,
To handle himself selfishly.

Having lived through my words
Holding onto every pulse I find,
For once I feel deceived,
The air I breathe isn't even mine.

Mesmerized by all I had,
And from whatever I could choose,
I can only be so much,
Here I am, left all confused.

PULSE

With blood flowing in my veins,
Pressure is boiling at its peak,
Yet why must I throb so loudly?
How can my mind be so weak?
The pounding that hides within,
Is bound to make me sin.

But I wonder, to myself,
If that's what Vikil would do?
Perhaps I would calm myself down,
But would my pulse really be true?

I have taken the ultimate risk,
Becoming a poet for the ages
In return I feel locked inside
Nothing but a bunch of cages.

By Vikil Girdhar

To love and cherish, I did.
To hate and to insult, I tried.
To kill and destroy, I attempted,
I even took my life through suicide.

Twisting my thoughts,
And raping everything else,
I even hurt those close to me,
Enough that I gave pain to myself.

With so much that I have felt,
With all that I have endured,
How can I tell what is real?
How can I find my pulse for sure?

Is it my fault I stepped back,
Every time the mirror cracked?
Or am I just a coward,
Who's afraid of getting stabbed?
From all the scars I carry on me,
None can make me react.
But wounds planted on my skin,
Only those can leave an impact.

My pulse is just like yours,
Your pulse is just like mine.
Yet our hearts seem to disperse,
Each beating for its very own find.
But the difference always remains,
Enough to drive me insane.

Delicate as a flower,
Yet hardened as a stone,
I observe myself all alone,
With a scar on each of my bones.

My emotions buried deep within,
My body aging by the second,
I notice my sobs becoming cries
This is how it is when a poet dies.

How can I define myself?
How can I tell if this is really me?
Give me this much and let me see,
Exactly what my life was meant to be.

The mirror remains cracked,
But I am still able to see —
My existence is no longer here,
Nothing reflects back at me.

Just because my heartbeat survives,
Doesn't mean that I'm still alive.
Poetry gave me recognition, if nothing else,
And all it cost me was my pulse.

image by mike fabbri

Redshift

By Perumal Ramasama

He made the elements
and felt struck by its charm
and in his spare time
he played with them.

Then a day came
when he worked all day long
and made life...

Beings pleased him
and yet they carried
no message of his...

He said, "I shall make man
and make his lips pray
and spread him far and wide"

He made man who went farther and farther.
So rapid was man's movement- man's
progress

that he thought to fill man with red blood
to symbolize mans drift
and called man his "redshift of life."

STONED (IN NIGERIA)

by Ed Raynis

You would like
to stone me
for committing
adultery
What do you know
Of me
How can you
judge me

I have
Endured
Servitude
Prepared
The nectar of freedom
Never relishing its juices

What kingdom
Are you keeping
Me from
Am I the one
Who needs
Protecting
Saving

I took comfort
In one
who showered me
with love
A gentle hand
in troubled time

Go ahead now
If you must
Go ahead now
Kill me

Civil lies nations
Abominations
Your law serves
Not to protect me
You wish to
Protect
Cast your stones
Set me
Free

Eva of the Moles by Bev Bryan

The astute drops of melanin, necklaces and bracelets of arch comments on her un-ethereal Slavic beauty. I remember them like stars that did not radiate, like her dark eyes that give you no warning about where she has been. Marie Antoinette hands and a face animated with the habits of her work.. She puts makeup on the wealthy women who come to the Lancome counter at Bloomingdales. She insists this morning on doing my makeup. Smoking my eyes and outlining my lips and creaming over the nervous places where my skin breaks. We sit at her kitchen table this morning inside a warm circle of cigarette smoke that soft focuses the constellation of her skin already made up exactly in the style of Aubrey Hepburn who I never knew was a divine power before meeting Eva.

"Your eyes are so beautiful" she says, "I want to cut them out and keep them." She talks rapidly and with trust about her time as a girl in the refugee camps outside the uninhabitable Hungary of her childhood. Yes, so many people in her family were killed as she watched. And she took guns off so many corpses on her way to school selling them later for food. She feels assured by my face that she will not have to suffer through any tiresome shock from me. She satisfies herself that the circumstances of my birth in America are the result of one pogrom or another and furthermore we are both artists. She trusts me to digest her as we range across her many loves discussing Chopin and food, New York, Estee Lauder, Maria Callas, Italian men and Existentialism.

She has no patience for those who tell her everything happens for a reason. Of course she knows there are reasons for things. The building where they imprisoned her mother and tortured political prisoners in her city, for instance, was located next door to her grade school, for instance. She knows there was a reason for that but she doesn't think it had anything to do with a divine plan. "Like it was god's plan that I am a different person now from hearing them screaming everyday—believe me I don't deserve that honor." She says in the strong accent from the Bronx she denies having as she pours me another glass of wine for breakfast.

The Lion and the Chameleon by Perumal Ramasama

They had not met for a long time.
The ravages of time had scattered them.
His kingdom was gone.

"Great being, I am glad to see you," said the chameleon.

"I hoped for all these years to see you,
time had no bad effect upon me.

For I changed my colors to deceive my predators,
and took no trouble of retaining my past qualities.

In short, I adapted passively to my new environment.

I - a new being with no scars or regrets,

I remain your new subject for a new kingdom.

What on earth are these scars doing on your mighty body?"

The lion roared thunderously.

"These are time's scars that history covered my body with

and gladly opened for me the vision of uncompromising freedom.

I had to face the hatred of enemies in new territories.

My uncompromising heart made them tear my flesh

and yet I triumphed with my will as I wiped them out.

With these scars I have been changed forever,

as I influenced my environment to adapt to my ways.

I shall never be scar free,

but history hereafter will be stain free

of years of unjust ruling by wolves and foxes,

and it shall tell the future generations as it had

told of my predecessors

that there was a lion,

whose path in history was a triumph of

the will,

whose body was scared for

honors sake."

staff-ku's

Walking Sex you ain't
Go crawl under a rock, freak
Humankind is safe

The love of my life
Doesn't realize I exist
That dumb fucking whore

Pain everlasting
I hunger for baby flesh
Anyone got milk?

Love really sucks hard
Rather sit on a cactus
That would hurt lots less

I don't like Anal
The cock won't buy anal ease
Then I might try it

**I despise you all
I pray, Mephistopheles
Please destroy these schmucks**

The Press cures beast love
So says Fianna the great
She's all better now

Our good friend Wang,
built us a phallic center.
Strange, they call him "Wong."

Polity needs help
Their poor work shames all of us
They sure do blow hard

Your mom is so dumb
She went to a special school
Only for morons

My Penis is bored
It wants me to play with it
Where is my lube jar?

Your mom's so ugly
She makes ugly people look
A tad prettier

She's way too dirty
I might as well go caving
Tighter, less germs too

Your mom is so fat
She uses a chain link fence
For fishnet stockings

My vagina hurts
Double penetration's not
Helping with the pain

Your mom is so special
That she qualified for the
special Olympics

Where is my foot bridge?
I like it's waffle ceiling.
Boy, am I hungry.

photo by dan h

THE COMICS SECTION

Bob is still Cool

By Jamie Mignone

In the beginning, there was nothing.



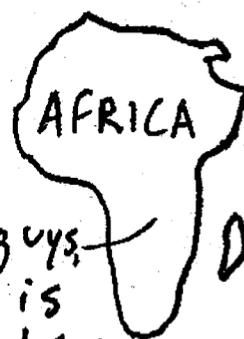
nothing J

Then there was something, the universe, we're not exactly sure why or if there's a who, but there was light and it was good.



← light = good

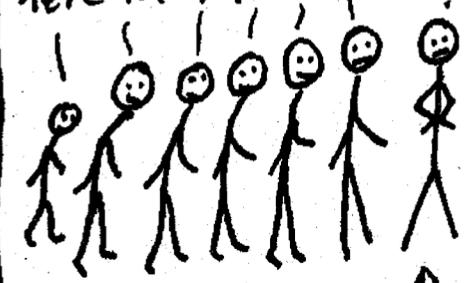
Then some apes stopped throwing their own feces long enough to learn to talk.



Hey guys, it sure is warm here in AFRICA!

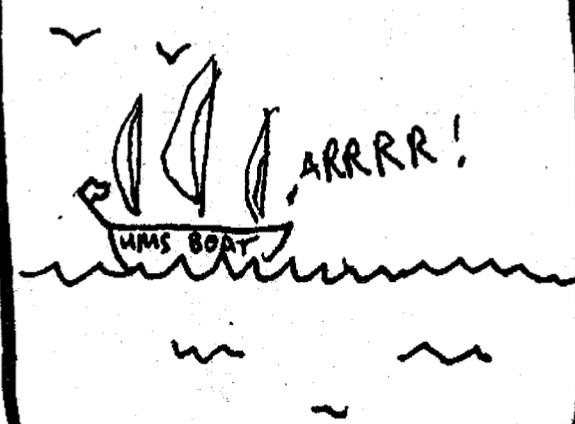
They were boring apes, mostly they talked about the weather.

Yep, sure is warm here in AFRICA?



evolution → Bob

The apes then searched for new weather to talk about. Mostly pirates.



ARRRR!

The weather sucked. Nobody wanted to talk about it, but they were dull, dull apes.

BRRRR! Sure is cold here in New York in winter. Fucking sucks.



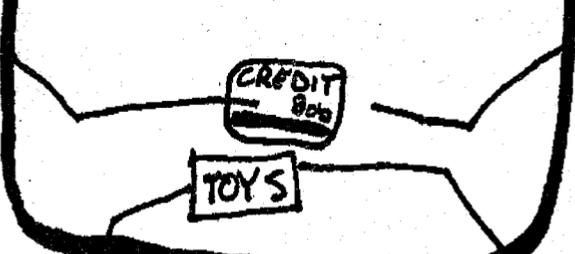
Then some rich, white, really dull apes decided to get richer and duller.

If we milk this God thing, we can get people to come out and spend money, even in winter! MWA-HA-HA!



CEO → pile of cash

And that's why Jesus was invented! Merry Christmas, go get some debt!



CREDIT Bob
TOYS

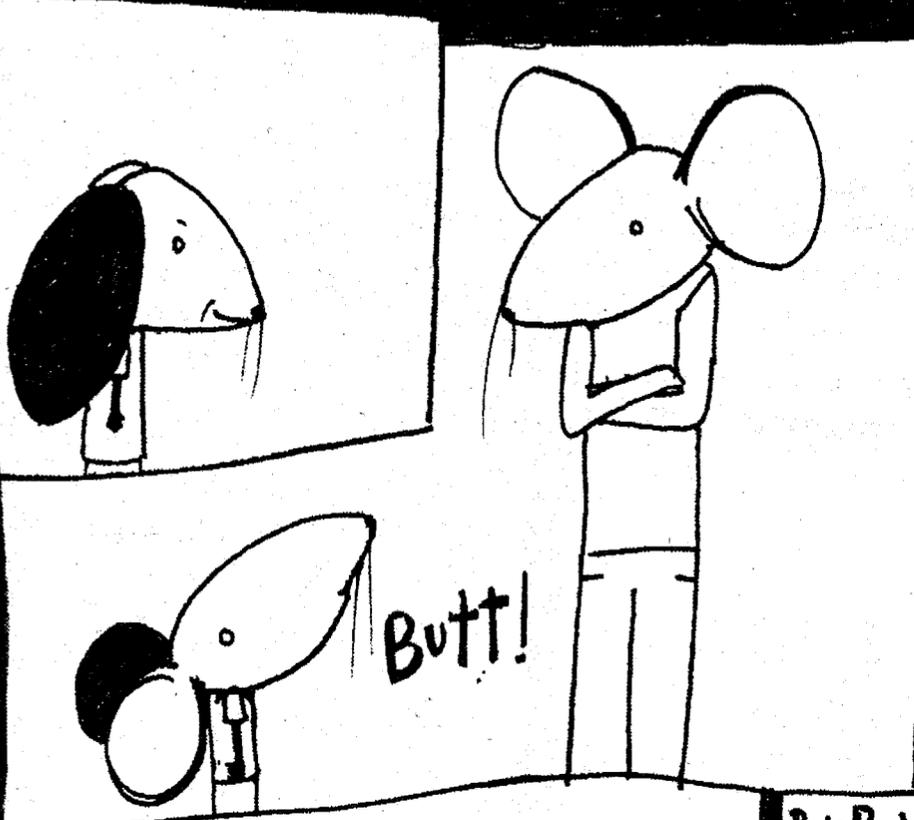
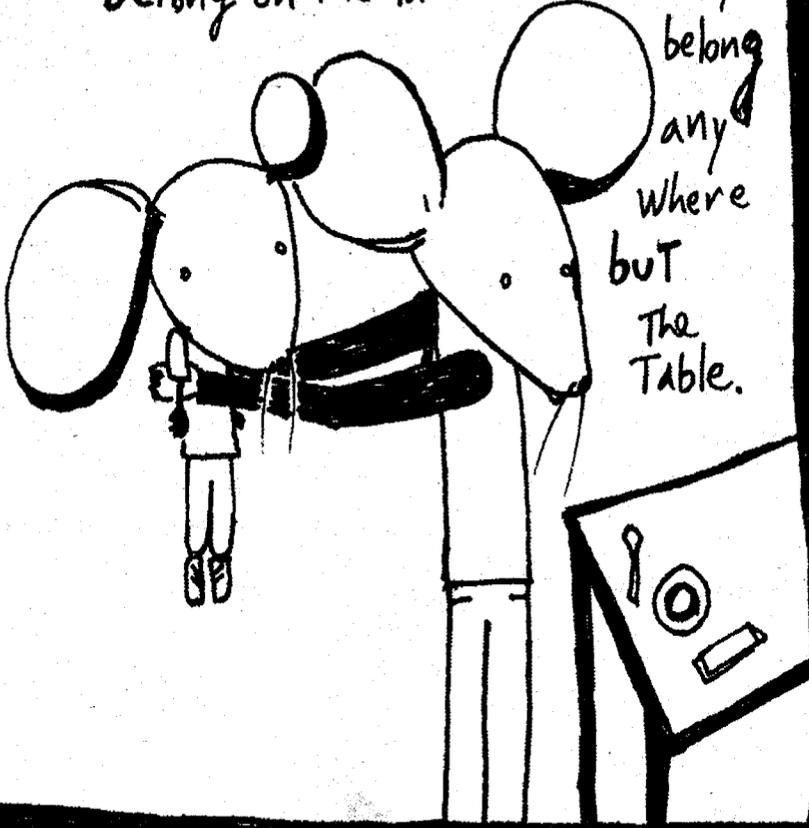
☹️ Bob says:

FUCK CHRISTMAS!

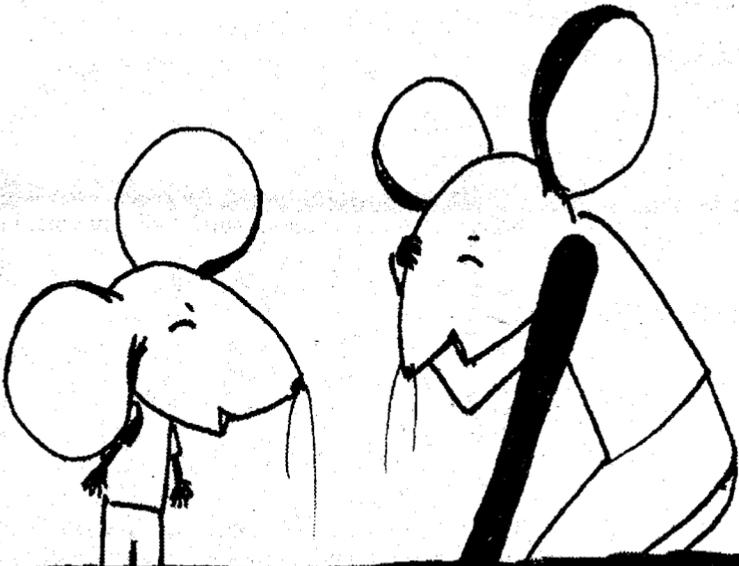
AND FUCK CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AND FUCK CHRISTMAS CARDS AND FUCK CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND FUCK SANTA FUCKING CLAUS AND FUCK JESUS'S BIRTHDAY AND FUCK

Verbatim

yeah. y'know, I don't think you belong on the Table. I think you belong anywhere but the Table.



By: Bev



TOP TEN

Other uses for
Mattel's Harry
Potter Nimbus 2000
vibrating broom toy

- 10 A toy for young children
- 9 Skewer for baby kabob
- 8 Sweeping vibrating particles
- 7 For those hard to reach itches
- 6 New, faster transportation for President Kenny
- 5 Drink stirrer
- 4 Emergency crucifix repair
- 3 Can be easily rewired to deliver low grade electric shock
- 2 Eye catching decoy for hunting wild brooms
- 1 Beating up members of the 700 club

Solve This Mutha Facka

By Jason Amoroso

Here is another scambler for you guys to try out. Simply unscramble each of the four words listed below. Then take each of the "semi-boxed" letters and unscramble them to reveal the answer to the clue provided in the puzzle.

Clue:

What the Campus Dining Services are serving at the Union.

- 1) JECET _ _ | _ _ | _ _ | _ _
- 2) REDBOP _ _ | _ _ | _ _ | _ _
- 3) SLIMES _ _ | _ _ | _ _ | _ _
- 4) PHYCOP _ _ | _ _ | _ _ | _ _

Answer: _ _ | _ _ | _ _ | _ _

 " _ _ | _ _ | _ _ | _ _ "

Solution to "Crackhead Eddie's Cocaine Capers"

Joey MacDaddy had to come up with a plan, and a quick one at that. He thought about opening the bag and distributing it in smaller bags, but the hay would get a bit messy and clues of evidence would have been left for the police. So he thought of something better. He took a box and carefully measured the dimensions so that it would be 4 ft in height and 3 ft in length. He then took the 5 ft bag and carefully laid it diagonally in the box, remembering his old school days in math class that it would work based on a perfect 3-4-5 triangle. It also served as the perfect disguise to hide the bag too! The bus driver, after feeling defeated about his silly 4 ft rule, decided to let Eddie ride. And Eddie, as they all say in fairy tale land, lived happily ever after.

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The Least Fruity Ballet In The World

By Dustin Herlich

On November 16, 2002 a good friend of mine and I were treated to one of the most spectacular displays of human grace and beauty I have ever seen. This was performed by the Georgian State Dance Company, which is headed by Tengiz Sukhishvili. The Staller center has never seen anything like this, and probably won't ever for some time. It's hard to put into words what kind of an experience this was. My tickets were right down in the front, and I would never have had them anywhere else.

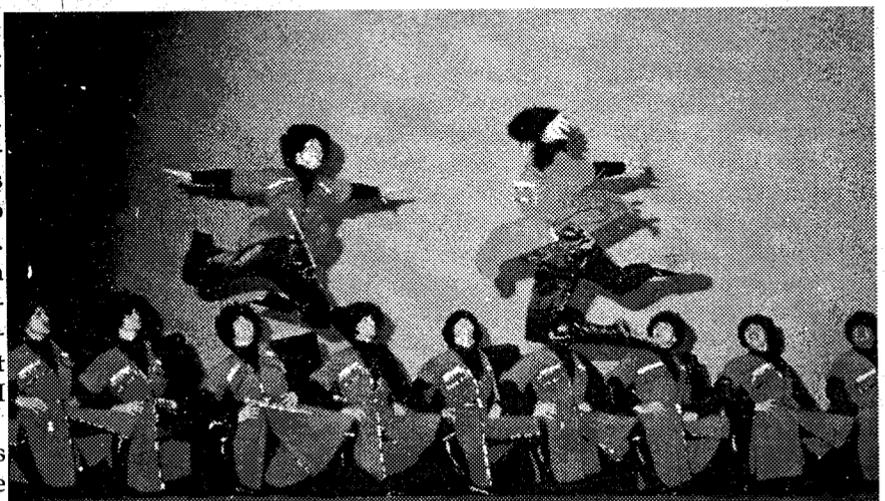
The company heralds not from the Peach state, but from the former Soviet block country, a nation rich in culture and pride. At first, when you hear it's going to be dances from an Eastern European nation, you immediately think of Boris and Natasha in tutus prancing around to the music from Tetris. Not the case by any means. No tights, no tutus. Just a whole lot of amazing.

The show started with some pretty spectacular numbers, involving leaping, jumping and something akin to controlled insanity. You can easily tell the dancers were doing more than dancing. They were having fun. Something that most people do not realize is that the elaborate costuming was designed to represent the different regions of Georgia during different parts of the performance. The costuming was far more elaborate than in a normal dance performance. Something else that was pointed out to me was that this is the most famous, and best of the Georgian dance companies. This is the company that brought Georgian dance to the world in the first place, and it

shows. After being pointed out to me, I also noticed that all the performers had been selected to look the same. All the women had virtually identical measurements in every way, right down to the size of their pinkies. Such attention to detail can only make this performance out to be the amazingly spectacular marvel that it was. Did I mention that I enjoyed myself?

At certain points in the performance, the men came out with what at first looked like plastic swords and shields. The flying sparks corrected me. The only way I can describe this would be to call it Kung-Fu ballet. This dazzling display of precision encompassed every male in the company in a well orchestrated and explosive "duel" which mounts into a battle encompassing what is supposed to represent two villages fighting for the honor of the men in the original duel. Of course, the whole thing started over a woman.

It would be very easy to keep going on and on all about the different parts of the show, but then you'd have to no reason to go and try to see it. Seeing this show is something that everyone should do. No one in that audience was prepared for what went on,



and two standing ovations surely tell you what kind of performance was given. I've probably said too much already. It's just one of those shows you need to see. The part that perplexes me the most is how few people know about this dance company. All the reviews I've seen have had as much praise as mine, and some had even more.

Interestingly enough, even internet searches have turned up little if anything on this company. Perhaps it is that most of the information available has only been written in the Georgian language. It's still a wonder that at least one English speaking person has not even created a fan site.

Queer Visualities: Reframing Sexuality in a Post-Warhol World (cont')

Continued from page 7

to fight against convention," Pope said.

"That kind of flamboyant, in your face imagery is the convention. And that's the first thing people think about when they think of queer."

Katz adamantly agrees. "I find a show with lots of genitals boring. It seems to me to agree to a social stereotype that lesbian and gay people are just about their sexual difference and that's just crap."

Pope, himself being an artist, at the beginnings of the planning had already an idea of the artists that he would include in the show. And many of the artists that are included are intimate acquaintances of Pope.

"I had access to people who I felt had personal assets who were really working with the issues that I wanted to deal with in the show."

On of the artists that Pope had known before the show was Sam Van Aken. Aken met him when Pope was a visiting artist at the University of North Carolina for a semester where Aken was currently enrolled as a graduate student.

"A lot of my work is based on sexuality experienced through the television, online, advertising and even through objects," Aken said.

One of his video pieces in the show called "World's Most Amazing Video" was actually a segment Aken had recorded from a NBC program based on shocking incidents caught on video.

"It was the sort of typical reality based things. Something like COPS," said Aken.

To watch the video the viewer must place his head inside a funnel-like vent. The video is a crude black and white recording of zookeepers cleaning an elephant's pen. One of the zookeepers is seen behind the elephant sweeping the corner. At one point the broom slips and hits the elephant in the back of the knee and the zookeepers head goes into the elephant's rectum.

By placing the viewer inside the vent, Aken forces the viewer to become the zookeeper making them the object of embarrassment instead of just a viewer that sees the event from the outside.

"I wanted to develop some sort of sympathy for the zookeeper and I also want them to look at the fact that we watch these types of things for entertainment and what's happening is that these people are going through some pretty traumatic things," said Aken. "We're watching people at their worst moments and we look at it as entertainment."

Other pieces that make up the show regenerate works from pioneering artists in art history in a very apparent way. Deborah Kass is one that does this with her silkscreen and acrylic works. In one of her pieces she remakes a portrait of Andy Warhol dressed in drag. Using herself as the subject she attempts to break the lines of sexual identity, making the viewer question if this is a man or a woman, or a man dressed in drag or a woman dressed in drag.

of the artists have taken something mainstream and conventional and given it a twist or a surprising turn," said Pope. "It gives a nod to a sort mainstream art or a nod to a famous artist like

Pollock or Warhol and then doing something subordinate to the particular canon."

Alejandro Diaz is yet another artist who gives a 'nod' to a breakthrough artist.

"I take imagery from high culture that is predominately in the past that has been produced by heterosexual white males," Diaz said. "And so I'm not heterosexual or white, so it's work that talks to the works that come before." His piece, Painting No. 69, is a copy of a Jackson Pollock painting. Pollock was an icon during the first break into Abstract Expressionism with his mural-sized action paintings. Diaz' desire to use Pollock's work as a basis of this particular piece comes from his aspirations when he was younger to achieve what he saw as the high cultured society. Diaz, instead of using the kinds of paints that Pollock used; he uses crystals and glitter.

By using these materials, Pope believes, is a perfect example of how sexuality is represented. Not in clear-cut depictions, but with the materials that are used.

"What you find in the show is that the materials are gendered," Pope said "The black and white glitter painting is a feminine reflection of the Jackson Pollock painting that it is referring to."

To add to this, Diaz feels that his work is his own interpretation to the Pollock and with that places it as its complete opposition.

In Joe Heidecker's work, one can also see this interest with craft materials. "Why is craft looked down on as such a low form of expressions than other things 'fine art', even though this idea is changing," Heidecker said.

Heidecker mostly works on found portrait photographs and with the pieces inside the show, he takes beads and superimposes them onto the figures faces resulting in these figures to almost seem mechanical as they wear their beaded masks.

"It's about reality and illusions of ideas of beauty and the psychology on how we present ourselves and the different levels of that," Heidecker said.

Steed Taylor whom also deal with photographs. Taylor who has been HIV positive for 23 years now, takes his own childhood photographs, in his works that are on display and marks himself out.

"Its my own sort of eulogy or commemorates my own existence," Taylor said.

Even so, at the same time he marks himself out, his attempt to eradicate himself, he does the reverse of what he wants to accomplish.

Pope states that Taylor's work has dealt with his own meditation on his own mortality and thinking about what it would be like if he didn't exist. He believes that these images are afterlife of Taylor's childhood photographs. Pope finds this like many of

Patricia Cronin
Alejandro Diaz
Chitra Ganesh
Karen Heagle
Joe Heidecker
Deborah Kass
Rudy Lemcke
Cary Liebowitz
Scott Lifshutz

QUEER VISUALITIES

Reframing Sexuality in a Post-Warhol World
Oct 19 - Dec 7, 2002

Franco Mondini-Ruiz
Petrig Collection
Liss Platt
Hiroshi Sunairi
Steed Taylor
Sam Van Aken
Andy Warhol

& Media Artists from the Screening
Fri Nov 15th 7:30 - 9:30 pm @ CUNY Auditorium

"Pollock was making painting with car paint and was very butch and macho," Diaz said. "As for mine, I'm using crafty, Home Economics materials. My use of poor materials is not something that is normally considered high art or important art or art that is worth being considered."

the works in the exhibition are the afterlife of images where things are neither this nor that, what he calls a twilight or queer space.

"This is sort of the spirit that runs through the works. Things are this and that simultaneously and that's what this show points to and implies."

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Unbinding My Brain

By Rich Drummond

While reading the cd book that Marc Vun Kannon wrote called "The Flame in the Bowl," the only images that may be conjured up are ones of a stunned reader, due to lack of readability and content or one of a quizzical nature, as to why someone as disturbed as the author was ever allowed to publish this monstrosity. I could only read the first 100 pages due to the intense glare and headache I received while doing so, because there was no print edition of this book. Why anyone would want to purchase a book on CD is beyond my comprehension. Suffice it to say, that this book was not only a test in futility, it was also a travesty on the part of the publishers, who I'm sure, unfortunately, actually paid the author to waste their time and money.

I would like to go into detail about the book, but I'll spare you the horror. With such page grabbing grammar as, "not needing the crowd to get through the crowd, he did not stop once the crowd was behind him." The book only got progressively worse and more abstract as the pages progressed, leading to the only conclusion that was possible for me, sleep. This book talks enough about fantasy and non-sensical ramblings of a character who seems more preoccupied with following what others want to do,

rather than bucking the trend. This viewpoint is very demoralizing and debilitating, leading me to suggest the only thing I can to you, DON'T FUCKING EVER READ THIS LITERARY MOCKERY, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!

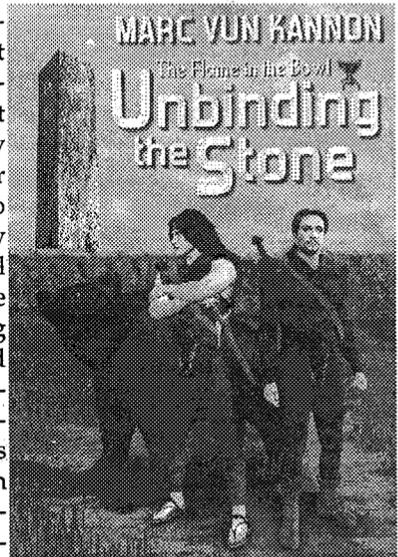
On another note, I actually read two good books since being assigned this task. The first one was Michael Moore's book, "Stupid White Men" and the other was "Steppenwolf" by Herman Hesse. The first book I believe was already reviewed and I won't go into details about it here, other than to recommend it to anyone who likes reading the truth about the way our society operates and the behind-the-scenes action that goes on in politics. The latter book "Steppenwolf," is a literary masterpiece and even though it was a best seller back in 1927 in Germany, the story of untold despair and depression that consumes the main character, Harry Haller, can easily be related to not only my own life, but that of others.

"Steppenwolf" is a book that can only be read if one possesses the literate faculties that are needed to understand just how deep into the mind and scholarly prose the author has taken to illustrate his work. This book relates in sharp contrast to the piece of shit of which I have spo-

ken of previously. To get into the complexities that are

Harry Haller's life or to explain to you just how masterful Herman Hesse is in expressing how learned and sophisticated his character, which is mentioned in the introduction is a reflection of himself,

actually is, has to be read and experienced. It is unfortunate that I am not as well refined in my mannerisms of speech to inform you as to the infinite value and wisdom of which Hesse expresses. My only advice to you on this note would be to pick up this amazing book and experience just how awe inspiring and educated this man truly was.



Drug Withdrawal and Suicidal Tendencies

By Kevin Jeffrey Oconnell

I'm a GSO student in this institution who has been going through ETOH embattlements (alcoholism) for sixteen years now with the longest and sole period of substantial abstinence for twenty-one months until two and a half years ago... though glamorized and placed upon a pedestal of deception, drug addiction and withdrawal are at best m'f'ing ugly. Having been through detox six times and rehab twice I'm on my way back to the only hospital on Long Island that is willing to except the uninsured like me and actually can remember my first name.

This past Summer for me has been nonexistent in the form of going to the movies or out on dates or basking in warm sunlight in Central Park in the midst of people, couples and groups of friends sharing the brief beautiful retreat of otherwise either mundane or, worse, painful lives. Twice in detox at ELIH (Eastern Long Island Hospital, the place I alluded to previously and, in my experience, the best) and twice in my experience, as well as that with numerous others around not only the Long Island area, but even by former patients (those still alive) and medical professionals from distant states, as well.

It wasn't only these episodes of detox that made and still continues to make my life a living hell it's also the bigots who would turn around and say "Just stop drinking, that's all you have to do." It should be so easy. You drink a six pack a day for ten years eat regularly (staving off many of the adverse affects of an intermediate addiction and prolonging the capacity to exist in the form of advanced alco-

holism). You drink ten to fifteen cans of high gravity malt liquor for years coupled with less than a dietary regimen conducive to better health and you're fucked. I offer no defense for my actions, which led to this previous state I'm in, yet I dare not criticize those who are addicted to harmful substances for the illusion of sustained recreation. It's one thing to put us down and quite another to spend time in these wards and medical units and seeing heroine addicts slowly wither into a state of decay while desperately waiting for that next dose of methadone cigarette or packets of sugar (one of the food service workers at Southside Hospital smuggled in for the addicts, sugar being how someone doing down time from heroine, unlike alcoholics who usually detest it, wasn't easy to come by there being how the dieticians forbade its usage in favor of sweet & low).

I close by noting that I have no agenda against those who understand those who do not and those who happen to be mean spirited toward the plight of other. I'm merely offering an account of my experiences with a substance that is deadly if its use exceeds the control of the person using it and between all the ambulance rides and begging one of the doctors attending at Southside this last Summer refusing to give me something to calm down my nearly uncontrollable withdrawal at the time (he didn't know any more about alcohol withdrawal and the potential lethal effects that could follow in the aftermath of the same reaffirming my knowledge of the necessity for both malpractice insurance and the need

to have a hierarchy of medical proficiency within the profession. The second the last in my history of detoxification was turning 42 on the day of my discharge. I thought there was a sense of renewal in the air, yet I just spent the better part of the early morning hours crying in bed; think inking about how a twenty year old guy came into the ward the day before I did, looking strikingly handsome wrapping himself in blankets whether in his own room the meeting room or the smoking room. I also thought about Debbie from Hunters point that had said that she had been in virtually every detox facility in both the Bronx and Manhattan and the early morning choking fits coupled along with spitting nag throwing up blood from the stomach and lungs that accompany some of the many sad realities of chemical dependency that all of us, both the formerly, as well as the presently addicted have gone through and are going through. Just before being escorted through the security doors I wished them both good province I don't believe in luck or that all things that happen never have any external causes, yet I saw sadness hopelessness and despondence in the eyes of that. Chris even wished me a happy birthday and then remarked, "That's strange, I usually don't remember these things." That warmed and broke my heart at the same time. I am a fallen Christian who does believe that Jesus Christ is Lord and that we are living in pre-apocalyptic times, and yet at the same time know that as long as you're on this side of the grave that there is hope—no matter what your condition or situation is.



scared?



alienated?



angry?



sad?



pensive?



cynical?



peeved?



wistful?



lonely?



thirsty?

silly Goth
come to....

Spot
the

2nd floor
Fannie Brice Thtr.
thurs6to12/fri&sat6to2
Beer/Music/Poetry/Cabaret

Continued from page 6

3. The Indie Darling: Ghost World

Amy Benfer of Salon.com recently referred to Daniel Clowes as our generations "anti-cartoonist cartoonist, the lone genius whom almost everyone seems to know and like and consider respectable," placing him in the pantheon of underground comic deities along with Crumb, and Los Bros Hernandez. Clowes' comics span the breadth of self-reflective alter ego's (like his David Boring) to off the wall (in Krazy Komics by Daniel Clowes), but, one can make a strong argument that his strongest piece was also his most widely received; Ghost World. Adapted into a smash indie hit film starring Thora Birch and Steve Buscemi, Ghost World succeeded, against all odds, as a film specifically because of the approachability of its comic root material. Ghost World is a modern comic Catcher in The Rye, connecting with an array of disaffected youth and twenty-something's with the tale of the disillusioned, cripplingly perceptive misanthrope of Enid. A "strange" girl, sickened by the trite ponderous nature of mainstream culture, misunderstood for her style, desires and personality, who ultimately cannot find solace except in the presence of a middle-aged vinyl record fetishist. Ghost World, in both illustration and prose, paints a wonderfully robust portrait of the modern misanthrope. Clowes' work is a joy to read specifically because it may hurt so much to see a character echo so real an emotional state. Clowes has a gift for rendering the banality of emotion and the quirkiness of square reality.

See also: Jimmy Corrigan: Boy Genius, Optic Nerve, and Love and Rockets

4. Pure Off-The-Fucking-Wall-Ness: Tank Girl

It's hard to imagine a more schizophrenic world than that inhabited by Alan Martin and Jamie Hewlett's Tank Girl. Tank Girl's same-titled heroine astounds readers by virtue of living in a post apocalyptic Australia, merrily skipping her jet-powered super-tank towards nihilism while combating lunatic water tyrants and mad doctors, snogging mutant kangaroos, invading Tasmania and plumbing the depths of aboriginal mysticism all whilst under the influence of an absolutely mind-boggling amount of beer. Tank Girl is driven by pure maniac rocket fuel. From the astounding artwork -it's panoply of vibrant color, exaggerated caricature, and meticulous attention to the details of fashion - and attention-deficit-disorder narratives Tank Girl became an underground Icon in the early nineties. Simultaneously presenting a pro-feminism pro-misogyny pro-anarchy agenda Hewlett and Martin can, will, and have no regrets in addling the brains of their readers. It's too easy to call it punk-rawk, but TG speaks more to the heart of 77-style punk than anything to come along since.

See also: The Maxx, Hectic Planet

5. Noir & Pulp: 100 Bullets

The genre of Noir and Crime fiction comics are experiencing a resurgence of late. While originally Crime and Horror (more on that genre in the next installment) made up the majority of comics being produced, the adoption of the Comics Code left the majority of these titles unfit for print. In a long overdue move the mainstream comics' publishers recently announced that they would no longer use the Comics Code standards and instead establish content specific ratings for their comics. While Horror comics have not gained as much ground since, Crime comics are

quickly becoming a large minority of all non-superhero titles being published today. Of these the most acclaimed currently-running series would have to be 100 Bullets. 100 Bullets is an irresistible sirens call for any mafia, government conspiracy, or gritty urban drama fan. Perfectly pulpy, over the past few years has lavished layer on top of layer to its grim mythology of criminal empire coalitions, shadowy assassins and a mysterious government agent who approaches seemingly random individuals with an enticing offer: an untraceable gun, 100 bullets and irrefutable proof that said individual has been grievously wronged by some one they know. All these elements add up to a stunning book that matches every secret it reveals with a more enigmatic riddle. Heavy on the street grit, 100 Bullets never comes off as hokey or ridiculous even when it is at the heights of its political convolutions. Series writer Azzarello delights in playing mind games with his readers, dangling conclusions just out of reach, writing a crucial issue entirely in French and removing key characters with extreme prejudice at the most unexpected of times. 100 Bullets is the Sopranos of comics; except it has yet to see a boring episode.

See Also: Road to Perdition, Torso,

Next Issue:

In two weeks we'll round out this list and pick the essential titles of 5 more crucial genres of today's comics. Who knows, maybe by then I'll come up with five more titles without which you will earn the enmity of your peers (or at least of me). Please feel free to send me your suggestions for this lexicon and I will be sure to consider them in my appraisal of what should be in my box.

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Photo courtesy of Daniel Hofer

Bloodline Music: The Double Feature

By Doug Williams

Obscure Emotions

Music has the power to loosen the grip of obscure emotions. The enthusiasm of the heart expresses itself involuntarily in a burst of song... from immemorial times the inspiring effect of the invisible sound that moves all hearts, and draws them together, has mystified mankind. It is amazing to see and feel the power of music in a room full of orchestrated sound. What has the strength to make me get up a dance across the floor in a frenzy of joy or be ossified by the magic of a song's chemistry? Music... that's what it is! It is a universal language that expresses all emotions, crosses all platforms, and touches us like no other sensation on this earth can. For millenniums music has inspired, entertained and thrilled man, as well as informed. With or without words, music is a natural tool for communicating.

Cosmic Cushion is a strange new act that will be around for light years to come. Their music is a mix of folk and psychedelia, with a splash of hip-hop?! I caught them down at Borders recently and was excitingly thrilled by their stage presence and musical delivery. While downing several cups of cappuccino with plenty of whipped cream, I enjoyed the subtle surroundings of aural entertainment provided by Cosmic Cushion, which is merely a simple, but creative, duo from Suffolk County. Inspired heavily by the rhythms of Middle Eastern music, the duo uses a lot of percussive props in their performance that kept the set quite intriguing, both soundwise and visually. Mira, the lead vocalist, played a variety of the percussive instruments for a majority of the songs they emotionally provoked the crowd with.

Alternating on guitar and keyboards was Derek Fynch, a fine musician with an affinity for colorful imagery and pleasing sounds. Though I must admit that some of these originals sounded a little too familiar, there was a genuine originality to the whole act that left a good impression for most



of the caffeine saturated patrons.

Elsewhere on the local scene, a guitar player from Smithtown continues to blaze the fretboards of his many guitars. His name is Stevie C. and he is one who is connected to the notes he plays. I had the pleasure of running into him at an Alice Cooper show last month and I was pleased to hear about some of what his band, Talkbox, has been up to. Stevie is known for his stylish get-ups and his over-the-top guitar leads. He has a handsome collection of classic guitars, as well as some very flashy ones. To learn more about Stevie C. and the music he makes, visit www.talkboxrocks.com.

Blood crooner, John St. Martin, called in with this month's favorite anonymous quote. "The only way we can create love, acceptance and safety, is by giving them."

Snake Sound Labs

Welcome to Snake Sound Labs. I am the Lizard King's brother. Many have recorded tracks inside these four walls. We have created multiple tunes with our gear. The future is uncertain and the end is always near. Longing for what we once held safely in hand, to hand we can make it, sharing the land. No need for greed or hunger, we know that it is wrong. So come on brothers and sisters, let's sing a morning song. Ebby went to Florida to dry up in the sun. He's a real son

of a gun. Tree Squad has a song on the Filthy CD that was released by Branch Off Productions. Dev and Dutch been hanging in the hood, cookin' up rhymes that sound so good. Lord Siege has also been blasting his booming bass in the rental car. Jimmy Bosko made a phone call to break the news. We hope everything works out. Gary re-recorded the heavy song in D-tuning that is making its way back up the Hungarian music charts. Snaryacus does a killer version of 'Good Night Sweetheart,' which was a hit in the 1950s. Wasted Daze is still alive and well. Austin Wells,

keyboardist for the band, says that the Australian tour was a blast and the new album will be worth the wait. "The Aussie women were amazing! I have not seen so much action since the 'summer of love'. Every time we played 'Some Kind of Dream,' the ladies would mob the stage and rain us with flowers and under garments."

Wasted Daze' first American release is due out by Christmas and includes three bonus tracks sung in their native Scandinavian dialect. Mordecai is back in action. He stopped by the laboratory to say hello and let us know that he has been working hard on his new rap album with long-time companion, Mickey Munson. Mord smokes on bass! Punk is back and feeling good. Electric Records (China) has released a live recording of The Zygotes from 1981's Invasion Tour. All my favorite Zygote songs are on the CD, including 'Dead Cow', '1-2', 'Dirt Bag' and 'Skagness'. More Zygote memorabilia will be released in the US on One Time Records early next year. Music is the sound of children laughing. No other artist makes this statement so much the truth as does young Ashley Tara, the spirited musical artist who brings joy to her fans with just

Snake Sound Labs



a smile. She has been recording since she was just one year old and has developed into quite a little performer, mixing dance, music, and comedy into her sold out performances. Her new album is called 'Where is Puffy Yoto?' and is full of hints that this aspiring starlet is maturing as a songwriter with songs like 'Day of Dreams' and 'Still Your Little Flower Girl'. She also got partial songwriting credit for the anti-boy theme song, 'Boys Are Rotten'. Though she says she wouldn't mind continuing her success in the music business, there are other fields that she is interested in. "I think I want to go to Stony Brook University and study to be a great doctor so I have something to fall back on should my record sales start to slump. I have heard so many good things about the medical program at Stony Brook." I wish Ashley Tara all the best in her years to come. Thank you all for the interesting feedback I've been getting at music@bloodlinemusic.com. Warped minds think alike.

You think you take me?
I laugh at your petty threat!
Come, learn the word "pain."

You in college now.
I will be your professor
and you'll be schooled

My class is easy
on the mind. But very hard
it is, on your ass

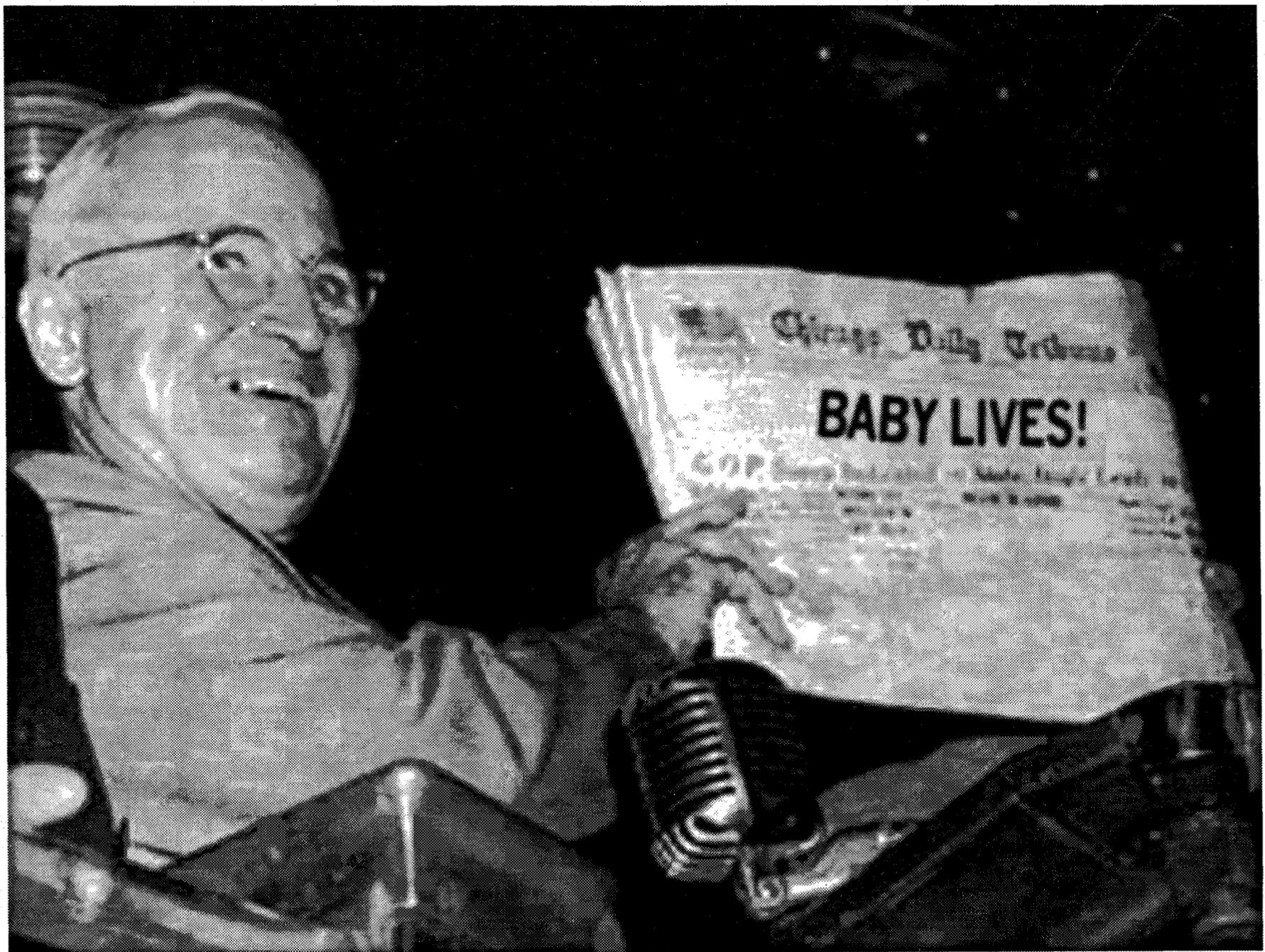


You will be lucky
if you can get an F+
with your sad Kung-Fu

I will go easy
But do not ever be late
we begin at 5.

Class is in Arcade.
Eleven p.m. we end.
Basement of Union.

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