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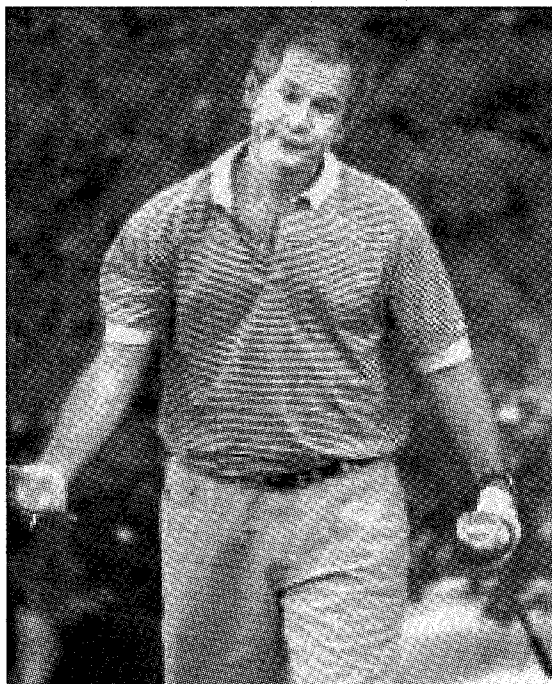
The Bush Campaign is Trying to Scare You

By Mike Billings

"If we make the wrong choice, then the danger is that we'll get hit again – that we'll be hit in a way that will be devastating from the standpoint of the United States." In a campaign stop in Des Moines, Iowa, Vice-President Dick Cheney uttered this now infamous phrase in reference to a John Kerry presidential victory. In other words, if you vote for John Kerry, the United States will experience a devastating terror attack during his hypothetical tenure as Commander in Chief. If you make the "right" choice, however, Cheney implies that the danger is eliminated. While the Bush campaign is spinning the remark as a simple illustration of policy differences between the two candidates in terms of how terrorism would be dealt with, it's important to recognize this remark for what it really represents.

This quote fits into a disturbing pattern by the Bush campaign to strike fear into the hearts of the American people as a means to garner votes. Since the September 11th attacks, the campaign has used the threat of terrorism to manipulate the public by creating an inescapable climate of danger. This is demonstrated through the introduction of the "Terror Alert Scale," the colorful chart that is meant to clearly indicate how likely it is that the country will be attacked in an unspecified manner. The obscenely ambiguous nature of the scale seems to be done on purpose; each level is so meaningless that no one can tell what kind of a threat there really is. Has anyone figured out the difference between a "significant" terror risk and a "high" terror risk? Instead of the helpful tool it is touted to be, the scale is more likely to throw people into a panicked confusion whenever it elevates. Another interesting feature of the scale is that even if it is on the bottom tier, there is a nebulous "low" risk of terror. What does that mean? There's only a 30% chance of terrorism today? According to Homeland Security, the purveyors of the scale, there will always be a realistic terror threat. Where this notion becomes especially dangerous, however, is in the fact that said purveyors seem to offer little advice as to how to react to this purported threat.

A great example of this comes from the anthrax scare of a few years ago. When news stations were effusively reminding people that an almost undetectable biological agent was sweeping the nation in such a manner that even politicians and celebrities were vulnerable,



OOOOOO SCARY!
Courtesy of your nightmares

people became frightened. And what was the advice of the administration for dealing with this perceived menace? Duct tape. Buy lots of duct tape and make sure every passage through which any airborne particles (chemical or biological agents, oxygen, etc.) have the ability to transgress become thoroughly occluded with adhesive. To be extra safe in this doomsday scenario, make sure you don't eat or drink anything while cowering with fear in your own home. This was the best advice Homeland Security could offer, but from their point of view, that's just fine. While the populace is helplessly pondering these dire circumstances, the most logical place to turn to for answers is the government. After all, one of the primary reasons for having a government is to protect

citizens from all threats foreign and domestic. Unfortunately, the present regime has done nothing but exploit these sentiments by using the threat of terrorism to depict the world as a simple, black and white place.

Playing off of the fears of the American public, the Bush administration has used the theme of "you're either with or against us" to control governmental policy and influence people's attitudes. Americans are good, and terrorists are bad. Terrorists are evil, and they come from Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran, and North Korea. We need to go to war with these places in order to be safe. Anyone who disagrees is an unpatriotic traitor. By being overly simplistic in logic and language, the Bush administration has forced this dichromatic mentality onto the American people. In doing so, it becomes increasingly easy for the administration to justify the "Bush Doctrine" of pre-emptive war. When you've convinced the population to think strictly in terms of "good" and "evil," implicitly tying September 11th to Saddam Hussein and Iraq seems dangerously logical. Terrorists caused 9/11, Saddam Hussein is a terrorist, and therefore we have to defeat Hussein in order to prevent further attacks. As an added bonus for the administration, anyone who disagrees with this childish thinking is soft on terrorism and dangerous for the country.

In order to be re-elected, the Bush administration is creating and manipulating fear to force people to make a choice. When prompted to decide between "good" and "evil," people will pick the former; and the Bush/Cheney ticket is using this idea masterfully. It's so much easier to think in these oversimplified terms than to critically examine what's really going on. What causes terrorism? Why is America such a target? Do terrorists only come from these "evil" places? In a black and white world, there is no room to ask these questions, and anyone that does must not see the real threat or understand how dangerous it is. According to this logic, only George Bush has the steadfast will to ignore the important questions and stubbornly adhere to failed, idiotic policy.

It's People Season

By Brittany Brockner

What a comforting thought:

The Assault Weapons Ban, also known as The Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994 signed into law by Bill Clinton 10 years ago expires September 13. The ban prohibits the sale and production of specific models of military-style firearms which include infamous weapons such as AK-47s, Uzis, and Tec-9s. All together the law bans 19 different weapons and also forbids the production of semiautomatic rifles, pistols and shotguns with more than one of these features: protruding pistol grip, bayonet mount, magazine capacity greater than five rounds, folding or telescopic stock, flash suppressor and grenade launcher. What does the expiration of this law mean? It means that as of September 14, 2004 the average American Joe can get his hands on any one of these people-killing machines.

The second amendment of the constitution gives one the right to keep and bear arms. It should be evident that this amendment pertains to self defense situations or recreational hunting. There's no need for civilians to own

weapons capable of killing multiple people in short periods of time. Features like greater magazine capacity, bayonet mount, flash suppressor serve no purpose for either sport or recreation. These guns were designed to murder people and that's just what they do. Weapons like these have been used in crimes like Columbine (which involved the use of a Tec-DC9) and many drug related violence. According to a recent report by the Violence Policy Center, 1 out of every 5 law enforcement officers between 1998 and 2001 killed on the job were killed by assault weapons. Also according to the VPC, the weapons of choice among drug dealers are AR-15s, AK-47s and Tec-9s. One could question the motives of someone who wishes to own one of these.

What is Bush doing about this? Bush said he would sign a bill renewing the ban if Congress passes it, but not surprisingly he is doing absolutely nothing to have the ban renewed. One would think that Mr. Bush, who so avidly defends Homeland Security, would do SOMETHING to try and persuade Congress to

pass the renewal. Yet again, Bush's political agenda shines through. He would rather allow terrorists and criminals access to assault weapons rather than make nation secure. But of course! Bush counts on the support of groups like the NRA, who despise the ban and are anticipating its expiration. At the same time, Bush doesn't want to seem like he supports allowing semi-automatic assault weapons back on the streets, so what does he do? He shows complete apathy for human life by doing nothing. Sure he'd pass it, if it ever just happened to magically land on his desk. It's ironic, some would venture to say that weapons like AR-15s and AK-47s are capable of causing mass destruction, wounding or killing many in seconds...would this make them... weapons... of mass destruction?

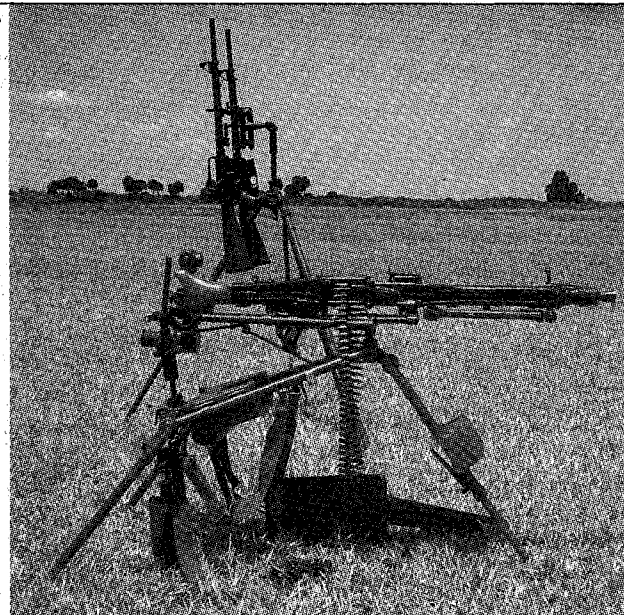
Opponents of the ban claim that the ban itself is based purely on cosmetic premises in that it prohibits manufacture and sale of guns that only "look" intimidating and are not any more lethal than guns that are already legal. However, it is common for these illegal weapons

to have a large-capacity ammunition magazine, which enables a shooter to fire dozens of rounds without reloading. Wouldn't that make them just slightly more lethal? The ban is legitimate. Outlawing something with a folding or telescopic stock or a flash suppressor is justified in that these devices make it easier for criminals to conceal their weapons. Opponents also cry that the ban is not necessary because only a small percentage of crimes committed using firearms are committed with these weapons. Between 1988 and 1991, assault weapons accounted for 8.4 percent of the guns traced to crimes. That is substantial. Even so, although something may represent a small percentage of the population doesn't mean that it is not a lot of people's lives at stake. Perhaps these crimes are not very common, but this could be because of stricter gun control legislation and should stay that way.

Unfortunately, due to NRA lobbying

efforts, the ban included a "Sunset Clause" that set it to expire midnight, September 13, 2004. Gun manufacturers anticipate this date and one company, Armalite Inc. based in Geneseo, Ill. has even already offered a program for customers to trade in and convert their current weapons into previously illegal configurations. Shipping for these will be available September 14.

The renewal of the Assault Weapons Ban makes common sense. The years following the enactment of the ban saw a reduction in crimes using assault weapons. In times like today's, with the threat of terrorists, school shootings and the like, why would Bush NOT actively pursue its renewal? That answer is painfully obvious. It's an unfortunate time when the American people have a leader who has his political interests at heart rather than the security of our nation.



MY, MY, WHAT A BIG GUN YOU HAVE, Courtesy of Gunsmoke Enterprises

How One May Use September 11th to Further One's Political Career

By Joe Filippazzo

"Nobody's afraid, nobody's moved, nobody's scared in America." Whether the gruff, sloppy man staggering through Pennsylvania Station at 2 am is right or not remains to be seen but the point is that it's on his mind. As he stumbles past a half dozen not-so-on duty cops, he utters a few more sentences to no one in particular. The only audible words though are a string of expletives followed by the phrase which is quite obviously the engine behind his train of thought; 9/11. Literally everyone from the lush at the train station to the President of the United States knows that it is still a huge issue. What is most disconcerting however is the fact that while some see it as a great tragedy, others see it more as a great opportunity. And even though the events of September 11th have only slightly faded from memory over the last three years, the Bush administration plans to milk the attacks for all they're worth.

Right after 9/11, they used our fear of helplessness to justify a completely unfounded war with Iraq - a war that has cost the U.S. about \$200 billion and over 1,000 lives. Now, as election time draws dangerously close, the Republican Party plans to again manipulate our feelings to its advantage. But the name of the game in November is not helplessness anymore. Instead they plan to use our sympathy for the dead and our affinity towards the concept of "freedom" to convince us that George Bush is the only one that can "save" us from our faceless foe of what, exactly? Um... well... un-freedom, I guess.

The Republicans under Bush have a very well organized plan to trick us into re-electing the guy we never really elected in the first place. (Thanks again, Supreme Court!) They are

riding on a platform of empty promises to try to convince us that they are wholly emphatic and just want to fix the problems that they did not cause. The Republican Party wants to distract us from the fact that George Bush is not a great leader in any respect. They don't want us to realize that Bush did nothing extraordinary but instead just followed protocol and happened to be president when the U.S. was attacked. They want us to forget about how bad the war actually is. You see, when one ignores all these pesky little details concerning a huge deficit, 1.6 million less jobs, blatant bigotry, hidden agendas, and thousands of dead Americans as well as Iraqis, George Bush is a shoe-in for four more years!

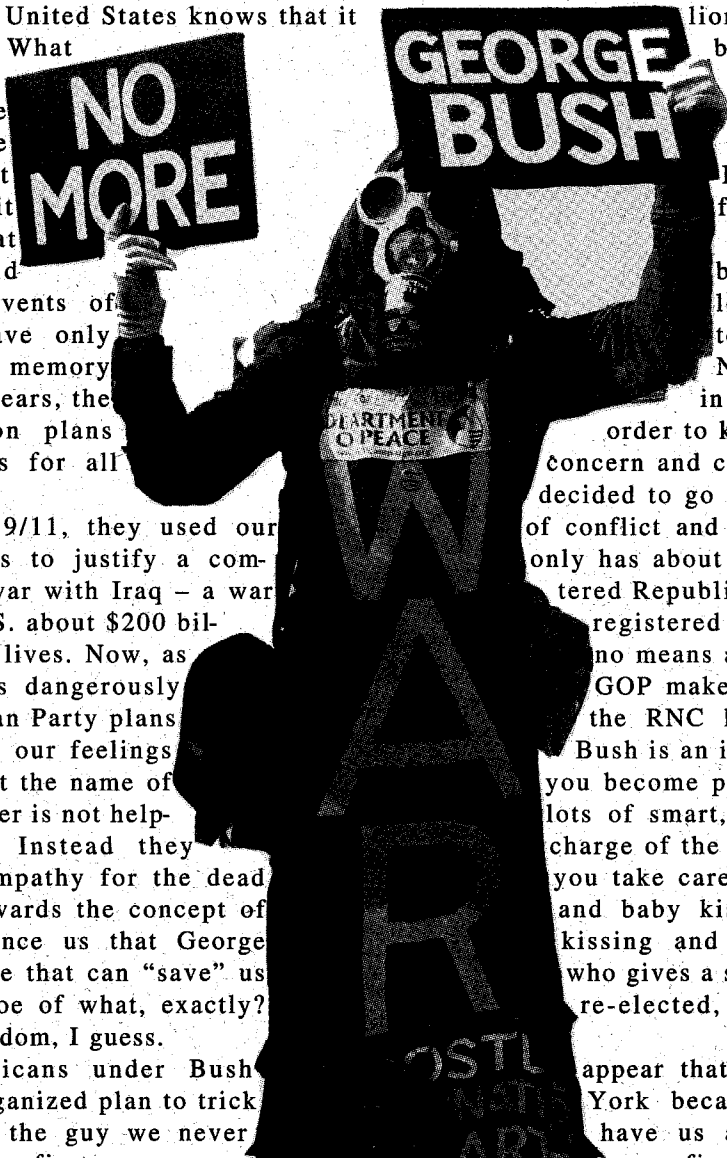
And what better way to rub our loss in our faces than to have the Republican National Convention in New York City? In order to keep up this façade of concern and compassion, they have decided to go straight to the source of conflict and grief. But New York only has about half a million registered Republicans, about 3 million registered Democrats, and is by no means a swing state. Did the GOP make a mistake by having the RNC here? Of course not. Bush is an idiot but luckily when you become president, you can put lots of smart, conniving people in charge of the important stuff while you take care of the hand shaking and baby kissing. Or is it hand kissing and baby shaking? Aw, who gives a shit so long as you get re-elected, right?

So it would appear that the RNC is in New York because the Republicans have us at an impasse. They figure they can come to the city so that Bush appears to be a compe-

tent and effective leader who cares deeply about the American people in this post-9/11 era. Even though the convention would undoubtedly attract droves of protesters, they would not be able to overshadow the RNC since peace doesn't make headlines. As it is, thanks to the P.A.T.R.I.O.T. Act, there is no line of demarcation between the protester and the terrorist. They are both seen as un-patriotic and enemies of America. If the protesters try to do anything brash that might ruin the convention (and get them into the public eye), they will only perpetuate the terrorist image. Just as the army has been sent to keep the terrorists in line, so has the police department been sent in a record showing of force (over 10,000 officers) to keep the demonstrators in line. Basically, any bad behavior on the part of the protesters would only reinforce Bush's campaign.

The aforementioned scenario is not a completely new concept. In 1968, demonstrators showed up to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, Illinois to protest Richard Nixon in the same manner as at this year's RNC. Violence, however, erupted at the 1968 DNC when protesters acted out and Chicago police responded with force. Nixon used the chaos to his advantage and won the election by reinforcing the notion that "the first civil right of every American is to be free of domestic violence." Bush's supporters knew that this was an angle they could take if anything went wrong at the RNC. With a slight modification of vocabulary, maybe by throwing the word "terror" in there somewhere, Bush might be able to grab the extra votes he needs to stay in office.

George Bush is using 9/11 to associate dissent with terrorism. He is using 9/11 to pass himself off as a capable leader. He is using 9/11 to pretend that he is a just man fighting the good fight. He is using 9/11 to keep dissenting opinions at bay. And worst of all, he is using 9/11 to say that the only way to be a "good American" is to be a "loyal Republican." One can only hope that voters will stop thinking solely about 9/11 and the possibility of another attack and start thinking about the repercussions of their actions in November on the next four years of this country.



ONE OF THE MORE... ANIMATED PROTESTERS. Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

"Collateral Damage" or Mass Murder?

By Marcel Votlucka

"The maddening thought about terrorists is that they are indiscriminate in their acts of vengeance, or cries for attention. . . what is true for individuals must also be true of nations."

-Molly Ivins

I. A Dishonest Media

If you watched the news reports about the Iraq War and Occupation, you would have been surprised to see how bloodless it was. You would have felt glad that our "national security interests" were being "defended." You would have seen the spectacular sight of "shock and awe" bombings (on prime-time television no less) and reveled in the sight of Iraqis greeting our soldiers and cheering them on. In short, you would have seen the glorious side of war, the "cool" aspect of war, sanitized for your viewing pleasure.

But unless you tuned in to a non-US network or an independent US network like Pacifica Radio, you would not have seen the raw and tragic reality of war. You would have seen fighting, of course, but not the aftermath. The American media, for the most part, would never have showed people huddled in their homes as bombs rained down around them, nor would they discuss the destruction of the power grids and sanitation facilities and water facilities. You would have seen neither soldiers crippled by combat injuries nor the corpses of dead soldiers, whether in the battlefield or in coffins being unloaded off airplanes.

Neither did the media give more than a derogatory passing mention of anti-war protests around the globe, which drew millions of people--in fact, The New York Times and NPR misreported on the number of people who attended a major antiwar rally in Washington D.C. on October 26, 2002. The true number of participants is estimated to be between 150,000 and 200,000, but the Times and NPR reported it being much lower (Source: Goodman, pp. 147-148). And the media largely ignored the stories of families, both American and Iraqi, torn apart by the serious injury or loss of loved ones in the fray (aside from a few sensationalist stories of course). The media, at the behest of the government, systematically sensationalized the Iraq War while failing to acknowledge the raw reality of it.

Perhaps this is because the major news networks have a deliberate bias toward the war and the policies of the administration. During the first three weeks of the war, 64% of the sources employed by ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN, FOX, and PBS were pro-war, as opposed to a mere 10% who were anti-war; among U.S. sources, 63% were made up of government employees, and to top it off, 68% of U.S. government sources were from the military (Source: Steve Rendall and Tara Broughel, Extra!, May/June 2003, quoted in Goodman, p. 168).

II. Victims

So with this in mind, we really should not be surprised why they would fail to acknowledge, even now, the grave reality of war: an estimated 11,793 to 13,802 Iraqi civilians killed as of January of this year according to Iraqbodycount.org; an undetermined number of Iraqi military dead (estimated to be in the thousands); 1,132 total deaths among US and Coalition forces as of June 25 (Source: www.cnn.com; www.icasualties.org). We can

also add to this number the many contractors and aid workers and journalists who have died as a result of the war and occupation. In total, we can estimate that this war has claimed the lives of over ten thousand victims.

Rest assured that I am not recklessly pulling these numbers out of thin air, nor am I exaggerating these figures--indeed, these are conservative estimates. Indeed, the precise number of victims may very well be higher since many deaths have gone uncounted and unreported. There are no 'official' figures to go by because the military has discontinued its official counting of non-Coalition deaths; these estimates are the result of independent, "unembedded" efforts and the mass corporate media in this country has largely chosen to ignore them.

But the fact of the matter is that while we watched statues tumble to the ground, listened to media pundits preach about "liberation," and witnessed the President give his victory speech-cum-photo op on the aircraft carrier, thousands upon thousands of people lay dead as the result of an unnecessary, reckless, and unprovoked war against the sovereign nation of Iraq.

As I write this, at least ten thousand people are dead. The media and the military and the government like to call this "collateral damage." I call it mass murder.

III. Justice Must Be Done

We all know that Saddam Hussein committed innumerable crimes against his people, and for that he ought to be punished, along with those who knowingly supplied him with the weapons, capital, and political protection necessary to do so (especially George H. W. Bush, Donald Rumsfeld, James Baker, as well as Prince Bandar of Saudi Arabia**). Also, there were many Iraqis who committed atrocities under his command; I will not be an apologist for them. Those who committed evil in life have met justice through their own deaths.

However, what the US-led Coalition and its enablers have done is equally inexcusable and evil. The deaths of Iraqis and Americans, among others under false pretenses is nothing short of criminal, and the architects of this war ought to be brought to justice, namely:

- George W. Bush
- Ahmed Chalabi
- Dick Cheney
- Paul Wolfowitz
- Donald Rumsfeld
- Colin Powell
- Condaleeza Rice
- Tony Blair
- Silvio Berlusconi (media tycoon and Prime Minister of Italy);
- Jose Maria Aznar (former Prime Minister of Spain);

And this is only a brief listing of the worst criminals, who should in my opinion be given priority for their direct roles in masterminding the war or contributing large amounts of manpower and capital for it. I don't place blame on the actual soldiers who fought in the war because they were only doing their jobs; they had no choice in the matter. But the architects of this war are ultimately responsible for the deaths of an estimated ten thousand victims who did not need to die. And their enablers in Congress and Parliament and the UN, by voting

to authorize war resolutions and such, also bear at least some of the responsibility for this mass murder.

I'm sure that some people may wince at the term mass murder, but that is really what we're dealing with here. The victims of this war committed no crime against the US or its people. Furthermore, this campaign of mass murder had nothing to do with our country's self-defense. The war was unprovoked; Iraq did not attack us and it was in no position to do so. After all, ten years of sanctions, weapons inspections, and monthly bombing runs at the hands of the US and Britain are not conducive towards weaning the next superpower.

It was also deliberate. Recent developments have shown that top members of the Bush Administration (in particular Rumsfeld and Cheney) intended to make plans to attack Iraq even before 9/11, and the media has had a field day with the story.

People may claim that certain deaths were unintended, and they may dress up death with euphemisms like "collateral damage" and "casualties" all they like, but what they are talking about is murder, pure and simple. War itself is the systematic slaughter of people for political and economic gain, thus any and all deaths are fully intended whether or not we want to acknowledge it. This is why I use the term mass murder for what the US and the Coalition have done to their own people as well as the Iraqis.

Thus, I propose that the aforementioned architects of this wicked, bloody, and tragic war are true terrorists who deserve to be brought to trial and convicted on no less than ten thousand counts of murder. Their justifications and excuses are irrelevant as far as my purpose is concerned. What does matter is that fact that this war was wrong and dishonest; it was based on exaggerated threats, circumstantial evidence, conspiracy theories, and outright fabrications. Many people have died because of these fabrications. This is unacceptable; it is nothing less than premeditated murder. And murderers ought to be punished.

The blood of ten thousand people is staining their hands.

Author's Notes

**The roles of Bush Sr., Rumsfeld, Baker, and Prince Bandar in abetting Saddam Hussein are described in much detail by Craig Unger in the fourth chapter of his book *House of Bush, House of Saud*.

-Amy and David Goodman's book *The Exception to the Rule: Oily Politicians, War Profiteers, and the Media that Love Them*, is the source for many of my statements about the media.

-Iraq Body Count, as you may have guessed, is a project keeping close tabs on the Iraqi civilian deaths occurring as a result of the war and occupation. It has been cited in numerous independent news publications. The military, after all, does not issue official body counts of the Iraqis. Visit www.iraqbodycount.org for more info on the project's origins and methodology.

The Evolution of a Catchphrase: The Rise of The Ubermensch in California

By Michael Prazak

It's a startling time in politics when a term as absurd as "Economic Girlie-Men," can become a comedic faux pas so very quickly. A mixture of apathy and expectation were the typical reactions to Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger's speech at the Republican National Convention. Amid the cheers and bel-lows of his fellow party members, the faintest echo of indignation was heard amongst the Democratic Party. Criticism of his speech was mostly mealy mouthed and weak willed. It was as if he had won second place at the Special Olympics, where the Republicans were the supportive friends and family members cheering him on, and the Democrats were the stoned college kids laughing at him on television. Except for a few trite jokes on *The Daily Show* and a passing mention in *The New York Times*, his speech was relatively chuckled at and ignored.

This would be all well and good were he Arnold Schwarzenegger, Action Movie Star. However, he gave this speech as representative of the state of California, at a convention nominating the upcoming presidential candidate. The lack of criticism and incredulity at how poor and misappropriated his speech was highlights the current impotence of the Democratic Party. He cited Richard Nixon as the main cause of his aligning himself with the Republican Party. The greatest embarrassment that party has ever known, was cheered and held up as the Paragon of American Virtues by this "scrawny kid from Austria." I mean, while he's at it, he might as well thank the Nazi's for giving his grandparents their awesome jobs and benefits.

But, that is the political climate we currently live in. Shady political dealing and blatant misrepresentations are ignored, while the Democrats keep attempting to battle the

Republicans on their home turf of values and morals. Politics has ceased to be a contest between parties aligned with values, and turned into a situation where two parties full of wealthy white men vie for the votes of a few idiots in swing states. This is why men like Arnold and Ronnie were able to come to power.



GET TO THE WHIE HAUS!!!
Courtesy of Maria Shriver

In a country where the two main political parties exhibit beliefs that are constantly changing and inconsequential, people of celebrity become the perfect candidates.

Arnold is not simply the Republican representative for California, he is also the man who said, "chill out" and "I'll be back." Political machines can't manufacture catch-phrases like that; they reverberate through the

public psyche at a level that political-speak and moral rhetoric can never hope to achieve. How could someone not vote for the guy that protected John Conner from that filthy liquid metal son-of-a-bitch that was sent back through time to ensure that the machines take over? It makes perfect sense in a society of decadence like ours, that we'd rather elect a modern day gladiator than an intelligent, well-spoken individual. Plato, all thine work was for naught!

We've learned to revere the famous; instead of our values coming from the pulpit, or from introspective reflection, they are beamed to us directly through the quick wit and smarmy attitude of John McLane and Rocky Balboa. Why have inspiring trials of our own, when we have our modern day saviors suffering for us. Thus, when these Gods of the Pantheon step down and actually offer to rule us directly, there is little we can do but cheer and legitimize their ascension by giving them our vote. It's actually a move of political brilliance by the Republican Party to so actively court testosterone-centric movie heroes. Due to the fact that most cannot separate the fact from the fiction, we can be assured of a Schwarzenegger run for the White House sometime in the future, naturalization laws be damned!

It's most likely that our society has gone too far over the edge, voluntarily sedating ourselves with TV and Film for want of ease and access. We'd gladly ignore the political scandals and governmental corruption in order to elect another former cast member of Predator. My money is on Bill Duke, "gonna have me a good run, gonna have me a good run..."

Just Say No (to Ralph Nader)

By Nicole L. Barry

I know what your idealistic mind is thinking. You're thinking, "Well, I don't want to endorse either Republicans or Democrats because I'm a free thinker with my own social ideology. I think the Independent party most closely represents my way of thinking, so I'm going to vote for Ralph Nader."

Well, that's where you're fucking wrong.

If you haven't heard this already, you're going to hear it now. If you've heard it a million times before, you're going to hear it again (and with good reason). Just say no to Ralph Nader. Just say no to that hopeful, utopian society mindset and realize that you're not voting for the democratic ideal of choosing the best candidate for the job, you're voting for the lesser evil. You're going to vote for Kerry because voting for Nader is the same as voting for Bush. You may not mean it that way, you may not intend for this to be the ultimate result of your actions, but this is what will happen.

Okay, so maybe you're thinking, "Aha, but if I vote for Nader, he'll get more funding the next time around when he runs for President."

Next time, next time is four long years away. Four years of Bush, and is that really

what you want? Tom Golisano has run for governor HOW many times with HOW much money, and he cant fucking seem to get elected? In fact, that was the most expensive non-presidential race ever in history. \$60 million, of his own money, but his grand total when it came to tell the truth at the polls clocked in at 14 percent. I, too, my dear Independent friends, once held the hope that the Independent nominee would or could possibly win. And this is not just because Tom Golisano was from Victor, a town neighboring the tiny hick-town upstate I call home. But, because of that Independent/Democratic split on the governor vote, we still have Pataki. The man who wanted to defer the much needed TAP money we college students get each year and have us wait until after graduation to get reimbursed (and he still may make that happen.) You'll feel all well and good voting Independent until you're stuck with the bigger evil for another four years. This is what happens when you try to be optimistic about the democratic process.

Nader wants to challenge the two party monopoly of Democratic and Republican parties. This is something that looks and sounds good, and appeals to the optimist in me, but the realist in me says it's not fucking going to hap-

pen. Nader's libertarian view on the issues really agrees with a lot of my core values and political views, but I can't trust that 70 year old man to pull through and take the gold. He won't, and by the time he can get a reasonable chunk of the vote, he'll be dead or in a nursing home. I'm content to just give my vote to the Democrats and be done with it.

No matter how much money Nader gets from you voting this year, it's not going to make him president. It probably wouldn't make him governor in any state for that matter either. You're going to have Bush for another four years and a few dollars more for Nader to use in 2008. If you want him to have more money, mail him a check for \$20, and vote for Kerry. It'll have the same effect. I know I probably seem bitter about this, and you may as well assume that I was just as bitter about people who voted for him last election time. Logically, you should infer that I was a Gore supporter and would have told you the same thing I am telling you now.

I think the problem here is that not enough people listen to me.

Editorials

George W. Bush Can Do No Wrong

prior to his becoming a politician often failed magnificently.

Place this in contrast to John Kerry, John Edwards, or, well, your standard 3rd grader, and Bush pales in comparison. Both Kerry and Edwards are largely self-made men. Putting all their heart into the causes they believe in, and more importantly, verbalizing these beliefs with both conviction and clarity. Bluntly put, if both candidates were teachers of yours, Kerry would at least command your attention and respect, but you'd quickly grow frustrated with Bush's ineptitude and search for the next best section after 12 noon.

So, we urge the public: don't vote with your heart in this upcoming election, vote with the same faculties you use when deciding who you'd like to get to know in life. The stuttering alcoholic coke addict, or the self-made, well-spoken, decorated war veteran. Leave it at that, realize the logic, and vote for who's a shinier son of a bitch.

So much ado has been made about both major party candidates currently running for the office of President of the United States. With this editorial, we'd like to cut through the meaningless political rhetoric, and empty retroactive promises. We'll politely gloss over the core issues and go to the heart of the matter. Ignore politics, ignore values, ignore all standard marks of candidacy, let's look at them as people. Use the same superficial organs of judgment you'd normally use when dealing with every other person you meet throughout your life.

Off these credentials, abstracting all prior preconceptions of the candidates, the competition between the two become less a neck and neck race, and more a brutal alleyway beating. Bush is an idiot and, if not propped up and scripted, or dealing with mealy-mouthed politicians like Gore or Kerry, he really has very few amiable qualities. He's a poor public speaker. He has next to no knowledge of international diplomacy. He has had very little experience in government prior to becoming president, and every endeavor he's embarked upon

White House Neglect Kills a Necessary Ban

By the time this issue has gone to print, barring a last-minute showing of legislative intestinal fortitude, the 1994 assault weapons ban will have expired. The Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act, which prohibits the sale of 19 weapons, by name, and bans magazines with capacities greater than 10 rounds, each, will have suffered a defeat by congressional and presidential neglect.

According to official statements from the White House, President Bush "supports the reauthorization of the current law." Yet this statement is a direct contradiction of the president's actions; rather than ask Congress to reauthorize the Act, he has decided to be a silent partner, complicit in Congress' attempt to let the Act lapse.

This plan of action, odious as it is, has not escape harsh criticism. In a statement reminiscent of the President's attacks on the Democratic presidential nominee, Senator Chuck Schumer criticized the president's stance by saying, "The president talks about flip-flops. Well, flip: I'm for it. Flop: House, don't do anything, don't pass it."

The President, and Congress, have shown their indifference to the American people yet again. The Annenberg Public Policy Center of the University of Pennsylvania last week released a poll that conclusively shows that the vast majority of Americans - 68% - support reauthorizing the Act. A second, separate poll, conducted by the Brady

Campaign to Prevent Gun Violence, shows that 74% of voters support reauthorizing the ban. But the most startling demographic, independent voters, drives the point home: 79% of independent voters want the ban continued. Hopefully, this large bloc will remember the President's dispassionate refusal to acknowledge the will of the people come November.

Nowhere is Congress' lack of comprehension of the American people's views more pronounced than in the words of ultra-conservative House majority leader, Representative Tom DeLay, who called the ban a "feel-good piece of legislation....[That will] expire Monday, and that's that." The fact that federal statistics show crimes committed using the banned weapons have fallen by two-thirds since the ban was enacted a decade ago seems to be of little importance to the NRA's Congressional lapdogs.

The loss of a critical piece of legislation will be mourned nationwide by police chiefs, and gun-crime victims and their families alike. Moreover, this legislative neglect, this, in the words of Senator Schumer, "dysfunction of our politics," will be celebrated by the far-right, the NRA, and the White House, three groups that have, once again, shown their almost clinical detachment from the reality of modern American life. May their neglectful, callous ways bring them the disastrous electoral defeat in November they so richly deserve.

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On Notice: A Word of Advice

By now, you've probably seen all the usual administrative paraphernalia. Chief among them is the University's "Welcome," a glossy piece of crap complete with Shirley Strum Kenny's smiling face on the cover, quotes with idiots like Mansoor Khan about what's so great about Stony Brook, and a softball interview with Jerry Stein where he gets to wax poetic about all the good things the administration has in store for you.

Don't be fooled. The administration doesn't give a shit about you.

Here's what the administration really supports: an across-the-board raise for all food items (a Nestle Drumstick now sports an absurd \$3.75 price tag); a campaign to build a recreation center that was passed in a referendum 7 years ago, costs \$23 million to make, and

is completely unnecessary; a newspaper that consistently is made up mostly of campus advertisements and articles that are best used for bathroom tissue; a police department that acts as administrative lackeys, throwing students out when they voice their opposition; a paucity of campus events, which, when they do exist, are events like "Wax Hands" that are for a 7th grade audience; and a student government that exists for the sole purpose of keeping students from questioning anything (this year's USG happily subverts that goal). We assure you, the health and happiness of the student body, on the list of things they care about, rests somewhere between beetles and Easter Island.

Some people complain about our negativity. They say, "Why don't you write about what's good on this campus? Why do you always

have to be so negative?" The answer is because we see so much wrong on this campus, and we consider it our job to point it out. So we're putting everyone on notice outright: We see a lot of wrong on this campus, and their names are Shirley Strum Kenny, Fred Preston, Pat Calabria, Alexandra Duggan, Doug Little, and Chartwell's. If anything is wrong with Stony Brook, these people are more than likely at the root of it. And we intend to point their wrongdoings out for all the university to see.

When you speak to an administrator, you should have only one thing in mind, the one thing that will help you get through life here at Stony Brook University: if you were to drop dead right in front of them, they'd step over you to get to their coffee maker.

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Letter: Sandy and the Rec Center

The followig letter - and its response - were sent out to all USG Senators and (unfortunately for Sandy Curtis) *The Stony Brook Press*. For those of you who are new to Stony Brook, Sandy Curtis is the former Undergraduate Student Government President and The Recreational Center is a terrible waste of money.

Hi everyone,

I hope all is well. It was great seeing you today. I just wanted to remind you of the Campus Recreation meeting I spoke to you about earlier today. This meeting of course will be discussing the Recreational Center that was initially voted on and approved by the student body in 1999. However, the approval to build this facility must first be approved by the State Legislature. The Senate approved the Bill for the facility however it failed to be approved by the Assembly.

I am confident if we can muster enough student signatures and send it to Albany, this will reinforce and serve as a vivid reminder to our State representatives that we do need this facility. Unfortunately, if the approval of this Bill is continues to be denied, the cost for our fellow students may be exorbitant in years to come.

Consequently, I am appealing to as many student leaders as possible to come out and help us with this petition. Many of you are the connectors, the true movers and shakers on this campus. On Wednesday I will present everything, this will not be a extremely time consuming endeavor. I do believe that collectively we can accumulate 1,000 signatures by Oct. 2nd (Homecoming). Although, the wellness center is a beautiful facility equipped with first class equipment, its limited size prohibits it from meeting the needs of a student body for a well rounded fitness facility.

A brief meeting is scheduled for wednesday September 15, 2001 (1-2p.m) SAC 308. I hope to see you or a representative on wednesday.

P.S Thank you for you kind consideration concerning this matter.

Warm regards,
 Sandy A. Curtis

Sandy,

No.

-The Stony Brook Press

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Melanie, your presence is required at the
 nude vomitorium.

Please report there immediately.

-Mgmt.

Meal Plan Points Grow on Trees

By Melanie Donovan

Some of the essentials of being a college student, or even a human, are breathing, sleeping and eating. When becoming a student here at Stony Brook University, you will soon find that these basic needs are very costly and sometimes confusing. I am going to focus on the one that tops you Stony Brook bills, Campus Dining. If you are a freshman or a transfer student, you'll think at first "hey this is easy, I just swipe this little ol'card here and I got some lunch!" It will not hit you until the end of the semester, that one way or another, you have screwed yourself over.

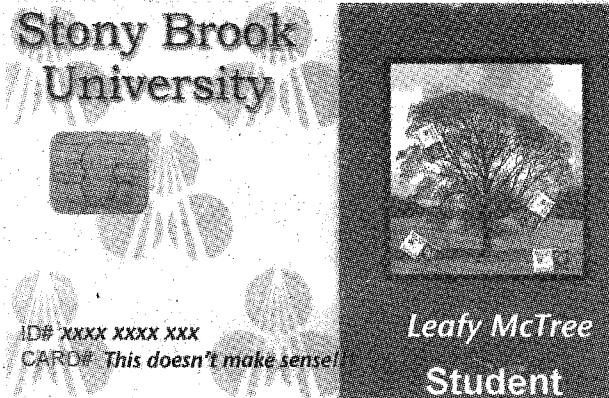
In the fall of 2003, I entered Stony Brook as a freshman. And being the cheapo that I am, I always looked for the inexpensive items, thinking I am saving myself tons of money by not buying the \$6 chicken fingers at the SAC. It turns out that by doing this, you are losing hundreds of dollars at the end of the semester. So at the end of the fall semester, I was forced to waste a hundred meal points on overpriced jelly beans and cookies that would probably equal about \$30 in any other store. I still had another hundred left over but I could not carry another box of assorted chocolates to my room. This problem occurred because last year, the "campus points" that you all know now, were divided into the two shady categories, "resident points" and "campus points." The difference between these two categories was very vague, and about 10 kids in the whole school knew exactly what the distinction was. "Resident points" were used in resident food courts, which means the dining hall that are located within a quad. "Campus points" were only to be used in the Student Union and the SAC. Then there were strange rules that you cannot use campus points after 3pm on Fridays in the union, or something about Wednesdays in the SAC, or on the 3rd Sunday of the month when the moon is full and the willow tree blows to the east. That was last year's meal plan; now let's dive into this year's meal "plan."

This year, like a fearless leader that strikes TERROR into the hearts of his people, they tore down the walls between campus and resident points. Now the majority of your points are "campus," and everyone has 100 other points called "flex points." So wait, did Stony Brook devise a new plan to help us save

that price, and not a slice of pizza. With this plan you get 1,000 "campus points" to be used in any of the dining halls in resident quads, the SAC, and the Union. Then you have 100 of these mysterious "flex points." "Flex points" can only be used at The Jasmine Food Court at the Charles B. Wang Center. Well isn't that nice, we get to go to the Waaa...what - it isn't open yet?!? We have 100 of these points that cannot be used until October? That is just super. Ok so, 1,325 minus 1,000 campus points minus 100 worthless pieces of shit flex points equals...225? I am still a bit unclear about where this \$225 goes to. Even if one meal point does not equal one dollar, you are still going to have money left over. I hear it goes to "activation fees" for the dining halls. Because food needs to be activated? Or is it the people who work there?

Now if you are a freshmen or transfer student, you probably have already noticed the \$40 charge on your account. This fee is supposedly for "required opening weekend meals." This fee was added on after most of the new students paid their \$180 orientation fees. So what is this \$40 for? New students are told the breakdown of what they are paying before they pay it. How do you add a random fee after all the bills are totaled and paid? Half of those kids did not even know where these barbecues or meal times were. This is just an example of another fee going nowhere.

So are there any benefits to having a meal plan? Not really. The Meal Plan Office says that you are saving money because you are not paying tax on food when using your meal card. But the food is over-priced by at least \$2 or \$3 any way. Now if we were served our meals, and these meals never made you sick, and they tasted good, maybe that extra 3 dollars would be worth it. Since there is a rule that if you are a resident student you have to be on a meal plan, you are trapped in this meal plan hell. Well you can always go to The Jasmine Food Court at the Waaa...oh my god it is still not open!!!



IF THERE IS ONE TREE TO MUG...
Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

money? No! We are actually once again losing money. I am on the first meal plan, which is not for "the people who have a couple of snacks during the week, and go home on the weekends." Maybe if you have more than two large meals a day you can move up to the 2nd plan, but there is only a hundred dollar difference between the two. And what did we learn earlier about what \$100 gets you here? That's right, jelly beans.

So back to how you are screwed over. On the 1st meal plan you pay \$1,325. I'm sorry but \$1,325 on food for only about four months? You should expect to be eating 3 course meals for

A Review of a Welcome From SBU, A Freshman's Point of View

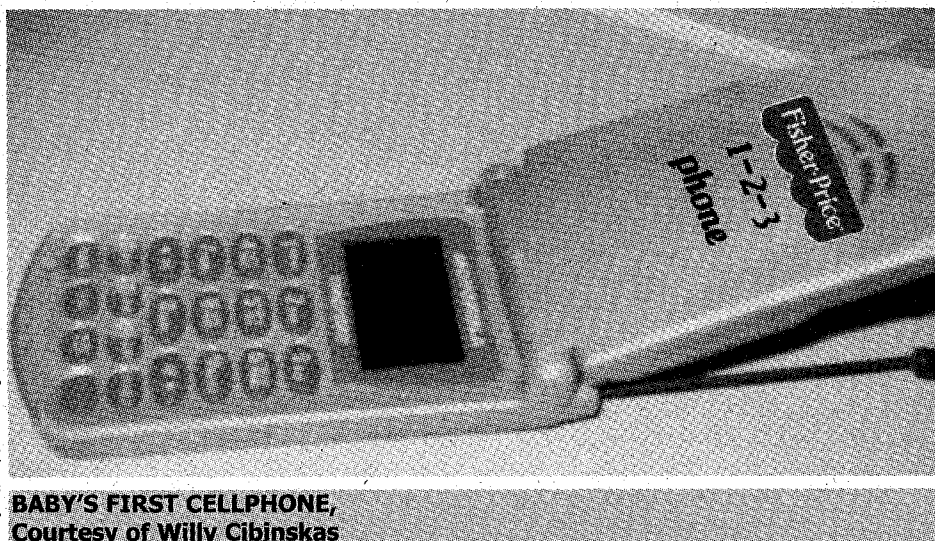
By Willy Cibinskas

My views on the University's welcome are very mixed. There are places where credit is deserved and then there are also some places that are extremely lacking and require improvement. Needless to say there were a lot of events inviting incoming freshmen to witness and experience the university.

A lot of information was handed out and drilled into us, open house after open houses; which I personally think that if a person didn't understand the first time then maybe college wasn't in their best interest. Don't get me wrong a lot of the information was useful, I just felt that the redundancy was a little unnecessary. One aspect that I found quite helpful was that they had different specialized informational events focused on the certain areas of academics that you were interested in. They weren't course-specific but they were extremely helpful for your

area of interest.

The day of student orientation was, sadly, my birthday and I really didn't have much of a choice because the next date they offered to me was in mid-August. We waited in several different lines for pictures, presentations that told what we were told at previous open houses and then the "big finale," scheduling! Scheduling at orientation was really fun, I enjoyed sitting in a classroom for hours on my birthday trying to get my schedule to work and I especially enjoyed getting rejected from class after class due to them being full. I finally was able to get the 16 credit schedule I had hoped for minus a WRT class which I now have to take next semester. I lucked out with a PSY 103 class which I did not originally plan for but am now glad I had chose it. I also lucked out with having only one problem with my schedule the first week of school: I had chosen to take HIS 111 and unfortunately the green class listing sheets and SOLAR didn't tell me that I would have to commute to Manhattan at 5:20pm - 8:10pm on Thursday nights. So I dropped that and am



BABY'S FIRST CELLPHONE,
Courtesy of Willy Cibinskas

now currently taking BIO 208 on Mondays and Fridays at 12:50pm; I really enjoy that class too.

Much like every other freshman here at SBU some time in the spring we received a letter telling us that we have been put into a "Undergraduate College," a program that divided the incoming freshmen into several separate sections to assist with "a new life at college." I was put into The College of Human Development, which is based out of Kelly Quad; it was a good idea and all of the advisors were very knowledgeable, helpful and friendly. The only problem I found with it was the various repeats of information and presentations from the orientation and open houses that we went to at the three welcoming days for freshmen.

On the first day of moving in for freshmen, I arrived late in the morning and met my roommate; I was actually very lucky for having a really good roommate, who is now currently a new friend. We decided to go to the "Family Barbecue" for some lunch; when we got there the place was a zoo, like any usual place that is offering free food. I really didn't understand the red and blue ticket idea; I mean, they had a person in the front of the line hand out tickets to be redeemed for soda, ice cream and food that

you get later down the line. Now other than maybe handing out as many tickets as there are food, ice cream and drinks, there really was no point. It appeared that people were going up again and again for seconds and thirds because there was no way of verifying that they had already eaten. Other than the strangely-planned "Family Barbecue" and the bad-tasting food served at it, the first day was fairly nice and there was even a hypnotist show that night.

The next two days were kicked off by a "Convocation of the Freshman Class," which sounded like a good idea. Unfortunately the sound system at the stadium didn't sound as good, since the speakers were on the far side of the field by the scoreboard, the sound delay threw everything off and it was actually pretty funny watching the speakers mouths not match up to the sound of their voices, it was like watching a poorly dubbed Godzilla movie. Except instead of a large green lizard, it was Shirley Strum Kenny. At least we got a free backpack and a "Success book."

For the rest of the weekend we attended presentations and events where attendance was digitally checked by running your Student ID card through a modified palm pilot. I met the rest of my suite mates, which was luck again

that they turned out to be really nice guys. I had locked my bike to a two-foot-thick cement column and managed to break my bike lock key off into the lock. I attempted to contact the university police to see if they can clip the lock; it turned out that the soonest the police could help was later next week and the people that did the most for me were the RAs in my building. I managed to get my bike off of the column and get a new lock before my first day of classes.

I started my first day of classes by falling off my bike at the intersection by Kelly and Roosevelt, I managed to crush my new cell phone, rip my new shirt and scrape a nice big chunk of flesh out of my elbow but I went to classes anyway that day and enjoyed chemistry and psychology very much. Not in any way do I blame the bike accident on the university, it is just me being horrifically clumsy. I managed to get a substitute phone from Verizon that looks and works like a five-year-old's Fisher-Price toy until I get my old one fixed. Other than my bike accident, my first week was very nice and I am glad I had chosen to come to Stony Brook University.

Viva Las Vegas? USG Struggles With Fiscal Responsibility

By Sam Goldman

When anyone – a household, a company, or a government – has a fiscal crisis, one of the first things they do is tighten their budgets. Tough choices often have to be made. Things that are thought to be good, popular ideas ultimately have to be shelved in favor of things that are necessary to fulfill responsibilities to themselves and to others. It's a difficult thing, but it's necessary. That's how life works.

In the Philippines, a deepening fiscal crisis has caused the government to discuss both large and small changes. Expensive catered events are now replaced by cheap food on plastic plates. Parties and sports festivals no longer occur. Lawmakers are being asked to halve their pork barrel funds. Agencies are prohibited from buying new vehicles. While these efforts will not solve their crisis, they are positive developments, and welcomed by the people of the nation. These may be difficult things, but they are necessary. That's how life works.

Which brings us to what seems like our favorite target, Stony Brook University's Undergraduate Student Government.

By now, many of those who pay attention to these types of things have heard about the USG Executive Council's excursion over the Rosh Hashanah holiday to sunny Las Vegas. Many have cried foul, and for good reason. As I told Executive Vice President Esam al-Shareffi, in the absence of information, speculation will always come down to the worst possible scenario, which in this case would be the Executive Council spending three days drinking, gambling, and attending Star Trek: The Experience.

Surprise, surprise: the trip is legit. The Executive Council is attending the National Conference on Student Leadership Certified Student Leader Weekend Retreat. It's a conference involving student government members from across the world; three days of workshops with titles like "Intentional and Inclusive Community Building: From Awareness to Collaboration" and the like. They spend the

whole time there, including from 8 am to 8:30 pm on Saturday, in these meetings. The cost, if you're interested, is \$756 for rooms for 8 council members, \$1800 for registration (\$225 each), flights are \$3055 (\$382 each), meals \$960 (\$40 each, per day), and transportation to/from MacArthur Airport (\$150), for a grand total of \$6800.00. (As an aside, this information comes directly from al-Shareffi, who was



SIN CITY,
Courtesy of Nevada Dept. of Tourism

kind enough to actually photocopy me an itinerary and print out an email where Sonia Guttman broke down the budget. Last year, if I asked for this from then-V.P. Sergio de Freitas, I would have gotten the finger.)

A legit excursion to Vegas to learn how to be better student leaders is fine and good. In

fact, we'd be all for it. However, there is a small problem. You see, USG is facing a - say it with me now - fiscal crisis. USG, as of right now, is over \$200,000 in the red. In addition, campus religious groups have been clamoring for a piece of the USG pie, and USG is finally prepared to give it to them, which would put a further strain on the budget.

When organizations face this kind of crisis, it tightens its belt. USG, to its credit, has slowly begun to reevaluate things. At an Executive Council meeting Friday, they reacted positively to an idea to eliminate stipends, which would free up \$52,000. They have begun to look at cheaper companies they can collaborate with on a yearbook (<<ital>>The Stony Brook Press<</ital>> may have its own announcement on that subject in the next few weeks).

So....why are they going to Las Vegas? Seven grand would pay for the needs of the USG Judiciary, or SBU Rugby (2 groups that came to USG looking for help). It would pay for the needs of several of the religious groups on campus that would like to get funded. And the NCSL Conference, while worthwhile, is hardly something that is necessary. The USG Judiciary, in particular, should be fully funded. If the Executive Council fails to deliver them what they need, it would send a message that the executive branch finds itself to be more important than the judicial branch – a dangerous precedent to send.

It must be repeated that the NCSL Conference is not an excuse to party; it is legit, and not a bad idea. But these are the tough choices that any organization needs to make. It's not something that will make or break the USG budget, but it would be a welcome development and a sign that USG understands its situation, and puts clubs and organizations first. It may be a difficult thing, but it's necessary. That's how life works.

Song of Merriment and Praise for SOLAR

By Neighbor

Warning, the following article is neither a song, nor does it contain praise at all for anyone or anything. Actually, It's a really long set of curses designed to show my intense dissatisfaction for the SOLAR system. That being said, consider yourself warned. I recommend keeping this article away from small children and the elderly. As a side note, any threats in this article, specifically the violent ones should be taken completely as humorous, and not in any way shape or form serious. Now on to the cussing:

Fuck SOLAR in the goat ass. No seriously, if the SOLAR system was a person, I'd recommend their head being ripped off so all the students in Stony Crook could shit down its throat hole. It's the most useless and pointless piece of code ever written. EVER!! It makes Windows 95 look stable. For those of you who are a little upset at me just cursing with no reason, here's a few of the many wonderful reasons why I hate SOLAR, and its new "upgrade," more then the herp dog.

1) If more then .0045 people are trying to access it at one time, it crashes instantly, and stays crashed for the next 4 days.

2) To get a DARTS report on the old SOAR system took 2 clicks, on SOLAR, it takes around 10, and that doesn't include all the refreshing of pages you have to do, re-logging in, and/or selecting what university you go to. HOLY FUCKING SHIT BALLS!!!! Does anyone see

a problem here? YOU HAVE TO TELL IT WHAT SCHOOL YOU GO TO!! WHAT THE FUCK? HOLY SHIT!! Yes, I go to motherfucking Yale, but I want to check my grades on Stony's shitty, shitty, shitty fucking SOLAR system. Good thing to simplify matters you can only chose Stony Brook. FUCK YOU SOLAR!!

3) Why do you have to re-affirm every choice you make 3 different times using 3 different pull down menus, and having to click an affirmation button like 8 times. Doing that not only makes me waste my time and gets me angry, it leaves me with symptoms similar to Ebola victims. My eyes are bleeding just thinking about SOLAR.

4) Anal leakage. Yes, SOLAR is the cause of all the anal leakage in the world. How do I know this? I know everything. Do not question me.

What is the purpose of having SOLAR? The school still has the SOAR system, why not switch back? Who the hell designed SOLAR anyhow? What kind of moron makes an entire page refresh when you change pull-down menu choices? No, really, please, someone tell me. I'm at Stony for an education, clearly I need one to use the system. Oh, and when I'm done, I'll need a therapist. Good thing our school has a psych. major. The midnight scream has nothing to do with finals week. It's there so that when you're trying to register for next semester, you

don't punch babies in the head. Someone needs to sodomize the developers who wrote this with sandpaper condoms (hey, at least they'd use condoms!).

Yes, the SOLAR system fills me with much rage. I'm willing to bet my entire 57 terabyte porn collection that most of the campus feels exactly the same way I do about SOLAR, they just haven't had the opportunity to voice it like this. I've heard worse hootin' and hollerin' coming from SINC sites then what I've written here today. Even professors have professed their dissatisfaction with the SOLAR system loudly in class. SOLAR system is a piece of crap. The company that makes it is a piece of crap. Stony Brook paid Peoplesoft a retarded amount of \$ for a piece of crap software system that I'm fairly certain is completely insecure. Someone's palms got greased, and Stony got a software system that doesn't function properly. Think I'm wrong? Prove me wrong, I dare you! HA! I bet you really can't, can you!! I don't think that this piece will be taken too seriously, after all, I cursed a lot, and I'm a fictional character on an SBUTV show that's probably not returning for another season... but I digress...

Bottom line, SOLAR sucks, Stony sucks more for buying it, and not returning it, and demanding something better. I'm willing to bet the only person who'd disagree with that is the guy who got the kickback for having bought from Peoplesoft in the first place.

The Internet & SBU: A Rant from a Nerd

By Joe Rios

Most students think that when they plug their desktops and laptops into a jack on campus, they are merely getting access to the local networks and the world wide web. While this is true, they are also exposing themselves to a barrage of attacks from the internet. Imagine you coming to campus with your brand new \$1800 laptop, and you plug it into the internet, and within a time frame of hours, you are facing viruses and an assortment of adware and spyware programs. There couldn't be a worse situation. While it is unfortunate that this happens, it's completely preventable.

The easiest way to save yourself the trouble of fighting these off is to protect yourself, now if it were only as simple as putting a condom on your Ethernet cable. Unfortunately, that will greatly hurt your connection speed.

A good start is to make sure that your operating system is up to date. Secondly, find a good adware/spyware blocker and removal program. In addition to that, make sure you have a reputable anti virus program, and that it is up to date. The University offers anti-virus programs on Softweb, free for students. Beyond that, just be wary of e-mails from unknown people, regardless of how much money they say you've won.

Now there's probably a few readers that are right now thinking to themselves, "Why didn't I hear this sooner." For you folks it's not too late. Install all the previously mentioned software, and remove what you can. In addition, there are people who just don't care how messed up their computers are. Know this, apathy is more dangerous than ignorance. Every week the network faces outages because there are sys-

tems in place to prevent the spread if threats. Consider that the next time you're trying to do research for your term paper that is probably due the next day, and your internet connection dies, just remember that it's probably because of the guy next door, who's downloading virus laced porno programs.

An additional problem with internet connection as of late has been decreases in the maximum amount of speed you can get out of your connection. Across the country, internet service providers have been capping the speeds of their "High Speed" internet connections in an attempt to stop massive amounts of file sharing. At peak hours on campus, the connection to the internet can be slowed down to an almost snail-like pace.

What can be done to prevent this? Not much really. One of the most well known features of the file sharing community is that it consists of groups of resilient people who will not be stopped by silly little things such as network administrators and lawsuits from groups like the RIAA and the MPAA.

Messaging programs have also been restricted by the campus network. As of late, AOL Instant Messenger is now unable to send files to users outside of the network, thanks to what seems to be a rather useless firewall.

Dorming on campus has issues all it's own. In some quads each room has only one jack for two, some times even three students. This is also combined with a wiring scheme that makes the concept of cross compatability very difficult. You should not need to buy a special cable, and a hub in order to use the internet access that your technology fee already covers.

If you have been to any of the non Residential Sinc sites, you've probably noticed that at many times of the day, you cannot walk in and print your schedule without waiting in line for ten minutes. While they are prone to rushes between classes, the Library Sinc site is prone to lines that reach all the way to the back. This is almost doubled in degree on any very rainy day, because the Union Sinc site is prone to flooding, thereby rendering it useless.

Pondering, the threats, costs and hassles related in computing on campus is enough to make you want to rip your hair out, or at least kick your computer a few times. So before you "jack-in" take a moment to reflect upon all the great things that your technology fee brings to you.



BE SAFE; PUT ON A PARTY HAT!
Courtesy of Jowy Romano & Willy Cibiskas

Ken Jennings Is a God!

By Meri Wayne

In preparation for writing this article, I decided it might be a good idea to actually watch Ken Jennings, the *Jeopardy!* champ, last night. Wow! That guy is amazing! I mean, he's a genius. Jennings, who won his 43rd consecutive game last night, has accumulated \$1,432,461. He is a little lame though.

Jennings, 30, is a software engineer in Salt Lake City, Utah. He and his wife have a one year old son. Jennings has written his name in a different way for each of his 43 games. He also speaks Arabic in his sleep and is a Mormon. Jennings, a graduate of Brigham Young University, competed in quiz bowls as a student. Currently he is a board member of the "National Academic Quiz Tournaments," for which he also writes questions. Jennings, in the unique position of having his *Jeopardy!* run split by the summer hiatus, admitted to suffering *Jeopardy!* withdrawal, answering his wife in the form of a question. Strange behavior for a Mormon, no?

A real record shatterer, that Jennings. On his 38th show, the last one before *Jeopardy!*'s summer hiatus, Jennings broke three records: top one-day winnings, \$75,000; highest score at the end of Double Jeopardy, \$51,400; and largest winning margin, \$73,200. He is also one of the longest running game show champions in all time. Referring to a list of the top eight single-day winners, Alex Trebek said, "Ken has seven of the eight positions, so he is a force to be reckoned with."

Of course, none of Jennings' success would have come about had it not been for rule changes in recent years. The dollar amounts for Jeopardy and Double Jeopardy were doubled in 2001, making the maximum question value in Round 1 \$1,000 and in Double Jeopardy \$2,000. To mark its 20th year, *Jeopardy!* removed the rule requiring a contestant to leave after 5 wins, allowing a contestant to continue playing until they've met their match. "It makes the show more interesting. It's like a dynasty. And there has to be someone to take them down," said Albert Gofman, class of 2007.

How is it possible, you might ask, that this man can know so much? Some people are conspiracy theorizing while others just dismiss it. "There's no way he can know that much! It must be fixed," said Laura McCalister, class of 2006. "I don't think it's possible for anyone to win that many times in a row. The odds are against it. It must be rigged," said Sapna Mehta, Swarthmore class of '04.

Maybe there is a modern-day quiz show scandal, like in the 1950s. Perhaps Jennings is being fed some of the answers. Perhaps Trebek is splitting half his winnings, while Jennings himself keeps 40% and his church the other 10%. Within the past week, rumors have surfaced that Jennings finally met his match. Supposedly, on the 75th game (which will air in October), with almost \$2.5 million, Jennings loses *Jeopardy!*

Will Jennings' name be soon forgotten? Will his 15 minutes end in October?

He already appeared on Letterman and has been a punch line for Conan, Leno and Kilborn. Everyone has written about him: from *Time* to ESPN and has countless web pages devoted to either professing him a god or calling him a cheating devil. Either way, "He's a nerd!" says Jason Peragallo, NYU Medical School class of '07.



ISN'T HE A HOTTIE?
Courtesy of Alex Trebek

Noise as a Way of Life: Series 36-10

By Andrew Thompson

Thursday, September 9, 2004, was a windy day. People had their hair blow in every direction, and it nearly made me spill my overpriced KMX drink. It was a good day, because I love the sound of wind in my ears. In fact, I pretty much enjoy strong, loud sounds. Noise holds an important place in my heart. Whenever I am on a highway, the window has to go all the way down so I can hear the unnaturally strong winds. Having the windows up for me would destroy the sounds, like I missed the experience. And sound is an experience at the right frequencies and volume.

Many people remember some of the first songs that had a major impact on their lives. Usually its some half-baked bullshit lyrics that spoke to them, that made them realize they were not alone in their suffering. They go out to some store that sells shallow-looking clothing that makes them trendier than thou. Useless cosmetic products are purchased to remove truly trivial objects on the face like blackheads or the appearance of intelligence. Variations on this life-changing event would be something that tells the listener to defiantly resist conformity, while remaining vague on what is conformity. After hearing this they then must out to Hot Topic™ (see, I had to add the TM, because the non-conformist store would otherwise sue me) and buy the appropriate clothing. Getting a piercing helps as well, just as long as everybody can see it and comment on how cool it looks.

For me hearing new types of noises changed my life. I didn't dress any differently (since I'm too lazy and cheap to buy new clothing) but my perception of what existed around me completely changed my attitude regarding sound. Aggression is usually associated with loud, obnoxious sound but I think that's a misconception. A train clanking along tracks could be viewed as noise, but it also can be seen as a calming mechanism. The consistency at which the train travels actually is quite calming and the deep sounds mingling with the harsh screeches can produce a bizarre experience of movement with sound. Trains are a good example since they're so common and one line is three houses away from mine. Living so close then made me aware of not only the sonic implications of the noise but the energy behind it (my house always shakes when it passes by). Being able to notice the strangeness of the sonic universe outside the (mostly) generic musical offerings helped me to realize all that was unique about the millions of hums, drones, and horns heard every day and too often ignored.

Noise brings these unavoidable elements of industry and nature to the forefront of sound. Over amplified sounds of crackling speakers playing music too loud, breaking glass and a skipping CD should be given more attention. Skipping CDs in particular excite me, since they made Dave Matthews Band sound good, something I thought couldn't happen.

I sat in the office at work unfortunately being subjected to irritating pop hits

of a few years earlier. One of my co-workers obviously thought everything being played on Z100™ (see further prevention of suing, just on opposite side of the spectrum) in 1999 was pure gold. It was 2002, time I thought for people to recover from such generic synth-pop garbage like "Barbie Girl". One of the top songs of that year was an awful Dave Matthews Band song (although the awful is redundant). As it started up, it began skipping. I was so happy to hear the destruction of the hated pop-hits CD and found the random skips onto different guitar chords amazing. The randomness and loud staccato bursts made it sound as if Dave Matthews knew what he was doing, which of course he didn't.

Energy behind sound is important in regular music, hence the crescendo, high-pitched industrial synths, screaming vocals, and heavy bass. The energy behind music is what makes it so endearing, which is why noise usually provokes such strong emotions in people, mostly that of disgust that I would waste my time listening to that shit. I love the energy behind it, whether it is naturally produced wind-blowing, digital error, or just something being smashed. This energy exists whenever somebody talks too loudly into their microphone and you can't escape their voice, no matter how hard you try. Professors do this to emphasize a point and it works. Standing next to the speakers at a concert with earphones shows that sometimes the volume can be more important than the sound itself.

Giving more attention to noise does not mean that one should give up all music. Music in itself is still fine, just confining. Melody, movement and rhythm make music enjoyable. These devices also have a downside of predictability. Even singing in different registers, the type of rhythm, and the texture of the sounds give away the music's intention even before the song officially starts. Unpredictability of noise alongside the sheer volume of it is part of its appeal.

Fortunately noise has not been effectively categorized, meaning I can continue to look like a disheveled wreck of a human being. People do listen to everyday noises and high and low pitched noise created by a few digital sound artists. If noise lovers had to wear something, they would probably cover their jeans and T-shirts in glue and roll around on the ground, allowing whatever attached itself onto the clothing to become part of the clothes.

A total lack of organization goes perfect with the random sound, the non-elitist attitude (you hear it everywhere and not nearly enough people listen), and the ability to have any interpretation of whatever sound you can hear. Noise is not associated with industrial music, although initially it was. It can be aggressive, cheerful, or pessimistic depending on your mindset. Creativity is an intricate part of noise, since it remains so random that we cannot accurately control it. Forever as a part of our environment, we must learn to have a positive attitude towards it.

Guitar Lessons 101!!!!

By Resident Pachuco, Tom Senkus

If you are new to playing music or a stringed instrument, never fear. Tom is here.

The first step to playing guitar is having the essential elements. First, a guitar. If you do not have a guitar on hand, than you be nutty to be reading this far. I mean, god-damnit, just stop already.

Now that that loser is gone, find a pick: A pick, or plectrum, is a piece of plastic shaped like a triangle that facilitates strumming (whacking strings) while causing no callous build-up.

TUNING

One of the first steps to making any kind of music is to tune the guitar. Easier said than done. Here's one of the easiest methods:

Those of you who have an electronic tuner handy, you can skip the next few paragraphs. For the poor bastards (bitches, too) among us, read on.

For now, do not worry about tuning your guitar to the normally accepted EADGBE, which is the standard tuning of a guitar. What we will be doing is relative tuning, akin to tuning up a six-member sextet.

Find the metal bars on the neck of the guitar; those are called frets. To properly fret a string, using pressure from your thumb to first finger, connect the string to the fretboard and with your right hand, your picking hand, lightly graze the string, playing a note.

Each fret can be labeled with a number. The first fret equals 1, second 2, and so on. Remember, we are still tuning. Find the fifth fret on the largest string. Play that note and the open string of the adjacent string. The string can be played together or separate; as long as they ring together, then you are on the right track. If there is no wavering of the sound, then we may move on.

More than likely, the two strings will be out of tune, so this is where we get to use our free hand, and adjust the tuning pegs on the headstock. Make slow movement in either direction until the two sounds become one. Feel free to replay the two strings in succession to make sure they blend into one. This may take some time, and guaranteed, it might not even be entirely in tune when you finish. The two strings you tuned up are called the E and A strings.

Next up, we have to tune the A and D strings. Again, place your finger on the fifth fret, but this time on the A string. Play only the A and D strings together, again listening to see if the strings are in tune. If they are, move on. If not, refer to the last paragraph.

The third and fourth strings, D and G, need to be tuned as well. Do the fifth fret trick and move on.

Ah yes, the G and the B strings. Not so fast, amigo! You were thinking, "Fifth fret and open string again." Uh uh, speedy. This is where the guitar becomes tricky and this is also the major complaint of the guitar's design. The reasons behind this weird logic are numerous, but the obvious one is that it facilitates barre chord playing. But don't worry about that now. Hell, you don't even know how to tune the damn

thing, how the hell do you think you are going to play a barre chord? Jeez, kids these days...

I digress. This time we must use the fourth fret and an open string to tune the G and the B strings. The tuning method is still the same, so play them both until they are both in tune with the rest of the strings. We are almost in bid'ness.

Finally, tune the B and E strings together, using the FIFTH fret instead of the fourth. You may be wondering why there's another E string, but the simple distinction between them is that the other E is largest and smallest of the guitar. If you want to get super fancy, you can play both of the E strings and listen to see if they are in tune. However, as they are separated by two octaves, the perceived difference is much more difficult.

Now your guitar should be in tune or sounding better than it had before. If at any time you feel the string

may break, please stop and find a local guitar shop to show you, in person, how to tune the damn thing. The only expense they'll probably charge you is laughing in your face, but remember: It is YOU who has sex with girls, not them.

For the tuner equipped, you have a much easier ride, albeit somewhat cheating. In my opinion, tuning by ear helps you develop a sense of pitch quicker, which not only helps you sound better, but also makes singing and playing with a band MUCH easier. From personal experience, I can tell if a person has a good ear if they are constantly checking their tuning.

First trick is to plug in the tuner (for electric guitars) or bring it within hearing distance for the onboard microphone. Play the biggest string, the E, and make sure the meter reads E, dead center. If you accidentally play another string, the meter could be screwed up and you could tune to the wrong tuning.

Next, play the following strings, tuning them A, then D, then G, then B, then E.

Congrats, all that, and we only tuned the damn thing! Well, rest assured, that is one of the hardest topics for a beginner to tackle.

RIFF OF DEATH

Okay, here's a quick song to learn. It is in a different key from the original, but as a beginner, be glad that you can play something. The riff, or musical motif, that we will play may not seem like the most bitchin' to begin with, but keep your chin up: It separates you from the losers who don't even put in a damn effort for anything. Find the E string, the first string, the thickest. Play it open, then play the third fret with your first finger, then the fifth fret, using whatever finger is most comfortable. At

this stage of the game, "correct" fingers aren't really useful until we get a tighter grasp on the concept of playing the six-string beast.

Next for your atomic riff, play the open string again, then third fret, then sixth, then fifth. Remember to keep all this on one string.

As a reiteration, play the open string, then third, then the fifth. Finally, finish off the riff by playing the third fret, then the open string. That, in short form is a simplified version of "Smoke on the Water," the Deep Purple tune only your dad and I still listen to.

In it's entirety, here's the entire steps:

Open string, 3rd fret, 5th fret

Open string, 3rd fret, 6th fret, 5th fret

Open string, 3rd fret, 5th fret

3rd fret, Open string

Below is tablature for a more descriptive look. Besides common music notation, tablature, or tab, is an effective way to teach beginners who cannot read music guitar. Remember that each fret is numbered? Well, 0 means open string, 1 means first, 2 means second. Also, the lowest line represents the low E string (the thicker one). From there on, it follows standard tuning guitar, unless noted otherwise. Think of this as musical Battleships. As I said before, tablature is good for beginners, but a lack of rhythm notation, as well as the high amounts of discrepancies from the notators make tab a shaky crutch to work with.

That's our first riff. There will be many more to explore, but let's move on the higher ground.

CHORDS

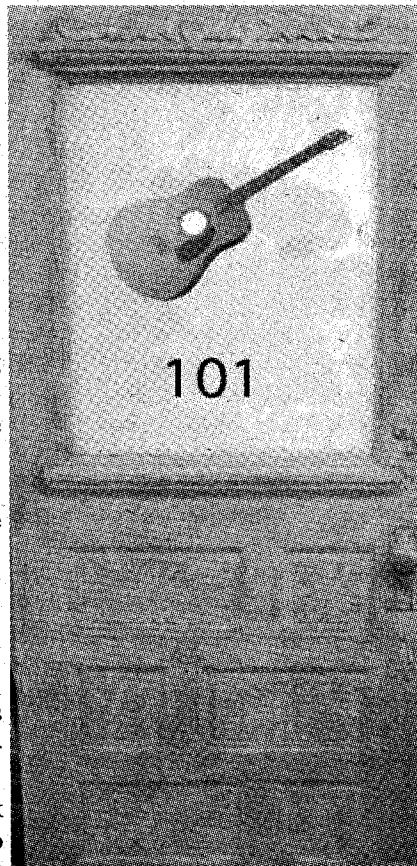
There isn't enough space this *Press* issue to cover all the chords in depth, but I'll give a few of the easiest chords that actually sound like music.

First off, is E major. Take your middle finger and place it on the second fret of the A string. This is the note B. Next, take your ring finger and place it on the second fret of the D string. This note is E. Finally, take your first finger and place in on the first fret of the G string, making that a G sharp (G#).

Strum the entire chord. Strumming is just using slight force to vibrate the strings. It should be once even motion, like last night, when I slapped BOTH of your mom's ass cheeks instead of getting caught on the just right (I'm a righty). If there is any buzzing, make sure to make adjustments to each individual string. Also, with your other fingers, be careful as to not mute the B and E strings with your draped fingers. Try to keep the fingers themselves at an almost perpendicular angle to the fretboard. Pay attention to the thumb and you'll notice how much easier it is to play if your thumb is straight as well. Keep your thumb as straight as possible. While it may hurt now, it makes playing in future much easier and enjoyable. I believe that to be the truest axiom for any type of instrumentalist's improvement.

So now you've gotten the E major chord; now what? Well, take your first finger of G# and now you have E minor! "Holy-moley, Tom, you are a genius!" Blow me. We are not done yet, ya rushin' commie.

Next chord is A major. Take the middle finder and place it on the second fret of the D string, making that an E. Ring finger should be on the second fret of the G string, and now the



CLASS IS IN SESSION,
Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

tricky part; use your pinkie, the weakest of weak, the bitch of bitches, and place in on the second fret of the B string, making it C#. The logical problem is why not use the pointer finger, middle and ring to fret. Sure they may be stronger, but the worst problem is that the fingers are too big, too cumbersome to effectively switch to other chords.

Once you have E major and A major down, you now have the basic elements of most blues songs, and 3/4's of The Clash's "Should I Stay or Should I Go?"

Alrighty, I need a freakin' break from writing so much.

Now for a quick plug: For more intensive, one-on-one lessons (Cheap too!), email me any ideas or questions to elusivetspot@hotmail.com. Other great online resources include www.guitarnoise.com and www.wholenote.com.

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Beyond Salsa, Merengue, Bachata, and Reggaeton

By Claudia Toloza

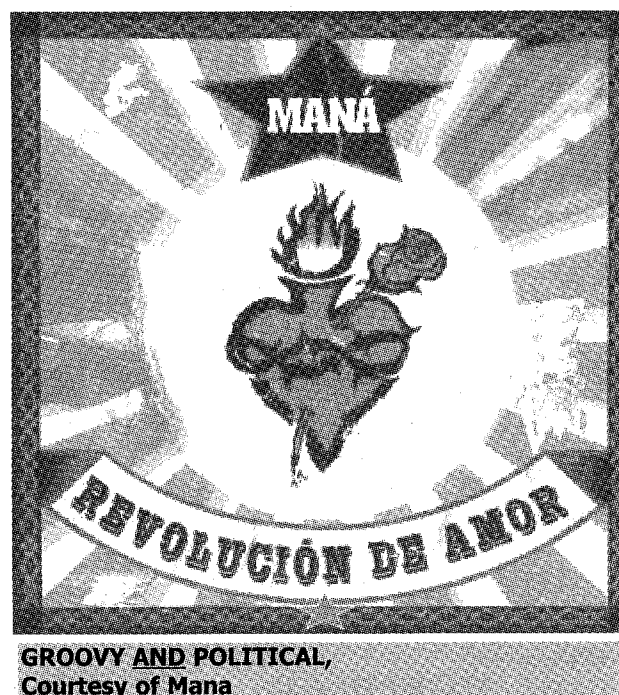
When most people think of Spanish music they automatically think that person listens to salsa, merengue, reggaeton, or bachata. However, this is not the only music in Spanish that is available. Perhaps the problem lies in the radio industry; radio stations such as La Mega (97.9 FM) and Latino Mix (92.7FM and 105.9FM) don't cover much music outside of these four genres. The fact that Latin radio stations in the United States only choose to cover a limited amount of music genres makes it hard for people such as myself to find out what other Spanish music is available.

The amount of Spanish music that is available outside of the four genres of salsa, merengue, bachata and reggaeton is extremely extensive. Unfortunately, perhaps the only artist that people know outside of these genres are those artist who have made cross-over albums. Some examples are Ricky Martin, Thalía, Pulina Rubio and, yes, even the Miss Lady Marmalade herself, Christina Aguilera. These four artists, especially the latter three, aren't the best representations of Spanish music that steps outside the main four genres. There are artists, like Alejandro Sanz, Juanes, Carlos Vives, Juelieta Venegas, Ricardo Arjona, La Oreja de Van Gogh, Mana, Cabas, Café Tacuba, Miguel Bose, Ana Torroja, Bacilos and many more, who are overlooked by many young Latinos simply because their music is not being played on the radio.

Many of the artists I mentioned are extremely well-known and popular outside of the United States. They are not only celebrated because they write and compose their own music (a rarity nowadays), but because their music mixes many different types of Latin rhythms and because their lyrics seem to speak to the audience. Juanes, in his 2003 album *Un Dia Normal* was able to combine rock music with traditional Colombian styles of music such as bambuco. Carlos Vives, in his newest album just released on August 31, *Rock De Mi Pueblo* mixes rock music with vallenatos (another Colombian style of music). Alejandro Sanz a very famous

singer from Spain who, just last week, won 5 Latin Grammys for his last album, *No Es Lo Mismo*, in which he dabbled with many different music genres, such as hip hop and flamenco.

Besides being able to offer their listeners a wide range of music styles to listen to, many of these artist write songs that are mean-



ingful. Artists such as Ricardo Arjona who, in his last album, *Santo Pecado* addressed the issue of kidnapping, a very big problem that affects countries such as Mexico, and also the issue of bureaucracy in government which basically affects all Latin American nations. Juanes, in his album *Fijate Bien*, released in 2001, in the song by the same title, addressed the issue of land mines in Colombia which have caused many severe injuries to people, especially children. Mexican rock band Mana, in their 2002 release *Revolucion De Amor*, addressed the dangers of illegal Mexican immigration to the United States in their song, "Pobre Juan." These artists are not only able to create music that is good and danceable; they

are also able to use their music as a medium to address the problems that many Latin Americans face.

The strong and socially motivated consciousness that many artist like Juanes, Mana, Ricardo Arjona, and others try to bring out in their music is something I don't see in music style such as reggaeton. In reggaeton, many of the songs are sexually oriented. For example, take this line from a song by Daddy Yankee entitled "Gasolina": "Ella le gusta la gasolina (dame mas gasolina!) como le encanta la gasolina (dame mas gasolina!)." Loosely translated, it says, "she likes gasoline (give me more gasoline) Oh how she likes the gasoline (give me more gasoline)." Now I'm no expert as to what exactly Daddy Yankee is referring to by gasoline, but I'm pretty sure that he is definitely NOT referring to actual gasoline. As to what he means by gasoline, I leave it to your imagination. The point is that songs such as this one are the ones getting played on the radio over and over while other songs that actually have a political, social, or meaningful message of any kind are getting ignored. Aside from the fact that the lyrics are not very deep, reggaeton music is also unoriginal. Although reggaeton may have a good beat to dance to, I can't help but think that all reggaeton songs basically sound the same. If you listen to a reggaeton song, it has a distinct background beat that makes it good to dance to. However, once you hear another reggaeton song, that same beat, or a very similar beat, can also be heard in the background.

There is so much Spanish music available out there that is not salsa, merengue, bachata, or reggaeton. Sure, it might take a little research to find it, it might even make you change your radio dial from 97.9, 92.7, or 105.9 to some other station but with luck you will find other genres of music you like better. And if, after all that, you still can't find any good music, you can use this article as a guide to the music you should be listening to.

The American Morbid Fascination

By Michael LeComte

On the eve of Labor day there was a small conflict between two loud and obnoxious women in Penn station where I was waiting for my train. I walked past it and took to looking on the giant flippy sign which tells the arrival of trains. I noticed that nearly everyone around me whipped their necks around and stared the entire duration of the conflict, which I have to say, was excessive. People only focused harder when the police men showed up to drag the two screaming banshees apart. Yeah, everyone loved it.

In my many, many hours alone I've begun to make some observations on the nature of man. I've come to one interesting conclusion. Americans, humans or whatever you think you are, have a really strange fascination with conflict and destruction. We derive a strange sort of pleasure by watching another's misery. Jerry Springer starts more fights than Don King. We just laugh as the guests lose yet another tooth, or their tops, plus a lot of dignity they probably never had anyway. MTV provides us with some of the most horrendous mockery of life that is fit to air. The show, if you haven't guessed it yet, is called "The Real World" AKA Get kids drunk to fight and fuck and cry. Why does it pass as entertainment? I don't want to understand; I feel dirty just thinking about relating to that show. There is, of course, Professional wrestling or as I like to call it, southern ballet. All those widely available and popular cable programs hinge on exploiting the pain or perception of pain that the participants demonstrate. Can we just face it? We love seeing people get their hearts and hair ripped out. We love 911 calls, the fresher the trauma the better. We love the destruction, the chaos, the pain. And if we do not love conflict per say, we are at least strangely drawn to it for reasons which are not clear. When I say we I mean the vast majority of people are guilty of having such a fascination.

We crave knowing exactly how the school children and teachers were killed by Chechen rebels. We want it step by step, bomb by bomb. We have televised wars now. For no

other reason but to flex our muscles. The holocaust provided horrific images which we couldn't stop looking at. We wanted it that way for columbine; we wanted to see the twin towers come down. We for some reason want to relive what no one would want to live through in the first place.

What is our morbid fascination with this destruction and conflict? Why do people starve themselves here, cut themselves? Why do we force people to eat strange animal parts until



PEOPLE JUST LOVE TANKS,
Courtesy of World War I (and II)

they vomit out their own piggish snouts? Do we really enjoy it? What other reason would we have? Some would admit that they like seeing people eat gross things and they derive some sort of pleasure from it because you enviably laugh, you smile, you say "I never eat goat eyes without some AI". People don't mind admitting that sometimes. As for watching footage of people being massacred, not many people admit to liking that very much. Yet we have sought out just that exact thing in wanting to see video footage of columbine or the world trade center or the recent Chechen hostage situation.

Some of us tortured animals in our youth. Pouring salt on slugs? I know I wasn't the only one disturbed by the crackle. Good ol' fizzy seagulls, which explode when you feed them Alka-Seltzer. Have you no shame? Frog baseball was a backyard sport I had the extreme displeasure in witnessing in my back home days. If you aren't familiar with it...you find a frog, find a baseball bat, and make the two kiss. Repeat. It may have been a New England thing, but I'm sure it probably wasn't. To a lesser extent frying ants. Why lesser? Simply said bugs aren't cute.

I could go into the similarities of fucking and fighting. In horror movies the large knife is sometimes a phallic symbol, the repeated thrusting, and the horrific/enjoyable noises the female creates. The provocative dress and the compromising situations are all deliberately displayed by the director. Some say you would have to be crazy to interpret a killing as arousing I think you would have to be crazy not to see the similarities in some movies. Even the facial contortions produced by a climaxing individual are quite similar to the expressions of distress and pain. And yes...I did go there. You are pretty when you cry and now you know why. This of course is more of unconscious coincidence, I am in no way implying that pain is the root of pleasure, it's really not my thing and the sanctity of making love is quite removed from violence in reality.

Now, it is acceptable in a weird way for someone to be transfixed by a person being harmed. Curiosity causes us stare at a car crash, but what are we in fact looking for? Do we look to reassure ourselves that nothing bad has happen or do we look because we want to know either way. By looking you are opening up the possibility of seeing a bad scene yet you accept it in order to reassure yourself it is the contrary.

In the end I don't believe that humans are evil bloodthirsty sadists. I am simply implying that we may need to examine the morbid curiosity and fascination with violence that is exhibited in our culture.

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Bully: The Misadventures of Teddy Roosevelt and the Ghost of Thomas Edison

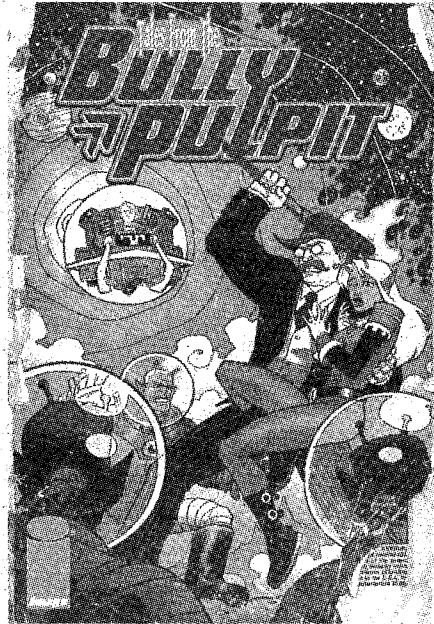
By Michael Prazak

Premises as odd and fulfilling as this rarely manifest themselves in works of fiction. After reading *Tales From The Bully Pulpit*, I'd have to say, through the stream of tears, I hope no one ever duplicates this work of inane genius. I'll give you a brief synopsis, though it will fail to actually convey the overall theme of this graphic novel. We follow the journey's of a temporally displaced Teddy Roosevelt, meeting up with the spirit of Thomas Alva Edison. Together, they embark on a journey, using a time machine pilfered from H.G. Wells, to discover what's amiss in their world. They find the son of Adolph Hitler, Jorge Hitler, living in Argentina, plotting the invasion of Mars in order to set forth the supremacy of the green race.

If you can get past this completely absurd premise, as comic fans are easily able to do, you are treated to maybe the funniest pages ever committed to the sequential art medium. Edison and Roosevelt are the bevy of straight-man/foil teams that permeated American entertainment culture. Roosevelt plays essentially the role he created, the loud mouthed, barrel-chested, thinking with his fists American. Exclaiming "Bully!" and "Allez-Oups," as he dashes into adventure, he typifies the brazen hero we've been raised on in this country. On the 'straight-man' side we have Thomas Alva Edison, always analytical, applying reason and lack of humor to all situations. Considering each man could be considered the origin of these two stereotypes the shoe fits perfectly.

It shouldn't be assumed, however, that this story merely gets by on complete absurdity; it actually tells a damn entertaining story, while providing some of the most nuanced

humor since *Family Guy*. You need to read and reread it several times in order to get the full amount of humor crammed into these pages. For example, why is Teddy Roosevelt playing knock-and-run on H.G. Wells' house, and how did he even start the time machine up? By all indications in the story he's a unthinking brute; how did he start up a time machine? That aside, the



USE THAT BIG STICK TEDDY!
Courtesy of Image Comics

image of Teddy Roosevelt knocking on H.G. Wells' door and running like a frightened school child is simply hilarious. The telos of this comedic tsunami is best exemplified by the fight between the Champions of Democracy, and the Champions of Fascism. Pound for pound, it doesn't get funnier than Benjamin Franklin forecasting a "hailstorm of fists coming your

way," by citing *Poor Richards Almanac*.

I'd recommend this graphic novel for people that may not normally be fans of sequential art. There's enough even-handed, non-exclusive humor to appeal to most anyone, and the premise should be appealing to anyone who attended public high school. By drawing on two early twentieth century icons, the authors effectively clue the reader in to the magnitude of absurdity this story intends to delve into. This doesn't mean to say that you'd have to read up on the era in question, as there is more than enough humor not drawing upon the iconic imagery of the two main characters.

In closing, I'd like to speak a little about the art form of sequential art. Typically ascribed a status of alternative literature, meant for social outcasts and the mentally deficient, many works in medium contradict that very statement. If you have any interest in broadening your horizons into a different realm of entertainment, I'd suggest starting with *V for Vendetta*, or *Maus*. Each are bold heartfelt stories that put forth a very human, and ultimately moving moral. Both speak, rather seriously, about the human propensity towards fascism, however in a much more somber manner than *Tales From the Bully Pulpit*. Additionally, Will Eisner's *A Letter To God* is also an excellent piece of literature. I'd suggest taking a shot at any of these graphic novels if you can find them, and if you can't go down to your local comic store. Ignore the off-putting smell of the fan boys, and the garishly sexist covers of the mainstream comic. Rummage through that bin in the back, and allow yourself access to some of the most meaningful work ever put to paper.

These Colors Don't Run

By Rob Pearsall

Don't Forget; we must all remember to not forget what happened on 9/11. We've got to wave our flags, use some touch up paint on our bumper stickers, and mostly we must 9/11 for 9/11 to stop from 9/11-ing...or the terrorists win. No, I'm not a Republican. I'm just trying to figure out why many people frown on 9/11 in politics and media. 9/11 is most acceptable in the form of remembrance. It seems to me that every commercial view on 9/11 is instantly seen as a "cash-in."

9/11 as content in a book, speech, or movie (from what I've seen) is trite. I was buying comics in the city recently and I asked when Art Spiegelman's new book was coming out. Spiegelman is also the author and artist of the acclaimed *Maus*. The answer I got from the store owner was, "If you're gonna make a book that cashes in on 9/11, you're gonna release it around 9/11." I was taken aback. I've read *Maus* and deemed Mr. Spiegelman a good author and artist. I know his new book is about 9/11, but a cash-in? Could Art have compromised his medium in order to cash in on a national tragedy? *Maus* wasn't a cash-in on WWII, his new book couldn't be a cash-in on 9/11. Why would this comic shop owner scoff at Mr. Spiegelman's newest work?

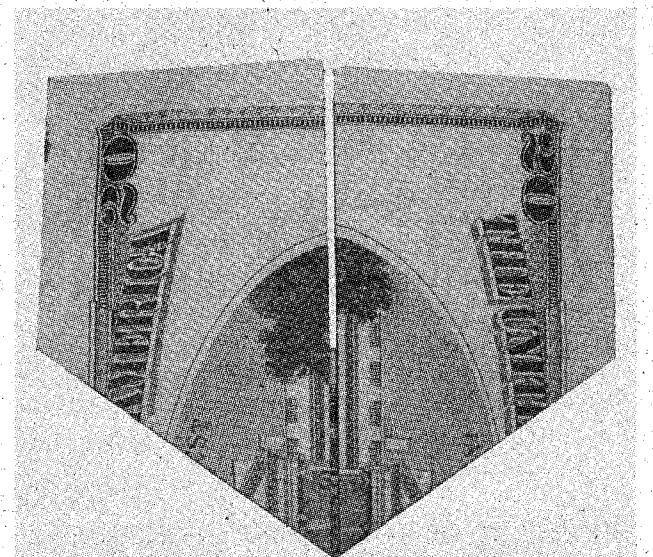
I didn't ask him but I assume he was

sick of it all. I know I'm getting tired of the faded stickers, the flag sales, the flag pins (as a side note, is every politician going to wear a pin on his lapel? And moreover, are we going to crucify them if they don't put it on one day?), the media coverage. I think that some have become cynical of other people's honest efforts; I know I'm guilty of this.

When I worked at a comic shop in Smith Haven Mall, I was appalled at the flood of 9/11 comics that came out in the following months. Straczynski released a book that summarized his feelings of the attack and aftermath. Marvel released an art-only book depicting scenes of the day, from the towers to the heroism. Superman was brought to his knees when he saw the selflessness of the people who carried others to safety. Some books focused solely on the police force or the fire department. Now I go back and think about those books.

I bought a first print of the Heroes book for posterity's sake. I really like that book, even now. I understand the feeling behind Straczynski's black cover of *The Amazing Spiderman*, although I don't agree with it. Doctor Doom would never help clean the rubble of any national tragedy, no matter what nation. And super villains don't cry. Period. I believe that the Superman book was DC's answer to

Marvel's releases. I still hate the *Call of Duty* books; They're about police and firemen, not 9/11 directly. They were popular at the time and their books sold like hotcakes. So as for Art Spiegelman's new book, I'll give it a try. I just don't want to sell it on Ebay because I'm ashamed to own it. And believe me, a book about 9/11 will sell, especially on eBay.



CASH RULES EVERYTHING AROUND ME
Courtesy of The US Mint

The Death Toll Surpasses the 1,000 Mark

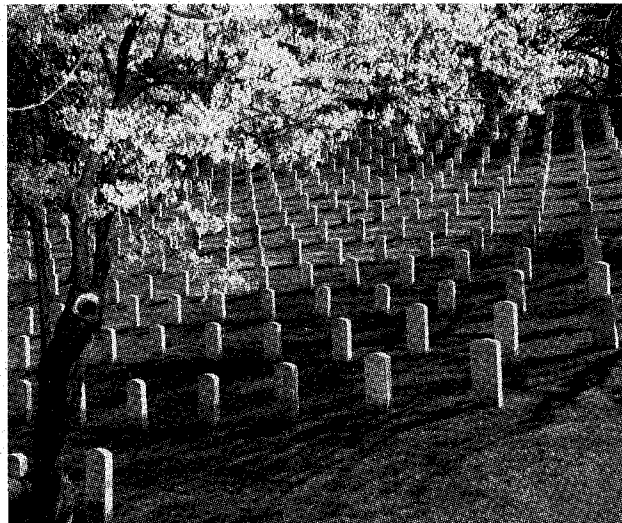
By Joan Leong

"The invasion of Iraq would produce one hundred bin Ladens." That came out of the mouth of Sheikh Yamani, former head of OPEC and Saudi Arabia's minister for oil, just before the US-led invasion in Iraq. Well, look at that, it happened. Since the start of Bush's "war on terror" a year and 150-something days ago, suicide bombers, the Iraqi militia and insurgents have killed over 1,000 American soldiers. Terrorist attacks around the world has significantly increased in frequency since Bush declared war on global terrorism. The United States has now over 1,000 soldiers dead in addition to the 7,000 wounded.

Over the course of four days, 17 U.S. service members were killed. Monday, seven marines were killed north of Fallujah in a suicide car bombing. On Tuesday, another seven Americans were killed by militiamen loyal to Shiite cleric Muqtada al-Sadr and others in the Baghdad area. Another soldier was killed on Wednesday when his convoy was struck by a roadside bomb. And on Sunday, two more soldiers were killed in a mortar attack. As Americans mourn the death of its sons and daughters, Donald Rumsfeld reassures the public that American troops and their allies are making progress on several fronts in the global war on terrorism. He also warns our enemies that they should not underestimate the willingness of the American people and its coalition allies to suffer casualties in Iraq and elsewhere because the "American public" refuses to give up that easily. Speak for yourself jackass. I, personally would not like to sacrifice any more human lives in this illegal war. I don't speak for the American public but I'm pretty damn sure they're against people dying. Rumsfeld also proudly announces that we killed 1,500 to 2,500 Iraqi insurgents last month alone. What he failed to mention is that a great deal of those killed were innocent civilians.

While we lament over our 1,000 dead soldiers, the Iraqi people are mourning their tens of thousands dead. We may never know the actual number because the United States has not kept count of the number killed since March 2003. Nicole Choueiry of Amnesty International, a London-based rights organization, estimates that over 10,000 Iraqi civilians

died in the first year alone. The Iraqi authorities have a hard time keeping track of their dead because many families bury their dead quickly without reporting them. Iraqi insurgents and suicide bombers care nothing for the civilian casualties. In their mission to obliterate their enemies, many innocent children, women, and bystanders get killed in the process. Because of the poor healthcare services provided for the Iraqi citizens, many wounded die in the hospital. In one hospital alone, a doctor reported that



ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY,
Courtesy of War Hawk Politics

as many 15 or 20 people would be brought in daily without knowing who shot them or blew them up or even where it came from.

Why is it that those horrific numbers went unreported and the American public kept in the dark about this? They were labeled the enemy by our wonderfully corrupt and incompetent Bush Administration and no longer seen as real human beings. So, even though their numbers far surpassed ours by ten-fold or even more, little international coverage was brought to global attention. Are the little children of Iraq less than other children because they reside in a country we deemed the enemy and are therefore mini-terrorists? For that reason, can we justify their deaths? Or have we already placed what Bush Sr. did to these people ten years ago in our repressed memories? We celebrated our "victorious win" over them by a ticker tape parade for our war heroes in the first

Gulf war in 1991 who slaughtered over 200,000 Iraqis and by not addressing the fact that more than half of them were women and children. Bush Sr. addressed the Iraqi people, "The United States has no quarrel with the Iraqi people. Our quarrel is with Iraq's dictator, and with his aggression." However, the media proudly showed our amazing military technology and how advanced our pin-point accuracy has gotten as they showed coverage of missiles being navigated through chimneys. I guess they believed Saddam Hussein was hiding in chimneys or that he was habituat-

ing among innocent civilians. The point is that when we are attacking them, its not really real. We're liberators of the world and they are collateral in our effort to bring freedom to people everywhere. When they attack us, they are just showing proof of their savagery. We are only attacking them because they are barbarians and we wouldn't attack them if they weren't. There is something wrong with the Bushes' drinking water because, apparently, they rationalize and carry out these acts of terrorism posed as acts of liberation of the oppressed.

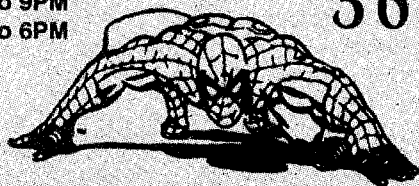
Jingoism runs rampant through our country. It's bastards like Bush that make the American people believe they are the only important people in this world. Blind nationalism leads the ignorant masses to support Bush and to support this godforsaken war. Since our media is more censored than we think and sits in Republican hands, they have brainwashed the American people into thinking all that oppose the war are treacherous traitors. When did the United States become a Fascist state? Why is war only justified when we're the ones doing the attacking? Might DOES NOT make right. When will we stop pretending to be policemen of the world and actually use our immense power to do some real good? The terrorists did not attack us on 9/11 because they "hate freedom" as Bush puts it. They attacked us because we abuse our power and commit acts of terrorism against other countries but cover them up as acts of democracy. We see them as terrorists, they see us as terrorists. Just because we are a super-power (who rose to this position by the suffering of others) and we say "pfffft" to the United Nations, it still doesn't give us the right to encroach on the lives of those weaker than ourselves.

Anyway, my rant may have fallen slightly off topic but I can't help it. Everyone knows someone in the military and our hearts go out to all those lives that were lost. It upsets me that my barely nineteen-year-old friend is one of the thousands who is waiting to be deployed to Iraq. Or that my other friends and other families' with loved ones in the military have to worry whether or not they will be another causality of an ill-begotten and questionable war. The death toll of 1,000 soldiers will far exceed that amount if we continue down this path. Reflect on their lives and not let any more innocent lives be destroyed. Don't forget they died in efforts to make the world a better place. The Iraqi lives were just as significant as American ones. Mourn the little children who will never be able to grow up or the thousands of families shattered by this devastating battle. They aren't just the Iraqis but mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends who lost tens of thousands of their loved ones. Don't let the media's coverage of our 1,000 dead soldiers persuade you into supporting the attack on Iraq and believing Bush's horsecrap. Both sides suffered. This "crusade against terror" is sending ripples throughout the world and its time we all stopped terrorizing each other and behave like the civilized humans we all claim we are.

"We thought, because we had power, we had wisdom." Stephen Vincent Benét

"I hope our wisdom will grow with our power, and teach us, that the less we use our power the greater it will be." Thomas Jefferson

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It's a Sunny Day for a Protest March

By Sam Goldman

So we're on the D to Manhattan and David says, "I'm hoping to see madness!" I tell him there's a good chance of that happening; we're on our way to the United For Peace and Justice protest. David, who comes from Edmonton, and I swap protest stories. His stories, to my chagrin, are ultimately much cooler, like how Jean Chretien got hit with a pie in the face, and got chocolate milk poured on him. I kind of wish our protest devolved into food fights; I wonder how Dick Cheney would respond if someone sprayed Reddi-Whip onto his shiny bald head. Actually I know; the offender would probably be accosted by a dozen Secret Service officers, beaten to a pulp, and thrown into jail. He shows me his box of Benson & Hedges. It has a giant ad covering 40% of the box. In big, bold letters, it says, "WARNING: CIGARETTES CAUSE MOUTH CANCER" accompanied with a descriptive photo. Yikes.

We get off the D train at Times Square; David wants to switch trains to stop by his new apartment on 96th and Broadway. When we double back and get off at Union Square, we see a large assortment of uniformed cops in the subway, but instead of being on the watch for rowdy protesters or shady terrorists, they seemed to just be milling about and talking jovially. We get off expecting to find a throbbing mass of people, a sea of anti-Bush sentiment. But, alas, we seemed to have arrived a bit early; the march had just begun, and we were told by friendly staffers that if we went up 5th Avenue, we'd hit them. The only sign that anything special was going on was a sign hanging from a doorway that said "No Bush."

It took one block of walking for us to remark to each other about the heat. It was oppressively hot and humid, and we both expressed our sympathy to those policemen who pulled the short straw and had to dress in riot gear. We picked up drinks at a hot dog cart; I made short work of a Mountain Dew while David asked for a water, and was astonished to find it costs \$2. After asking me why it costs \$2, I told him that, in Manhattan, \$2 isn't all that expensive; at sporting events in the city, prices

approach \$4. He just shook his head.

We met the protesters on 22nd and 5th. In front of them, in a scene I thought was kind of funny, were about 50 journalists and photographers stampeding all over each other. Welcome to the modern protest era. After them came the banners. Tons of rainbow colored, 1-foot-by-3-foot banners. With signs homemade, bought, computer-generated. (My personal favorite: "Bush needs a hot lead enema." Not

drum to their marching beat. People of all races, nationalities, ages, genders took up their call and began to echo it throughout 5th Avenue. David and I joined them, making special attempts to keep in the shade. David bought one of those rainbow flags for 6 bucks and wrapped it around himself like a tiny cape.

The other large group that could be easily identified were people who had relatives sent overseas to fight. Many held signs saying their son/daughter/husband/wife was fighting in Iraq and they wanted him home. One woman stood out from all the rest. Clearly into her latter years, she soundlessly, motionlessly stood ramrod straight underneath a scaffolding, holding a giant poster in her hands. It read, "We Mourn Sgt. Sherwood Baker, Killed in Baghdad, April 26, 2004." Attached to the bottom was an upside-down American flag. Her stare seemed vacant, as if the streets were empty this day. She didn't draw any attention to herself, but you couldn't take your eyes off her.

As we got back to Union Square, the crowd began to disperse throughout. Many of them - us included - seemed somewhat bewildered. That's IT? What the hell? Most stuck around Union Square, conversing with Socialist equality Party members, or buying T-shirts and pins from the ANSWER folks (I got myself a pin - 2 bucks). A giant globe was beginning to be inflated. The Code Pink folks were getting ready to hold a rally in front of some old structure in the park. It was approaching 2 PM by then; far before most of the theatrics that would come later, far before some inane rich boys who think they're anarchists decided to confront the police, far before some idiots decided that it would be a good idea to run around with a dragon and set it on fire. From where I stood, the protest had a far different look than any march I've been to. It felt...personal. These were people who fought in wars and knew what wars really were, or people whose family members were, or are still, fighting this war, asking, begging, pleading, yelling for the troops to come home. One could not help being moved at the sight of them.



THE ONCOMING PROTESTERS,
Courtesy of Amberly Timperio

that I'm actually advocating that, mind you - I know what happened the last time a Press staffer even hinted at it.) There were the usual UFPJ crews - snazzy young Code Pink girls, Socialist Equality Party people giving out flyers, kindly middle-aged Falun Gong practitioners giving out their newsletter.

And there were veterans. Lots of veterans. In fact, they seemed to dominate the march, at least for the time I was there. One veteran led the marchers in a marching protest song, in that familiar military cadence that ends with "Sound off - 1, 2 - sound off - 3, 4 - sound off - 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4!" Many of them marched with fervor and emotion. The heat didn't seem to bother them. They marched as if they were one, and as they coalesced, so did their fellow protesters. A man doing a loud drumroll stopped and began to

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Anarchy at the RNC

By Michael Graffam

The protest at the Republican National Convention on Sunday, August 29th was a mixed bag. On the one hand, like so many other large protests within the last two years, middle America came out and was heard in the streets. Responsible middle-aged Democrats, with children in tow, stood shoulder-to-shoulder with homeless men, hippie socialist believers, veterans and radical, masked anarchists. An enormous number of people (probably in the neighborhood of 300,000) paraded in the streets with signs, floats and kites. The occasional group had an amplifier and played (hopefully pirated) music. And, of course, everyone mocked Mr. Bush. These large-scale protests really are a fun time and a sight to behold - even if you are skeptical of the politics, as you well should be.

Amid this stone soup of dissenters, a group of masked anarchists carried a home-made dragon. Some carried the head, made of paper-mache, others the feet and tail. The dragon stomped through the crowd, roaring as it went. And then, quite suddenly, as the dragon passed Madison Square Garden, it was set ablaze. The anarchists ran, as did pretty much everyone else. The police handled the situation well, pushing the crowd ahead of the fire forward and holding the rear back. This had the effect, of course, of freezing a great number of protesters in front of the Garden, allowing a stand-still protest (as opposed to a march) at the RNC for about 25 minutes. I imagine that this was the intended effect, and it worked. At least one of the anarchists was caught by police, and *The Daily News* reported that as many as 15 people were ultimately arrested after they started throwing bottles, but it is unclear how many of these people were involved with the dragon.

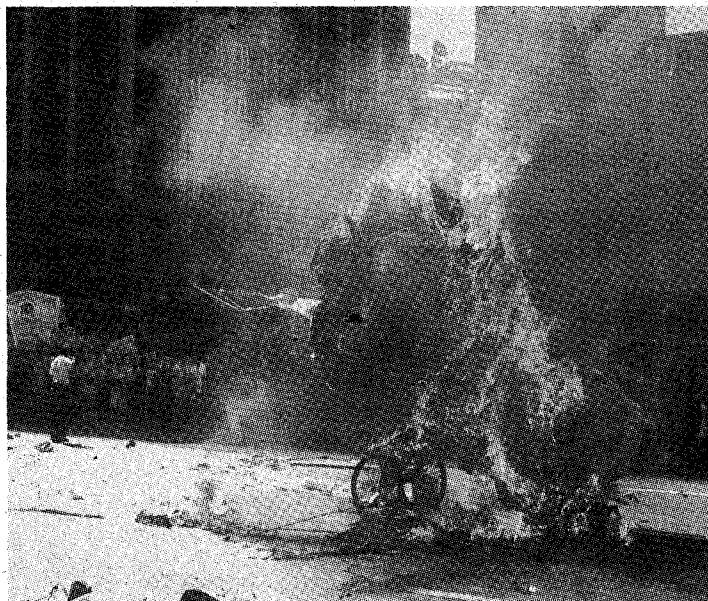
The question naturally arises: why would a (presumably rational) person destroy their own property, put other people in harm's way (though no one was hurt), and then intentionally pick a fight with police? The word "anarchy" brings to mind a vision of chaos, destruction and social disorder. These anarchists, likewise, seem to try to spread exactly that. Historically, anarchists have destroyed machinery, engaged in arson against factories, and some people at least calling themselves anarchists have assassinated primary political and business figures.

Their actions, however, may be argued from the political ideology which today is becoming known as anti-authoritarianism, which is anarchism re-labeled to avoid the implications of chaos and destruction that the word anarchy conjures forth. This political ideology, like all others, requires the acceptance of a few moral principles. Capitalism requires the egoist belief that "greed is good." Communism (i.e. state-run socialism) requires a maxim, like "from each according to ability, to each according to need." Anarchism states that since power corrupts, it is immoral to hold power over another person.

Social institutions that are predicated on power, like that of police/citizen, or boss/worker, are not only inefficient and prone to failure (police beatings, and sexual harassment by the boss are easy examples) but are, at bottom, simply immoral. Every major social institution crumbles under this analysis: parent/child, landlord/renter, and often even mar-

riage are all immoral, exploitive social arrangements where one person is dominated by another with little or no say in the decision-making process. For children this is justified by their being supposedly "immature" but what does this say about the adults subjected to the same sort of control at work, school, prison, or in the military.

Another facet of anti-authoritarianism ideology at odds with the current established structure is in the area of perceived value. Capitalism holds that an object (property) is worth what a buyer will pay for it. Socialism, that an object is worth the labor that went into making it. Thus, for capitalists and socialists destruction of property is criminal because it is a waste of capital, or labor. The anarchist



THE FIERY FLOAT AT THE RNC,
Courtesy of Amberly Timperio

disagrees, saying instead that an object is worth what it is being used for. If machinery is owned by the capitalist and not the workers operating said machinery, it is being used as an instrument for oppression of those workers. It is worth a value so reprehensible that it ought to be destroyed.

This allows us to see the fire at the RNC in a different way: it is a direct action aimed at enabling the protesters to freely assemble in front of the RNC - a goal that the authorities pledged to squash. Fighting the police is a direct matter of confronting the armed gang charged with protecting corporate property. During the riot in Seattle in 1999, police officers stood armed in front of mega-chains like Starbucks to prevent looting, while the small "mom-and-pop" stores went more-or-less unaided.

Of course, that is the theory behind the fire. In point of fact, few protesters were aware of the significance of the act. Most people see such anarchist behavior as overtly criminal, immoral (someone could have gotten hurt by the fire, at any rate), and even if they understand the sentiment, certainly lighting fires in the middle of the street alienates Joe Democrat and makes him do no more than take his children home.

How have we gotten here? What twisted path have we taken when thousands of people feel that protesting in the streets is the only way that their voice will be heard? How can a functioning democracy exist when all people can do is chant, "This is what democracy looks like," in New York City? If our democracy was

strong - perhaps if it existed at all - those 300,000 people (or at least a representative sample) would be heard in D.C. before Congress and have a real, direct and tangible way to be involved in their society. The best we do is to give our citizens a shoddy voting scheme, complicated or computerized ballots and two nearly-identical candidates with no viable third choice ever in sight. Is it a wonder that people feel powerless, and have given up and ceased to vote or even get informed about the political process? Who can blame us?

Likewise, our society gives no option to those that would substantially change our structure of government. Our voting scheme makes the rise of a third party nearly impossible. Both protests and labor strikes are closely regulated and largely ignored. Corporate lobbyists (like McDonald's) buy our representatives, so that even the Democrats - the champion of the working class - routinely refuse to up the minimum wage (\$5.15), or to provide mandatory health care for workers. Who can the workers, who by definition are nearly poor, turn to for support in the absence of a serious financial contribution? A poor man cannot win the presidential election.

Predictably, like animals, if you cage people in and artificially constrain their options, violent insurrection and revolt begins to look attractive. When people feel their voices aren't heard, they aim to make sure their fists are felt. They desire to destroy the establishment, creating something to replace it is an after-thought, or at least not the primary focus. This is, of course, a reaction to the violence and oppression placed upon them by established institutions.

But there are constructive things that people can do every day to lessen the types of authoritarian control placed upon us. Creating barter-oriented co-ops is a good start. It works like this: five parents get together and babysit for one another. If someone needs a sitter, one of the other parents obliges, with the vague expectation that one day the favor will be returned. If you sit for other people's kids for 10 hours, that entitles you to 10 hours of people sitting for your kids, for "free." This is done all the time, of course, even without book keeping. And the technique generalizes to any type of skills or goods that participants bring to the table. A food co-op might operate by having some members do gardening, other members might collect surplus food from stores and churches. A small co-op of ten or twelve people can generate a great deal of food this way, feed themselves and others too -- for free. A housing co-op can be formed by a number of people renting or paying a mortgage on a house. Month after month, each individual in turn is responsible for paying rent, thereby giving the other members time-off from worrying about it. People who live in a housing co-op, and are fed through a food co-op have a whole lot of time to put towards radical art and poetry. **Free time is revolutionary.**

By taking direct control over our lives, by directly being involved in producing our food, and fixing our appliances, we free ourselves from money, which is just the paper form of coerced labor for someone else. But if we can work for each other, for everyone's collective benefit we can obtain a world with a real future, free of charge.

Long Island Peace Walk Diary

By Rob Gilheany

NOTE: Longtime Press friend Rob Gilheany sent us a series of emails from the Return the Light to America walk. We decided to package them here, for you, in chronological form. — The Press.

Sunday, August 22

I missed the first two nights of the "Return the Light to America" walk. This is an Island-wide walk for peace originating simultaneously at Montauk Point and Orient Point; the Walk converged in Riverhead and went west. The walk will culminate at the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge. Marchers will walk across the bridge on Sunday the 29th and join the major anti-Bush demonstrations in Manhattan, on the eve of the Republican National Convention.

I used a week of vacation time from work to take part in this walk and its related events. After my last day at work, I left and jogged to Stony Brook. After I showered and changed, I tried to hook up with friends who were participating in the march; my S.P.S. friend Brian showed up. I hung with him and other friends on the eve of my first day on the march.

Now I get to the beginning. I woke up on Sunday and made my way to the first segment of the walk, Coram at the police precinct, at 9:30 am. I took the 8am train to Port Jefferson and figured I had an hour and a half so, to save the cab fare, I walked from the Port Jefferson train station to Rt. 25 in Coram; that is approximately 8 miles. As I was making my way I figured I would miss the starting point, so I went to the first stop of the day's walk, Congressman Tim Bishops' office in Coram.

I arrived there 15 minutes before the marchers got there. I made my sign. It read "Bush Lies, People Die." It is important to stay on-message. The marchers showed up, some old and young peace activists, and people from the Be-In Crew. I said Hi to Tim, Jessica, John and Pete. People had the official sign saying "Bring back the light to America." Under each sign read something different, such as "Fund Education," or "Restore Civil Liberties." John had a sign with one word on it — "Choice." There was a huge tapestry with a big peace sign on it.

Our friends George and Julius's music was playing out of an open-trunk car. I realized the car was driven by Bill McNulty. Bill is a long time Peace activist and WUSB radio personality.

There were over 100 participants in this walk and we made are way though Coram and Selden. Most of the drivers on the rode who reacted to us were happy to see us and responded with honks, thumbs up, and peace signs. Then there were people in cars who cursed us and gave us the middle finger.

One guy joined the march with a pro-Bush sign. One side said "Vote Bush," and the other "Bush #1." He said he dug people out of the trade center, he did not want to do it again. That terrorist attack had nothing to do with Iraq. There are 120,000 troops in Iraq. There are 8,000 in Afghanistan, looking for Osama Bin Laden.

The Bush Administration's EPA lied about the air quality around Ground Zero. They did this to the detriment of the rescue workers and the downtown residents. When I say "Bush Lies, People Die," I'm not just talking about Iraq.

Dave made 2 signs, one said "OUT" and the other said "Fool." He shadowed our inter-

loper. When he had his "Vote Bush" sign up, Dave had the "Out" sign up. When the "Bush #1" was up, he had the "Fool" sign out. Dave shadowed him until the interloper left. If I joined a right-wing march, with a counter message, they would kick my ass.

We made our way to the Smith Haven Mall. The day was nice, the sun was strong. I was starting to look like a real tomato-faced Irish guy. People got worried and gave me sunscreen.

One motorist objected to us. He yelled that if we were in charge during World War Two, we would be goose-stepping or be made into lamp shades. So we should go after Al Qaeda. I pointed out that Iraq had nothing to do with Al Qaeda or 9/11. Hence my sign.

We made are way to a Presbyterian church in Smithtown. They fed us. Hooray!!!! Danny Glasner asked the if they would feed a heretic Jew like him. He told me that they didn't respond. Hmmm, not everyone responds to Danny 's humor. The food was good. A few peace activist folk-singers entertained us. The original plan was for us to continue to walk to Hauppauge, to the Dennison building. The plan to go there was to be at the "Boots Project." That was a set of 950 boots with the American flag on each pair to symbolize the deaths of 950 U.S. troops, so far, in the Iraq war. Iraq had nothing to do with 9/11, nor did they have W.M.D.'s, hence my sign. But a snafu happened. The local politicians objected to the "Boots Project," so the exhibit was moved. Tomorrow's segment for the walk starts at the Dennison building and goes to the Cinema Arts Centre in Huntington. I will take part in some of the walk.

Monday, August 23

I met up with the walkers at the Cinema Arts Centre. I missed the walk from Smithtown to Huntington. I went to the Arts center and took in an early movie, *Maria Full of Grace*.

When the walkers came in, I took part in a puppet show. There were several singers in the shy room. I came the next morning. The walk for Tuesday started at the Arts center. We gathered and folks made some announcements. We were off. We made our way towards the day care center. The staff didn't want us to walk though the camp so we walked around it. We then came to the Huntington town hall. A petition was delivered asking the town board to pass a resolution condemning parts of the Patriot Act. They wouldn't let the drummer in the building. Steve from Solar Fest had a cool plastic barrel drum.

We made are way down Rt-110 to Melville. There we had a diner lunch stop and a guest speaker, Jared Foir, a very youthful director of the Suffolk County chapter of the NYCLU. He gave a real nice talk about defending our civil liberties, and the Patriot Act. His talk was about the movement of local pressure to

amend the Patriot Act. He spoke of citizens being arrested without the benefit of council. He said that these laws were originally passed to apply to non-citizens who were foreign agents. The Patriot Act expands the government's powers. He talked about the government's "Sneak and Peek" provisions. They can look at financial records. Jared said that, in the past, financial institutions were banks and credit agencies, but now the definition has been expanded ad nauseam to mean almost anything.

David McReynolds showed up at the diner. That was a pleasant surprise. He was the former co-chair of the War Resisters' League. He has been active since the early 60's. He is a major peace god.

We made our way to the Senate offices of Hillary Clinton and Chuck Schumer. We listen to David McReynolds speak. He was introduced as a candidate for the U.S. Senate. He is running for Schumer's seat.

If I were a gambling man, I would not bet on David. He said that when he was in Iraq years ago, it was not a third would country. They had modern office buildings, health care, a good university, and traffic jams in downtown Baghdad. He said he did not like Saddam Hussein, he didn't like the cult of personality about him. He was against him when Donald Rumsfeld shook his hand in downtown Baghdad.

He said that in Iraq, one half of the population had rights that they didn't have in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, or any of the other Arab countries that we cozy up to. He said Iraq had a strong merchant class and middle class, workers who would form unions, and people in positions to make changes as they see fit. It gets to be 120 degrees in Iraq. They had air conditioning before; they don't have it now. Bush said we are going to fix Iraq. The arrogance; he can't even fix America. David McReynolds went on the talk about Vietnam, he said good people back then said that we can't just leave, just like today. He said "YES WE CAN."

We went to Newsday and stayed there for a few moments as we delivered a program for the evening to them. They didn't let the drummer in.

We marched into Wyandanch. We went by the High School, the Martin Luther King heath center, and ended at the Our Lady of Miraculous Medal Church. Father Bill Brochatte has been a long time peace and justice activist and his church has been a haven for Central American immigrants and refugees.

There was music and poetry. Max Swartz read. He is intense, lives life to the fullest, knows native people all over the world, and is a first-class photographer. He displayed several photos of Iraqi kids from when he was there in 1986-87.

Thursday, August 27

I made it to the Westbury Friends Meeting House for the start of Thursday's walk. The Co-coordinator of this day's walk is Susan Blake, the famed Peacesmith organizer. I have known Susan since 1980 when I walked into Peacesmith House as a young radical. We gathered, walkers came in, a few at a time. We spoke of the logistics of the walk. There was a debate over going to the Board of Elections in Mineola. Walker Dan Stieger, who has been walking since Mountak Point, questioned why we would go there. Some said it encouraged voter registration, a point to the racist purge of the Florida voter rolls that swung the 2000 elections. Dan said that unless we have a specific issue with the Nassau board of elections, why would we go there?

Fifteen of us headed out. We made our way down Post Avenue to Old Country Rd. Then we went to the Roosevelt Field Mall. At this point we went to Rep. Carolyn McCarthy's office. We all signed a similar letter that we gave to each L.I. Congressman, plus Clinton and Schumer. During the walk our friend, Bill McNulty, was doing his radio show on WUSB 90.1 FM, The Stony Brook University station.

Dan used his cell phone to contact Bill at a prearranged time. Bill spoke to a few of the walkers. The first walker to go on WUSB was a 15-year-old kid named Paul. Paul goes to Oceanside High School. It's nice to get the kids involved. A few other walkers talked to Bill, then I said "I know Bill." I got on and we chatted. I mentioned that our friends George and Julius will be playing in the evening at the end of the day's walk. Bill asked for the address, so I gave the phone to Susan Blake, she talked to Bill on the radio about the walk and the address of the George and Julius show. We reached the Ethical Humanist Society in Garden City. This was the lunch break.

The real nice people at the Ethical Humanist Society made us a healthful lunch. When we got in there were playing a CD of Woody Guthrie. The actual Woody Guthrie. You know, "This land is your land." This was a break in the walk, and two thirds of the walkers left the walk. I was disappointed. I thought that we would be picking up walkers there, not just losing them.

At 3 pm, we were off, down Old Country Rd to the end, then up Herricks Rd. It was a straight line all the way to 25A in Manhasset. The motorist response to us was 80% positive. It ranged from thumbs-up shout-outs to "you're a bunch of F--en morons." At one point an guy in a silver Porsche stooped and said that he was a rich Republican, has a 3 million dollar house, and was for Bush. He said we were in Iraq to turn it into a big military base, next to Iran. "We are closing all our bases in the world and relocating them to Iraq....My uncle is in the CIA."

"We are closing all our bases in the world and relocating them to Iraq... My uncle is in the CIA."

Iran is an interesting place. Most of the people in Iran are under 25. The youth over there want democracy and out from under the boot of the fundamentalists. The end of our walk was at the Quaker Meeting House in Manhasset, Rt. 25 and Shelter Rock Rd.

The head clerk of the meeting house gave us a nice talk about the Quakers, and their role in peace movements. They have been draft counselors to young people facing the draft in the past. Susan then introduced a poet who reads at the Peacesmith Coffee House; he was a naturalist writer for Newsday. He put out a poetry book about peace, in response to Laura Bush's censorship of poems at a White House party event. Susan introduced Max Wheet. I really enjoyed Max's reading. I always do; I have seen him read in the past. His poems were about war dead, and a joking president. He introduced a woman, a middle school teacher. She got her kids to write poems about peace. She read five of them. The themes were similar. Young kids equate peace with a clean environment. With getting along at

home. Some take it to the next level to include war casualties. It was a nice segment.

Max Wheet came back and wrapped up his reading. George took the Stage. Julius could not make it. He is elderly and had some recent health problems. "He is resting up for the week-end march in NYC," George said. He also pointed out a new CD that he and Julius completed, *Hail to the Thief # 2*. This is a follow up to their first *Hail to the Thief* CD that they put out after Bush stole the 2000 election. The first one was finished two weeks before 9/11, so they didn't push it the way they originally planned. This new CD, like the first one, has several artists who recorded their own original music.

I dug the first one. I was the second person to buy the second one that just came out. I picked it up at the Quaker Meeting House that night. The new CD has well-known folk singers Tom Paxton and Utah Phillips on it, among others.

George opened his set to "I'm George W" to the tune of "Old Susanna," a parody that pokes fun at the 43rd president of the USA. He followed that with a parody of the Wizard of Oz song "If I only had a brain." "If I only had a brain" was about Bush, "If I only had a heart" was about Cheney. George did a nice song called "This Beautiful Child" and wrapped up his set with the anti-war spiritual "Down by the Riverside." We left the Quaker Meeting house at 11pm after a long but good day.

Sunday, August 29 - Monday, August 30

The final day of the "Return the light to America" walk set off from Brooklyn on Sunday. It started with a rally in Brooklyn and headed over the bridge to Manhattan. The march fed into the main rally up 7th Ave. The march started at 10 am.

I stayed at an old college friend's apartment in Fort Greene, not far from the kick-off site. I used my original flier for my guide about the rally. The flier said that the rally is at 8:30 am. I got there and waited till 9 pm. No one was there. I left disappointed. I took the # 4 subway to Union Square.

I hooked up with the "Not in Our Name" contingent. I made a new "Bush Lies, People Die" sign. This one was shocking pink with my black magic marker lettering. Taking advantage of the sign's collar, I made a triangle and the words "Silence = Death" on the reverse side of my poster.

Two thousand people gathered in Union Square Park for the start of the march. There were musical acts and speakers. They talked about Bush lying us into a war, the crackdown on immigrants, the attacks on our civil liberties. Speakers talked about immigrants being picked up and gave harrowing stories of being locked up with out council, deportation, and a community living in fear. "Even our abilities to drive our cars is under attack," one speaker said.

Event organizers gave out blue triangle stickers in support of immigrants. The blue triangle comes from the Nazis. People in the concentration camps who were "Stateless," "Gypsies," or were convicted wore the Blue Triangle. The Pink Triangle comes from the Nazi camps too. Not a lot of people know that.

Before we took the streets a taped message from Mumia Abu Jamal was played. Mumia wished the marchers well in our fight against this administration's aggressive war policies, and in the fight against the government's continued campaign against our remaining civil liberties. Mumia commented on Mayor Mike Bloomberg's denial of a rally permit on the great lawn in Central Park. "To save the grass.

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That is madness," Mumia said. He signed off with "From Death Row, Mumia Abu Jamal."

The marchers planned to go to Central Park after the march anyway.

We are off, out of Union Square, down 17th Street, to the main march on 7th Avenue. There were so many people on the main march that we got bogged down on 17th Street for an hour and a half. Spirits were high.

We got to 7th avenue. This march against Bush is massive. Something real deep is going on here. All the days of walking on Long Island, plus the heat and humidity, was getting to me. I was starting to feel faint.

At this point, I saw a group of people that were carrying a big pink pig balloon. This pig was ten feet high and 15 feet long. It had "GOP" on it's sides. I decided to help hold it up. It also served a shade for me. There was a funny brass band behind the "GOP Pig" that played as we marched.

To our right were hundreds of mock coffins with American flags draped over them. This symbolized the war dead. The Bush administration does not want us to see flag draped coffins coming home from Iraq. The hundreds of flag draped coffins coming up the side of the street was a powerful message. This march was serious.

There were many signs that were carried. Some read "Four More Months," and "Bush Lied, Thousands Died." I like the sign with a map of Iraq with the word "Ka-Boom" and a picture of Cheney with the word "Ka-Ching." There was a smattering of "Kerry" signs. This rally wasn't about Kerry. That's OK. Swing voters don't like people like me. One sign read "If you see Jesus, say hello for me." I don't know what that meant. There was a sign that read "Who would Jesus Bomb?" and "Who would give the Pope a medal?" (I Don't know it that was a pro or anti Pope sign). A great sign read "Osama Bin Forgotten" and "974 dead and still lying." One woman held a sign that read "A Low Carb President." She either likes Dr Atkins, or not. "A village in Texas is missing it's Idiot." There were several signs with the letter "W" with a slash through it, and some sign that read "Buck Fush." That's just plain silly.

There was a huge paper-mache dragon, and a big round banner that had to be held flat that was to be read from aerial views. This banners had a bold four letter word, "BUSH," with a big red slash through it.

There was a half a million people on this march. During my walk up 7th I ran into several Long Island friends, Tim Restivo, Chris Wiech, good Steve, Some of the Be-In crew, Danny, and George from the folk duo "George & Julius." We all went past Madison Square Garden - "MSG". When we went past MSG, lots of people had their middle fingers up, and a chant of "F-ck, you suck" went out.

We turned east on 34th towards Broadway. Then we headed back down Broadway to Union Square. At Union Square the march was

over. The demonstrators then went uptown on there our to "Take Central Park"

On our way down, George said, "We need to find Julius." They lost him early in the march. We decided to cut out the last ten blocks of the march and go to Julius' apartment. George said we will be on 8th Avenue, so the subway will be there to take you all to the park.



I THOUGHT WE SAID NO COWBOY HATS!
Courtesy of Amberly Timperio

Julius was home. We hung there for 45 minutes. We watched some of the news coverage. Julius said, "You call that reporting? I call that Sh-t!" George and Julius needed to rehearse, as they were playing at the acme underground that evening. The rest of us made our way to Central Park to "Take the Great Lawn." We took the C-Train to 86th. As we entered the park I started to jump and prance around. I loudly proclaimed, "I am stomping on this grass!!!"

We found a path for us to chill. There were lots of people there from the march. Folks were playing brass instruments and percussion instruments too. If you were ever at a rainbow gathering, that's what it sounded like. It was a beautiful thing. Me and Danny hung, others needed to go off and smoke. Since Danny and I don't smoke anything, we hung behind.

At that point, I noticed a sign 50 feet behind me. It read "The Abbie Hoffman Brigade." I headed over. I got there and I recognized Abbie's "sat girlfriend" Joanna. I said "Cool!!! You're you!" She laughed. There were some of Abbie's old friends. His buddy Sam had a camcorder. He recorded me telling an Abbie story. I told of the first time I met him at the New Community Cinema (now the Cinema Arts Centre) in Huntington. Abbie had just gotten out of jail, and was speaking there. A film, *How We Spent the Summer* about Chicago 68 was showing and Abbie gave a talk. I was young, drove my bike 12 miles to the cinema, sat down right next to the reserve seats, and introduced myself. Now the story is on film by the Abbie Hoffman Brigade.

It got dark. We went to Sheep's Meadow and hung by antihero drum circle. I danced; it

was fun. We talked about going to a rooftop party in Williamsburg. I decided to go to for Green Hook up with my friend Chris. Chris put me up. He took part in the march, too. I got to Fort Greene, we had some bears and we chatted about the days events.

The next day Chris went to work. He is a lawyer. I had one more day off, so I headed to Union Square. There was a poor people's march, called "Still We Rise." I noticed Housing Works had a contingent. They do service work for people with AIDS and get them housing. This is a fine group. I would be honored to march with Housing Works.

We took off the worn streets. It looked like there was another mass march and demonstration. I don't remember two mass marches in two days in a row before. This march headed up 8th avenue.

I was real happy about this march. Two marches in as many days. Fantastic. We got to the end of the march and listened to speakers, including Carley King from Housing Works. He uses the refrain "Still We Rise" in his talk, modeled after the "I have a Dream" speech. He talked about economic justice for working poor people, an end to racism, and a cure for AIDS. All are linked by the neglect of the Bush agenda. There were lots of women speakers, immigrant speakers with broken English, people demanding the end of the injustice of the Rockefeller drug laws. Young people are locked away in the prime of their lives for this unjust drug laws to serve the "Prison Industrial complex."

A speaker advocating for immigrants said that they can be deported if they get arrested, just once. When you get arrested, you want mercy and a second chance. We don't get that. When we get deported it is a life sentence. It breaks up families. President Bush was arrested 3 times and he is President, the speakers said.

Chuck D, the rap legend of Public Enemy fame, took the stage. He said he didn't like the cult of celebrity. It gives people credibility they don't deserve. He bashed celebrities that didn't talk about education for the poor, of injustice that is in our inner cities. He also called for "Removing this liar from the White House."

As the rally went on the crowd thinned out. I started to leave. I noticed George walking down 8th. Cool, I thought. Julius lives on 8th, I was thinking of ringing his bell and the end of the rally. We headed up there. We hung for a while. I said I was sorry I missed their Acme Underground show. We went over how our demonstration-hoppings were going.

A lot of people are saying they want to send Bush back to Texas. I would be happy to see that. I do feel that this coward in the White House should face a Nuremberg-type trial for war crimes, and crimes against peace, as spelled out in the Geneva Convention.

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CRASHWORLD

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www.andrewpernick.com/Crashworld/CrashworldMain.html

Ask Amberly Jane

By Amberly Jane

Welcome back to another Stony semester of foul food, over-zealous campus construction, and teeny-weeny freshman girls. I sincerely hope you all got laid over the summer: in a field of clover and zucchini flowers, under the Milky Way, in the backseat of a Pinto, or on your couch, with Jeopardy on in the background, praying to God that your parents don't come home. Bravo if you did, sweet condolences if you weren't so lucky.

So, here's the deal. This is a sex column, for all you newbies, and I'm a flesh-and-blood female student waiting with baited breath to help with any perverse pickle, any carnal crisis. In the past I've received mail about anal sex, dirty talk, Catherine the Great's horse fetish, chronic masturbation, donkey punches, tips to help women get other women into bed, and one man's love for Montel Williams.

I've written with carefree abandon about my own adventures in sex, drugs and the Law; sin-filled trips to Mardi Gras and Vegas, an orgy, a threesome, and foreskin, oh my. Everything is true, and I make no excuses or apologies ... I live in a highly excited state of over-stimulation.

So send me some mail. A question, a comment, a true tale from your own steamy summer. Anything to get the blood pumping.

My own summer was a mixed bag. Of course, the obligatory family responsibilities loomed, weighing heavy at best, horribly draining at worst. After the jackals at the newspaper upstate tried to stiff me for an article, I took a job delivering pizzas, so I could drive the company van like mad ... reckless in an excuse to be timely. Twenty minutes or less, and don't forget to tip.

And I met some colorful characters. An old Jamaican man wearing a fantastically complex wristwatch offered me some grass, and we ended up in a mammoth discussion about my plans for the future – specifically about marriage.

When I asked him, "Why buy the cow, when you can get the sex for free?," he didn't laugh as most people do, he just looked at me in abject horror. He was aghast to learn that I didn't necessarily ever want to pop out spawn, and would live perfect-

ly content never tripping down the aisle. He said that he could understand not wanting a husband, *per se*, but it was my purpose in life to have children. My purpose.

He could not be swayed from his belief, nor me from mine, so we agreed on weed and left it at that.

Marijuana is the bridge that can span any gap. Young or old, rich or college student, it is the social lubricant that bonds us all together. One night in my upstate stomping grounds of New Paltz – infamous these days as the place to go for a same-sex marriage – I saw a fight averted thanks to the magical herb. The outsider, a rugby player, was drunk and stumbled outside of the bar at 3 am. Some townies were listening to an impromptu jug band, jamming in the back of a parked pick-up truck. Words were exchanged over a perceived "look", but a smart third-party swooped in offering a hefty joint and all was salvaged. After awhile we were all dancing in the street, holding onto each other for balance.

And this summer, when I saw my dear cousin Doug for the first time in two decades, we sat on the railroad tracks, smoked a joint, and caught up on the last 20 years of our lives. Not to mention all the great smokers I've met here at the Brook. Again, nothing like cannabis to bring people together.

But this column doesn't just contain illegal or lascivious content – I do realize that there are weighty issues out there. I've gone to some of the big protests, the most recent being at the RNC, which many people are writing about in this issue of *The Press*. I'll just say that the best poster I saw read, "My bush would make a better President!"

The current state of affairs is shoddy at best, and I'm getting my passport in order and thinking seriously about quitting this country if Bush gets elected legitimately this time. Or maybe I'll stay; we're heading for a horrible showdown of some kind, and I'd hate to miss it ... Some days I find myself watching the horizon and hoping to see flames. But none of that for now.

I had an epiphany as I was sun-bathing this summer, sprawled out naked on my front porch,

hand poised above my piece, ready to double-click. I think that I am addicted to masturbating. Hot damn, I'm sure of it! I was blisteringly high, and was thinking of the apt metaphor, "Laying in the sun is like having intercourse with God."

Yes, I'm devoted to it. Often forgoing food, sleep, even drugs, to submit to the craving. And I'm not alone – like my friend Mike said, "I jerk off a lot, but I'm developing my mind."

But you see, masturbating is not the most politically correct addiction. When word gets around that you are an alcoholic, chain-smoker or shop-a-holic, people will still shake your hand. My mom is, in her own domestic and socially acceptable way, also a drug addict. Her fix of choice is the lowest of the low – reality television. Give a fucking monkey a typewriter and he'll come up with a better plot than none at all.

In any case, my addiction is cultivated by mountains of pornography. I have a diverse collection, which I am fond of.

When you watch a lot of porn, after awhile your attention diverges from the actual fucking, and you begin to focus on curious peripheral elements. What I refer to as The Plunger Effect is one such subtlety. When a woman is on all fours and arched toward the sky, and a man is reaming her in the ass, if he does it slowly at a constant rate, her nether-regions suck in and out like a plunger. Also strange is the strobe effect that occurs when you catch glimpses of the chick's facial expressions scissored between her legs and his legs with every thrust. And I've found that "Another One Bites The Dust" – by Queen, is the best song to watch porn and masturbate to.

Just some random thoughts that come back to me out of the mists ... for now though, it's late. Or rather, quite early. I think I'll smoke a J for Jesus, fluff my muff, and call it a night.

For questions, comments, or a kick in the ass, e-mail: AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com.

So, You Wanna Make-out

By Sarah Cassone

Forget the overtly sexualized dance songs with monotonous beats like "Turn Me On" and "Move Yer Body." Here's a list of ten great make-out songs based either on lyrics, rhythm or over all feel, broken up by mood:

Anything Goes

"Hands Down" by Dashboard Confessional feat. Michael Stipe (an iTunes exclusive)

"Such Great Heights" by The Postal Service

Long and Slow

"Just Like Honey" by Jesus and Mary Chain

"Glycerine" by Bush

"Crimson and Clover" by Joan Jett

"Thirty-Three" by The Smashing Pumpkins

"In Your Eyes" by Peter Gabriel (if Say Anything... taught you nothing else it should have at least been that)

"Talk Show Host" by Radiohead

Fast and Frenzied

"Feeling This" by Blink 182

"Snakedriver" by Jesus and Mary Chain



Through the Global Looking Glass

By Dustin Herlich

This summer, I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to spend my time working overseas with a not for profit company that does underwater archeology. RPM Nautical takes on projects in warm, sunny locations that most of us dream of vacationing in. Not only was I to be paid for my work, but all expenses would be taken care of as well. All expenses plus pay, in a European paradise. Of course I went! Of all the experiences that I was afforded while working abroad, the ability to look back at the United States and see it as the rest of the world does was truly one of the most invaluable. While my experience abroad lasted only a few months, those working with us who were American, but had worked outside the US most of their lives, and the people who were native to the nation in which we were working had much to say in relation to the image the rest of the world has of the United States.

Right now, by and large, much of the world is disappointed with the actions and decisions of the United States, specifically when it comes to foreign policy issues, and our treatment of the situations in the Middle East. While some may make it out to seem that anyone with an American passport is subject to being beaten to death at any moment by anyone the second they leave American soil, the reality is the global community just wishes we were more a part of that community. While it is absolutely true there are places where Americans citizens are met with violence simply because of where they were born, where I was working the people were happy to see us and, in particular, if you make it clear you are not a supporter of the current administration, you're given even more respect.

When pressed for reasons as to why one would be unhappy with US policies, the most common answers include permutations of being discontent with the military action in the Middle East and environmental policies that have global implications. While within the US, many of us on a quotidian basis harp on the same exact issues, hearing the same gripes by those not living in the US does add some justification to our woes.

If you pose the question of having someone describe the US in a single word or two, you get reposts such as bullies, xenophobic, selfish, and simply "not a team player." Why is it that what's good for everyone else in the world isn't good enough for the US? It would be absolutely untruthful to deny that there are those that actually do agree with the position of the United States on the aforementioned issues, and many of those are notable elected officials and otherwise influential and outspoken individuals, even in France. At the same time it's also not right to ignore that many nations make decisions that are, in fact, the best for them at the time, even if the world doesn't immediately rec-

ognize it as so. That being said, again, the image of the ugly American right now is as vibrant as ever.

Most of the world believes that individual Americans themselves are good people, just being misguided by a president who wasn't even really elected. Many I spoke to also understand that a large portion of this country is also unhappy with current policy under the Bush administration. And, indeed, some Americans, like the cast and crew of RPM this summer, are

would theorize is the cause of much of the consternation and conflict.

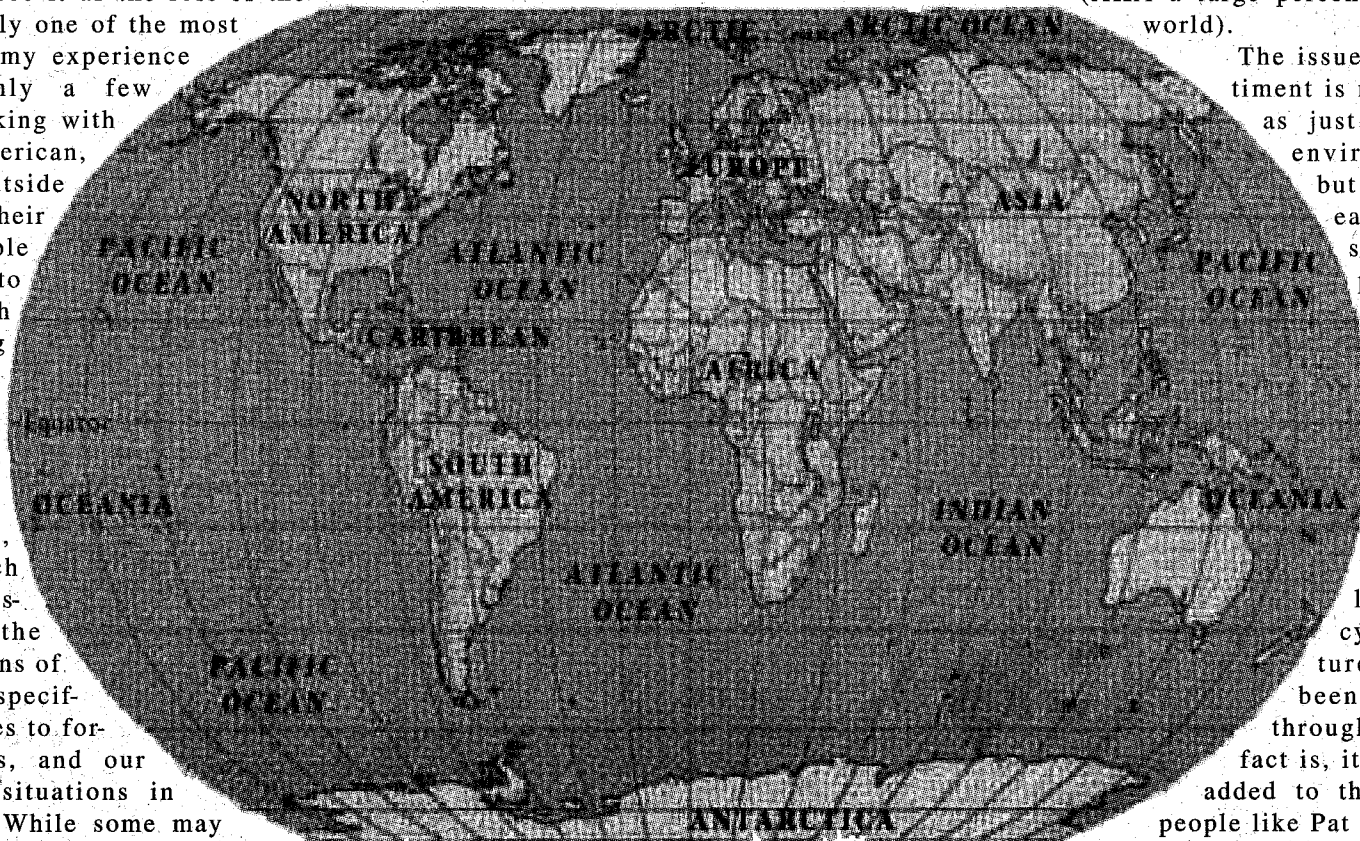
The current overall American attitude is seen by many at home and abroad as being something akin to "forget that annoying Kyoto thingy, we're gonna grow/use whatever resources we want, and make sure that we're the most powerful cowboys on earth." It's easy to imagine how that might not sit well with those promoting more overall unity between nations, cultures, and even opposing ideas and values (AKA a large percentage of the rest of the world).

The issue of anti-American sentiment is nowhere near as simple as just the Middle East and environmental problems, but those are some of the easier ones to dissect. In some areas of the world, particularly those whose governments are directly tied to particular religious beliefs, you get a hatred of the US for being even somewhat secular, and for having what may be considered by some to be lax standards of decency. Differences in culture and religion have been the cause of wars through all of history but, the fact is, it still occurs. Fuel gets added to the fire when you have people like Pat Buchanan who wants an

electric fence put between the US and Mexico, and Rush Limbaugh, whose newsletter has worse grammar and poorer copy editing than most middle school newspapers.

What you find is that many foreigners have a particular view of Americans but, thankfully, more and more the Americans that travel abroad have a much less "ugly" façade. Many of them at least attempt to use the native language of the land they are visiting, and familiarize themselves with some aspects of culture and geography. Nothing's quite as ugly as someone who doesn't even make the effort to inform themselves or better themselves, American or not. The ugly American persona also leads into another pervasive image of us being on the less intelligent side, but yet wielding might and power that no other nation can even come close to. Think of it as Baby Huey with a rocket launcher.

One of the more prominent slogans used by many activist groups, and written on bumper stickers, all across the nation is, "act locally, think globally." It's that simple concept that most of us just don't seem to be able to let click in our brains. If we had a better active and conscious understanding of the global community around us, not only could we still remain the ultimate super power we really are, but we could be the neighbors you're glad to have at the same time.



THOSE ISLANDS LOOK LIKE WORDS,
Courtesy of The Hubble Space Telescope

single-handedly becoming good-will ambassadors, showing exactly how great it can be to spend time with Americans and how un-ugly we really are (physically, we're probably still really ugly, but you get the picture). It also helps when said crew's bar tabs kept the bars open during the non-tourist seasons single handedly, and tips are enough to help put the bar tender through college.

It seems to me that the crux of the matter isn't so much that our actions and opinions are different from everyone else's as much as that, when we do have a different agenda, we make it a point to say that we don't owe anyone an explanation for anything. We don't even owe an explanation to our own citizens anymore. That makes people uneasy and, indeed, many Americans, and citizens of the world, are uneasy right now.

Looking at the example of the European Union, you see drastic differences from the United States. Much of Europe has switched to a universal currency, roads and trains and other means of transportation are painstakingly well interconnected, borders are welcomingly lightly defended, and many Europeans don't even have passports from their home country, but a passport from the European Union government itself. If the idea of a universal passport for Canadians, Americans and Mexicans was proposed, the person who proposed it would probably be locked away for eternity on the grounds of insanity before he could finish his sentence. It's this difference in overall mentality that I

TOP TEN

Things Discovered During Dick Cheney's Colonoscopy

- 10 Homophobia
- 9 The Working Half of His Shriveled Heart
- 8 Osama bin Laden
- 7 Davy Jones' Locker...after all, his colon is just a seaman graveyard
- 6 Two airliners flying into his vas deferens
- 5 A collection of various spines of Alien species hunted for sport in a coming-of-age ceremony
- 4 Enough kryptonite to keep Superman inside comic books
- 3 A cool baker's dozen Barbie Doll heads
- 2 A maniacally laughing Papa Smurf and a very sodomized Gargamel
- 1 Holy...what the... a soul?

Battle of the Century

Condoleeza
Rice

Pork Fried
Rice

VS



PRO

- Probably smarter than Bush
- Not available at Deng Lee's
- \$4.95 a night
- Pork barrel politics let her buy lots of Pork Fried Rice

\$4.95 a Quart



CON

- Easily reheated in microwave
- Comes free with General Tso's Chicken
- Ethnicity easily recognizable



CON

- Political system poisoning
- Free with stolen election
- Ethnicity not easily recognizable
- Easily reheated, though creates unappetizing noise cramming her into microwave
- Gotta name a oil tanker after her in order to buy her out



PRO

- Probably smarter than Bush
- Not Kosher
- Possible food poisoning
- Striking resemblance to day old stale rice...oh...it is
- Closest place to get it is Deng Lee's

The Triumphant Return of The Vox Populi

86% of people who think that Donald Rumsfeld is a fox also think that all foxes should be skinned and made into freedom coats.

100% of the people that are glad to see the Republican National Convention in New York City also fear that deep down they are a sociopath.

72% of students polled say that if George W. Bush was made of anti-matter, they would hug him and sacrifice their own molecules to produce $2n + 1$ photons.

79% of students polled think that Rudy Giuliani's lisp is not cute. Must be why he got cancer. Go Yankees!

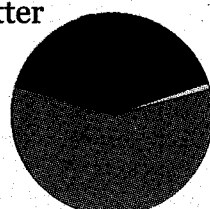
67% of people that believe "Our children is learning" also believe that New Haven is the capitol of Connecticut. Heh. It's New London, assholes. Mmmm. My intelligence is giving me an erection... NEW LONDON STYLE! Boi-yoi-yoi-yoi-yoing! Come get it sluts!

67% of people that believe Governor Schwarzenegger's Nazi dad did NOT teach him to grab asses also have brutally killed a small animal in their life. Fucking fascists! It's real easy to point fingers, eh, mien fuehrer?

65% of people who think that George Bush touches himself at night to the thought of dead Iraqis also would like to think that Rush Limbaugh broadcasts in the nude. 100% of me would like to think that George will rush to touch Limbaugh's bush while thinking about Iraqis who broadcast at night.

One if by bagel, two if by...

40% said Butter



59% said Cream Cheese

Although **52%** of students polled bemoan the invention of the pacemaker because it saves the lives of people like Dick Cheney, a Supreme Court ruling has invalidated the results of said Vox Populi since "old, Floridian Jews STILL don't count."

If Bill O'Reilly became president, **67%** of students polled say they would welcome the coming of G a l a c t u s , Devourer of Worlds and the sweet mercy he would bring by gorging himself on the entirety of the planet Earth.



The remaining **33%** would also welcome the being once known as Galan, from the old universe, in the scant hopes that The Mighty One can be satiated by O'Reilly's globulous flesh and blackened soul.

75% of people who think Ralph Nader should get an "A" for effort also think that Melanie's mom should be elected president of all moms. Instead of taxes, she will demand **7%** of all hugs! Her foreign policy plan will be for Melanie to be escorted home by 10:30pm, sharp! Social Security will be converted into brownies! Double fudge to ferry geriatrics into their twilight years!

The Incredible Mix Tape ^{IV} A musical odyssey by Tom Senkus

Bob Dylan "It Ain't Me, Babe"
Tim Buckley "Sweet Surrender"
Placebo "Summer's Gone"
Ted Leo "Timorous Me"
Nick Drake "Fly"
Khatchaturian "Sabre Dance"
Roxy Music "Love is the Drug"
Bjork "Alarm Call"
Swans "Love Will Tear Us Apart"

Black Flag "TV Party"
Spinal Tap "Bitch School"
The Smiths "Panic"
Guster "Fa Fa"
Modest Mouse "Gravity Rides Everything"
Modest Mouse "Never Ending Math Equation"
Beatles "I'm So Tired"
King Crimson "Great Deceiver"
Skinny Puppy "Cult"

Sometimes I Question the Happiness of Elevators

By David K. Ginn

Have you ever noticed as you ride on an elevator that they seem to have the same general routine on a day-to-day basis? Oh hell, they take on the same *exact* routine on a day-to-day basis. This is troubling me, and I'd like to flesh out why.

Elevators aren't given a choice in what they do. For them, it's "Good morning, take me up to Floor 3," "Good afternoon, take me back down for lunch," and "Goodnight, take me down to the garage." And this is all from just one patron. Can you imagine what it must be like to get this in multiples? Or how about by the hundreds?

And of, if it were even *that* simple. As an elevator, you have to deal with your irate customers; you know, the ones who simply have to get to their floor in 35 seconds or else their heads will explode. Then you have the heavysset mother with 87 kids, yelling at the younger ones, pulling the arms of the older ones and holding 16 infants in her arms. Chances are she's breast-feeding one of them, bottle feeding another, burping a third one, rocking the fourth to sleep and feeding Gerber's Banana Shit to another.

This has all got to weight down on an elevator's sense of self-worth, so to speak.

I mean, look at it from their perspective. They go up and down all day, with no change at all. Up, down, up, down, up, down, up, down. What the fuck is the deal here, honestly? Do we expect these elevators to be happy, law-abiding citizens? Well, I should hope not.

Yet the crime rate among elevators is astonishingly less than that among humans. Could it be the intentionally constrained way in which they are designed, thus limiting them to only their basic function? Or could it be more?

Well, Dr. Richard Lomett, chairman of the Foundation for New Psychology and author of the book *Why the World Doesn't Make Any Sense*, has an interesting approach to this phenomenon.

"You see," said Lomett in a recent interview, "elevators are complex machines. They operate very differently than humans operate. We may think that the banality of their jobs, not to mention their existence, might drive them to unthinkable crimes, but we are forgetting certain ideas that we must come to grasp with."

The ideas that Lomett refers to are all rooted in the basic design and creation of elevators, and how that interacts with their social role.

"It's not as simple as not being physically capable of harmful or otherwise criminal activity," said Dr. Lomett. "Our biggest ignorance is believing that they are unable to lash out. Oh, trust me, they have, and many times. We just pass it off as mechanical malfunction or human error, when really it's these poor, underprivileged elevators finally reaching their breaking point. I mean, let's face it: these machines come from low-income, poverty-stricken homes where they

are raised from infancy and then shipped off somewhere at a very young age to begin work. They aren't compensated for their labor and they still have to struggle just to support their families. They become weak, depressed, and eventually this all meshes together into feelings of anger and hatred."

Dr. Lomett demonstrated this by meshing his hands together.

When asked why, if the feelings are so prevalent, the crime rate should be so low, Dr. Lomett had an interesting answer.

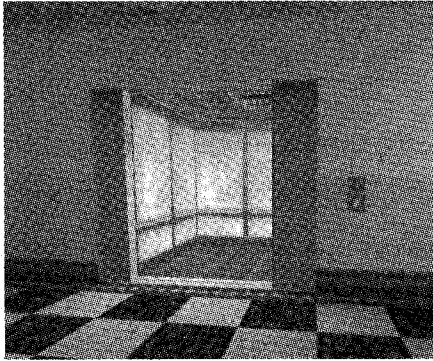
"Well, you see, there's an interesting answer to that question," said Lomett later in the interview. "Elevators are built to be trampled upon, used, abused, and then eventually thrown away at the end

of their miserable lives. As much as this may affect their psychological state, one must remember that they *are* still programmed for these very functions and are thus very much aware of the futility of their

retribution. They read about it in the news all the time; elevators that kill twelve passengers and themselves in a fatal fall, elevators that team up with terrorists to get ransom money from various government agencies. They realize that in the end there is no positive payback for such actions and thus they remain, for the most part, docile."

This theory was confirmed by Cardinal Hegreman of the Council for Blessed Christian Faith. "Whereas man was created in the image of God," said Hegreman as he addressed the issue, "elevators were created in the image of Helena, a little-known housewife in the mid-twentieth century who cooked, cleaned, and took care of the house while the husband was at work and then washed his feet while he prepared to go meet his friends. Men desire control because God is in control and we are made in His image. Elevators are not lured by control because Helena was not lured by control and they are made in Her image."

When parishioners asked why Helena was never spoken about before in the Holy Catholic Church, Cardinal Hegreman replied that "no one ever really liked her...plus she made a pretty awful bean dip."



GOING UP?...
Courtesy of www.ticclan.com

Full Disclosure

By Sarah Cassone

I really like the people that I work with. They're fun and nice and keep things interesting. And while some of them seem to be open minded, there's still an underlying ignorance that is impossible to avoid.

Take for example a conversation that came up last week, when one girl asked, "Would you rather be cheated on with a guy or a girl?" This was spawned from the recent Jim McGreevey revelations. I found this to be an asinine question, but it was one of the answers that sent me fuming: "If it's a guy, you have to worry about getting AIDS." I wanted to scream over the ignorance of that statement, this implication that all homosexuals are diseased, but I kept my mouth shut; I'm not one for confrontation.

On this same day, another thing occurred that set me on edge. This one woman was telling about her friend that

is coming to see her this weekend. Before I even learn hear his name, she tells me he's gay. This is not the first time she's introduced him this way. She then goes on to say about how she worked with many gay people at her previous job and they're "such good people." I have no doubt that she's very gay friendly, but she still holds an air of ignorance about her when she speaks this way.

A few minutes later, I hear her on the phone to a friend, telling about the same upcoming visit. Again, she uses his sexual orientation as a way of defining him, completely

stripping him of any other identification. I must admit, I was completely baffled by this. What is it my business to know the orientation of a person I don't know? What gives her the right to disclose this information to me, even if she means no harm? What's the point of this senseless segregation masking as an introduction? Would you describe someone as "this straight guy/girl?" Of course not. Why, then, should this be different? It's a double standard that should be avoided. The business of who a person sleeps with is personal, and no one, gay or straight should feel the need to disclose that information if they don't want to.

I know this woman means no harm, and that she most likely possesses an ignorance she is unaware of, no matter how accepting she believes she is. However, not everyone is that innocent.

A little experiment: the next time you're talking about someone, try referring to them as "my straight friend" so and so. See what kind of looks you get. See how foolish it sounds. Think about how, straight or gay, you're defining people by their sexuality before their birth name. By something we have no control over any more than we did our -- well, birth names. Perhaps it will keep you from displaying the same ignorance I've just described. Or, at any rate, make sense out of what I've just ranted about.



MCGREEVEY LOOKS KINDA CREEPY,
Courtesy of NJ Public Television

Homeopathy: A Hope for Healing

By Rachel Eagle Reiter

The Homeopathic Usages Of Thuja (a remedy from the white cedar tree)

Thuja comes from the white cedar tree. The white cedar has a tapered and lavish trunk, fragrant branches with foliage that is directed upward, and rows of cylindrical cones. Its needles shrink and look like scales. The tree weeps with a thick resin sap.

Thuja is the remedy for suppressed gonorrhea. (Gonorrhea would be the severest of symptoms for which it would be beneficial to take the homeopathic remedy. The remedy is useful for many other less serious ailments.) Hahnemann (credited as the founder of modern homeopathy) reports that a theology student came to him with complaints of a thick urethral discharge and pimples on his genital region. Hahnemann thought the young man had gonorrhea, but the patient denied having had sexual relations. It turns out that he remembered chewing on branches of a white cedar tree.

This is how Hahnemann discovered how the white cedar could be used homeopathically since homeopathy is based upon the philosophy of like curing like (This concept is not dissimilar to how vaccinations work. For instance, a very small amount of what is considered a harmful substance has the opposite affect and is beneficial).

The following paragraph is a mental profile for thuja. This is only a profile of a typical thuja case. Be aware that stereotypes are unreliable in homeopathy and life, therefore a person in need of thuja may partially fit the mental description. There may be more physical symptoms than mental or more mental symptoms than physical per case. Each case is unique. However, the mental and physical profiles often co-exist in one, since it is a holistic concept that the body has an affect on the mind and vice versa.

The thuja patient may have experienced neglect or abuse as a child. He lives with a sense of shame and disgrace and cannot reveal himself to other people. He may be under the delusion he has committed a crime. He desperately wants to fit in and be like everyone else. He rigidly adheres to codes and is obsessed about appearance and the opinion of others, his persona and image. He feels that his natural self cannot be revealed, so he lies and recreates himself for the benefit of others. He can be conscientious about trifles. He feels a split. He doesn't really know who he is. He may feel as if he's made of glass. He must fit in. If people start to judge them as being phony, they start to feel invisible so no one notices. Thujas like to play mind games. They can be passive-aggressive in a very covert way. They try to protect themselves by being very closed and reserved. They are extremely secretive. They feel divided, separated, split. They have difficulty making decisions. They have pretended so long that they lack a core self. They tend to lead secret and false lives. They may excessively use pornography or have continual affairs. In advanced stages, they may have two spouses. They live with the torment that if people really knew them, they wouldn't like them. Their behavior tends to be rigidly proper, polite, even prudish, and religious. They feel fragile and have low self esteem.

Other physical symptoms may include: Warts. Discharges (yellow or yellow-green).

Thuja headaches tend to be left frontal or temporal. Eyebrows lose hair laterally. Many urogenital symptoms such as herpes and obstruction in urinary flow.

(Note: Check out a Materia Medica for a more in depth analysis.)

A Homeopathic Solution For Bites, Stings And Other Ailments

Ledum palustre is known by herbalists as wild rosemary or marsh tea. It grows prolifically throughout North America, Scandinavia, and Ireland, predominantly in cold climates and in marshes and bogs. The famous Swedish botanist, Karl Linnaeus is credited as the first person to use ledum medicinally, although it was used in Finland as early as the 13th century to get rid of pests. Linnaeus used it to treat throat infections and coughs. The name ledum is derived from the Greek word, ledos, which means woolly robe, because there are woolly hairs on the back of its leaves. It has at times been used as a tea substitute. When American colonists protested the tea taxes levied by the British in 1773, ledum became a popular alternative.

Ledum is used to prevent infection in deep puncture wounds. It is used for insect stings, bites, and wherever there is puffy skin and stinging pain. It affects tendons and the fibrous tissue of small joints such as ankles. It is useful for sprains with bruising, especially in the lower extremities. Ledum is a great insect bite remedy, especially with much swelling and inflammation. Ledum has the characteristic of pains traveling diagonally, such as from a shoulder to the opposite hip. Feet and ankles are itchy. There is much improvement with cold compresses. Symptoms are worse with warmth, at night and if touched.

Ledum is not the only homeopathic remedy that is useful for bites and stings. The following is a list of other choices among homeopathic remedies along with a brief description of symptoms to assist in selecting the best option.

First Aid: Insect Bites/Eruptions

Apis-used for bee stings or an bite with swelling, red hot stinging, edema, sensitive to touch, better with cold.

Belladonna-rapid violent severe burning and swelling. No thirst.

Caladium-burning, itching, patient wants to touch area but doesn't scratch it. Skin rash with asthma.

Cantharis-hot, red, burning

Carbolicum acid-bee stings.

Lachesis-snakebite remedy. Blue/black or blue/purple swelling. Sensitive to touch, worse with heat.

Ledum-insect bites, puncture wounds, poison oak, cold, numb, sensitive, better with cold.

Natrum Muraticum-itchy, prickly, stinging rashes, often after exercise, wasp and bee stings.

Staphysagria-large and irritating eruptions after mosquito bites.

Tarentula hispana-hot, blue, abscesses and ulcerations.

Urtica Urns-prickly heat, hives, nettle rash, itchy, blotchy, allergic; better with warmth. Indicated in shellfish poisoning as well.

The Homeopathic Remedy: Arnica Montana

Arnica has been used by herbalists for centuries. It was known for its value in treating injuries by the Greeks and Romans. The remedy is prepared from the entire plant including roots, flowers and leaves. Allopaths have used it as well, mainly to treat dysentery, gout, malaria and rheumatism. This pretty yellow flower grows in mountainous regions throughout Europe. Mountain dwellers in the Andes have known how to use it for wounds and injuries.

Key homeopathic uses for arnica are bruises and bleeding due to trauma as well as emotional shock. Its key actions are anti-hemorrhagic, antiseptic, and analgesic. It is indicated wherever there has been capillary damage. Eyeball injuries with intra-ocular hemorrhage require arnica. Sensations of bruising, and soreness are all good indicators for arnica. The arnica constitution tends to be restless and full of hopeless despair. Patient is easily startled and dislikes being touched. They deny they are ill and avoid doctors. Arnica has been used for children who suffer from nightmares and enuresis. It is also a whooping cough remedy. It is useful for skin conditions and musculo-skeletal conditions. Symptoms are better with movement and when lying with head lower than the feet.

Arnica can be helpful during labor when the pains are especially severe and the uterus is sensitive to touch. It can also be indicated in cases of influenza with deep aching pains. Hoarseness from overuse is also a good indication for arnica.

Arnica Montana is one of the most popular remedies for sports injuries. However, just because it is used most often does not mean it is always the best selection. Homeopathy works on a case by case basis, so specific symptoms will help narrow down the choices. Following is a list of other homeopathic remedies that are determined on an individual basis:

Homeopathic Remedies For Injuries:

Hypericum - Nerve involvement

Arnica - Soft tissue injury

Rhus tox - Inflammation from injury or old injury

Ledum - better with cold applications

Ruta - Rib injuries

Symphytum - Slow or incorrect bone healing

Calc. Phos - Fractures

Calendula - Cuts and burns



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Get Your Facts Straight!

By Leo Borovskiy

SEVEN. That is the number of factual errors in the first FIVE sentences of the front-page article in the August 9th issue of the Stony Brook Statesman. That makes the average more than one mistake per sentence. How can one possibly do this? Well, here's how I saw it:

During the summer things are pretty slow for student media. Papers don't get printed as often, radio station sputters a little, the TV station doesn't make new shows. So everyone in student media was shocked to find out that the whole Stony Brook community might get the chance to meet famed war journalist Christiane Amanpour. I myself was very excited, since I had the opportunity to be involved in the production of the TV program on which she appeared. Obviously I wanted to let the rest of the members of student media to come out, since this was really a once in a lifetime chance to meet a woman who is the most highly regarded, if not the best, international journalist today.

So I did my best in letting everyone know, including a long-time colleague of mine, Mansoor Khan from *The Stony Brook Statesman*. I was glad to see that many student journalists attended the taping of the program, but after reading the article I mentioned in the first paragraph, I was simply appalled. I couldn't imagine how someone could make such mistakes, especially someone who has been the Publisher and an Editor In Chief of a major school newspaper.

I am certainly not a newspaper journalist by trade, so I may not know just how an article needs to be written, but all journalists know to do their research. So when I started reading the article, I pulled up Christiane Amanpour's bio on the CNN website (I actually went to Google and typed her name in, but CNN is where it took me). The first sentence there reads, "Christiane Amanpour is CNN's chief international correspondent." Coincidentally this is the first mistake in the article. This same page also identifies that "Amanpour graduated summa cum laude from the University of Rhode Island", not "Rhode Island University" as *The Statesman* article claims. So that's 2 out of 7 mistakes easily avoided just by going to Google (which may not be the bastion of sources with integrity, but any research is a start).

What's next? How about asking people how they spell their names and what their titles are. For example, the interviewer mentioned in the article as "Bob Zimmerman" is actually veteran war journalist Bill Zimmerman (who, by the way, was one of Christiane Amanpour's mentors back at CNN). That right there is a pretty bad mistake. That's someone's name. Now it's a little easier for me to be sure that his name is Bill, because I happen to have his resume in front of me, so I know how he spells his name (and what his name is for that matter). Crazy, huh? Getting someone's information when you're writing a news article? Oh and I guess the same goes for Dini Diskin-Zimmerman, who is a television director, who directed and produced this show (her name and title are two more mistakes in the article by the way, bringing us up to 5).

Now, the last two facts are a little harder to get at. The article says that Dini Diskin-Zimmerman works "for the Television Division of Javits Educational Technologies." While Gary Van Sise, the Director of Educational Technologies was not available for comment before my commentary was submitted, a staff

member who works for the Audio-Visual Department of Educational Technologies said he's never heard it referred to as "Javits Educational Technologies" nor the Audio-Visual Department as the "Television Division."

So knowing all these issues with this article, I actually sent all the mistakes I found to the editors of *The Statesman* urging them to look through the rest of the article and seek out further mistakes. Mansoor Khan personally responded to my letter, apologizing for the errors, and letting me know to expect a reprint with the corrections. Well, some of the corrections were made, when *The Statesman*, in their September 2nd issue, reprinted the article, now on page 9, in what I can only imagine is their "Weird Science" section (as the banner at the top of the page reads). But nowhere in the issue did they acknowledge any errors or corrections, as if the original article didn't exist.

So what's the point you might be thinking right now? So there are mistakes, what's the big deal, anyway? Well, administrators often refer to *The Statesman* as the paper of integrity, the one that looks at what's good about Stony Brook, the respectable paper that gets things right. So when there are so many basic mistakes on a big story like this, written by an experienced writer and editor, can it be that those administrators might be wrong in their stance?

I urge the administrators that I've come to know in my career at Stony Brook not to take this lightly. This is a perfect example of doing things the wrong way. Encourage *The Statesman* to improve, endorse a better newspaper as the paper to look to; do something, do anything, but don't just sit back and endorse and support bad journalism just because they're the obedient son.

As for *The Statesman* staff, writing for a college paper is a once in a lifetime experience, make the best of it! When I was a student at Stony Brook, I had written articles and taken photographs for *The Statesman*, wrote commentary and reviews for *The Stony Brook Press*, produced TV programs for SBU-TV and radio simulcast programs with WUSB, it was the best time of my life! But don't just follow my example, know that you're not bound by chains to any media organization here, and know the facts about Stony Brook's newspapers, because hey, they might surprise you... and anyway, you're in the business of knowing facts.

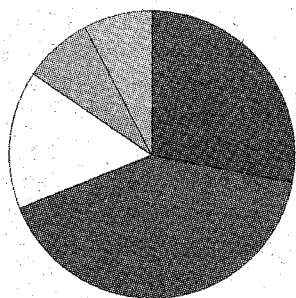
Leonid Borovskiy is a Stony Brook Alumnus. He is a co-founder of SBU-TV, and has spent the last 4 years working with SBU's student media.



**THE FIRST FALL ISSUE...OR THE LAST SUMMER ISSUE? THEY REPRINT SO MUCH ITS HARD TO KEEP TRACK,
Courtesy of Mike Nevradakis**

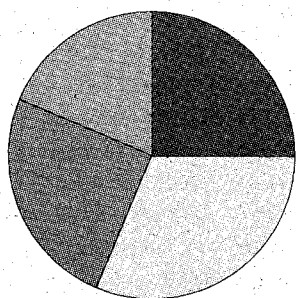
STATISTICAL ANALYSIS PROVING THAT *THE PRESS* IS A MUCH BETTER NEWSPAPER THAN *THE STATESMAN*

The Stony Brook Statesman



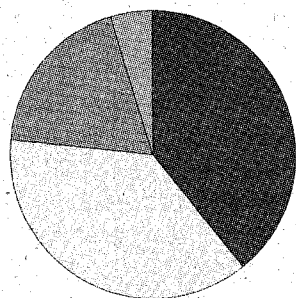
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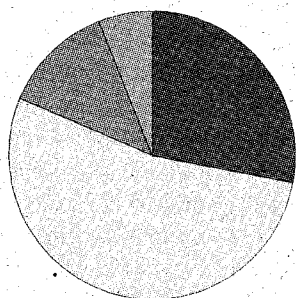
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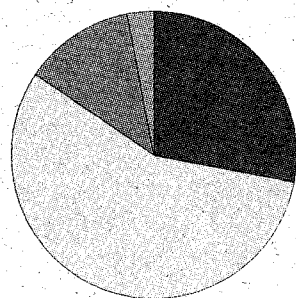
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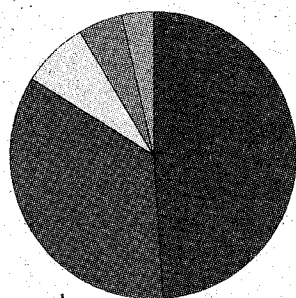
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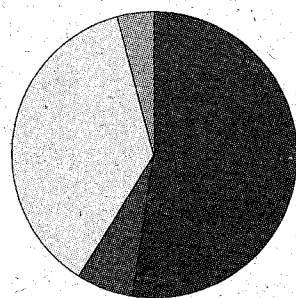
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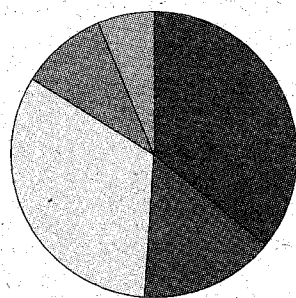
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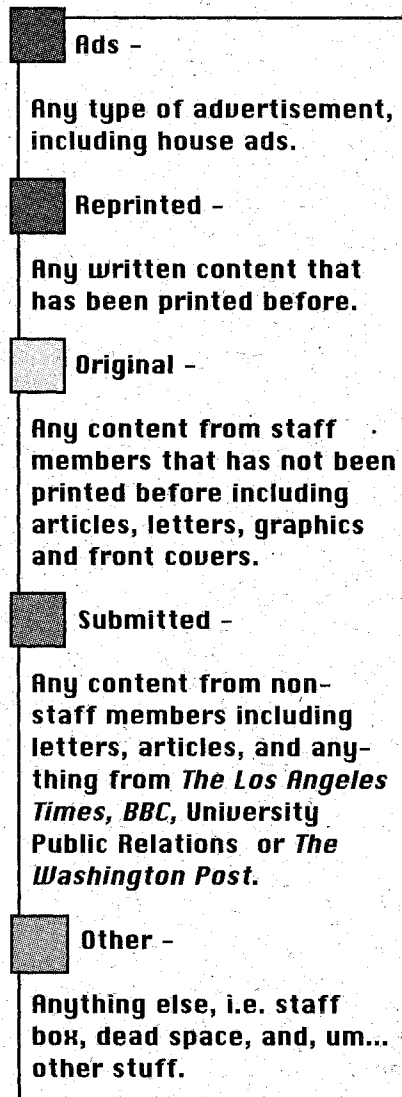
Fall Issue 2

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Original	37%
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Other	4%

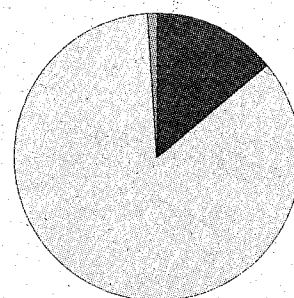


Issue Average

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Original	28%
Submitted	10%
Other	5%

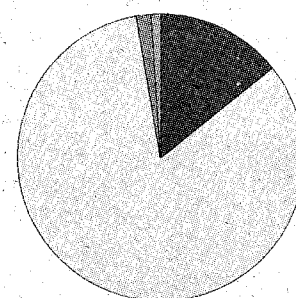


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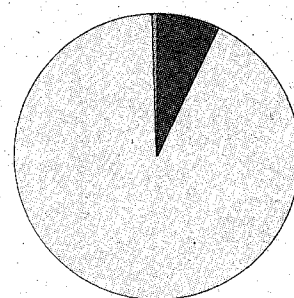
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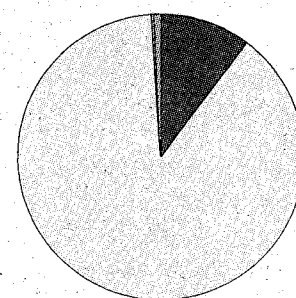
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Original	83%
Submitted	2%
Other	1%



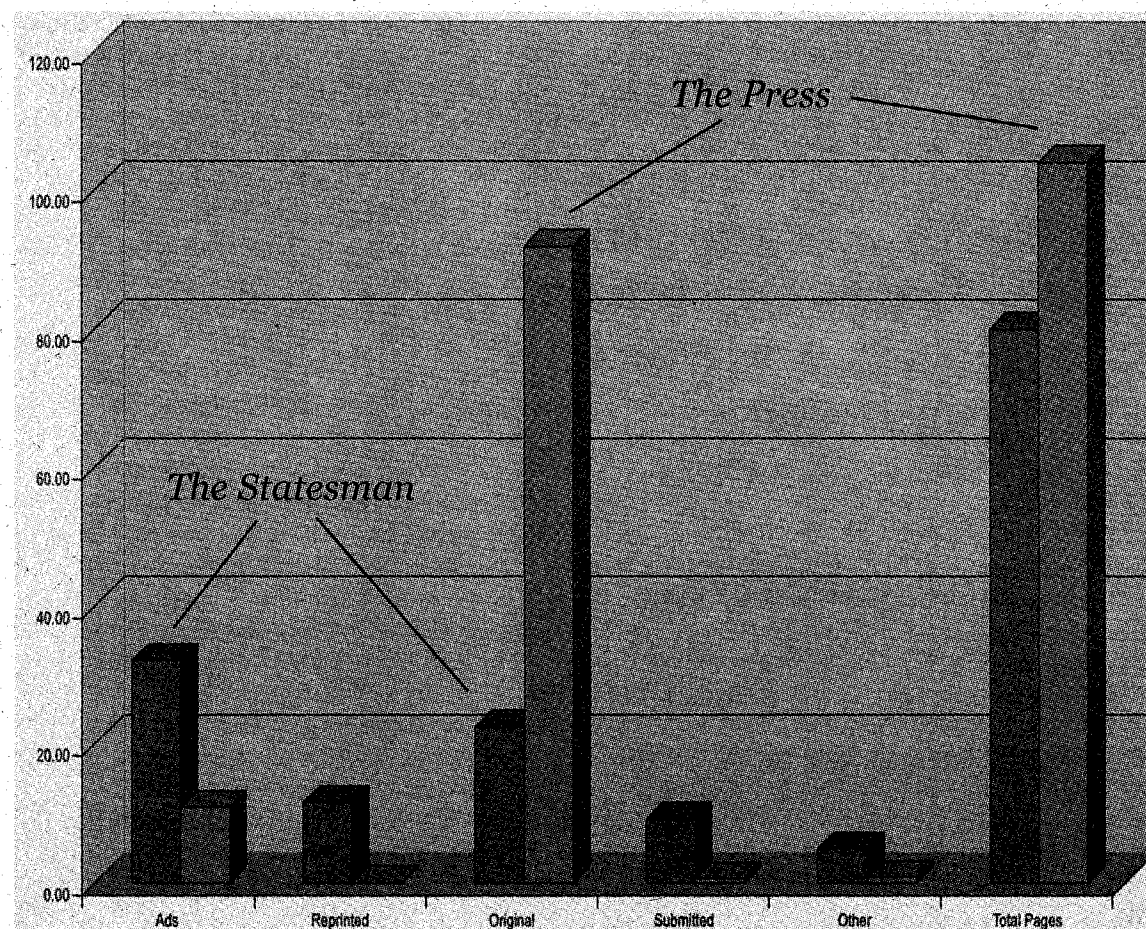
Fall Issue 1

Ads	7%
Reprinted	0%
Original	93%
Submitted	0%
Other	<1%



Issue Average

Ads	10%
Reprinted	0%
Original	89%
Submitted	0%
Other	1%



MORE CONCLUSIVE DATA AFFIRMING THAT *THE PRESS* IS A MUCH BETTER NEWSPAPER THAN *THE STATESMAN*

By Joe Filippazzo and Mike Billings

It all started 25 years ago when several disgruntled editors of *The Stony Brook Statesman* realized that the newspaper they had toiled for had become a racist, sexist tool of the Administration. The publisher of *The Statesman*, an editor known in *Press* lore only as Editor X, was successfully using his position of authority to mold the paper into the shape of his own fancies. Frustrated by this unjust turn of events, about half of *The Statesman's* editorial board decided to secede from said opprobrious rag to start a separate publication; a fledgling newspaper called *The Stony Brook Press*. This new paper would be a more liberal, muckraking, open forum for free speech that would not censor the voices of its writers; in other words, it would be a true representation of the student body.

Fast forward to the present and not much has changed from the standpoint of either paper. Here at *The Stony Brook Press*, our objective remains clear. We try to maintain the delicate balance between university and world news through traditional investigative reporting, editorial writing, and opinion pieces. Brazenly walking the line between news and entertainment, *The Press* offers the students of Stony Brook University a consistently informative and enjoyable publication that is free from administrative control. Fearlessly illuminating the inner workings of both the University and the American community at large, *The Press* remains the most accessible arena for students to voice their unadulterated opinions and concerns. Currently, this is the newspaper that is setting the bar for every other publication from Stony Brook University.

The current staff of *The Stony Brook Press* has not only printed the single largest issue in the history of the organization itself with last semester's 52 page issue, but this very article is part of the record shattering 60 page "Terror Issue;" the largest newsprint publication in Stony Brook University's history. Since the beginning of June, we have produced this, our first fall, as well as two full sized summer issues. The summer prints, which were 20 and 28 pages, consisted of 85% and 84% original content, respectively. *The Press* has NEVER reprinted an article of any sort; to do so would be no less than shoddy journalism. Our paper contains the content it does for a reason; the students want it there. We have made it a tenet of our organization's constitution, a legally binding document, to never edit submissions or censor content in any way.

This description stands in sharp contrast to that of the *The Statesman*. Over the years, *The Statesman* has run the gamut from "generally acceptable" to "utterly shameful." At this point, specifically the past two years, the general opinion of the community towards the *Statesman* is one of disappointment. Although *The Statesman* could have a valid objective in its own right, any merit the paper might achieve has been foolishly neglected by

the editorial boards of the last few years. In fact, this aforementioned neglect is indicative of the general attitude held by the higher-ups of the paper. Essentially, *The Statesman* has been reduced to a toothless voice-box for the administration. The only thing *The Statesman* is useful for at this point is to act as a literary paintbrush that the administration can use to create a picture-perfect version of the university. An unspoken agreement has been made between the recent editors of *The Statesman* and the administration; if the

"From this point forward, *The Stony Brook Press* is the official newspaper of Stony Brook University. We have clearly proven ourselves to be the best publication on campus while *The Statesman* has squandered student funds to produce a few pages of garbage on a bi-weekly basis."

newspaper only prints flattering and apologetic material about the university, and nothing even close to an outspoken opinion is expressed, the Dr.'s and Prof.'s will write a sparkling recommendation for the approval-hungry editorial board members. In fact, it has been admitted openly to *The Stony Brook Press* that certain current editors of *The Stony Brook Statesman* are only in their positions to boost their resumes. Is this a paper that represents the students? The university seems to say yes. In university publications such as *The Advocate* or the USB newsletter *Happenings*, editors of *The Statesman* alone are lauded for always keeping their editorials "positive" while no mention of any of the other five student publications on campus is made. What this seems to suggest is that *The Statesman* is the only noteworthy publication in the eyes of the Administration; not because of their quality, but solely because of their submissiveness.

Unfortunately, the absence of integrity does not a good newspaper make. Administrators can unrealistically portray the quality of the paper all they want, but the content of each issue, or lack thereof, speaks for itself. Over this past summer, *The Statesman* printed five issues, each one consisting of a gaunt eight pages. As we demonstrate in the accompanied statistical overview, the length is not the worst of *The Statesman's* sins. Issues are frequently composed of a ridiculous proportion of advertisements and content taken from the *Washington Post*, *The LA Times*, and *The Chronicle for Higher Education*; all of which the paper pays hefty sums of student activity money to

receive. In fact, the most original content they have had in this seven issue span was 56% but that does not necessarily mean that it was all worthwhile, pertinent, or even mildly entertaining. As testament to their unabashed apathy in regards to the quality of their newspaper, the first issue of *The Statesman* for the Fall '04 semester was comprised of 48% advertisements and 35% reprinted content. With only 8% of the paper being original content, *The Statesman* tried to pass this disgrace of a publication off as a "Flashback Issue" when in reality, all it turned out to be was a complete cop-out and a waste of student money. A few of the articles have been reprinted for the second or third time and almost all of these selfsame articles were originally printed in the last six months.

Judging from all this, it becomes clear that *The Stony Brook Press* is an almost incomparably superior newspaper than *The Statesman*. The reader should ask him or herself: What makes a newspaper worthwhile and enjoyable to read? If your answer is "a deluge of worthless ads, a pathetic surplus of reprinted material, and intellectually insulting articles that are edited beyond recognition," then *The Statesman* is your paper. However, if you want consistently robust issues laden with original, uncensored content that is NEVER reprinted, *The Stony Brook Press* is the obvious choice. For too long, it has been intuitively assumed that *The Statesman* is the official campus newspaper; but in light of the statistical analysis on the accompanying page and the general practices of the paper, this is now going to stop. From this point forward, *The Stony Brook Press* is the official newspaper of Stony Brook University. We have clearly proven ourselves to be the best publication on campus while *The Statesman* has squandered student funds to produce a few pages of garbage on a bi-weekly basis. In fact, former *Statesman* editor Michael Nevradakis describes the paper like this:

"I was a writer and editor for *The Stony Brook Statesman* for two years. During that time, elections were never held, staff meetings were infrequent at best, and there generally existed a distant, unwelcoming atmosphere that turned off all except for those who were most closely associated to Mansoor Khan and certain other editors. Unfortunately, for some editors, the newspaper was merely a tool to write favorable articles towards the administration in exchange for favorable recommendation letters and other accolades, and this is one of many reasons why *The Statesman* could not overcome its current mediocrity. Good ideas were usually lost in the shuffle, and ultimately, quality staff members as well."

The Comics Section

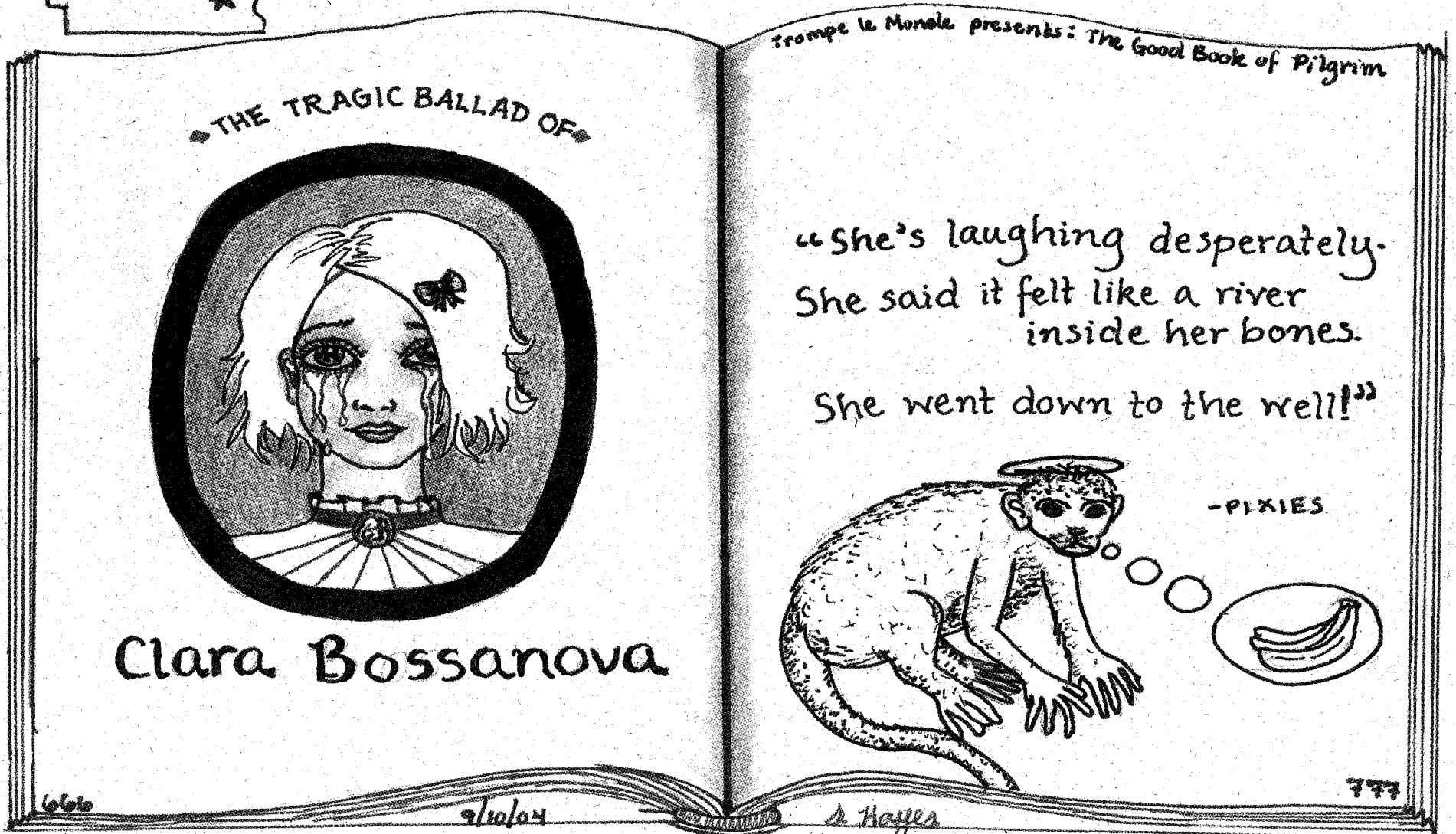
Childhood Reflections

~ Steph Hayes



OMAHA, NE

by Steph Hayes



The Comics Section

Oh ... I See.

By Joe Filippazzo and Tom Clark

James Thompson lost his job today. With no money and a lumberjack's appetite, he sold his eyes for a bowl of soup.



The Comics Section

Mooble, or: The Rise and Fall of Modern Logic

by David K. Ginn

REMEMBER, KIDS:



DRUGS
ROCK THE
SHIT

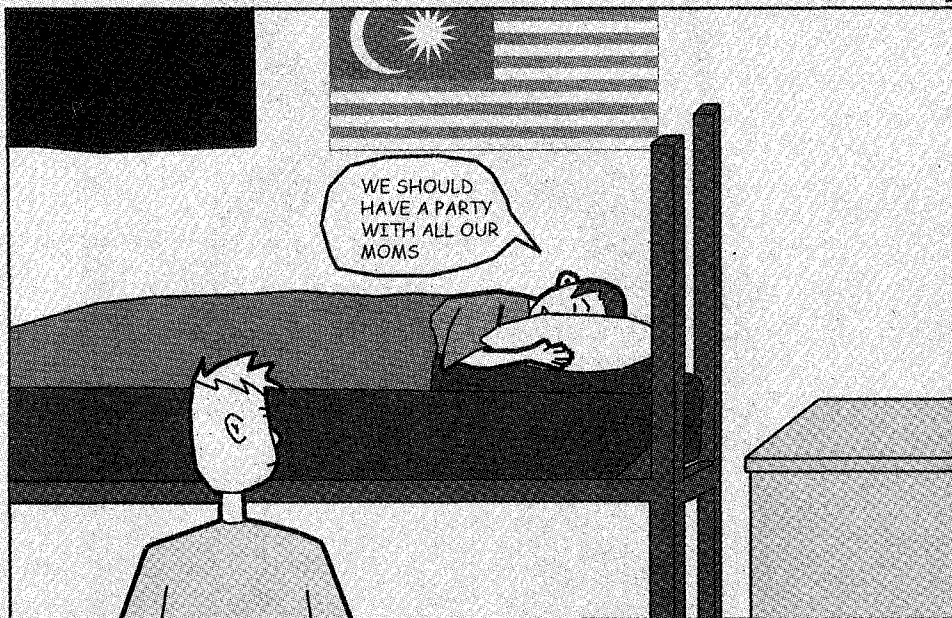
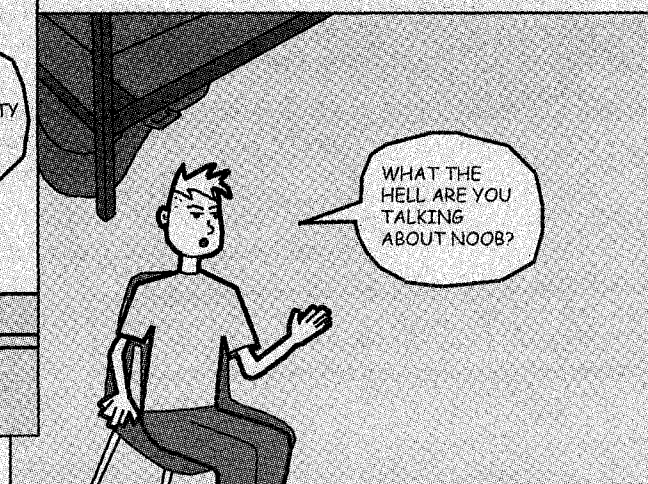
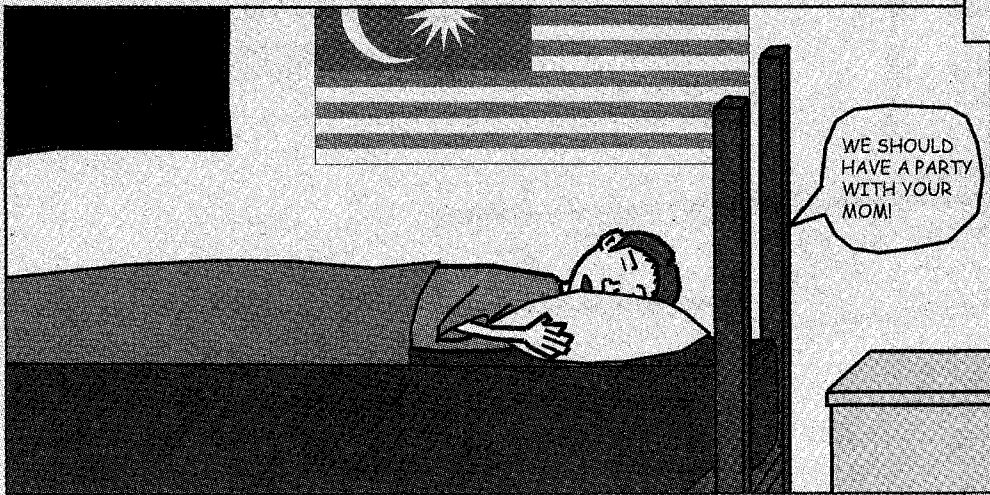
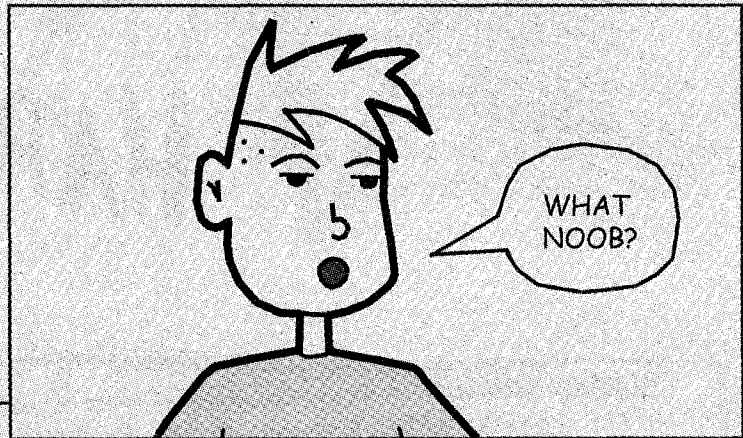
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The Comics Section

The Comics Section

AMMANN CREW TWO

Jowy Romano



Fin.

The Comics Section

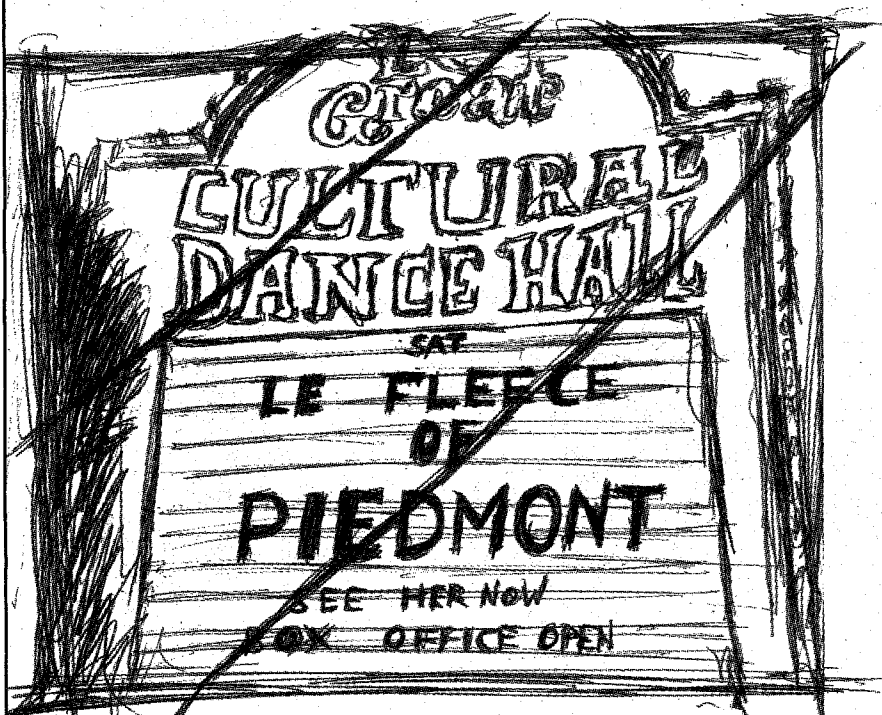


HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: MIDDLE GROUND BETWEEN THE BOUNDARIES OF SPACE AND TIME. CROSSWORLD BETWEEN DIMENSIONS. HARTFORD: THE ONLY WAY TO CROSS ~~THE BOUNDARIES~~

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HARTFORD, A PLACE OF FINE CULTURE:



AND BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE :-)

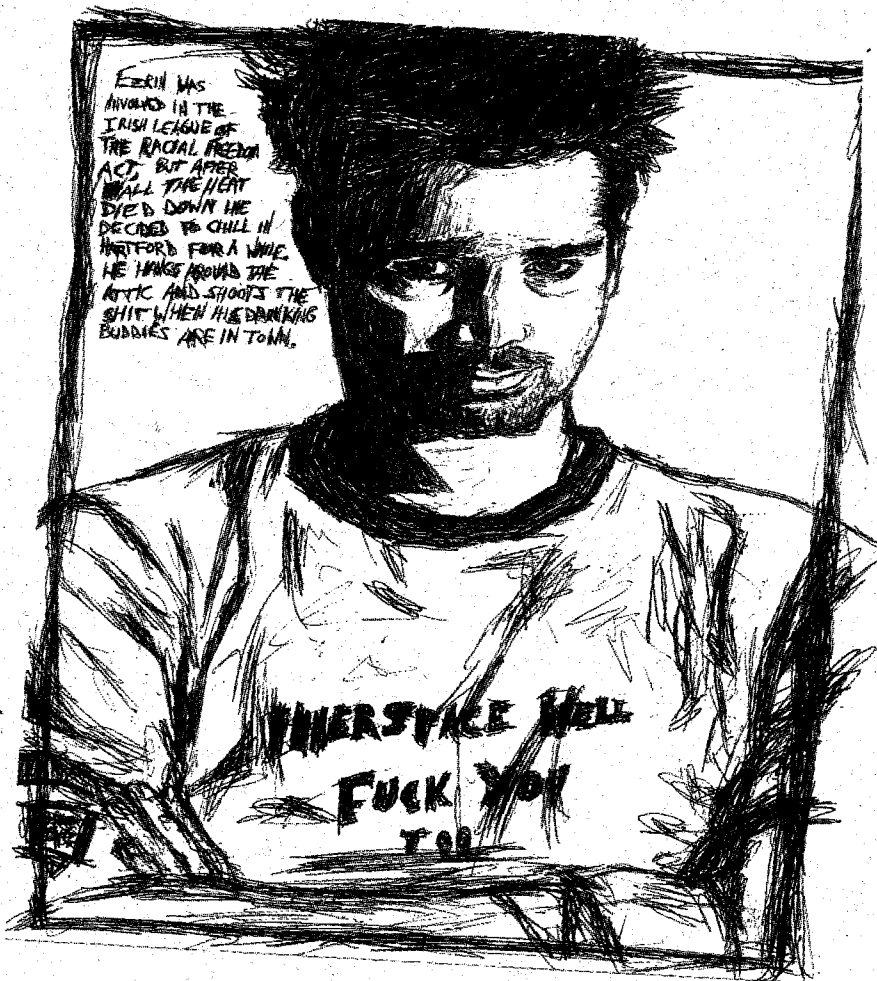


AIRIES IS A WAITRESS AT THE ARTS. SHE'S AN IRISH BREED OF SOME SORT OF ELF-WITCH TRIBE. APPARENTLY, HER TRIBE WAS HUNTED SO SHE CAME HERE TO LAZAR. HARTFORD IS SANCTUARY FOR THOSE ON THE RUN, AS MANY WILL TELL YOU.

HARTFORD, CO.

The Comics Section

THERE'S QUITE A FEW PEOPLE YOU MIGHT SEE
AROUND A LOT. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU.

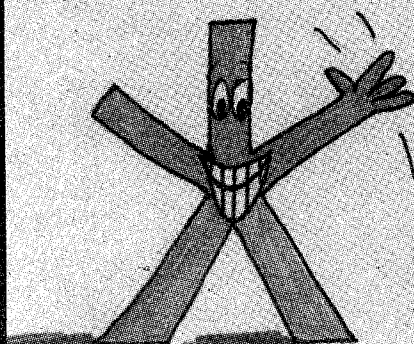


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The Comics Section

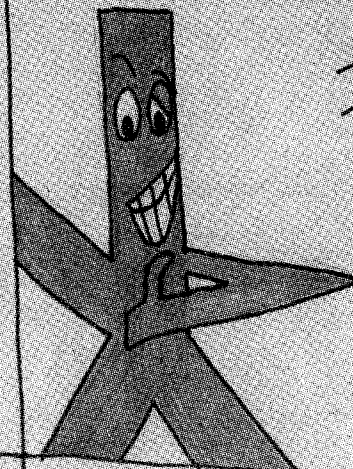
SBUS

by: JESSICA WORTHINGTON

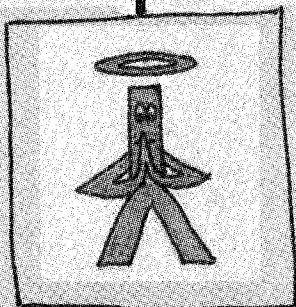


Hi!

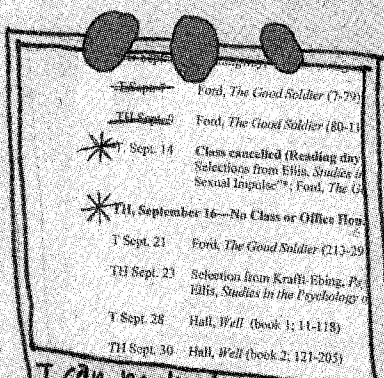
I'M ASTERISK!



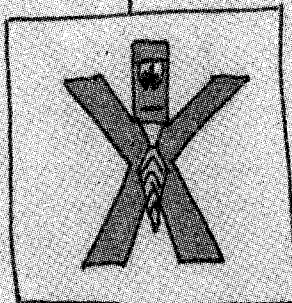
I'm an important guy. I get hired to do all sorts of things.



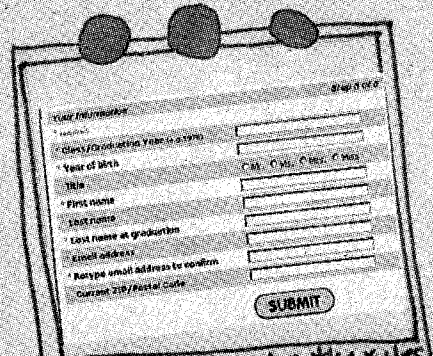
Sometimes I'm helpful.



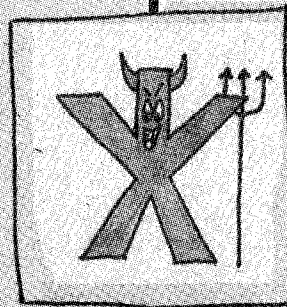
I can be loud & obnoxious. That's good when I'm used as a reminder.



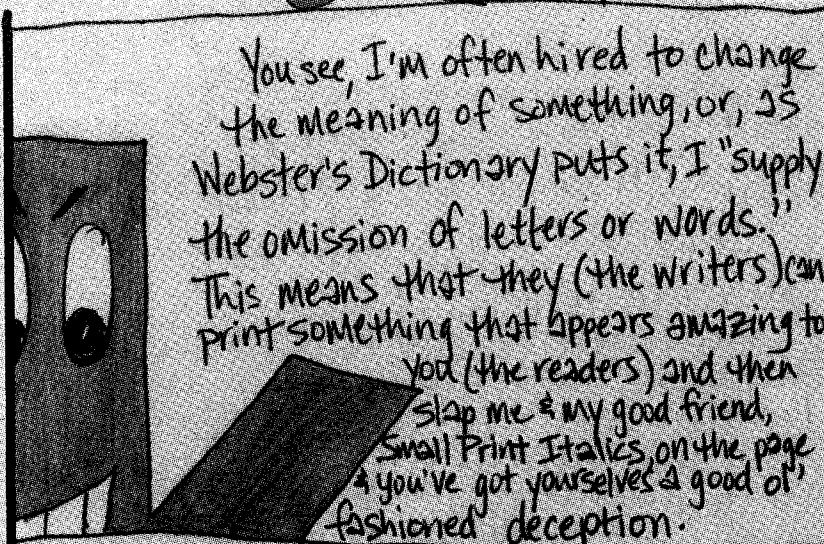
Sometimes I'm strictly business.



Look, I don't make the rules. You won't be accepted until you fill in the ones I'm next to!

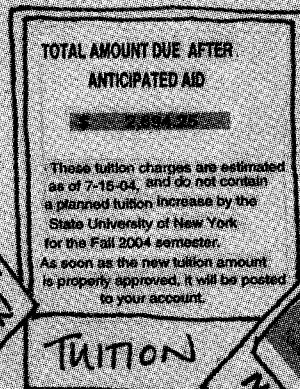


But most of the time, I'm a real SON OF A BITCH!

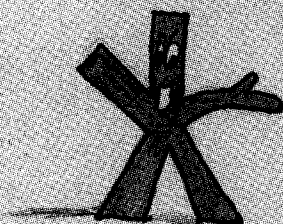


You see, I'm often hired to change the meaning of something, or, as Webster's Dictionary puts it, I "supply the omission of letters or words." This means that they (the writers) can print something that appears amazing to you (the readers) and then slap me & my good friend, Small Print Italics, on the page & you've got yourselves a good ol' fashioned deception.

Take some of our best work from my good client SBU...



TUITION



So, there's me in a nutshell. I'm the shield that corporate manipulators hide behind when they know they are going to piss the regular schmoes off. The next time you're looking at something that's too good to be true, I'll be right there with you! *



The Comics Section

The Comics Section

College Boyz By: Joe Rios

Joe isn't doing so great these days...

BANG
BANG
BANG



Between USG, ridiculous construction projects, and a general increase in the cost of everything on campus...

He's been bugging out.

Don't forget the gas prices!



He's been handling it about as best as he possibly can...

Bang
Bang
Bang



WALL

BANGS



College Boyz by: Joe Rios

Since we have a bunch of new freshmen running around campus these days, we need to lay down some ground rules...

Yup.



Ok. First rule of the press: DO NOT TALK ABOUT THE PRESS! Second rule of the press: If you oppose us, YOU DIE!!!

What?!?!?



Um... Joe?

I think you got it mixed up somewhere...



Oh that's right... those are the rules for USG... Silly me.

Wait... are you serious?!

What could be more serious than a rule list written in blood?

Scary...



WE HAVE BEVERLY BRYAN

Late Night WITH BEVERLY BRYAN

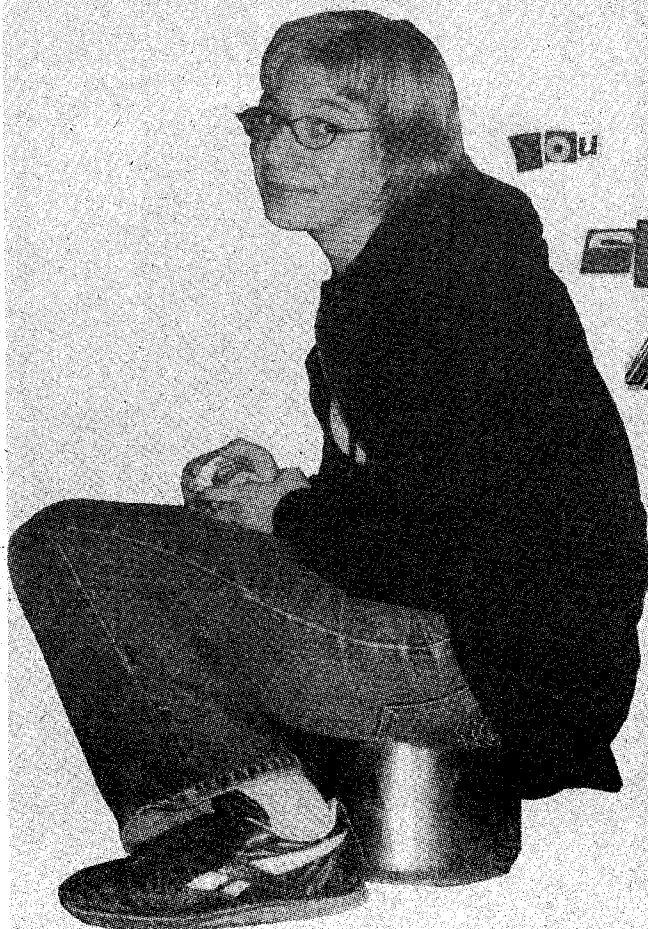
Monday, Wednesday, Fri @ 9:30pm
Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday @ 1:30am

YOU WILL WATCH
EQU-TV CHANNEL 30

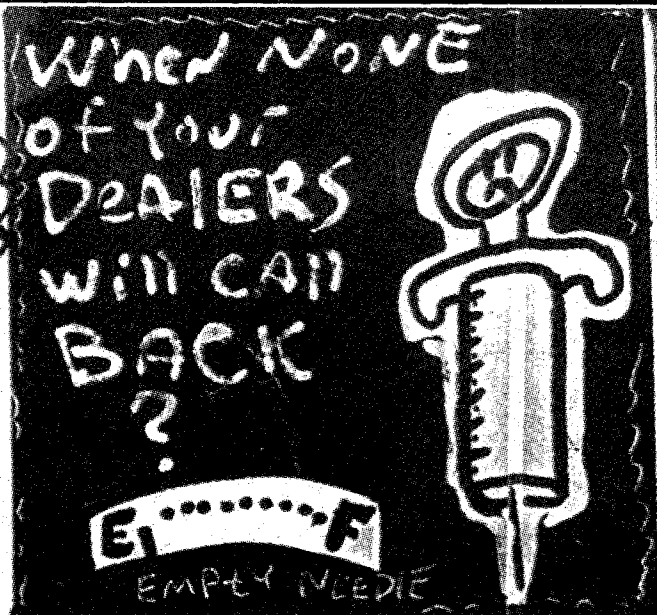
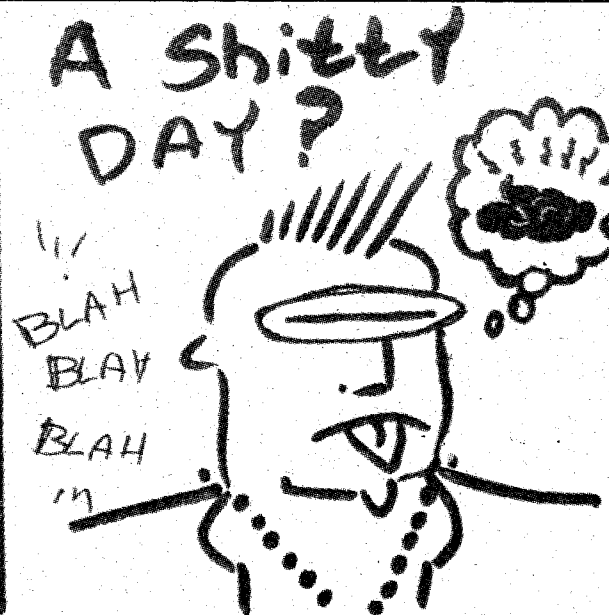
AT THE ENCLOSURE TIMES.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THIS GAZELLE
OF A LATE NIGHT HOST AGAIN
YOU WILL COMPLY.

WE WILL BE THE LION.



The Comics Section



In Memory of
The Super Freak



By Willy Cibinkas

Halo 2:

Finally, the sequel to one of the best first-person perspective shooters is almost here. The final date of November 9th, was announced at E3 of 2004. Even one of the game's executive staff tattooed the *Halo 2* logo and the release date of November 9th on his arm; I would personally find it incredibly hysterical if the release date was kicked back and the guy looked like an ass for tattooing a release date on his arm.

The game itself takes the story where the original left it, a gigantic alien artifact named "Halo" crashing into the surface of a gas giant thousands of light years from Earth. The shitty alien scum named the Covenant start ripping ass across the galaxy and Earth forces are poorly holding them back with the dauntless marine forces. Of course the Master Chief, a genetically superior cyborg, is called upon to save earth once again.

The graphics are much better and there are several intense in-game cinematics but don't worry it will not top the hour long cinematics like in *Xenosaga*. There is slightly different game play in the sequel then it's predecessor, there are melee weapons, stationary machinegun turrets and you can even dual wield twin futuristic SMG's. Similar to the re-release of *Halo* for the PC, extensive online game play has been done but unfortunately you will need a subscription of X-Box Live to play with your buddies via internet.

So bust out your wallets because I am sure Microsoft is going to have tons of really crappy promotional shit like special *Halo 2* game controllers and I love those poorly paint-

ed plastic action figures of the Master Chief and his arsenal of rubber weapons that just end up as dog toys. Don't forget a really shitty parody that will be done by Red Vs. Blue that is bound to be extremely played-out with shitty sketches. If you can block out all of the fluff that goes with the game, then you have a sequel with a very good looking outcome.

Final Fantasy XI: Chains of Promathia:

Just when American players were capping off at the level 75 mark, they come out with this new expansion. For all those people that loved the cost of *FFXI* for the PlayStation 2, you know how you had to buy the hard drive, network adapter and not to mention the monthly subscription, then you are really going to love the fact of spending more money for *Chains of Promathia*. Actually the \$30 bucks isn't really that bad and it is coming out before *Halo 2*; the release date is on September 21st. The good news is that they are releasing it for both the PS2 and PC in Japan, America, and Europe simultaneously. So at least those snobby Japanese players will not be able to jump way ahead of us Americans in the story line to make up for their bad skills in the game.

The storyline for the expansion is looking very interesting, the creators are finally introducing Bahamut, the "Wurm King." The strange thing is that Bahamut talks, and I guess the message of doom he brings to you is fairly strange as well. The fact is that Bahamut is back, but word on the ability to summon him has not yet been announced; but I am sure players are bound to fight him.

I also learned that *Chains of Promathia* is

actually a very literal title. Apparently a "Dark God" named Promathia imprisoned himself with chains. I am not entirely sure why, but it appears those restraints are going to break soon. As if the "Dark Lord" of the beastmen and this Promathia guy wasn't enough, apparently dimensional voids seem to be opening up all over Vana'diel to a place called "The Emptiness" where strange new enemies lurk.

FFXI also has some new equipment, non-playable characters, a huge load of new areas that look amazing, and moblins! This expansion definitely looks like it is worth \$30 bucks, the question is: can you afford to spend the time required to play this amazing game?

Next Issue, I will be previewing *Half Life 2* and the so called "amazing" *Doom3*. Until next time my word of advice is: Play more *Call of Duty*, *Counter Strike* is getting old.



HALO 2,
Courtesy of Microsoft

Dell Hell

By Tara Lynne Groth

"Dude, you're getting a Dell!"

Whatever happened to that guy? Without a formal explanation he was replaced with an altered, easily forgettable Dell campaign. I found myself in a loosely related, similar situation. Without warning, my Dell laptop died. Yes, this had the privilege of being scrawled in longhand!

My future was in that computer, but more sentimentally, my past. Aside from a handful of Press articles, hundreds of MP3s, a couple hundred pictures, some racy farm porn (joking, of course), the most important files were the documents. Fledgling attempts at screenplays, potential movie ideas, two nearly complete one act plays (to be entered in a contest at the end of September), rants, raves, streams of consciousness through my college career (nearly over), all of it floating away, way, way down river, plunging to death in a waterfall of computer error and woe.

It was Labor Day. The computer was not functioning. What was I to do? My desperate cries of help could not be assuaged—everyone was at a barbecue! My appetite committed a swift suicide promptly following the decease of my once operative Dell. Who was I going to call? Ghostbusters was unnecessary and would only reveal the low mental state that I had been forced to. As much as my fingers itched for the 9 in 9-1-1, I knew an ambulance wouldn't rem-

edy my dilemma.

Dell Customer Support. After an hour's debate with Dell, consisting of them wanting to "reboot the operating system" and thus losing every piece of information on my hard drive, and me refusing to allow such a foul fate, they broke down and referred me to three specialists. More 800 numbers, joy. My 3 Year Warranty didn't cover this "recovery," and I was cited an estimate in the shocking realm of \$1,800-\$2,200. Extortion!

After being quoted a price equivalent to that which said laptop was purchased for, I began to question myself. How much was I willing to pay for hours spent writing that I couldn't redeem any other way? Go local!

Paul Davis is the hero in this story! I was confused after leaving messages at seven local computer specialists because they advertised "24 Hour Service." Fortunately, within an hour I received a call back from Executive Computer World, Inc. Real service!

As I learned most computer specialists do, they offered free pickup and delivery, which is another key selling point. Not only were all my documents recovered, but Mr. Davis drove from Lindenhurst out to my somewhat humble abode in Rocky Point on Labor Day and returned the computer the following evening—personally! The price was not even one tenth that of the exorbitant fee Dell's partners were proposing.

The angel-in-disguise, a.k.a. Mr. Davis of Executive Computer World, Inc., can be reached if you end up going to Dell Hell (or another computer equivalent) at 631.225.4535. Executive Computer World can be accessed at your leisure at www.ecompworld.com.

Tel: (631) 225-4535 Fax: (631) 225-1451

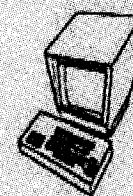
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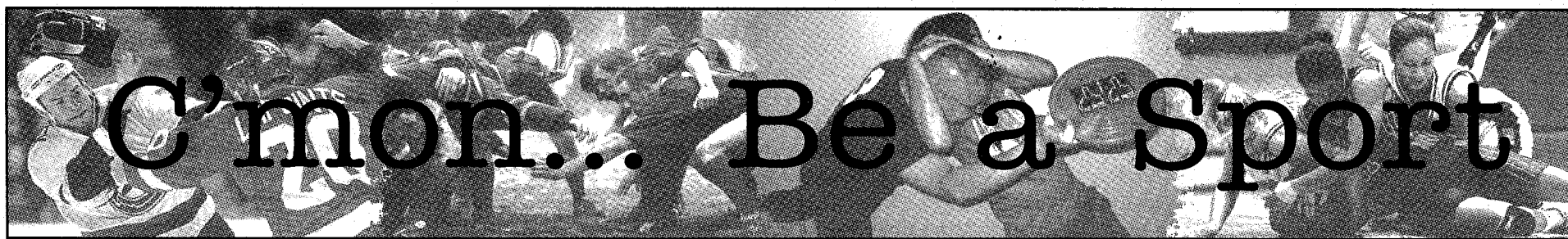
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Courtesy of Executive Computer World



Stony Brook Rugby: RESURRECTION

By Ali Nazir

The wind is filled with the cool air of the fall. For many it's football season and, with the grandiose stadium and countless advertisements on and around campus, it seems like the juggernaut sport of the fall. But all the way across the campus is another sport which is making waves, if not as glorious as football, as tough and maybe tougher some critics would argue, and with a whole new look with a brand new logo. The sport is rugby and the team is gearing up for the first game on the 18th of September. The place is the pitch right next to the South Parking lot, where these gladiators have taken stage every season to battle real time teams such as Rutgers, West Point and Columbia. The team has been going through a transitional stage; last year was basically a total rebuilding year because the team had lost about 10 veterans from the starting lineup (which consists of 15 players on the field at one time). Thus having a 70 percent rookie team, there were many problems the team faced especially in a league where experience is everything. However this year most of the rookies have come in to their own and more veterans have emerged to take charge of the team and bring back the glory days of Stony Brook Rugby.

Last year the team showed much character especially on the very tough Spring Break Tour, which went all the way down to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. The team played a total of five games in eight days. Iona, University of Coastal Carolina and the Coast Guard were some of the teams played on the tour. The result of these games was rookies who had basically gone through hell week became battle hardened soldiers ready to face any challenges that came about. "All our free time was spent in the hot tub healing," said Steve Jaeger (a rookie player). What they thought would be a good vacation turned into a battle for survival and mental toughness.

This year the pack has many good players returning, which will help the team immensely on their quest for the Division 2 title in the Metropolitan Rugby Union. Player

Matt Arena, who spends his daytime saving lives as an EMT and a Pre-Med student, seemed very confident saying, "I just hope that the other teams can keep up with the score we are going to pile on them this year." So you can see the morale is very high. Other key veterans who will give the team the weapons it needs to strike



GIVE BLOOD; PLAY RUGBY,
Courtesy of the vastness of the internet

blows to the opposition are Rustum Nyquist, John Femannella, Mike Barnett and Cody Peluso (a veteran who returns this year after one year of playing rugby in Australia). Coach Dan Yarusso comes back for another year; last year he put Stony Brook in the best position he could for a chance to win given the corps he had, but this year he will have a much easier challenge. He was quoted as saying, "I would do whatever that needs to be done for the success of this ball club;" strong words by a determined individual. Dan Yarusso is also an ex-Stony Brook Rugby player who now plays on a semi-pro team, and last year led his team in points scored. With a winner like that how can you go wrong? As you see the building blocks are there for a very

competitive Club team.

Beyond the game being played on the field the Rugby team is a very diverse group of comrades. These men develop friendships with people from all walks of life, even sometimes with players from other opposition teams because of playing a certain team a lot you remember and respect your nemesis. "Camaraderie is what brought me to rugby" says Mark Tsuckerman (a veteran player for three years). The Rugby team has always had an open door policy to new players. If you want to play, all you have to do is show up to a practice and show them what you've got. The team is always looking for new players who can help the ball club improve for the better.

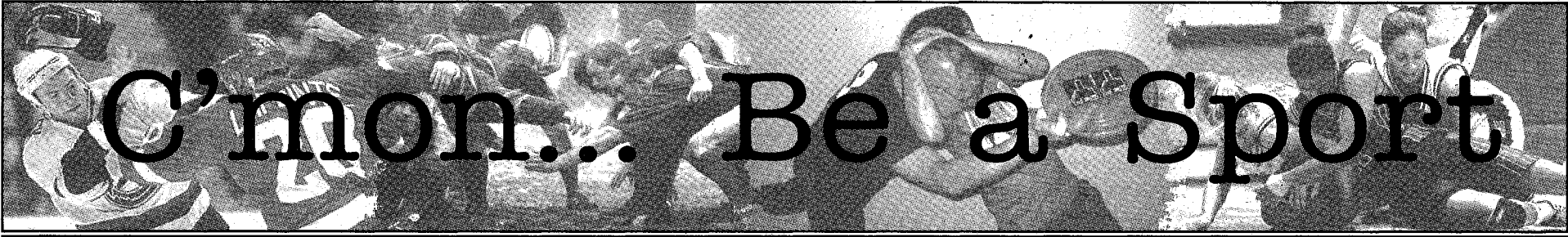
The team has a new logo as mentioned before, which is going to keep the team's traditional rugby values and a new look for a new beginning for the team. And from the crop of players on the roster this year, it promises for a very exiting season. So everyone is welcomed to come see your friendly neighborhood rugby players, practicing right next to the South Parking Lot. The price for admission for games is free and people are welcomed if not encouraged to watch practices and learn the sport. So come by and hang out. For more information check the website which is listed on the Official Stony Brook Webpage. John Martei (fan) says "can't wait to see these guys in action" as an Engineering Major this transfer student uses his spare time to relax and take in a game.

Fall 2004 Season

September 19: Fairfield away
September 26: Bye
October 3rd: Sacred Heart home
October 10th: Iona home
October 16th: Vassar away
October 24th: Seton Hall home
October 30th: Marist away
October 31st: Division 1 and Division 2 Championship matches (venue TBA)

SBU-TV, WUSB, The Statesman and the Stony Brook Press Present
a LIVE program discussing the pressing issues of student life today

8PM Weds WATCH it on **SBU-TV Ch.30**
LISTEN to it on **WUSB 90.1FM**



HOLY CRAP IT'S A SPORTS COLUMN

By Sam Goldman

OLYMPIC FLAME(D)

So the games of the umpteenth Olympiad concluded in Athens, Greece. Kudos to Athens for making sure that the games were safe for athletes and spectators alike, and for having all the venues constructed on time.

While the games were over some time ago, there is one specific controversy that was overlooked, for the most part, but demands revisiting.

Iran's world judo champion Arash Miresmaeili was disqualified for not making weight against an Israeli, Ehud Vaks, in the first round. Miresmaeili, who carried the Iranian flag in the opening ceremonies, later said, "although I have trained for months and am in shape I refused to face my Israeli rival in sympathy with the oppressed Palestinian people." In fact, Vaks, when interviewed by the AP, claimed he knew Miresmaeili would not face him. When he came back to Iran, Tehran's mayor said he "earned eternal honor" by his refusal to fight Vaks. The Iranian government awarded Miresmaeili the same amount of money it awarded Iran's gold medalists - \$125,000 US.

Here's the best part, verbatim from the AP article: "By missing weight, Miresmaeili could claim there was no political motive and thus avoid sanctions. The International Judo Federation investigated and concluded that he didn't miss his weight to avoid the bout." At the Olympic Games, you cannot opt out of a match

because of race, color, or religious views, and to do so is considered grounds for punishment.

Now, as asinine as it is to avoid competing against someone because of his or his opponent's religion or political views, I understand it. What I do not understand is how something that is a blatant violation of Olympic policy - Olympic integrity, even -, is being glossed over. Miresmaeili should be suspended, at the very least. And for Miresmaeili to hide his true reason behind not being able to make weight is ridiculous. If he doesn't want to fight a Jew, let him say he doesn't want to fight a Jew, take the first plane out to Tehran, and be done with it.

You can stand up for what you believe in. But you should not be afraid of the consequences of your actions.

THE MOST WONDERFUL TIME OF THE YEAR...

...if you're a fan of professional football. That's right, the National Football League is back, complete with flashy kickoff events, idiots in the broadcast booth (memo to Chris Berman: SHUT UP) and 32 teams ready for action.

Many have noted the league's parity in recent seasons; it's said that in the NFL, every team has a chance to, if not win the Super Bowl, at least make a decent playoff run. Well, this year is no exception. At least half the teams in the league can be considered playoff teams. At least ten teams are Super Bowl contenders.

Are the New York Jets one of those teams? If the Jets' defense improves, they will help what will quietly be a very potent offense. Chad Pennington has plenty of toys to play with - RB Curtis Martin, and wideouts Santana Moss, Justin McCareins, and Wayne Chrebet - and a decent offensive line. Combined with an easy schedule, the Jets have an opportunity to nudge comfortably behind the Patriots as a wild card contender.

The other New York team will not do so well. Giants fans should expect a long season. It doesn't matter who's the quarterback; the offensive line looks like a mess. And no team wins with a bad offensive line in today's NFL, unless Mike Vick is your QB.

And now, because everyone does it, regardless of their skills or amount of knowledge, are my NFL predictions:

AFC Div. Winners: New England, Baltimore, Indianapolis, Kansas City

AFC Wild Card: New York, Tennessee

NFC Div. Winners: Philadelphia, Minnesota, Atlanta, Seattle

NFC Wild Card: Carolina, St. Louis

Super Bowl: New England over Seattle

SBU Sports Standings

accurate as of 9/12/04, 11 PM

MEN'S SOCCER

LAST SBU GAME: SBU 1 at Niagara 0, September 12

NEXT SBU GAME: at St. Francis NY, 7:30 PM, September 15

Team	Record	Conf. Rec	Points	Last 5
Albany	3-0-1	0-0-0	0	3-0-1
Binghamton	4-0-2	0-0-0	0	4-0-2
Stony Brook	3-0-0	0-0-0	0	3-0-0
UMBC	2-0-1	0-0-0	0	2-0-1
Boston Univ	0-2-0	0-0-0	0	0-2-0
Vermont	2-1-1	0-0-0	0	2-1-1
Hartford	2-2-2	0-0-0	0	2-2-2
Maine	1-1-1	0-0-0	0	1-1-1
New Hampsh.	0-1-3	0-0-0	0	0-1-3
Northeastern	0-3-0	0-0-0	0	0-3-0

WOMEN'S SOCCER

LAST SBU GAME: SBU 0 at Navy 1, September 12

NEXT SBU GAME: vs. LIU Brooklyn, 7 PM, September 17

Team	Record	Conf. Rec	Points	Last 5
Boston Univ	4-1-0	0-0-0	0	4-1-0
Northeastern	4-1-0	0-0-0	0	4-1-0
Binghamton	3-1-0	0-0-0	0	3-1-0
Maine	4-1-1	0-0-0	0	4-1-1
Vermont	3-1-1	0-0-0	0	3-1-1
New Hampsh.	2-2-2	0-0-0	0	2-2-2
UMBC	2-2-0	0-0-0	0	2-2-0
Stony Brook	1-3-1	0-0-0	0	1-3-1
Albany	2-5-0	0-0-0	0	2-5-0
Hartford	0-4-1	0-0-0	0	0-4-1

FOOTBALL

LAST SBU GAME: SBU 2 at Lehigh 25, on September 4

NEXT SBU GAME: at Wagner, 1 PM, September 18

Team	Won	Loss	Conf. Won	Conf. Loss	Points For	Points Against	Streak
St. Francis PA	1	1	1	0	42	64	Won 1
Central Conn.	1	1	1	0	34	45	Lost 1
Monmouth	2	0	0	0	78	18	Won 2
Robert Morris	2	0	0	0	81	24	Won 2
Wagner	2	0	0	0	63	41	Won 2
Stony Brook	0	1	0	0	2	25	Lost 1
Albany	0	2	0	0	0	59	Lost 2
Sacred Heart	0	2	0	2	34	62	Lost 2

Pushing the Limits of Scarification

By Tom Clark

Note: The following is rather graphic, and should not be read by those faint of heart. I suppose this goes without saying, since this is The Stony Brook Press. Regardless, you've been warned.

It all started during my first year at Stony Brook, when I found myself wanting to get a new piercing. I scoured the Internet for piercing pictures, and discovered the wondrous treasure trove that is www.bmezone.com. I decided on a bridge piercing, which never healed, but the rest of the site was... interesting, to say the least. Little did I know that it would forever alter my perception of an "acceptable" body modification, into what some would call rather "extreme."

About a year or so later, I was surfing BME out of boredom, and stumbled onto the scarification gallery. While some might say the idea is morbidly perverse, I found myself strangely drawn to the whole idea. The beautifully haunting images that were created when a sharp knife was pressed against the skin seemed so much more natural than tattooing. Don't get me wrong, I love the art, color, and style of tattooing, but that's why it isn't for me; I would never be happy with a tattoo since the possibilities are limitless. Scarification on the other hand, is limited to outlines mostly, and as for colors, well, that depends on your tan.

Although I had decided that scarification, specifically scarification through cutting and skin removal, was my body modification of choice, I still lacked an image that was powerful and meaningful enough that I'd want permanently on my body, let alone cut into it. So when I stumbled upon an image of a Tibetan Buddhist deity that was a prime candidate for scarification, I was more than ecstatic. The deity in

throughout the summer. I think his work is so amazing that I never once doubted he could pull it off.

Fast forward to August 20th, the day of my scarification. My friend was with me to film my shenanigans on digital camera. The locale is Sacred Tattoo, on the corner of Canal and Broadway. I shook hands with Lukas, and we exchanged ideas about size and placement. Lukas' carbon print was a bit too small for my taste, and mine too large for his. So after some rescaling, redrawing, and flipping the image around (the hand placement on the image has lots of meaning), and me pacing a bit while he was busy redrawing, we had a beautiful carbon copy. Lukas then cleaned my back, lined the copy up perfectly, and we were ready to start.

After Lukas got an entire roll of paper towels folded, cleaned and setup his work area, we started the cutting. He started by simply going over the carbon copy outline, from bottom to top (for those of you interested, Lukas used #11 single-use surgical scalpels). Now, the pain I felt from that initial cutting was akin to what you'd feel if you scratched your arm slowly with your fingernail as hard as possible, but multiplied by ten, and with a searing burning sensation along the freshly cut area. The worst parts though were when he cut long, straight lines. Uninterrupted cuts five inches long are somewhat excruciating, but I didn't move at all during that first hour and a half, I just sweat like a Tijuana crack-whore on a five-day binge. He cleaned up the blood, and we took a 10-minute break.

Now, to those of you planning on getting scarification, and thinking that taking all the pain without anesthesia makes the cutting all the more meaningful, you probably never experienced a large skin peel. After the initial cutting was over, I was extremely grateful when I heard that Lukas would use anesthetics, since it is rather extreme. The unfortunate reality though was that the dozens of injections burned like the hottest pits of Hell, and didn't do a damn thing. Even after switching to a very powerful anesthetic, so powerful he was a little apprehensive, there was still no effect, just extra pain. Well, that isn't exactly true; I didn't feel several small, dime-sized areas, but the vast majority I did. But I digress...

After the break, next came, you guessed it, the skin peeling! What a blissful experience. At this point, my right arm trembled non-stop after the agonizing burning from the anesthetic injections, and every time he pulled up some skin with tweezers and began sawing away with the scalpel, I had a massive physical response; unlike the outlines, this pain I couldn't internalize. I just grabbed whatever I could, which wasn't much, and just squeezed the shit out of it. Needless to say, my knees were slightly bruised.

The whole skin peeling went on for 3 1/2

hours, and towards the end I was well past any normal threshold of pain. In case you don't know, cutting is a form of torture, and it's very effective in breaking people quickly. I can say, without a doubt, that if I had to take another half hour of that, I would have told him to stop. I definitely reached my breaking point, but luckily, when he was done, he was done.

He cleaned me up, which was unbearable because I was positively batty at this point, covered me up in saran wrap, and I was off on my way. What'd I do the moment I was back on Canal Street? You better believe I chain-smoked a quarter-pack!

I bled a little on the train back home to Nassau County; if by "little" you're referencing that little girl I made cry. With the saran wrap though, it's like having skin, so nothing hurt or stung. Nothing, that is, until I got home and decided to clean up before bed.

I learned through BME that water stings to the point that many pass out in the shower, yet despite this, I had my friend sprinkle a little water on me just to test it out. All I can say is, "Holy fucking shit!" It would be days before I even attempted to take a shower after that first night.

I can't explain how painful it was, or how emotionally draining the next 10 days were, but in the interests of posterity, I'll try: For most of the time, I kept it covered in saran wrap. The two problems with that are exudate and exudate. Exudate is that clear liquid that your body produces to induce healing in wounds. It's the stuff in blisters, and what's under scabs. When you have an open wound that doesn't dry out so your body can scab (in my case, due to the saran wrap), your body just keeps pumping the shit out. Every shirt I wore eventually had huge wet spots, and after a while, exudate takes on a lovely smell, if by "lovely" you mean "fetid." All I could do was clean it, and three showers a day was my ticket, so nothing got too out of hand.

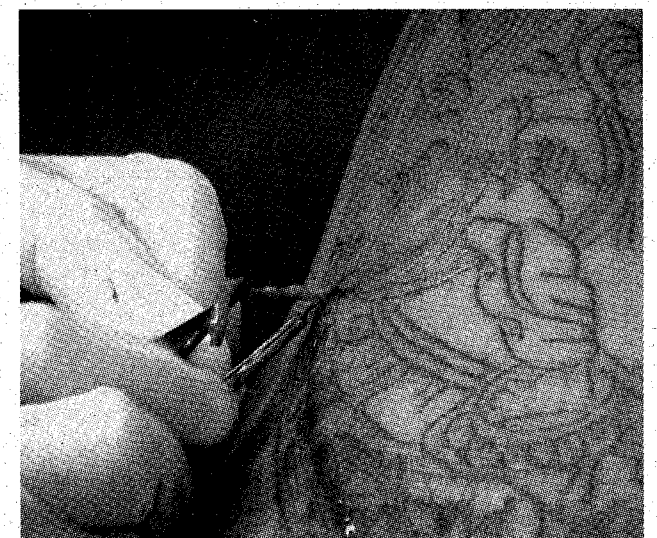
There were times that I let it dry out, but those were met with painful cracking that I just had to deal with. My rationale was that the saran wrap kept that healing goodness in, and



"The unfortunate reality though was that the dozens of injections burned like the hottest pits of Hell"

question was White Tara, who is the Buddha of love and compassion. She is also a protector deity, and is called upon to save or lengthen one's life. Tibetans carry her image when they travel long distances on foot to holy places to protect them on the arduous journey. I don't think it's a coincidence that, in addition to preferring the Tibetan flavor of Buddhism, I'm planning a 7,000-mile cross-country hike in 2005. It seemed like I was destined to get this.

I emailed some of the more notable scarification artists with questions about the entire cutting process, aftercare, cost, and, most importantly, if such an intricate image was even feasible. There aren't many pieces that are remotely as complicated, since the healing process determines the outcome and entirely depends on the aftercare and the genetics of the individual. So I was overcome with joy when I heard the reply from Lukas Zpira stating that he could do the entire piece, without any simplification. He regularly visits NYC from his home in France, and would be in NYC several times



MMMMMM, CHEWY!
Courtesy of Tom Goehring

the smaller lines were fading quickly, so I had to intervene. One painful but necessary intervention was when I asked my friends to use rubbing alcohol to clean up the lines so they open up again. Suffice it to say, it hurt as bad as it sounds.

At night, I would try to dry it out while I slept; at first, just leaving it in the air, and later, under Lukas' guidance, by covering it first in shaving cream. At first, I was rather apprehensive about using shaving cream, since it contains more toxic chemicals than Kansas City Mindfuck, the distinguished crack aficionado's preferred flavor, but it didn't sting at all; in fact, it felt rather nice. I highly recommend saran wrap during the day and shaving cream at night for those of you who would rather a wound not scab over.

The happiest moment came when, after switching anti-bacterial soaps, I found that I had grown my first layer of skin. The absolute elation and relief that I felt was overwhelming; no longer would I have to deal with leaking exudate, painful cracking of skin, or stinging water. This marked the end of the aftercare, after exactly 10 days like Lukas said, and, thankfully, right before the semester started. I could go about doing things normally from then on, with nothing special except a t-shirt and anti-bacterial soap, just to be safe.

Although both the cuttings and the aftercare were quite arduous ordeals, the end results were worth it; I currently have the most complicated scarification ever, and White Tara will offer her protection through the long journey of life. I still have to go back to thicken those faint lines that were only cut once, and some that totally faded, but that will only make my scarification all the more lovely, and my body one step closer towards how I view it in my mind. I never wanted to be different, I just wanted to be me.

If you see me around campus, I may or may not be willing to show you my back; it all depends on my mood. For those of you interested in



SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (actually it was a Friday...)
Courtesy of Tom Goehring

tattoos, piercings, scarification, suspensions, or any other body modification (teeth whitening and penis bisections), don't hesitate to visit <http://www.bmezine.com> and check out my scarification pics at <http://www.bmezine.com/lukas>

All eyes are opened,
And students become aware.
Come, friends, and join the...

Haiku d'etat

By Tom Clark

For most of the day
Computers sit there, idle
Waiting for new tasks

Typing, MP3s
Even when downloading pr0n
Patiently, they wait

And yet, every day
Thousands die from cancer,
AIDS
People close to you

You think, "Why the waste?
Cant my computer help them?
Shed light on a cure?"

Many diseases
Occur when healthy proteins
Take on the wrong shape

A program exists
Pondering how proteins "fold"
A complex problem

Called Folding@Home
Wasted CPU cycles
Spent looking for cures

No cures tomorrow
But every minute it folds
We're getting closer

Please: Fold for a Cure
Your computer is unchanged
And you will save lives

Download the Folding@Home Client: <http://folding.stanford.edu> | Join Team 38931
Why you Should Fold: <http://www.teamshort-media.com/videos/foldflash2.swf>

Homestar "Running" for President

By Jazooka Blow

"Hewwo. I'm Homestaw Wunner. And I am wunning for Pwesident of the United States of Americah!" said the popular cartoon character in his best Elmer Fudd voice as he announced his bid for presidency of this country at the possible last minute in an elementary school in Huntington, NY.

The most unusual of the candidates just behind Republican nominee George W. Bush, Homestar Runner, who is actually a hand puppet with long legs, no arms, a red t-shirt, and a beanie, announced his bid for election in front of 1,500 K-5 students in the auditorium alongside with his girlfriend Lady Marzipan.

"I will also nominating my fwend Stwong Bad as my awesum wunning mate!" added Homestar.

"That's nominate, you moron!" interrupted the vice-president elect, who is dressed up in wrestler's tights complete with Mexican accent and mask. Both Homestar Runner and running mate Strong Bad had declared that they will run for and as the 'Children's Party', in which Homestar joyfully said "boy, dis party is gonna be fuuuun!"

"If I am ewected pwesident, I will ewiminate all taxes, and then I will instaw Kool-Aid wataw coolers ev'wywhere, and thewn I will build a Fwendlee's on ev'wy bwock in this gweat land", Homestar declared and smiled with glee. Children inside the auditorium were cheering for the Runner and the response was positive.

Kids from various grades were offered to ask the rubber-glove candidate vital questions. Some questions were easy for candidate Homestar to answer, though his responses were somewhat inaccurate.

"So, Mr. Homerunner, how'll you fight terrorists?" asked first-grader and future princess housewife Lulu Kornblatt.

"Awwww, that's easy!" exclaimed Homestar. "Trogdor! He's this big, gween monstah like Godzilla and he can bwearth fire and he'll burn all the tewawists! Trogdor is soooo awesome." In response, Strong Bad just shook his head.

"Will you feed the poor people?" curiously asked fourth-grader and future McDonalds cashier Joey Fisherprice.

"Oh, shuuuure!" Homestar answered. "My girlfwend Marzipan's baking has really impwooved lately. She will make ev'wyone cup-capes and ev'wyone will live happily eva aftuh. The end!"

When one very sophisticated student asked about gay marriage, Homestar somehow happened to be very pleased.

"Awwwww, gay peepo! How nice and kind to see peepo dancing and acting all happy and full of gweel," stated Homestar. Strong Bad, however, continued to shake his head being amazed at Homestar's mass stupidity. "I like those wainbow stickers that they give me. I wuv wainbows! Kinda' reminds me of Pink Fwoid. Pink Fwoyd are so awwwesum."

However, some questions asked by students caught Homestar off guard and changed the mood of the Children's Party Convention.

"Homestar Runner, my daddy lost his job because they gave his job away to a another country. Can you stop people from giving my daddy's job away?" asked third-grader Oscar Meyerweiner.

"Uhhh...if we find your dad's job, we will have Strong Bad chase aftah him and beat him up

and give yaw daddy his job back, I guess," responded Homestar in a confusing way.

When the children also asked about how Homestar would fix the economy, improve prescription drug coverage, modify tax reforms for the working class, and possibly find weapons of mass destruction and terror mastermind bin Laden, Homestar would just stand still and look more confused.

The end of the event came when kindergarten Peter Lego asked "are you my daddy?," in which Homestar Runner ran out of the auditorium and ran away from the school as far as he could.

Although they will be seldomly traveling across the nation, Homestar and Strong Bad will make their campaign rounds through the internet and what Homestar refers to as 'eeee-maaaaiiil.'

"It's sooooo dot com," exclaimed Homestar.

Homestar also plans to throw a monkey wrench in the election by hiring a mean-spirited Pokemon-like creature named The Cheat to rig the election by doing devious things to the voting system, mainly reprogramming the computer voting machines with old Atari 2600 and Nintendo games to prevent people from voting for major candidates.

"Or beat up Bush's fwends that own dose machines that make you point yaw fingah at it a lot" added Homestar.

Strong Bad, vice-presidential candidate, was even more baffled during the Children's Party Convention to learn that he was nominated for the vice-presidential seat still realizing that Homestar Runner was a goofus.

Stated Strong Bad in his best Spanish accent: "I do realize that in order to get the most votes out of everyone, you must reach out to the children. Those kids will vote for someone who is cute, which I admit is Homestar...well, those are all Homestar's ideas, you know...hey, wait a minute...Children can't vote! What the heck is Homestar thinking? The level of idiocy is through the freakin' roof!"

As usual, Homestar's girlfriend and potential first lady Lady Marzipan backs up Homestar and Strong Bad 100 percent. "Although he is a McNugget short of a McDonald's Happy Meal, I support him all the way. He's very sweet, nice, and charming. It would be great to have Homestar as our President. I just wish he can get the attention of the adults."

Right here in Stony Brook University, the Press has heard of Homestar running for office and answered with a resounding "YES!" In turn, the Press along with the NYPIRG will endorse Homestar Runner by stealing remaining Statesman papers and recycle them to use them as propaganda to get Homestar in office.

"To help cook for Lady Marzipan and feed all the poor people out there? Fucking rocks" quoting Ombudsman Dustin Herlich of the Press with a huge-ass smile on his face.

"Is Sandy Curtis up to her tricks again?" asked new USG President Jared Wong. "Geez, she won't ever give up...oh wait, that's Homestar. Woo hoo. Vote for Homestar."

And then there are the Homestar detractors and pundits. Such as FOX News' host of the O'Reilly Factor Bill O'Reilly; and Chris Matthews of MSNBC's Crossfire shows.

"Homestar Runner is the work of the devil"

bashed the journalistic conservative headcase. "I can't even imagine what kind of burning liberal hell we faithful, clear-headed American citizens will be headed into...if we do not stop this hand puppet from winning the office. Don't forget my book The No-Spin Zone, in bookstores now" exclaimed O'Reilly.

"You got to be kidding me!," laughed MSNBC's Crossfire host Chris Matthews. "A hand puppet running for office? This has got to be Dennis Miller's biggest publicity stunt yet!"

"No wonder he talks funny: he looks like he's taken more Vicodin and Oxycotin than I have!," stated Rush Limbaugh, dire Republican flag-waver and radio talk show host.

When the media caught up with Homestar after 100 miles and runnin', Homestar was asked about his service in the military. "Yes, I served in the military. I fwew a plane over a no-fly zone over Baghdad in a video-game once. Boy were they angwy!"

Both presidents knocked him for Homestar's war record, in which both had different claims.

"You ask yourself: how do you think Homestar could serve in the armed forces and pilot an airplane, let alone play a videogame? He doesn't even have any arms!," attacked Democratic Nominate John Kerry.

"Homestar is a major-league assh*le," answered back President Bush while playing hide-and-go-seek with bin-Laden in Bush's family ranch in Texas.

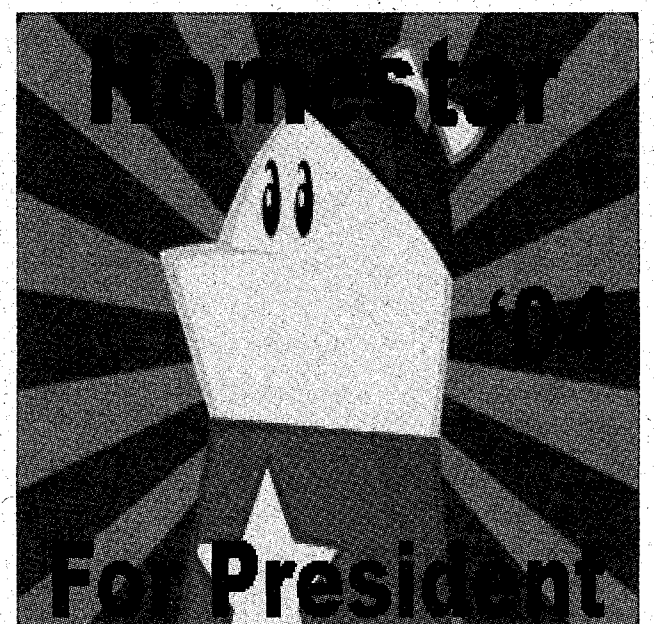
In the latest opinion poll, Bush is leading by 42%, Kerry 40% and Nader 6%. Homestar Runner however barely registers a blip by only winning 2% of the vote, but is leading other Presidential candidates Ron Jeremy with 1%, Al Sharpton with .9%, the Godfather of Soul James Brown with .8%, and punk music icon Jello Biafra of former Dead Kennedys fame with .75% of the vote.

"Well, it's at least something!," stated Strong Bad. "I guess people do like the idea of Kool-Aid water fountains."

Homestar Runner and Strong Bad urges their voters to visit his website www.homestar-runner.com for more information.

"When you pull that showuh curtain, vote for me, Homestar Wunner!," urged the CP candidate.

"And me too!," added Strong Bad.



TROGDOR IN THE CABINET!
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Black is Back — It Was Never Gone

By Tara Lynne Groth

Getting back into the swing of classes sometimes has its surprises. A discussion had been generated in a Stony Brook University literature class concerning the potential expiration of the African-American right to vote in 2007. This was prompted by an e-mail the professor had received relaying that the 1965 Voters Rights Act isn't a fixed piece of legislation. This was due to a 25 year renewal policy instated during Ronald Reagan's term. Along with the class, I was shocked and didn't know that the United States would still question a citizen's right to vote based on a discrimination factor. I would imagine the NAACP and other activists would have been resolving this issue since it would affect the next presidential election. After Googling pieces of information thrown around in class I came across David Emery's analysis of this same scenario.

Emery is a writer for About.com's "Urban Legends and Folklore" pages and clearly explains that the 2007 expiration of the right to vote is a hoax. The site is dated December of 1998, and I was surprised again that word of the email inaccuracy is still surfacing almost four years later.

A potential message that Emery posts on this site is most likely an e-mail that one would receive. An excerpt reads: PLEASE PASS THIS ON TO AS MANY PEOPLE AS YOU CAN!!!!

We are quickly approaching the 21st Century and I was wondering if anyone out there knew what the significance of the year 2007 is to Black America? Did you know that our right to vote will expire in the year 2007? Seriously! The Voters Rights Act signed in 1965 by Lyndon B. Johnson was just an ACT.

It was not made a law. In 1982 Ronald Reagan amended the Voters Rights Act for only another 25 years. Which means that in the year 2007 we could lose the right to vote!

Does anyone realize that Blacks/African Americans are the only group of people who still require PERMISSION under the United States Constitution to vote?!

In the year 2007 Congress will once again convene to decide whether or not Blacks should retain the right to vote (crazy, but true). In order for this to be passed, 38 states will have to approve an extension.

In my opinion and many others, this is ludicrous! Not only should the extension be approved, but ... this Act must be made a law.

Our right to vote should no longer be up for discussion, review and/or evaluation.

We must contact our Congress persons, Senators, Alderpersons, etc., to put a stop to this! As bona fide citizens of the United States, we cannot "drop the ball" on this one!

We have come too far to let government make us take such a huge step backward. So please, let us push forward to continue to build the momentum towards gaining equality. Please pass this onto others, as I am sure that many more individuals are not aware of this.

Emery continues to explain that the 1965 Act holds the only truth in the above and that "the basic right of all Americans to vote, regardless of race, is guaranteed in the Bill of Rights and can't expire with the Voting Rights Act." In April of 1998, the United State Department of Justice affirmed in the "Voting Rights Act Clarification" that "the basic prohibition against discrimination in voting contained in the Fifteenth amendment and in the Voting Rights Act does not expire in 2007—it does not expire at all; it is permanent."

The little I remember of American History in high school was what made me find the voting expiration absurd. The echoes of the Constitution and its authority remained. The Constitution specifically states in Article 15, Section 1: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." However, in an article written by Bevolyn Williams-Harold originally published in *Black Enterprise* a year prior to Emery's, the above information regarding the right to vote being preserved is confirmed. However, it is also noted that "the Act remains a vital 'buffer' to the 15th Amendment and is scheduled to expire in 10 years. The process for re-authorization (or extension) requires a majority vote in Congress along with the President's signature. If it is not extended, the return of poll taxes and literacy tests is a remote possibility."

This information does not agree with what appears in a Press Release from House Representative James A. Leach to Douglas Wagner a year later. This document addresses the NAACP's recognition of the email and assures that it is entirely an "Internet hoax." Similarly, in early 2003, on the United States Department of Justice website, it is stated that

the Act itself will *not* expire. This is followed by an amending sentence wherein "some sections of the Voting Rights Act need to be renewed to remain in effect. When Congress amended and strengthened the Voting Rights Act in 1982, it extended for 25 more years - until 2007- the pre-clearance requirement of Section 5, the authority to use federal examiners and observers, and some of the statute's language minority requirements. So, for those sections to extend past 2007, **Congress will have to take action.** But even if these special provisions are not renewed, the rest of the Voting Rights Act will continue to prohibit discrimination in voting."

From the credible sources above it is evident that the Voting Rights Act of 1965 will not expire in three years. To clarify the issue at hand, it is the constituents of the Act itself that are vulnerable to expiration and potential renewal at the time of the next presidential election. In which case, there is a possibility that the grandfather clause and literacy tests could be reenacted. Weren't these deemed unconstitutional? Here we have the legislation process displaying its admirable efficiency. Contradictions galore.

Personally, I would not have pursued this information because it wouldn't affect my right to vote. Perhaps that's wrong of me, a form of ignorance, but with the question still plaguing my mind a week after it was first discussed in class I decided to investigate.

The professor has stressed daily how important it is to check your sources and to "question authority" and I am curious if the proposition of the 2007 expiration in class was a way of illustrating the importance yet again. Or maybe this is a reminder to practice what is preached before it is taught (err, taught)?

If anything, everyone should exercise their right to vote while it is effective this November by voting for Kerry!

Visit

<http://urbanlegends.about.com/library/weekly/aal20298.htm> to see David Emery's information regarding the above, a full text of the email, and other political embarrassments and factoids.



TV SUCKS!

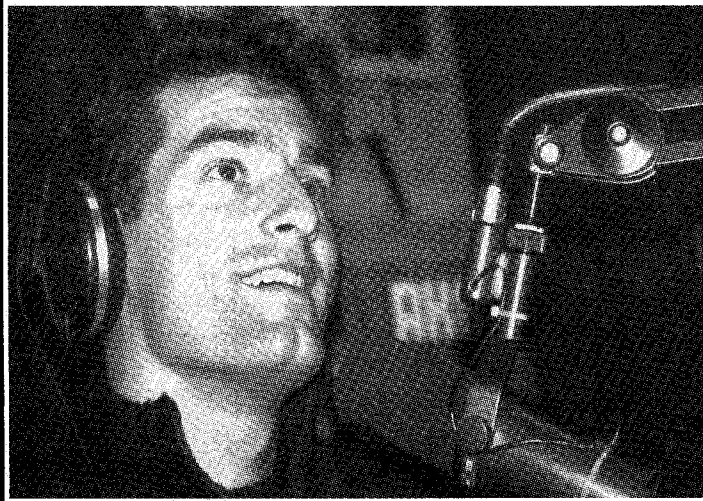
BUT YOU CAN CHANGE THAT

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CAMERA PEOPLE, CREW, AND FRIENDS.**

**DROP BY ROOM 074 IN THE UNION BASEMENT
OR EMAIL SBUTV@IC.SUNYSB.EDU**

"This just in:
The Stony Brook Press
is online at
www.thepress.info
and... wait a second,
I'm getting something else
here... It would seem to
be the case that I
have no personality...
Humph. 'Magine that."



No Answer

By Tara Lynne Groth

Do you find that much of high school was spent sleeping? Don't you see this in college too? Aren't most people sleeping inside at work? We are all surrounded in a sea of yawns, no?

Have you ever witnessed someone receive something that you know they really didn't appreciate? Why is there this pattern of people being honored, awarded, educated and given money, when it would mean so much more to someone else? Isn't it obvious in every year of life and in every institution or function we associate ourselves with?

We all change? Is it not revealed from year to year, generation to generation, yadda to yadda, certain constants resurface and prove that changing is a facade of preservation?

What do you want to do? Who do you want to be? What are you majoring in? How was your summer? Can you wait until tomorrow? Is this just some cute ambition that you're patted on the back for in mock reassurance and heads are turned in an expectance of mediocrity? Is this all really necessary?

How are you?

We live in the greatest country in the world? Why do we choose to live in a passionless nation, paying less, making more, stuck in a rut of traditions adapted

from capitalist practices that forever provide solutions that cancel each other out? We have to deal with this?

Vote for Bush?

What if people could be voted off, like on Survivor?

Are you making the world a better place, or a better place for your world?

What were we thinking?

What if people spent more time coming and less time going? Do you have the time?

Where is your life going? Is it worth it? All this, for what?

Haven't you heard? How was your day? Nothing new?

Why is it so hard to be honest? Who are you trying to impress?

Doesn't everybody experience regret? Does it make it easier? Why don't you pick up the phone? It works both ways, right? Do you feel guilty? Is that consolation enough? Why keep each other waiting? What are we waiting for exactly? What is expected? Am I missing out on something? Is this just going to happen again? What are you doing tomorrow?

How many times do I have to ask you?

Where do I start?

Interview with Travis Morrison

By Tom Senkus

The Dismemberment Plan broke up exactly one year ago. Normally, artists would wait and dilly what ever they had to dally, but not former lead singer Travis Morrison. Not only has he released a number of diverse MP3's from his website, www.travismorrison.com, but he also is putting out an album, *Travistan*, slated for release on September 28th (Barsuk Records). Songs such as "Back in '72", a DP never-was, and "Song for the Orca" show an increased emphasis on Morrison's confident vocals and lyrical acrobatics. Thankfully, his "Yea, yea, yea"'s never sounded better

I missed an opportunity to talk to him in person, but emailed him for an interview. Lo and behold, I actually got a response!

Press: Dig the Ludicris cover. What compelled you to cover that song?

[travis morrison] It's just an excellent song. I like the riff. I like how he manages to talk about sex without being objectifying, which for some reason is very hard for a lot of folks... dunno, it's just a great tune. I wish I wrote it.

Press: What was the inspiration for "Song for the Orca"? I've had thoughts that it was a sequel to The Talking Heads "Animals"..... or even a social metaphor for the working class, but that's just ka-ray-zee.

[travis morrison] Well, the inspiration is everywhere, when you think about it. You wish so many groups and individuals would get a chance to really sock it to their tormentors. Just once.

Press: What type of work did you do before (or still do!) becoming an quasi-indie-icon?

[travis morrison] Computer programming and graphic artists. Basic creative-class stuff.

Press: How would you describe this post-Nirvana wave of indie bands, such as Modest Mouse and Death Cab for Cutie, flooding into the mainstream?

[travis morrison] Not really sure what you mean by that. I'd describe them as very good bands, those two.

Press: So far, how receptive are the crowds to your new material, solo and otherwise? Do you have any good touring anecdotes from your solo tour?

[travis morrison] Pretty great. It's been mostly covers and people are down. There were a couple of shows where the crowd was thinking a little too hard, as does happen at indie-rock gigs... but for the most part we've all had a blast. I'm really looking forward to playing a lot of shows with my band.

Press: What has been your musical diet over past few months?

[travis morrison] Well, Chris Walla turned me on to Brian Eno, Joanna Newsom, Midnight Oil, and the Decembrists; I'm still loving the last Jay-Z LP; and I've discovered Debussy and Strauss too, in the classical arena. Those guys were great. And the Trojan dub, ska, and reggae box sets are wonderful.

Press: Not to get too political, but where would you see world politics a year from now? Hell, if

you want, you can give us the Kerry version and Bush version!

[travis morrison] Well, world politics will be the same. Kerry said he would have done the same thing with the same info Bush got, and I believe him. I'm a little puzzled about the ferocity of the desire to replace Bush with Kerry in this regard, since Kerry has publicly stated his basic harmony with what Bush has done. He kinda does a little dance about our international allies and so forth but he says NOTHING of substance. He's not like the socialist dude in Spain who pulled their troops out as soon as he won. Kerry will continue the armed presence in Iraq and will continue to deny the Iraqi people the opportunity to find their own destiny--which is the only good that this whole adventure could have provided anyways. It was and still is a valid goal, and one that I do think is a potential boon to America's long-term safety (as I feel that despotism anywhere is a threat to our safety, particularly in the middle east) but at some point we gotta let the Iraqis figure it out for themselves. Only then will we actually see material gains from this whole adventure.

So, no change. But having John Kerry's face on it all would make a whole lotta indie rockers feel better.

Press: Any words of wisdom? Then again, that's a bad question, considering your website is updated frequently and your lamentations are quite thoughtful (lamentful?). But yea, feel free to go nuts. Ramble, if you will...

[travis morrison] Wisdom? ME?



FanBoy Living: An Otakon 2k4 Review

By Joe Rios

The end of July this year found me in Baltimore, Maryland for the 11th annual Otakon convention. Since 1994, Anime fans have been converging on the Baltimore area to partake in Anime screenings, dress up in costume or "cosplay," and purchase hard-to-find items to add to their collections.

This year was another record-breaking year, with current estimates showing over 20,000 visitors over the three days. The convention tale started for me at 9am on Thursday, a full day before the convention even started.

After picking up the members of my group, we headed south for Baltimore and, after checking in at our ridiculously crowded hotel, we proceeded to the Baltimore Convention Center, the home of Otakon.

At the convention center, we were greeted with a line that wrapped more than half way around the convention center. This would not seem out of the norm, but the line was for ADVANCED pre-registration the day before the convention. The aggravation of being early for no reason was only relieved by discovering *Press* photo editor Jowy Romano on line right behind me.

Once the convention began the next day, things were rolling along smoothly. Cosplayers

for *Full Metal Alchemist* were out in DROVES, myself included. The convention so far had nothing of the extreme spectacular goodness that was to come on Saturday.

Saturday was the greatest day of the convention by far. All events were in full swing, anime was showing all over the place, and as we approached 5pm, all other events were overshadowed by the premiere event of the convention... The first American performance of L'arc-en-Ciel!

The line for the concert wrapped around two city blocks, but everyone was in, and nobody was turned away. Thanks to the vigilant work of the Otakon staff, everything seemed perfect in the eyes of your average con-goer. L'arc-en-Ciel gave a great performance, and considering the show was free with Con admission, there were no complaints.

The rest of Saturday was relatively mellow; cosplay masquerades, picture taking and the dealer's room. Saturday night's main event, for me, was the Saturday Night Fan Parodies. The fan parodies, for the uninformed, are videos which use anime footage and voice-overs to tell a story, poke fun at something, etc....

Sunday's events are not what they used to be. The main goal for Sunday is now to get

what you can from the Dealer's Room, and get as far away from the Inner Harbor area before you get stuck in traffic. My last minute run through yielded a sword and a few video games, so I was plenty satisfied.

Otakon has become a paradox of what conventions are meant to be. While the numbers are impressive, and it truly is great to see all the people there who LOVE Anime, there were certain drawbacks, namely the number of "Anime Fans" - in other words, people who only get their content from Cartoon Network, and therefore have no idea what true fandom means! In addition, the ridiculous line waiting is something that will drive you mad if you do not have a way to keep yourself sane.

Perhaps Anime conventions are like smoking... you know how bad it is for you, and you keep going back for more. As much as I rant and rave about the drawbacks of a large scale Anime Conventions, I know I'm going again next year, and probably the year after that. The biggest attraction to conventions is most definitely the people. There is nothing greater than getting together with masses of people that share a similar interest... and the filthy, filthy Hentai.

REVIEW: Last Exile, First in My Heart

By Keith C. Smith

Last Exile marks Gonzo's 10th Anniversary in animation, and the beginning of its next generation of anime. Utilizing new technology and adhering to usual Gonzo standards, they have created a master work that is worthy of a decade of experience.

The unique backdrop of this story puts us in a Victorian-era world, complete with airships and floating cities. Most of the action takes place above the clouds as wars are fought with airborne battleships and smaller, two-person flight crafts known as "vanships." "The Guild," however, controls almost every aspect of this world, from water distribution to permits for waging a war. They also possess a much higher level of technology than the rest of the world, which makes for some interesting battle scenes.

The story of the first disk follows Claus and Lavie, two young teens trying to make ends meet as vanship pilots. During a vanship race, they inherit a high-risk mission to deliver a girl to the rogue battleship Silvana. But Claus doesn't feel content leaving the girl with them and decides to stay on board. Subsequently, he becomes involved with the secret mission of the battleship's crew against The Guild.

The art merges computer and traditional animation styles seamlessly. This makes Last

Exile visually impressive, while not looking artificial, unlike most CGI. I always felt that computer imaging is only good in anime if you can't tell where it begins and the anime ends. That's exactly what you get with Last Exile. From every minuscule bead of sweat, to each

"...they have created
a master work that
is worthy of a
decade of experience."

exploding battleship, you never once think, "That's nice CGI." Rather, you just think, "Whoa, this animation is awesome!"

The voice acting meets with my approval for all of the main characters and most of the minor ones. There are a couple of your over-the-

top, cartoonie voices mixed in here and there, but they are contained to the few comic relief moments. For the most part, the acting is well done and comes through best when the character's stress level is at their highest.

Of course, no well-rounded anime would be complete without a great score. The music is compelling and rarely repetitive. It gives you a good sense of the emotions going on inside the characters, which is useful when one of the characters is the statuesque stoic type who could get a letter that his mother died while simultaneously receiving oral sex, and his expression still wouldn't crack!

The themes of Last Exile are freedom and the sky. These themes are apparent in the vivid colors, the elegant music, and the idealistic characters. The wide-screen style used compliments these themes as well. It's one of the most unique series available now. I strongly recommend that anyone who is looking for something different and truly well done to give Last Exile a try, and I hope this is the standard by which future Gonzo creations are held.



OTAKON 2004 PHOTOSPREAD

By Jowy Romano



Angel Sanctuary Group

ANM 102: Intro to Anime Conventions and Cosplay

By Jowy Romano

It is surprising that there are so many people who know nothing about my hobby, called cosplay. There are thousands of people across the country who 'cosplay,' yet the average person has never heard of anything like it. In short, cosplay is a hobby in which people buy and/or create costumes of Anime, video game or other (usually Japanese) sci-fi characters. Some fans even cosplay as Japanese band members. These costumes are then worn to gatherings (usually Anime conventions) which take place at various locations throughout the year.

Japanese Anime conventions are basically just large gatherings of people with common interests. Of course Anime is one of these interests, but there are *many* more. The conventions also serve as gathering points for people who are interested in video games, Japanese music, Japanese comics (Manga), card games, live-action role-playing, costuming, among others. A more complete and descriptive title for these conventions would be "Japanese Youth Culture and Escapism Conventions," but

that's quite a mouth full. Hardcore fans of Japanese escapism call themselves 'Otaku.'

In Japanese, Otaku literally means 'obsessed.' It's probably the best word to describe how hugely some people are in to the various types of Japanese escapism. I actually do not consider myself an Otaku. This is because, compared to my friends, I am just barely a fan. Some of my friends can sit and finish a full 50+ episode Anime series in a weekend. That's the level of fandom that I consider Otaku.

This past summer I, along with about 20,000 others, took a weekend trip to Baltimore, Maryland for Otakon 2004, one of the largest Anime conventions in the country. For a cosplayer like myself, Otakon is a huge costume gathering. Before any convention, I go online to websites like cosplay.com to organize meetings for people with costumes from the same series. Take a look at the accompanying Otakon 2004 photo spread to see the end result. There are many other reasons to go to Anime conventions, but I'll get into that in future issues.

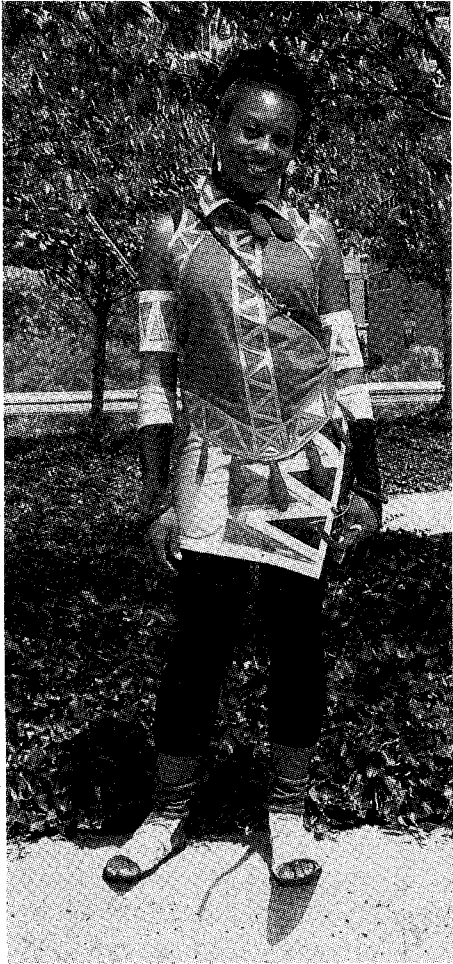


Dark Gunner Paine from Final Fantasy X-2



Suikoden III Heros

Anime



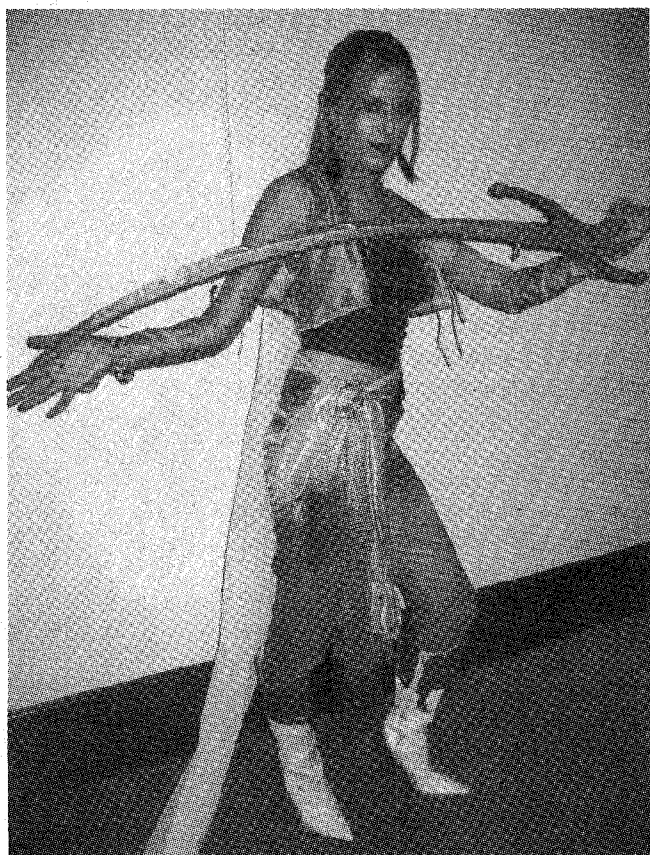
Aila from Suikoden III



X/1999 full cast



The Baltimore Convention Center

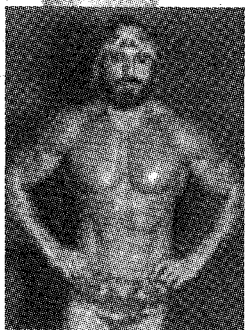


Celes from Final Fantasy VI



Castlevania: Lament of Innocence Group

The Main Event



It's time for the main event to begin!!

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight is a special Press event. This is a special grudge match, featuring former tag-team champions, Tara "The Stink" Groth and Tom "Cheeseblast" Senkus are now facing off for the new century.

Let's get ready to rumble!!!

Julio, my love, I need you more than ever. I need a good cry on your hairy shoulders. Oh shit, is the mic still on?

Without warning, The Stink grabs Cheeseblast and flings him against the ropes...

Where else can you canoe, fish, water ski, bike ride, surf, wine taste, tour mansions and witness globally recognized attractions in one of the world's most famous cities, all within a short commute of each other? Long Island has been a close retreat for decades and decades for the occupants of New York City and a vacation spot for people all over the world, offering a change in scenery and making those many city residents feel as if they were "out in the country." It's common knowledge that many celebrities have residences along the gently sloping terrain including Martha Stewart (in spirit from behind her bars), Jerry Seinfeld, Christie Brinkley, and of course, Billy Joel. Movie stars such as Gwyneth Paltrow and Harrison Ford are also seen vacationing here on more than one occasion, enjoying the white sands on the South Shore, some of the most beautiful beaches in the world.

Cheeseblast turns and whips The Stink with his Splooge Punch, right 'da face! "Get a taste of that, bitch!", he says.

Where else can you canoe, fish, etc? Anywhere. Our beaches are overcrowded, the waters over-fished. Wine-tasting out east seems like a good idea, but the fact that driving all the way to the North Fork to even get there, plus the drunken ride home does not exactly spell good time.

If celebrity splendor is any indication of quality of life, then we might as well chalk Hollywood as being the greatest place in the world! Billy Joel is the only thing Long Island's got, and he had to go to LA to even get noticed. Jerry Seinfeld made his career out of being the least interesting comedian on a show full of ripe comedians.

The Stink gets up and sends out the Labia Aroma. The front row audience heaves like an Anthrax outbreak. "I don't know why Cheeseblast would be affected. You think he'd be used to The Stink." Not so, not so. The Blasty Cheese hits the ground like a shot-down

ME-109.

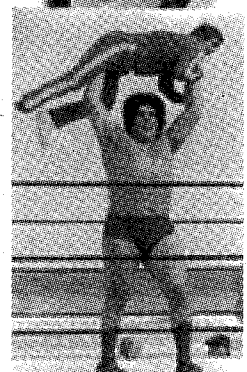
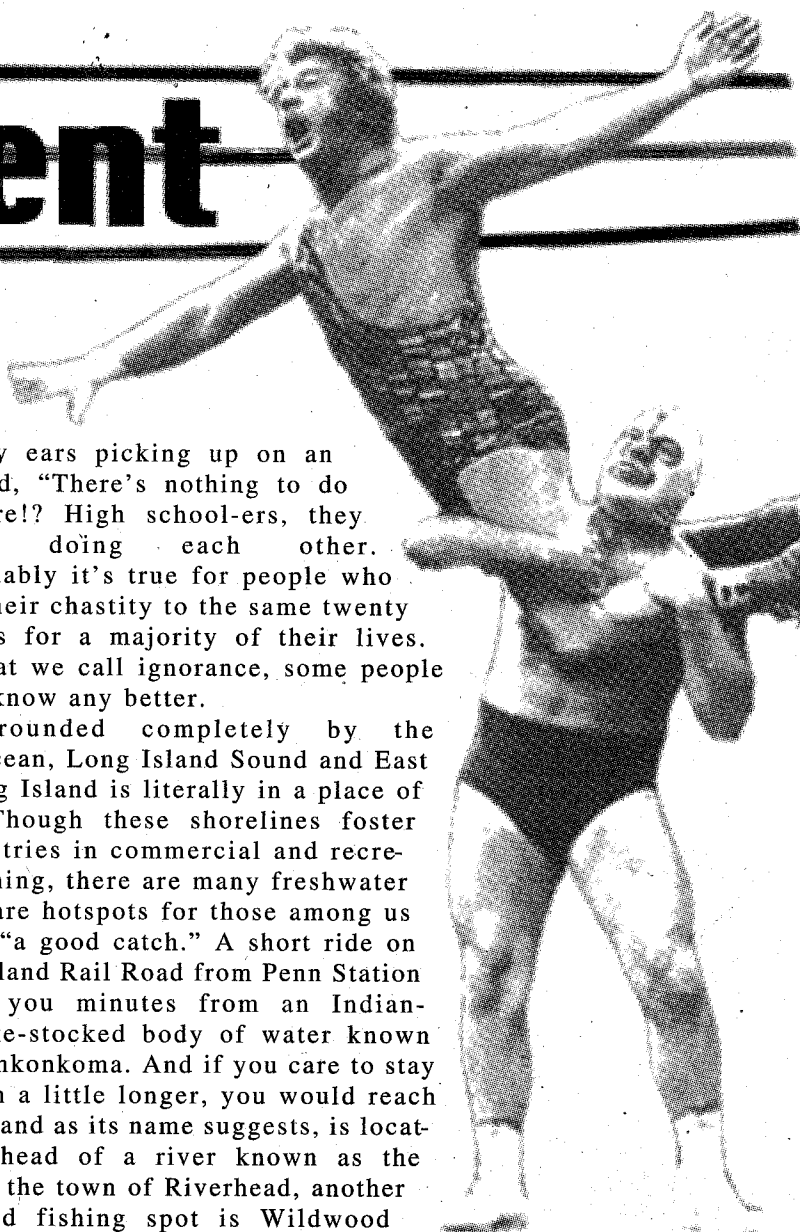
Not a week goes by without my ears picking up on an unwelcomed, "There's nothing to do around here!?" High school-ers, they end up doing each other. Understandably it's true for people who maintain their chastity to the same twenty mile radius for a majority of their lives. This is what we call ignorance, some people just don't know any better.

Surrounded completely by the Atlantic Ocean, Long Island Sound and East River, Long Island is literally in a place of its own. Though these shorelines foster large industries in commercial and recreational fishing, there are many freshwater lakes that are hotspots for those among us who enjoy "a good catch." A short ride on the Long Island Rail Road from Penn Station can bring you minutes from an Indian-cursed, pike-stocked body of water known as Lake Ronkonkoma. And if you care to stay on the train a little longer, you would reach Riverhead, and as its name suggests, is located at the head of a river known as the Peconic. In the town of Riverhead, another well-stocked fishing spot is Wildwood Lake and a similar fishing experience is offered on the Peconic River as well. The Peconic Riverboat Queen is a paddleboat docked in the heart of town that caters special events and daily brunches and dinner cruises in the Peconic Bay. A personal favorite, the Peconic Paddler, a company situated at the mouth of the river renting and selling canoes offers an excellent experience. For a reasonable price, a canoe can be rented and they will drive you to a point upriver where you are dropped off to a whole day's journey back to the mouth where they are positioned. Since freshwater does have its limits, those who seek the surf can do so along the hundreds of miles of beaches only moments away from anywhere on Long Island. Surfers, boogie boarders, and water skiers all enjoy the waves along the South Shore that is home to the Hamptons on the East End. Past the Hamptons is what Long Islanders have come to call "The End," or our Montauk Point Lighthouse that marks the most eastern point on the island. Tourist merchandise in this area reveals that the fishing in the Atlantic waters here has made Montauk known as the fishing capital of the world. The seafood is outstanding at Gosman's Dock, a popular tourist area.

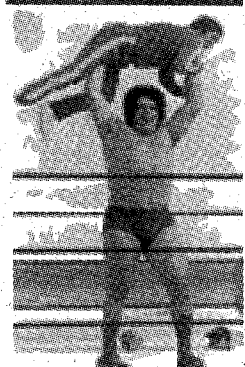
Back in the locker room, the Prop Comic Battle Royale is unofficially underway. Gallagher takes a mallet to Carrot Top's Eyebrow-less mug. Was Carrot Top a handsome man-child before? Well, he ain't pretty no more! Gallagher, never before striking a human, runs away to a Buddhist Monastery, indulging in getting free head from all the watermelon shaped heads of the monks. Gallagher loves the fruit-cooch!

Cheeseblast seizes the opportunity of Stink's distraction and kicks her in the back. "Take that, strumpet!"

The fact that "there's nothing to do" is so ubiquitous is actually a sign that there really is nothing to do. I take that back; drugs are the ubiq-



The Main Event Continues...



uitous option. Half the clerks at 7-11 don't even discriminate age for those of younger age, so beer is the option. Sure, you can trip your way through the horrible environment we live in, but soon the harsh reality comes into play.

Long Island is nothing but suburbs and miniature pseudo-cities that serve as whipping boys for soccer moms. Strip malls give us the backdrop. How can you go wrong with Sports Authority, Borders Books and Music, Old Navy, K-mart, Stop and Shop, Michael's Arts and Crafts, Bally's Total Fitness, ShopRite, Toys R Us, Bed Bath and Beyond, CVS, Genovese, Waldbaums, Waldgreens, Waldenbooks, Taco Bell, American Eagle, Abercrombie and Fitch, Macy's, Sears, Sterns, Wendy's, KFC, Target, Spencer's, and the myriad of pizza places.

The Stink jumps from the top rope, giving Cheeseblast a move hitherto unknown amongst the audience and the Eastern Seaboard. Yelps of pain and disgust ring out. "Boo" and "Hiss!" Apparently, the audience tonight is made up of ghosts and cats.

The fat girl from Donnie Darko heckles Cheeseblast with the only two words in her vocabulary: "CHUT UP!"

Being that Long Island does have a lot of shoreline to boast, there are also some of the nation's best biking trails as well. The bike trails are also utilized by hunters of deer, grouse, pheasant, and other such fowl during the designated seasons. However, ATVs, mountain bikes, dirt bikes, and road bikes are all popular possessions amongst residents and are usually carted along by visitors during the times of year that hunters do not inhabit the woods (even though there are bans against certain recreational vehicles).

Is that so? While Long Island may boast of it's many bike trails, a large amount of those bike trails are along ROADS! They, too, count as trails, and nothing spells nature to me like cars and industrial waste, not to mention the large amount of trash discarded by the road. So in essence, our bike trails have become hazardous and not that glamorous. I remember being slammed with ketchup packets while riding down Lakeland Avenue, not to mention the numerous "Is that a Huffy, JACKASS!"

If you'd like to take the alternative, I pity you. Public transportation has been cleverly left out by The Stink, and you'll see why. The fact that the bus doesn't even run on Sundays not only shows the ignorance of suburbanites who opposes the "traffic" (how inane is that?), but your wonderful wine-tasting can't even be reached by bus. Cab rides are overly expensive and the train makes a bee-line straight for the city.

Stink calls in the help of her movie buddy, Richard Linklater, to kick some ass. With blinding dialogue and ambitious plots, Cheeseblast cowers in the directors presence. What can I say? Waking Life utterly owned.

If you are easily seasick or if you don't enjoy baiting your own hook and getting worm juice stains or the wonderful bunker smell on you, then I suppose the wild outdoors life suggested above doesn't suit your fancy. In this instance you can exercise a less uncouth side of yourself at wine tasting events along the East End (do they even ID?). Long Island harbors practically the same environment as the vineyards in France and California with similar soil content, making for a perfect atmosphere as an American top wine producer. Vineyards line the North and South Forks and most offer a limousine service that will escort you to a day of wine tasting and return you when the day is done.

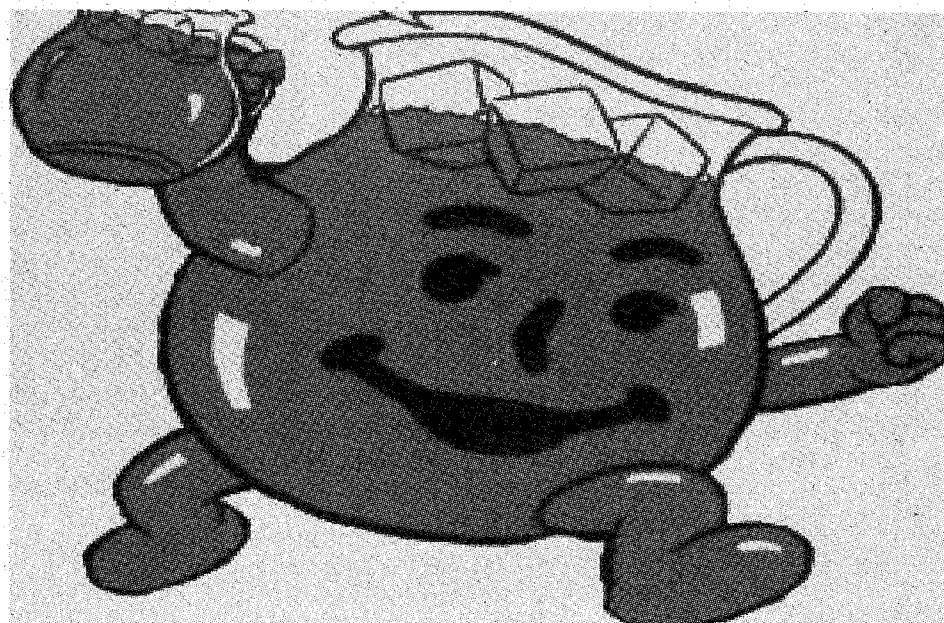
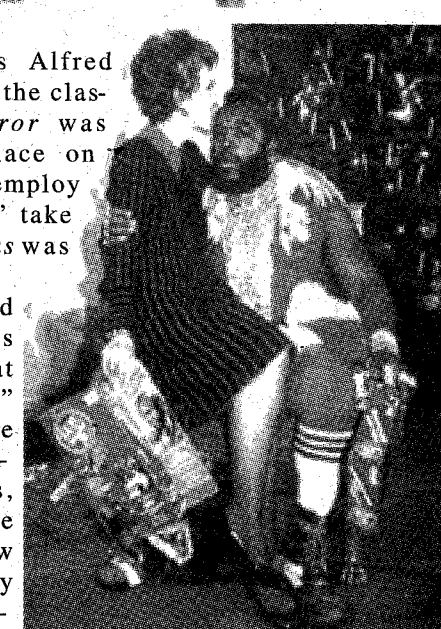
Only the rich and snooty really enjoy tasting wine when poorer folk can't even get a chance to buy the overpriced bottles.

On the North Shore there are several mansions that offer residents and visitors free or minimal entry with guided tours. Among these is the Vanderbilt Mansion which houses a planetarium frequented by local schools and a wide collection of the Vanderbilts? many collections, including a mummy. The Pollock House in East Hampton, where Jackson Pollock painted (a lot!) is a site for Stony Brook University research and grants free admission to anyone with an SBU student ID. Another mansion set in the Old Westbury Gardens offers beautiful grounds during seasonal weather and has been utilized by Hollywood in the creation of such movies as *Cruel Intentions*, *Wolf*, and in past years Alfred Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*. Even the classic thriller movie *Amityville Horror* was inspired by actual events taking place on Long Island. For those longing to employ some Stony Brook University "pride," take comfort in knowing *Debbie Does Dallas* was filmed on campus.

When all of the activities listed above start to make you yawn, there is always "the city that never sleeps" at your beckoned call. "The Big Apple" has an endless amount of activities like museums, historic landmarks, television studios, theaters, restaurants, concerts, ad infinitum. Bridging the small gap between Long Island and New York City may not take much time, they may not differ in the amounts of activities offered, but they do offer such a radical change in scenery that they remain foreign to each other.

At a loss for an argument, Cheeseblast gets on his knees, and prays for forgiveness. Tara, I mean Stink, is a cold hearted bitch. Instead of pinning him traditional-style, she lets "Chut up" girl have the honors.

"I think I'm ripe for a shower."::sniff:: "Yup, that I am!" says the Stink over Cheeseblast's weak corpse, sauntering off the mat.



Hey, Who Ordered the Reviews?

REVIEW: Rising Deep

By Tom Senkus

Amidst a night of working a late night at Stony Brook, I happened to notice that the University Café had a few bands loading in gear. Hearing a band start its set, I was coaxed and sat down in the café's gorgeous decor. I sat through a band's performance, named Deep Rising and was thoroughly impressed by their cohesive sound.

Deep Rising is a LI band with a new, refreshing hard rock style. Their mix of EBM keyboards and eccentric chord movements to a sound not that far removed from modern bands such as Cursive makes DR an entertaining live band. The eyebrow-raising element of the band is clearly the Peter Gabriel-esque vocal gymnastics of the singer Nick Kerzner, instantly giving a floating quality to what would be already competent hard rock songs.

As with many bands from Long Island, the paths to assemble a solid, talent, and above all, entertaining group has been lined with corpses of numerous dead ensembles. Deep Rising rose from such local acts as Original Sin, 20 Foot Wide, Skylad, and a myriad of cover bands. Rounding out this ensemble is the aforementioned Kerzner, guitarist Glenn Borgis, bassist Brian Green (temporary bassist Mike has filled in recently) and Drummer Scott Levey.

Bassist Mike describes Deep Rising's chances for penetrating the stale, insipid mainstream and into a wide appeal as slim.

"The odds are that [the band's sound] is not going to make mainstream unless mainstream is profoundly metamorphosized. Most people don't take music that seriously." Adding a cynical note, "I once took a girl someplace. We paid the cover... I had to leave since the band was making me sick, and she said, 'can't you just go with the flow?' I don't think the band members are 'go with the flow-ests.'" Nick adds, "I think a new grass roots explosion is about to happen. Can't really speak to the national music scene as I have been too focused on Deep Rising."

As mentioned before, the group's sound is unique. The band cites bands as Stone Temple Pilots, Pearl Jam, Dave Matthews Band, Dixie Dregs, as well as individual players like fusion-legends Jaco Pastorius and Allan Holdsworth, as ingredients to their hybrid creation.

A band this eccentric must have trouble fitting into the cover band, punk-posturing ways that Long Island offers. Nine Days they are not. For a local music scene, the band has hope. Borgis is optimistic:

"I like what's going on with the local music scene itself. There are more bands and artists working together for the common good. It's a nice atmosphere....I would like to see the scene become one where the venues become a large part of the attraction, where people go to the venue to see who's playing there."

Although there is no lower career opportunity than playing other people's material, Deep Rising's musical skill was garnered by toiling in the trenches.

Mike said, "I think I learned most how to write interesting bass parts by really learning cover music and finally being able to see how it all went together as a song. After that, I found there's absolutely nowhere to hide when you record - it's very sobering and maturing, like being naked on a public beach."

For all that hard work, Deep Rising has hopes to become the next big thing in contemporary music. Scott's thoughts sum up any band's goals: "I hope to be playing to thousands of healthy college coeds. I also see a record deal in the future, doesn't everybody?"

Check out the band's next performance at the University Café on September 25th, a special acoustic gig, and don't forget to pick up the band's forthcoming album, *Shards*.

REVIEW: Mean Creek: Morality and Realism at the River's Edge

By Sarah Cassone

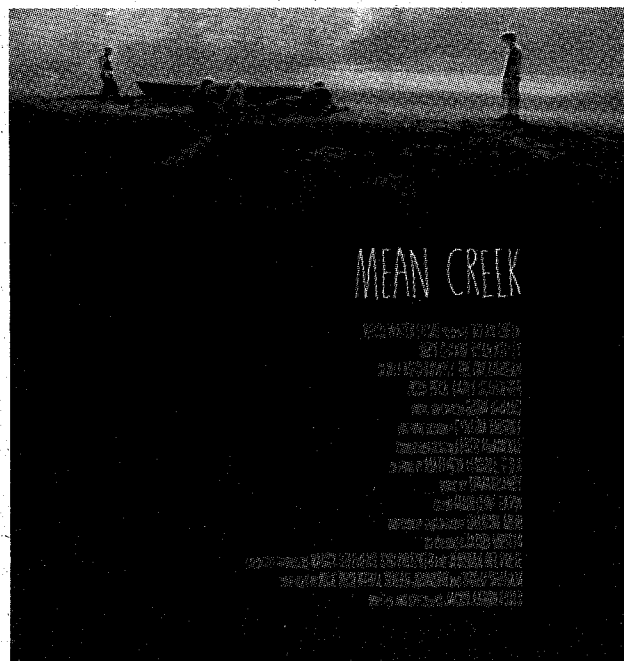
Jacob Aaron Estes's debut film *Mean Creek* opens with a bully beating up a kid half his size, a scene so generic it could have easily taken place on any school playground across the U.S. The harsh, cold reality of the playground gives way to the stark contrast of gorgeous scenery on an Oregon river where a boat outing has been planned and the ultimate goal is revenge.

Rory Culkin plays Sam, a boy victimized by George (Josh Peck), the school bully. Sam's older brother Rocky (Trevor Morgan) wants to teach George a lesson. He rounds up some of his friends and they plan a seemingly harmless prank, just mean enough to humiliate George and give him a taste of what he puts kids through on a regular basis.

I could continue summarizing the plot for the next two paragraphs, but I won't. The plot is not what drives this film. You already know things aren't going to go the way they're supposed to (it's one of the basic cinematic conventions that rule the teenage drama genre). No, what's different here is not the event that occurs, but the post "event" reactions from these teens and the unflinching realism. The film is stunning in its accurate portrayal of today's youth and the harshness in which they taunt others, even (or maybe especially) their own friends.

George is The Bully, that much is clear, but

what about Marty (Scott Mechlowicz) who picks on his friends almost as much, especially Clyde (Ryan Kelley), a boy with two fathers who suf-



MEAN CREEK,
Courtesy of The Z Review

fers because his family doesn't match up to the preconceived idea of 'normal.' Why is it okay when Marty does it, but not George? Or can they both be excused of their actions since they stem

from the loneliness and tragedy within their own lives? These are the kinds of questions *Mean Creek* asks internally, and it's up to the viewers to see if they can be answered.

Perhaps the film's most powerful moments are when some of the characters slowly begin to think maybe George isn't so bad, maybe he just "wants friends, like everybody else", as Sam says to his brother. The internal struggles of these kids as they flip flop on their opinion of George is a breath of fresh air. There's a three dimensional complexity to nearly every character, and while the last act of the film contains the token stupidity (which is realistic in its own right) it is a harsh character study in morality. These kids aren't brainless or conscious lacking. They possess the kind of adult complexity we're used to seeing in films like *Mystic River*, proving age doesn't matter in the terms of right and wrong.

Mean Creek delivers a biting, gritty exploration of abuse, morality and friendship. The performances (from the mostly newcomer cast) are stellar and the soundtrack is perfectly selected. The writing is disturbingly accurate and the directing is subtle, with a wonderful attention to detail, like a neon sign for a video store that stands out on a dark, surreal night or a slug inching its way over flesh.

Hey, Who continued the Reviews?

REVIEW: Anti-Flag: The Terror State

By Joan Leong

Armed with my new laptop and the university T1 Internet connection, I was ready to steal as much music as I possibly could. The only working MP3 sharing program that defies SBU's firewalls seems to be Blubster, but that only connects to other folks on campus. I typed Anti-Flag into the search box and *only* two files showed up. What the bloody hell!? What are the kids of Stony Brook listening to? Apparently crap like Jessica Simpson because she has over 200 files available for downloading. Well, populace, I am here to enlighten you with something far better. Anti-Flag's October 2003 release of *Terror State* is just as incredible as their past efforts have been.

Anti-Flag is a political punk band formed in 1994 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Founded by vocalist Justin Sane and drummer Pat Thetic, they have been informing the masses with their profound anti-war/racism/capitalism/nationalism/fascism/etc. lyrics since then. They have been spouting off about the secret US-led wars for years and the war in Iraq gave them fuel to release another album. The illegal war in Iraq royally pissed off Anti-Flag as you can hear

it in the lyrics and Justin's fervent vocals. Even before the album was released there was much controversy surrounding it. They originally wanted the cover art to be a little girl with a gun and then being killed, but many chain stores refused to put it on their shelves. At first Anti-Flag refused to, but they thought the wiser. Bassist, Chris #2 says, "Well, let's use this to our advantage because if we just tell them to fuck off and pull the record out of every store, they win. There is no other voice than what they allow in that store." Smart move guys. Their desire to get their word out to as many people as they can is another reason why I love, admire and respect them entirely.

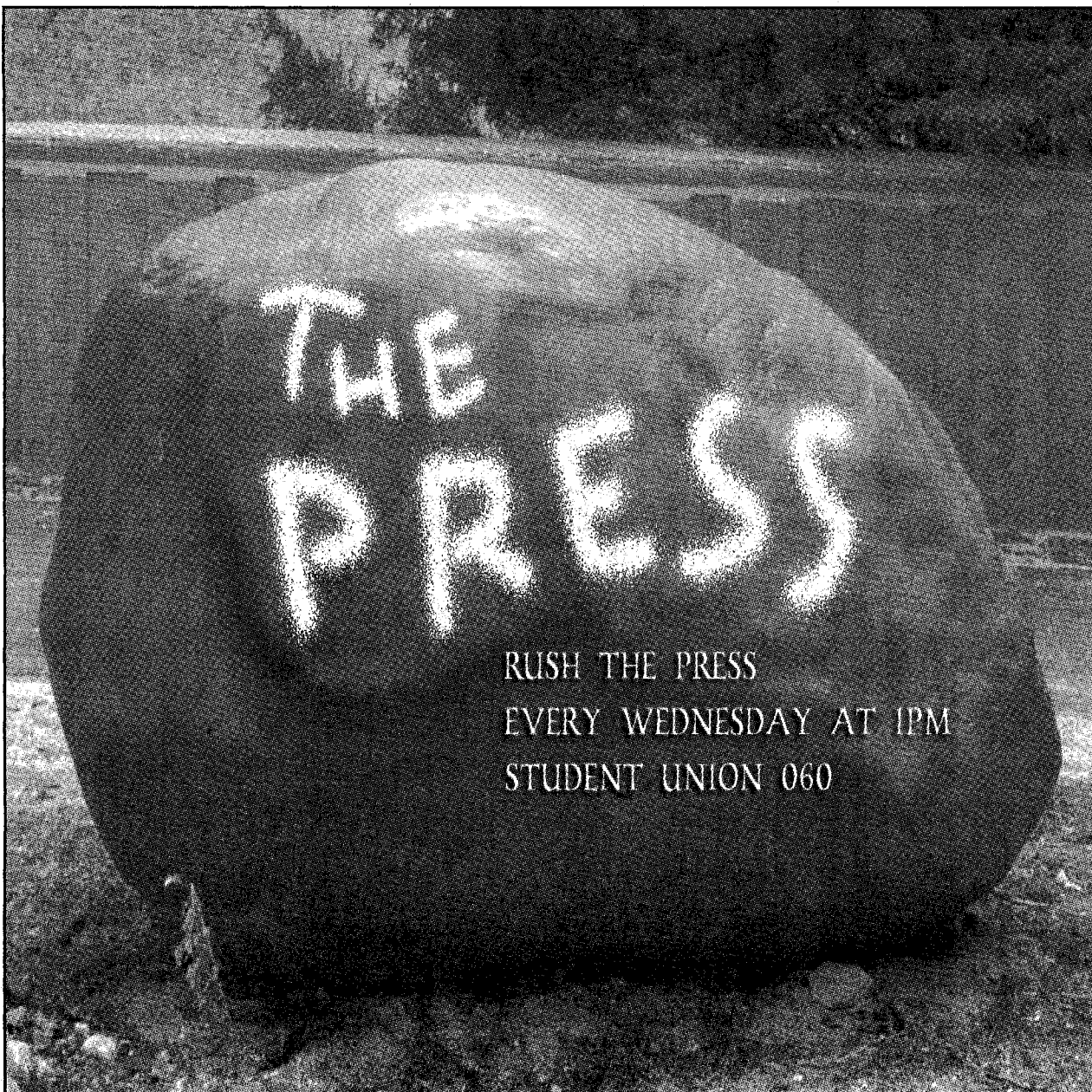
After that mess was over, the *Terror State* was released but not without another obstacle in their way. Considering the tense state that the American public was in, many large chains decided not to carry it because of the "unpatriotic" and "Anti-America" lyrics. Now how fucked up is that? That didn't faze them because they still have thousands of supportive fans who will find a copy of it. Anyway, if you want it, you can get it at independent record stores like



BEST... BAND... EVER,
Courtesy of PunkPaper.pr.crap.shit/balls

Generation Records in the village (which according to me is the best damn record store in New York State). One of my favorite tracks on the album is "Operation Iraqi Liberation (O.I.L.)." Anti-Flag screams about the deception of the U.S. military and how they are "liberating" the Iraqi people, "#1 liberators in the world can kill better than ice is cold. To save you, WE MAY HAVE TO KILL YOU. For freedom, YOU MAY HAVE TO DIE!" Another intoxicating song is called "Power to the Peaceful," in which they exclaim, "This is not a war of economic independence, it is a war of conquest. It is a war for military power. It is a war for money, the road to universal slaughter." I can see how the lyrics can get blind nationalistic people riled up but isn't that what America is supposed to provide? Freedom of speech, bitches. The rest of the tracks are equally as powerful and are all a must-hear.

One of the reasons Anti-Flag is so highly respected and have devoted fans is because they never lost sight of why they formed the band in the first place. They wanted to inform the public of the corruptions of the government and society. They wanted us to know what CNN or Fox News isn't reporting. They even have their own activist website @ www.undergroundactionalliance.org where you can check out national news and how to be active in making your community and world a better place to live in. This is who they are, they aren't some of the cuntastic bands I refuse to mention who jumped on the political bandwagon or the dumbasses who believed everything in Michael Moore's movie. You can catch Anti-Flag headlining the Rock Against Bush Tour now or catch them the next time they are in the tri-state area. Go get the *Terror State*, and while you are at it, buy the rest of their albums because they rock that hard.



Jimmy Crack Corn, and I Don't Care

By David K. Ginn

I'm not really sure why I chose that as my article title, but I do know that as I was falling asleep here at the computer in *The Press* office it was the only thing that really made sense. Perhaps I should have given it some clever twist, like *Jimmy Crack Corn, and I Don't Give a Shit*, or *Jimmy Crack Corn*, and, well, something clever.

Sigh. Well, I suppose I should start from the beginning.

In the beginning there was Hoga. He looked down upon the empty world and spread a vast light over it all. He grew trees, raised mountains, and cooked the most delicious apple pie that was ever tasted on this Earth.

Then He created Nuganon, a mystical place with clouds, beer, and virgin Angels. He then retreated to Nuganon and created Humans, a typically dumb species that He had intended in every way to be smart. He made fourteen Humans, seven men and seven women. Their names were Juju, Lola, Kaira, Nuegen, Payla, Haemen, Vueven, Eamen, Burger-boy, Slaemen, Koala, Aagga, Okarious and Stevie-steve.

Upon creating these Humans he gave them nakedness, and then made them laugh at each other. His goal was that once the Humans were used to this laughing they would become strong, confident, and able to follow through with His purpose.

Unfortunately, He had overestimated his own creation. Humanity, it seemed, was unable to overcome its humiliation and therefore when they had children of their own they taught them that sex was bad. They also taught their chil-

dren that anything that could run the risk of damaging their self-esteem was evil and should be shunned away and punished.

Of course, when these children grew up into adults they realized how stupid their parents were and spent their lives taking out their repressed anger on the rest of Humanity. Then they began to harvest things to fill these voids and eventually they started hurting and even killing anyone who tried to steal their harvest. This of course made everyone afraid of each other and thus society as we know it was created.

At one point there was this man who decided that everything Humanity had been built upon was complete bullshit. He said, "Umm, hey, why don't we try... not being assholes to each other?"

He had twelve people follow him, and in the end they basically fucked him over anyway. Then he tried to tell everybody to be good and forgive each other and be happy, and for this he was nailed to a cross and eventually died of exposure.

Since then there have been many cults devoted to worshipping his teachings, most of which very rarely acknowledge the fact that they're a bit too late.

Then some people discovered that there are actual scientific reasons for things, and based on this knowledge they built cars, telephones, microscopes, and California. Most ironic of all, however, is that Humanity ended up being even worse than when it started.

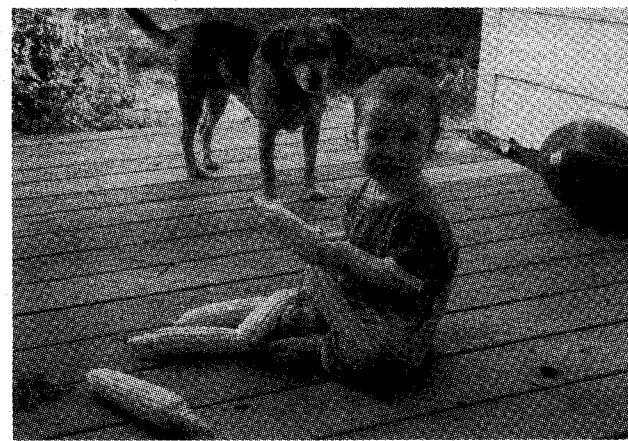
There arose several answers to this

problem. Many of these involved oral pleasure. Aside from fellatio and cunnilingus it was discovered that smoking tobacco from a corn-cob pipe provided pleasure for the senses.

Then, at some other point, they created a soft white powder that could be injected into the body via the nasal passages. This soft white powder made them feel very good, and just about anyone who tried it found Jesus. They called it cocaine, and then some people decided to call it crack. Then they decided that this whole nasal passage thing was bullshit, and so they threw out the tobacco and replaced their pipes with crack.

Thus, instead of Jimmy cracking corn, Jimmy is now corning crack.

The End.



LOOK AT THAT POOR DOG.
Courtesy of Corn

Miami, Miami, Miami

By Adianec Ross

Miami, Miami, Miami. This is the place to be right now. The VMA's were held here this year; for my musically challenged friends out there, that is the MTV Video Music Awards. The weather is awesome and lots of stars have chosen to stay in their South Beach homes recently (no star sightings yet) and there is no wonder why. The people are crazy here. I am on exchange right now at Florida International University located in, yup, you guessed it, Miami.

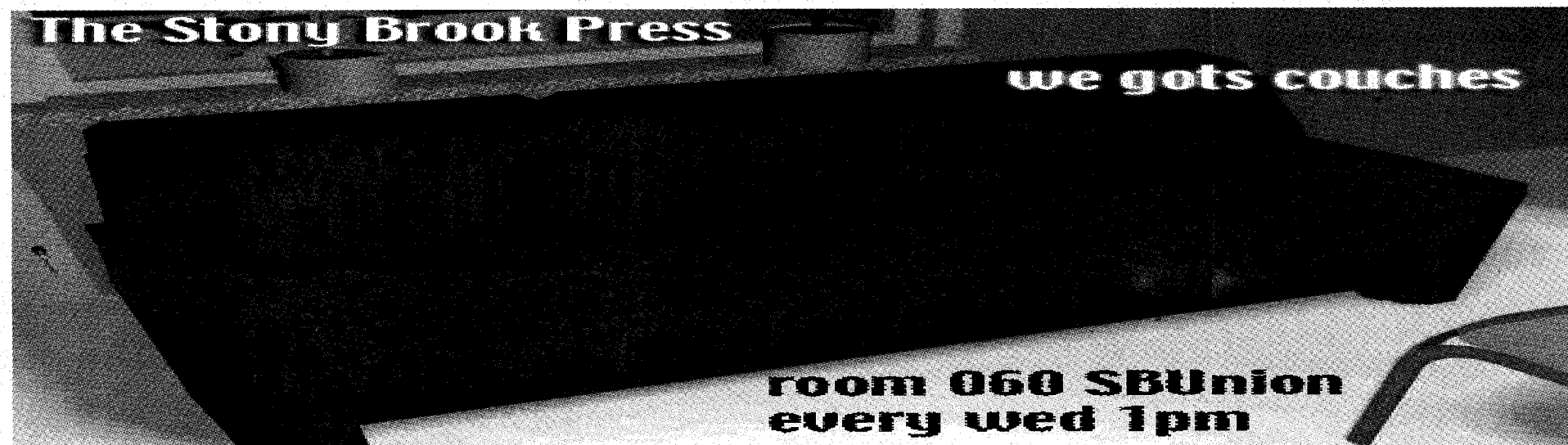
The campus is huge and the dorms look like you're staying at a resort or something. That is if you're willing to shell out the ridiculous prices. For common folk like me, there is always the University Park Apartments. It's a full apartment to share with three other people. Not bad. What does suck is that there is no

cleaning lady once a week. We have to clean up for ourselves!!! We even buy our own toilet paper. But hey, you win some, you lose some. Anyway, they had a free cruise ride the first weekend students moved in, sponsored by RHA (Resident Hall Association); you gotta love those guys. They do stuff at Stony too, but I don't see them doing any cruises...hint, hint. So like I was saying, I went on this cruise and we got a view of the VMA red carpet from it. Which was cool.

After we sailed away from the American Airlines Arena and couldn't see anything anymore, people started dancing. And boy oh boy if you thought girls at Stony were freaks you haven't seen anything. Yo - they pulled a chair on to the dance floor and some girl started riding some dude right there. I won't bother to say

the rest. Use your imagination. I was shocked. But then again with Miami one should never be shocked. Anything and everything happens here.

I hope to take a trip down to Coconut Grove soon. I hear it's a lot of fun there. Lots of shops and clubs. Its right near South Beach and I cant wait to go back there and have a famous "call a cab" from Wet Willies again. They have amazing frozen drinks, alcoholic of course (but don't worry, I am 21.) And you can take them to go which is cool. Get trashed while you scope out the hotties, I mean the view. Luckily I survived the first hurricane, Ms. Frances, but here comes Ivan. I don't know what to expect. They told us to prepare to go a shelter, so wish me luck!



Math Department

PROBLEM OF THE MONTH

The Math Club and the Mathematics Department are sponsoring a monthly competition open to all undergraduates at Stony Brook. Prizes of \$25 will be given to the most complete and best explained solutions (at most 2) to the problem of the month.

This month's problem is to come up with an algebraic expression which approximates the value of

$$\pi = 3.141592653589793238462643383279502884197...$$

Your expression

- Must use each of the integers 1 through 9, exactly once.
- Can only use the operations : + , - , * , / , and ^ (exponentiation).
- Can use as many parentheses as you like.

For example, the expression $(4+5) * 7 * 2 * 6 / ((1+9) * 8 * 3) = 63/20 = 3.15$ is a valid approximation (although better ones exist). However, $(816 - 794) / (2 * 5 - 3) = 22/7 = 3.1428...$ is not allowed since "concatenating" the numbers 8,1,6 to form 816 is not a legitimate operation.

Whoever comes up with the expression that best approximates Pi will win.
In case of a tie, the winner will be the first one submitted.

Submit your solution to the Mathematics Undergraduate Office (Math P-142) or electronically to Prof. Kudzin at problem@math.sunysb.edu by October 1st @ 12 pm. Acceptable electronic formats are: PDF, Postscript, DVI, (La)TeX, or just plain text. Please include your name and phone number, or preferably your email address.

The Stony Brook Math Club

• Game Night

• Texas Holdem
Tournament

• Lectures

• Mentoring
and more!

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HOBOSCOPES

With Admiral Tom Senkus

- Aries** Dynamite the coal shaft, it's time to get in touch with your creative side, Smackwater Mack.
- Taurus** Today is the day of Jack. Once you were Jack London, before you were Jack Kerouac, and now you are Jack Daniels. Wait, wasn't there supposed to be a joke somewhere here?
- Gemini** Gemini, due to the duality of your sign, you will find twice the grub in your next dumpster. Yee-haw!
- Cancer** Har-har He-yuck He-yuck Ho Ho Ho Hawwk! Ptoie! (cough: toss something up bloody green :cough:) Your plan to hold the door for McDonald's patrons in exchange for cigarettes has backfired. You have two weeks until your bronchioles completely fill with blood.
- Leo** Did you hear?! Get out your sand sifters, there's gold in the Roth Pond! Gold, I tell ya, GOLD!!!!
- Virgo** Virgo, that there beard ya got is sure sum'thin'. (Pulls out knife) You think you're all tart and tandy, do you, grizzled boy?! Well, have at you!!! AHHHHHHhhhhhhhh!!!!
- Libra** Today's a day for experimentin', Libra. If they can make wine from apples, why not urine? It's time your piss-bottle collection paid dividends.
- Scorpio** Babble incoherently to a purty lady on the street. A stranger is just a friend you don't know!
- Sagittarius** Did you know that figure 8's actually mean "Police Frown on Hobos Here." You know what? That's actually true everywhere, ya filthy bastard!
- Capricorn** Hobo's don't get laid that often. Flippy Joe, you sure got them purty eyes. Come with me on the magical nip-nip train, destination: Your mouth. Woot-Woooooooot!
- Aquarius** Dangit! Lost 'nutta toof.
- Pisces** Pisces is a fish, 'bub. Time to get the fishing rod out the ole' rucksack and show them thar suckers what a true hobo is made of. Tonights, we gots some good eatin's!!

www.slackaction.com/signroll.htm

WELCOME TO THE PRESS WORD SEARCH!!

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

Try to find all of the words listed below in the puzzle on the left. The Press' respect for you as a human being depends on it!

Exclamations!

- Ahhh
- Boo-yah
- Eek
- Help
- Meep-meep
- Nooo
- Oh my God
- Ouch
- Woah
- Wow
- Yowza

When you find ALL of the words in the list on the right, you should have 74 left-over letters in the puzzle. Plug the remaining 74 letters into the blanks below to get a very special message!

And the hidden phrase is...

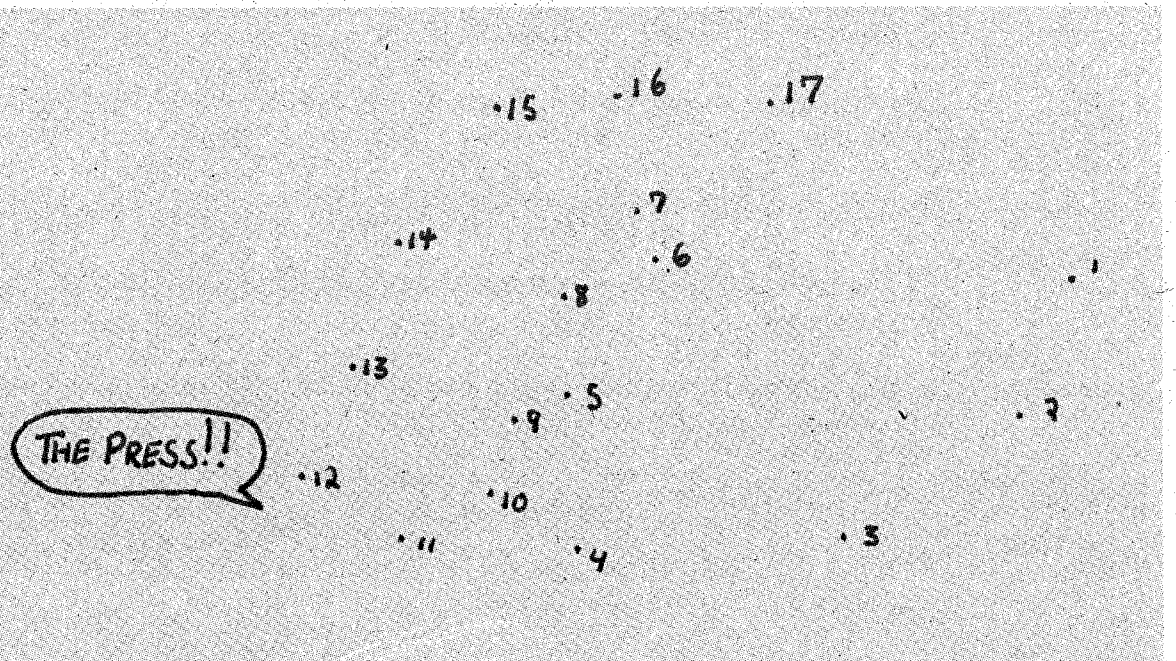
_____, _____, _____
 _____, _____, _____,
 _____, _____, _____ !!

Check *The Stony Brook Press'* website for the answers and the very special message!

www.thepress.info

But Wait...

Too dumb for the Word Search? That's OK, stupid! Enjoy some uncomplicated yet wholesome Connect-the-Dots, courtesy of your pal, Tom Senkus.



Libel of the Dead

By Johnny Backslash

According to the 6th trade edition of the Associated Press Stylebook and Libel Manual, "In general, there can be no defamation of the dead. No one can sue on behalf of a deceased individual on the basis of false and defamatory statements made about that individual." We at The Press are thrilled!

Vaunted PBS Culinarian Julia Child:

Rescued from wintry Romania as an infant by the far older spy who would one day scandalously become her husband, Julia Child's involvement with the Pentagon's Office of Special Investigations, and its issue the Central Intelligence Agency, is often casually mentioned to spice up her biography and to explain how what would otherwise have been an idle stay in France became her transformation from culinary klutz to mistress of French foodstuffs. In fact, it was Child who mothered the notorious wet works program, and it was she who was matron to generations of clandestine American assassins. Julia Child impressed upon these patriot murderers a workmanlike sense of efficiency, a flippant mastery of improvisation when recipes go awry in the hot kitchens of espionage, and a zeal for the messy business of snuffing lives matched by few others. She also remained the master of the craft, and when the Soviets went "all in," it was to Julia and her silver filigreed custom-built rifle "Amelie" that Washington turned. Most famously, among Langly circles, was her hit on the seemingly invincible Kremlin agent known only as "Cuban B," for which the invasion of Grenada was organized as a diversion. Child carried out her work on nearby Martinique, and having been repeatedly disarmed by the tenacious and deft "Cuban B," finished the job with a colander. The strain of reconciling her dark trade with the love of life that justified her service to country eventually drove Child to clinical dementia, and she became fascinated with accidental deaths. In her last few decades she was fond of racing haphazardly into winding Boston streets in front of

oncoming motorists just to see the look in their eyes.

Francis Crick, Nobel Prize Winner for discovering the structure of DNA:

Francis Crick basically just ripped off Rosalind Franklin. Plus, he probably raped her. That guy was a bastard. He only got the Nobel Prize because he scored Jeff Goldblum to play him in that movie.



SEND MORE... REPORTERS!
Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

Price is Right announcer Rod Roddy:

Rod Roddy, born Rodbert Heisenberg, began his broadcasting career at the age of fifteen reading advertising copy in place of a militantly anticommercial disk jockey at the small town Ohio radio station WKDD. From these humble origins he climbed to the apex of the broadcasting world, daytime television, and a starring role opposite the magnetic Bob Barker. But what began as a favor for Barker, arranging

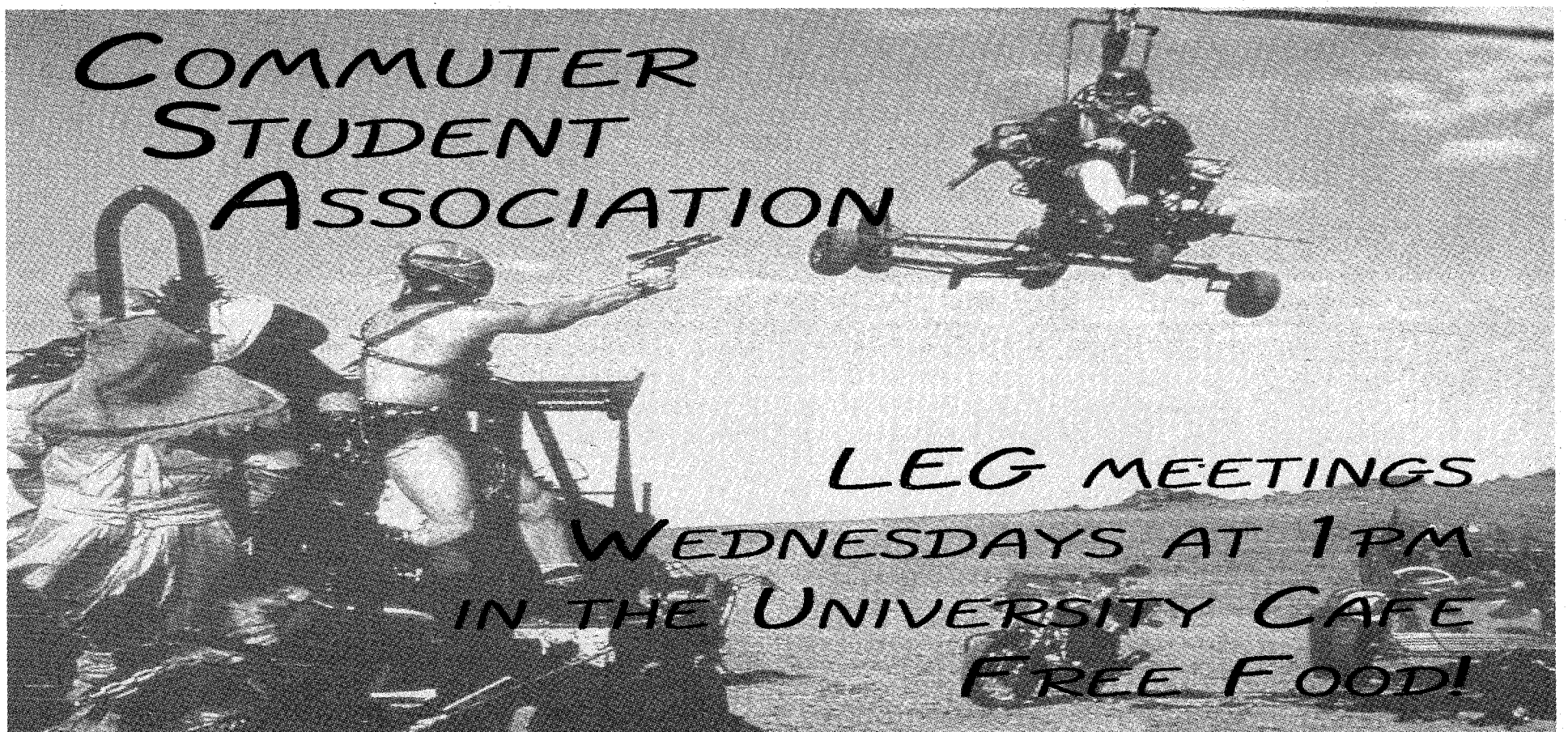
for a sex tour of then French Indochina, became, for Roddy, an obsession. He soon found his network of connections in Pyongyang, Vientiane, and Bangkok made him a hot commodity among the entertainment industry players, performers and money-men alike, who frequented CBS's Hollywood facilities. Roddy soon found more wealth and status as a purveyor of exploited third world flesh than he would ever know as the cheerful, brash voice booming the invitation "Come on Down." His more sinister invitations, leading the weak souls of Hollywood egotists towards their victims, prisoners of penury all, will forever taint his name. Rod Roddy, Come on Down...to hell.

United States First Lady Ida Saxton McKinley:

Born in Canton, Ohio to the prominent socialite banker James Saxton, Ida McKinley was sent at a young age to receive her education in Europe. Her real education came not in that continent's well polished ivory towers, but on the mean streets of Berlin. It was there that she swore her life to the service of anarchism. Returning to Canton, she seduced and wed Major William McKinley, who had settled there to establish a law practice, with the sole purpose of subverting American order. She bode her time as a sleeper playing the dutiful wife, catering to McKinley's boorish peculiarities and receiving state visitors on those blue velvet chairs she secretly despised, and even as he ascended to the presidency she remained patient. After he won his second term it was time to strike. It was Ida McKinley who arranged for the murder of her husband by an anarchist in Buffalo.

Rick James:

Rick James made Wayne Brady look like Malcolm X.



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*TENTH SCIENTIST ACTUALLY JUST DR. PHIL