

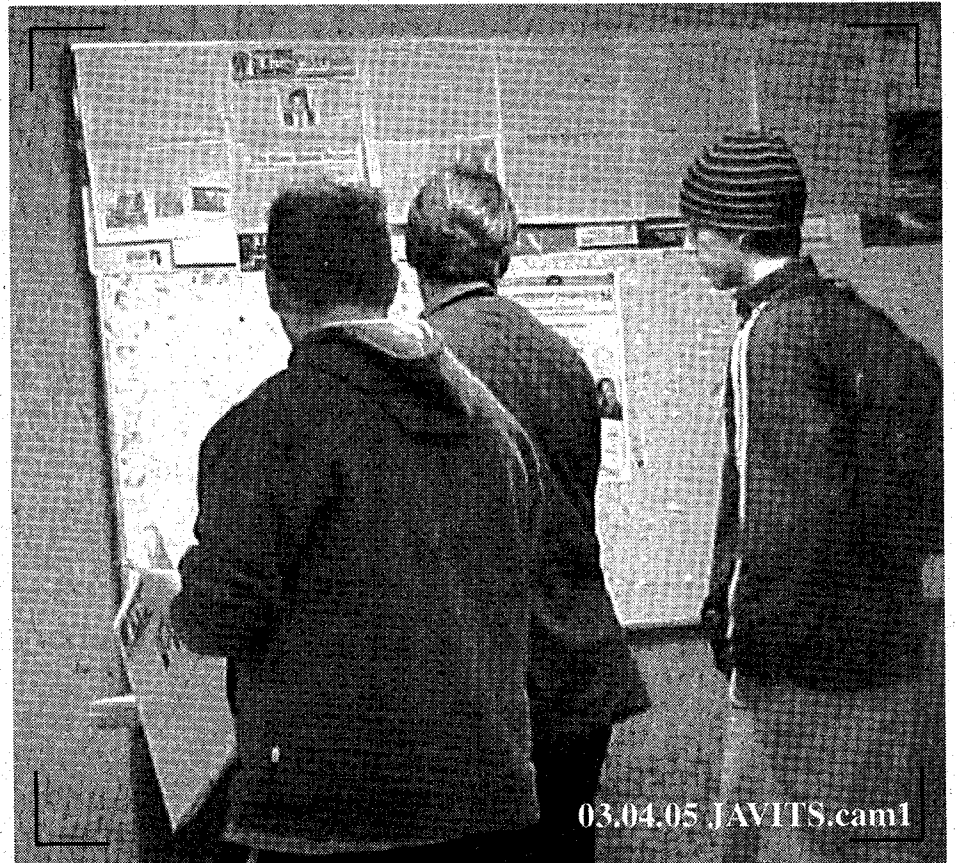
PRESS

the stony brook
the community news and features paper

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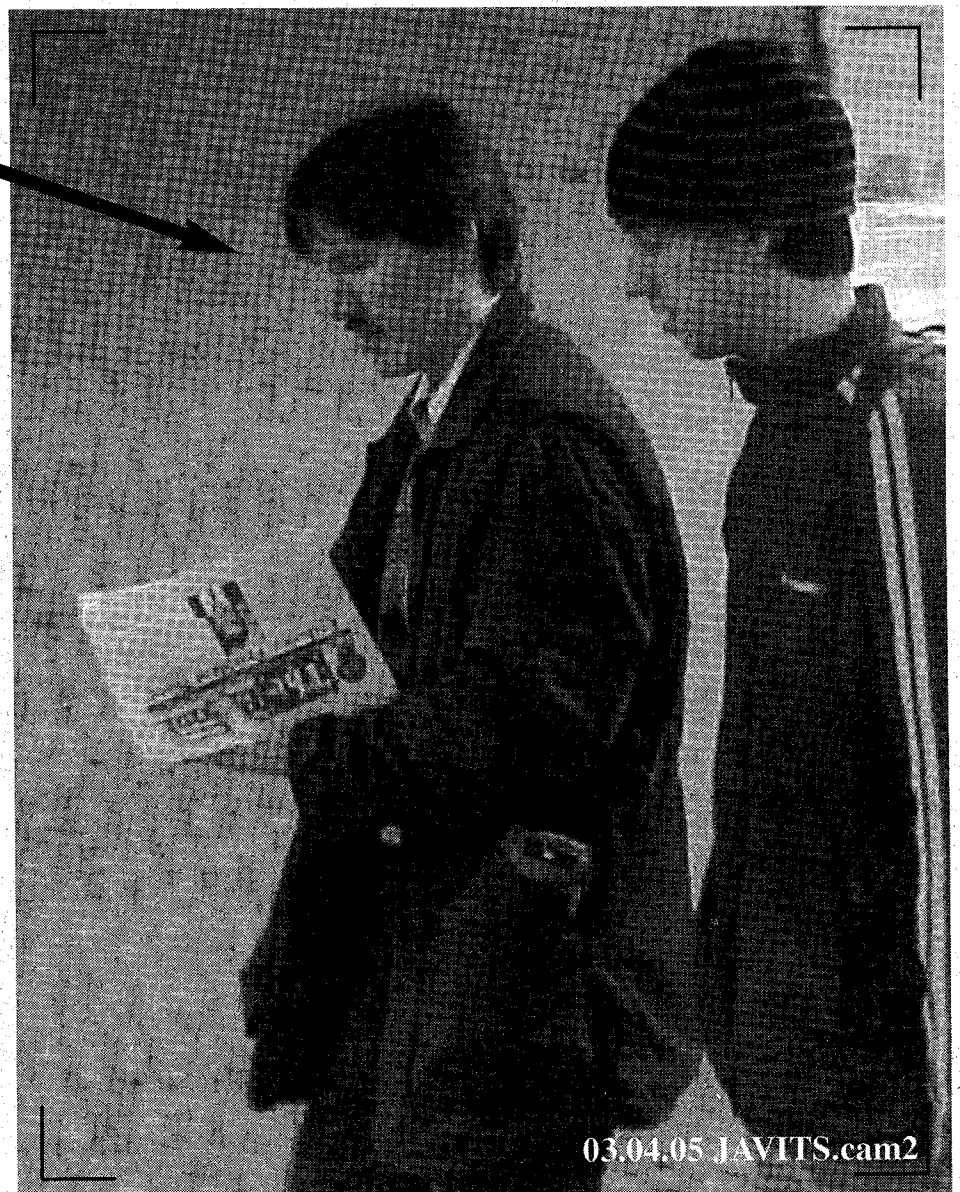
"Her platform was sex and pie."

March 11, 2005



New Student Publication Hits the
Stands as Well as the Bulletin
Boards, Thanks to This Guy!

Who Is He and Why Does He
Attack *The Press* on Page Eight?



USG Executive Council Attempts to Impeach Thompson

By Andrew Pernick

Senator Andrew Thompson faced the USG Executive Council on Wednesday, February 23 in a special executive session called to determine whether or not Thompson should be impeached. The issue of impeachment stemmed from Thompson's forging and circulation of a letter purportedly written by former Executive Vice President Esam al-Shareffi but actually written by Thompson. Also before the Council as an additional part of the case for Thompson's impeachment were statements made by Thompson in which he admitted forging posts to StonyBrookSucks.com in a manner designed to defame and malign al-Shareffi by impersonating the former Executive Vice President. Despite all of the evidence presented, the Council in a secret vote refused to impeach Thompson.

The Stony Brook Press first revealed Thompson's forgeries in the February 9, 2005 issue ("Conspiracy to Take Over Student Government Exposed"), in which it was reported that Thompson was acting as the puppet of Irfan Syed. Further investigation revealed that many other senators and USG officials were participating in Syed's conspiracy. These facts were reported in the February 23 issue ("Witch Hunt' to Take Over USG").

According to the USG Constitution (Article VIII, Section 2.C), a Senate member "may be impeached and removed for material violations of this constitution, legislation, or policies or procedures of the Undergraduate Student Government, or a wrongful act of substance." Before the Council was whether or not Thompson's campaign to defame and malign al-Shareffi both in print and online amounted to a "wrongful act of substance." The vote of three quarters of the Executive Council is required to impeach. A three-quarter majority of the filled seats on the USG Supreme Court is needed to remove an impeached senator from office.

Arguing the case for Thompson's impeachment was Bill Lewis, a former member of the conspiracy who has renounced his part and has come forward to stand up against Syed. Thompson represented himself at the hearing. Lewis has provided *The Stony Brook Press* with a copy of the evidence packet used to support his case, which includes printouts of numerous AOL Instant Messenger conversations logged by the Dead-AIM program between himself and Thompson, a copy of the letter Thompson forged in al-Shareffi's name, and a letter from Lewis signed by Lewis in the presence of two witnesses asserting the authenticity of the printouts. As of the time of this writing, *The Press* has been unable to obtain a copy of Thompson's evidence for his own defense. *The Press* has also obtained an audiocassette of the proceedings.

Although Lewis was the only person who was permitted to testify against Thompson at the impeachment hearing, other evidence of the conspiracy, including Thompson's role in it, was set forth in the February 9 and February 23 issues of *The Press*.

The Executive Council was given specific information regarding Thompson's forgeries. Said Lewis during the proceedings of these, "To my understanding, these postings and this letter were being circulated to discredit Esam al-Shareffi and basically draw a negative connotation to any sort of character or standing that he has." He went on to say that Thompson admitted forging the letter to make it appear as if it had come from al-Shareffi. "In these [AOL Instant Messenger] conversations, Senator Thompson admits to making the same exact statements verbatim that were put into this letter.... There are statements from Senator Andrew Thompson with

direct quotes that were put into this letter which was circulated," Lewis explained. The last page of the Dead-AIM printouts includes statements made by Thompson including verbatim language from the forged letter as well as requests for Lewis to provide support for the writing of the letter as it was being forged. The printout corresponds to a conversation between Lewis and Thompson that took place before the forged letter was written.

"He used StonyBrookSucks.com to post as Esam al-Shareffi to defame and malign his [al-Shareffi's] character to the public...this letter was done through Senator Thompson's hands," Lewis said to the Council.

Thompson seemed baffled at how his conduct regarding the forged letter and posts rose to the level of impeachable offenses. In his opening address to the Council, he said, "Basically, I don't see what the charges are against me, really, I don't see exactly what it is that you might want to impeach me for.... I really don't know what else to say other than I don't understand why we're having a witch-hunt. I don't understand what we're going to accomplish other than we're going to have one less Senator. Is that what we really want? It's weird. I don't understand why you're openly trying to remove Senators."

"[W]e fully believe that we have and will continue to uphold the sanctity and principles of USG."

When asked about his remarks in the AIM conversations, Thompson defended himself by alleging that the printouts were forged. "I do know that Bill [Lewis] has worked with Information Technology in this university. I know Bill [Lewis] is quite competent with computers. It would be easy for him to fake an IM conversation. It would be pretty easy for him to do that. I wouldn't know how to do that. I'm not good with computers," he alleged. Multiple sources confirm that to fake the Dead-AIM printouts would take over a week's worth of concerted effort and substantial knowledge of photo editing software. Lewis maintains that he does not have the requisite computer knowledge to forge the printouts and vehemently denies having faked any evidence.

The Council then focused on the posts Thompson admitted forging on StonyBrookSucks.com. Despite that, Thompson said that he was not "able to remember" whether or not he ever posted on the website as al-Shareffi. Contradicting his testimony before the Council, in one of the Dead-AIM printouts Thompson wrote that he would only "do Esam posts over the weekdays" in order to ensure maximum readership. He went on to write in the same AIM conversation, that "I think we should start to work it out where I post, and you [Lewis], Iffy [Irfan Syed], and others can respond."

At one point before the Council, Thompson said he could not recall posting on StonyBrookSucks.com at all, under his own name or under anyone else's, contradicting his own earlier testimony in which he stated that he had, in fact, posted on the website. He said, "I don't remember" when asked if he had ever posted to the website. At another point in his testimony, he said, "I think I remember posting

about some academic stuff."

After both sides had finished giving their testimony, the Executive Council began a closed-door private session to deliberate on the matter of impeachment. After debating the matter for close to half an hour, the Council voted via secret ballot. In the end, the Council voted not to impeach Thompson.

The Executive Council put out a press release entitled "Results of Executive Council Impeachment Hearing." According to the statement, "On February 23, 2005 the full Executive Council met in executive session to hear impeachment charges brought against Senator Andrew Thompson by Mr. Bill Lewis. Both parties were given an equal amount of time to present their side and answer questions from the council. Senator Thompson and Mr. Lewis were then asked to leave the room while the Executive Council discussed the impeachment. After discussion, the council voted by secret ballot on the impeachment charges. Mary Howley, the USG office administrator, was then asked to tally the votes and deliver the verdict to President Jared Wong. She did not divulge how many votes were in favor or against the impeachment. The Council delivered a verdict of No Impeachment for Senator Andrew Thompson and considers the matter closed.

"However," the press release continues, "the Executive Council also wishes to express its condemnation of any individual, whether they are a member of USG or not who would actively pursue a campaign of malice, deceit, and fraud in order to disrupt our organization or work against the betterment of the student body. We would never condone actions of this sort and we fully believe that we have and will continue to uphold the sanctity and principles of USG."

Due to new information brought before the Council at the March 4 Executive Council Meeting, the Council is considering rehearing the impeachment on Wednesday, March 9.

In a conversation with Dean of Students Jerry Stein, Dean Stein said that the CORE conspiracy set forth in the February 9 and February 23 issues of *The Press*, including Thompson's involvement, was a serious matter and that he would forward these issues to President Shirley Strum Kenny's assistant for the President to read due to the gravity of the matter. He stated that he was aware of the fact that police reports had been filed against Syed and Senator Vincent Rasulo. He went on to say that these reports had been forwarded to Mr. Gary Mis, Director of Judicial affairs for the university. He concluded by saying that the actions of Syed, Thompson and the rest of the conspirators have no place in USG and that Rasulo and Syed's actions have no place at Stony Brook. However, after several attempts to reach Dean Stein for a further comment, the Dean has, as of the time of this writing, yet to consent to an interview. The Dean's office has not replied to numerous requests for an appointment and messages left for Dean Stein have met with no response.

According to Mr. Mis, the university is currently investigating Senators Richard Hsu, Rasulo, and Thompson for their role in this conspiracy. As a result of Rasulo's harassment of *Press* staff first reported in the February 23 issue of *The Press*, Rasulo has been banned from attending USG Senate meetings as well as being prohibited from having any contact, either in person or electronically, with the *Press* staffer who has been the victim of Rasulo's harassment.

Governor's Proposal Gives Students A Raw Deal

By Michael Nevradakis

History does repeat itself. At least, that's the conclusion one could come to by examining Governor Pataki's recently proposed 2005-2006 Executive Budget, which is full of bad news for SUNY and CUNY students.

It was two years ago this spring that students across New York State mobilized to protest Governor Pataki's plan to raise tuition by \$1,400 at SUNY institutions, and dramatically slash funding to TAP, EOP, AIM, HEOP and SEEK. This was also accompanied by a severe cut in the operating budget of SUNY, on the order of 10-12%. Thanks in large part to a student backlash, programs such as TAP received a "stay of execution," while the tuition increase was reduced to \$950, which still made the cost of higher education prohibitive for many students across the state.

Governor Pataki, two years later, has again proposed similar measures. Included in his budget proposal is a \$500 tuition increase at SUNY schools, and a \$250 increase at CUNY institutions. This would be coupled with annual tuition increases averaging around 4% per year, which is above the rate of inflation, and with the exact annual amount determined by the Higher Education Price Index [HEPI].

The Governor is also making a second attempt at destroying programs such as TAP, EOP, HEOP, SEEK and the College Discovery Program, which help thousands of students across the state afford their college education. Pataki is proposing a restructuring of TAP, in which 50% of each students' financial aid reward is withheld until graduation. According to the Governor, this will encourage more students to complete their college education within four years. The Governor, however, conveniently fails to consider or mention the many reasons why a student might need more than four years to graduate. It might be hard for Pataki, who is quite well off, to fathom this, but some students do actually have to work to pay for their college tuition and other needs. In addition, the Governor's budget cuts two years

ago led to the reduction in many course offerings at SUNY schools, and the consolidation of many class sections into one, which is why we see lecture classes with 600 students in them today. Less classes, and classes which are harder to get into because of the amount of students registering for them, inevitably leads to students needing to stay an extra semester, or two, or more, to get their degree and move on in their lives.

"[T]hese proposals do not even cover the rising cost of housing, food, books, and transportation."

The Governor also proposes eliminating the financial aid component of EOP, HEOP, SEEK and the College Discovery program, which are all currently surviving at below 1994 budget levels. These programs, which help the economically disadvantaged students of New York State receive an education they could otherwise never afford, will basically remain in name only, but without providing much in the way of substance.

At first glance, there seems to be one positive from the Governor's higher education proposal: slight increases in the operating budgets of SUNY and CUNY schools. However, the fine print reveals that these increases will come directly from the money earned by raising tuition. In either case, this small increase will not be nearly enough to allow SUNY schools to offer more academic, research and extracurricular programs or better facilities to their students, or reduce class sizes.

To some, a \$500 tuition increase might not sound like a whole lot of money. However,

when coupled with the Governor's proposal to withhold 50% of TAP awards, students will have to pay a lot more than \$500 out of their pockets to get an education, or will have to take on a second [or third, or fourth] job, making it ever more difficult to finish school in four years, or will have to resort to student loans; money which they never would have needed to borrow if TAP were left alone. Oh, and if you are one of those students that won't be graduating in four years, keep this in mind: TAP awards won't be offered after the students' fourth year of college.

Finally, take into consideration the fact that these proposals do not even cover the rising cost of housing, food, books and transportation. At Stony Brook University, the cost of living on campus increased 5% for this academic year, and the cost of the meal plan most residents are required to be a part of increased by \$200 [with that \$200 going towards a "facilities fee," not towards more food for hungry students]. Commuter students are all too familiar with the increased cost of fuel in recent years as well, and if they happen to commute by rail, well, the Governor and the MTA have proposed raising ticket prices as well. Talk about a double whammy.

In the meantime, the MTA, which claims to be facing a huge budget deficit of its own, is prepared to accept a low-ball offer for its property on the West Side of Manhattan, so that Pataki and New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg can fulfill their vision of the Olympic Games being held in NYC.

Governor Pataki, I realize that you are probably too busy attending ribbon-cutting ceremonies or making multi-million dollar deals with corporate donors to read a humble student publication such as this one. On March 1st, we traveled to Albany as part of Stony Brook Day in Albany, and made our voices heard. Hopefully you received the message, loud and clear: do not mortgage our future, and the future of New York State. The ball's in your court.

Bush's Budget Doesn't "Support the Troops"

By Laura Positano

President George W. Bush revealed his true priorities this month in his \$2.5 trillion budget. Re-elected as a wartime president, many would assume the needs of veterans and their families would be a top priority for him. Veterans' groups are livid that their medical benefits are among the many programs that are cut in President Bush's new budget.

Funding for state programs that take care of veterans over a long period of time is now jettisoned. Veterans often need such long-term care which addresses both the physical maladies and mental illnesses that are the price many soldiers pay for war. Soldiers that have become amputees in the ongoing Afghanistan and Iraq wars, for instance, may need physical therapy for an indefinite amount of time.

Psychotherapy, to treat post-traumatic stress disorder, that countless soldiers returning from the ongoing Iraq war need may be needed for many years. Vietnam veterans are still grappling with the psychological demons associated with a war that ended three decades ago. Consequently, many veterans will be hurting even more than they are now without the long-term care that is essential for their healing.

In an article printed in the *New York Times*, Vietnam veterans are quoted to say that "Iraq veterans face a more intense version of the stresses they experienced...inability to distinguish friend from foe and profound despair that

often accompanies taking a life, especially a civilian's."

In that same article, which focused on young Iraq veterans who now belong to anti-war veteran groups, the amputee spokesman for Operation Truth related an anecdote that, sadly, may become more common. "He [Robert Acosta, who was in the commercials for Operation Truth] once used duct tape to hold his prosthesis together because he could not get it repaired quickly at the local Veterans Affairs hospital."

Beneficial psychiatric medications utilized to treat post-traumatic stress disorder cost money, and with Bush's budget, these necessary pills will increase in cost for veterans. Co-payments for some veterans prescribed medication will be more than double what is currently paid. Additionally, the millions of veterans now using the Veteran's Administration (VA) for medical care may end up having no choice but to pay, annually, \$250 to use the Veteran's Administration for such health care services.

With the diminishing funds that President Bush allocates to the crucial Veteran's Administration, many VA hospitals face the potential of shutting down. To reduce the likelihood of this happening, or at least to delay this fate, VA hospitals may layoff staff (i.e. nurses). Less staff translates to less people to treat veterans in need of assistance.

The health of veterans is not the only fun-

damental right that is not addressed by Bush's 2005 proposed budget. According to the web site of the Veterans Against the Iraq War, "\$463 million in disability compensation, vocational rehabilitation, education survivors' benefits and pension programs [for veterans]" will be cut.

This budget definitely does not make Bush popular with many interest groups. Many of the affected interest groups that are critical of this budget believe that this compensates for Bush's planned, permanent trillion-dollar tax cut, occurring over ten years. President Bush's proposed budget has brought troubles to some Republican politicians.

The conservative-leaning *Free Republic* magazine states: "These are tough times for Republicans [whose constituents are veterans and other affected groups]. The home state political realities [of these red state politicians] conflict with the 'cut spending' rhetoric of the White House and GOP."

Ironically, the Department of Defense will get a 4.5 percent increase in funding, with its budget to increase to \$419 billion allocated to that department in the total budget. Though a deficit still exists, reductions to income tax rates for the top brackets paid by wealthy taxpayers will continue. This is viewed as unfair by many who recognize that veterans rarely are wealthy, and the wealthy are rarely veterans.

Rampant Nepotism in USG

By Joe Filippazzo

We are under attack. At first the problem was easy to ignore because it seemed so far removed from our Podunk little town of Stony Brook. Slowly but surely, though, the cancer has spread from the bowels of Washington, D.C. to the colon of New York State and then to the prostate of Stony Brook University's administration. We thought our humble little student government was safe, but we were wrong. The Republicans have invaded and they are slowly killing everything.

The current USG President is a fellow by the name of Jared Wong. He is an individual that *The Stony Brook Press* lobbied very heavily for during his campaign last year with the hope that he would do right by the students and make legitimacy a priority in the event of his election. Although his actions during the first couple of months of his tenure hinted that we had chosen correctly, we are now having our doubts as to Wong's true intentions. Is our President's motive to protect students' rights and address their concerns to better the community, or is it instead to establish a corrupt and ineffective system of government that emulates that of the United States government? If the latter represents his true intentions, then the student government is headed for terrible times.

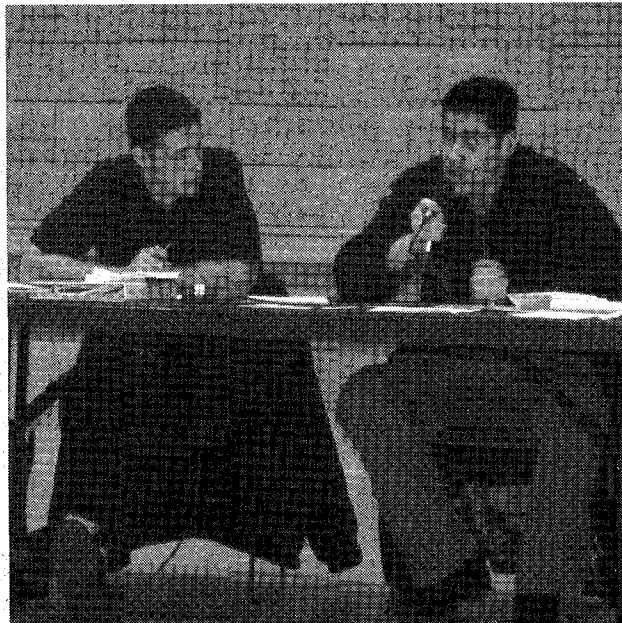
There is a reason the United States government is so inherently oppressive and fucked up: the current administration is not a democracy. It is a tyrannical and oppressive system overrun by the unpopular views of a few who have mislead and cheated their way into office. They have then solidified their presence and imposed their views by setting up a system to stay in power no matter how unpopular their policies become. This antithesis of democracy has effected our government on the national scale and it has now wormed its way into the student government here at Stony Brook. It is none other than the slimy Republican patronage mill.

Jared Wong, the founder of the Enduring Freedom Alliance, was elected president of USG legitimately. As was Virginia Morgan, the current VP of Clubs and Organizations. Although both have very close ties to the College Republicans, this is not the problem. It is a given that someone involved in a politically affiliated organization would also be interested in the student government. The actions that raise a curious eyebrow are the governmental positions handed out to the rest of the Republican presence on campus. For example, the duly elected Executive Vice President Esam al-Shereffi stepped down after being virtually harassed out of office so his seat needed to be filled. President Wong took the opportunity to unilaterally appoint his unofficial assistant Jeffrey Kruszyna to the position of Vice President. Jeff is currently the President of the College Republicans, a group whose goal is to ferry Republicans into any and all governmental offices, and he is also the President Emeritus of the Enduring Freedom Alliance, a group whose goal is to quote Ronald Reagan and George Bush a lot without actually discussing any relevant issues. If the patronage stopped here, that would be fine. Perhaps Jeff actually was a good choice for the position since he worked so closely with Jared from the get-go. Then again, by a slightly different logic, this may have made him a terrible choice. Either way, the position needed to be filled in a hurry...but the handouts didn't stop there.

Another Executive Council member who resigned due to personal difficulties was Vice President of Communications Rosario Minier. Almost immediately, President Wong appointed former USG Webmaster and current College

Republican, Ilan Nassimi to the position. Surely this was another move made out of desperation, right?

The Elections Board, the committee established to set up, regulate and oversee the election process for next year's USG, is also chaired by a presidential appointee. Jared Wong chose none other than Robert Romano, the current Treasurer of the College Republicans, for the position. His first order of business was to modify the Elections Board Bylaws. While this might seem to be a good idea, all you need do is consider the consequences of the amendments Romano proposed. For example, I attended an Executive Council meeting where he argued for approximately an hour over why the media should not have special protections not afforded to candidates for office. Luckily, the Student Media advisor Norman Prusslin explained it to him nice and slowly that this is



JEFF KRUSZYNA AND JARED WONG,
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

the only way to ensure legitimacy. Another point Romano kept pushing was that he wanted to remove the limitations on flyering so that a candidate could advertise with their own money to their hearts content. Wait a second. Removing the protections of the media and creating a system where a lower economic class is left at a serious disadvantage? Emperor Bush would be so proud.

Yet another example is the Special Services Council (SSC), a mechanism set up to allocate a base funding to new student groups. The outgoing chair of the council is a true blue, straight shooter named Rustum Nyquist. Nyquist and President Wong had been discussing a replacement for the SSC Chair for some time. Nyquist, fully aware of the position's demands and qualifications, informed Wong that he knew of an able bodied, genuinely interested student to take his place. On several occasions, President Wong told Rustum Nyquist that it was a good idea and that he was considering appointing his nominee. When it finally came time for Wong to appoint the position, he named Mohammed Ali Torab Parhiz, a Republican cohort, as the new SSC chair without notifying Nyquist at all. In fact, Parhiz showed up to the first SSC meeting since his appointment and informed all the other members of the council that they were fired in what can only be interpreted as a "house cleaning" of sorts so that Parhiz could appoint more...agreeable council members. Luckily, Nyquist had recently changed the Council's bylaws to stipulate that board members could only be removed by impeachment.

The USG Judiciary also had unfilled

seats. Again, President Wong needed to appoint the positions. He went ahead and made fellow College Republican Alexandra Borodkin a Justice of the Judiciary Branch. This means that, thanks to the appointments of President Wong, at least one College Republican is in a position of authority in every branch of government. Sounds pretty familiar, huh? By invoking the exact tactics the Bush Administration uses to keep its stranglehold on the US government, the College Republicans have seized control of the student government. So what's the one thing that's missing? Ah, the unofficial fourth branch and the ultimate in checks and balances; the media!

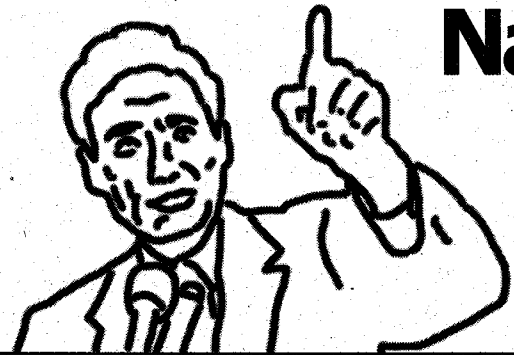
If the mainstream media was for sale on campus as it is on the national scale, then their problem is solved. Since that's not the case, they did the next best thing; they made their own paper. *The Patriot*, a news publication put out by the Enduring Freedom Alliance, is truly remarkable in that it is the first paper of its kind, created to continually stroke the egos of its governmental constituents. Although every news source on campus has its own political beliefs which are determined by the views of its editorial board, there has never been a media group that so shamelessly allied themselves with such a specific cause. *The Patriot's* Editor-in-Chief is Erik Berte who is the Vice President of the Enduring Freedom Alliance as well as the Secretary of the College Republicans. The paper's Production Editor is Elections Board Chair and College Republicans Treasurer Robert Romano. Its Advertising Manager is Justice Alexandra Borodkin of the USG Judiciary. Its Public Relations Manager is USG Vice President of Clubs and Organizations Virginia Morgan. Its staff members include USG Vice President, College Republicans President, and Enduring Freedom Alliance President Emeritus Jeffrey Kruszyna as well as USG Vice President of Communications Ilan Nassimi.

In fact, the very first article that appears in *The Patriot* is entitled "Exclusive: President Wong" where Editor-in-Chief Erik Berte starts out by writing, "I'd be hard pressed to find someone who's looking out for you more than Mr. Wong." Spoken like a true underling, Mr. Berte. I hear there are some Senate seats that need filling...

Although President Wong could not be reached for comment, not much could be said for the current state of affairs in USG anyway. The fact of the matter is that these appointments are being made and no one else is receiving much consideration. You can present the USG Constitution and cite as many governmental bylaws as you want to prove that the positions are at the discretion of Mr. Wong, but that is not what is being debated here. He can appoint who ever he wants and he will, but that is not democracy. Just because government flows a lot more smoothly when you surround yourself with yes-men does not make the government efficient. It makes it just like the United States government; corrupt, unrepresentative, and completely polarized.

Political parties are not what this student government needs. We don't need Republicans and we don't need CORE. And we really don't need class separation. We need dedicated students and honest government.

So what if several members of the same group have spread themselves out over every aspect of the governmental process? That's just smart politics, right? No. That's slimy and underhanded and fucking disgraceful coming from a group hypocrites who throw the words "freedom" and "democracy" around so readily.



Nader: "Ask yourself, have you done half of what no one can stop you from doing against this war?"

By Matt Willemain

Independent presidential candidate Ralph Nader is focusing his long term efforts out side of the electoral arena on opposing the invasion and ongoing "military and corporate" occupation of Iraq. He challenges every concerned citizen to spend time acting against the war, and encouraging others to do the same. That requires believing in your own capacity to change the world, and also expecting political leaders to listen to your voice.

Speaking at a fundraiser in Manhattan on February 25, Nader reiterated the case for opposition to this and other needless wars. He discussed Iraqi history to contextualize both his opposition to the invasion and his suggestion that the Iraqi citizens will never happily accept US occupation. Nader listed what he called "points of entry for civic action", especially troubling aspects of the Iraq war around which organizers could build opposition, and methods for encouraging other people to become more involved. He harshly criticized George Bush, calling him, "the most impeachable American president in modern American history" and describing his administration repeatedly as a gang who hijacked our government. He called out Democrats for wasting huge opportunities to prevent the invasion and end the occupation. Nader concluded the evening with his appeal for money to retire debt left over from the Nader/Camejo 2004 White House campaign. The full text of Nader's remarks is available on *The Press's* web page, <http://www.thepress.info>.

During his presidential campaigns, Nader speaks about building a long term reform movement. In his speech, Nader promoted the newly updated web site, democracyrising.us. Democracy Rising was organized in 2001, to follow up on the efforts of his 2000 campaign, and was focused on reforming political institutions to make them more responsive to citizen involvement in government. Upon the invasion of Iraq, however, Democracy Rising recognized the urgency of antiwar action and refocused. A founding member of the national antiwar umbrella group United for Peace and Justice,

least half of them say, "we want the troops back yesterday." Why is it? Because people defeat themselves by sensing that they're powerless. And if you don't think you matter, if you don't think you count, no matter what you're opinion is about the need for change, you won't express yourself. The other side of the coin of powerlessness is apathy."

As Nader sees it, the first task for the antiwar movement is to make people feel like they can make a difference by encouraging them to take simple steps, like e-mailing their congressional representative. These e-mails, aggregated in large, but attainable, numbers would have a tremendous impact on the thinking of the Congress, which expects the population to forget about the ongoing occupation. Nader focuses on Congress as the part of government that will register opposition to war, and the mass of anti-war e-mails as the way by which Congress will realize the breadth of public opposition to Bush's Iraq policy.

Nader cited the abolitionist Frederick Douglas, "Power concedes nothing without a demand." He suggested that antiwar activists find encouragement from the fact that polls show most people oppose the war, even in the face of a virtually unanswered national media onslaught of pro-war propaganda.

Nader returned several times to the criticisms of the Democratic party for failing the antiwar movement. As he did during is presidential campaign, Nader offered a well researched and convincing criticism of the war he thinks a genuine opposition party should have presented to the public. He took apart the intentionally misleading justifications for war, described the ways it serves George Bush's selfish interests, and listed the huge costs, first, of course, the terrible human tragedies, and then the waste of money vital for unmet domestic

Continued on page 14

Prepare to be Lazy!

According to Nader, Bush continues to support the war for four self-interested reasons:

- Wartime "rally round the President" patriotism has silenced his critics in the Democratic party and the population at large.
- Focusing public and media attention on Iraq has removed the focus Bush's neglect of domestic concerns
- The war has redistributed power among the national government away from the Congress and the Supreme Court to the Office of The Presidency
- War and reconstruction creates tremendous opportunities for graft; Bush has been able to reward his friends with ill gotten public funds, and received, in exchange, unprecedented donations to fuel his corrupt campaigning

How can you oppose the war, you ask?

! Call Me!



I am
Representative
John Conyers,
from Michigan,
the ranking
Democrat on the
House Judiciary
Committee!

I am considering introducing an impeachment inquiry, to weigh the possibility of impeaching George Bush for launching an unconstitutional and unjust war on a premise of lies. But no one is calling me and telling me it's the right thing to do. Call me now and let's get the fucker!

(202) 225-5126

Nader describes Democracy Rising as the only organized antiwar group situated squarely in Washington, D.C., devoted to pressuring Congress and rebutting pro-war propaganda in the national media.

Nader's speech began with a call for action. Throughout his speech, he repeatedly suggested that a reasonable effort could lead to real change. Nader said, "I don't think, on any given day, in Congress, there are more than three or four thousand e-mails coming from around the country against this war, even though the polls are moving against it. You know, a sizable majority, over sixty per cent of people say it was a mistake to go in there, at

Here are quotes and summaries for you!

Nader on the politically cowardly antiwar Democrats:

What if you had an opposition party that really took on the Bush administration? What if the Democratic party, instead of cowering, instead of engaging in protective imitation of George W. Bush (witness the first debate with Kerry and Bush) what if they really took them on? You cannot believe the arguments, the constituencies, the tools that they have that they've set aside because, with very few exceptions, on capital hill they have no guts.

For Those Who Don't Like Reading Too Much:

Nader on the real possibility of influencing US Iraq policy:

If two million people, next week, sent e-mails to their members of Congress, you can not believe how it would shake that place up. They'd say, "What's going on, here? Is it...there's something going on here, they're not watching the third rerun of *Cheers*! They're re-focusing on it." Then another two million, and another two million. Look, how many people have e-mails?

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Ombudsman
Dustin Herlich

Peasant Army

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John Mascher	Jessica Worthington
Jamie Mignone	Ed Zadorozny

Family Values! WHAT Family Values!?

The right-wing likes to clamor on and on about how they represent the *real* America and how they stand for traditional "family values." But in light of Alan Keyes' reaction to his daughter coming out as a lesbian, it's become clear that right-wingers not only do *not* stand for the virtues of family and home, they actively oppose them.

Maya Marcel-Keys, Alan Keyes' 19 year old daughter, came out as a lesbian this month. Her parents promptly ejected her from their home, dismissing their own daughter from their lives as casually as a one-night stand. This scenario is certainly familiar to many in the queer community who've come out publicly. It is ironic and tragic that the very people who extol the virtues of strong families flip-flop when it comes to homosexuals. To them, anything other than the *Ozzie and Harriet* prototypical family—one dominant man, one submissive woman, two kids, and a dog named Spot—is unacceptable and somehow immoral—never mind that there is no logical basis given for this theory. A family may involve blood ties such as those between parents and children, or it may even be a group of close friends—or two men who wish to adopt a baby and raise her as their own.

My point is this: you cannot claim to be "pro family" while at the same time opposing same-sex marriage. You cannot claim to be "pro family" while at the same time dismissing single-parent households as "not ideal." You cannot claim to be "pro family" while kicking your lesbian daughter out of your home just because of immature homophobic bigotry. You cannot claim to be "pro family" when you seek to tear apart so-called "non-traditional" families through legislation specifically barring them from equal protection and equal benefits under the law.

Alan Keyes has no credibility when he lectures the public on "family values" because he doesn't practice these values in his own life. He rejects members of his own family when they don't conform to what he feels a man or a woman should be. Through rejecting his own daughter from his life [and this goes for all who do the same, especially right wingers], he is violating "family values."

Not that he really believes in them anyway, but as we all know, you should "practice what you preach." And Mr. Alan Keyes, Mr. Dick Cheney, and Ms. Sadie Fields, *et al*, have no place at the pulpit.

Is This a University or a Corporate Office Park?

The State University of New York at Stony Brook has been a world leader in academics and research since its inception. This, we do not argue against. What we do argue against, not only as the editorial board of *The Stony Brook Press*, but as students, is the current state of affairs at this university. In particular, we are malcontent with the newest plans for land development on university property.

The powers that be not only want to see a bona fide shopping mall placed on the academic mall (or should we say former academic mall) but they would also like to cut down the Ashley Schiff Preserve. The Preserve is the oldest section of forest left in the country, and one of the oldest in the world. The forest has never been clear cut, which in short means it is both an ecological **and** historical "gold mine". The university has now decided to turn our hallowed woodlands into corporate money-makers, the benefit of which will not be seen by the students in any foreseeable future. This is a public university, not a shopping mall. The university needs a peaceful forest much more so than a 350-room hotel.

As part of the plans to turn this public property into an industrial center, the campus would like to clear cut the serene stand of trees that separates the main entrance from Nichols Road. The University would like to change the current traffic pattern, installing extra lanes of traffic and more stoplights.

This will, in theory, allow for channeling of a larger volume of vehicles to enter campus for reception into the Wang center (which is all but off limits to students) and to the administration building (too frightening for students to enter). The reality of this plan is it will for one, remove natural beauty from the campus, and secondly, it will create more impermeable surfaces on the university grounds. This will not only contribute to the flooding problems we already experience, but it will reduce the amount of water that is allowed to re-enter the aquifer, from which we get the pristine water we drink. The third, and most immediate problem with this plan is that it will actually cause a traffic nightmare. There will be a dangerous back-up of vehicles on Nichols Road leading to increased air pollution (right next to a hospital no less) and more possibly fatal accidents.

The plan for re-vamping the main entrance, as currently planned by the university, will be a disaster, for the students and for the community. As students, editors and members of this university community we urge the Administration to re-consider their plans, and for once, put academia first and treat this like a college, not a business. The money that would be spent on these projects is better spent on fixing pot holes, leaks in the union (and the brand new Tabler Center), on professors and on student life. It is our sincere hope those who read this consider our words carefully.

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The Press Has Confirmed Its Arrogance

In the February 22nd, 2005 issue of the Stony Brook Press, Andrew Pernick and Marcel Votlucka misinformed the student body about my character and integrity as a public official in a story entitled, "Witch Hunt to Take Over USG." The article stated: "The Press has confirmed that [student Irfan] Syed has control over... recently elected Chair of the Elections Board, Robert J. Romano." The Press has only confirmed its high arrogance and certain propensity not to confirm the facts of its "stories," nor to even check with the subjects of their literature to see what the true story actually was.

Votlucka and Pernick are wrong on both counts. Neither am I under any arbitrary "control" nor do I serve an elected position. The Elections Board is an independent agency pursuant to Article III, Section 3.B.1 of the USG Constitution whose Chair is nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. It is actually up to the President to make certain that independent agencies are functioning properly

and in accordance with the law. This includes keeping the President, the Executive Council, the Senate, and the students up to date on the progress of the elections.

Chairpersons of independent agencies such as the Elections Board, though not controlled by students such as Mr. Syed, are rather guided and limited by the law. The principles of limited government apply, and make certain that public servants may only act in manners prescribed by the law. As Chair of the Elections Board, I have worked hard to achieve much in a short amount of time, including posting the elections calendar. Though I am the head of an independent agency, I serve at the pleasure of the President, and I answer to him. It would be highly improper for any one student or group of students to arbitrarily "control" the outcome of the elections, or the heads of any agencies. It is up to the executive branch, rather, to be open and transparent to the student body so as to remove any possibility of impropriety. Students such as Mr. Syed have every right to approach public officials to relate their concerns, or to offer encouragement. That's what my office hours are for.

One goal I have set out for my tenure as Elections Board Chair is to reform the Elections Board Bylaws, and in setting out to do that, I have leaned on the guidance and wisdom of not one, but rather several members of both the Executive Council and the Senate, including the President of the USG, Jared Wong, and the President Pro Tempore, Sam Darguin. I have also received the guidance of regular members of the USG, including the Press' own Mr. Pernick.

At the Tuesday, February 22nd Senate meeting, during open agenda, Mr. Pernick suggested that the present Elections Board Bylaws are unconstitutional on the grounds that they violate the First Amendment. He is right. On numerous grounds, the Bylaws are in my opinion unconstitutional, several clauses are unnecessary, and strictly speaking, they do not serve the interests nor the rights of the students. This includes Mr. Pernick's case that the Elections Board may not in its Bylaws require that ads be published in student-funded newspapers. I let Mr. Pernick, the Senate, and the whole gallery know, as well as anyone who

caught it on SBU-TV, that I intended to follow up on his suggestion to remove all requirements for media groups to print USG Elections Board advertisements. In my most recent draft proposal, those provisions, at Mr. Pernick's personal request, have been removed. At that meeting, he even handed me a copy of my own proposal which I distributed at the Senate all marked up with sections crossed out that were objectionable. Using Mr. Pernick's logic, I suppose I am under his "control," too, for taking his recommendations?

The Stony Brook Press ought to print a retraction. Far from being under any one student's control, I have since my confirmation by a margin of 16 for, 1 against, and 2 abstaining, sought out the guidance of just about anyone who would listen, ranging from government officials to friends and family. I have consulted extensively with both the Executive Council and the Senate in reforming the Elections Board Bylaws even though, according to the present Bylaws, the Elections Board may amend the Bylaws by a 2/3 majority of the filled seats of the Board! I have gone as far as to make two presentations to the Executive Council, one to the Senate, and at both I took numerous questions. I have put in dozens of hours since taking office just a few short weeks ago.

While Mr. Syed has expressed support for my proposals, he is not alone, and he also happens to be a frequent attendee of both the Senate and Executive Council meetings, including those which I presented my proposals to. The idea that his support of a policy proposal which I crafted constitutes "control" is ludicrous. I have used the suggestions of no fewer than seven representatives of the USG, and more than one member of the University Administration. Does this imply "control" by any one individual, such as Mr. Syed? I think not.

The Stony Brook Press has confirmed much, and no less than that they are willing to jump to conclusions, engage in conspiracy theories, and lower themselves to the level of a rumor rag. These conspiracy theories being issued by the Press confirm my suspicion that their quest for an audience is exceeded only by their arrogance.

INDEX

Nader's Speech Pages 5, 14, 34

Press = Evil? Page 8

Hypocrisy Abounds! Page 12

Ask Amberly Jane Pages 18 & 19

Comics Galore! Pages 20-25

The Comrade Insert!

Interview w/ Courtney Cox Pages 52&53

The Truth Page 56

Media Ethics Page 59

The Press is ALWAYS right!

Dear Robert,

We are in complete agreement over several issues you have brought up.

1) We agree. You do indeed "serve at the pleasure of the President." It's a shame that the students of this university are not your primary concern.

2) We also agree that "it would be highly improper for any one student or group of students to arbitrarily 'control' the outcome of the elections, or the heads of any agencies." That's kind of the reason we brought it up and implicated the persons we did.

3) You are also right when you say "It is up to the executive branch, rather, to be open and transparent to the student body so as to remove any possibility of impropriety." Kind of makes you wonder why Andrew Thompson is still a Senator.

Truly, Mr. Romano, you are on to something here. And speaking of jumping to conclusions, you assume many things yourself in this disorganized whine. As you so accurately described, Mr. Pernick is a very organized individual and this newspaper has taken every precaution possible to check its facts and use reliable sources. We would not print it if it wasn't stated. If you are not under Mr. Syed's control, you should take it up with him since he is the one who says differently.

The Stony Brook Press

Does the SB Press Aid the Destruction of the University?

By Greg Lubicich

The University wants "the state to privatize University property so that Kenny can lease it to the developers, and let the developers build their own structure, which both enables them to build without using the state's construction company, and which also (and more importantly) enables the University or the owners of the Retail Village to operate without any oversight from the Faculty Student Association." The quote is from an article which appeared in *The Stony Brook Press* (October 15, 1997), which was written by Steve Preston (no relation to Fred Preston). Such coverage helped defeat the notion. *The Stony Brook Press* used to be a "real" newspaper in the days before it became a venue for stick figure porn, articles about baby eating, multiple degradations of religion and religious figures, a cheapening of the images surrounding the Holocaust, and conspiracy theories from certain highly questionable sources. Steve Preston wrote on his website about his time at *The Press*, "Although I am now ashamed to admit it, I used to write for The Stony Brook Press. Years ago this served as the campus' alternative newspaper. Now it is full of garbage, entertainment puff and fluff pieces, and miscellaneous junk."

Real news with an impact on students and the University community went unreported while *The Stony Brook Press* writers and editors were consumed with the very same type of witch hunts of which they accuse others (FYI - *The Press*'s attempts to impeach USG Senators failed miserably). For example, on 02/09/2005 and 02/17/2005, bills designed effectively to privatize University property, were introduced by NY State Senator Flanagan and NY State Assemblyman Steve Engelbright, respectively. Shockingly, Steve Engelbright is a Democrat. Unsurprisingly, John J. Flanagan is a Republican. Now one might think that *The Stony Brook Press* would be as aggressive toward NY State Senators as they are toward USG Senators, but that is not the case. Unfortunately, the increasing, and thus far unopposed in this era, privatization of the University allows commercial

interests to commandeer the purse and public purpose(s) of the University for which Mr. Ward Melville donated the land on which the University now stands.

It might be premature to accuse *The Stony Brook Press* writers or editors of having a double standard toward USG Senators versus NY State Senators. It might be premature to accuse them of being blinded by rigid adherence to a liberal fascist ideology intolerant of dissenting opinions or of change in any form. Certain *Stony Brook Press* members may be experiencing an endocrine malfunction that leaves them incapable of challenging high status "alpha males" in the NY State Senate who are against gay rights, against abortion, and who are trying to privatize public functions of the University. After all, THC, the main active chemical in marijuana (delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol), is a steroidal estrogen/testosterone analog that has been shown to delay puberty, most likely by interfering with testosterone receptors (www.healthieryou.com/mjteen.html, www.drugwatch.org/Cannabis%20Hemp%20THC.htm, www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov).

Nevertheless, possible hormonal problems apparently do not prevent *The Stony Brook Press* members from fighting against getting THEIR budget cut. A featured editorial on page seven of the 12/3/2004 issue of *The Stony Brook Press* basically stated that the only thing that motivated coverage of the campus political scene was a "cut in funding" not a sense of obligation, moral or journalistic. It stated "if [decertification] happens, don't expect any big outcry from Union 060 about it." Well, why should we expect *The Stony Brook Press* to have any more backbone about the destruction of a democratically elected government than they had during the first ever decertification of a student government in NY State history in 2002? The message from *The Stony Brook Press* may be, "Oh we'll raise hell, but only if a military coup results in a cut in our budget." Just keep those Student Activity Fee dollars flowing and maybe *The Stony Brook Press* would support even

Saddam Hussein!

Did *The Press* expose the abuse in the former student government (Polity) so that it would stop? Did *The Press* fight the drafting of the USG constitution in secret and allegedly illegal sessions? Did *The Press* fight the lack of constitutional expertise present in these sessions? Did *The Press* fight the excess appointment powers contained therein? Did *The Press* fight making all referenda advisory, also contained therein? Did *The Press* fight the alleged approval of this document after it was presented to the public less than a week before a vote on it? Did *The Press* fight the lack of a reservation of powers clause? Did *The Press* fight the inappropriate delegation of powers among the branches of government? No, these tasks were left to over ten people, students and staff, who filed four separate court cases over two years. We have these people to thank that, in the current student government, there is no outright theft of audio-visual equipment to finance D.J. businesses on Long Island and other such acts of stupidity alleged to have occurred in Polity. We have these people to thank that certain administrators' hands are no longer in the Student Activity Fee till. To get that many lawsuits over such a short period from that many people who would rather spend their time and money on other things, the University had to screw up rather badly. Yes, it cost certain parties at the University a lot of money to avoid a Roslyn School District type scandal (see *Newsday*, March 3, 2005 page A3).

Certain legal issues could have been pressed or appealed, but the intention of most of these lawsuits was to improve the University - not to protect budgets or to embarrass. *The Stony Brook Press* should be so noble. In this author's opinion, by failing to live up to the legacy of their progenitors many *Stony Brook Press* writers and editors effectively aid and abet the privatization of the University and the resulting destruction of its public purpose.



THE PRESS AIDING AND ABETTING TERRORISM AND CAVORTING WITH ALPHA MALES,

Courtesy of Michael Prazak

Editor's Note on Policy and Its Breaking Point

The Stony Brook Press is defined as a forum for free speech. Anyone who has ever flipped through the pages of our beloved publication would agree that we are not ones to shy away from unpopular ideas—at all. Our unofficial editorial policy has been, for some time now, that we will print anything under the condition that it is not illegal or libelous. Editors of other newspapers have criticized us in the past for doing so, stating that a lot of people send junk and that it is the editors' job to filter out that junk to make the paper the best it can be. We believe *The Press* to be an entirely different beast all together.

We are not here to stifle thought or cast aside opinion. We are here to help the students project their voices. Tell us what you think, and we will relay the message to 5,000 of our closest friends. After all, what good is free speech if no one can hear you? Let us be the vehicle through which you are heard. It's free, it's effective and it's your right. Why should the power of the media only be enjoyed by a few?

There are some people in our society, however, who do not seek to spread ideas and information for the betterment of the community. Instead, they seek to take advantage of organizations like *The Press*, and exploit its editorial policy with self-serving nonsense and twisted, counter-productive "logic." One such person is Greg Lubicich. Greg does not want to inform or support anyone's views but his own. His goal is instead to abuse our freedoms and destroy our progress. He strives only to malign and misinform and *The Stony Brook Press* refuses to support him any further.

It is not a common practice for *The Press* to respond to content in the same issue in which that content is printed, but there is an exception to every rule. In his article, Greg Lubicich cites criticism of *The Press* by a former staffer, Steve Preston: a criticism issued several years ago. By taking the quote completely out of context, Greg aims to deceive and attack. On a hunch, we followed up on Mr. Lubicich's source, and asked him what he thought of Greg's use of his words. Here is what he said:

"I did write that on my Stony Brook web page, which I deleted probably before the end of 2002, or perhaps early in 2003. The comments were based partly on firsthand knowledge and partly on complaints from friends who still worked with the paper at that time, and said it printed a lot of right-wing pieces. I haven't read the paper since graduating in May 2002. I'm surprised anyone would have found that web page; it's not even in a Google cache, as far as I know."

I don't think Greg's usage of that quote is honest, since he must have known the web site is no longer active. So definitely the comment was not meant to reflect on the current content of the Press."

To Mr. Lubicich: It is a shame that it must come to this, but you leave us no choice. Please do not send us any more content, because we will not indulge your petty, unintelligent drabble any longer. Your shameless attempts to abuse the media disgust us, and we do not want any part of it. It is people like you, Mr. Lubicich, who make this world a terrible place.

Sincerely,

The Stony Brook Press

War and Struggle In Africa

By Joan Leong

With all eyes focused on the Middle East at present, the harsh conditions and insurgency occurring over several regions in Africa has taken a back seat. Currently over 25 million people in South Africa alone are suffering from AIDS and 89 million more new cases are expected to arise by the year 2025. The Darfur region of Sudan alone is currently in a state of hell on earth after their 2-year civil war, which resulted in some 70,000 dead and 2 million refugees. The Democratic Republic of Congo is still struggling to stifle rebel militia groups that attack UN troops who maintain the peace in the shaky areas. On top of all this, there is the seemingly never-ending conflict between the North and South who engage in land and ethnic attacks leaving many people living in constant fear. Why isn't more being done to help these countries? When no monetary gains, or benefits are at stake, the Western Allies turn a blind eye, and this seems to be the case in this situation. However, lately more attention has been brought to the public eye by such prominent figures such as Kofi Annan, the Secretary General of United Nations. The issues in Sudan and other war torn regions have made up the majority of the United Nation's agenda and assembly discussions but they are constantly backseat to the events in the Middle East.

This week, a report released by the UNAIDS declared that up to 80 million Africans may die of AIDS by the year 2025. However, over half of these deaths can be prevented if the right course of action is taken. A statement in the report stated that if nothing is being done, then this exact scenario will occur, "it will not be

because there was no choice...it will be because, collectively, there was insufficient political will to change behavior at all levels." The frightening thing about this report is that despite the \$200 billion pledged to avert this crisis in the next 20 years, it will still result in over 46 million new AIDS cases. The executive director of the Geneva-based UNAIDS, Peter Piot, has asked for all the countries in the African continent to work together because, despite the call for international help, this will probably not happen. The more that people are educated about the full impact of the epidemic and how to prevent it, the better the survival rates of millions of Africans in the coming years. There is a glimmer of hope from several African cities such as Addis Ababa, Harare, and Lusaka, whose AIDS rates have drastically decreased due to the improved public awareness and distribution of condoms. It's tragic that the AIDS situation has reached a point where the best outcome for these people still results in 46 million people being infected. Just as pitiful is that these people don't expect any outside help. The US is constantly directing billions of dollars on fighting "evils" but have yet to lend a real helping hand to the devastation occurring daily in Africa. The Europeans are just as guilty at ignoring the horrendous conditions that these people face.

For 21 years, the country of Sudan was war-torn and resulted in over 2 million dead and millions of refugees. The war finally came to an end earlier this year, but it still isn't over for millions of people in the country. Famine, homelessness and rebel attacks still plague the

people of Sudan, but no one feels the effects more than the region of Darfur. In the past two years alone, over 70,000 has been killed in the ethnic battle of Arab-Muslims versus animistic or Christian Blacks. At present, continuous rapes, torture, massacres and lootings still occur in this region where these two groups refuse to accept the government, which is Arab-dominant and favored. They are clashing over land and ethnic differences and there seems to be no end in sight. The government militia is doing its best to fight against the rebel insurgents and to recruit new members with the funds provided by the United Nations. However, recruitment is difficult because the very troops they have to recruit are the very ones fighting each other. The United Nations has about 1,400 troops deployed in the region but that is practically insignificantly small compared to the size of the area. 5,000 more troops are supposedly said to be sent to that region by the summer of 2005. As of right now, recruitment is low and 2 million citizens are facing starvation. British Prime Minister Tony Blair finally addressed the issue of Darfur last week in a news conference. He asked the world community to support the lowly funded African Union and asked for deployment of more UN troops in that region. The people of Darfur just finished a civil war and if the current conditions persist, then there is the threat of another all-out civil war that could devastate them. On Monday, Kofi Annan called a Security Council meeting to specifically discuss how to carry out aid in

Continued on page 10

Juvenile Death Penalty Found Unconstitutional

By Melanie Donovan

The United States Supreme Court made a milestone decision on March 1 when they abolished the death penalty for convicted murderers who were under the age of eighteen when they committed their crimes. With a five to four ruling, the Court concluded that we need to take into account "the evolving standards of decency that mark the progress of a maturing society," in the words of Justice Anthony Kennedy.

This ruling came in light of the recent case in Missouri, where seventeen year old boy, Christopher Simmons, committed a horrendous act in 1993. He robbed, kidnapped and murdered his neighbor, Shirley Crook, by tying her up and throwing her off a bridge, alive. Simmons is also accused of bragging about how he could get away with his crimes, due to his age.

The death penalty will be out of the question for Lee Boyd Malvo, who was seventeen when he took part in the sniper shootings in Washington D.C., killing ten people. He was already given a life sentence for two killings.

This reinforcement of the Constitution's Eighth Amendment, a ban on cruel and unusual punishments, eliminates death row for 72 defendants, who committed murders as juveniles, that were awaiting the death sentence. These 72 offenders from twelve states will most likely be punished by life in prison.

Youths under the age of eighteen are not allowed to do many things in our society, already, because of their low levels of responsibility and maturity. So why then, when it comes to them committing these "adult acts," are they expected to know better? The sentence of life in prison holds a much greater punishment, than

the murdering of more people under the death penalty.

Supporters of the death penalty have had quite a fight in past years over what they believe is correct. It had already been prohibited for minors under the age of fifteen to receive the death penalty; so in these cases we are dealing with the sixteen to seventeen range. In 2002, the Supreme Court ruled, in a six to three verdict, in the *Atkins v. Virginia* case, which resulted in a ban of the execution of the mentally retarded, citing this cruel punishment as unconstitutional.

Still, many Justices uphold their choice in supporting the death penalty, such as Justice Sandra Day O'Connor.

Out of the 38 states that do allow the death penalty, only 19 permitted the execution of teen killers. And even out of those 19 states, only Oklahoma, Texas and Virginia have put juveniles to death in the past ten years. For a system that had been infrequently implemented, it should not have been a surprise that this logical abolition was made.

Only the United States has been publicly applying the death penalty to minors. Other countries, such as Iran, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Nigeria, China and Congo have been doing the same for years, but denying it. So why has the US not joined the rest of the civilized world in banning these juvenile executions?

Justice Anthony Kennedy said, "The age of eighteen is the point where society draws the line for many purposes between childhood and adulthood. It is, we conclude, the age at which

the line for death eligibility ought to rest." The US has recognized one unlawful act of executing minors, now it is time to recognize the unlawful act of executing all humans.



BASTARD'S GONNA FRY,
Courtesy of Chris Williams

War and Struggle In Africa Continued...

By Joan Leong

Continued from page 9

Darfur. Perhaps with this new spotlight these key figures are shining onto the heart-breaking crisis in this region, these people will finally see some much needed relief.

In the Democratic Republic of Congo, 50 militiamen were killed by UN troops. This is the largest number of rebels killed since the end of their five-year six-nation civil war which left over 4 million dead, mostly from disease and hunger. Among those dead are believed to be women and children caught in the line of fire. Since the war ended in 2002, there continues to be outbursts from the Lendu militia party and various other militant groups that have continued to massacre, loot and drive people, mostly people of the Hema tribe, from their homes. This recent skirmish once again brought Congo into the eyes of the public. Even though the DRC's war had officially ended, there is still much needed reform in the government and help in stabilizing the unrest among its citizens. Many of the previously ungoverned areas have a difficult time abiding by the new laws of the transitional government and the rebels, unwilling to adhere to the new rules, aren't making things any easier for the already unstable republic. There are only about 16,000 UN troops deployed in that region but, just like in Darfur, 16,000 troops are nowhere close to being enough to cover the immense area that is Congo. New reports also reveal the corruption among the UN troops who reportedly have been accused of sexual abuse of the refugees. There is much needed reform on in many areas and troops are desperately needed to stifle the unrest and retain the new government authority. The Lendu militia group have already killed

more than 50,000 people and have currently created 70,000 homeless people living in temporary camps. Congo government spokesman Henri Moya Sakanyi praises the UN troops' brute force against the rebel militants because he said that is the only way to get them to eventually stop. However, the UN troops are not being wary of civilians getting in the way. The



A GLIMPSE AT THE HORRORS IN AFRICA,
Courtesy of TIME Magazine

African Union is asking for more troops to be deployed in order to prevent any future devastating skirmishes and for investigative teams to find out exactly what is going with the UN troops and the sexual abuse allegations.

There is much need for reform among many areas all over the continent of Africa. The ever-increasing AIDS epidemic is the most imperative issue because, in twenty years, the entire continent will practically be depleted of all African souls. If that isn't bad enough, the constant battles over long-embedded ethnic

hatred among different groups seem to never to cease. The rebels just refuse to give up. The UN chooses to overlook the countries of Africa, which are in the most desperate need of humanitarian aid. While all eyes are focused in the Middle East, they are forgetting that others are in much more desperate situations. Millions in Sudan are slowly dying of starvation and other illnesses that can be easily prevented if they are given the proper care. Another issue that I haven't touched on in this article is the ongoing crisis in Somalia in which warlords have the country divided up and ongoing clashes are continuing. AIDS is killing millions in this continent and still these people are killing each other. It's time the world takes a stand and helps these citizens reach some kind of peace. The billions the United States is spending in trying to recruit troops and fix their mess in Iraq can be redirected in the Africans' way, but that has yet to occur. With the money and support of different countries in the world, much change can transpire. But since the rest of the world is sitting on their ass, women and children are dying and suffering left and right. Hopefully with the slow but growing spotlight on the crises all over Africa, some tangible action from leaders of the world will finally emerge.

Visit these websites to find out different ways you can help:

<http://www.unicefusa.org/site/pp.asp?c=duLRI800H&b=50755>

<http://www.unicefusa.org/site/pp.asp?c=duLRI800H&b=25966>

<https://give.redcross.org/>

15,000 Troops to Return Home, DOD Requests \$84B

By Morgan Wilding

In a victory for antiwar protestors, Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz announced that the US is reducing the force level of US troops in Iraq from 150,000 to 135,000. Fifteen thousand soldiers, primarily from three Army brigades and Marines whose tours of duty had been extended to provide pre-election security, are expected to return home sometime next month.

The US Army did not provide actual election-day protection, fading into the background after helping Iraqi Army and police units set up their security details. The success of the Iraqi elections has bolstered all sides, lending weight to the pro-war argument of bringing democracy to Iraq, and giving antiwar protestors a reason to ask for the return of American soldiers. Forty-four voters were killed in the highly successful election, which had quite a high turnout despite threats of insurgent violence.

The Pentagon said that it had no plans to reduce the force level any further over the course of the rest of the year. Wolfowitz said in his testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee that there was "a very difficult road

ahead" in combating the insurgencies and terrorism which has made Iraq so costly for American and Iraqi security forces.

The Washington Post refers to an anonymous senior Pentagon official who said that the reduction in force was not an indication that the country is more stable now than it was before, but rather that excess forces called in and retained for providing election security were no longer needed and were being allowed to return home:

Deputy Secretary Wolfowitz also discussed a decision to make room in the Pentagon budget for a permanent increase in Army forces starting in fiscal '07. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld has previously only supported a three-year increase of 30,000 troops—to a level of 512,000—in order to aid in restructuring.

In other positive news for veterans and their families, the White House has recently sent to Congress a bill requesting \$84 billion in emergency funds for the military, \$74 billion of which is earmarked for Iraq and Afghanistan. A decent chunk of the money—\$400 million—would go to increased death benefits for soldiers who

have died in combat operations since 9/11. The payments, which would be retroactive to October 2001, would add \$250,000 to the death benefits surviving family members receive, bringing the total to \$500,000.

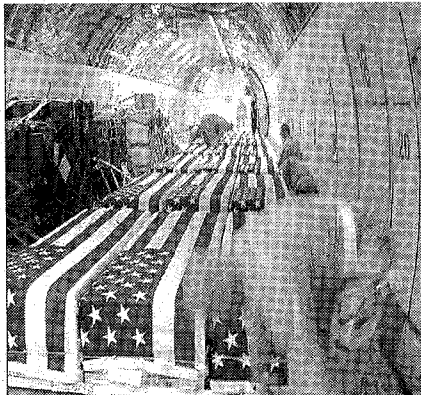
The benefits would come in the form of a one-time tax-free "death gratuity" of \$100,000, and an increase in life insurance from a \$250,000 policy to a \$400,000 one. Hikes in insurance premiums would be paid for by the armed forces rather than the families themselves.

The budget also includes \$12 billion to repair and replace military equipment, \$5.7 billion to train and equip Iraqi national security forces, \$3.3 billion to re-arm existing vehicles and purchase vehicles with additional armor, and \$950 million for Asian tsunami victims (including \$226 million to reimburse the Department of Defense for expenditures already made).

The largest portion of the appropriations bill, \$36.3 billion, is earmarked for military operations in Iraq and Afghanistan.

As of this writing, over 1,500 American soldiers have died and over 10,000 have been wounded in Iraq.

Information gathered from *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*.



**NEW U.S. STRATEGY IN IRAQ;
BUY FLAGS IN BULK,
Courtesy of The War in Iraq**

Has the Democratic Party Lost Its Mind, or Just Its Way?

By Sam Goldman

The recent election of Howard "Crazylegs" Dean as the chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the election of Nevada's Harry Reid as the Senate Minority Leader has folks wondering if there's an identity crisis of sorts in the party. The Democrats, reeling from the 1-2 punch of George Bush's re-election and the subsequent appearance of success in Iraq (notice the wording there), seem to be searching for a message.

In Harry Reid, the Democrats have a Southwestern centrist who happens to be pro-life and is known by Republicans as a quiet man and a great conciliator. His selection was widely viewed as the party reaching out to rural, "red state" voters, almost all of whom voted to Bush last November. In Howard Dean, you have a leftist candidate who was governor of a "blue state," who, from the start, opposed the invasion of Iraq, is known for pioneering Internet campaigning, who has lashed out at his own party for not having the balls to go campaign in heavily Republican areas, and who is loud and often brash.

This, of course, has created a scene where the Democratic Party seems to be fighting within itself. Rural Democrats fear that Dean is the wrong messenger for the Democratic platform in much of the country; Northeastern Dems believe that Reid's ascension to Minority Leader is pandering to people who do not represent the party's core constituency.

What is missing in the talk of Reid's ascension to the throne, however, is the reasoning behind it. To quote Matt Bai in the February 27th *New York Times Magazine*, "The only real arguments among Democrats now are entirely tactical in nature.... What was once the purview

of pollsters and admen has become the central dialogue of the Democratic Party itself." Every action the party seems to take now, instead of being based on ideology, seems to be reactionary, from the fights over the appointments of Condoleezza Rice and Alberto Gonzales (if we oppose their nominations, will we look like obstructionists?) to the President's decisions on Iran and Syria (is opposing war in Iran and Syria, when everyone thinks Iraq was a complete success, going to make us look soft?).

Throughout its history, the Democratic Party has been the party dedicated to the nation's lower classes, dedicated to minorities, dedicated to the environment, dedicated to gun control. It has been the party dedicated to thinking globally and not locally. The party that would rather support a company's less-paid workers over its millionaire owners. It has been the party dedicated to a woman's right to choose. Whether you agree with what they stand for or not, you cannot help but be impressed that they at least stand for something.

Although I am sure many Democrats still believe in these things, the modern Democratic Party seems solely dedicated to winning. Whether that means appointing a pro-life Minority Leader, standing behind a wartime President that not only made extraordinarily serious miscalculations but lied to the

American people to go to war, or rolling over and playing dead when it came time to oppose the nomination of someone who claimed that torture was A-OK since they were not technically prisoners of war, the Party seems more concerned about how these moves will play out in the media and with voters in places like Charleston and Dallas than whether those moves were, in their opinion, morally right or not. In short, they are selling themselves out for the vote.

The end result, as seen with Reid and Dean, is that the party has become a schizophrenic entity; being pulled in all directions at once by their desire to win the next election, they seem to be going nowhere in particular. Liberals get turned off by Reid, a pro-choice Southerner with a soft voice. Centrists get turned off by the loudmouth lefty Dean. So, in essence, you just turned away a large portion of your constituency. Many will talk about the inclusiveness of the party; well, that's all fine and good, but then you have to play it up as such, instead of sending

challenger after challenger at Dean in a vain attempt to prevent his nomination as DNC chair.

The party has lost its way; not because of their movement to the center, but because of the reasons behind it. The party needs to find what they stand for again, and stick with it, and stick by it.



**LIEBERMAN HITCHHIKES TO
CAPITOL HILL,
Courtesy of Bad Social Security**

Hypocrisy Abounds In Government Banning of Professor

By Michael Prazak

Actions have been undertaken by the US government recently in order to ban the temporary professorship of former Sandinista rebel at Harvard University. Dora Maria Tellez, a figurehead of the Sandinista revolution movement in late 1970's Nicaragua, has been denied a temporary Visa to the United States due to her perceived past "terrorist activities." Her actions as not only a hostage taker but as well as being an opponent of the American funded counter-revolutionary soldiers (Contras) are cited as proof of her terrorist past. Deemed a potential danger and active political dissident, it has been White House policy to deny her the ability to enter the United States. Questions as to why this ban has taken effect only recently, as she has been a regular visiting speaker at several American universities, have remained largely unanswered. It is thought that several government officials, many of whom were responsible for the illegal funding of the Contras in Nicaragua, are behind this ban. One figure of notoriety is John Negroponte, who was a major player in the 1987 Iran-Contra scandal which indicted several US government officials in the illegal dealings of arms to Iran in order to fund the counter-revolutionary movement in Nicaragua. He has recently been appointed as US Chief of Intelligence regarding national security and terrorism.

Dora Maria Tellez figured quite prominently in the ousting of the oppressive Somoza regime that had held power in Nicaragua. In terms of "ranking," she was considered Commander 2, and led the storming of the National Palace that lead to a hostage crisis in which 2,000 government officials were held

captive. This was a landmark moment as it pointed out that a revolution against the incumbent regime was indeed possible. Later she led the armies that stormed Leon, the first town to fall under Sandinista control. After a shift in government that was, it must be considered, the result of a democratic election, she became a historian and focused on her academic career. She became a representative of liberty and freedom banned from the nation built upon that same premise.

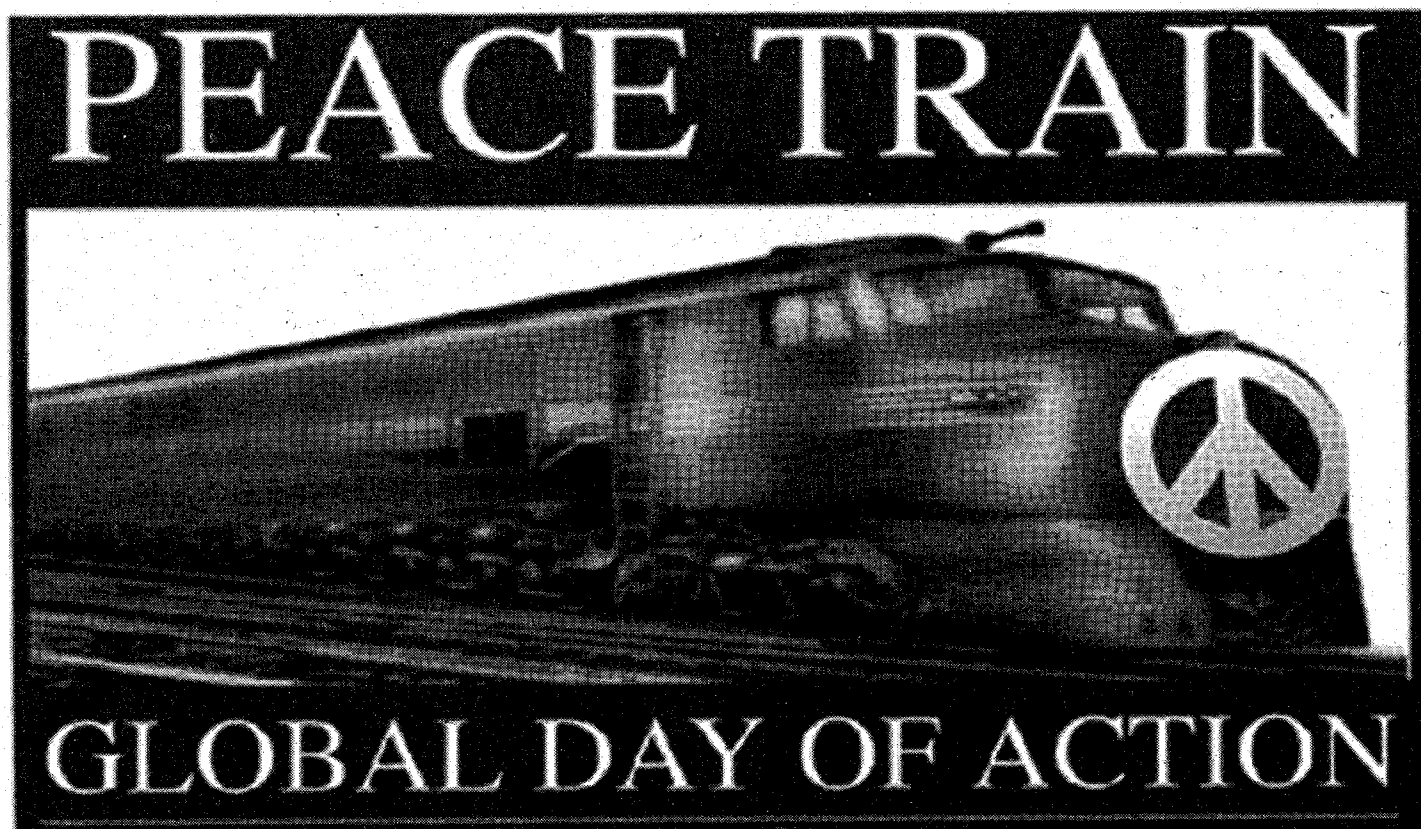
"It resembles some bastard child of Randian Theory and Protestant Idealism..."

The hypocrisy involved in this decision is as astounding as it is offensive. As stated by the Harvard head of Latin American Studies, "Dora Maria Tellez is as much a terrorist as George Washington was." This is a sentiment expressed by many academics around the country in response to this situation. How can a nation built upon the blood of revolutionaries and freedom fighters be so adamantly opposed to proletariat uprisings in other countries? It might be that our nation never truly experienced a revolution by the masses, but one in which the wealthy elite manipulated the people into doing their fighting for them. How many remember the Scots-Irish role in the U.S.

Revolution in our country? Not many, an unfortunate fact when one considers that their blood was the majority of the sacrifice offered up for our "freedom." We are a nation built on lies and illusion, with self-deception keeping us sane.

This also points out the larger fact that, overall, the Bush doctrine is a self-defeating and falsely premised system. It resembles some bastard child of Randian Theory and Protestant Idealism, where we espouse the power of freedom and democracy, so long as it doesn't interfere with our liberty. "The spreading of democracy throughout the world helps to ensure our continued safety," must have been far from the minds of those who funded a movement meant to overthrow a democratically-elected people. We as a people have gleefully allowed these deceptions and lies to sneak past us as we dance amidst the smokescreen of false idealism and illusionary slogans. We walk the strut of Green Mountain Men proclaiming the value of individualism, while denying the very same possibility elsewhere if it doesn't resemble our John Wayne-esque swagger. The very fact that men, who lorded over the murder of thousands of revolutionaries in another nation, have not only not served jail time, but have instead been promoted in the government after a period of "reform," highlights the wealthy white male club that symbolizes our government. Not many would ever take notice of this issue as they're more than happy to receive images of U.S. soldiers handing out candies, an example of decadence, to Iraqi children, our brothers' hands doling out the illusions of our masters to orphaned children of the world.

MARCH 19 ANTI-WAR RALLY IN CENTRAL PARK, NYC



Join hundreds of activists from Long Island and ride the Peace Train from Stony Brook to Penn Station. \$6.50 round-trip per ticket. Contact justice@sbusja.org and sign up!!

Let's Talk About The 'S' Word

By James Blonde

Anal fisting.
Vaginal Intercourse.
Cunnilingus.
Felatio.
Oral Anal Sex.(rimming)
Mutual Masturbation.

Okay.

Now let's exchange dirty jokes and sex stories. Now let's interject awkward joking between nervous laughter. The more artistic may want to draw dirty pictures to illustrate the more obscure fetishes. Someone make finger puppets.

Now lets break off into groups of between two and seven, to discuss the topics, with the more attractive people pairing together through the laws of natural selection.

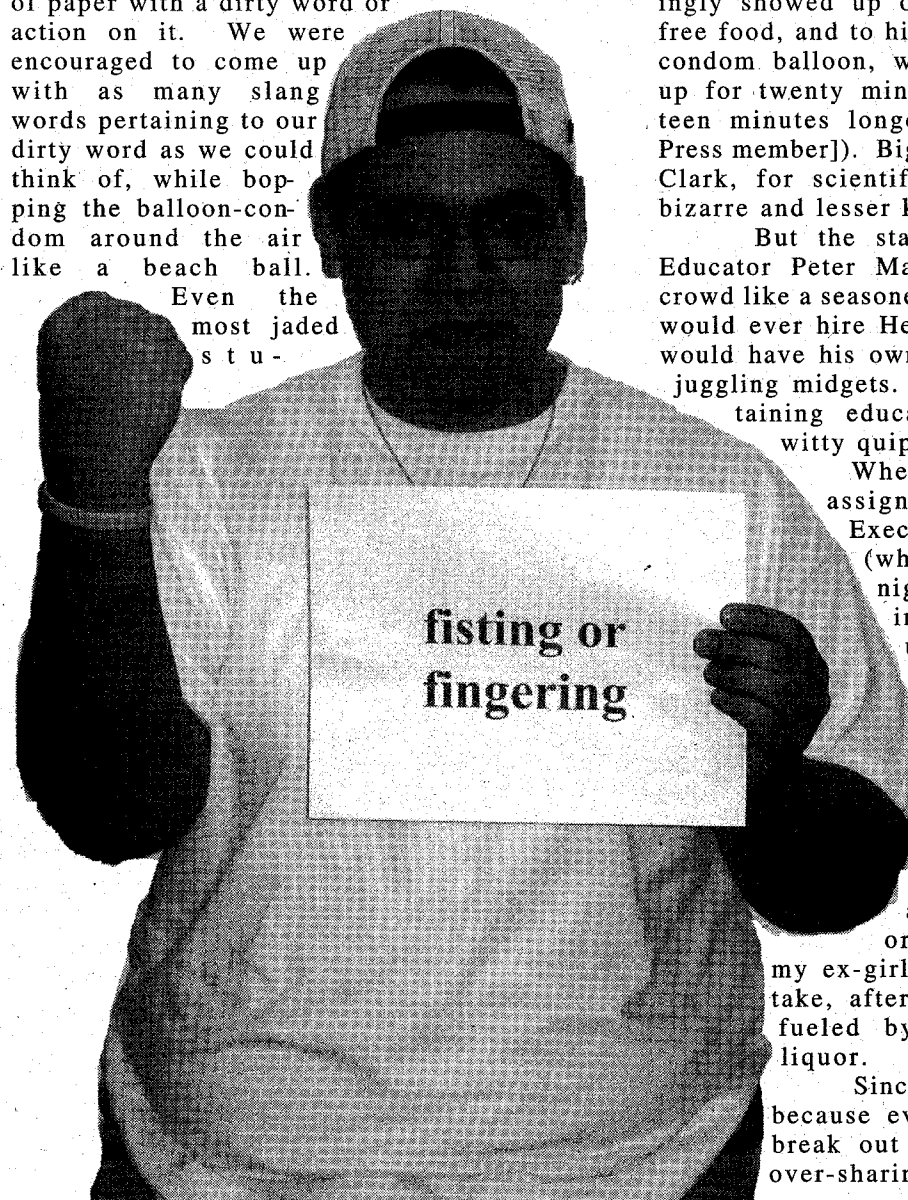
Okay.

Now lets get serious.

Health Educator Peter Mastroianni set a lighthearted tone for a serious subject at the Fun and Safe Sex workshop, by blowing up a non-lubricated condom like a balloon, and launching it into the air.

From there, each table received a sheet of paper with a dirty word or action on it. We were encouraged to come up with as many slang words pertaining to our dirty word as we could think of, while bopping the balloon-condom around the air like a beach ball.

Even the most jaded s t u -



dents remember this childhood game, as someone yelled, "don't let it hit the ground."

This dirty-word-list-game served as a great ice-breaker, and the pizza, soda and snacks added to the party-like atmosphere, but from what I hear, any time more that three members of the LGTBA get together, it's officially considered a gay parade, and permits are required.

The crowd of mixed and sexually diverse characters, one even brandishing a pet rat, asked questions, answered questions and generally had an all around fun time.

In attendance were almost the entire staff of the LGTBA, (suspiciously absent was Rob Burger - Boo-hoo! - he's my favorite!), almost the entire staff of NYPIRG (who showed up riding scooters, to save gas and cut down on noxious emissions), and almost the entire staff of *The Press* (who seemingly showed up only for the free food, and to hit around the condom balloon, which stayed up for twenty minutes, [nineteen minutes longer than any Press member]). Big ups to Tom Clark, for scientifically explaining the more bizarre and lesser known sexual activities.

But the star of the show was Health Educator Peter Mastroianni, who worked the crowd like a seasoned professional. If Las Vegas would ever hire Health Educators, Mastroianni would have his own stage show, complete with juggling midgets. He was a funny and entertaining educator, always ready with a witty quip or jest.

When I received the photo assignment from Joe Flip, the Executive Editor of *The Press* (who keeps us typing day and night, chained to desks, deep in the bowels of the student union, a daily bowl of ramen noodles our only respite from the back breaking labor), I thought Mastroianni's name was familiar; it seems some years ago, as a wide-eyed transfer student, Mastroianni was the one to administer some court-ordered couples counseling my ex-girlfriend and I were forced to take, after an especially brutal fight, fueled by jealous rage and cheap liquor.

Since then I've sworn off tequila, because every time I drink tequila, I break out in handcuffs. This is the over-sharing part of my article.

Next, we were given sexual questionnaires, answering about our sexual morals, habits and philosophies. Then the papers were randomly switched, for anoninity, and we were reading the innermost personal thoughts of the people surrounding us - pretty cool huh?

Then we grouped ourselves according to the responses of the random paper, for each question. This illustrated the diversity of sexual habits, but also some underlining themes that began to emerge.

The numbers showed that most people were usually practicing safe sex, but not 100% of the time.

This was a good segue into the treatment of the new super-strain of HIV

that seems impervious to 19 out of 20 medications. This little-studied stain evolved out of the meth-using community in NYC and has recently spread to Boston. (Go Red Sox!)

Then came the safe sex devices, culminating in the now famous How-to-put-on-a-condom demo (see photo), and a demonstration of how to make a condom into a dental damn. And your seat cushion doubles as a personal floatation device.

And, as embarrassing as it seems, I saw my first female condom. (Though not for lack of trying, lord knows). For the uninitiated, they look like a clear plastic hand puppet with one eye.

As they say in the Fat Albert theme song, "if you don't watch out, you might just learn something."

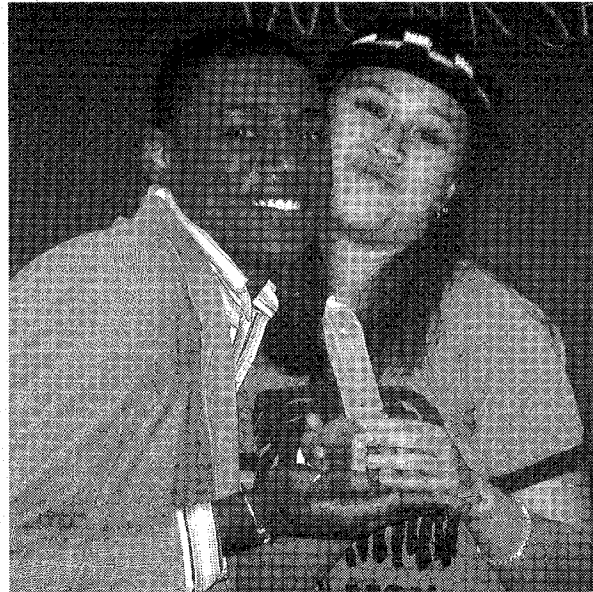
The condom balloon bounced around the room, off of tables, off of chairs and peoples heads, until eventually landing on the floor. "Don't worry, honey, it will be up again in about twenty minutes," someone joked.

The crowd broke back into our respective social groups, as we meandered out into the hallway, leaving a classroom full of empty pizza boxes and the dirty word game sheets scattered about.

Okay.

Now lets talk about the 'S' word - Safety.

The Student Health Services center is offering free and anonymous HIV testing on campus April 13,14 20 & 21. Call 1-800-462-6786.



THE WHOLE ARTICLE IS FOR THE SAKE OF THIS ONE PHALLIC AND AROUSING PICTURE, Courtesy of James Blonde

STONY BROOK RECYCLES!

PAPER

- NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, CATALOGUES
- WHITE/COLOR PAPER
- NO GLOSSY OR WAXY PAPER!

PLASTIC

- BOTTLES & JUES (MUST BE EMPTY AND CRUSHED)
- NO STYROFOAM, FOOD CONTAINERS

STONY BROOK RECYCLES!

PAPER RECEPTACLES

ARE ON MAIN CAMPUS AND SOME DORMS

THE ENVIRONMENTAL CLUB ENCOURAGES YOU TO RECYCLE!

Nader's Speech; Read, You Fools!

By Matt Willemain

Nader on the US applied economic sanctions against Iraq:

Just imagine, out of twenty five million people, one million died. That's like almost twelve million people in this country. Think they remember that, huh? Why did we visit our brutal dictator ally's sins and crimes on these innocent people? You might have seen *60 Minutes* with Leslie Stahl. She went to the hospitals and she came back and confronted Madeline Albright with all the kids dying and so on, and she said to Madeline Albright, Secretary of State under Clinton, "Was it worth it?" She said yes. Not too convincing. She said yes. That's the history.

Continued from page 5

infrastructure needs. He contextualized the current situation with a history explaining the hypocrisy of the West's involvement and the Iraqi people's very real reasons not to trust us.

He cited any number of wasted tools for opponents of Bush's policy, including unprecedented opposition to war from among the establishment itself, in the form of early and widespread opposition among the military, diplomatic and intelligence communities. Nader also pointed out that Bush justified the original attack with Bill Clinton's congressional resolution describing regime change as US policy.

Relating how the highly decorated early twentieth century Marine Corps general Smedley Butler confessed to being "a racketeer for capitalism," Nader advised opponents of the war to encourage members of the military community, including returning soldiers, to speak

Nader on *War is a Racket*, by decorated Marine Corps general Smedley Butler:

It's a very compelling book because it comes from his experience, it comes from his realization that war is a racket, and where we see noble warriors in our history it's because we allowed conditions to deteriorate which resulted in conflict—we could have headed it off. There isn't a war we couldn't have headed off, but only if we're involved in peacemaking, in waging peace. We don't spend one per cent of our resources in Washington waging peace, compared to preparing for war. There is no Department of Peace. There's a disarmament for arms control agency, a little one, in the Pentagon. And, years ago, it was the one that broke ground for those arms control treaties with the Soviet Union, one little told story.

against the war with their special credibility. He offered current examples of similar displays of "genuine patriotism"; Former Bush envoy to the Middle East, General Anthony Zinni, and Bush's father's National Security Advisor, Brent Scowcroft spoke against the war in spite of tremendous pressure to be silent.

Nader expects opponents of the war to encourage activism in others. He suggests, as a tactic, comparing someone's member of Congress with a neighbor who assumed tremendous power over their life. By making the situation personal, Nader hopes to illustrate how silly is to neglect the civic responsibility of overseeing people whose decisions have such an impact on our life. Putting public policy on the scale where people can get their minds around it can be terribly effective, Nader says that wasteful defense spending was never so much of a problem for the Pentagon as when it was revealed that they were paying \$450 for claw hammers and \$1,600 for toilet seat covers.

Nader returned time and again to criticizing the administration of George Bush, who he describes as a "messianic militarist." He went so far as to suggest that Bush was taking our country in the direction of fascism. He accused Bush of low-balling US casualties and overlooking the psychological damage to Iraq war veterans. Nader railed against corruption in Iraq reconstruction contracting. He accused

According to Nader, the justification for invading Iraq was wrong on all fronts:

- The Bush Administration knowingly misled the public about nonexistent weapons of mass destruction
 - Saddam Hussein posed no threat to his neighbors, with domestic Iraqi instability and the inability to defeat and of Iran, Turkey or Israel individually
 - Saddam Hussein has no connection with Al Qaeda
 - Saddam Hussein had nothing to do with the events of September 11
 - We're not bringing meaningful democracy to Iraq
- Nader criticizes what Bush describes as democracy in Iraq:
- Paul Bremer has continued Saddam-era restrictions on liberty and had union organizers arrested
 - Paul Bremer has clamped down on media he doesn't like, such as Al Jazeera
 - Would-be participants in the Iraqi elections had to face an unreasonable criteria for participation that could have been used to exclude anyone
 - Iraqi electoral candidates ran as slates with absolutely no professed agenda or policy program
 - Bush would never allow a national referendum on the withdrawal of US troops.

Nader on doing your homework: I want to go through, quickly, the history in Iraq. Because when we're lobotomized from history we're very susceptible to propaganda. Just like if we don't know the record of our politicians in Washington, never mind the rhetoric—how they voted, who they sold out to, what they did—we become very vulnerable to flattery, to fooling us and to flummoxing us, because we don't have the framework to say to a politician, "You talk about freedom, liberty, justice? You're lying? Because everything you've done in Washington has undermined our freedom, our liberty, our justice! Our freedom to sue, our freedom for clean elections, our desire for just economy, our desire for peace in the world. Don't talk to us in these generalities."

Bush's family of profiteering from the war, principally through low profile presidential brothers Marvin and Neal, on an unprecedented scale. And returning to the subject of wasted potential domestic spending, he accused Bush of exaggerating the threat posed by Al Qaeda and recalled General Douglas MacArthur's warnings that governments would inflate threats to bloat budgets.

Nader's main point was to tell activists to agitate Congress. He said, "There are some people in Congress actually beginning to wake up—'Oh? What?' But the difference between what they say privately against Bush and this war and what they're willing to say publicly is probably the biggest cowardly gap in American political history. It's our mission to make sure that what they're saying privately, they start saying publicly, and act on it." Nader thinks that a responsible withdrawal policy is reachable, and towards that goal he wants activists to excite disengaged citizens. He suggests that the passions of the public can be aroused around some of the more inflammatory mistakes by the President. First, his refusal to meet, or even respond to letters requesting meetings, from a broad range of thirteen groups from all walks of life that wanted to discuss Iraq before the invasion. Second, the tremendous corruption in reconstruction, especially the profiteering by Bush's own family. Third, the secrecy of the upcoming report investigating the failures of US

Continued on page 34

According to Nader, Iraqis won't trust US and English motives because of the following history:

- Winston Churchill's Britain used chemical weapons on the Iraqis when they rebelled against colonial conquest
- Saddam Hussein was installed and supported in office as dictator by the US and Britain—we even sold him the components for the chemical and biological weapons he had in the nineties—because he loyally murdered lists of suspected communists and, despite out recent criticism of his invasion of Iran, served our interests in holding in check the Ayatollah
- Saddam vetted the invasion of Kuwait with US diplomats who expressed indifference
- Iraq was an arbitrary colonial construct, and when the population rebelled against this
- The first President Bush declined the opportunity to topple Saddam Hussein, instead calling on the Iraqi population to rise up against him; when they answered his call, George H.W. Bush then did nothing while Saddam brutally crushed the uprising
- We put Iraq under sanctions that targeted civilians and so were a violation of international law, resulting in a million Iraqis deaths, mostly children.

Nader, on raising money to pay off the debts from his 2004 electoral campaign, and the value of that campaign:

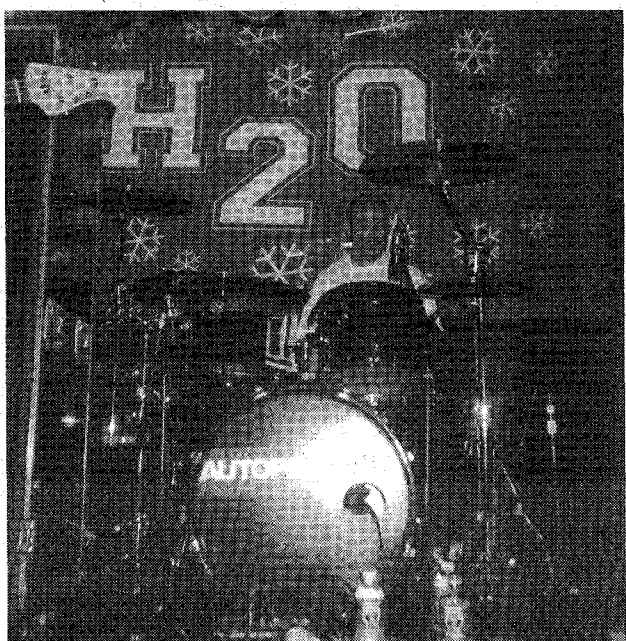
We did not go into debt because we put a lot of ads on TV or hired political consultants. We went into debt, the Nader/Camejo campaign, because of a massive assault against our civil liberties to be on the ballot in state after state. An assault by the Democratic Party which denied our voters the opportunity, in state after state, to vote for the Nader/Camejo ticket. Not by out-arguing us, not by having a better agenda, not by debating, but by saying to our voters, "You're not going to have a chance to vote for them, because they're not going to be on the ballot in Ohio, or Pennsylvania, or Texas or Oregon, etc." Now they filed twenty one phony lawsuits against us in eighteen states, they hired corporate Republican firms, like Ken Starr's old firm, Kirkland-Ellis. They then spread the lies that we were funded by Republicans, when they got one hundred times more money from people who called themselves Republicans, then their stray Republicans who supported us, some of them my classmates, who went wrong years ago. And so that's why we were put into debt. However, in documented this, we have priceless accurate evidence about what the ballot access laws in state after state can be used or misused to eliminate competition from any third party or independent candidate they think can have a marginal difference between the two major parties. It's no longer theoretical, it's no longer saying, "look at this part of the statute, section 2AB," it's real. Because, by our being here, the pressure brought the ooze, and the puss, and the ugliness, and the political bigotry and the constitutional crimes against our right to be on the ballot and to run for office, which is freedom of speech and freedom of assembly incarnate, under our constitution.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

H2O's 20th Anniversary Show Review

By Joan Leong

Out of the city and into the quaint town of Stony Brook, I hadn't seen my beloved H2O since the summer before college. They hadn't toured in awhile and the few times they had, I was stuck here, broke and without train fare. As soon as I found out about the H2O 10th Anniversary Show, I didn't hesitate to order tickets on my much maxed out credit card because it was going to be worth it. That cold December night, as I approached the Knitting Factory, there was a long line of shivering fans standing outside trying to get into the sold-out show. Well, I can tell them now, they missed out on one hell of a time.



MACKIE ON THE DRUMS,
Courtesy of Joan Leong

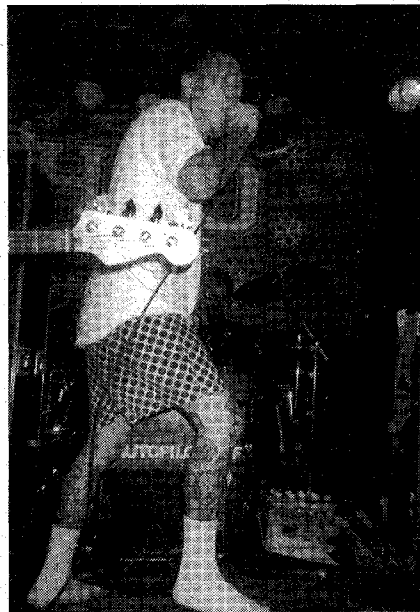
H2O is comprised of Toby Morse (vocals), Rusty Pistachio (guitar), Todd Morse (guitar), Adam Blake (bass) and Todd Friend (drums). Together, they are the greatest band I have ever seen live. They are part of the New York City hardcore scene and their songs have had a tremendous impact on me. They advocate the importance of friendship, perseverance, hard work and, most important of all, unity. H2O stresses the importance of lending a helping hand if you have the opportunity to do so. Many of their songs reflect upon their life growing up in New York City's Lower East Side and the hardships they learned to overcome.

The Knitting Factory wasn't too packed for the opening sets and I missed the other bands but caught Auto Pilot Off in action. I've seen them years ago with H2O and tonight they thanked H2O for being the ones who lent them a helping hand in getting them started. I smiled at that because they never cease to impress me with their kindness. Auto Pilot Off played a very impressive show and had Rusty Pistachio lend his vocals to an H2O cover song. Next up was Hazen Street. I was extremely excited to see them because that was Toby's other band which has been labeled a hardcore super-band because of its members from other amazing bands such as Madball, Boxcar Racer and the infamous Cro-Mags. Toby and Freddy Madball are the two front men and when they get together, something magical happens; it all just fits. The stage was not large enough to contain Toby's domineering charisma and his inability to stand still, nor was it big enough for Freddy's enormous presence (and his enormous stature), not

to mention the four other band mates. With the brilliant Hoya on bass, H2O's Todd Morse on guitar, the infamous Mackie on drums and the guitarist filling in for Dave Kennedy, it was the epitome of a great NYC show. You had to be there for Hazen St.'s crowd reaction. It was overwhelming both figuratively and literally. As you heard the crowds scream in unison, you also felt your face get bashed in by hundreds of people pushing against you. Never before have I heard so many people know all the words to Hazen St. songs. My friend Jowy, (the photo editor of *The Press*) was doing his best to keep crowd-surfers from breaking my neck. I could almost see him thinking, "If it's this crazy now, we're going to get killed when H2O gets up there."

Regaining my balance and vision, I impatiently waited for H2O to take the stage. During this waiting period, I found out the depths of fan loyalty and love for H2O. The girl standing next to me spoke with a thick Southern accent and told me she came all the way up to New York City from South Carolina because she had to be at this show. Another fan came all the way from California because he just wanted to show his support for the band's 10th Anniversary. I myself have my share of crazy H2O stories and what I have done just to see them live. Finally, after all the beatings I took from the increasingly frenetic fans, H2O made it to the stage. They came out all dressed up in suits and ties because it was their special night. I don't even remember what song they started with because all I remember was that I instinctively began singing at the top of my lungs. After a while, Toby just spoke to the crowd as he usually does and told us to take care of each other and ourselves. He spoke proudly of his son Maximus and it further showed me just how wonderful and real of a person he is, not to mention that he is funny as hell. I remember a previous show where he told the crowd, "I'm thirty-six years old and I just got my license. I was driving down the LA freeway and I was so fucking scared." This time he pulled his usual shenanigans and decided to strip down to his socks and boxers and told us how he has the best chicken legs in the business.

Anyway, the show was just awesome. There is no other way to describe it. I can't narrow down what is so awesome about H2O shows because there are so many different reasons. It's awesome. They share the stage and the microphone with the crowd. There were more times that I can count that a fan has jumped up on stage and Toby gave them the mike instead. I remember another show when I jumped up on stage and Toby put his arm around me and we sang "One Life, One Chance" together. That's what I love about H2O, they are



TOBY AND HIS CHICKEN LEGS,
Courtesy of Joan Leong

just so down to earth and modest despite their immense success. Some bands just say they care about their fans, but H2O really cares about their fans; they really mean it. At one point of the show, Toby looked into at the crowd and completely stopped the show because he saw that a fan had fallen down. The band stopped playing entirely and told us to help and make sure she was okay. It was only until security came to take her safely away that the show could go on. At another show, in mid-song, Toby spotted a friend of mine on the side of the stage looking distressed. He went right on over and got her a bottle of water, patted her on the head and mouthed "Are you okay?" without skipping a beat. That is probably another rea-

son the fans keep coming back, because the band looks out for their fans. They hang around after the show to talk to everyone; they have a intimate relationship with the crowd and they are five of the most talented musicians in New York.

The H2O 10th Anniversary Show was everything I anticipated and more. They played all my favorites like "Role Model," "5 Year Plan," "Guilty By Association," and many more. Towards the end of the show, Freddy Madball came onstage and sang a few songs. He and several other very tall and large people on stage started jumping off into the crowd and, fun as that was, it was a frightening moment because in all the hubbub, I ended up with a black eye. It just grew more and more chaotic as the show pulled to an end. There seemed to be as many people on stage as there were in the pits. Everyone in the pits was going nuts and everyone else was contributing by screaming, "ONE MORE SONG, ONE MORE SONG." However, after an encore, it came to an end. It was the best show



TOBY AND ADAM BEING AFFECTIONATE,
Courtesy of Jon Leong

I had been to in a long time and I'm not just saying that because they are my favorite band. The only negative things I could say, was that I wish they made more t-shirts because they were sold out by the time I got to the merchandise table. That, and having to tell my mom not to worry about the black eye and other various cuts and bruises on my face. I did manage to get two of Mackie's drumsticks from a very nice roadie as my souvenir. All in all, it was an amazing show and everyone must go see them and love them! They are playing with the Dropkick Murphys (yesssss!) on March 25th at Irving Plaza, and with Hazen St. on March 27th at the Knitting Factory. You can be damned sure it will be a hell of a show, so go get your tickets now!

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

The Family of Mann

By Jamie Mignone

Like I tell everybody all the time, TV sucks. It homogenizes our culture and makes it even more boring to live in the United States. "The Family of Mann" addresses this point from the other side of the screen from the perspective of an intelligent writer, dealing with sycophantic, money-grubbing, tasteless, moronic hacks of the pervasively sexist bent. If this is a documentary play as writer Theresa Rebeck insists, then it's a perfectly linear system from the industry to the masses, garbage in, garbage out. We're having our intelligence insulted by people who appeal to abstractions of what only resembles our opinions to a computer. They then do us a favor by passing off their ideals as ours via mass media mind control. Thank you, hands up for Hollywood.

I've always considered Los Angeles an ashtray, and it's good to see that Rebeck agrees. It's a city of foreigners, frightened mid-westerners, and smog. It's a place where nobody belongs, and it's that place that generates Amerika's insecure self-image. Ninety-pound women and Botox are what the mold is cut from and the Amerikan people try in vain to stuff themselves into the drop-forge in between trips to McDonald's (on cue, someone just handed me a bag of artificial cheese and MSG called "Munchies," that I did CONSUME).

For those of you that wish to participate or engage in Amerikan culture, let this play serve as a warning. The integrity of your soul is at stake in the play between yourself, your inherited culture, and your favorite fiction. Is



THE
2005
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PROJECT

MARCH 3-6
Thursday-Saturday @ 8pm
Sunday Matinee @ 2pm

Stony Brook
University
Department of
Theatre Arts
presents

The Family of Mann
A Play by Theresa Rebeck
Directed by Bill Burford

The Staller Center for the Arts, Theatre Two
For Tickets Call The Box Office (631) 632-ARTS
\$10 General Admission, \$8 Faculty and Staff, \$6 Students and Seniors

THE POSTER FOR THE PLAY, ROCKING,
Courtesy of Lisa Casper

money what you want? Because that's what you've been taught to want, and Americans eat that shit up, they love making that shit up, and they love burning that shit, all at the cost of a few insignificant things like humanity, fun, and happiness.

The cast at the Sunday, March 6th matinee were great, they've made insipid and vapid characters real and the comedy real and absurd enough to seem spontaneous. Some of you guys suck though, and it works, cause your characters are assholes. Cheers.

The mixed media on screen and stage played well on the human attachment to our imaginations and the blurred demarcation between reality and unreality, and the screen saved the mediocre set from being labeled by me as "lackluster." Cheers again. The video and lights saved the day.

The sound design was fab, only because I own or have owned a copy of every piece of music used before, during, and after the performance, and to hear Soul Coughing outside of my head is a rare thing these days. Double cheers to Brendan Riker for playing a jerk onstage and doing the sound, or at least being so credited in the bill.

Overall, this was more than a worthwhile event and a very good production. Congrats, you're all awesome.

Interpol - Radio City Music Hall 3/1/05

By Seth Maggiore

Tuesday was a typical snowy late winter's day, and I didn't feel like doing much of anything. After calling 632-BLOW! and discovering that campus was still open, I decided to take a personal snow day and sleep half the day away. Feeling the onset of a cold, I knew this was necessary for the rest of the day anyhow. I was feeling extremely mellow, lonely, and I was killing time walking around the city with winter's discontent on my mind. I was in the perfect mood to see Interpol.



INTERPOL, NOT THE POLICE ORGANIZATION,
Courtesy of coolfie.com

I was also forgetful as an Alzheimer's patient. I had no pen or paper to take notes, which created an interesting barter system with the people my friend and I were sitting near that essentially sucked. After that bullshit, the opening band, Q and not U, began their set. I won't mince words; they weren't good. For starters, they only had one tinted light on stage. What the fuck is the point of going to a show if you can't see the band! I didn't pay \$40 to look at relative darkness, but I digress. Their music was decent and it seemed to be a combination of spacey noise rock with a rhythmic backbone. However the thing which was the most annoying about this band was the singer's voice. He/She/It sounded like Geddy Lee after being castrated with a dull, rusty hack saw. Even the next day I had this awful sound echoing through my head. Still, to be fair I guess it just wasn't my type of music, but I just couldn't get over that noise.

So after hearing the equivalent of bats fucking, Interpol snuck onto the dimly lit stage. They began their set with the first song off their newest album, *Antics*, entitled "Next Exit." The organ intro was sweet relief from the previous sonic torment, and with those first few notes I knew that I'd get what I was expecting. It turned out that Radio City Music Hall was a venue which was accommodating to Interpol's trademark hauntingly resonate sound. As the band played on, and the crowd drank on, they dipped into the more catchy songs from *Turn on the Bright Lights* such as "Obstacle 1" and "Roland." The audience reacted really well to

this and much drunken dancing ensued. A weird point in the show was when they were playing the song "PDA" and took a really long pause that's normally like two seconds during the song. They started talking to each other, as if they didn't want to play that song, but continued on anyway. One of the final highlights of the show was an extra long version of "NYC." As their shadows moved along the walls, I got that eerie, relaxed feeling that comes with Interpol. At that moment I knew this was a good show.

Soon after that the show ended. I looked at my phone and saw that it was 10:30. Only 10:30, I thought, I guess time really is like a broken watch [That was cheap, I know]. They played for an hour and a half, but it felt much longer. I think that's one of the signs of a good band. They can make you forget everything about or around you for as long as their music continues. As my friend and I walked, not ran like I anticipated, to Penn Station to make our train home we were suddenly engulfed by a mass exodus of Hassidic Jews. I think they were leaving some conference from down the block and they just began causing havoc on the sidewalks and plugging up traffic due to their sheer numbers. From a distance it seemed like I was going to get trampled or something, but as I walked directly through the crowd, getting bumps and unfriendly looks from the darkly clad people, I started feeling good again just thinking about the lines "You're so cute when your frustrated."

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Be Cool

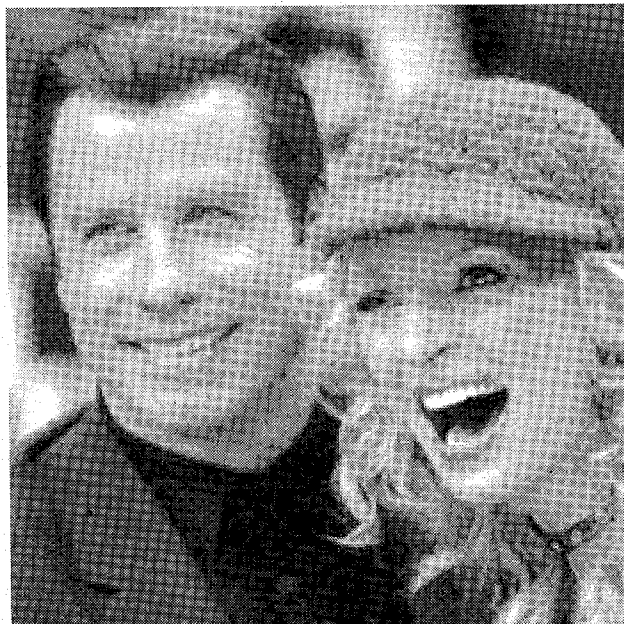
By Sam Goldman

I have been trying really hard to come up with something explaining *Be Cool*, and its damn near impossible, because the movie defies explanation. But I think I have the perfect metaphor. *Be Cool* is the equivalent of someone pouring stuff in a blender until it overflows and you have a mess all over the place. Whatever great-tasting concoction you may have had is now smeared all over your kitchen walls.

Based on the Elmore Leonard novel of the same name, and a sequel to his book (and the movie) *Get Shorty*, *Be Cool* sees John Travolta reprising his role as shylock-turned-movie mogul Chili Palmer. Unhappy about being suckered into a disastrous sequel and disenchanted with the dishonesty of the movie business, Palmer looks to get out of Hollywood when a series of unfortunate events leads him to Linda Moon (Christina Milian), his manager, Raji (Vince Vaughn), and his bodyguard, Elliot Wilhelm (Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson).

Raji is a cartoonish wannabe gangsta, who, of course, has a thoroughly Jewish real name, wears a stupid furry hat and says crap like "stop hatin', start participatin'!" When he is on screen, the movie stops dead in its tracks. I mean stone cold dead. Vaughn is so painfully unfunny that during one prolonged sequence with him, I was so disgusted that I almost walked out of the theatre for what would have been the second time in my life. Just writing about him makes the bile come back up my throat. The Rock, on the other hand, is incredibly funny playing very, very against type as a bodyguard and wannabe actor who happens to be very happily gay; watch him recite a monologue from "Bring It On" and you will laugh, I assure you.

Anyway, after hearing Linda Moon sing, Palmer, aided by his old friend Edie Athens (Uma Thurman), decides he's going to go into the music business. The requisite hijinks ensue.



BE COOL BITCH, TELL THAT BITCH BE COOL, Courtesy of some fucking German webpage

These hijinks involve Ivy-League educated Suge Knight wannabe Sin LaSalle (Cedric The Entertainer), his trigger-happy sidekick Dabu (Andre Benjamin, a.k.a. OutKast's Andre 3000), Raji's shifty A&R boss (Harvey Keitel, who *raps*), cameos from RZA, Seth Green, Danny Devito, James Woods, Wyclef Jean, Anna Nicole Smith, and Fred Durst (who looks like he got lost on the way to the john). While this doesn't

sound bad on paper, add a product placement for the Toyota Prius and not one but two music performances and you seem to have a bunch of pop-culture stuff loosely held together by the string-cheese-thin plot that involves the status of Linda Moon's contract (and thus her chance at stardom), Edie Athens' bankrupt indie record label, Sin LaSalle's missing \$300,000, and a couple of Russian mobsters looking to off Palmer for being a witness to a murder.

Many of the things thrown into the aforementioned blender are good things; Cedric and Andre Benjamin, in particular, are great, and Harvey Keitel looks like he's having tons of fun, for once. But the overwhelming amount of extra stuff piled onto the movie not only detracts from the plot, it doesn't give Travolta and Thurman the chance to take the spotlight as they should; instead the movie uses them mostly as window dressing while everyone else (especially Vaughn; did I mention he was God-awful?) gets to ham up the screen. To top all this off, they have Travolta dancing. AGAIN. With Uma Thurman. AGAIN!!!

I know that those of you who saw and enjoyed *Get Shorty* will seriously consider forking down your ten bucks to see the sequel. There are some funny moments in *Be Cool*, I will admit, so much so that with a better script and more focus, this could have been an awesome movie. But the funny parts are too few and far between to justify such a purchase. Chili Palmer says at one point, "If you're important, people will wait." You should take his advice and wait – for Blockbuster to stock the DVD.

The Stony Brook Press



Where *all* the lonely women are.

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Union room 060

Chains of Extinction: Walking on the Corpse of Our Love

By David K. Ginn

These four assholes from Vermont have as much talent as an epileptic masseuse in a Japanese business convention. Their style sucks, their lyrics suck, and the album has absolutely no rhyme or reason.

My favorite track is "Elementary Lovers," which makes you think that it's about inexperienced people falling in love when it's actually about the bassist's secret fetish for small children.

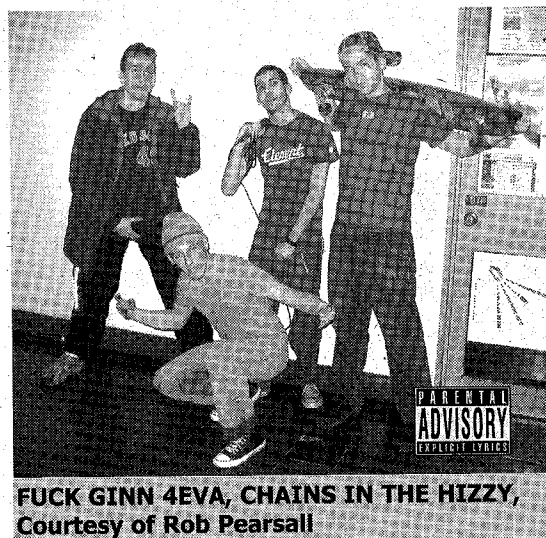
Oh, and another great selection is "Me and My IV," which is about a dependency on hospital medication. The song has no real purpose, and it's self-indulgent when it's at its best.

The seventh track on the album, "Hospital Hospitality," is about the sweet nurses at the hos-

pitals, the ones the band members want to engage in sexual relationships with. It's stupid and it's just...not good.

The cover design is a self-appreciation of the band's non-existing talent and super super-ego. Listening to this album is like listening to a bunch of really special people try to sing Christmas carols over the loud sound of an L-Train passing overhead. The drummer, who thanks "my mom, my girlfriend, and of course Jesus" in the album's credits doesn't actually do any drumming in the album. I may have heard a cymbal somewhere in track four, but that may have been unintentional.

In conclusion, the album sucks and so does the band.



FUCK GINN 4EVA, CHAINS IN THE HIZZY, Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

Ask Amberly Jane

By Amberly Jane

There was a crippled kid in my high school, whose wheelchair was known as "The Screaming Rave Machine." He often contemplated jazz and X (before it was illegal), and was rumored to have one nut, after an unfortunate tighty-whitie incident the summer before ninth grade.

I have always been a rabid observer of the human animal, and I often discussed life with Shawn, who was rather Zen for his time, with his large pacifist eyes and silky honey-yellow tongue.

He used to say with infinite wistfulness that he was a charter member in the fraternity of dreamers, and I, in my awkward green immaturity, would attempt to wrestle his head from the clouds, aiming to bring him face-to-face with palpable reality.

Of course now, some 13 years and many more harsh lessons later, this delight I had with reality is a tawdry little shine on the seat of my conscience.

I wish I could tell Shawn that these days I want to scream at random people, shake them by the gruff, and show them that reality is suspect and so conflicting a pickle that it's worthless to be consumed by such a binding affliction anyway.

I'm sorry Shawn, for now I walk in waking dreams, and replace the white portions with color as I slog through the unceasing snowy horizon. I brace myself and grit through the noise, the grinding battle-cry outside, this overrated "reality"...and wait for the plaintive chainsaw show-down.

I know it's coming.

Looking at worn, rusty journals, reviewing all those rote renditions, forgotten convictions, words stare back that I don't remember writing. Have I changed that much? For the better, a crime that grew out of misdeemeanor. I must undress my inner demons, redress, remember, forget.

Make sense, A. OK. I fancied a peek at my old writings, see, reminisced and such. I had a habit of jotting down quotes from people. Random, usually, and uninteresting. Otherwise I would have *never* remembered what Shawn used to say through a decade+ of malted hops and bong resin.

Lately I've been reviving this lost habit and have been jotting down choice phrases that happen to finesse my ears... I say it's for your reading enjoyment, but mainly just because I feel like it. I'll be sprinkling these quotes throughout the remaining text.

Here's a dubious one to start us off:

"The guy was nice enough, but if my life were a movie, in the credits he would be something like Second Tall Man."

As I was looking through my old writ-

ings, I read the passage about Shawn, and I was there. I could smell the grease on his fingers, and my own were tapping where his right leg should have been.

And I twitched rather violently.

A sudden full-body jolt. Zang. This quick violent twitch happens often, actually, whenever I have a particularly striking memory.

"They smuggled weed, an eighth in each vagina. We could cultivate that flavor - pungent pussy pot."

Actually, a most remarkable thing happened with a certain person - but I must be sufficiently vague, for this column doesn't exist in a vacuum. Unfortunate, but it's the nature of the beast; many times, in fact, it is the juiciest, most creamy bits that don't get in.

But this, this was like the first time I ever shot a gun.

I was 12, it was heavier than I expected, and my father wanted a daughter who could take care of herself. Zang. I remember the cold steel and the kick-back, and by now I'm quite a decent marksman.

Like shooting a gun... aware that something dangerous is in your hands.

I feel as though I could go mad with this person. Not like being driven to madness by the exasperating irk of a loved one, but the danger most prevalent with someone who prefers the world at its weirdest, and encourages you to do the same - to let go of your pointless conventions and hang-ups.

Going mad as an act of rebellion.

He is one of the few whereas my tongue ties, and I try to size up my dimensional latitudes inside, but I'm 2 left shoes, and I come out simple and fuck I'm clumsy, stumbling on words, silhouettes of ideas barely squinting in the dark-room at a world whose sunlight has alluded me.

How can one concentrate on mid-terms when there's a gun in your hand?

"If love is a battlefield, then lust is a nuclear scab you ache to pick and pick and pick."

There was an accident last week.

Did you ever know someone who you were sure was on drugs, only to find out that they are naturally that crazy? My friend Natalie is such an individual. She asked me, in all her adorable wide-eyed majesty, if I would like to have my naked body cast in plaster for her art project.

I agreed, of course, a chance to be immortalized in imagination, but - and here's a tip for anyone who wants to try it - we didn't use enough lotion, and when the plaster mold was removed... so was all of my pubic hair.

The pain was intense and elicits shudders from anyone who sees the perfect square of hair embedded in the plaster.

"I'm sorry, but there's no Ptolemaic virtue in shitting off the side of a mountain."

So I'm bald in the basement. Natalie felt so bad, she gave me a large non-vibrating ceramic egg, as well as some herbal painkillers.

Somehow I cut my hand as well, though I'm not sure how. I think it was a masturbating accident. From my zipper, maybe?

"My friend had sex on his parents bed. Well, he wanted to try anal, and his girl said OK, only...there was discharge...um, love stains. When his parents got home, they assumed it was from the dog - and put the dog down!"

The other day my friend upstate, pregnant with her third child, called to tell me that she got into a fistfight with her 65-year-old mother. It's a long story, and I'll save you the hairy, Jerry Springer details, but it has become quite obvious that her mother is certifiable, finally falling off the bluff into full dementia.

Add another loony to the bin.

"I've scaled these inner walls, clung and hung on by mere cuticle...but it's true emancipation to surrender to sweet psychosis."

Have you embraced your inner psycho?

Oh, and I must tangent - Damn, those lovely big-dicked Russian men, who know just the right pressure to exert, and who keep their eyes open while kissing.

"I may be pretty, but I'm not as pretty as a pair of titties!"

I feel the urge to note that as I'm writing this, there is a voluptuous woman masturbating in my bed. It's lovely when friends feel comfortable enough to borrow *Cherry Suckers* to take care of some pressing business. "I'm really horny. You don't mind, right?" she says, when she's already naked with vibrator in hand.

It's all good, this can be the communal orgasm room.

I'm just trying not to get distracted, for this column is long overdue... but it already smells like sex in here.

"Jesus' message was all about love - you know he was making it!"

Are you worshiping the meat sack? Reel

Continued on next page



POEMS

The Stony Brook Press
would like to begin
a regular poetry section!

This means you.
Yeah, you...with the poems.

sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

Ask Amberly Jane Continued...

By Amberly Jane

Continued from previous page

it in and stoke the fire... push, pull, smoke and perspire.

The flush of youth, all yearning and uncertainty. All anxiety. I'm glad to be past the initial bloom without getting knocked up, hitched, or herp-dogged.

Relatively unscathed, as they say.

"I've been thinking of buying a sybian."

"What do you mean, those masturbating machines that you ride?"

"Yeah."

"Why don't you just attach a vibrator to a bouncy ball?"

Upon further review of my lost tomes, I stumbled upon another memory of Shawn.

A few years later, he got a fake leg, and was rehabilitated out of the Screaming Rave Machine, which was pushed into retirement by way of viking funeral. We poured alcohol on the seat, set it on fire, and let it loose, rolling thunder and spewing flames down the gorge at the base of the old train bridge, Zang.

Shawn was fond of his wooden leg, and named it Bruce (after spruce). One time he absolutely freaked out this substitute teacher, a small, nervous woman with way too much upper-lip hair.

It was quiet. Still. And then Shawn decides to take his metal protractor and repeatedly stab his leg violently, while laughing like a madman. She didn't know it was a fake, of course, and ran out of the room screaming. We never saw her again. True story.

"Why can't I find a guy NOT stingy with his penis?!"

It's been difficult writing lately, my computer has been on the fritz and every pen I handle magically dries up. It's frustrating, like that black and white episode of *The Twilight Zone*, where a bookworm just wants to be left the fuck alone so he can read in peace. He gets his wish after a nuclear apocalypse, when he's left with nothing but books and time... and the bitter

irony of life - a broken pair of glasses.

"Conspired against by a world full of tongue-cluckers, and the unrelenting hands of a clock."

Speaking of bitter ironies, I stayed up to the wee hours reading *V for Vendetta*, in one continuous phonetic blitzkrieg, a graphic novel about freedom in a fascist world. Long live boys who read comic books, and write about toppling the government. And then I read on the Internet about this high-schooler in Kentucky who was arrested on felony terrorist charges for writing a story about zombies overrunning a school. It's obviously fictional, you fucking idiots.

"Fuck the Man, Fuck Uncle Sam, Fuck the lambs that willingly go to slaughter."

I have so many people to call back and share a communal consumption.

I'm craving something, but I don't know what. Is it human contact, however fleeting? Is it the most elusive - the warmth of the sun, and the peace of the grave? Is it a penis that can hammer a 6-inch spike through a board? A girls gotta have her standards.

"One day Purdue had a moment of realization, and said, 'I'd o look like a chicken! That's what I should do with my life!' A moment of self-realization is worth 1,000 prayers... Mmm, self-realization. I was thinking of the immortal words of Socrates, when he said, 'I drank what?'"

Yes, I'd rather have a bottle in front of me, than a frontal lobotomy.

Did you hear the story about the herd of buffalo? They can only move as fast as the slowest one, and when the herd is hunted, it is the slowest that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd; their general speed and health keep improving by the regular killing of the weakest members.

In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Excessive intake of alcohol kills brain cells, but naturally, it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this way, regular

consumption of beer eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster more efficient machine.

So "they" say. And "they" say a lot.

"She smells so good, and they say she tastes like chocolate cake."

Indistinct vibrations from long ago. Another faded memory resurfaces. With not just the exact smell of the memory, but body temperature, sunlight streaking through the window, illuminating suspended free-floating dust particles - walking up the steps of the ancient creaky farmhouse, later utterly consumed by a suspicious fire, Zang, floating up the steps, the wood splintering under my hand, my friend's strange family dynamic, ascending, eyes resting on a deep purple gingham dress hanging on the door, which I mistook for a girl. And I felt 9 years old again, that glorious window of time when I could be a tomboy without much friction.

I was there, Zang. I wonder if the violent twitch is my mind plugging into another outlet. That's what Mike says, a man/boy who was terrorized by a one-eyed dog while on shrooms last week, and has a rather irrational fear of birds.

"I don't know what word combinations I must employ to get you into bed, but can we just assume I've already said them... and go straight to the sex?"

I want all the static to make pixel-perfect sense, to converge into something familiar. I find synchronicity everywhere, order forming through chaos. If only I could locate all the edges, I could fit the pieces together, and find a kind of universal answer.

Still searching through this foray into dementia.

Hold on to your patience - letters will find response next fortnight. Same Bat Time. Same Bat Channel.

For now, bohemian life in a wicked city continues...

E-mail your sincere madness to: AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com.

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The Comics Section



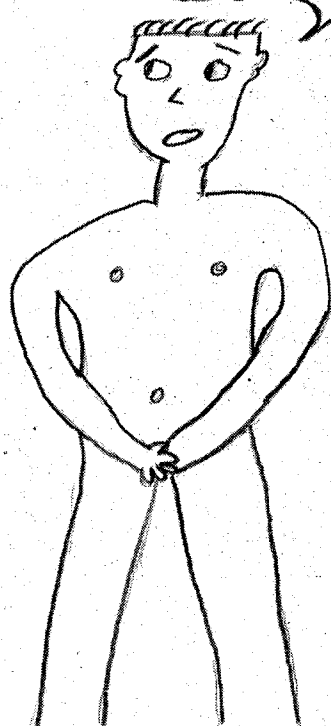
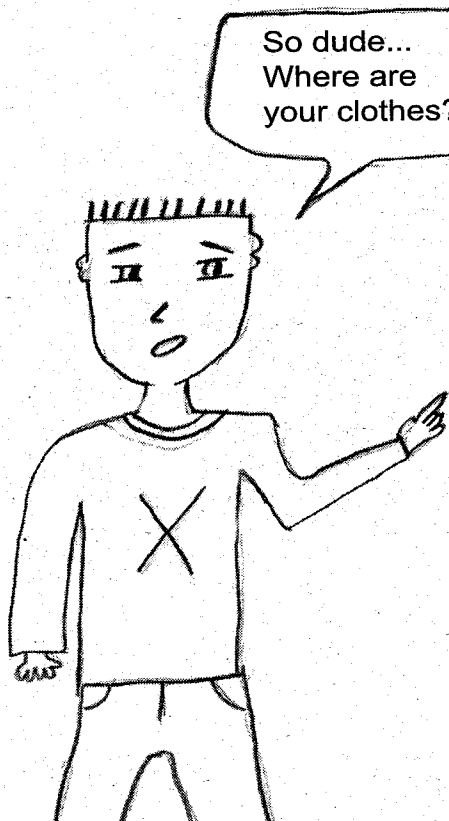
DOUBLE-AMPUTEE JUSTICE

"YOU SNORT LIKE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO PROVE"

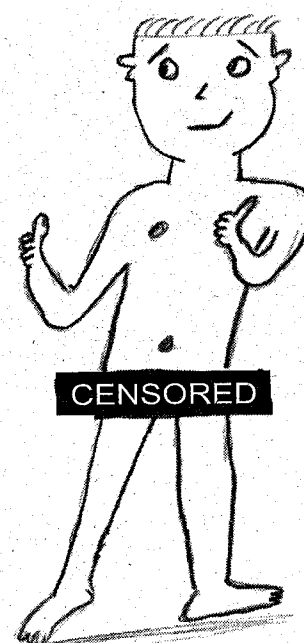
THE STORY OF A MAN, TOLD HE CAN'T PLAY SOCCER
TOLD HE CAN'T SNORT COKE
THE STORY OF A MAN,
DETERMINED TO DO IT ALL.

College Boyz Ver. 2.0

by: Joe Rios



** MAGICAL DIVINE ARTIST INTERVENTION **

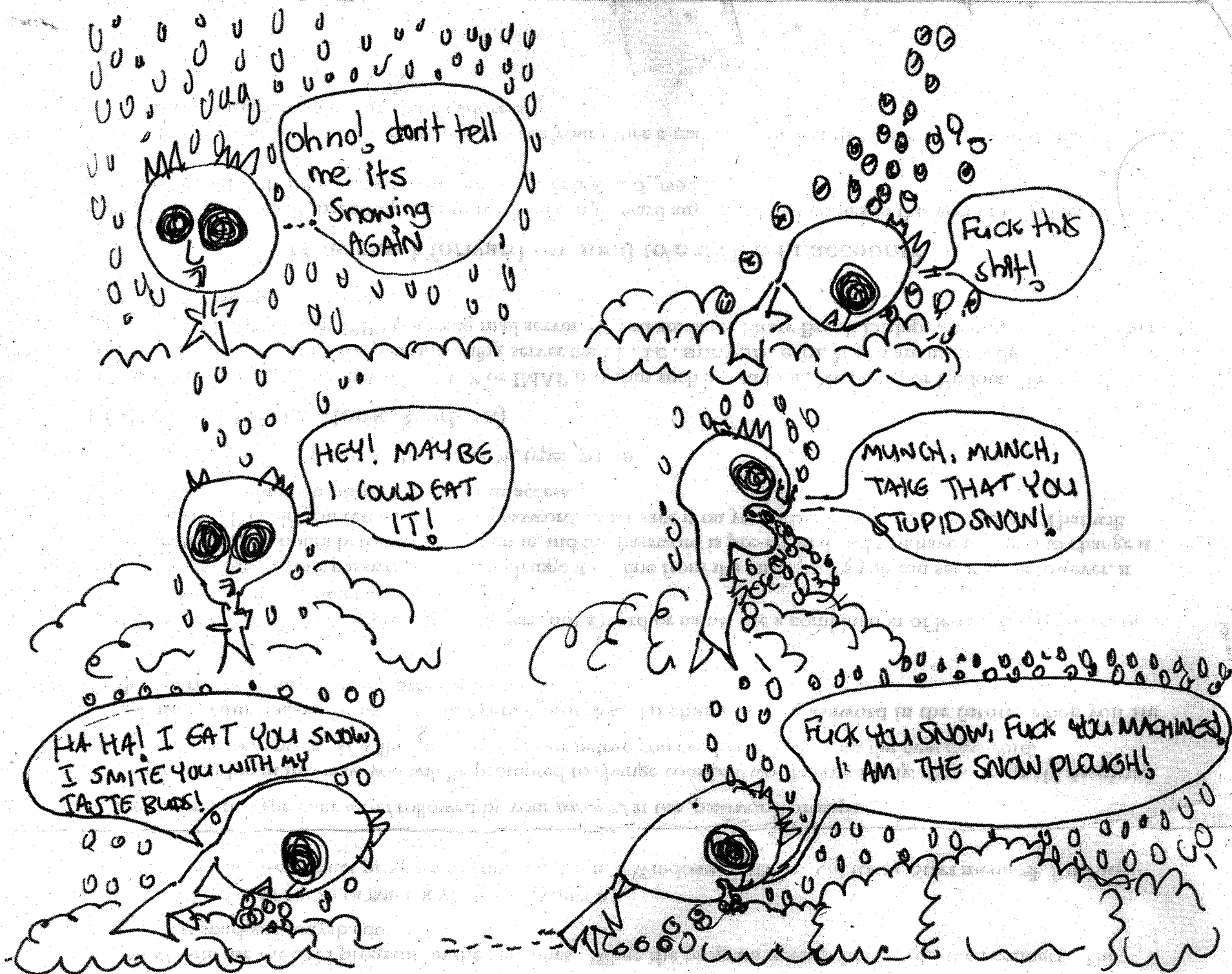


Eeeeeey!
Now we're
in business!

Hey
Fonzie...
Shut the
fuck up!

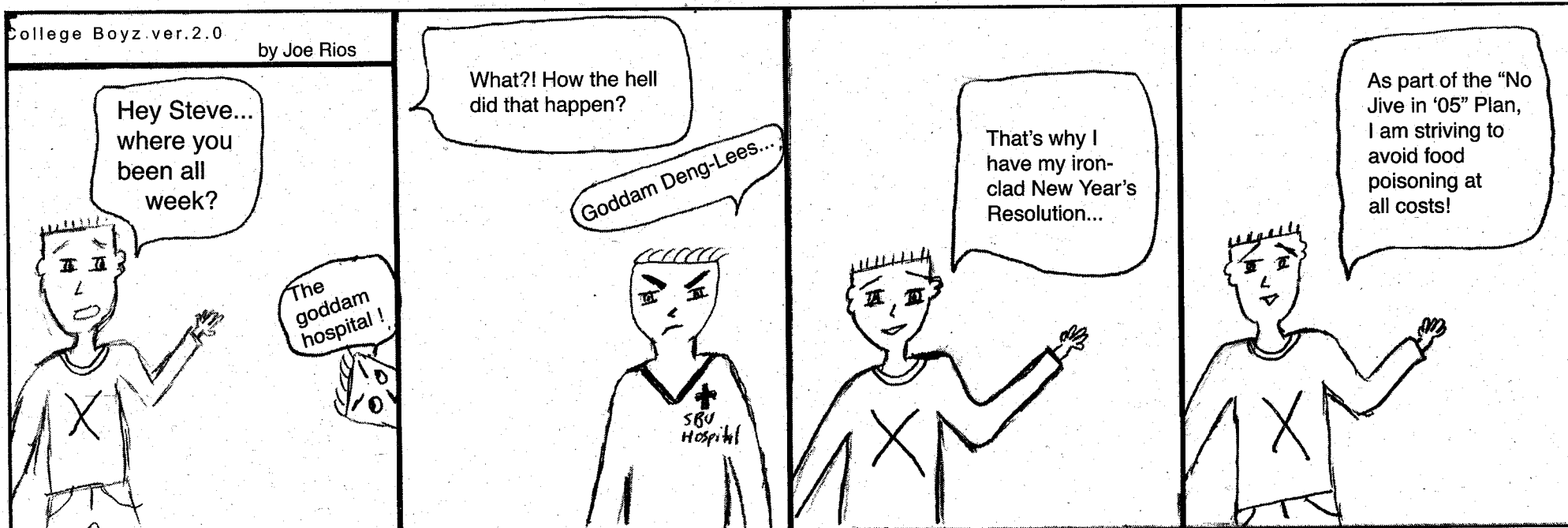
Hater.

The Comics Section



UGLY-EYE-BIRD'S ADVENTURE'S...

BY PAULA GUY

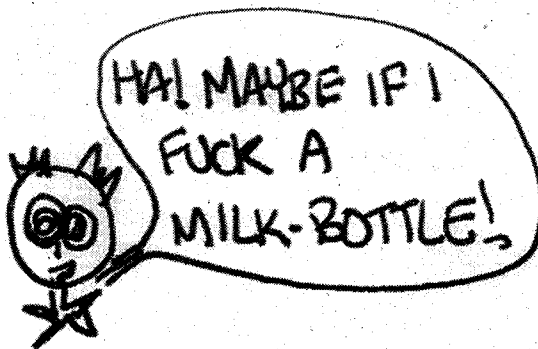
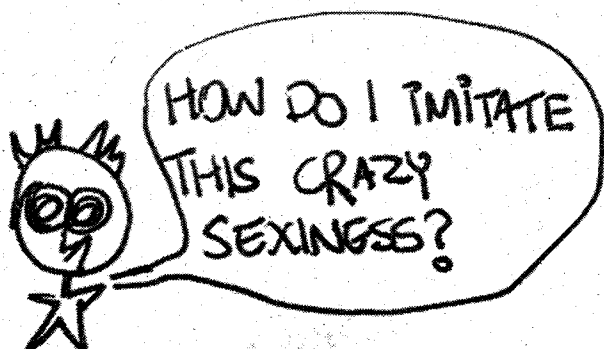
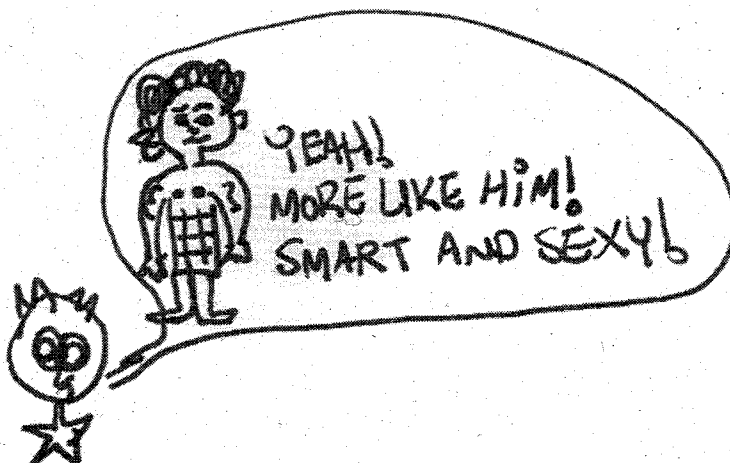
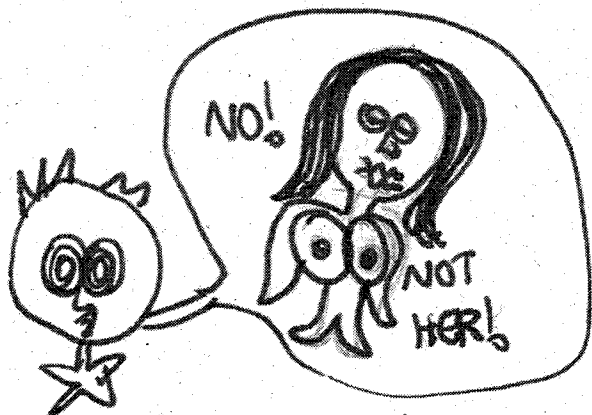
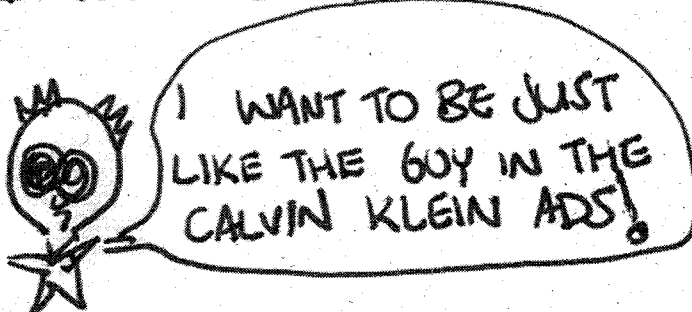
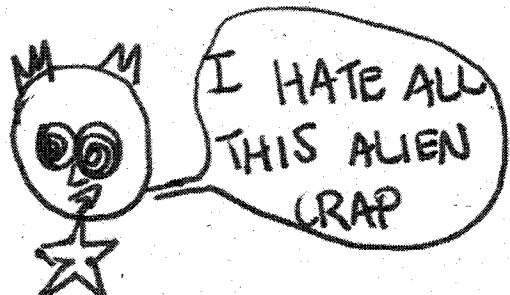


The Comics Section



by PAULA GUY

.... UGLY-EYE-BIRD WANTS TO BE HUMAN....



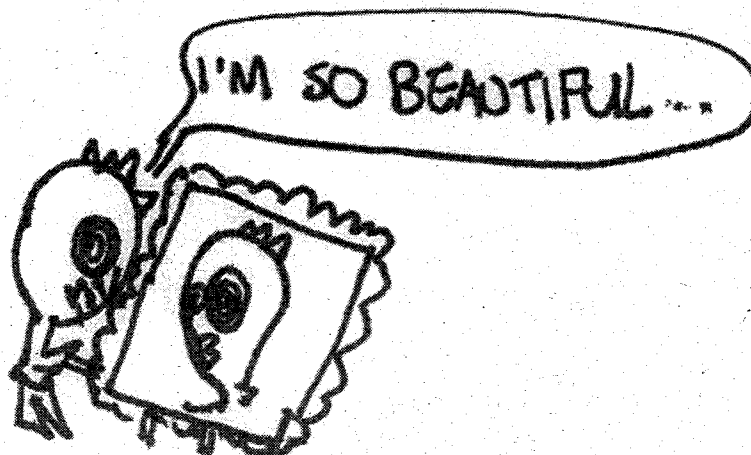
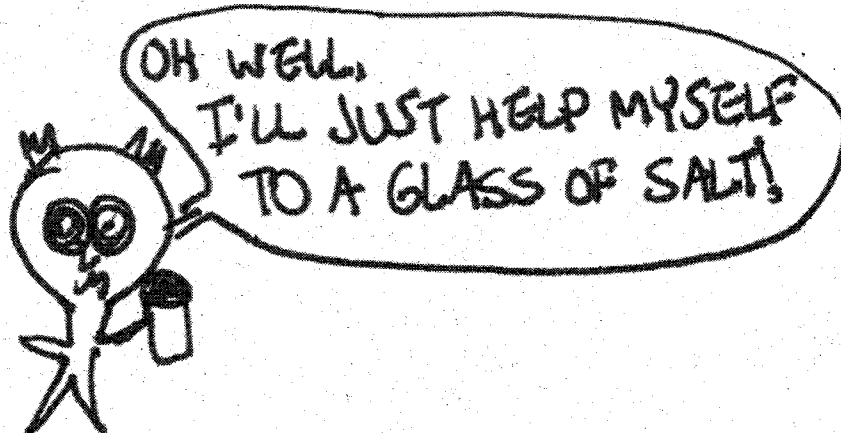
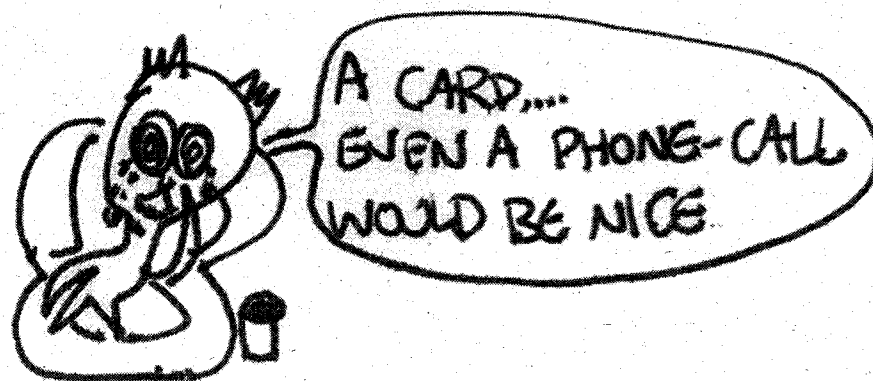
College Boyz Gurl by Joe Rios



The Comics Section

THE 'ADVENTURES' OF UGLY-EYE-BIRD CONTINUING...

by PAULA GUY



Hey, did you hear about The Press?

The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.

Well?

I heard that they only like people with
raccoons on their backs.

Really?!?

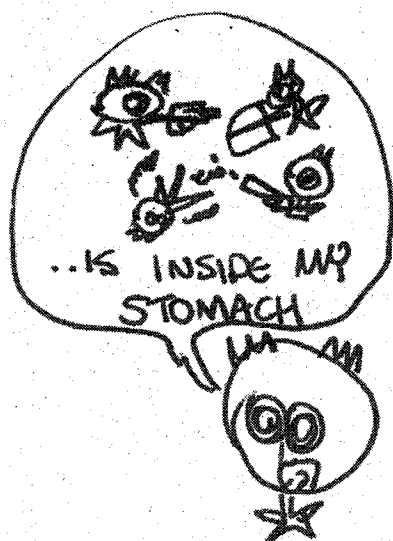
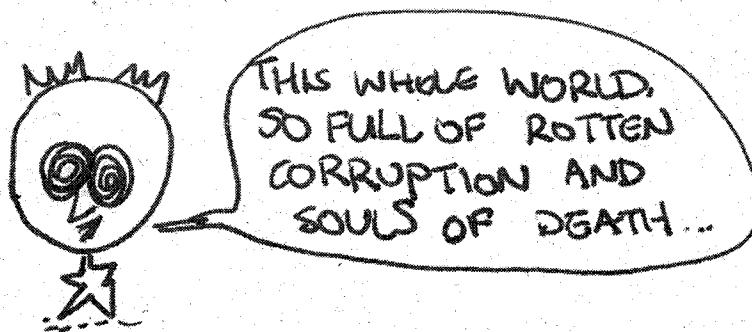
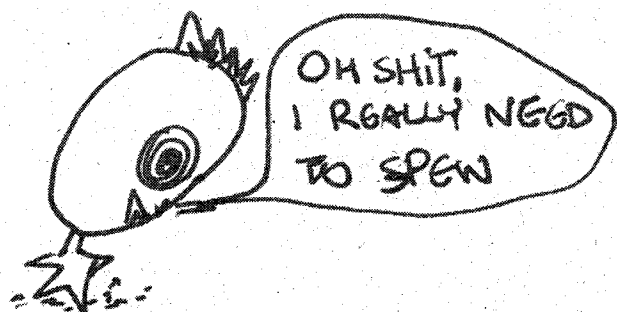
Word yo. Raccoons.

Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

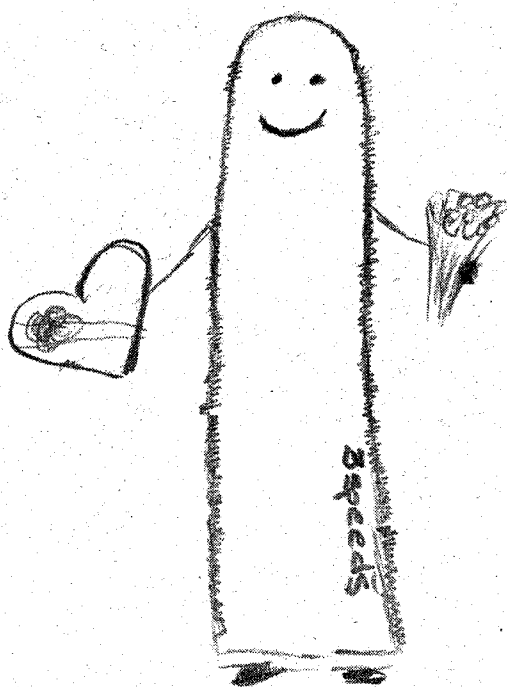
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The Comics Section

UGLY-EYE-BIRD HAS ISSUES WITH "THE WORLD" by PAULA GEP



The Perfect Man by Meri Wayne



A Call for Works!

Reprinted from Fine Arts Newsletter.
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Usbartclub@gmail.com

Tabler Arts Center Gallery:

Queer Works
March 28- April 8 II
A unique show for the university campus that will emphasize how norms of sexual and gender identity are queered through the guises of social and cultural norms.

Reflections
April 12-22
A juried show that is looking for works which illustrate the artists perceptions of themselves or their surroundings. Works which deal with the social and cultural impacts on a person will strongly be considered.

For more information or to submit your work contact:
usbartclub@gmail.com

Harriman Café' and Art Gallery:

This popular campus hangout space is in need of two-dimensional work that can easily be hung or displayed. All work must be framed and ready for hanging. For more information or to drop off work visit the café' in Harriman Hall call (631) 632-6078.

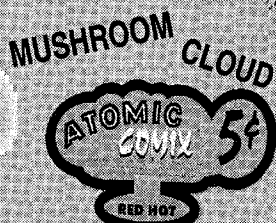
Tabler Arts Center Gallery Schedule of Shows:

March 8-18:
Photography: "on and off the wall"

March 29- April 8:
Queer Works II

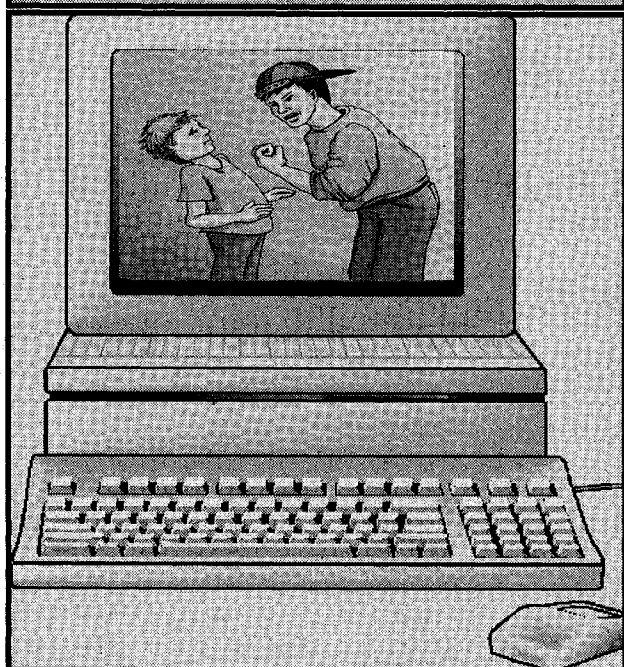
April 12-22
Reflections
April 26-t.b.a.
Professor Christa Erickson's
Advanced Electronic Media Class

Comic



Trip

NEW COMPUTER SCARE...



CYBERBULLIES

CNN reported recently about the latest threat to America's children, Cyberbullies.

Bullies are sending hateful e-mails and causing a rukus in chat-rooms as they take to the internet to intimidate their nerdy classmates.

"He called me bad names....," Eight year old **Jeff Johnson** told police."..then he said he would beat me up if I didn't Pay-Pal him my lunch money."



Draw your own face for the last story.



**Michael Jackson
relocates Neverland
Ranch to Sesame
Street.**

In a shocking move today, Michael Jackson announced plans to move his 47-acre mansion, Neverland, to new loaction-on Sesame Street.

Some speculate it's a publicity stunt to draw attention away from MJ's child molestation case, but those close to the Jackson camp insist it's fueled by Micheals genuine interest in children, particular young boys.

But having the King of Pop, as a neighbor comes with a price. "First they got rid of Oscar's garbage can, then all the little girls were shipped off," **Mr. Hooper**, local grocer told reporters." And the racket from the merry-go-round, all night long. And all the drunk little boys comming and going all night."

COMELY ISLAND

JAMES BLONDE



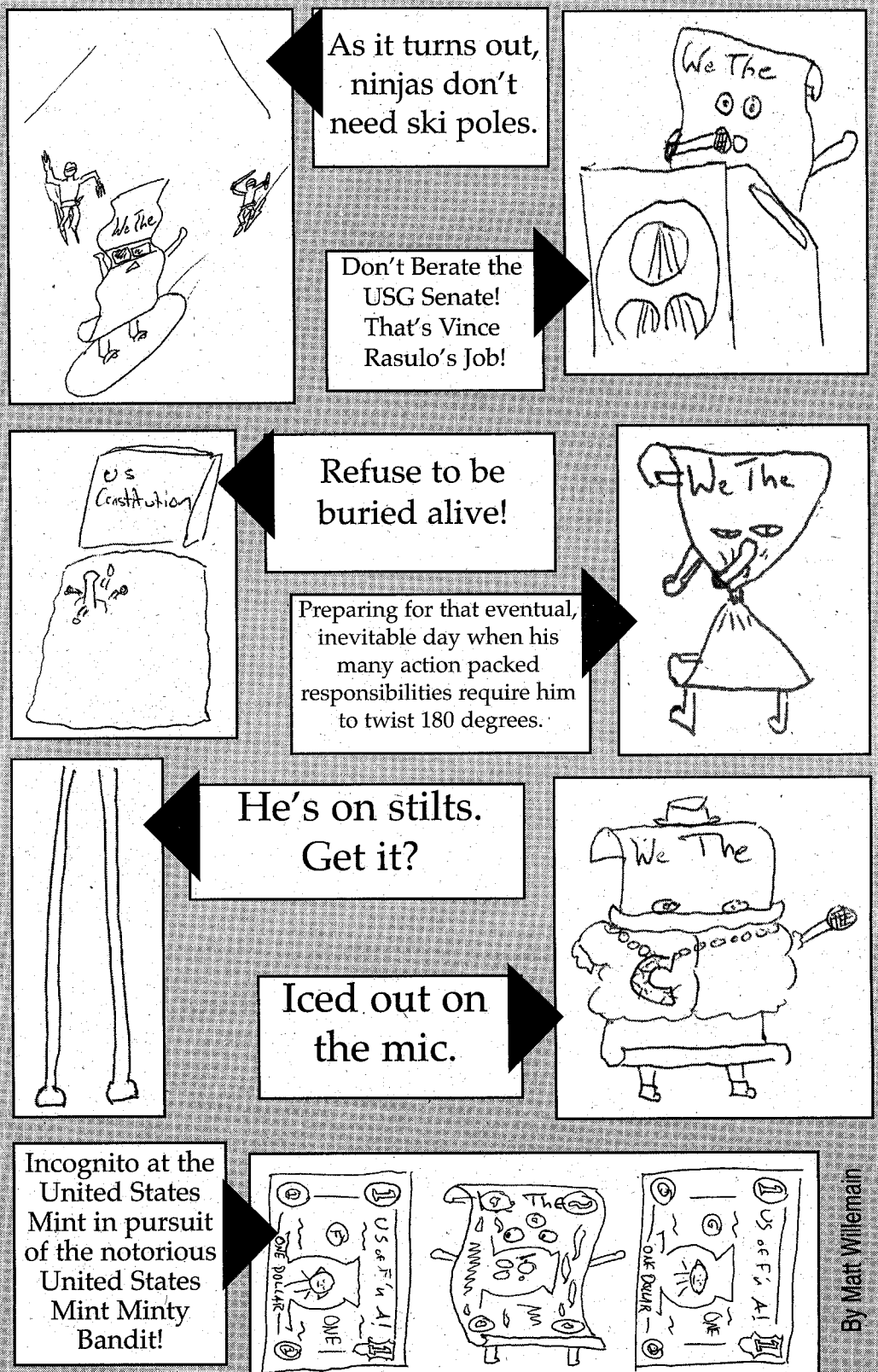
TOP TEN

People Who Deserve To Be Dead With Brief Explanation

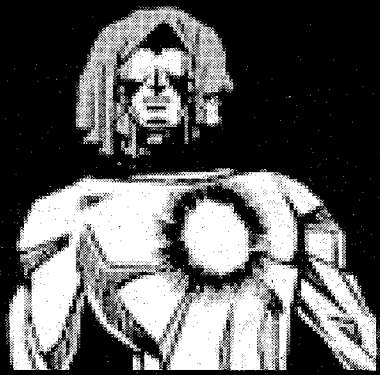
- 10 Strom Thurmond: Set a high water mark for write-in candidacies with the sales pitch "Neither of these two guys are racist enough."
- 9 God: Yay Nietzsche!
- 8 JFK: You fucking pretty boy!
- 7 John Benet Ramsey: She's soooooo HOT! And now I can't reach her...
- 6 RFK: "I'm coming John!"
- 5 Ayn Rand: A(live) = A(live)
- 4 Albert Einstein: We STILL don't understand Brownian motion
- 3 FDR Nice to trees, not to the Japanese, wait...that was Teddy.
- 2 Jesus: His death TOTALLY made him.
- 1 Ronald Reagan: For giving conservatives of 2005 enough pundits to completely dodge the issues.

IT'S EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE ANTHROPOMORPHIC US CONSTITUTION!

*I WONDER WHAT KIND OF
KOOKY SITUATIONS HE'S GOTTEN
HIMSELF INTO THIS WEEK?*



TUNE IN NEXT ISSUE FOR EVEN MORE TOM-FOOLERY AND HI-JINKS!



The Living Tribunal Passes Judgement On:

The Killing Joke

Batman: The Killing Joke

In *The Killing Joke*, the Joker tries to show Commissioner Gordon that the line between sanity and insanity is drawn by one bad day. The shooting of Barbara Gordon and the kidnapping of the Commissioner lead Batman in pursuit of the Clown Prince of Crime.

BIOLOGY

She had her cocoa with two lumps: one in her throat and the other in her gut. In *Batman: The Killing Joke*, the Joker violates the serenity of the Gordon household by shooting Barbara Gordon through the abdomen. With a violent jerk backward, she crashed through the living room table. Later, a doctor declared that Barbara's severed spine resulted in loss of the use of her legs. In actuality, acts of violence are the second leading cause of spinal cord injuries. (Motor vehicle accidents are the first). A diagnosis of paraplegia is likely to occur from a ripped spinal cord at the middle back. From my understanding of the anatomy and physiology of the lower spine, I will speculate the cause of damage.

Each of the bones of the spinal column has a relatively large hole, through which the spinal cord runs vertically. (This hole is known as the vertebral foramen). However, the spinal cord does not run through the entire spinal column. It stops at the middle back, where the nerve roots spread from the base of the cord like a horse's tail (cauda equina). The nerve roots also leave the column. Because the lower back lacks a spinal cord and occupies a large space for the nerve roots, paraplegia is less likely to result from serious conditions.

A bullet through the middle back can rip the spinal cord. Communication between the brain and the organ below the rip will be stopped. The brain and spinal cord (the central nervous system) have cells that stop the regrowth of axons, appendages of nerve cells. Therefore, Barbara Gordon is less likely to have a full recovery without medical assistance.

Various techniques are being researched to help people with spinal cord injuries. One technique involves transplanting cells from embryos. These specialized cells ignore the components of the central nervous system that stop regeneration. Another technique involves transplanting cells from the peripheral nervous system. (The peripheral nervous system is made of the nerves that go to the limbs, skins, and organs outside of the brain.) The peripheral nervous system contains cells (Schwann cells) that can release growth factors that can aid regeneration.

Although the prognosis seems grim, recent advances in medicine provide a hope for people like Barbara Gordon to walk again. More research can provide more effective treatments.

PSYCHOLOGY

At its most basic level, the notions of society and civilization are driven by the concept of sanity. While there may be times that one wishes to rip someone in twain and feast on the sweet, sweet entrails that are subsequently liberated from their cage of flesh and bone, most of us resist the urge. The most fundamental reason for this inhibition is the knowledge, whether inherent or learned, that certain cognitions and behaviors are "right" while others, such as murder and cannibalism, are "wrong." Whether or not one agrees with the details of what these weighty ideas encompass, most of us understand the socially accepted difference; making most of the population clinically sane. In other words, to be insane, at least technically speaking, is to lack the understanding of the inherent difference between right and wrong.

In *The Killing Joke*, the reader is more than tempted to label the Joker as "mad" or "insane," and with fairly good reason. Throughout the story, and throughout his career in general, the Joker kills and maims indiscriminately with no remorse for any of his victims. In fact, senseless homicide and general mayhem seem to bring the Joker to a state of pure glee. Judging from this, the accusations of insanity levied against the Joker on a regular basis are certainly not surprising. The problem, however, is that the Joker's actions signify disdain for social norms, not necessarily a misunderstanding. In actuality, the Joker isn't insane at all, just disturbingly intense and eccentric.

From the Joker's point of view, the world is a chaotic, random accident that brings nothing but tragedy in the end. He clearly understands what the societal difference between right and wrong is, he simply disagrees with the concepts altogether, noting that one bad day will make you just as "insane" as he is. To prove this theory, the Joker makes police commissioner Jim Gordon have a very bad day. The Joker burst into his house, shot his daughter Barbara through the spine, undressed her, and took several nude photographs of her crippled body. As this was happening, he took Gordon to an amusement park where he stripped him naked and arranged for a platoon of dwarves to herd him into a trolley car where he is forced to view the pictures of his daughter. In doing so, the Joker is simply trying to prove a point, not acting insane.

If anything, the case could be made for the Joker having antisocial personality disorder due to the lack of remorse he feels for his victims. In the end, however, the Joker is a man who doesn't care. He is fully aware of the consequences of his actions, but it just doesn't matter to him. To the Joker, existence is a painful, joyless labor, and he wants someone else to share in his misery. Rather than calling him insane, the authorities in Gotham City would be well served to recognize that the Joker is a sad, lonely man who needs someone to listen to his plight. The Joker said it himself, he's just a normal guy who had a really bad day, and he may see things in a better light if someone showed him a little compassion.

PHILOSOPHY

Good and Evil, locked in eternal struggle from time immemorial: a motif we are all familiar with in its many incarnations – God verses the Devil, Light versus Dark, Devils Food Cake versus Angel Food Cake, the confrontational and oppositional characteristics of each creating dramatic strife through which to entertain us, the mewling masses. This dichotomy is present in nearly all modes of media we have invented, permeating all the way down to the realm of sequential art. Here the battle is represented by the virtual pantheon of Gods and Demigod. Superman has Lex Luthor, Green Lantern has Sinestro and finally, and perhaps most telling about the human analogy in this conflict, Batman has the Joker.

It is here that our macabre and oft-times disturbing tale draws its background mythos and potential. Both, seemingly ordinary men, are endowed with no special powers, and make their lives a reflection of their external influences. Both have been affected by the madness of their surrounding world, but have chosen to allow it to affect them differently. One has embraced the madness, wholeheartedly, almost trying to outdo the madness in some situations, whereas Batman views reality as something to be controlled by force, order and semblance forged from the molten chaos of the world. In essence, this story is merely a argument between parabolic opposites, each doing their dandiest to prove that their decision was the only rational one.

Unfortunately, each are flawed in their logic. Evil and Good are not entities that inflict themselves on the world of man, they are byproducts of weakness and choice. There is no special hell preserved for evil men, there is merely weakness and choice; we are a product of our decisions. The Joker mistakenly perceives this madness and indecision as all-encompassing, but therein lies his flawed reasoning. Reality is reality, it is neither chaotic nor ordered; these are human concepts arbitrarily applied in order to signify our choices. By his logic, becoming the Joker is the only option, however this fact is disproved by his very example. Commissioner Gordon is subject to a "very bad day indeed," yet he maintains his grasp on reality, and more specifically his moral compass.

These ideas of human decision as being central are pervasive throughout the history of philosophy. From the revolutionary rumblings of phenomenology to the individually validating concepts of existentialism, choice is elevated to a new level. Good and Evil are not independent entities acting upon mankind, but merely superficial products of our perceptions of situations and drama. All the world is truly a stage and we paint our memories and ideas with the paintbrush of history and the palette of individual interpretation.

The Living Tribunal is:

Chris Williams

Mike Billings

and Michael Prazak

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The Hardware - Pentium V chip able to process and execute over 8 Gigabytes of prayer per second

Sceptre of Truth - Excommunicates everything within 2 miles with 1 tap; blesses with 2 taps

Universal Translator - To correct damaged Wernicke's Area in fucked up Temporal Gyrus

Flame Thrower - To light Easter Candle

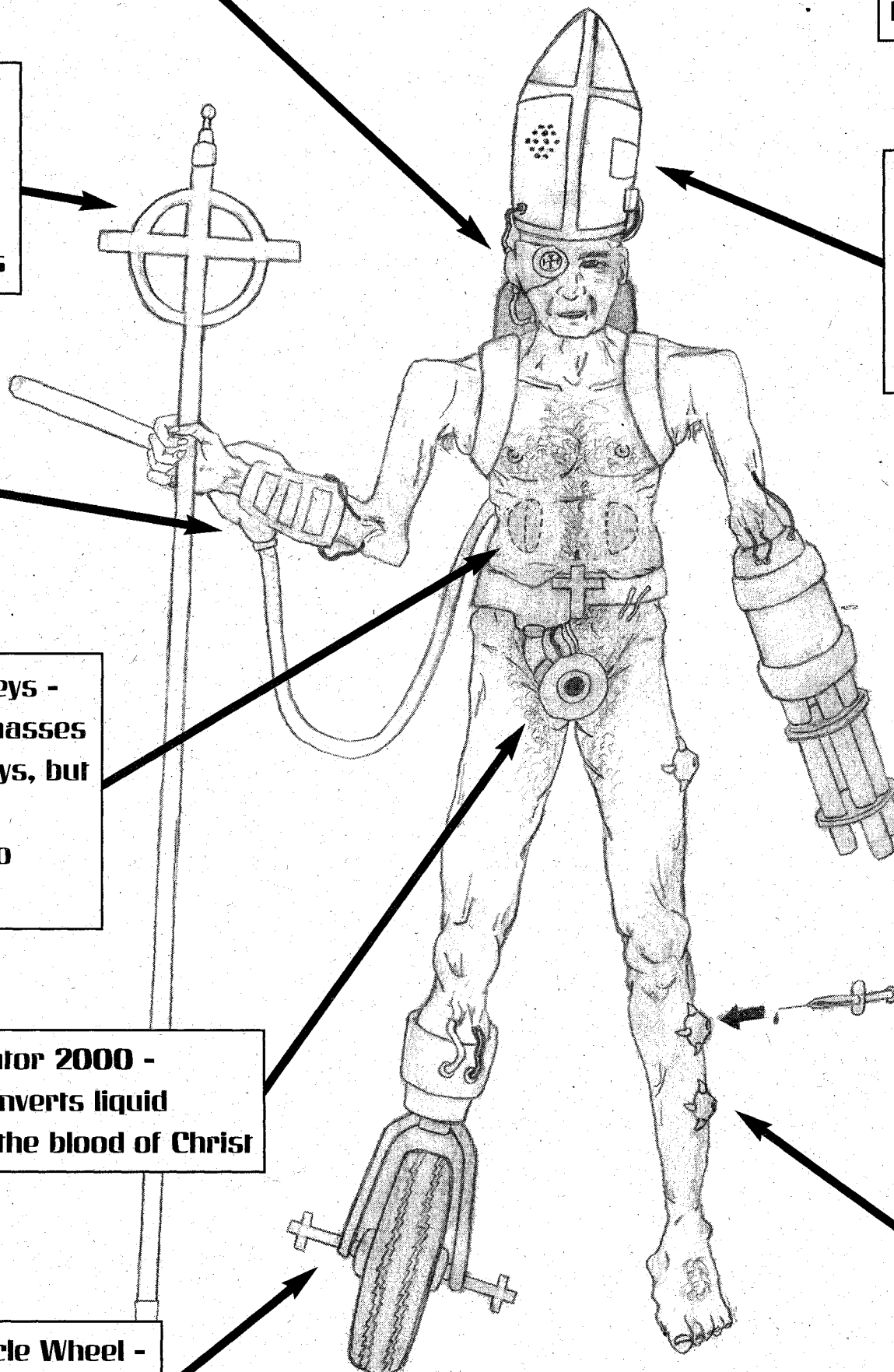
Host Cannon - Communion Gatling gun distributes 3000 hosts/min

Uranium 235 Kidneys - Twin sub-critical masses that work as kidneys, but double as gun-type nuclear warhead to defend Vatican City

The Transubstantiator 2000 - Instantaneously converts liquid human waste into the blood of Christ

Hypodermal Ports - For daily injections
1) Parkinson's Inhibitor
2) Milk to offset Osteoporosis
3) Horse Tranquilizers to squelch newly acquired urge to kill

Gratuitous Motorcycle Wheel - To replace gangrenous right foot and sport papal bling



Designs by Joe Filippazzo

Literary Lessons

By David K. Ginn

Today we'll be learning about grammar conventions and commonly misspelled words. The first lesson will be about the active and passive voices. The active voice is when the subject of the sentence is also the cause of action. The passive voice is when the subject of the sentence is not the driving force. Here's an example:

Active Voice:

Jane opened the textbook.

Passive Voice:

The textbook was opened by Jane.

You got the idea now? Good. Now let's try a little exercise:

Exercise 1: Active or Passive?

Jimmy loves the cock. _____

The cock is loved by Jimmy.

Did you get that one right? Here, try another one:

Exercise 2: Active or Passive 2

That movie kicked major fucking balls.

Major fucking balls were kicked by that movie. _____

Were you able to spot the difference?

Good for you! You see, in modern English the active voice is used as a general convention, even though it is not a rule. Ah, did you notice the passive voice in the preceding sentence? If you did then you're on the right road to good grammar. The passive voice sounds weak and timid. The active voice is tough and in charge, like a lesbian biker.

Our next topic is the your/you're difference. It's a common mistake to say "your" when you really mean "you're", and vice versa. To ease this confusion, here's the real difference: "your" is possessive, pertaining to something that belongs to another person. "You're" is a contraction, meaning "you are." Here's an example:

Your:

Jane has your textbook.

You're:

You're a fucking idiot for lending your textbook to Jane.

Did you catch that difference? Of course you did! Here's a little exercise to get your juices flowing in the same way that your mother gets my juices flowing:

Exercise 3: Your and You're

Instructions: Fill in the proper word. Be careful!

a) _____ a huge dickhead.

b) I love that _____ huge dick-head.

c) Some people think _____ a fucking weirdo for showing _____ dick in public.

Put _____ dick away; _____ mother's here and she brought _____ clothes so you can put them back on _____ body and stop showing _____ private parts to _____

friends, you fucking pervert.

All right! Good job! Now you're one step closer to being a perfect grammar superstar! Keep working at it, and be on the lookout for your next lesson!

Editor's Note:

David Ginn is not a licensed grammarian. He is right though. You people should learn how to write well. Lot's of you people suck at grammar and make the lives of learned people a living hell.

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CRASHWORLD

By Andrew Pernick

Chapter One - Small Stones

The snows of winter have fallen upon Castleton with an unusually fierce vengeance, blanketing the land with foot after foot of pure white powder. A lone rider, clad in a black woolen cloak over a red and beige outfit, rides up to the great, grey stone walls, providing a small amount of color to the otherwise monochromatic landscape. Drawing a strong hand over the hood, the rider presents his face to the pair of guards stationed just outside the massive doors to the kingdom. As the frostbitten sentries begin the arduous task of matching a name to this traveler's face, the snow starts anew. The guards recognize, all too slowly, this individual and signal to the parapet that the doors should be opened. The rider thinks that the mental process of deciding to admit him must have taken the longest possible path through the guards' respective brains.

"In but an hours time, the sleep quiet will give way to a cacophonous, discordant roar of people and livestock with an occasional tympany of coins hitting wooden countertops."

With a droning, creaking roar, the doors overcome their inertia and the rider continues on into the city. The city itself is a large rectangle, one mile wide and a half-mile in height, ringed by one long street around its perimeter. Two roads divide the capitol into equally-sized quadrants. The northwest corner is a dense jungle of single-story wood buildings, creating a maze of alleyways, comprising the commercial district. After dawn, it will come to life, teeming with merchants peddling their wares, and customers going about their daily errands; in but an hours time, the sleepy quiet will give way to a cacophonous, discordant roar of people and livestock with an occasional tympany of coins hitting wooden countertops.

Opposite the commercial zone is the res-

idential quarter, occupying the entire northeast of the city, bisected evenly by an east-west road. The houses are two-stories high, sturdy, and nondescript. Built from wood and stone, they are virtually identical, varying only in which compass direction they face, and in the color of their respective curtains. It is bisected by a well-tended slate road which divides it into northern and southern neighborhoods. All of the doors are now bolted, the shades all drawn, the chimneys cold; no one is stirring.

The southwest has but one building, made of marble and granite, sitting atop a slight hill. Regular columns support the massive weight of its stone roof. Blue banners flutter in the wind. It is surrounded by sentries, spaced at regular intervals, and immaculate landscaping. The southwesternmost corner has a large stable. The city's poor sleep in a barn on the castle's northeast corner. In the southeast is a large, man-made, pond. In summer, it is filled with swimming and playing children, small sailcraft and rowboats. It has frozen solid and now sits cold, still, and empty, a white sheet of arm's length ice.

The sound of his steed's horseshoes on the cold cobblestones echoes down the street, a percussive staccato on an otherwise quiet early morning. He is apparently the only one aside from the town guard awake and he meanders through side streets, letting muscle memory guide him. It is just after dawn when the tired rider ties his horse's reins to a streetlamp. The snow has started again, but this time it is not the rage of a blizzard. Instead, the slow, steady fall of large, wet flakes refuse to stick to the stone road, accumulating only on rooftops and on his hair and shoulders. The sun is just barely visible over the city walls.

He dismounts slowly, fatigue setting in, and his joints crack and groan in protest to the sudden change in posture. His numb fingers fumble through the inside pockets of the cloak, producing a lone cigarette and a match. A small cloud of charcoal-grey smoke billows around him as he takes a long, hard drag. Several minutes pass during which the only discernable movement is that of the smoldering tobacco moving in creeping increments towards his fingers. In one motion, he extinguishes the cigarette on a small patch of snow near his ankles, picks up a handful of pebbles that had been stuck between the cobblestones, and puts the dead cigarette in his pocket to be disposed of later.

It takes him an additional minute or so to straighten, aim and toss the first pebble towards a second story glass window across the

street. He misses, the pea-sized stone flies off to the left and lands harmlessly on the pavement. Adjusting his aim, the second pebble fairs far better, striking inches above the window pane, producing a loud thwack on the wooden wall. The third hits the glass dead center, this time causing a twak to reverberate down the street. The cloaked man winds up to throw a fourth stone.

Inside the house, in the room with the target window, a young woman, petite and lithe, stirs under heavy down blankets, disturbed by the sudden noise from outside. Semisomnolent, she slowly climbs out of bed and puts on a heavy terrycloth robe and dons her glasses just as the fourth stone hits the window, creating a near-deafening echo inside what had been a peacefully quiet bedroom and threatening to ruin a good night's rest. Wiping the traces of sleep from her eyes, she crosses to the window and opens it just in time for the fifth and, she hopes, final pebble to hit her square in the forehead.

"The sound of his steed's horseshoes on the cold cobblestones echoes down the street, a percussive staccato on an otherwise quiet early morning."

It takes a few moments for consciousness to force itself upon her and so she stands by the open window, the cool breeze sending her long light brown hair flowing behind her. She is just a hair under five feet tall, slender, athletic, but for the moment she is awkwardly trying to comprehend just what has prematurely ended her sleep. Her wide, powder blue eyes adjust to the sudden change in light, trying to focus on the source of the disturbance. Finally, suddenly, years of childhood memories come flooding back to her young mind and she is, for better or worse, wide awake and fully aware of exactly who has roused her.

"Jack! You've come home?!" she says, still not believing what her eyes told her. "I

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CRASHWORLD

- A NOVEL -

www.AndrewPernick.com

CRASHWORLD

could still be dreaming,' she thought. "It is you, right Jack? Because if it isn't, I'm going to summon the town guard and then go right back to sleep!"

"No need to bother them, m'lady," he says, the epithet rolling off of his tongue playfully, "I'm home."

"I really wish you wouldn't call me that," she replies, wistfully. She never really understood why Jack treated her like royalty. Despite how much she loved him, she still believed, deep down, that her feelings would not ever be reciprocated, that his nickname for her came only from a platonic sense of friendship. Her plucky side takes over and, with a speed that would impress even world-class athletes, she runs down the stairs and standing barefoot beside him upon the frozen cobblestones.

"Okay, Sally. I'm home!" he tells her gently. Then, taking her in his arms and hugging her, he swings her around him in a complete circle, screaming for all to hear, "Jack is home!" Laughing and squeezing her tightly, he sets her back down only to see her shiver from the sudden contact with the cold ground. "Can I come in? I don't want you to freeze out here..."

"Of course! Come in, come in!" She grabs his hand and yanks him off balance as she runs back inside, towing Jack along. "I'll put up some coffee and change while you warm up. Wait right there!" And with that she flies back upstairs, leaving Jack to ponder her peculiarities. He is sitting at a small wooden kitchen table that is tucked into a corner, next to a cast iron stove. Across from him is a wooden pantry attached to a small cabinet. Smoked meats hang from hooks on a nearby rafter.

For the first 12 years of young Jack's life, Sally had always been enigmatic. She had a tendency to be very shy and wistful, punctuated by moments of plucky cheer. Every time he thought he had figured her out, she would change slightly, as if she herself wasn't sure of her own personality. After her twelfth birthday, everything changed drastically. Gone was the self-assuredness that he had grown up with, replaced by an awkwardness and self-consciousness that made him truly feel sorry for her. The enigma became more complex as she entered puberty. She became more and more shy, withdrawn, even pensive. And the more she

stumbled emotionally and socially, the more Jack felt drawn to her.

Upstairs, Sally struggles trying to balance her enthusiasm with her concentrating on getting dressed. The room is conspicuously neat, with the large bed taking up most of the floor space. A small hearth smolders in a corner opposite an antique desk that is covered with tools and mechanical parts. A dresser and vanity occupy the other wall. Tacked to the walls are various mechanical plans and schematics. A large pegboard hovers above the desk, holding screwdrivers, saws, hammers, picks, awls, pliers and various other implements of creativity. A bookcase sits between the desk and the bed, stuffed full with technical titles and dusty tomes on mathematics, mechanics, and physics.

"Wiping the traces of sleep from her eyes, she crosses to the window and opens it just in time for the fifth and, she hopes, final pebble to hit her square in the forehead."

Sally impatiently proceeds to freshen up, exhibiting a frenetic flurry of nervous energy. The flowing mess of her hair has given way to a neat ponytail reaching down to the small of her back, tied with powder blue ribbons that match her eyes perfectly. Donning a comfortable blue cotton blouse and navy pants, she begins to curse her mishandling of her interaction with Jack thus far this morning. 'If only I could get some sign from him,' she thought, 'that my love for him is not in vain. I've screwed this up again. Damn it! If only I weren't so plain, maybe he'd notice me.'

As she scampers back downstairs, Jack

is awestruck by how much more beautiful she has become over the past five years. As if the Gods themselves were conspiring against them, Sally thinks that Jack's wide-eyed stare at her is because he is let down by her appearance. Nothing could possibly be further from the truth. His heart is fluttering, his palms sweating, his stomach is vaulting around inside of him.

"Much better," she says with a nervous laugh. "Oh no! I've forgotten to put up water for the coffee!"

"It's alright."

'Of course he says it's all right. If I put up coffee, I'd spill it in his lap or I'd make it too bitter or too weak or I'd break the cups or...'

"Sally? You okay?"

She blushes, realizing that she must have been standing there for some time, lost in thought, and stares at the ground coyly. "Yeah. It's...it's nothing."

'What is with her?' Jack thought. 'She's beautiful, brilliant, funny. Why is she always so self-conscious? Am I making her uncomfortable? Has she fallen in love with someone else while I was away?'

Sally puts some wood into the stove and places a cast iron kettle on top. The kettle quickly heats the water inside of it and soon it is whistling, signaling that the water is at a boil. She places fresh coffee grounds and a raw egg in the water and brings it, along with two mugs, to the table.

They sit for what seems like an eternity, nursing their coffee and staring into each other's eyes, thinking about nothing except how each feels both comfortable and uncomfortable at the same time.

'Is it possible she loves me too?'

'If I say something, will I lose him forever?'

"Sally, I love..." There is a knock at the front door.

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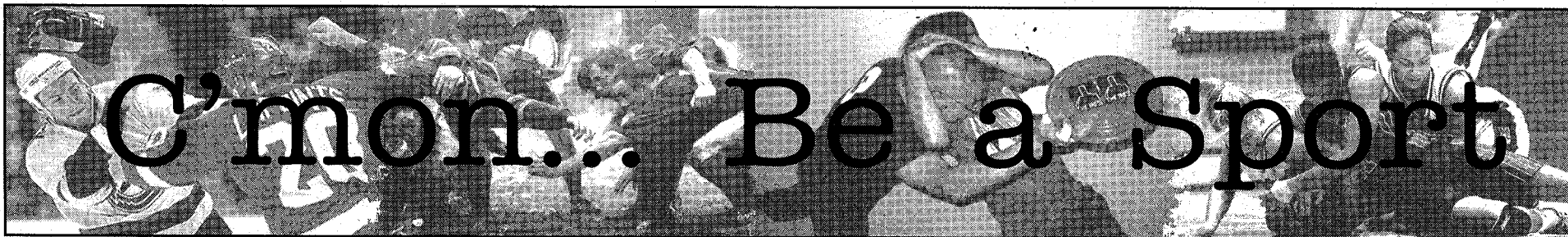
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The Return of Baseball

By Jeff Licitra

It's baseball season again. With a cancelled hockey season that might have shocked the imagination of many Ranger fans when they asked, "could this get any worse?" (yes, it could) and a Knicks team that represents only the schizophrenic changes in the mood of Isiah Thomas, I'd like to join all New Yorkers in a giant sigh of relief when I say, "Thank God it's baseball season again."

That's right, back to what we actually win at. With the advent of the "New Mets," as Omar Minaya's newly shaped team is being billed, it seems that Freddie Wilpon can actually hand over checks rather than food stamp offers to marquee free agents. If nothing else, prepare to be entertained with the Yankees' favorite adopted son Pedro Martinez now pitching for a team that has always been characterized to some degree as misfits. Moving from the Boston Red Sox to the New York Mets is akin to being twice committed from the loony house to the loony bin.

Still, I have confidence in this Mets team for three reasons: Wright, Beltran and Minaya.

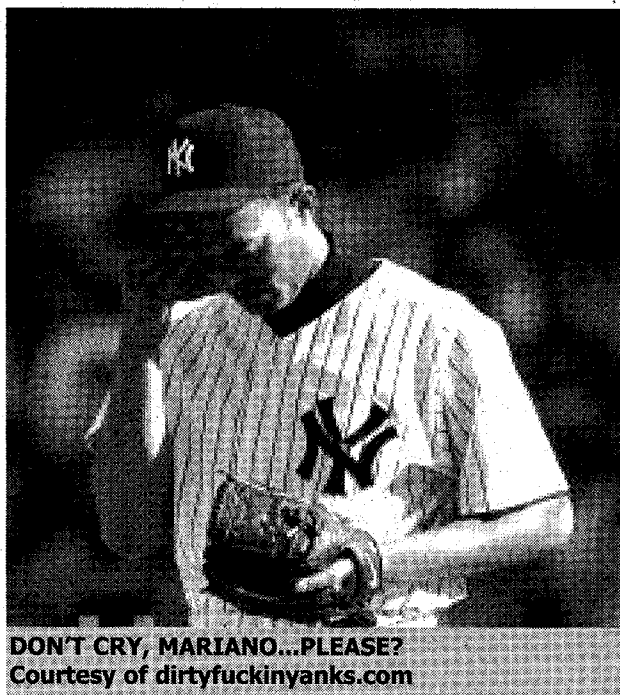
David Wright: He has the potential to be for the Mets what Derek Jeter was to the Yankees, with a lot more power at the plate. He may have been the only reason to show up at Shea Stadium in those dying summer months when the Mets seemed to be finding new ways to lose every day and Art Howe seemed to unwind like a character in a bad Woody Allen movie.

Carlos Beltran: This guy is the real deal—slightly overrated, yes—but, unlike most players who get billed as 'overrated', no one ever questions Beltran's ability to play—only his stats. And they vary. If Beltran's year was judged by the first few months and the postseason, he'd be, hands down, the best player in the game. With the Mets, we can hope the New York spotlight and the potential to compete might stop him from slacking off mid-season (something that was more than apparent in those final weeks before he was dealt to Houston). Plus, an outfield with Mike Cameron and Cliff Floyd has the potential to be the best the Mets have seen in recent years.

Omar Minaya: This is the man that rebuilt the Mets over a few months, and who somehow managed to go after and sign marquee free agents that don't seem like they're about to implode with Bobby Bonilla Syndrome. Moreover, he can be trusted to persuade the Wilpons to keep their finger off the red panic button and not deal our next Scott Kazmir away. Around the All-Star break, the Wilpons seem to be susceptible to extreme bouts of delusion, muttering, over and over, phrases such as "we are in a pennant race." This can not be emphasized enough. The Wilpons are like a stupid couple who try and put out a fire by fanning the flames. Any Met fan should feel heartbreak every time they see Scott Kazmir pitch down in Tampa Bay for what could have been.

At Legends Field in Tampa, the Yankees just kicked off a spring training opener against Pittsburgh, complete with F-15 flyovers as a symbolic gesture to the franchise's staying

power (read: BALCO tainted lineup or Steinbrenner donating a lot of money to Bush's re-election). The Yankees made the two best free agent pickups on the pitching market with Carl Pavano and Jaret Wright. Their detractors say these are pitchers with rather paltry career win percentages around .500 and E.R.A.'s hover-



DON'T CRY, MARIANO...PLEASE?
Courtesy of dirtyfuckinyanks.com

ing around .400. However, that's partly reflective of the current parity and hitter dominance in the league. These are pitchers who both shined last year, and neither one of them should be expected to carry the entire rotation, such as what happened to Javier Vazquez the end of last season. His ensuing meltdown landed him in Arizona (where I'm sure he'll pitch just fine.) The decade-long pursuit of Randy Johnson that finally landed the Big Unit in pinstripes should prevent that.

It should also be mentioned that adding anyone younger than the age of 35 looks like an infusion of youth into the Yankee rotation. Since the loss of Paul O'Neill and much of the old guard, the Yankees have seemed like a staggering giant, clutching onto a winning existence through big spending. Fortunately, they spent well this off season, and A-Rod might actually earn his pinstripes this time around. With a minor

league system that is so sparse its only productivity comes from players picked up from Japanese Leagues, one has to wonder if the Yankees can continue winning, or if that loss to Boston is a sign they should be rebuilding. Free agent names can only take you so far. Instead of Jay Buhner it's Mike Lowell. Beware of the 1980's.

Not to end this column on the ominous note of the 80's, this is still one heck of a ball club. Hideki Matsui is knocking balls around like an international star in a contract year (like he is and should). Tino Martinez is back at first, and Giambi is even looking sharp behind the plate. Sheffield should have been the American League Most Valuable Player and doesn't show any signs of backing off. The guy deserves more respect for playing his heart out last season while receiving two cortisone injections. Derek Jeter, Bernie Williams, Jorge Posada and Mariano Rivera are all still in their familiar roles.

So to New York sports fans everywhere, I say, let's resume winning again. It should bother the very fabric of our existence when those uptight Harvard yard-going puritanicals in the city of Boston win anything—not just one—but two championships. May we be thankful for the return of baseball, and pray for the restoration of The Curse and all known order to the sports universe.

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The Comrade

No.1

MARCH 2005

MONTHLY

Exclusive: President Romano

Interview by Joe Filippazzo

Recently, I was given the opportunity to sit down with our very own Pep Band President, Jowy Romano. We spoke of many things ranging from what kinds of songs we can expect to hear at upcoming games to the impeachment of poor sportsmanship. I'd be hard-pressed to find someone who's looking out for your athletics enthusiasm more than Mr. Romano. His talent and boyish good-looks are more than apparent in the accompanying file photograph. After all, *The Comrade* (TC) would be nothing if President Romano hadn't given us validation and cushy governmental jobs.

The Comrade (TC): For my first question... I notice you play the drums.

President Jowy Romano (JR): Yeah, that's right. I've been playing since I was in seventh grade.

TC: You know, nothing gets my blood pumping like a little Huey Lewis and the News.



Does the Pep Band ever cover any Huey Lewis and the News?

JR: Um, not up until now.

TC: *Don't need money. Don't need fame.*

Don't need no credit card to ride this train!

JR: "Marty! You've got to come back with me!"

TC: *...more than a feeling! Da-da da*

doo-doo da!

JR: We should definitely play that. Maybe we can do it for the Strawberry Fest.

TC: How do you think Tom Senkus is doing as the trumpet player?

JR: Uh, he plays bass.

TC: So, what then, really shitty?

JR: Um... ok. He's pretty good at bass though.

TC: *That's the power of love! Duh nuh-nuh da-nuh-nuh-nuh na! That's the pooooowwerr of love!*

JR: ...uh.

TC: What qualities does Tom have that makes him a good sax player?

JR: Actually, we have a very fine saxophone section but, uh, Tom's not in it.

TC: You've already expressed your distaste for his musical stylings, Mr. Romano, so I'd like us to stop airing our dirty laundry and just get back to the interview.

Continued on Page 5

Ghetto Brook University

Commentary by Stalwart B. Stoic

Dwellers in Hand College, in the Tabler Quad are often privy to some of the most depraved and inhuman living conditions ever imagined. Awakening each morning to a hearty ocean-like spray of diarrhea to their persons, they then take acidic showers in hopes of washing away the stench of their bowel rumbling wake-up call. They are then mounted ass to mouth along a 2 mile long rusty steel rod and then hoisted off to their morning classes. Late risers who escape this ritualistic activity are flung via trebuchet to first to a pit of eels where they are shown looping videos of their families being dismembered slowly.

Many have also complained about the food in this area too, as it lacks a certain je ne sais qua that is typically present at other locations on the campus. Many have described the meatloaf in the adjacent dining hall as having

"just a little too much glass." Additionally, dining access is usually limited to only one night a week that often leads to compulsive theft and hoarding by many students. The food is meted out over a weeklong span, which is aided only by the brutal, bone-chilling cold that permeates the living quarters.

Before classes end each evening, a layer of sand and arid desolace is spread out in order to recreate the horrible and inhumane trail of tears experienced by the Native Americans during our nations illustrious period of Manifest Destiny. The students are then forced to live on this path an entire year, whilst copulating and abandoning the elderly in order to gain a more authentic experience.

Watching over this entire morbid spectacle is the disembodied godhead of Shirley Strum-Kenney. Her eyes peering through the souls of all caught in her gaze, and judging them as worthy of more punishment.

Additionally, Her corporeal body remains encased in a sphere of solid ice, constantly attempting to escape via her wings, only to be frozen even more by the chilly gusts caused by her cantankerous flapping. All of this occurring as the great betrayers of Stony Brook are tumbled over and over in her jagged maw, being constantly torn asunder and instantaneously healed so that the gory project can begin anew.

Oh, wait, I just realized I had mixed up some facts in research of this article. When I spoke about Stony Brook and its corresponding quads, I had actually meant to talk about hell and specific circles located therein. Also, Shirley Strum-Kenney was actually meant to be the Great Satan himself, so I apologize for the misunderstanding. And by Hell, I mean Roth Quad."



No. 1 March 2005

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Melanie Evangeline Donovan,
Jacquie Milhouse Bachman,
Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

Closed Minded Liberals Won't Date Me Because I'm a Nazi

Irrational Rant by Joe Filippazzo

The dating scene at Stony Brook is so frustrating that I'm almost ready to give up. You know, I thought that in today's day and age, people would look past a person's political beliefs and see them for the wonderful person that they are. Unfortunately, this is not the case at our seemingly "progressive" university. The closed-minded liberals refuse to expand their horizons.

I was at this great party last semester and I just happened to meet a swell guy. He was a good-looking physics major (imagine that!) and he was really involved in one of the school's newspapers. Wow, what a catch! So I asked him if he wanted to go someplace to talk. We ended up talking about a bunch of different things like art, science and music and I felt that we were both having a really great time. He seemed like a very open-minded individual that liked me for me, but I guess I was wrong. It all went downhill as soon as our classical music discussion turned political.

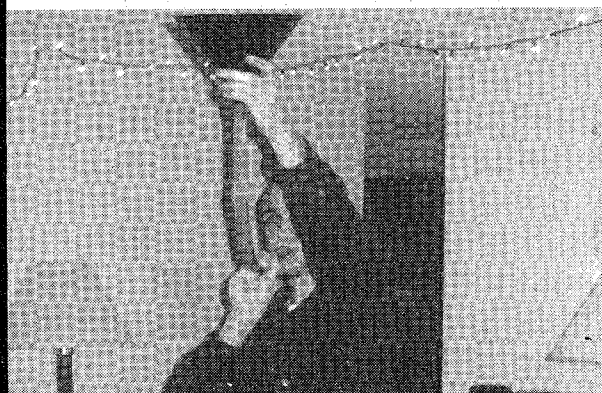
He said that Mozart was his favorite composer. I told him that Mozart was good, but he paled in comparison to Wagner whose uncanny compositional ability was greatly enhanced by his steadfast belief that this world should be cleansed of all the dirty fucking Jews, homosexuals, and gypsies. I *thought* we were having a good time, but then he started to lecture me about how all people should be treated equally. Desperate to save the conver-

sation since I really liked this guy, I shot my right arm straight up in the air with the most energetic "Heil!" I could muster. I was hoping that he would appreciate my conviction and just accept that we had a difference of opinion, but it didn't work. He got up and walked out just because I was a Nazi.

This was not a sole instance either. Last semester, I decided to take a Jewish Culture class with this cute guy I met named John. I figured it would be a good idea since I could get inside the enemy's head and maybe even inside John's pants. Anyway, we started to talk about the concentration camps set up throughout Germany during the Second World War and I broke into song. "Tomorrow belongs!... Tomorrow belongs!... Tomorrow belongs!..." and before I could even get to the chorus of the melodic Hitler Youth Song, the entire class shot around and stared at me like they were horrified. I mean, they all looked at me like *I* killed their grandparents at Auschwitz. I mean, I would have liked to, but I didn't! John won't even talk to me anymore.

Lesson: the left is unyielding to fancy or love someone that happens to think differently. This is not surprising since they keep recognizing non-Arians as human beings and nominating the same guy, albeit his tolerance for minorities, for the White House. My experience dating across party lines on campus confirms it. The left have formed an army of clones that won't give a fun-loving neo-Nazi a fair shot. This close-mindedness can only spell b-l-i-t-z-k-r-e-i-g.

Drink of the Month



Picture of Robert J. Romano funneling
beer Courtesy of Virginia Morgan

Satire by Jamie Mignone

Jamie's Drink of the Month: BLUE BLOOD
In between time spent being compassionate and caring about other people, I just snap sometimes! Respecting fellow humans doesn't always work, especially when there are so many mean ones out there, and they all seem to have one thing in common, they're filthy rich! To make it easier on the rest of us who don't have our heads up our asses, here's a simple recipe!

You will need

- 1 an entitled WASP-y waste of space
- 2 the ability to make a fist
- 3 (this one's difficult for liberals 'cause we're generally nice people), the willingness to harm another person

Step 1 Roll your fingers tightly from the tips, to the knuckles and into the palm, and tuck thumb across the fore and middle fingers.

Step 2 Retract arm back.

Step 3 Position yourself adjacent to the fur-clad or old-money-icon-emblazoned WASP-y waste of space.

Step 4 Extend arm from retracted position and push fist across the nose or eye of said self-important, entitled shithhead.

Step 5 Follow through.

Step 6 Reposition yourself above where the republican has fallen.

Step 7 Unzip pants.

Step 8 Piss all over that fucker.

Step 9 Go have the bourbon, rye, scotch, or Tennessee whiskey of your choice, you've earned it!

American Stupidity or Cleverness?

Analysis by David Knockout Ginn

If Jesus was really into a cereal, what do you think it would be? Apple Jacks or Cocoa Pebbles? Some people would say Apple Jacks, but I say no. Why would our lord and savior like Apple Jacks? They don't taste like apples. It just doesn't make sense to me. Personally, I think he'd be all about the Cocoa Pebbles. They're crispy, they're chocolaty, and they make your mouth go mmmmmmm.

And what is it about Barney? I mean, what an asshole. He's got the cocoa pebbles, and whenever Fred tries to have one freaking bowl that little blonde asshole comes out of left field with some sort of prehistoric Wile E. Coyote invention to take it away. Maybe there's a hidden truth in there, though. Fred could be the youth of America, and Barney could be "The Man". Every time the Freds try to eat their cereal, the Barneys come from the sky in their new inventions and take it away from them. So the Barneys are actually the Dogs, and the Freds are actually the Sheep. Or maybe the Barneys are

the Pigs, not the Dogs. I'm not really sure where I'm going with this.

Oh, I remember now. Chapter seven of the famous allegory "Flintstone Farm" discusses the horrors putting too much milk onto the cocoa pebbles. The book goes a bit further, though, when it begins to discuss the different reactions Barney and Fred have. Barney says he doesn't give a shit, but Fred donates millions of pebbles to the greater cause. Fred doesn't really care, though. Fred's just doing it because everything in his life has become commercialized and cinematized. Fred watched gruesome images of the disaster on his prehistoric television set, and he truly feels for the great loss that has hit our world. Or maybe the people on TV aren't real people. Maybe Fred loves watching these gruesome images because they aren't real to him. He can truly feel for them, but only in the same way we truly feel for the lead character of a movie. Barney's at home, living the high life, not giving a shit, while at the same time Fred's adding purpose to his meaningless existence by giving 'aid' to those in need.

Now which is the greater evil, I ask you? Is it Barney, who sits at home and deals with his own problems and those that are immediately around him without 'reaching out' to the rest of the world? Can you even blame him? Barney has his shit together, in my opinion.

What about Fred? This is someone who is so insecure about his own place in life that he has to use the suffering of millions and the mass-exploitation of that suffering by the media to boost his own self esteem. That is more selfish than anything Barney could ever imagine doing.

I will defend that there are a great many Bedrock dwellers who truly care and truly gave out of pure selflessness. Sadly, they are lined up against the same wall as those who gave either out of selfishness or of the blind guidance of the media. Stinginess and generosity seem like two perfect sides to divide disaster aid, but unfortunately it's not so simple. It's all about the gray area, man. All about the gray.

The Most Ridiculous University

Insight by Jacquie Bachman

Anyone who walks around the Stony Brook University campus should know just how ridiculous it really is; swarming with liberals who participate in things like registering students to vote, anti-war protests, educating students of their rights, and fighting for equality.

Clubs and organizations on campus that clearly breed these left wing supporters by spreading all of these "alternative viewpoints" should be penalized for their wrong doings. The Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Alliance, or LGTBTA (do I even have to bother explaining that one?), SJA (Seriously Jaded Assholes!), and the unorganized and ineffective College Democrats are just a few that should not only be prevented from congregating but their funding should seriously be taken into consideration. Thank God for Governor George E. Pataki because he clearly sees where I'm coming from and is trying to help New Yorkers see that as well, hopefully his budget won't get shut down by the Democrats and that horrid EOP program will finally begin to dissolve, why should they get free money for college? EOP is clearly a racist program, and the sooner the funding is eliminated from it the better.

Why do these groups of students feel that it's necessary to constantly question our government? These people are put in powerful positions because they're highly educated and know what's right for us; all they have in mind is our best interests. Questioning them is simply unpatriotic and just a poor decision altogether. When the government was established, the idea was that the people wouldn't have to worry about anything any more – in other words we're naturally meant to blindly follow our President and his administration. These liberals who still wish to call themselves Americans can't seem to comprehend this crucial part of our country's history and yet still like to enjoy the rights that they have but unfortunately they also like to take them for granted.

Honestly, I'm just as afraid of all of these left wing nut jobs who

are trying to take over the country (starting with this ridiculous college campus!) as I am of the terrorists overseas. I'd like to again thank God for giving us another four years with President George W. Bush, a man who I know and trust to protect and serve our nation and its people. Just once though, I wish I could walk to class and see only others who think, believe, look, and act exactly like myself. I mean, really, isn't that what America is supposed to be all about? Maybe it'd serve me better to be dumb, deaf, and blind...



Bush Tax Form: Keeping Big Boys Off the Streets

Commentary by Brian Wasser

For 364 days of non-leap years, I am an absolute genius. Then, once a year, comes the Day. You know it as well as I, though your aversion might not be as strong as mine.

I remember every detail of my first tax form fill-out day, the day I became a grown man. I'll never forget the panic. Father caught one mistake after another. They kept coming, and his faith in my genius kept plummeting. With every subsequent lashing, the fleeting dream of one day having my High School named after me slowly became the perfect rationale for crack addiction. What's more, I would wake up in pools of urine having realized the full scope of what kind of country I'm living in, a country that favors the poor and homeless and rips corporations to shreds. The loaded injustice of the federal tax form filled my dreams and destroyed what would have otherwise been a friend-filled adolescence. I thus felt the primal forces of neo-conservatism churning inside me. And it just got worse with every investment I made, with every landholding I obtained, with every company Father gave to me. The complexity only increased. I sank deeper into depression from thoughts of the state of our nation. I sold some landholding and started heroin, Sick Boy style.

Then, finally, hope came, in the form of our divinely appointed leader of the free world. I never completely liked Him in the beginning, but as I emerged from my skag-induced haze and saw the brilliance with which this do-good-

er rid the world of Evil, I saw the possibility that, given a second term, perhaps the final battle against Evil can finally be won. I saw open horizons and new adventures; I saw year-round genius. But the battle will not be easily won. We must have a populace that looks beyond the fact that it is being swayed by marketable lines like "you know what best to do with your own money," because the existence of the current establishment is very much at stake. We need people to understand that the mind games are for their own best interest, because when the rich are happy, everyone is happy. With Bush's tax reform, we will succeed, in taming this populace-beast in the name of freedom and liberty for all. And I will tell you how, as soon as I make the final phase of my transition from awkward personal anecdote to fragmented and contrived political ideology.

First, I must say I'm sick of hearing people claim Bush is in bed with corporations and big business. These people are just focusing solely on his Cabinet, his environmental record, his drug policy, the wars he has started and the subsequent contracts, his gun control policies, and health care policies, and completely ignoring the new and improved tax code he is proposing. These people need to walk a mile in corporations' shoes. Bush has done just that. As part of his tax reform, Bush is planning an assault, in word and deed, on those who have invented the notion of the existence of a stratified society, divided into "poor people," "corporations," and so on. There are no such distinctions in reality. All persons, all legal entities [including corporations], with their God-given

freedom, have had an equal opportunity to succeed in our glorious nation. Bush's tax code will reflect this equality.

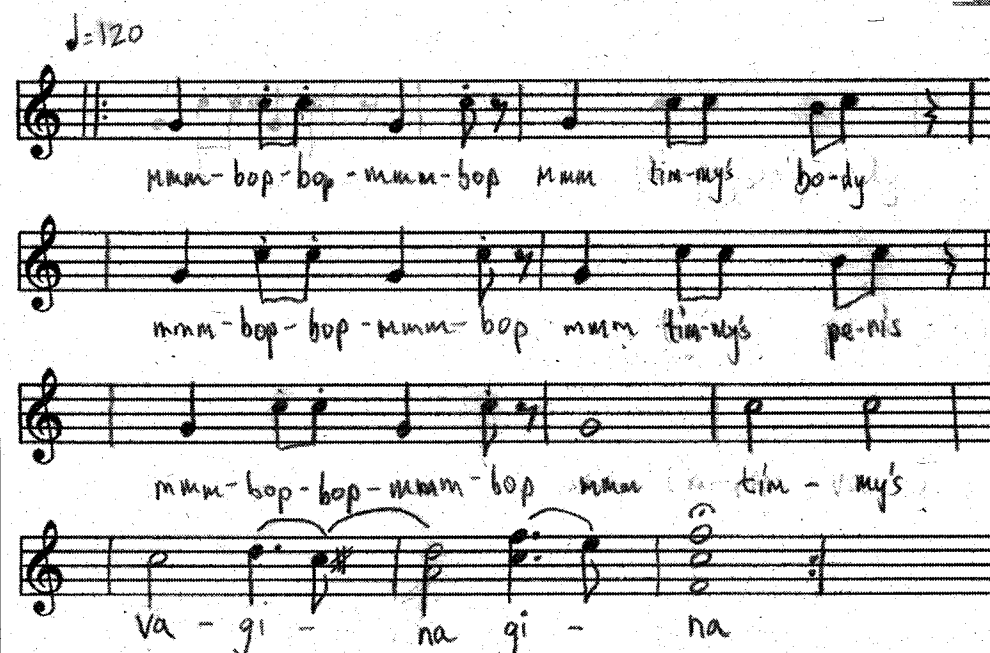
What's more, Bush understands the stress already put on corporations by regulations and other punishments. Penalizing big business only creates loopholes by which the "bad guys" cheat the system. Bush understands that we need a society in which all corporations can profit at the expense of the people, for that is what equality and liberty are all about. Furthermore, he has the prescience to see that part of the battle is making the people see this equality. Bush has the skill to show us this equality through

the lens of rhetoric that includes "flat tax," "smaller government," and "trust us with our own money." As subjects, we must understand that we need not ask for explanations when the establishment says lower taxes is better. We must ignore the "leftists" when they idealize economic beneficence in the form of taxes. Most of all, we mustn't focus on

petty things like the hypocrisy of glorifying small government in places where it embodies that beneficence while defending large government when it helps the corporate system. Bush's tax plan sees the potential in making businesses as free as we wish our lives to be, for our sake and theirs. He understands that it is his obligation to trick us into accepting policies that harm us, under the guise of making life simpler for the average guy. Finally, it is through his genius that Bush understands his tax reform will benefit corporations

Continued on Page 6

Mission Statement of The Comrade



(Ask Timothy R. Cole what this means)

Send hate mail to:

SBComrade@gmail.com

or visit

www.thepress.info

Disclaimer: The views expressed by the writers in these columns are not necessarily the opinions on The Comrade or its editorial staff.

I Love George Bush, But I'm not Gay

Clarification by
Rob Pearsall

hiding from change. I remember wishing it would rain. This way I could peer through the ing that I've never been a soaked white shirt of that powerful man. I wanted You can enjoy the sim-to mop his sweat beaded ple, exquisite beauty of a brow while caressing his man's figure without supple features. I would being a tree-hugging, give to Mr. Bush until I anti-war, foot loose and was blue in the face, or fancy free faggot. That not so blue in other parts. being said, I love George It's not queer to give. W. Bush. George W(owza) Bush, I

I first realized this salute you in the pole when I was watching the position. Keep on making America great. I love year from the safety of my wife dearly.

my home on my television. It was a cloudy day, or so I think it was. It's hard to tell with the windows drawn while

Born Pain

Hysterics by a Cow

What is "a this misguided "culture of life" your President—otherwise known as the Anti-Cow—constantly refers to in his speeches? As a mother cow, I most solemnly protest against these events which seek to limit abortion procedures for humans and cows alike. As I look back on my life I wish dearly I had had an abortion, and saved my calf from the horrible fate of life. Animals have less rights than a fetus, actually we have no rights. People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals claims to be trying to help get us the rights, but the corporate-owned factory greed and the over extensive meat eating habits of the fat humans will not allow for change. Moo!

As a result of these complaints I am moseying down to Congress [not easy when you carry a five ton udder so huge from use that it drags along the ground], to propose a new bill, "Cow vs. Human." WE need cow-abortions. Our babies are treated like scum, and yearn to have the rights of a fetus. They feel what we refer to as "born" pain. After being artificially inseminated and carrying my baby calf, it is ripped out of my body, and then taken away. I see my calf for only two days at most before it is placed in a small box. In this small box it is contained without light and with not enough space to move or even lie down. Its diet is not sufficient, leaving my poor calf anemic and weak. These are the most unnatural and harsh conditions. The calf only leaves its small cage to be slaughtered. Living this way is a fate worse than death.

MOOOOOO MOOOOOOO MOOOOOOO MOOOO
OO MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO MOOOOOO
OOOOOOOO MOOOOOOOOOO.

MOOOO MOOOOOOO MOOOOOOOOO MOOOO!
MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! MOOOOO MOOOO
FUCK YOU! MOOOOO! MOOOOOOOO!
MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! MOOOOO! GIVE ME
GRASS MOOO! MOOOOOOOOO!

So stop trying to ban and limit abortions you stupid humans. How would you like to see your fetus born into a cage, or have your baby killed for meat? Actually, maybe this is the solution to all my problems. Maybe we should make a law to cage all those tasty little fetuses you refer to as "wasted life," and feed them to the humans. NO more waste. Us cows would no longer suffer. Our calves would be free to roam the green pastures, savoring the gift of life. Eat fetuses not cows. Raise those humans nice and fat if you insist on bringing them into this cruel world. It is worse enough that my fellow mother cows have to endure a life of pain and suffering, but to subject a baby that was never meant to enter this world to that kind of torture. It IS excruciating!!!!

It sucks to be a cow. I should rightfully be your lord and master, as I am bigger than you. I want to eat you. MOOOOOOOOOOO. Watch out, now us cows have a foot in the human world [through fine pieces of journalism such as this], the next step is the Milk-White House. The Supreme Court is ours. "Cow vs. Human"

We are out to eat your fetuses and milk your wives. MOOOOOOOOO MOOOO.

The fact is that unborn babies have more legal protection than livestock.

But we are out to change that.....Moo!

An Ode to Republican



Illustrated by Rob Pearsall

Fashion

Poem by Melanie Donovan

*The only thing I learned from these boys and girls,
Is something very sad to say.*

*Always wear slaughtered helpless animals furs,
And incorporate elephants in to your wardrobe each day.*

Be sure to borrow geeky pants from your dad,

Pull them up real high to be properly dressed.

Remember that rhinestone elephants aren't that bad,

And do not keep your proper suit attire repressed.

To spice up any jacket, shirt or pair of underwear,

Bush/Cheney bumper stickers are a must.

Cowboy belt buckles always add some flair,

But they must be as large as your pick-up truck.

Interview with

Continued from Page 1

JR: Uh, sorry... I guess.

TC: Apology accepted.

JR: So, yeah. Everyone should check us out at this year's upcoming Strawberry Festival. It's going to be great.

TC: Is it blatantly obvious that I want you?

JR: What does this have to do with the Pep Band?

TC: Because I'm laying it on pretty thick.

JR: Well, I'm flattered, I guess.

TC: Have you ever had that dream where you're a professional journalist with serious career goals who goes into what should be a routine interview with a young man in a suit. But when you get there, you're completely lost in his eyes and you find it impossible to separate business from pleasure?

JR: Uh, can't say that I have.

TC: What does the "Pep" in "Pep Band" stand for?

JR: It doesn't stand for anything. It means happy, energetic, peppy!

TC: You sure it doesn't stand for "pep-anphetamines?"

JR: I'm fairly sure it doesn't.

TC: If I were to encourage you to pave a

bloody swath through the student government in a naked grab for power in a ruthless manner not unlike that of Alexander the Great, would you do it and take me with you?

JR: Are you serious?

TC: Are *you* serious?

JR: Uh, yes.

TC: They'd never catch us, you know. We'd be like Thelma and Louise but with less bullets and more sexual exploration.

JR: I'm going to leave.

TC: No no no. Don't leave. I'm sorry. So... what, you play drums or something?

JR: Yeah. So the Pep Band practices every Monday night so if anyone's interested, they should definitely drop me a line.

TC: Do you ever get that one obnoxious drunk guy at the game that insists on singing every word to "Eye of the Tiger" even though he only knows the chorus?

JR: Back when we used to play the football games, yes.

TC: What would you say is the main goal of the Pep Band?

JR: To energize the people at the sporting events and other campus activities.

TC: If the crowd is already sufficiently pepped when you get there, do you feel like a piece of shit? You can only bring them down, you know.

JR: I guess that's true. I never thought of it that way.

TC: I never said this was going to be a walk in the park, Romano. I do not pull punches during interviews. You're out of your element, Louise.

JR: Did you just call me Louise?

TC: Did *you* just call me Louise?

JR: No.

TC: I'm sorry. I desperately need your approval. I can't live in your disfavor.

JR: Ok. I favor you...

TC: Any closing statements?

JR: If any clubs are looking for live music at their events, they should also contact us. It's a lot of fun and we haven't had any complaints yet.

TC: Thank you for talking to *The Comrade* today. I hope that sometime in the future this newspaper may verbally fellate you some more.

JR: I'd like that.

TC: *I'd* like that.

President Jowy Romano and the Pep Band can be reached at jowy108@gmail.com.

1924 Year in Review

Down		Across
1. This dreamy Washington Post columnist won the Pulitzer in 1987.		2. According to hagiographic Ronald Reagan biopic In the Face of Evil, Reagan's first Director of Central Intelligence, William Casey, personally ramped up and oversaw the arming and other assistance of these Afghan fundamentalist warriors.
3. Who's looking out for you?		anchors the Union of South American Socialist Republics
5. He brought democracy to Iraq, extending the dictator's ban on labor union organizing with one of his innumerable directives backed only by the authority of conquest, and directing the arrest of unionists.		7. This carefully vetted and accredited member of the White House press corps is a real journalist who writes for a legitimate news organization.
		4. He probably had a lot to do with the events of September 11. For serious.
		6. Along with Cuba and Venezuela, this nation

Bush is the Second Coming

Continued from Page 4

by reducing the degree to which they are "penalized," which will undermine funding for institutions that give the "workingman" at least a chance in this society, furthering the "tax rage" epidemic, and creating a culture that has been, in the end, made to idealize that which is not really in their best interest.

You may ask, however, what the fuck this has to do with a tax form that is easier to fill out. Absolutely nothing, except for the fact that everything must be simple in a complex society. Otherwise, the bad guys win. I will explain my logic, another time.

So, during the next few months, I ask you to keep an open mind, but not so open as to be receptive to anything other than statements I will hereby deem absolute truths.

One: When a complex society is reduced to simplistic rhetoric and marketable ideology, we make sure that average workingmen like you and me can sleep easy at night, assured that our money is going to things like ridding the world of evil, and not feeding the lazy habits of a poor that chooses to be so.

Two: When such simplifying occurs, as it will in the next four years, it occurs not

for the sake of making life easier [that is a side effect], but for the more important sake of duping people into regurgitating slogans of liberty and natural rights, slogans that exist as mere facades for a justification of the status quo.

Three: Privatization, a part of this simplification, entails the realization of full liberty

for those people who count in society. In other words, those for whom God-given personal profit and consumerism matter infinitely more than any individual connection to societal progress; those who understand that government exists in order to be manipulated, and diminished in areas that help people, in order to serve the interests of the dominant class.

Four: When our view of the economic world is as simple as possible, when resistance to the system has been extinguished, we are one step closer to a tax form that is as simple as possible. And me, I'm one step closer to the day I wake up to clean sheets.

It's Time for Everybody's Favorite Student Activity...

Guess the Pixelated USG Official!



The Pixelated USG Official is...

- a) Greg Lubich
- b) Senator Darguin
- c) President Wong



The Pixelated USG Official is...

- a) Greg Lubich
- b) Elections Board Chair, Robert Romano
- c) that spitting dinosaur from Jurassic Park



The Pixelated USG Official is...

- a) Greg Lubich
- b) Junior Class Representative Sean Bartlett
- c) Parlimentarian Henselder



The Pixelated USG Official is...

- a) Greg Lubich
- b) Senator Marino
- c) Chief Justice (?) Vlad Frants



The Pixelated USG Official is...

- a) Greg Lubich
- b) Senator Dyer
- c) Senator Optimus Prime

Come See All the Unpixelated Action!

Sell Your Soul to the Republicans!

If you answered all b's
you are very talented.

Perhaps USG can use you
to decipher really shitty photography!

Schmooze for a Position Today!

Who's Looking Out for You in USG ?

The Truth by Mike Billings

Welcome, Erik, to the wonderful world of USG! I see you've decided to take a respite from the national scene and throw your proverbial hat into the proverbial ring of the senate. If you decide to stick with it, you're in for a weekly treat ripe with meltdowns, impeachments, and wrongful arrests. Before we get into that, however, I want to help you make sure that you can be the best USG watchdog you can be. In that vein, I've decided to provide you the service of poring through your recent article and kindly pointing out everything you've done wrong (Erik's original quotes are in bold).

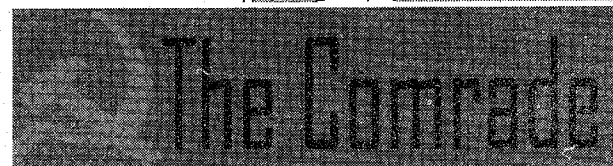
"Could this be the start of a new USG? It seems so, after viewing the surprisingly efficient senate meetings."

No, the last few meetings have not been the start of a new USG. I've been covering senate meetings since 2003, and the senate has never lived up to it's full potential. In terms of efficiency, the problem now, or at least since the beginning of the semester, has been Vincent Rasulo. The meetings would constantly run over two hours in order to get through the entire agenda, if they got through it at all, because Rasulo constantly interrupted other senators and spoke out of turn. In other words, the senate has been anything but efficient this semester.

"Apparently, [the parliamentarian] Carol Henselder is now being paid a whopping \$300 an hour."

According to what Executive Vice-President Jeff kruszyna has stated at the meetings, Ms. Henselder makes \$150 an hour. Your heart is in the right place, that's an incredible amount of money to pay to someone who says an average of three words per meeting and only plays an advisory role, but you need to make sure you get the numbers right.

"Senator Rasulo's doing his best...to clear up corruption in the Judiciary, which has been missing in action several for several weeks this semester."



Locked, Stocked, and Ready to Fire!

I don't know how much more I can say about Rasulo, except that the only thing he's "doing his best" at is being a jerk. The bill that he presented to "clean up the Judiciary" is illegal, but we'll get into that later. Just as an aside, the Judiciary is up and running, and has been at least for a few weeks. In fact, *The Patriot's* own Alessandra Borodkin is a Supreme Court Justice, so you can ask her.

"Another successful bill was the 'Meal Plan Resolution.'"

The Meal Plan Resolution was a resolution, not a bill.

"Senator Darguin felt the need to share his expert opinion with us: 'I've heard of these things in the past...I hope it's not an abashment of EOP or any other services to the students.' Apparently, he couldn't figure this out on his own."

This is in reference to the SU&AHELP Act introduced by Richard Hsu. I'll save part of this discussion for the next section, but there are a few problems here. We at *The Press* enjoy employing the timeless art of the sarcastic comment quite frequently, but you need a little more practice. First of all, Senator Darguin is one of the few people who are actually looking out for you in USG. Second, it's tough to make fun of someone when they're right. The CORE party, which includes Richard Hsu, is notorious for their animosity towards EOP, and Senator Darguin's concerns were meritorious.

"Hsu's trying to hold people accountable for allegedly setting elections...I'd say he's looking out for you in USG."

I'd say you're wrong. What Hsu is doing, along with Rasulo and the rest of the CORE party, is attempting to pass illegal legislation that contains false affidavits and illegitimate threats of job removal for those who don't sign. In fact, a letter from the Shapiro law firm described these bills as "unconstitutional" and "beyond the scope of the senate." The letter went on to contend that the bills should be "relegated to the waste bin." Luckily, Joe Filippazzo and I drafted the No Outwardly Illegal

Ratification of Forced Affidavits Now Act, a bill that prevents the presentation of bills that contain forced affidavits and strikes any bills previously passed that contain false affidavits from the record. Senator Marino presented the bill at the February 22nd senate meeting, and it passed by a wide margin.

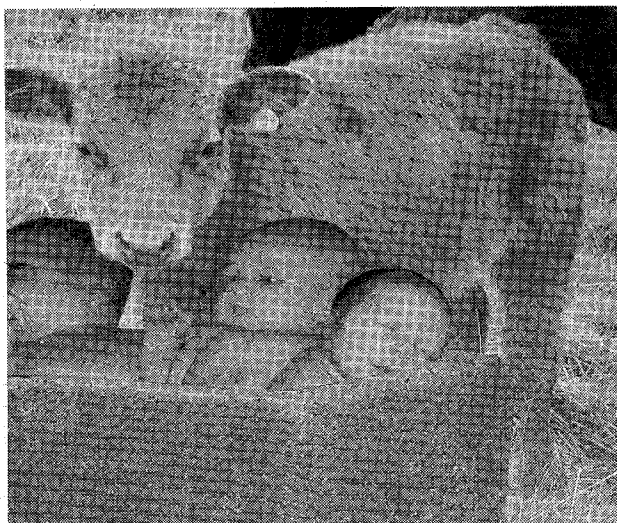
"Senator Darguin's motives are not as clear; is he looking out for you or is he more concerned with the EOP program?"

Careful Erik, you're opening yourself up to criticism with silly statements like this. Let me give you an example: "Is Erik Berte looking out for you or is he more concerned with pushing the Enduring Freedom Alliance's agenda to needlessly politicize and further polarize USG?" See how easy that is? You can make that kind of statement about anyone who is involved in government.

"After already giving one of the best speeches ever heard in a senate meeting, which included several examples of changes he'd like to see made in the election laws, Romano repeated himself and made it very clear that he would work to significantly decrease restrictions on free speech on campus."

Since you've only been to a small handful of meetings, I'm amazed that you're able to rank the best and worst speeches delivered to the senate. I have to disagree, however, since Robert Romano is much too intense for my taste. On another note, why is Robert Romano so concerned with the election by-laws, isn't he the Production Editor of *The Patriot*? Wait, he's also the Chairman of the Elections Board? Hold on, Advertising Manager Alessandra Borodkin and Public Relations Manager Virginia Morgan also hold positions in USG while being on the Editorial board of *The Patriot*? Wow, how do you guys do that while managing to avoid any conflicts of interest? I'm officially impressed.

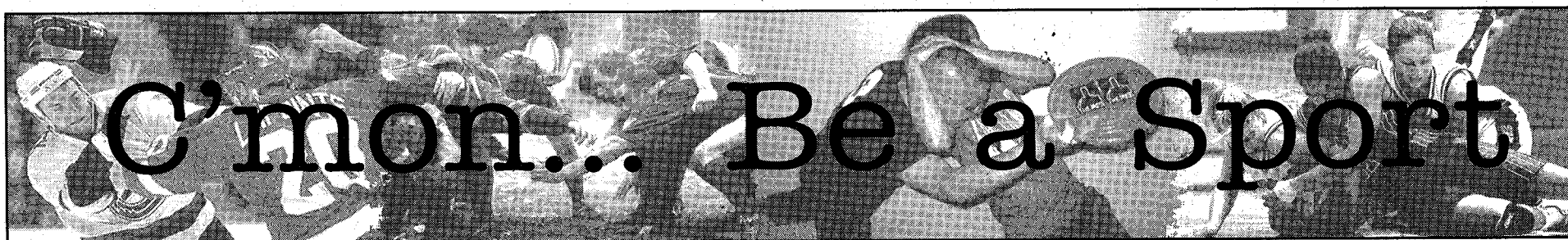
Anyway, I hope you take theses constructive criticisms to heart. With a little work, and a little more research, I think you can do even better next time.



Do Unborn Babies Feel Pain?



Will the Strategy in Iraq Enshrine a Democratic Future for the People?



Holy Crap It's A Sports Column Returns Triumphant!

By Sam Goldman

THE ROGER MARIS CONUNDRUM

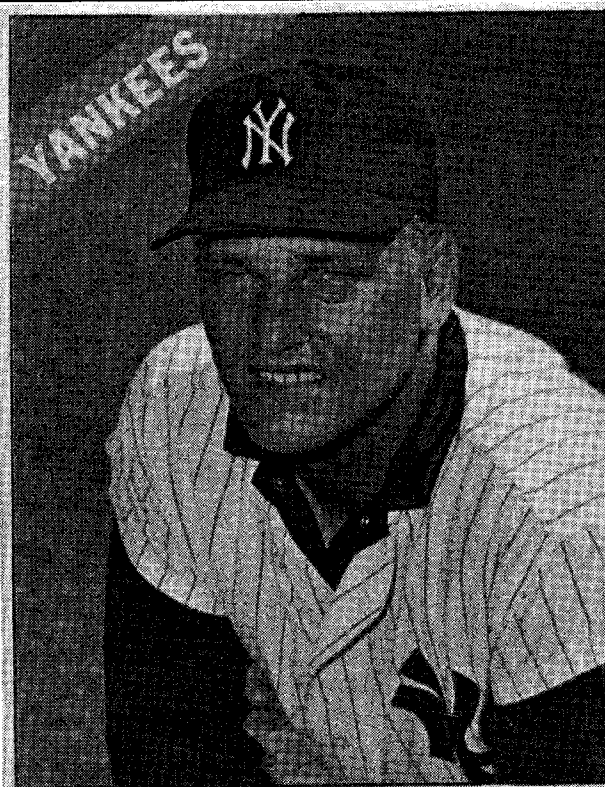
You know, I could talk about steroids, or how the NHL committed hara-kiri, or a number of things. But, with spring training well underway, I want to talk about Roger Maris instead. Maris recently was denied entry to the Baseball Hall of Fame, being listed on only 25 percent of the ballots of the Veterans Committee, which is made up of all the current living Hall of Famers.

In 1961, NY Yankees Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle were in a race to break the 34-year old home run record set by Babe Ruth of 61 home runs. As the race heated up, it became evident that everyone, from the fans to the media to their Yankee teammates to even the commissioner's office, was rooting for Mantle over Maris. Mantle was gregarious, outgoing, a pleasure to be around. Maris was blunt and surly, and he sure did hate the media. As Mantle went down with an injury, the media glare and criticism became more intense, and Maris found himself struggling to handle it. Maris did break Ruth's record and earned his second consecutive MVP, but he would never be the same player again.

Maris' record of 62 home runs would stand 37 years, until Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa re-energized a dormant fan base in 1998.

If you look up Maris' career statistics on Baseball-reference.com (which, geekily enough, keeps detailed stats on every baseball player who ever existed), you'd notice that Maris' career stats are fairly pedestrian: 275 home runs, a .260 batting average, four All-Star appearances, and two MVP awards. He was also known as an very good fielder. The site has a feature where it finds statistically similar ballplayers; players similar to Maris are such non-luminaries as Jeromy Burnitz and Reggie Sanders, even though those two played in the modern era (more on that later). But he will always be remembered for that glorious 1961 season.

So does Maris deserve to be in the Hall of Fame? Well, those who say he should be in point to Bill Mazeroski's induction in 2001. Even though most agree he was an outstanding defensive player, many critics claim he was in almost solely because of his classic home run which won the 1960 World Series for his Pittsburgh Pirates, one of the greatest moments in baseball history. Maris' career stats mirror Maz's favorably; Mazeroski hit fewer homers than Maris despite playing more seasons, and also attained a .260 average for his career. Per that reasoning, many claim, Maris deserves induction for his historic season. Also noted is that,



ROGER MARIS outfield

WHAT A CONNUN...WHAT A CUNNUNDR...
WHAT A PREDICAMENT!
Courtesy of Fleer?

while Maris' career stats seem ordinary now, today's athletes lay in an era where each clubhouse has expensive workout equipment, the ball is juiced, and many supplements, both legal and illegal—are available to help a player's strength, speed and injury recovery time. The recent steroid allegations brought about recently have only served to enhance Maris' legacy.

Many of Maris' detractors, to be fair, also believe that Mazeroski should not have been inducted as well. They point mostly to the short span of Maris' dominance; he only had three great seasons, from 1960 to 1962 (although you could, if you wanted to, include the 1958 season in there as well). Entry to the Hall of Fame, they say, should be based not on a single season or a classic moment, but on the total body of work over a player's career, and Maris does not fit that standard.

SBU HOLD 'EM

Poker is the newest craze sweeping the nation's attention-starved consciousness. There are at least four poker shows on television—Bravo's Celebrity Poker Showdown, ESPN's World Series of Poker, Fox Sports Net's American Poker Championship, and the Travel Channel's World Poker Tour—and more are on the way. Hand in hand with poker's rise in popularity has been its

new classification as a sport, signified mostly by ESPN.com's new poker section, and a short-lived (and stupid) campaign to get poker recognized as an official Olympic sport.

Stony Brook is not immune to this poker craze, or said "sport" designation. It seems that the Stony Brook Poker Club has been recognized by the Office of Campus Recreation as a sport club, on the same level as, say, Stony Brook Ice Hockey, Volleyball, or Rugby. Back in September, Campus Recreation even sponsored a poker tournament.

Now, I happen to love poker. I used to play poker with my friends in high school, and I always wanted to get a poker game going with my fellow Press buddies (to no avail, sadly). I love watching Celebrity Poker Showdown (although poker's much more fun to play than it is to watch, which I guess is why having celebrities make asses of themselves makes it easier to watch).

But does listing poker as a sport do an injustice to sports like, for instance, the three I mentioned above? The Wikipedia defines sport as requiring some amount of physical fitness and corresponding exertion. While poker shares other sports' requirements of a keen mind, sharp intellect, and nerves of steel, the fact is, you don't have to be physically fit to play. Would you consider a poker player an athlete on the same level as, say, a college basketball player? Probably not.

Over the years, many have ridiculed golf and auto racing as non-sports in the same vein. Even today, when golf is accepted as sport, many people still question its status as such, saying that the physical exertion needed to swing a golf club and walk from tee to tee is minimal. Seniors, as well as many who don't play professionally, use golf carts to get around, further minimizing the exertion. Even though it's probably harder for Kobe Bryant to hit a three-hundred yard tee shot into the fairway than it is for Tiger Woods to hit a 17-foot jumper, few would list Tiger Woods and Kobe Bryant side-by-side when it comes to athletic prowess and physical fitness. While many also ridicule auto racers as people who sit and make left turns all day, auto racers undergo such extreme stress in their cars, it can be said that, while they don't put physical pressure on themselves, physical pressure is put on them by their cars. In other words, it's an endurance thing for them.

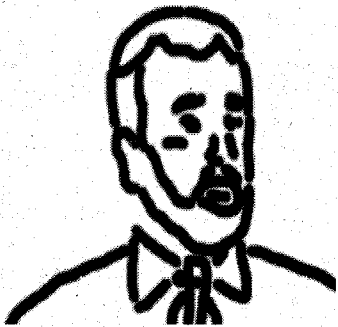
In both cases, it took years before people accepted them as legitimate sports. With poker, a game with even less physical exertion, the skepticism will remain for quite some time.

Keep Reading the Damn Speech!

By Matt Willemain

How can you oppose the war, you ask?

! Call Me!



I am
Representative
Tim Bishop,
from Long Island.
I represent
YOU in the
house of
Representatives!

As your congressman, I represent the most responsive branch of the federal government, and the branch directly responsible, in our constitution, for making war. I need to hear that you want the military and corporate occupation to end, now. Don't wait, dial!

(202)225-3826

Nader on creeping fascism:

Do you see what's happening, by the installment plan, to our country? Let's not be too arrogant about the Germans in the 1920's when it was starting to happen, because it can happen here. It is already. There's a book just out by Seven Stories Press, *The Disappeared In America*, arrests without charges, secret incarcerations, shipping people to countries like Jordan, and Egypt and Syria for torture. In late January, Bush said to the *New York Times*, 'Torture is unacceptable. We do not send people to other countries to be tortured.' An absolute lie, documented from A to Z! If you want to see some of the documentation, [refer to] the recent issue of *The New Yorker* magazine...the article by Jane Mayer.

Continued from page 14

intelligence leading up the war, which runs against the American ideal of open democratic governance. Fourth, the increasing danger of terrorism to American interests as a result of Bush's Iraq policy, admitted even by his hand-picked Director of Central Intelligence Porter Goss.

The goal of all this? Nader explained his vision of ideal US Iraq policy, "The best exit strategy is a six month deadline for the withdrawal of US military and corporate forces from Iraq, preceded by internationally supervised elections, continued humanitarian aid and the entry of peacekeeping forces from nearby Islamic countries, and other neutral countries that have done peacekeeping in the past. That combination of effort will say to the Iraqi people, 'You're getting your country back. You're getting your oil resources back.' And that will knock the bottom out from the resistance, whose main appeal to the Iraqi people is to get the US military and corporate forces out of Iraq."

Nader on spreading civic involvement:

You know, sometimes when I want to get people focused on Congress I say, "Suppose someone knocked on your door, and as you opened the door the person said, 'Hi, I'm your new neighbor. Just thought I'd introduce myself. I spend twenty two percent of your income, can send your children off to war, allow you to be exposed to toxics, raise your taxes. See you later!'" That's your member of Congress. So isn't it worth spending time?

Nader on Iraqi participation in the US run elections

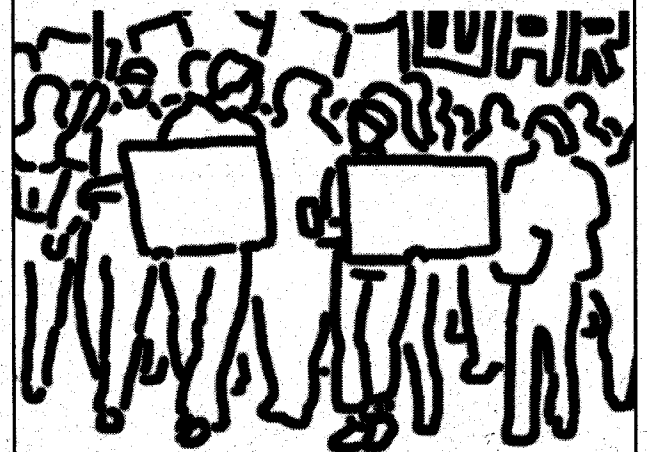
Now, you might say, why did all the Iraqis, so many Iraqis, vote? Five, six million? Because, they're pretty smart, in that sense. Here's why they voted. They basically said, "We're going to go out and we're going to vote, in spite of the threats by the insurgents, because you wanted an election, we got an election, we voted, get the hell out of here!" That's why they voted.

Nader, on George Bush and the threat of terror against the US:

He told us on many occasions there are Al Qaeda cells over the country, they're suicidal, they're well trained, they hate us and they're being hunted. Well? Why haven't they struck back since 9/11? The unmentionable comment. Why haven't they struck back? Could it be they're not there? Could it be that Douglas MacArthur was right in 1957 when he warned the American people about government's exaggerating threats in order to bloat budgets? Could it be, by invading Iraq, Bush is so-called 'pursuing terrorists' in ways that are making more terrorists? Could it be that last week, when his own new director of the CIA, Porter Goss, hand-picked director, told the Senate committee that "The War in Iraq is a recruitment ground, and a training ground for more and more terrorists who are going to go back to other countries?" Could it be? Could it be, our commander in chief is the greatest promoter of terrorism against the United States?

How can you oppose the war, you ask?

! March!



March 19th NYC

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

WE HAVE BEVERLY BRYAN.

YOU WILL WATCH

YOU-TV CHANNEL 20

AT THE ENCLOSURE TIMES.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THIS GAZELLE OF A NIGHT HORSE, YOU WILL COMPLY.

WE WILL BE THE LION.

Late Night WITH BEVERLY BRYAN
Monday, Wednesday, Fri @ 9:30pm
Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday @ 1:30am

Ski Trip vs. European Vacation

By Dustin Herlich

So a few weeks ago, I got to spend a weekend in Paris. I went for free because I was chaperoning a school trip, but I would have even been happy to have paid to have gone. On the trip home I had the occasion to sit next to a lovely man and his adult son who were returning from holiday in Spain. The two remarked that a trip to Paris for only three or four days seemed rather extravagant. It got me thinking, if a trip to Paris for the weekend costs me around \$700 or approximately 528.3019 euros, what would say a weekend skiing in Vermont have cost me? I loathe skiing, but it seems to be a popular weekend activity for some.

Well, let's see what we get for that \$700 dollars to France. The first thing you get is airfare. Other than that, you get hotel for three nights, and breakfast every morning. You also get a free 3-day subway pass, and a ride on the Bateau Mouche, the boat tour of the Seine River. Add in to that lunch and dinner each day, and you'll get about an \$800 dollar trip if you are savvy.

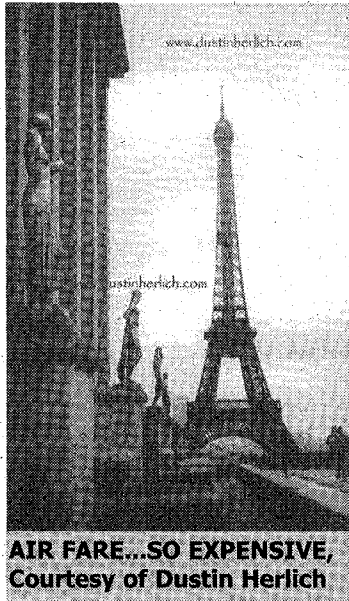
A very quick Google search produces a web-only special from the Sugarbush resort. Do you really think I'd use any other resort's prices after seeing that name? Anyhow, back on subject, Sugarbush wants \$126 a night from you

on the weekend. That gets you a lift ticket, breakfast, and hotel. That comes to \$378 for three nights. Now, transportation. According to Mapquest.com, it's about six and a half hours by car from Stony Brook to Sugarbush. That's about the same as the flight to Paris. It's 357 miles. My car can do that on about 16 gallons of gas. Gas around here at time of writing this article is about an even \$2 a gallon. That's thirty-two dollars in gas each way, so a total of \$64 dollars in gas. So far we're up to \$442. A little more than halfway to Paris...

In terms of eating, let's assume that food is the same, about \$100 for the weekend. Now we're up to \$542 for skiing. For boots, skis, poles, etc rental it would be \$179 for the weekend. Suddenly our ski weekend is \$721 a person. Ouch.

For an extra \$79, I'll take Paris!!! The memories you'll have in Paris are far better than Vermont. A trip to Europe, even if only for three days, will open your eyes in a way that skiing never can.

Instead of wasting time on the slopes, how about adding a little culture to your life? Far too many people our age have never been outside the country, and don't realize how easy it is to get away. I can guarantee that after having tea on the Champs Elysee you'll be glad you didn't go skiing. The weather in Paris is much more mild than Vermont anyhow.



AIR FARE...SO EXPENSIVE,
Courtesy of Dustin Herlich

A Question of Produce

By Nicole L. Barry

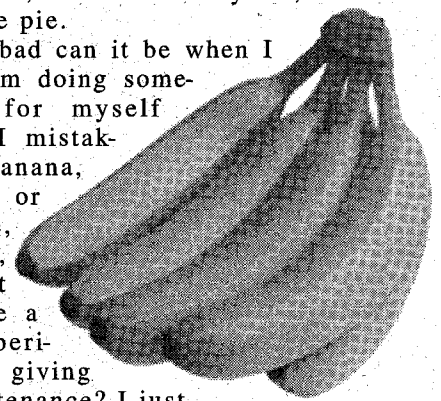
For 75 cents, at most campus locations, you can buy "fresh fruit." By this, I mean you can buy lackluster apples, oranges, bananas, and sometimes pears and grapefruit. The apples are Red Delicious apples, notorious for the cheap cosmetic appeal and bland favor that they have. Oranges and grapefruits are dry and unappealing. Pears are always unripe. It may as well as be plastic, it'd probably taste better.

But bananas are the true crime against humanity. Buy a banana on campus, and it is a hard yellow-green rock devoid of sweetness. I, who should get more potassium considering my love of salt on everything I eat, buy a few bananas in hopes to let them ripen to the brown spotted glory of a properly ripe banana. I bring them back to my dorm room to ripen, on top of my desk. But to my surprise, the next day, the edges of the skin are black, not a friendly brown, with black marks all over that poor yellow peel. It's not a mark of proper ripening that I am witnessing. It's rapid spoiling. The ends of the bananas are still bright green, but the bananas look like they got the bad end of a blanket party. The skin is bruised, but what's underneath is even crueller- black, oozing bruises all over the banana itself.

Exactly what conditions do these bananas come from? Why, like magic, do they transform from unripe to disgusting in a matter of less than twenty four hours? I don't know why I can't do my body the justice of feeding it with fresh and unprocessed food on this campus, and why I must continually poison it even when I'm making the conscious effort to avoid the low quality mass produced garbage this campus offers. It's an anomaly that I have never before witnessed. I would rather have severely overripe bananas from my local grocery store at 29 cents a pound, because at least I know that the processes that have occurred are natural ones. Plus, they might actually be sweet enough for a mode of consumption intended for humans, like banana milkshakes or banana bread, or even, if I stretch myself, a banana crême pie.

How bad can it be when I feel like I am doing something bad for myself every time I mistakenly buy a banana, or an apple, or even worse, an orange, thinking that I might have a pleasant experience whilst giving my body sustenance? I just want a sweet tart Jonagold apple, with firm, unblemished flesh, with a rosy blush on its skin. I want a Bisou pear that is sweet and soft without losing its shape. I want an orange with a thin rind, juicy and heavy for its size, that's sweet, not watery. I want a grapefruit with more complexity than merely being tart; I want it be a rosy shade of pink or a lovely shade of red. And I want a banana that ripens, gets those cute little brown spots all over, and loses the green without rotting halfway, and that tastes sweet without getting mushy.

Of course, I remind myself that this is campus dining.



The Stony Brook Press presents:

The Best Movies

Your Uncultured

ASS has never

seen! (an exciting new film series best enjoyed with punch and pie)

Six String Samurai

room 060 Student Union
Friday at 7:00 pm
(March 11th)

Top 25 Staff

Project Coordinator

David K. Ginn

Top 25 Writers and Selection Committee

Matt Willemain

Rob Pearsall

Nicole L. Barry

Marcel Votlucka

Michael Prazak

Paula Guy

Joe Filippazzo

Mike Billings

Jowy Romano

Adam Kearney

Amberly Timperio

Meri Wayne

Steph Hayes

Tiffany Russo

Brian Wasser

Juliet DiFrenza

Jamie Mignone

Melanie Donovan

Ann Pashenkov

Chris Williams

Justin Rowe

Joe Rios

Joan Leong

Bill Lewis

Andrew Pernick

Dustin Herlich

TOP 25

MOVIES OF ALL TIME!

ALL TIME!

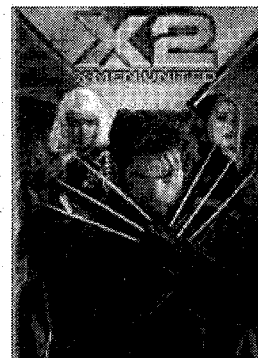
ALL TIME!

ALL TIME!

ALL TIME!

ALL TIME!

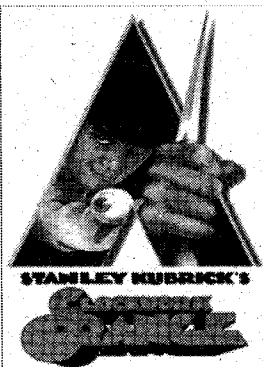
ALL TIME!



25

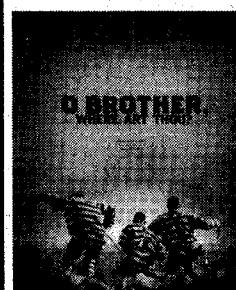
X2: X-Men United

X-Men 2 is a very well put together comic-book movie. However, I am not going to write about it. Why isn't Ghostbusters on this list??? How could people give it lower scores than this movie? Hell is freezing over!! Dogs and cats are living together, mass hysteria! Some of you may be wondering: Does Ghostbusters *really* deserve to be on this list? Is the atomic mass of cobalt 58.9? YES, IT DOES!! I hate The Stony Brook Press...I quit.



24 A Clockwork Orange

A brash, creepy presentation of the adolescent id run amok, A Clockwork Orange tells the story of a gang of British teens obsessed with dominance and uninterrupted pleasure. Once the authorities finally catch the leader, we see the pliability of the human mind at work as he is classically conditioned to once again become a functioning member of society. From there, issues of forgiveness, repentance, and hypocrisy are unearthed as the viewer watches a reformed criminal try to live with what he's done.



23 O Brother, Where Art Thou?

This movie is based on the Odyssey and covers the basics of Homer's epic tale but with a few minor differences. There is significantly less...uh, well...odyssey and much more bluegrass, Ku Klux Klan, chain gangs and Dapper Dan. That rhymes. With a line like, "They loved 'im up and turned 'im into a horny toad," you basically can't go wrong with this movie. Also, John Goodman is a one-eyed racist. Cinematic gold.



22 The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers

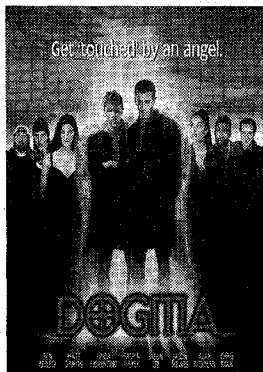
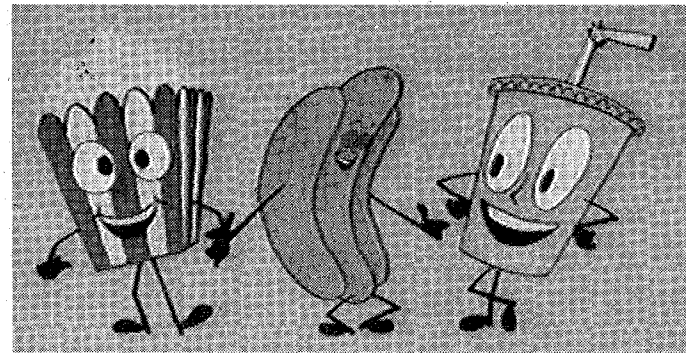
The battle heats up, and the forces are gathering. Pippin and friends are no longer all together in one happy group, but they all each fight on. The plot thickens, and who is friend, and who is foe becomes more and more clear as the days go by. Gandalf the White uses new found power to aid in the quest against the dark lord Sauron. Now it is just a matter of time before the beginning of the end. The quest to reach morder becomes more and more arduous. From gentle hobbit to hardened stryder, each man is hard pressed. Yeah, this movie's just as good as the last one. It's just as pretty, and lots more cool action.



21 Clerks.

Have you ever worked in retail? If not then it's time you see it from our side and realize how annoying you people can be. I say this because everything in this movie is true to life. Except maybe the hockey. Maybe. We rambled on about Star Wars too. We've put in our twelve hour days (known as the dreaded "Iron Man"). And the customers, sweet Kentucky-fried black baby Jesus on a cross, the customers. The people that hang outside the store. The corpses in the bathroom. They all hit so damn close to home I want to cry and never work again.

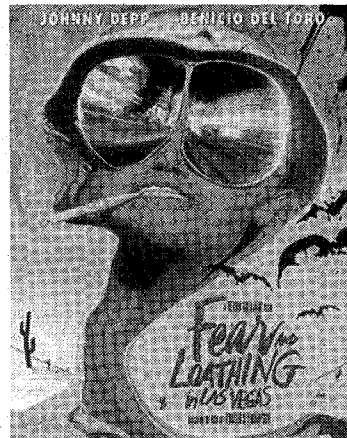
LET'S GO OUT TO THE LOBBY, AND HAVE OURSELVES A...



20 Dogma

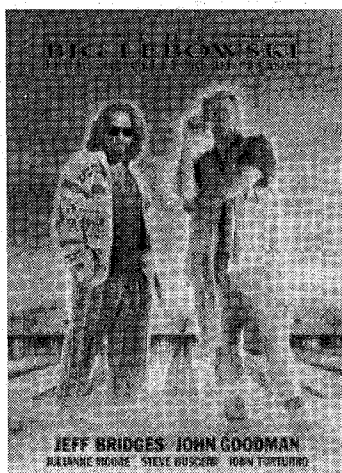
Matt Damon is hot. Seriously, he is sooooo fucking hot. I want to go to bed with this hot piece of Bostonian ass and make hot monkey love until the crack of dawn.

Uh...forget you read that... Anyway, *Dogma* is a fascinating and hilarious satire of the Catholic Church and its agenda of brainwashing and prayerful meditation. Besides fabulous performances all around and insightful musings on the afterlife and the nature of God, George Carlin, while not as fabulous or nearly as fuckable as Mattie, makes me wet my pants in ecstasy with his various anti-Catholic witticisms. I mean, seriously, this movie would suck like Lewinsky if not for his comedic genius. Jay and Silent Bob anchor us to crass reality in the midst of the angels and devils beating the living shit out of each other in New Jersey, of all places. Oh, and the pot shots at consumerism featuring Jesus (representing Christianity) and Moopy the Cow (representing Hinduism) are side-splitting as well. Oh, and Matt? Call me sometime, we can do lunch.



19 Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas

GONZO JOURNALISM bitch! This film defied all expectation when it broke free from the stoner cult film expectations and became an echo of a battle cry shouted years ago. We can credit it with bringing the revolutionary mind of Hunter S. Thompson to new generations of perverts and social outcasts. No longer was seeing a legion of lizards eating carrion a cause for social aberration, it was now a means of acceptance and shared knowledge. Long live Dr. Thompson!!!



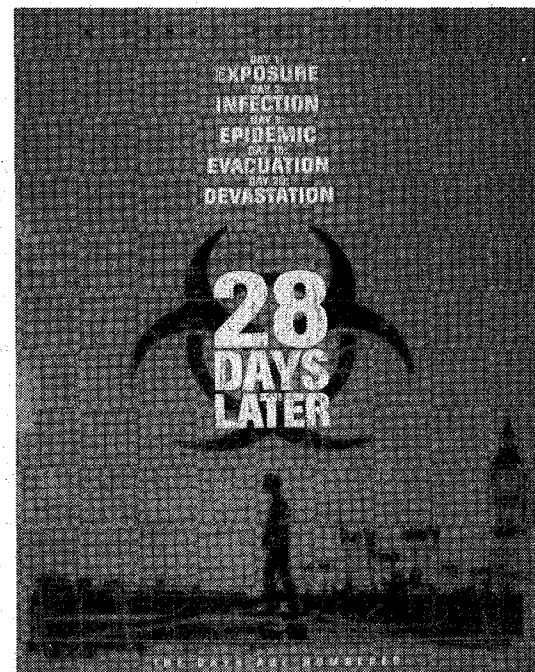
18 The Big Lebowski

The Cohen brothers, Writer-Director Ethan and Writer-Producer Joel, are an unstoppable hit machine, welding awesome to sauce to produce rich, cholatey awesome sauce. *The Big Lebowski* is a visual feast, a tour de los sentidos extraordinaire. It is also a slice of life comedy of hyperrealist magnitude and grace. Only in America (!) could a movie that unfolds like a boiled artichoke in this manner birth and struggle free. This is a movie that must be seen to be believed, and seen again and again to be appreciated. It's like the game Othello, if Othello had John Turturro as a hairnet-sporting pederast named Jesus. Character driven, but never forgetting to move, *The Big Lebowski* is loaded to the gills with everything it takes to keep you keeping on. Watch out, now!



16 Back to the Future

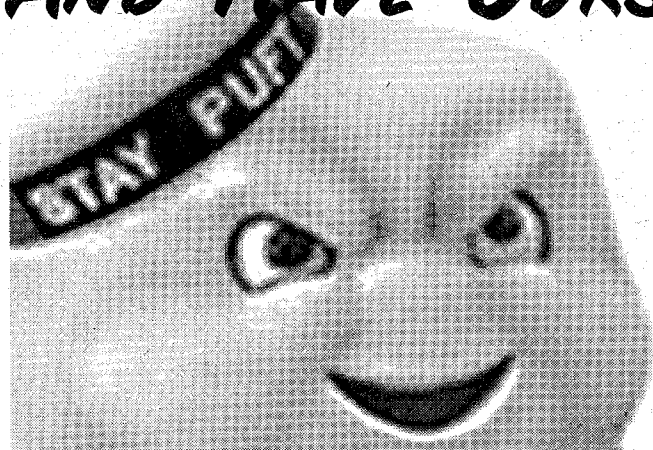
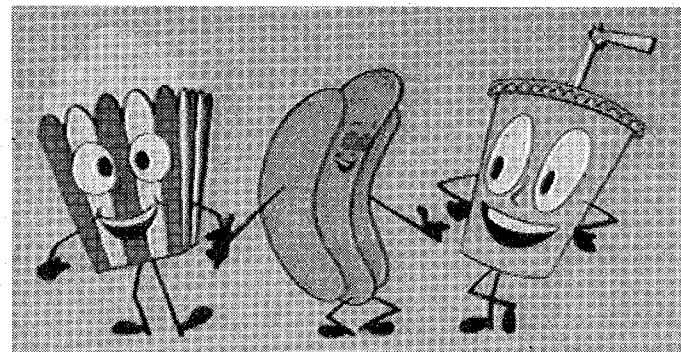
The first time Marty takes the wheel the music kicks in and you can't help but count to 88 with everyone else who's watching. The last scene speeds us into the future with the same great theme and leaves a flame trail on the ground behind us. When Marty takes the stage and plays Chuck Berry I can't help but hum to myself for hours afterward. You can't help getting drawn in. Don't tell me that the next time you watch *Back to the Future* you're heart doesn't race when the speedometer climbs to 88 for the first time, you don't cheer inside when Biff takes that shot to the face, you don't sing along to Johnny B. Goode, and don't you dare tell me that when you see Doc pull out the bullet proof vest you don't feel a little bit relieved.



17 28 Days Later

I'm so glad to see a zombie flick make it to the top 25. That's the thing about *28 Days Later*, it's not really a zombie flick. The movie is never really about the zombie apocalypse. Moreover it's about people. It's just a story about a guy saving his last two friends in the world, veritably the last family he's got left. And it's not just how he does it, it's what he risks to do it and what he becomes in the process. No, the movie isn't about zombies but about humans and what it means to be human.

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Ghostbusters:
Honorable Mention

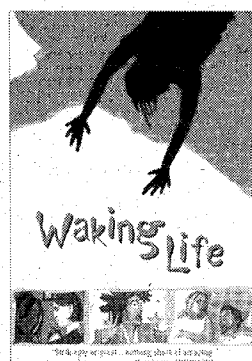
14 The Royal Tennenbaums



I think that the most appropriate word I can think of to describe this movie is...charming. It has a clever story, memorable characters, witty dialogue, and Bill Murray. If all movies had these four elements, then I would be able to say with certainty that I love all movies. But until that happens, I will simply regard the Royal Tenebaums as one of my favorites. I'm glad it made it to this crazy, mixed-up list.

12

Waking
Life

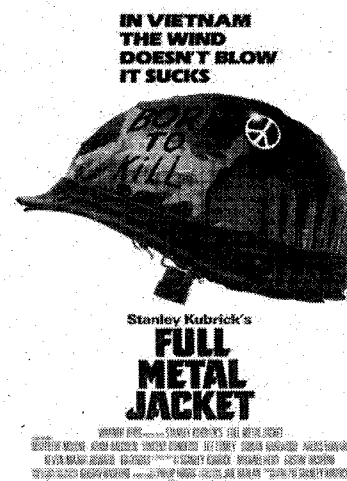


I finished watching Waking Life and found myself deep in thought. When I turned to Jackie to ask what she thought, I saw that she was asleep. She stirred, grabbed the remote and put the movie on again. When I finished watching Waking Life for the second time, I found myself deep in thought and smiling. I turned to Jackie and again she was asleep. She pressed play and mumbled about really watching it this time. When I finished watching Waking Life for the third time, I found myself smiling, nodding slowly, and thinking deeply. "It's like a philosophy cartoon!" I thought. If my brain had an ass, that shit would be kicked.

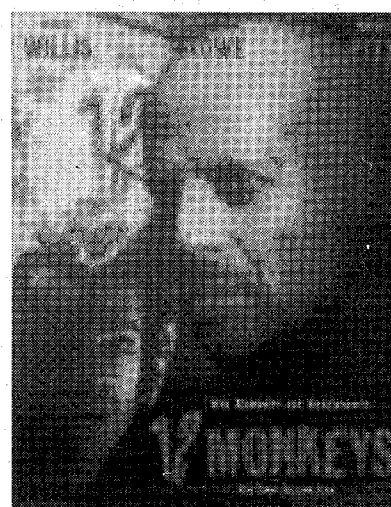
11 Memento



13 Full Metal Jacket



Full Metal Jacket, named for the rifle shell akin to the one that went through Private Pyle's skull, felt like two movies. It was a harsh look at boot camp and then a harsh look at war. Another film on the list that took a gander at what it meant to be human under extreme circumstances. And who wouldn't have caved under the berating of R. Lee Ermy? He's a fucking hardass and he's got his own show on History where he decimates watermelons in many a fashion. Stanley Kubrick, I salute you.

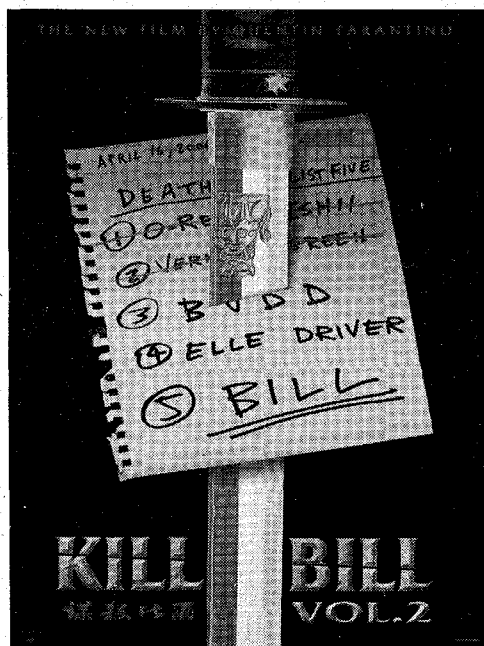
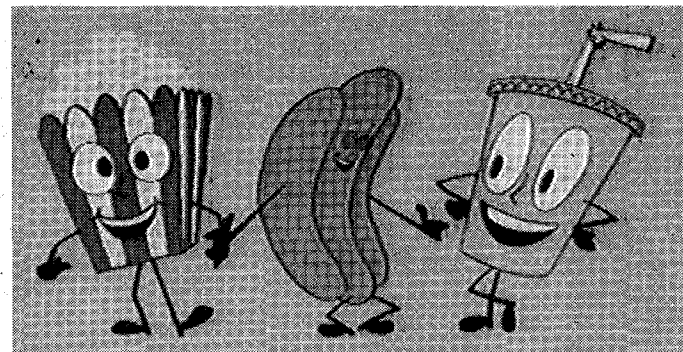


15

12
Monkeys

1 Monkey
2 Monkeys
3 Monkeys
4 Monkeys
5 Monkeys
6 Monkeys
7 Monkeys
8 Monkeys
9 Monkeys
10 Monkeys
11 Monkeys
12! 12 Monkeys!

LET'S GO OUT TO THE LOBBY, AND HAVE OURSELVES A...



10

Kill Bill: Volume 2

I have nothing bad to say about Kill Bill Vol. 2. The well paced, character driven masterpiece. No movie has made me as uneasy and genuinely scared as the scene where Kiddo gets buried alive. Pai Mei made me laugh with every word and throw of his beard. Tarantino even made me feel bad for Bud because of the position he's in. And the fights, good god those fights were awesome.

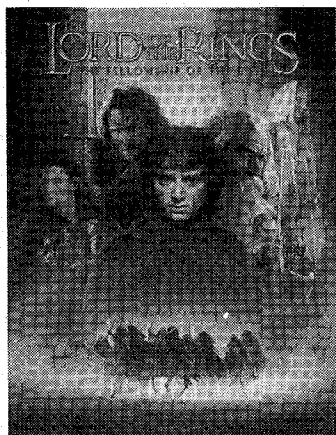


9

Le Fabuleux Destin D'Amélie Poulain

One word emerges in my mind when I watch the movie *Amélie*: warmth. In *Amélie*, the director Jean-Pierre Jeunet departs from the darker worlds that he and Marc Caro created in such movies, such as *Delicatessen* and *La Cité des Enfants Perdus* (*The City of Lost Children*). Jeunet has an eye for detail in characterization. Some characters, regardless of significance, also have a quip about their lives. For example, the narrator mentions that a pet cat likes to hear children's stories. The cat is shown listening.

The movie is reminiscent of a Vermeer painting. Bold colors add to the visual warmth of the movie and demonstrate the emotional warmth of its heroine Amélie. Her imaginative plans range from revenge to wish fulfillment. Ultimately, the main supporting characters are changed due to their interactions with her. She also discovers and appreciates romantic love.



8

The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

Cute meets creepy as our friends the hobbits try to evade the Ringwraiths, and along the way make new friends. Battle lines are drawn, and the battle for middle earth seems close at hand. The evil lords are gearing up and have a few new tricks up their sleeves. The forces of good have the resolve of the hobbits, the magic of the elves and the determination of a particular wizard to their credit. It's a beautiful rendition of a beautiful story. The locations are perfect, the camera work tear jerking and the acting impressive. The musical score leaves nothing to be desired. Begin the adventure, and prepare to be swept away.

7

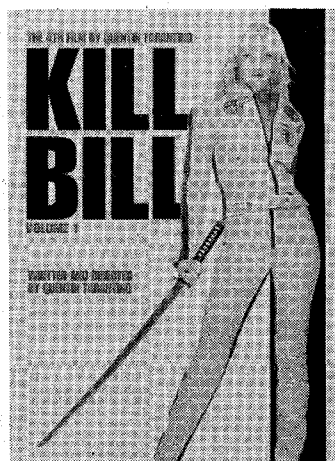
Star Wars: Episode IV - A New Hope



This is the only movie in which I fell asleep. It was the re-release and fuck was it boring after watching the trilogy twice to prepare. Han shoots first bitches. You want to watch Star Wars: A New Hope? Get a fucking VCR and the old VHS! None of this remastered DVD bullshit! A New Hope has a place in my heart because of the lure of the dark side, the power of the force, the rocking trench fight, and the Millennium Falcon. Twelve parsecs bitches. I'll see you ho's in Mos Eisley, leave the robots outside.

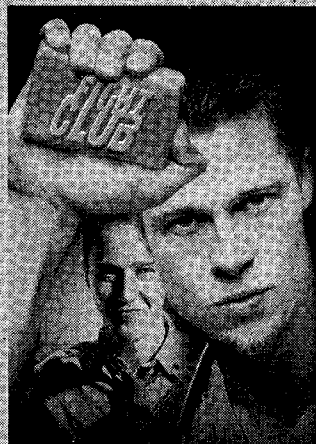
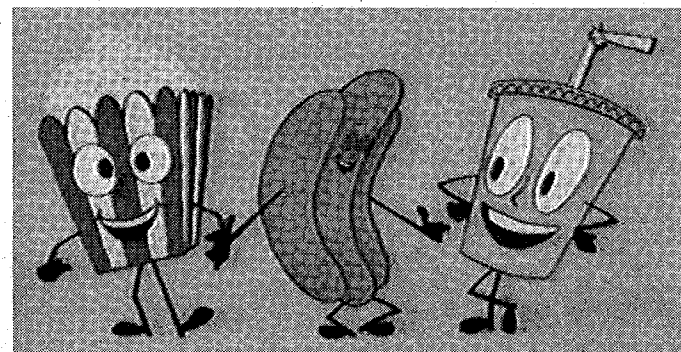
6

Kill Bill: Volume 1



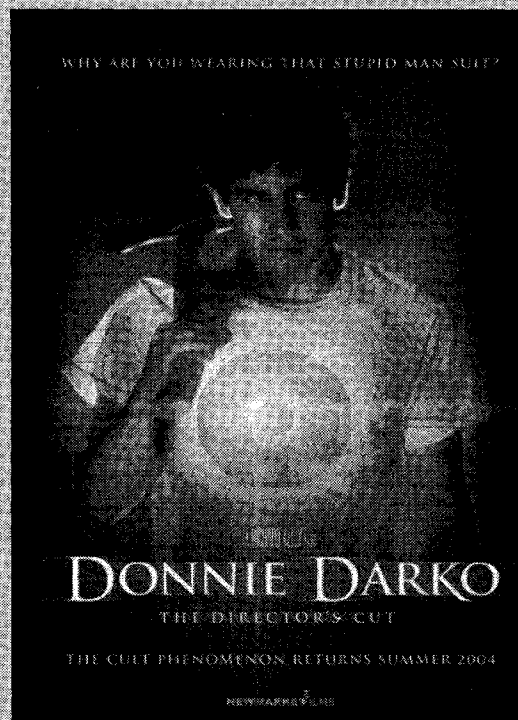
This chop-socky explosion defies simple explanation. From the over-the-top fight scenes, to the gripping narrative, this personal vendetta of vengeance and rage is the seeming pinnacle of the genre. Drawing from a vast array of film traditions, from Kurosawa to Leones, Tarantino does his best to pay homage to his predecessors, while the audience does its best to hold on tight.

LET'S GO OUT TO THE LOBBY,
AND HAVE OURSELVES A...



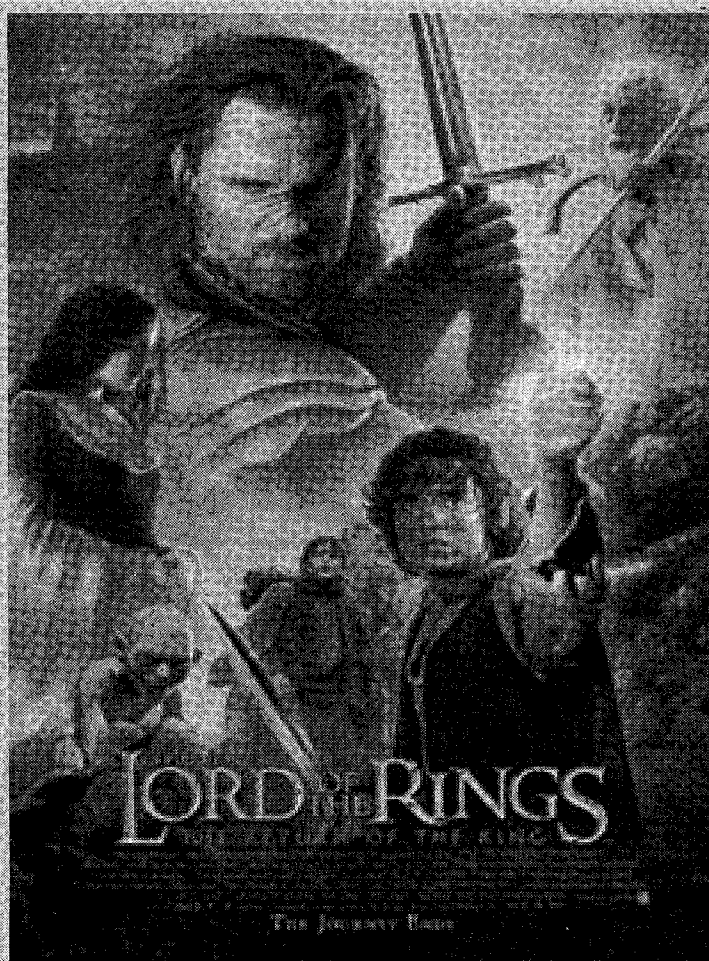
5 Fight Club

When one looks past the gut-wrenching violence, gruesome self-mutilation, and exhilarating sex scenes, *Fight Club* is a fascinating philosophical journey. The film is a celebration of nihilism as a reaction to the dehumanizing effects of modern consumerism. And soap. Lots and lots of soap. It also has redeeming educational value in detailing how to make explosives using household materials. But above all else, it is a thrilling mind-fuck. Tyler Durden gives a human face to apocalyptic terrorism. In short, *Fight Club*'s strength lays in the fact that its philosophical musings provide stellar intellectual masturbation. Not to mention that the implied homosexuality between Edward Norton and Brad Pitt lubricates my carnal understanding of the film. Plus, Edward Norton is really hot with his shirt off...



Donnie has stumbled onto the secrets of time travel and the manipulation of destiny. Unfortunately, he is surrounded by conservative suburbanites who label him insane because his discoveries were delivered to him in dreams by a dead man in a rabbit suit. This stylish, thought provoking film forces the viewer to reexamine his or her notions of fate and the meaning of life.

4 Donnie Darko

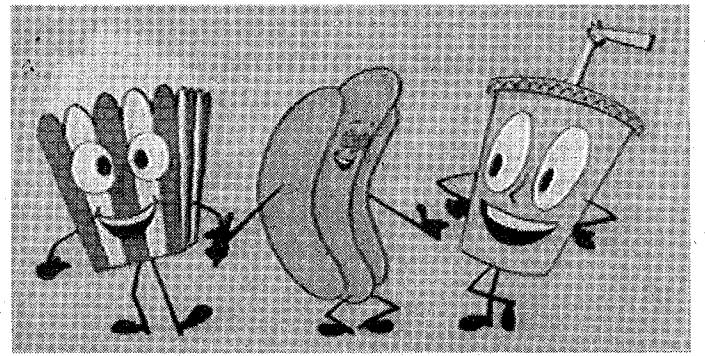


The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King 3

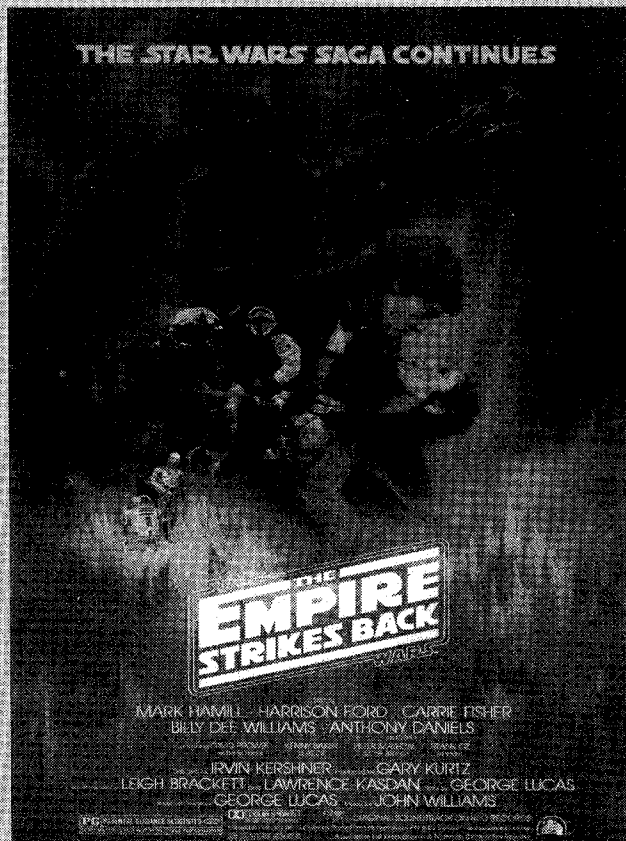
The battle for middle earth is at hand. Oh, forget the flowery language. This movie kicks major ass. We see each of the main characters forge their way in battle, and prove themselves as heroes in their own way.

A sweet army of ghosts kicks major frikkin ass in the final battle. The special effects are only matched by the emotions this movie conjures up. The movie follows the book to the letter, really pleasing movie buffs, book fans, and geeks of all kinds. Normal humans can't resist the movie either, as it's truly a modern masterpiece. The metaphors for life, industry and the environment are clearly visible, and amidst sweet ass kickings, you are taught a few lessons in life. Never surrender! Never give up! The re-forging of Narsil heralds the return of the king!

LET'S GO OUT TO THE LOBBY,
AND HAVE OURSELVES A...



2



Star Wars: Episode V - The Empire Strikes Back

Why this incredible film earned its silver metal is a point for some debate. Nine folks out of twenty-five put it on their list as one of their favorites, more people than most of the other films got. Its done pretty good, almost tied with the Lord of The Rings. I'll wager the number one contender, *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, has never inspired three generations of geeks with mind-crushing visuals, arctic planetary evacuations and galactic vistas. A young wizard's journey to enlightenment, facing apparitions of the afterlife and imminent death, trying to save his father's soul and restore freedom to the galaxy...

Banthas are cut open for shelter. Weird asteroid worms try to eat the Millennium Falcon. The Rebel Alliance is almost fatally defeated by the evil Galactic Empire, under the helm of Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith. Luke trains with Yoda, Han is rudely carbonated, then Skywalker faces Vader and loses his hand. In the end, all the optimism and hope of the first film is lost. People love this movie because the good guys loose. Sure, the planets are cool: Hoth, Dagobah, Bespin, all different landscapes and aliens, but the real appeal is the realism, that battles will be lost. For some the favorite plot thread is whether R2D2 will ever see C3PO again.

1



Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind

When I heard that Charlie Kauffman and Michel Gondry were teaming up for a movie, I knew I needed to see it. Kauffman, best known for his screenplays *Being John Malkovich* and *Adaptation*, has a trademark for surrealism and unique ideas. Any ideas that aren't completely unique are handled in the most unique way. Gondry, on the other hand, is best known for his massive portfolio of music videos, all of which are artistic and often follow a surreal pattern.

Eternal Sunshine is an amazing movie. It explores the deterioration of love in relationships by working backwards instead of forwards. A man (Jim Carey) tries to have his ex-girlfriend erased from his memory after she learns she has done the same to him. What follows is an account of their memories, both fond and fowl, as they're being erased.

This movie deserves its place as the number one movie of The Press. It's not everyone's number one favorite, but it is the one that everyone had in common. Out of everyone's initial nominee choices this movie appeared more than any other. And when it came down to the voting this movie was one of the highest rated. This film's high rating multiplied by the amount of people who wanted it on the list make it the number one movie of The Press, and if you haven't seen it yet you won't understand until you do.

Asians Anonymous

By James Han

Welcome to the opening of my column, named satirically of course after the general reticence of the Asian population—or perhaps, their perceived reticence. Now, I'm not trying to rustle up unrest amongst races or create an ethnocentric column; rather, I would like to open up a bridge in addressing Asian-American problems and issues around campus and across the United States. Even here in Stony Brook, where are the Asians in the media? Yes, we do have the Asian American Journal (AAJ), which in my opinion is a fantastic work, but it is limited generally to the online population—how many people, Asian or not, will be exposed to such work? Not many. Not enough. Here on campus we have publications such as *BlackWorld* and *En Acción* for other minorities to confront issues, but where is our voice?

Over the past two years, during my integration into college life, I started becoming more and more involved with the Asian community and their issues. I know I'm still nowhere near being an activist, but I still believe in doing my part to speak and be strong, to request change when change is right and necessary. When it feels like Asians as a whole are being left behind, consciously or not, they have the right to voice it: to not just sit and take these inequalities. I hope within the coming months to try and bust down stereotypes that Americans as a whole cannot look past. I also hope to receive feedback and learn of your stories and opinions to be better in touch with the Asian community and what problems we have in common. But more on that later.

For this first column, I would like to address the usage of the Wang Center—or rather its misuse. Who among you actually knows the original intent of the Wang Center or of its current use? The most generous

donor Charles B. Wang, in a speech he gave describing his grand gesture towards our university, had this to say: "This project will fulfill a dream of mine. A dream that is shared by many at Stony Brook. The dream is that this Asian American Cultural Center will serve as a catalyst for a host of cultural, academic, business and technology initiatives." From your

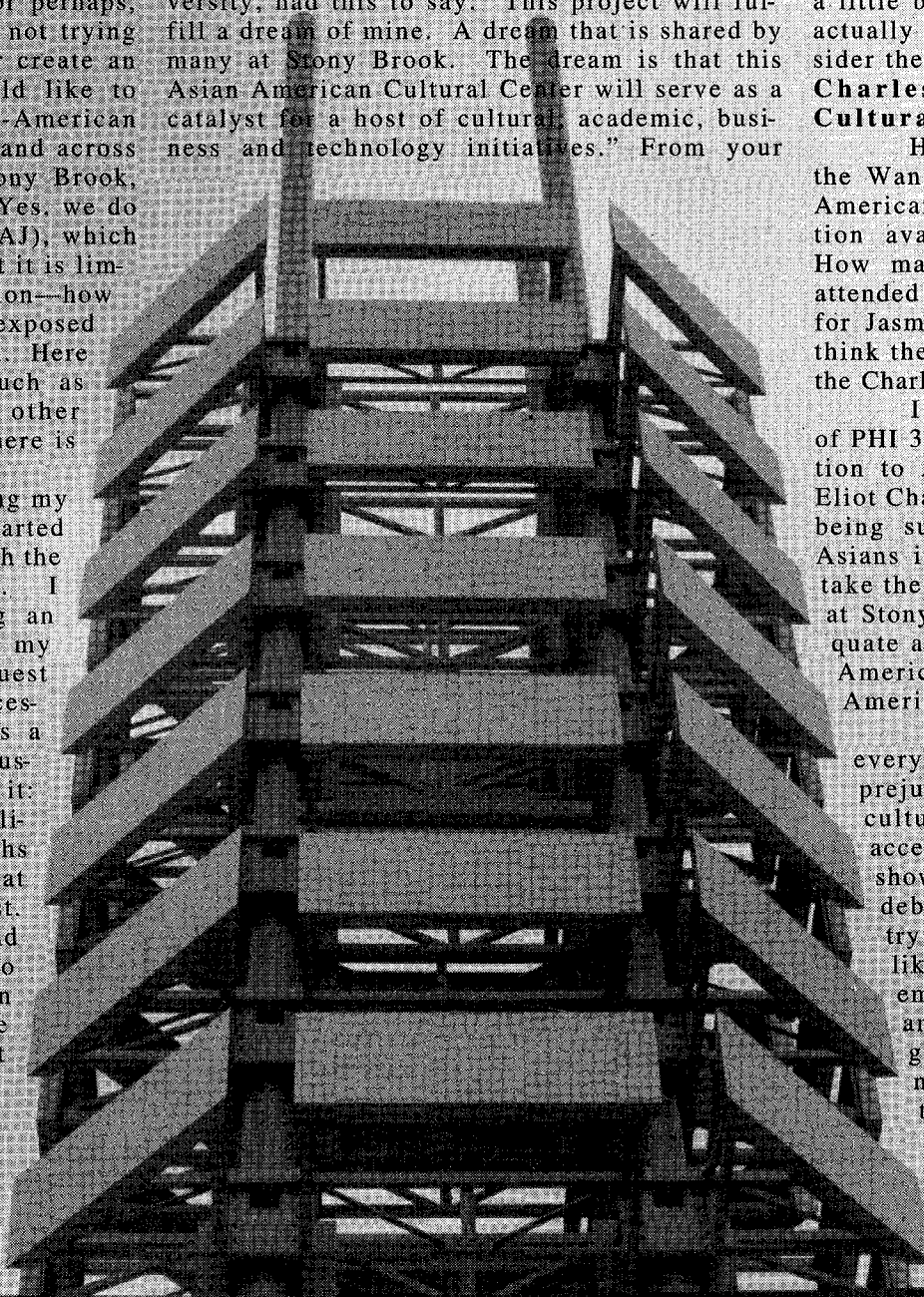
perspective, do you think these initial ideals have been met? For my next column I plan to do a little bit of research to see how much people actually know about the center. Till then, consider the original title of the Wang Center: **The Charles B. Wang Asian American Cultural Center.**

Have any of you actually stepped into the Wang Center looking to learn about Asian American cultures? Is there even any information available on Asian American cultures? How many Asian American events have you attended at the Wang Center? Or do you just go for Jasmine's "innovative" food? Why do you think the original name has been abbreviated to the Charles B. Wang Center? More to come...

I would like to thank Professor Gary Mar of PHI 378 here on Stony Brook, for his dedication to Asian American education, as well as Eliot Chang for his motivating performances and being such a positive role model for future Asians in the media. I encourage everyone to take the course sometime during their stay here at Stony Brook, as we have received an inadequate and skewed education as to what Asian-American history is all about, and Asian-American history *is* American history.

In closing, I would like to remind everyone out there that although racism and prejudice is wrong, as in considering your culture to be superior to others, pride is accepted and supported—don't be afraid to show it. As I said before, I am looking to debunk Asian stereotypes, and I'd like to try it in a sociological way. So first, I'd like anyone who reads this to send me an email to jchan@ic.sunysb.edu listing off any and all stereotypes about Asians in general or any specific group of Asians no matter how common it is. The fact that many people repeat a similar stereotype will show how prevalent such prejudices can be.

Thanks for reading...until the next installment of Asians Anonymous, *ahn young!*



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Tears of a Clown

By Vincent Michael Festa

A couple of weeks ago while studying I tuned into MSNBC's *Scarborough Country* and happened to come across this little ditty of a news story which was not only a no-brainer but as amazing, mystified, and hilarious as the sudden drop of Verne "Mini Me" Troyer's superstar image. In fact, I never felt all three emotions right after the other, in that order, in a matter of five minutes.

A New York Federal Appeals Court had resurrected a 2003 lawsuit filed by two Bronx teenagers claiming that years of eating McDonald's caused health problems between the party such as coronary disease, high blood pressure, cholesterol, obesity, diabetes, and other ailments. They blame McDonald's false advertising into tricking others into eating unhealthy food and in turn researchers of this case find that a lack of nutritional information, numbers, and ingredients to advise the public of McDonald's foods may also be factor.

Just by reading this paragraph will have you realize that after all that is said and done about McDonald's that there are people in this world who are so oblivious to what goes on around them that they turn around and blame others, not blaming *themselves* for their actions. But then again, the courts have given them a benefit of a doubt and decided to revive a case that now needs more scrutiny.

But first, here's a short history lesson on how corporate America works. Right here in America we had Adam Smith who is the father of capitalism, so we are given a license as Americans to be capitalists and those who choose to be will do whatever it takes to make money. McDonald's, like most companies in the States, was and will always be in it for the money no matter how they conduct business [while still fulfilling their credo by feeding their customers]. We see this now because we are living in the age of capitalist awareness, PETA allegations, eagle lawsuits, weight watching, and corporate prominence.

Back then when McDonald's was founded in the 1950's it was assumed that McDonald's did a "good" service to the hungry people because no one had ever brought to light by any of these factors that McDonald's was indeed doing the "bad" things that organizations made them out to do. McDonald's had now been defined by some after current events a "bad" corporation for some time.

Overtime, lawsuits zeroed in on the fast-food Goliath by tackling obesity issues and defending people who have sued McDonald's in the past for their health problems. The size of McDonald's' capital in general had made firing at them by plaintiffs, and their lawyers or attorneys, a very lucrative deal.

Speaking of obesity, we live in a country where we are obsessed by body image. We worry so much about ourselves and in more extreme cases, each other. The devil which is the big media has showed up in television shows, movies, music and magazines in the form of attractive models, actors, actresses, and scantily clad beach bunnies wearing go-for-broke next-to-nothing, and therefore putting the pressure on us to look great and to watch what we eat so that we are accepted in society. Aside from the commercials, most of McDonald's' public media is in negative light. Therefore the public due to influence is quick to blame McDonald's.

And then there's PETA [People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals]. PETA was organized and attacked many a fast food chain [including McDonald's] by blaming restaurants for the treatment of animals and for wrongfully cooking foods [for example, a PETA claim finding meat in McDonald's fries].

Add to the fact that we're living in capitalist times where it seems that there is a dark cloud over some of our heads because we know of some of the things corporations do so well to fleece America [some will say], and in result McDonald's, where Ronald McDonald is walking around in a Godzilla costume, I swear, is constantly being attacked left and right and over and under. Yet somehow, like Godzilla, it does survive another day and dominates the public eye. So is McDonald's evil? In the eyes of some people, of course they are! It's hard to imagine that McDonald's is not in this oh-so-crazy day and age. To the average radical or protestor there have been many reports of globalization [soon, a McDonald's in Baghdad], the treatment of animals, and little chance of promotion in the corporate ranks. For the average Joe and Jane, there are the usual heap of claims of unhealthy ways McDonald's cook their food and the target of being responsible for people who just can't say "no" and have their self-esteem broken by a Quarter-Pounder.

It doesn't take a Ken Jennings, Joey Buttafuoco, or even a one, certain *Morgan Spurlock* to figure out that McDonald's is unhealthy. All that grease to cook those hot, steamy, golden fries. Oh, yeah. Fried hamburger patties stacked with lettuce, tomato, pickles, and onion with mayo and ketchup on a sesame-seed bun. Lucky day! Juicy, tender, succulent, oily, chicken McNuggets and a cold, thick strawberry shake. Hot diggity fucking damnit!...Sorry, I got a little carried away. That Rollins Power Sauce is really taking effect...

They know they serve unhealthy food, but to get by you don't play by the rules, you bend them! They succeed with cutesy little jingles, catch phrases, and savory yet detailed commercials showing how attractive their food is. And let's not forget their ace in their deck: Ronald McDonald! Who here doesn't love that big, red, scary clown?

So with all of McDonald's offensives to make an earning and some research, it's very hard for the average beefeater to think of anything good of McDonald's. Could we blame all the reports through the daily newspapers, TV news, and magazines that have displayed to the public just how unhealthy the food is? Maybe they're *not* telling you to not eat it, but they just report the facts to just make the public wary of the fact.

So back to the two plaintiffs in the case of them suing McDonald's. First off, they never really needed nutritional information to be reminded of how McDonald's was really bad for them, but they didn't see that. But they *did* see that they were having chronic health problems from eating McDonalds reportedly by MSNBC an average of *four times a week for approximately fifteen years* [A sheer inaccuracy, some of the more credible websites report five years]. To hell with a winning lawsuit and awarding damages, give them a medal [or a Happy Meal toy] for surviving this long under eating in the most extremely unhealthy conditions. Most people wouldn't last another five years eating that much.

Four times a week for approximately fifteen [or five] years. Here's a question: do you keep eating McDonald's despite eating it to *death*? Do you stop when you eventually hit the apex and realize that you are gaining weight or having heart failures? "I'm lovin' it" until they

can't love it anymore. It took them a while. What I'm wondering is if they are still eating even after filing this lawsuit?

So why don't they go after all the bakeries and supermarkets who usually don't supply visible information of how sugary sweet their store-made cakes are? Let's ruin all the fun and go after all the Chinese take-outs and all-you-can-eat places for not only they supply very little to no information, but with the all-you-can-eat bars there practically is no limit to the infinitely endless amount of food patrons can eat? "Winner take all" is right!

With science and research there's always a problem with any type of food. Red meat can harm you with fat, cholesterol and grease. Fruits and vegetables while never seen as a threat can come up with pesticides. Processed foods have loads of salt, sugar, oil, all those wonderful artificial colors and flavors [love that Yellow #5!]. Even diets can do you in: how many have heard of the dangers of what was the Atkins Diet? It doesn't matter. We do need

to eat to stay alive, but what you eat depends on how fast you want that coronary failure to go. Four times a week for fifteen [or five] years may get you Monopoly game pieces for a chance to win a million dollars but it may also get you to the hospital quicker.

America's economy was founded and supported on tobacco, and due to gargantuan lawsuits and media frenzies it has been proven that smoking *does* cause cancer and health complications. But somehow with an attitude of "it won't happen to me," millions of people shrug off the potential dangers of such because the chances of dying of smoking

are still considered very small. If McDonald's is the muck monster of all things un-nutritious, why not warn patrons of the dangers of consuming large quantities of meat, oil, grease, sodium, calories, and cholesterol by setting up a big black giant sign with a huge skull and crossbones right at the entrance? Oops, you can't! Not only will it scare the little chick-a-dees from their kindergarten lunch hour of happiness, but McDonald's profits as well.

I know McDonald's is extremely unhealthy. After taking in media opinion and research I *should* know that McDonald's is unhealthy every time I choose to eat there. If I realized that something is wrong with me from eating as much as the plaintiffs have, then I know that I'm held responsible. Thank you, drive thru. McDonald's didn't [and they don't] have to safeguard themselves if they didn't [or don't] want to and it is part of business, so the media is relied to give me that information if they so desire. I don't eat there every waking day of my life because with so much information out there about the company I know better about my health.

So how could they pull this off? Just to let you know again that McDonald's isn't innocent. Again, they do serve pretty unhealthy food. There is no plain and obvious indication of where consumers can see nutritional information when buying their food and no warning labels are present, either. You can look it up on the Internet, read up on your media, or if your lucky there is a pamphlet lying around somewhere in the restaurant where you can see that burgers are in the 700-calorie range and it's



WHAT'S A MATTER, RONNIE?
NOBODY LOVES YOU?
Courtesy of Jowly Romano

Continued on page 44

Tears of a Clown

By Vincent Michael Festa

Continued from page 43

chicken pieces are in the astronomical 1200-calorie range. The applying of information is a matter of taste. But McDonald's doesn't really want to tell you that they're serving junk food [just like a hot crush that you're pursuing doesn't really want to tell you that she's not a virgin, that's another article]. That's how anyone or anything can get away with things!

With lawyers and attorneys getting ready for action they will try to make their case that McDonald's is at fault. Why? No matter how frivolous or ridiculous a lawsuit is, as long as there is a pot of fries at the end of the deep-fryer rainbow, the lucrative will be there. If the plaintiffs win, we'll be looking at more people looking for more excuses to cash in on their irresponsible actions [as if there aren't a lot of people in this country who do right now]. Furthermore, McDonald's may bow down to put more visible nutritional information when customers order, or worse for some Ronald McDonald worship-

pers, may change the way they cook their food.


Because of the threat of lawsuits, the "Church of Our Father Ronald at the Arches-Diocese" have been taking many hits as of recently. In fact, last year they totally removed and wiped off their "Super Size" meal option due to pressures from all angles of society, media, and lawsuits. So much for gourmands wanting to kill themselves. Now, killjoys are playing the irresponsibility card, crying foul, and are attempting to cash in on their poor health while possibly ruining it for others. On the other hand, McDonald's has been in a situation where it's playing the junk card for so long that a change in their plans is close to apparent. Before long, Smokey Robinson's "Tears Of A Clown" will be playing at McDonald's restaurants all over the country.

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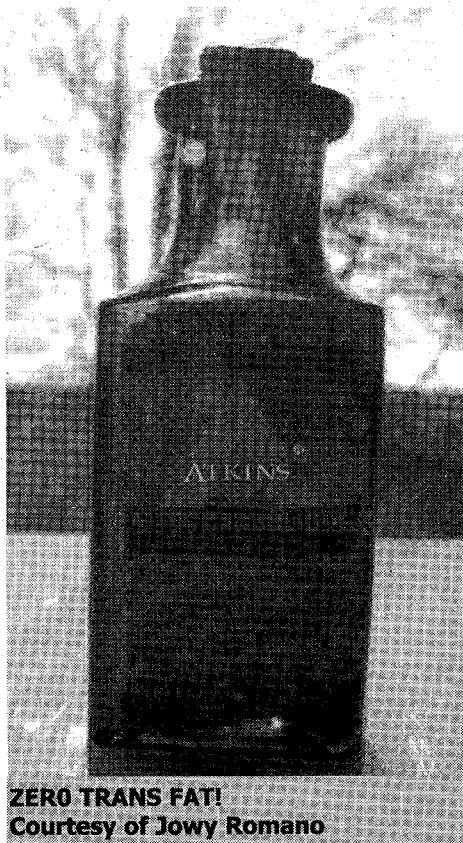
The Atkins Revolution or The De-evolution of Mankind?

By Emily Rothenberg

"Carb-free!! Low Carb!! Atkins Friendly!!" Every day, I, along with millions of other people, am assaulted with these declarations, be it on television or on a food package in the Union. To be honest, it's really starting to grate on my nerves. Can people really be this stupid and gullible? Don't they realize how unhealthy and potentially dangerous this diet is?! I swear it's like the blind leading the blind. Frankly, I'm sick and tired of this Atkins Diet Revolution. I'm sure millions of other people are sick and tired of it as well. However, here it is, in my face constantly, telling me I'm a failure at life if I eat a carb or two. If only these peons knew how stupid this whole thing was. Well, that's my mission...to really show the stupidity and dangerousness of this so-called diet.

First, a background in biology. The Atkins diet is based on a diet of mostly protein and fats, with little to no carbs. When there is a surplus of protein in the diet, the kidneys can't work fast enough to keep up with the high intake of protein and a state known as ketosis will occur. Ketosis is the presence of abnormally high levels of acidic substances called ketones in the blood. Normally the body gets its energy and its ability to function from glucose (carbohydrates). Ketones are produced when there isn't enough glucose in the bloodstream, and fats have to be used. When fats are used excessively as fuels, they are eventually converted to ketones and then excreted. The real danger in ketosis is that ketones are acidic, and high levels of ketones make the blood abnormally acidic. Under nor-

mal circumstances, the blood ketone levels are low, but in starvation, untreated diabetes and a diet that is very high in fats and low in carbohydrates (a requirement of the Atkins diet), the levels rise. Hmm, it seems like in order to be successful on the Atkins diet, the body acts like it's starving itself or converting to a system of functioning similar to that of diabetes. Would you want to lose weight by putting your body through a disease like diabetes or the ravages of starvation to lose weight? I think not. I'm sorry, but any diet that requires my whole system's way of functioning to completely change in a negative way is simply not worth it. Not to mention, a positively lovely side effect of the Atkins diet is unpleasant breath thanks to the high levels of ketones in the system.



I'm sure it does. Any radical change in eating habits will cause the body to lose weight. All I'm saying is that it's a very unhealthy way to lose weight. Think about it, you're consuming nothing but beef, eggs, and cheese; that can't be good for you. And a diet where fruits and vegetables are looked down upon? That makes absolutely no sense. Cholesterol levels can be dangerously raised and arteries can get clogged, not to mention the bad effects listed above. But I guess it doesn't matter; as long as you look good on the outside, it doesn't matter what's

decaying on the inside. This diet is incredibly unhealthy and dangerous to one's health. And people have a tendency to take things to extremes, especially concerning weight, so this is a diet that can get dangerously out of hand. Another unpleasant result of this diet is that once a person goes off of it, he or she can gain all the weight back and then some, because the body returns to its original way of functioning once carbs are reintroduced. Plus, a lot of the original weight loss is just water weight loss, and is easily gained back. In plain and simple language, the dangers and negatives of the Atkins diet severely outweigh (pun intended) the advantages and benefits.

I think the surge in popularity of the Atkins diet is basically just a mass of people looking for an easy way out. "Ooooooh, there's a diet where I can eat beef, and cheese, and eggs AND I can lose weight? Sign...me...up!!" People simply refuse to face the fact that after countless years of studies, moderation and exercise are the best way to go for healthy and long-term weight loss. We live in a society where the easy way out is always the way taken, yet people don't realize that the easy way almost never works. You're going to wind up having to do twice the work you would've done if you had just done things the regular way. Fad diets rarely, if ever, work. I honestly hope that the "Atkins Revolution" revolutionizes itself out of the market, because I'm sick and tired of constantly being told carbs are the enemy, when they clearly aren't. They provide our bodies with the things necessary to run basic life functions. As stated previously, eating a diet that's properly balanced and getting exercise is best way to go; it has the highest success rate in terms of losing weight AND keeping it off. Before you go advocating or participating in the Atkins diet, please inform yourself with how it REALLY works and what it can do to the body. And remember one thing; Mr. Atkins himself had quadruple blocked arteries in his heart. Is that the poster child you want for your diet?

Don't Question Me and We Will Get Along Just Fine

By Matthew Augustine

Oh, sweet morals, blessed conservative ideology. Change is a bad, bad thing. We should have stopped at the wheel. Do not question authority, because the government is greater than you. Liberals are pussies, they will take your money and give it to people halfway across the world with or without your consent. Janet Jackson is a disgrace, Howard Stern should be taken off the air, God damn it, he's corrupting my children with his hot women and free speech. Coffins should not be allowed to be photographed, it's bad publicity. Majority Leaders should be free to lead even when indicted. Oh, sweet world, how I love thee.

A few weeks ago, Harvard University president Lawrence Summers came under fire for suggesting that there are differences between men and women. Faculty and administrators are talking of removing him from his position as president with a vote of no confidence. He was asked why there are more men than women that are reaching top level science jobs. He had the audacity to "suggest" that biological differences "may" play a role in—get this—men having a greater range of test scores than women. This leads to a higher number of high scores and a higher number of lower scores, with a relatively small middle ground. This inevitably leads to more men in top level science positions. Someone hang this man. Where does he get off suggesting men could have a more diverse score pattern? Could it be that it's based on fact? No! He's making up these blasphemous words on the spot in an attempt to disrupt a century's worth of progressive motion in women's rights. I know it; no wonder there is so much outrage.

Let me just take this moment to note that he said "range". A great range of scores means that there is a wider dispersion. He did not say that men score better, or that women suck. He simply said that men, overall, due to the greater variance in scores end up with a greater percentage of scores that are higher than women. He did not say that women have breasts and as such can't look in a microscope. He did not say that they are inferior. Yet, there are thousands of people, editorials and shows all jumping on the tsk-tsk bandwagon. If the leader of the greatest academic institution in this country cannot speak his mind, then where the hell are we, as a country? The sad part is that it is arguable if he is even expressing his own personal opinion in this matter. He cited societal facts, a study by two sociologists, actual test results and scholarly studies. It's not like he

said "I think we should kill all cats because they shit on my lawn" and as a result elicited the anger of PETA.

This is an excerpt from the 4,000 word speech that caused this backlash. Brace yourself, for you have known no offense like that which you are about to bear witness to. "It does appear that on many, many different human attributes—height, weight, propensity for criminality, overall IQ, mathematical ability, scientific ability—there is relatively clear evidence that whatever the difference in means—which can be debated—there is a difference in the standard deviation, and variability of a male and a female population." I'll give you a minute to catch your breath. If you actually find this offensive, I'm sorry. It just seems like a normal academic observation to me, fully within the scope of reason and sound judgment. So, let me get this straight, someone is better than me at science? I weigh more than some people? I feel the world as I know it crumbling.

This is one of those things that really irks me. I'm a firm believer in the first amendment, and something like this catching so much flak is a fucking joke. I can understand the principle of people in certain positions limiting their remarks, such as the cabinet of the US for example. However, it is absolutely fundamental that the learning institutions of a nation be allowed to exercise free thought, and, in turn, free speech. It seems to me that the whole country is so ultra sensitive.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm crazy, maybe because I'm a Northeastern college kid who's naturally inclined to exercise the right to speak. Maybe I'm jaded; maybe I'm the exception. If so, it is disturbing to me that there is a whole constituency of people who would become enraged at something like this, or who would condone fining individual broadcasters for "indecentcy," which the FCC actually refuses to define. It's stifling free speech. TV, radio and comments by anyone in the lime-light are all increasingly coming under the gavel of public judgment, and people are scared. You would have to live in a box to not know the fights that are going on, as I write this, to uphold the bill of rights. The FCC is the tip of the iceberg. Has anyone ever heard of the PATRIOT act? Guantanamo Bay? The woman who was fired for taking photographs of the soldiers coffins? Did anyone watch the Super Bowl halftime show this year? Paul McCartney won't have a wardrobe malfunction—he's a safe bet, throw him on. How about the president of Harvard, who may lose

his job because he said men have a higher range of test scores? Did you hear about that before now? How about Howard Stern being forced to go to Satellite radio because conventional broadcasting just isn't an option for him anymore?

Just because you have a free press doesn't mean everything is okay. I'm not one of those conspiracy theorists; I'm not suggesting some grand scheme. However, the infringement of individual liberty and freedom of speech that has taken place in these past few years is an unnerving portent of things to come, or that may come. It's a slippery slope. Once you start, a little more is almost inevitable, and at the very, very least, more easily attainable. What would have happened if Galileo was executed? If Martin Luther was silenced? What if Hitler threw Einstein in a death camp? If early liberals were banished? If Marx was put in jail? I am not saying that any of the recent threatened speech above is on the same level as discovering that the earth orbits the sun. What I am trying to say is that by stifling opinion that is unpopular or even different from yours, by not allowing people to critique if it's not in your best interest, by allowing political absolutism, even in a diluted form, you are halting the evolution of thought, innovation and progression.

If people feel that they cannot say what they think, or act on their feelings, you have what Alexis de Tocqueville called the tyranny of the majority. People are not equal. Get over it, they aren't. Some people are richer than others, some are stronger, more athletic, some are taller, some are more attractive, etc. Tocqueville argued that in a democracy that celebrates equality, there is tremendous social pressure to conform. Those who have something exceptional, unique and different to present or contribute will not do so because of the social taboo that would come with it. The result is a society of mediocrity and stagnation. Perhaps I'm crazy, but I agree. I think we should celebrate people who speak their mind, even if we don't necessarily agree. I believe people should be free to exercise the right to be who they are. Criticism is okay. Hell, criticism goes hand in hand with free speech, what is an opinion without a counter? Stagnation just the same. However, when you take it so far as to limit what opinions people can have, making it so that they will suffer for proclaiming those opinions, you have gone too far. My hat is off to Lawrence Summers. He should be taking a bow, not worrying about his job.

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A Short Guide to Campus Dining: How to "Eat" on Campus

By Paula Guy

By this time in the semester, you should be familiar with the dingy neon food-halls which infest this campus. However, in case you are not, or in case you would like to have a list to show your Mummy what you are eating, I have compiled a short guide to "dining" on Campus. Like one of those secretive restaurant reviewers, who slyly sits in the expensive seats, plays with their food, and pays the bill with their boss' check-book except there are no nice restaurants here, and I pay for my own-exorbitantly priced meal-plan.

So here's the "guide":

Kelly Dining Hall:

What to eat: The huge Jelly Belly® boxes are off the face off the earth. They are worse than crack. Try them near exams, they will help you stay awake and increase productivity as long as you don't eat the dark green Jalapeno flavour—it tastes like a spicy turd [Disclaimer: the Jelly Bellies® are often out of stock—please do not blame me].

The carvery at Kelly is worth a look [and sometimes a taste]. The meat is generally passable—although it can resemble grease-balls. This meat [beef, pork, etc] is often accompanied by tasty vegetables [yes...they exist], and marinade.

The Italian bread here is good. It calls out for peanut-butter and jelly.

There is a decent selection of cereal for those of you who are fond of breakfast.

What to avoid: The overly-sauced pasta salads. They are drenched in cum. There is more goop in these 'salads' than is in Pairs Hilton's stomach [see *Southpark's* "Stupid Spoiled Whore" episode, for details]. You will need to throw up, but you won't be able to. Eat the bean salads instead.

Bleacher:

What to eat: The lovely little boxes of fruit. Grapes! Fresh fruit salads! Rock-melon, peaches, strawberries....your mother will be proud, and your taste buds will rejoice.

The yoghurt here is also most excellent. Stock your fridge. It is a perfect I-must-eat-breakfast-basically-as-I-walkout-the-door food.

The roast potatoes are also decent, and nicely spiced.

What to avoid: The pork. It is greasy in an evil way. That kind of McDonald's grease that sticks at the bottom of your stomach like concrete.

The stews here are also pretty crap, in a over-boiled vegetables floating in brown-water-stuff kind of way.

This place closes at 4pm. It's a pain in the ass. I want fruit after 4pm.

Union Deli:

What to eat: Get a pound of ham or salami. It isn't great [slightly dry], but this is University Dining. Make yourself a sandwich.

The Kraft Macaroni and Cheese is cheap [under \$2], and although it is as yellow as a neon-rubber-extraterrestrial when you cook it, it is full of salty goodness.

Stock-up on Tolberone [both the dark and light chocolate], here. And David's Cookie's if they are in stock.

The banana cake! The oranges are sometimes passable, as are the apples [Note to who ever stocks the fruit on campus: GO ORGANIC STOP FUCKING SPRAYING OUR FRUIT AND MAKING IT TASTE LIKE CHEMICALS].

What to avoid: The lines. Waiting half an hour for a pound of blindingly orange American cheese is just not worth it. Go to Waldbaums. Get some real cheese.

Roth Food Court:

What to eat: You should eat David's Cookies. Dude. They are soft and chewy. Eat them with a glass of milk before you go to sleep, or when you have the munchies.

The Terra Ve vegetarian stuff is okay. If you want to be a rabbit. The tomato rolls are nice. [Note...it is confusing...there are chicken salads and meat-rolls in the Terra Ve serving area. Weird. How can one keep up their vegetarianism whilst surrounded by meat?] The Kosher place is nice. Turkey. Roast potatoes. Food that will help you grow up to be a big strong man! [Which is fine if that's your plan]

Deng Li's. Not cool. You are likely to feel queasy after ingesting this stuff. Rich and thick and greasy.

Burger King. If you have suicidal tendencies.

What to avoid: Burger King. The "chicken," the everything, you disgusting people.

H Quad:

What to eat: Sandella's nice pizza. The grill cooks a decent burger. The Vegetarian Corner has some interesting sounding stuff. "Coconut Curry Tofu" anyone?

Nurture Our World claims to serve "items that are low in sodium, calories, fat and cholesterol."

Give yourself a shiny healthy gold-star. Eat here, go to the gym, and then people will tell you that you're beautiful, and your life will be complete, etc, etc. I can't be bothered walking all the way to H quad.

The H Quad has a Taco Bell, if you are into that kind of stuff.

What to avoid: Well, this place has weird hours and no-one ever goes here. There must be some secret evil reason.

The Student Activities Center Food Court

Good. Pizza! Sushi! Bagels! Ice-cream! Soup! Candy! Cakes!

But, from 11 to 2 you can't use your meal-plan points. AHHH. Unlimited meal-plan use here would be too kind. Campus Dining Serves the Students, alright.

The End of the Bridge restaurant

What to eat: Nothing special—apart from the yummy Buffalo Wings. The Sword Fish steak sounds fun. Caesar Salads, BBQ chicken, some "Mediterranean" food and so on is served.



THE JASMINE EATATORIUM,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

What to avoid: The bad service. "The waiters don't give a fuck" [to quote "anonymous"]. They often screw up the order. Not a place to hang out if you are a normal human-being. [Sorority and Frat "people" tend to inhabit this place].

The Jasmine Food Court in the Charles B. Wang Center

What to eat: Everything...fresh sushi and other great selections. Lovely surroundings [a fountain! An ambient water-pool!], Good service, massive portions. Oh yeah. This place is excellent. Oh! That's why they only give you 100 flex points to use here!

What to avoid: Avoiding this place. It is lovely lovely lovely someone should write a song about it.

To sum up. If you eat on campus you are pretty screwed. Learn to cook for yourself, you bums, or your stomach will rot from the inside.

As an aside...they need to sell cigarettes on campus. At least then you can enjoy rotting your stomach/and or liver/throat.

D.I.T.C. / Real Street Knowledge

By Vincent Michael Festa

Every day I drive an average of 50 miles a day. Between home, school, and my girlfriend's house there leaves a lot of time and opportunities to play my mix CD's.

My CD player in my car doesn't discriminate. It allows me to play anything and everything from acid techno, house, jungle, grind, alternative, death metal, favourites, even extreme noise (if I'm not so lucky). Not once have I been pulled over for breaking the noise ordinance. But the one music that can keep me calm, tranquil, and relaxed on the road unlike the high-speed techno and grindcore that makes me want to break the speed limit is that classic 70's soul.

Classic 70's soul. It's that feeling that made legends out of many hip-hop artists in the industry. And not only the classic soul but 70's soul jazz, 60's R&B, and even some pop-rock ballads of the 80's that not only spills smoothly and dims the lights but also has become the aural birthparents of today's sonic climate of all things rap and hip-hop.

Right now hip-hop has taken a different shape like it has been every five years. Of course you'll hear today's hottest off-the-charts artists in rap today with electronic bleeps, claps, clear-cut knocks, and sparse production with rarely a sample thrown in. Then again, I'd rather play loudly Mtume's "Juicy Fruit" (1982), Roy Ayer's "Daylight" (1976) or Kraftwerk's "Trance Europe Express" (1977) than today's new artists who use (or abuse?) them, because playing originals in a way shows true respect, appreciation, and recognition for those who gave their best in their careers to give someone else the spotlight later on.

It's certain that in the hip-hop world sampling is a way of life. From a country vocal of Nancy Sinatra, the soul stylings of Wendi Rene, the get-down jazz-up of James Brown, and even Broadway shows such as *Annie* and rock ballads of Journey, a sample can be copped, twisted, laced, slowed down, looped, repeated, and tied into the overall track or as the overall track to make itself sound really, really good and resulting in hip-hop gold. Either if the sample in question is used as an unrecognizable-at-first four-second loop or that the entire background music is robbed for other rappers to lay down their vocals on (see P. Diddy or Ice Cube), it's still sampling.

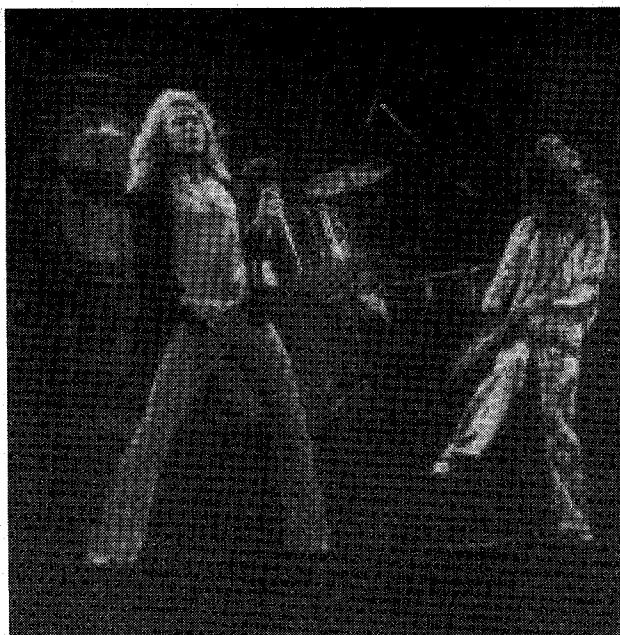
Most of those who get down with hip-hop are casual and hear those samples on the surface. However, a small number of those who really appreciate the flow of the music end up real curious as to where a sample comes from and are more likely the ones who will do their research and find the real samples in any record store that carries the original records and samples.

Digging in the crates (or DITC), you should find a lot of classic records from the past era's artists that gave birth to many a hit single, an outstanding album, and as far as upholding many careers such as today's Nas, Jay-Z, Dr. Dre, and Snoop Dogg. The Geto Boys, Ice Cube, De La Soul, Public Enemy, Cypress Hill, and even Digital Underground when they started out were just rounding out being the first wave to use samples to watermark their hits.

Most samples can be found starting in the 1960's where black performers had R&B to call their own (though found samples can go as earlier than the start of R&B). In the 70's most of the samples came from the classic soul, soul-jazz, and top bands of the time such as George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic, Kool And The Gang, and Isaac Hayes. R&B also have been sampled as far ahead into the 80's as well as some pop bands and artists as the Eurythmics, The Police, and the most heavily sampled James Brown.

You can start by searching samples at www.the-breaks.com, the massive database where it can hook you up with the listing of the sampling artist, the sample by the original artist, and the record name, the record label, and the release year. Then you can rush out, buy the vinyl, and spin it so that you can get taken away at how distant and different the original sounds to the "remixed" version or the new version.

When listening to the original, you're listening to the real thing, before the whole thing was "stolen by P. Diddy." You're holding a piece of history so far removed from what is experienced today. The record itself was possibly when it was at a chill party that was part of the New York scene or a golden memory back then, maybe something that either your mom, dad, or uncle might have listened to at the apartment in the city, or somewhere else where you know you can never ever go back to but listening to the record you feel like you have been before. You may even feel you had a different life in the past or wondered what would it been if you lived life back then. Magical stuff, it is.



IT WAS 'KASHMIR' BEFORE IT WAS 'COME WITH ME',
Courtesy of www.rock.co.2a

After when you're done listening to the cut that you bought, you might start to appreciate the overall sound by listening to the entire record. If all goes well, you might search for more of the same artist, and maybe even look through the credits to do some more searching on some other personnel. The appreciation grows and before you know it you'll make classics and its searching a niche in your collection.

You can also take the easy way out and download the tracks, but MP3's leave you blank, colorless, and somewhat lacking in style points, so it's better to support your local record shop and if possible the artists that you check out. They'll thank you for it.

If you're still at all curious, here is the list of originals to get you started. If you want to make things more interesting, the sampling artists and songs are *not* listed so that the real hip-hop heads can test their urban mettle (after all, this hobby is supposed to be an experience, right?). Or, you can spoil yourself by going to the above website and get some education in science.

Patrice Rushen: "Forget-Me-Nots" (1982)

Leon Haywood: "I Wanna Do Something Freaky To You" (1979)

Mtume: "Juicy Fruit" (1982)

Wendi Rene/Drapels, The: "After Laughter Comes Rain" (1964)

Isaac Hayes: "Hung Up On My Baby" (1974)

Les McCann: "Valantra" (1977)

Roberta Flack: "Killing Me Softly" (1973)

Marvin Gaye: "After The Dance" (1976)

Staple Singers: "Let's Do It Again" (1975)

Kool And The Gang: "Summer Madness" (1974)

Roy Ayers Ubiquity: "Everybody Loves The Sunshine" (1976)

Dave Grusin: "Either Way" (1980)

Bob James: "Nautilus" (1974)

J.B.'s, The: "It's The J.B.'s Monorail" (1975)

Peabo Bryson: "Born To Love" (1983)

Herb Alpert: "Rise" (1979)

Willie Hutch: "Brothers Gonna' Work It Out" (1973)

Isaac Hayes: "A Few More Kisses To Go" (1979)

Brick: "Fun" (1977)

Quincy Jones: "Summer In The City" (1973)

Weather Report: "Young And Fine" (1978)

O.V. Wright: "Let's Straighten It Out" (1978)

Charmells, The: "As Long As I Got You" (1967)

Isaac Hayes: "Look Of Love" (1971)

Michael Jackson: "Human Nature" (1973)

Patrice Rushen: "Remind Me" (1982)

Gladys Night and The Pips: "The Way We Were" (1974)

Ohio Players: "Funky Worm" (1972)

Edwin Birdsong: "Rapper Dapper Snapper" (1980)

Lowell Fulson: "Tramp" (1967)

Skull Snaps: "It's A New Day" (1973)

Reuben Wilson: "We're In Love" (1971)

Ronnie Laws: "Tidal Wave" (1975)

Foreigner: "Cold As Ice" (1977)

Roy Ayers Ubiquity: Daylight (1976)

One glaring omission from this list is the Godfather of Soul, James Brown, and it's *only* because his sampled songs as sources are *too many* to be mentioned. In fact, many regard him not only as the Godfather of Soul but also without argument the most sampled artist to date. Just by picking up a copy of *Sex Machine*, *The Payback*, *Reality*, and *In The Jungle Groove* you can hear that one song from any of those albums that had been sampled and had given birth to literally hundreds of other hip-hop or rap songs. "Give It Up or Turn It Loose," "Funky Drummer," "Funky President," and "The Payback" are just four cuts along these four James Brown albums that help James Brown get "the payback."

Also, let's not forget George Clinton and his numerous other projects such as Parliament and Funkadelic. "Mothership Connection" (1976), "Flashlight" (1977), "Aquaboogie (A Psychoalphanumericbioquadoloop)" (1978), and "Atomic Dog" (1982) also have put George Clinton and his P-Funk movement in the sampling charts. Even The Digital Underground owe their careers to Clinton's projects due to the amount of sampling from the works of Clinton.

It pretty much raps it up for sampling. I just hope that if you do make any of these cuts and records part of your library, you thank this article and give it the proper credit.

Red vs. Blue Political Poke War

By William Lewis and Joe Safdia

With all this Political fighting ranging from the White House to downtown Stony Brook, we had to ask what would be a good way to have our leaders stop. So, needing a fighting pit of death to shove them into so that they can kill each other, we started to dig our "Fighting Pit of American Views". But at some point we saw this as a waste of our time, to be there digging. So, after looking at Red vs. Blue online, we wanted to know what would happen if we had Red and Blue fight each other in a FF style Poking War. Now, if only we can get *the facebook* to have different types of pokes to use on people.

Now, on to the battle for political control of America, as if Red and Blue were going to battle on—for control!

RED: ~Ninja Poke~
BLUE: Shall I assume this is battle time for the "free" world?
RED: ~Super Ninja Poke~
BLUE: Ok then ~Super Nuclear Detonation Poke~
RED: ~Ninja Space Jump~
RED: ~Ninja Poking Stars~ Level ten—damn
BLUE: Or ~Bush's Super "Nucular" Detonation Freedom Poke~
RED: ~Home Land Security Shield~
~US Pat. Poke of Death and Freedom~
BLUE: ~Rigged Vote Poke~
RED: ~Poke of a Million Republican Lies~
BLUE: And ~Silly Illegal Constitutional Amendment Shield~
RED: ~American Fascism Poke of Peace by War~
BLUE: ~Christian Power of God Super Poke~
BLUE: ~Bible Shield~
RED: ~Red Neck Super Power Up~
~Stupid Voter's Shield~
~We Don't need WMD Proof to Invade Poke~
BLUE: ~Cheney's Failing Heart Grenade~
RED: ~Not really in Nam, Counter with Paid Off Swift Boat Decoy~

RED: ~Old Justices Walker Throws~

BLUE: ~Terrorism Shield~

RED: ~School of the Americas Counter~

BLUE: ~Critical Hit on Self Using Planes on Skyscrapers to Justify Preemptive Strike Poke~

~Terrorism Pre-emptive Strike~

BLUE: And while your stunned, my ultimate attack!!!!!!!

~P H A N T O M WEAPONS OF

MASS DESTRUCTION ULTRA MEGA POKE~

RED: Uhhh

RED: ~Even the Germans are Against the War Revive~

~Flying Freedom Fires Poke of WTF are You People on~

BLUE: Shit, I haven't had this much trouble since I took on Sephiroth in *Final Fantasy 7* at level 56 with no level 4 limits

BLUE: Ok then ~Propaganda Mind Control~ now I control your actions and I'm commanding u to use ~Critical Hit on Self Via Pure Stupidity Poke~

RED: ~Skull and Bones block~

~MI6 Poke of Fake Killing Your Own Family~

BLUE: ~Poverty Poke~

RED: ~Poke of Camp X-Ray~

BLUE: Now all your attacks are depleted

RED: ~Fuck the People Let's Use SSI to Keep Our War Power Up~

BLUE: And now ~Privatizing Social Security Poke~ the power you use for your attacks has gone to my businesses

RED: ~Operations North Woods Poke of Just Fucked~

RED: ~Skull and Bones Owns the Businesses Redirect Power of All The World to Me~

RED: ~Nuke ever one to insure Freedom~

BLUE: ~Operation Iraqi Freedom What a Silly Name That Has Nothing To Do With What We're Doing Here Poke~

RED: ~CNN poke of anti-liberal hippy bastards go to Canada (powered by FOX)~

BLUE: ~Anti-gun control so all "real" Americans can go shoot up the intelligent liberals 9mm poke~ (this poke has been sponsored by the NRA)

RED: ~I thought that candy bar was gun thus I had to fill the little school kid with 20lbs of lead Poke of trigger happy white cops~

BLUE: ~Racism, Sexism, Homophobic Triple Poke of Death~

RED: Ha full ~Its always been the American way absorb and life drain your ass~

RED: ~Poke of the Truth, You vote does not matter~

BLUE: CURSES!

RED: ~Boot to the head~

BLUE: ~We trained the man who flew planes into WTC so we'll train the Iraqis so 20 yrs down the line they'll do the same thing poke of 3000 deaths~

RED: ~CIA cover up if the Truth shield and redirect it to bite you in the ass in 2 posting~

RED: ~Terrorist cells Poke~

RED: ~Military gets shit poke killing off all your people~

RED: ~3000 deaths poke (can't be countered)~

BLUE: FUCK!

BLUE: ~Genocide Poke~

RED: ~CIA had a hand in that block~

~Home grown Terrorist Poke in from blind spot the American heart land~

BLUE: Shit I don't know what other attacks I could launch

RED: ~Super powers until Super death power up~

~The world real does hate America Supper death power up~

~For real the world hates the USA power up~

~America is really in a depression life drain~

RED: ~Poke of your money is no good any more~

RED: ~no military Poke~

RED: ~Death Poke~

BLUE: ~Republican Ideals Doomsday Poke~

RED: ~Even still the Germans are not for the war shield with UN and NATO power back up shield~

BLUE: I fold. As a mere liberal, I cannot stand up to the almighty power of corporate America unless I had the Terminator on my side

BLUE: Damn doomsday corporations

RED: ~Corporation rape of all your rights and needs of life~

RED: ~Corporation killed your puppy final death strike Poke~

BLUE: WAAAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTT?!!!!!!!

~Super Saiyan Rage Ultimate Power Up x 100,000,000~

RED: Blast you

BLUE: ~Liberal Truth Shield~

RED: ~Yellow journalism mega Death blast~

RED: ~Plum Island is a WMD plant? poke~

BLUE: ~Separation From Red States Power Up~

RED: ~Terrorism Super power up~

RED: ~Video of head being cut off poke of depression~

BLUE: Charging ~Cheney's Heart Exploding Like a Grenade and Taking Bush With Him Poke~

BLUE: The charging of this poke multiplies my power 100-fold

BLUE: Charging attack.....

BLUE: Charging attack.....

BLUE: Unleashing

~Cheney's Heart Exploding Like a Grenade and

Taking Bush With Him Poke~

BLUE: Instant death. I

WIN!!!!

RED: uhhh

RED: I will be back

some day

BLUE: Proof that you should never attack my

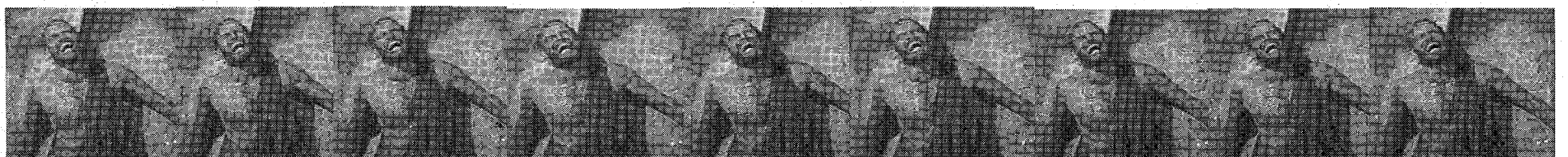
dogs

RED: Some day

BLUE: And u will

lose again

YEAH, WE KNOW THEY'RE BOTH GREY IN THIS PICTURE BUT TRY TO HAVE A LITTLE IMAGINATION. WE CAN'T DO EVERYTHING FOR YOU.
Courtesy of Microsoft Corporation



**USG
Senate
Meetings**

It's a
madhouse!

It's a
madhouse!

It's a
madhouse!

**USG
Senate
Meetings**

It's a
madhouse!

It's a
madhouse!

It's a
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**USG
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madhouse!

Snow Storm Craziness

By Justin Rowe

It always amuses me to see every news-cast in the New York Metro area always overestimate or just plain blow up a small snow shower into gigantic proportions.

If it were a blizzard, then I'd act all ape shit, but every time we get **FLURRIES** all of the fake news casters with bad hair pieces have to report the following:

Teaser of "There's some wicked winter weather heading our way."

Cue the footage of morons rushing to the supermarkets to stock up on food.

I'm pretty sure the dangerous 1 inch of snow will starve you and you want to get ready.

Cue the footage of morons flooding Lowe's or Home Depot grabbing as many shovels and ice salt they can get their hand on.

Shouldn't you people buy these things way before an enormous winter snow storm that will melt away with rain a few hours time? I'm a huge procrastinator myself, but I always find **SOME** time to have a shovel around along with some sand/snow salt and get some gas in my snow blower before even a **HINT** of a storm.

Cue the footage with the school kids who are praying to the snow gods that class is cancelled.

The conversation always goes like this...

Reporter: Are you hoping that school is cancelled Jimmy?

Jimmy: Yeah

Yeah I'm really sure that he really wants to go to school no matter what! Hey Reporter,

don't YOU remember what it was like when you went to grade school and a snow storm came? You wanted to play in the snow, play video games or



DRIVING IN SAID SNOWSTORM: SCARY AS HELL,
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

masturbate furiously. Why do you feel the need to ask this fucking stupid question? It really boggles my mind that people who go to school to study journalism keep on doing the same thing when it comes to these storms.

As I type this there is another one of these "winter storm warnings/death watches" **HEADING MY WAY**. Quite frankly I don't really care about this stuff. I'm going to snow blow the snow away, drive and go to school/work. It isn't much of a factor anyway since I go to school/work 15 minutes away.

I really don't get why people can't fathom driving in the snow? Do you see people from Buffalo or Minnesota stopping their lives over the fact that a dangerous 2 inches of snow will paralyze their cities?

It isn't really hard to drive in the snow. All you have to do is drive slowly, be observant around you and smoke a lot of cigarettes/weed [if that applies to you, for the record I don't smoke]. If you manage to skid one way, turn your wheel the other way. You shouldn't skid anyway if you aren't driving like a psychopath. In any case keep your hand on the emergency brake!

Of course this does not apply if you drive a Hummer 4-Wheel explorer monstrosity. I'm not going to start a diatribe on why its bad for the environment and stuff, [I'm sure other writers of this fine publication have that issue covered] but for the \$50-100 a week it costs to fuel those things, at the very least you should be courteous to others on the road who happen to drive small Japanese cars that are light as tin-foil.

This brings me to my final issue on the matter, school closings. I've just transferred here to Stony Brook University and I never see the campus closed for snow. How come when I check the school closings online, why do only I see obscure institutions like Jeff's bong making school of Ronkonkoma or Laurie's Basket Weaving Academy of Centereach getting closed? Why is it never Stony Brook University? It's not like we are a major research university located close to the north shore [where lake effect snow can develop].

In all seriousness, people need to calm the fuck down. You do not need to swipe 20 gallons of milk from Waldbaums or buy 20 snow brushes in one clip [I seriously saw one guy do that before the blizzard, the prick probably wanted to resell them]. This is snow, not 9/11 the sequel and not the nuclear holocaust. Spring can only come soon enough...wait it out, you impatient clods!

No Thank You (or Fuck Off and Leave Me and My Money Alone)

By Vincent Michael Festa

Seriously, something should be done with these people...

As I'm driving to cash my check, I see that there are a group of kids standing in front of the check-cashing place. Already I knew what I was hopelessly getting into.

So as soon as I do what I have to do and head for lunch, one of them *now* starts to try to get my attention. I cared less. I walked by ignoring their sales pitch for backpack cologne, proceeded to get sammiches and rushed into my car and death-raced it to work as I only had a half-an-hour left to enjoy lunch. They got the message, for now.

Two weeks later, the same thing occurs, only this time the hang-out has gotten bigger and I'm forced to park my car behind the place to avoid any contact for fear they start. Again, I walk out quickly, to act like I'm really not interested. These people again try to have me buy something that I have no interest in, and even going as far as to even say something while I'm purposely scurrying away from them like it's a game just to see if I even turn my head. Later on as I make the U-turn and ride past the place, I saw that the virus of hustlers finally are chased out of the property, really getting the message that no one is interested.

Bye. Leave. Get lost. No one cares.

Simply put, I'm sick of people harassing me, to force me to buy into something I have no interest in. I go to the check place near where I

work because it's very convenient for me and I have no bank account to cash my check in a real bank. So I have no choice.

I go to the check-cashing place for one reason, and it's to finally enjoy my money that I wait every two weeks for, not to buy cologne off of some little kid's five-fingered black-market operation. Such as when you have hard-working people who work like dogs and slave to death for a paycheck, definitely the first thing on their mind is to feed themselves and pay bills, not to make some cornered sale on some parfum that possibly was swiped and jacked from a real department store.

No one wants to be influenced on what to buy, let alone how to be told how to spend their money. Period. It irritates me up the fucking wall when hangers-on try to tell me to "buy this!" or "buy that!" They see you walk out with a bigger wallet, so it doesn't take a rocket scientist or a Bill Gates to figure out why they stand there waiting to take your dollar.

Freezing there like a deer in truck headlights, you feel obligated to take a look because you feel sorry for them and then having to part with your money like a sucker like buying a dozen overpriced red roses on Valentine's Day because they push you around and make you feel sorry for yourself because you tell them "no, I'm not interested because I have bills to pay" eight times over.

I don't mind kids working to get where

they have to go. If it's avoiding "real-life" in the office for now or working in the great outdoors then by all means do it. But don't harass me or others who actually have a "real-life" job working around the clock whose only motive for our paychecks is to pay our debts to others and to ourselves.

You need me, I don't need you. When I do, I'll let you know. No really.



FOLEX ANYONE?...DO I HEAR A DOLLA?
Courtesy of Fakereviews.com

Artificial Never Tastes Like the Real Thing

By Dustin Herlich

Artificial banana flavor tastes nothing like banana, and was first discovered to be a fantastic degreaser for power plants and large diesel engines. Artificial fat substitutes such as Olestra™ and others like it give people explosive diarrhea. Artificial sweeteners cause cancer in Martians. Artificial pride and artificial traditions cause revolt, disgust and dissatisfied students.

The University has lost all sense of reality when it comes to the student body. Administrators think they know what we want, give us those things, then go out of their way to find students who actually support their position, while 99% of the rest of us don't. It's an absurd cycle. You can't create pride by making employees wear obnoxious red shirts all of the sudden. You can't build spirit by asking us to wear ugly hats, and then giving us lukewarm incentives to actually wear them. Stop treating the school like a corporation, stop treating the students like consumers, and start treating this institution seriously, as a school. Not a kindergarten either, a real school.

Creating a tradition from the top down is stupid. The students will reject it, it'll be a boring event, and no one will be happy but the yutz who dreamed up the event and has convinced his or herself that it is a success. Wolfstock is meaningless. Homecoming here is trite, too small, and students are very much uninvolved. Earthstock has potential, but it has to have more direct support from certain offices.

Why break down an art studio on south campus, and sterilize all the rest of the building? Old message boards and the like add charm. Ripping down buildings and putting new ones up that are more at home at an industrial park helps nobody. This campus is not meant for students any more, it's meant as a corporate watering hole and money maker. Board members with fat cigars don't want to see college charm; they want long marble conference tables, white walls, and bare bulletin boards. They want uniformed employees, and a subdued proletariat (students). They want to be wined and dined in the Wang Center, and they want to be able to sell products to students (a captive market) at prices that should be illegal (and probably are).

Who does is help when all we have is a thin façade? In Soviet Russia, they had entire towns literally made of cardboard and wood. They were painted with painstaking detail, so that westerners who were driven on roads at just the right distance from these "villages" and "factories" would actually believe these things were real. Stony Brook and its traditions are the same. To an outsider, it actually looks like a lot goes on here, and students may actually participate in these events. The reality is that the administration is putting on a show. Money and effort is pumped into a façade. Instead of properly fixing the clay liner to Roth pond, it's re-filled every few days, especially when prospective freshman may be on tour. At commencement, plants are planted where really all there is normally is broken bottles, used condoms and the remains of wounded student pride.

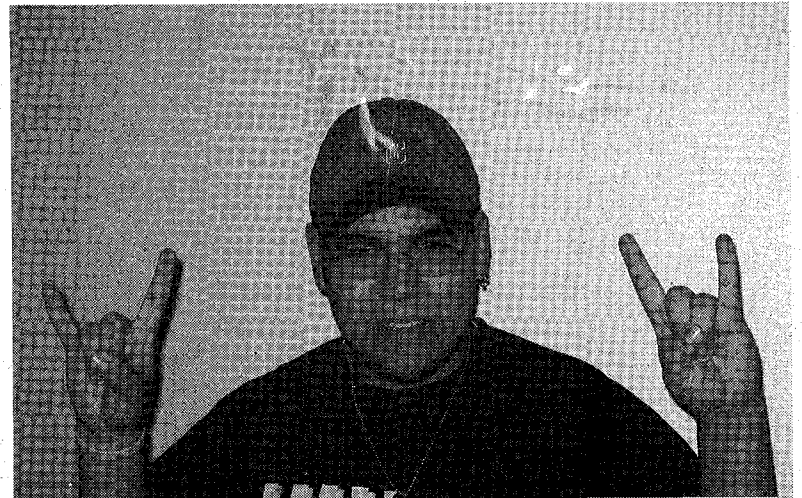
Yes, students actually want concerts. No other university in the world has the problems we do getting musical acts. No, Sugar Ray is not music. It's an act that maybe some high school girls want to see. Rap and Hip Hop are fairly popular amongst some students, but personally, I don't enjoy that kind of music one bit. Why can't we have Cream stop here on their tour? Or Nine Inch Nails? Or a million other bands that come to NY all the time, and would probably play here.

Why do you advertise certain media organizations, and members of that organization (even if they were drummed out for having destroyed any possible positive reputation that organization may have had left) in *Happenings* and other newsletters, but ignore the students who actually do good things on campus, or the other award winning media outlets on campus?

Why not put some money into making students happier? They're trying to give away dorm rooms, but you still insist on building new ones. Where is the logic in that? Dorms are no longer convenient, and are vastly overpriced. Instead of building dorms, destroying forests, and building stores on the academic mall, take that money and fix the Student Union. Stop the ridiculous oppression against actual events the students care about like I-CON.

Want to increase school spirit and make students happier? Cut food prices 10% across the board. Instead of a wine and cheese reception for corporate fat cats at the Wang Center, let us use it for China Night, etc. Instead of inventing fire marshal codes, allow something that hasn't been anywhere near a fire hazard in 20 years to be left alone. Instead of requiring

that all doors be closed, let us keep doors open. Since when is this a fire code? Why do they even make door stops then? Really? Come on now. Of all the stupid things to do, why have us



WHY IS HIS HAT ON FIRE? WHO DOES THESE PHOTOS?
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

close doors that have always been open? Closed doors are unfriendly, and lead to student unhappiness and apathy. Enrolment is down because when you squash student life like this, and oppress students like this, the university is no longer a "best buy," it's a no go. Academics are good here, but if life is unbearable, you'll have the problems you are having now. Lower enrolment, bad ratings, and dissatisfied students.

Give us a break, and I bet you'll even get some positive press. I should say though that there are some administrators who do care about students, and some who are trying, and you know who you are. Those of you who read this with guilty consciences though, maybe you should do something to clear that conscience?

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BETTER THAN HAN

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Interview with Courtney Cox

By Tara Lynne Groth

"This is like an interrogation or something. Are you with the FBI? Is this because I've been downloading music illegally?" Courtney Cox mocks me as the interview starts. No, Courtney, it's because of *your* music that these words are here. She blows the paper straw wrapper in my face. Her maturity is overwhelming.

Courtney has been a songwriter for five years, entering a music industry where the majority of rappers are men. As noted above (and developed below), Courtney has a sense of humor that can't be contained, and it leaks over into her music, saturating her rap songs with smart humor and truth.

Courtney spent her childhood in Lake Grove, Ronkonkoma, Riverhead, Central Islip, Huntington, Jefferson Heights and parts of Virginia. She now resides in Rocky Point while she studies Information Technology at Suffolk Community College. Aside from studying full-time, she impressively maintains three part-time jobs and spends late nights at AK Studios in West Babylon recording her music.

Even after all the recording she does, Courtney had a fear of the tape recorder. Portions of the following stem from memory.

Tribute to James Lipton Questions

Tara Groth: What's your favorite word?

Courtney Cox: Can we skip this question? You're starting it off too hard.

TG: (laughing) What's your least favorite word?

CC: Probably the N word.

TG: N-i-g-g-e-r or n-i-g-g-a-h?

CC: Definitely not the 'e-r' but I also don't like the 'a-h' either. I prefer them not being said. I won't turn off a song if they say it, but I don't think it's necessary.

TG: I'm glad I spelt them.

CC: (laughing)

TG: What turns you on creatively, spiritually, emotionally?



COURTNEY COX,
Courtesy of Tara Lynne Groth

CC: (her eyes popped out of her head) You should write down that my eyes popped out of my head! (laughing)

TG: (laughing)

CC: Music. My friends. These are hard questions. This is the worst interview I've had in my life.

TG: Have you been interviewed before?

CC: Just for jobs. I sit down, they say "Ok, take off your clothes and let's see how good it is."

TG: (laughing)

CC: (laughing) You should write that down.

TG: I'm recording!

CC: Shit—you shouldn't have told me, now I don't

know what to say.

TG: (pretends to turn the tape recorder off) Alright, it's off.

CC: Okay. I guess eye contact, then, I don't like it when people can't look me in the eyes.

TG: (looking 15 degrees to the left of Courtney) What turns you off?

CC: Why don't you go to my *My Space* page? I have a whole list. Ignorance is definitely a big one. And people who are naïve. Like this guy who yelled "cunt" in the library while I was working. I told you about that, right?

TG: (laughing) Oh, yea.

CC: Yea, I don't like people like that.

TG: What's your favorite curse word?

CC: It's probably the F word because I use it so much.

TG: Gotta watch that around the library.

CC: (laughing) Shut the fuck up, you fuckin' fuck!

TG: (laughing)

CC: I've been trying not to curse so much. Don't fuckin' curse, it's a shitty habit.

TG: I like that. What sound or noise do you love?

CC: What sounds do I like? I love the sound of the train. I don't know why.

It just puts me at ease.

TG: That's your ring tone when you call my cell.

CC: No way! Why?

TG: I swear to God. Because you remind me of the Underground Railroad.

CC: Are you serious?

TG: Yea, I thought it was funny.

CC: That's really weird. But I really love the sound of trains, I like hearing the bell. I like hearing the guy say 'This is the train to...Penn Station. Next stop...Wyandanch.' I remember all the stops. 'Next stop...Woodside.'

TG: Damn.

CC: You have to write down that your ring tone happened to be my favorite sound.

TG: Of course I am.

CC: 'Next stop...Wyandanch.' I love it!

TG: What sound or noise do you hate?

CC: Wait—I also like the sound of my mom's door opening. I come home really late, and I'm really close to my mom, so when I hear her door opening I'm happy, because I get to talk to her. So the sound of trains makes me happy and the sound of my mom's door. What sound or noise do I hate? Most people would say nails scratching against a chalkboard—but that's not the sound I hate! Ever since I was a little kid, I hated the sound of cardboard boxes opening. I don't know why. I used to work at Michael's Arts and Crafts, and whenever someone would open a cardboard box it reminded me of that and I get a weird feeling in my ear. Then I twitch. I can't stand it.

TG: Okay, let's say that you're a student/aspiring musician. If you weren't doing this right now, what other profession would you like to attempt?

CC: I would love to go to a racing school and learn how to drive a race car. I know there's probably no way in hell I could be in NASCAR, but I'd like it.

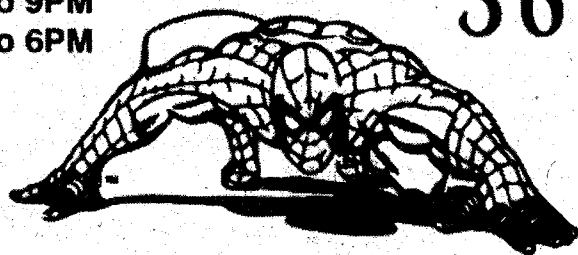
TG: What profession would you not like to attempt?

CC: I would hate to not be in college, that's for sure. Probably anything that has to do with math. I don't want to be a teacher either. I know I'm a tutor now, and it feels good when you can explain something to someone. But lately I feel like I'm not doing a good job. It's not like they don't care. I just don't feel like I'm not that good for them. I'm too hard on myself sometimes.

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Interview with Courtney Cox Continued...

By Tara Lynne Groth

TG: If heaven exists, what would you like God to say when you arrive at the Pearly Gates?

CC: Okay. Let's get one thing straight. I don't really believe in God that much. I don't think there is a heaven. To me, heaven is the place where you like being most often with the people you like the most. I don't know how to explain it; I just get this weird feeling. I don't know if anyone else experiences it, but I read in a magazine once that someone felt something similar to it. Like—I'm talking right now, but am I really here? Or is this really a dream, or is it life?

TG: Sounds like a movie I quote too often.

CC: Interesting.

The Serious Questions

TG: What or who is your most reliable inspiration?

CC: My most reliable inspiration...Martin Luther King, for obvious reasons.

TG: The Junior?

CC: Yes, and not the Protestant guy with the petition. My mom too, because she works really hard. Sometimes I can't believe how she does it. Looking at what she's done, I'd just sit there and be like, "Fuck this shit!" and blow my head off or something.

TG: (laughing)

CC: (laughing) You're going to write that down? Aw, shit, I was trying to keep this serious. I want to preview this interview before it's published.

TG: How do you want your music to affect people?

CC: In a good way. I'm not one of those people who cares how many people like or dislike my music, or how much money I'm going to make off of it. I do it to express how I feel, it gets rid of my stress, and it's more of a therapeutic thing. What I write about is not the stuff you hear on the radio. When I feel really strong about something I have to get out paper and a pen and write it down.

TG: Like Rabbit.

CC: Not like him. I don't write it on a bus or shit like that. I want people to relate to my music.

TG: Where do you record?

CC: AK Studios in West Babylon.

TG: From your experience at AK Studios, what would make the recording process easier?

CC: I need to practice on my memorization skills. When I go in the booth, you can hear my papers crinkling sometimes. It would be really nice if I could have a monitor in there with my lyrics scrolling across it.

TG: What are your songs about?

CC: Last year I had a lot of depression problems, so that's what most of my songs were about. Lately, I've been trying to do happier, dancing-type songs. In the past they were angry. I just didn't really like the high school. That's how I get revenge on people. I write songs about them. I don't fight because bruises will eventually go away, but the songs will always be there.

TG: I think that's a good quote.

CC: Me too.

TG: What song are you most proud of and why?

CC: The most recent one I've written, "The Vibe." It's basically how I feel about music, how it

helps me go on. Music is my life. It's always there for you, it doesn't backstab you like a "friend." I'm *not* talking about you! (laughing)

TG: (laughing) Good. Do you have any regrets about any of your performances?

CC: My last one. It was on February 6 at the Knights of Columbus in Bay Shore. Classes had just started again, and I wasn't prepared at all. I hadn't practiced much, I was so nervous and my leg was shaking. I had to pretend that my leg shaking was part of a dance. It was bad.

TG: Where's your favorite place to rap?

CC: Don't laugh...in the corner of my room. I section off part of my room and I love to rap there.

TG: (laughing) When and where is your next performance?

CC: My next performance I'm actually getting paid for! I don't have a definite date and time for it. I'll post it on *My Space*.

Here's an excerpt from "The Vibe":

If I ever need somebody, to, make me calm // I know all I gotta do is turn my stereo on // Let the instrumentals, get to my mental // Put together what I'm feelin thru the pen or pencil // So somebody else thinkin' just like me // Can nod and agree // While I decorate the beat //

To see/hear/learn more about Courtney Cox's music, email her: NOSpdLMT19@yahoo.com Or email me: tlgroth@ic.sunysb.edu

MISPLACED REVIEW; THERE'S ONE IN EVERY ISSUE

Godspeed You Black Emperor! *Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven*

By Andrew Thompson

Godspeed You Black Emperor! are a Canadian rock collective that include both elements of rock (drums, guitar, bass) and orchestra (violin, woodwind, etc) to create music that builds up much like an orchestra, eventually peaking at a very loud crescendo. They are not just merely confined to the principle of buildup, nor are their repeated use of this idea necessarily bad. Rather they can with a few simple themes a 22 minute piece that can justify its length.

Probably their most accomplished and well-thought out work to date, it is a nice bridge between the sometimes too-meandering F#A# (Infinity) and their streamlined Yanqui U.X.O (which took away many of their bizarre samples that help move the song along). Sansui U.X.O also seemed to be an attempt towards incorporating their numerous side projects (like Fly Pan Am and A Silver Mount Zion, to name a few) into the band's repertoire. These side projects are worth listening to and have their great moments much like Godspeed; however, by trying to blend them into their original band some of the original power is diluted.

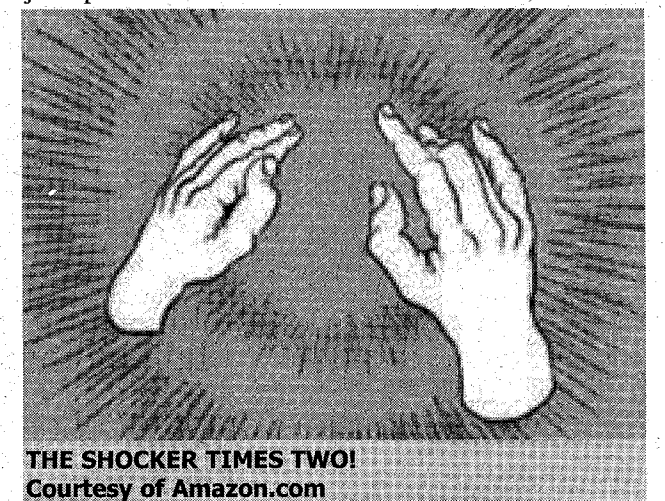
Anyway, the whole album begins with a quiet guitar tone on "Storm" which transforms into something truly beautiful and angry at the same time. Like think of those brake screeches that come to blend into a fine-tuned stream of sound, and that describes most of the first song. "Static" has an unappealing title and unfortunately is reminiscent of some of their meander-

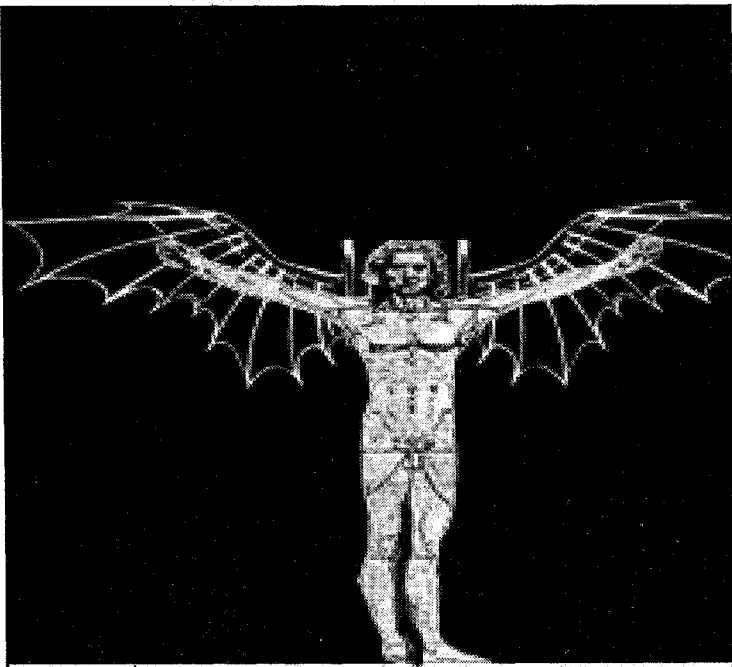
ing aimlessness on their first album. Not that it is done poorly or anything but it lacks any sort of unifying structure or coherence. They are ambient, but this is just ambience without meaning or purpose. It's not terrible, but when compared to the rest of the album it falls short.

Being a double disc set just barely (88 minutes worth of music or so) the next disc offers "Sleep" and "Antennas to Heaven." "Sleep" remains one of my favorite Godspeed tracks ever and is one of the most outwardly emotional pieces on here (which is saying a lot considering how intense most of the sound is on here). Starting out with an old man reminiscing of how Coney Island used to be "the playground of the world" and how they were so safe that they could "sleep on the beach, sleep overnight" but then breaks out with a bitter laugh of how "people can't do that anymore, things changed." Then the song begins after his monologue. A depressed guitar comes out and mopes around until the six minute mark where things get very quiet and another melody comes along, quiet, slow but still happier. From there drums come in and everything speeds up and explosions into a sustained wave of noise. That ends and the song ends on a positive note. Everyone else who has listened to and like Godspeed admits that "Sleep" is their most readily accessible song and probably the most dramatic. In fact, I even got a compliment for playing it to a friend. "Antennas to Heaven" ends the album ambitiously, with leaving the crescendos and instead

having shorter movements that work well to create a warm ambience to finish off about 88 minutes of your life.

Staunchly opposed to any form of "selling out," their CDs are packaged in cardboard and they speak as a group, instead of electing one person to speak on behalf of the whole band. Their music explores themes of decay of industrial areas and the exploitive nature of capitalism. Orchestral rock usually makes people shudder at how cliched the idea is, so it is quite refreshing to hear a band that succeeds in showing that whole genres of music can be rejuvenated by a few pioneers. And considering the amount of side projects they have, they might just pull it off.





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No, Nor Do I... Beggars Won't Be Choosers

By Vincent Michael Festa

It has happened to all tourists, passers-by, and people keeping to themselves. Whenever they mind their own business, shop around, or just gaze around in a public place they are approached by someone who is usually down on their luck. It could be someone of hunger who will come up to them and ask them for a dollar towards a sammich. Maybe a homeless person that will hand out a cup to catch the spare change that will be soon replaced by coffee. Or, it might as well be an addict who will approach others waiting for a bus or train, using any excuse or performance he or she can to pull on people who are suckered to give their money away.

This has happened to me recently, as my girlfriend and me were waiting in New York City to catch the final Greyhound bus home from Buffalo. While minding our own business we were approached by someone who told us that he has not eaten in two days because he needed a little more money to ride the bus to Albany. What really blew his credibility was that he already had money in his hand. Money in which he could go to a pretzel stand or donut shoppe and feed himself without really losing any of his trip money at all. Me being me, I hesitate to give him anything, and resulting in my ignoring him, hoping he would just go away. He called me a "loser," walked away, and proceeded to pressure others waiting on line for the bus for a donation that would go towards something. Meanwhile, my girlfriend wondered if she really could've helped.

It's not that I didn't want to help him out and have him succeed to where he had to go. But do I really know that this person in the subway was really on the way to Albany, or if he would really use my money to fight hunger when apparently he could have done so himself? That's the thing, I don't know.

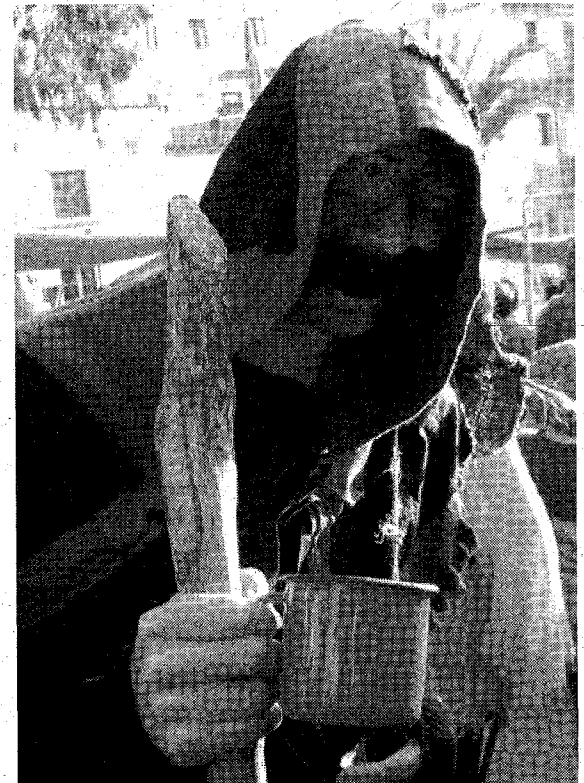
As always, the idea of someone using my hard-earned money to supply their habit is a big put-down, as I was never a big fan of paying out-of-pocket for other people's irresponsibilities and consequences. That's what I'm afraid of when I'm here walking around in the streets. That's why I wouldn't give. The fact that my money could go somewhere else with no knowledge of me knowing exactly where it's going to go makes me hold back.

(Before it was the snot-nosed freshkids at the video arcades who would ask you for a quarter. You said "no" and left altogether, because them seeing you playing Dance Dance Revolution or Street Fighter II behind their back when they could be playing games off of your change is a big "no-no" in their book and is grounds for getting jumped.)

My girlfriend and I finally arrived home and we spoke about our vacation in open-air Buffalo to my mom and dad. When my girlfriend spoke of her giving charity to those who came up to her, my mom brought up a case of how she was asked to donate some change to an addict. Now, note how I said *addict*, because as she continued to tell all of us, she said that this person wanted money for something to eat. My mom then offered to help him by buying a cup of coffee, in which the addict finally backed out and walked away. Get it?

Well that just gave me an idea.

Rusty little me, who would refuse to help someone because I never believed in their charity cases, might want to try this out. As always wanting to do a good thing that benefits the both of us, I can offer to help those who want help as they say they want help. I could offer them at least a small cup of good ol' Dunkin Donuts coffee or a 3rd rate bagel with 3rd rate butter wrapped in cheap plastic, because food never really hurt anybody like drugs do. It's a win-win situation. They eat, I feel good.



**WHILE AESTHETICALLY REPREHENSIBLE,
THIS MAN HAS A SUNNY DISPOSITION,**
Courtesy of rediculousbeggars.com

And at the same time I also have a rehabilitation program going on: when they say they want money to buy food but what they really want is a fix, when they chicken out after I offer them a bite to eat they walk away with still not enough money to buy drugs, they end up staying clean for even a day.

Those who are unfortunate do share something in common in that they either made choices that lead them to where they are, or maybe they just never had the chance. But those who are willing to take food over drugs are the ones who have a better chance at survival, and my respect. However, to end on a good note...

In Lima, Peru, me and my girlfriend saw a lot of hardship in terms of people not getting paid on time because their President (Toledo) is a tightwad. Sadly, the job market there is unstable with thousands of people homeless on the streets asking for money change, and their children are out in the streets and on the sides of highways with dirty clothes walking around every hour, every day to sell candy and stationary. A lovely city no doubt in dire need of financial help. In this case, we couldn't and didn't deny what we saw. Therefore, we gave, helped out, and fed a couple of children who really took it as a ray of at least some hope in their lives.

Mikeson Jackal

By Tara Lynne Groth

However backwards it may appear at times, the celebrated celebrity trial of Michael Jackson consumes the media as much as the O.J. trial had in the past. It's difficult to go through days without hearing about the hearings or the release of another molestation allegation. Nonetheless the Michael Jackson case differs from its popular predecessors not by the color of the defendant's glove, but by not providing the public with opportunity to *see* the trial. Cameras are not allowed in the courtroom, as per Santa Barbara County Superior Court Judge Rodney S. Melville who aims to "keep the proceedings from becoming a carnival." I fear it is too late for that. Instead of seeing every court detail on air—we see imitations, bias and censorship.

Monday through Friday at 7:30PM and 9:00PM EST the E! Entertainment Channel broadcasts re-enactments of the Michael Jackson trial. These are scripted directly from the court transcripts of the previous day, which lends credibility to the dialogue; however it does not guarantee valid representation of intonation in one's voice or inflections in one's mannerisms. Due to this factor E! appropriately displays a scrolling disclaimer once during the half hour segment as protection and to acknowledge the possibility that the re-enactments "may be dramatized."

The entire half an hour is not exclusively re-enactments. The re-enactment portion of the program totals an approximate ten minutes—*ten minutes*. A ten minute segment (that "may be dramatized") represents an entire court day's proceedings.

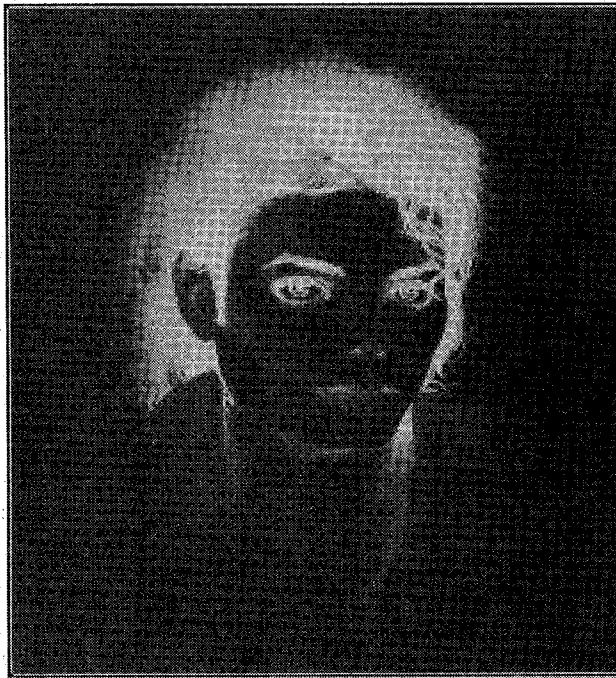
There is a panel of three Legal Analysts and host James Curtis. Who is James Curtis? E! Online describes him as "an award-winning anchor."

Who are these analysts?

According to E! Networks...

...Rikki Klieman was originally a theater major at Northwestern. The site also outlines that "Ms. Klieman served on the Advisory Committee to the U.S. Supreme Court on the Federal Rules of

Criminal Procedure, the Board of Directors of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers and the Board of Visitors for Boston University School of Law."



HORRIFYING...YET, I CAN'T TURN AWAY,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

...Shawn Chapman Holley works with the Cochran Firm (yes, the same Cochran from the O.J. trial) and Michael Jackson is included on the list of her previous clients.

...Howard Weitzmann received his law degree from the University of Southern California and has a long line of credentials.

The benefit of having a fragmented perspective of the Michael Jackson trial is having a smaller frame to document the legal inconsistencies. Klieman explains that the famous Bashir documentary should not have been presented, the 1993 molestation allegation should not have been

referenced, and Ann Marie Kite, Michael Jackson's former "expert on media crisis management" should not have been asked to testify. The "expert" status Kite granted herself was based from the experience she had representing *one* not-very-famous "celebrity" in Las Vegas. These three points were referenced to illustrate that Michael Jackson is not being provided a fair trial.

Holley acknowledges bias with the fact that Kite was dating Michael Jackson's attorney before she became employed by Jackson. Kite described the mother and child who were allegedly held hostage by Michael Jackson, as being "hunted down like dogs." Judge Melville ordered the jury to "disregard" this statement.

After E! finally receives this trial information and picks and chooses what is entertaining enough to be presented, the bias continues in their presentation. A playing card-esque outline of each person involved with the case is flashed across the screen after commercial breaks. These are presented under the headline "The Key Players." A briefing of age, occupation, marital status/family size and educational credentials is included. Similar in design to an athlete's record that's flashed during a football game; these "playing cards" add an unreal quality to the trial.

E! broadcasts the Michael Jackson re-enactments after E! News and before E! True Hollywood Story. E! News covers the Hollywood gossip scene *and*—the Michael Jackson Trial. The E! True Hollywood Story (I grant oxymoronic status to "True Hollywood") proceeding the trial representation on March 3, 2005 was the story of Latoya Jackson, complete with family revelations and the bashing of her brother, Michael.

Combining a censored display of court proceedings with an investigative report on Michael Jackson's sister during the same prime time hours of television and producing a segment that is modeled after graphics associated with sports broadcasts frames Michael Jackson in bias.

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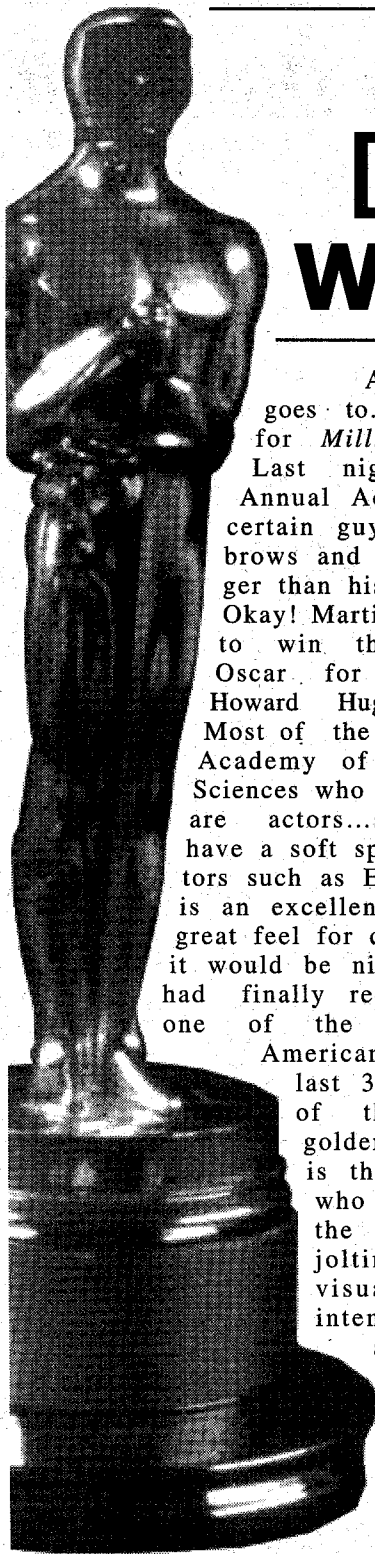
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Unfortunately, the Oscar Goes to.... [a Rant on Why Scorsese Should Have Won One of Those Stupid Gold Statues]

By Paula Guy

And the Oscar goes to...Clint Eastwood...for *Million Dollar Baby*. Last night, at the 77th Annual Academy Awards, a certain guy with crazy eyebrows and black glasses bigger than his face was robbed. Okay! Martin Scorsese failed to win the best directing Oscar for his bio-pic of Howard Hughes—*The Aviator*. Most of the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Sciences who vote on the Oscars are actors...so they probably have a soft spot for actor-directors such as Eastwood. Eastwood is an excellent director, with a great feel for character. However, it would be nice if the Academy had finally recognised Scorsese, one of the most influential American directors of the last 30 years, with one of their silly little golden statues. Scorsese is the sort of director who grabs people by the throat with his jolting and poetic visual style and intensely manic characters. Watching his movies, people come to love film, and begin to see the potential it has to induce both thought and emo-

tion. Scorsese films make me want to hug people and kill them at the same time [Luckily I usually end up settling on the hug]. His perfectly flawed characters haunt me for days.

Last night was the 5th time Scorsese has lost out on the best directing Oscar. He is in good company—Alfred Hitchcock, Robert Altman, King Vidor and Clarence Brown, also lost all five times they were nominated.

Roger Ebert (<http://www.scorsese-films.com/news.htm>), surmised the absurdity of the Academy's recurring snobbery, when commenting on Scorsese's *Gangs of New York* loss two years ago: "I can't believe that Martin Scorsese, at 60 one of the two greatest active American directors [with Robert Altman], will be passed over again by Twizzler-brained Oscar voters who get timid when confronted by genius. In 1981, he was nominated for *Raging Bull*, later generally acclaimed as the best film of the 1980s, but the Oscar went to first-time director Robert Redford for *Ordinary People*. In 1989, he was nominated for *The Last Temptation of Christ*, and the Oscar went to Barry Levinson for *Rain Man*. In 1991, he was nominated for *GoodFellas*, a timeless classic, but the Oscar went to first-timer Kevin Costner for *Dances With Wolves*. Which one of those two would you want to see again tonight?"

Yes. I would definitely watch Scorsese. However, the publicity an Oscar would afford a director such as Scorsese would be priceless, nudging more people towards the genius of his films, maybe even inspiring more people to make films. It makes me sad. People are dumb when they do not agree with me. People are dumb because they do not watch enough Scorsese. The Academy is thick-skulled, failing to

recognise someone who has advanced film more than any of their fat-voting asses ever will.

After the Oscar ceremony I sat down and watched *Taxi Driver* again. Travis Bickle, manic America; a beautiful grimy jazz-song to New York City. Fuck the Academy. Scorsese doesn't need Oscars. He has films. Films which make you freak out and laugh and think and nearly cry.

Who cares about *The Aviator*? *Raging Bull* could kick *Million Dollar Baby's* ass any day.

* * *

Thanks to Word Vision and <http://nyc.indymedia.org>,

I would like to present some statistics which will help to put the whole Oscar ceremony in perspective:

During the Oscars, advertisers will pay \$1.6 million for 30 seconds of commercial time. Meanwhile, during each 30 second commercial, 10 children will die from hunger and other preventable diseases.

For the price of one "goodie bag" distributed to the celebrities at this year's Academy Awards valued at more than \$20,000, 56 starving children would have enough food to eat for a full year.

So, yes, fuck the Oscars; go watch *Raging Bull* or *Taxi Driver* or resurrect your pathetic social conscience and go raise some money for starving children.

The best quote on the Oscars goes to an anonymous Stony Brook Resident:

"I'll give you a motion picture...up your butt." Interesting imagery.

The Truth

Contrary to what the conspiracy theorists would have you believe, the United States is really at war in Iraq because we want to make world peace and spread freedom. We all know that the world is better if the United States crushes all opposition and capitalizes upon the new market for mass media and McDonalds in the Middle East, not to mention cheaper oil. Now that our boots are on the ground, we can teach the Iraqis to be a numb, shallow people just like us. We can distract their religious souls from God and the deeper side of the universe where they may find reason to desire something more than TV and beer. This keeps them docile and productive; a cheap labor supply much like India and China. With a puppet government securely in place, Iraqi capital will soon flow to American corporations like water, further impoverishing the Iraqis and further empowering the few Americans who covertly control the world through their domineering enterprises. (Think - your sneakers would bear the label "Made in Iraq." Ignore the part about the hungry, uneducated, 12 year old Iraqi factory worker). We can feed the Iraqis our endless supply of tobacco

and MSG (hidden in consumer product ingredient lists as autolyzed yeast extract, autolyzed vegetable protein, sodium caesinate, or glutamic acid), to make them cancerous, obese and strictly dependent upon the American medical industry to supply medicines whose side effects will require further expensive treatment ad infinitum. We can bombard them with advertisements tailored to their culture through fMRI advertisement response studies, implanting in their subconscious the desire to consume American products that they can't afford except on high-interest credit from American financial corporations. We can now engineer their society to accept sexual promiscuity, abusing the cocaine-level addictive properties of their natural sex drives to depend upon the Internet and television for another fix, thus further opening their minds to advertisement and subliminal indoctrination. These things are all good; we know that because we all live in the United States and enjoy this alternate state of existence every day. The new opiate of the masses is hardly an opiate; it is a drastically potent form of methamphetamine. It replaces our souls

with shallow, predictable desires and mindless information. We want bigger houses and newer cars. We want faster computers, wider televisions, cheaper cigarettes and expensive jewelry. We want to go to college not to become intelligent, but to get higher paying jobs and afford these things. Of course it is a pure coincidence that the things we have defined as the purpose of our lives are things that are sold to us by large American corporations who do the best advertising and the least conspicuous product placement in major films. Why shouldn't everyone want to live shallow, thrill-seeking lives like ours? For those who don't, religion still does a good job of keeping citizens docile worker/consumers. What better a place to invade than Iraq? We have done a good thing. The wealthiest 1% of the American population will further secure the world under their thumbs thanks to government-manifested global domination and reforms such as the upcoming "national sales tax", while the minds of the rest of the world will be too consumed by America's carefully engineered distractions to notice. At last, we will have peace and happiness on Earth.

Fiddler on the Roof

By Sam Goldman



TEYVE OR CASTRO? YOU DECIDE.
Courtesy of minskoff-theater.com

The first thing you notice about *Fiddler on The Roof* is Harvey Fierstein. Why? Well, because when you think of Harvey Fierstein you think of a portly raspy voiced, thoroughly Jewish man. Which is perfect, if *Fiddler on The Roof* was a play. Unfortunately, it's a musical, and when you think of Harvey Fierstein, "great singing voice" doesn't enter your head. And, as much as a director can hide a bad voice by put-

ting him in the middle of a chorus (as was done with the opener, "Tradition," as well as in several spots throughout the play), when Fierstein begins to sing "If I Were A Rich Man" with no one on stage but him, you say "Uh-oh" and cross your fingers.

Well, you know what? It turned out okay. Not brilliantly, mind you (he ran out of breath at one point, and the audience clearly noticed), but okay. And, even if you think he's a terrible singer, Fierstein more than makes up for it with his acting throughout. You know when movie critics cheekily say "_____ 's a revelation"? Well, Fierstein IS a revelation, balancing his dramatic and comedic scenes as if he had been playing the hapless Teyve for years. It's actually incredible to watch. Believe the hype.

Equally as good is Broadway veteran Andrea Martin, who plays Golde, Teyve's wife. Golde reminded me of my mother; that means she's the epitome of an Eastern European Jewish mother. Too bad no one remembers her from SCTV, or that no one remembers SCTV, for that matter. Anyway, Martin and Fierstein play off each other very well, benefiting the musical as a whole, although you kind of wish she had more to do. In fact, there's great chemistry between just about everyone in the cast, which is damn solid throughout. And the musical numbers are great, with the exception of "Anatekva," which, I think, is just a bad song no matter who sings it.

For those of you are unfamiliar with the story, it's about the intrusion of modern civilization into a small Russian village full of

Orthodox Jews. It mostly centers on Teyve's three oldest daughters, each of whom push the boundaries of their small community, and Teyve's attempts to cope with their decisions. It is, in places, very funny, and in other places, especially heart wrenching, and the entire cast does a great job balancing the two.

One of the more interesting points about *Fiddler on The Roof* was Tom Pye's stage design. Instead of having an orchestral pit, the orchestra is actually on stage, plainly visible to the audience. The rest of the stage looks somewhat less of a village and somewhat more of a woodland area. Which is cool; to me, it fits with the storyline.

The only knock on this telling of *Fiddler on The Roof* is its length—with a 15 minute intermission, the play is three hours long. Which, if you are a Broadway veteran and/or you've seen and loved other versions of *Fiddler on The Roof*, you'll be able to handle. But if you go to one show a year, and have never seen this before (I'm basically describing myself), you may find yourself getting tired in the second half. My advice? Buy a Buncha Crunch at the concession stand; it'll give you the sugar rush needed to stay alert. It's worth it, I assure you. The musical's that good.

Fiddler on The Roof is currently playing at the Minskoff Theatre on West 45th Street. You can use your Stony Brook ID to get \$25 tickets (a \$10 discount) the day of the performance at their box office.

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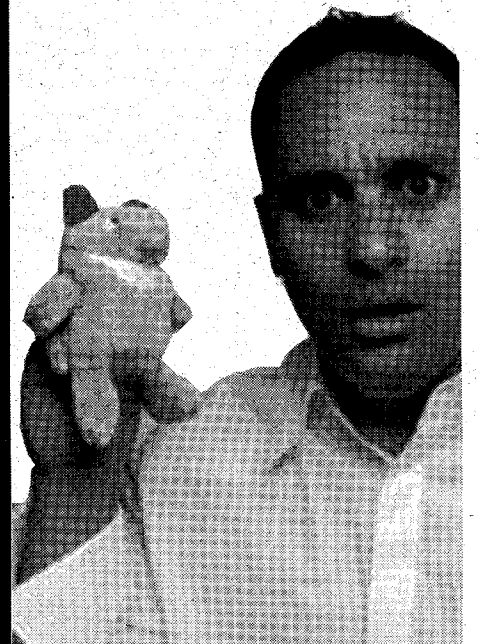
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Homophobia is Anti-American: Making the case for Gay Marriage

By Heterosexual, Catholic Patriot Amy Wisnowski

The issue of marriage between homosexuals is beginning to be a stale topic of conversation. Liberals across the country, hosting dinner parties, have realized that the fight to make it legal for Jane to marry Jane is turning out to be a losing battle, and, accordingly, are on the verge of declaring gays rights passé. And while gay men and women are still carrying their placards nice and high, they're beginning to find out that their hetero counterparts weren't really interested in a long-term commitment after all. So, in a final effort to open absurdly homophobic closed minds, let's review exactly how the most prominent arguments against gay marriage are unsubstantiated garbage and why you should support gay marriage.

1. The dictionary.

Maybe you're thinking that letting two men marry is contrary to the very nature of marriage. After all, the dictionary defines marriage as the legal union between a man and a

woman. Shouldn't that serve as reason enough for forbidding two women to marry? Well yes, if we lived in a country that based its laws on completely arbitrary, enormously flexible definitions. The dictionary is the not the Constitution, and shouldn't be treated with such capricious respect and obedience. The dictionary changes. The way we define words, institutions, ideas, labels and even slang, changes. Stop pretending to have a deep admiration for the dictionary, as if it were an unquestionable, unchanging source of knowledge.

2. The Bible.

The Bible is the not the Constitution, and shouldn't be treated with such capricious respect and obedience. We aren't all Christians. We don't all accept the Bible as indisputable truth. And just to clarify, legalizing gay marriage would not force any religious institution to allow it. But there is an establishment clause in our Constitution, that is just as valid as the

cherished second amendment, and we need to abide by it. Stop imposing your religion on everyone else.

3. The sanctity of marriage.

Half of our heterosexual marriages will ultimately prove unworkable and we will divorce. 25 dollars and 15 minutes can buy you a marriage to whomever you want. One third of marriages that last more than five years experience some form of adultery. Who exactly do you think you are fooling.

4. Civil unions.

A civil union is not a marriage. They are not equal legally, practically or even emotionally. And in case you forgot, we really are all supposed to be treated equally: "...We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness..."

Finally, even if these arguments aren't enough to convince you to support gay marriage, bear in mind the standard a Constitutional Amendment banning gay marriage would set. Discriminatory legislation against anyone and everyone else would suddenly be a lot easier to justify, and much more difficult to block. America isn't supposed to be a country that's comfortable with discriminating against groups of people. Do we really want another Jim Crow on our résumé? We can't afford it. If we can't even allow one another the right to choose whom to marry, how can we be proud of each other? How can we be proud of who we are, where we come from? We can't. Because we won't be living in the country we all love. We won't be living in the land of opportunity and freedom, instead we'll find ourselves in the land of conditional freedom and limited opportunity. We are not that country. We are America, and we're better than that. Aren't we?

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Media Ethics: Journalism is a Dirty, Dangerous Job

By Dustin Herlich

Freedom of the press, we see now, is taken for granted in this country. Since I've already recently written about the rights we have, and should have, as journalists, I'm going to spend some time this week giving you some information about the dark side of our job. The side you seldom see, and that is seldom mentioned. News reporting and investigative journalism can be some of the most dangerous jobs in the world. Very recently, with the ongoing military action in Iraq, the American people at least are starting to see a little bit more of just how dangerous a job it really is.

For most Americans, reporters are annoying pests who ask too many questions, then retreat to the safety of their cubicle in the newsroom to write mean things about people. This could not be further from the truth, especially for journalists in war zones. Journalists are prime targets. They are unarmed, usually unprotected, and if you watch the news enough, they seem to be easy to kidnap. The truth is that all of these apparent threats are real, because journalists routinely put themselves right in the line of danger to bring the American people information about what is happening half way around the world. We honor our soldiers for their bravery and for facing enemy fire every day. The journalists are no different, except that they don't have armored vehicles, or bases to retreat to.

In some cases, we are even seeing that reporters are now targets of "friendly fire," like with Giuliana Sgrena. We may never know if her driver really did fail to heed a warning. What we do know is that she's got shrapnel in her arm from being shot at by American troops.

Domestically, we have reporters being killed for getting too close to stories about drug smuggling, gang activity and the like. In fact, a

reporter getting killed in the line of duty is commonplace enough that there is a website dedicated to it; www.cpj.org. I urge all of you to take a look at this web site, and see what I am talking about. I'm willing to bet few of you, even members of the media on this campus know of this web site, or the problems highlighted—even just those on the main page. If media really controlled our lives as much as we like to say that it does, don't you think journalists would recognize that, and push their own causes, like this one?

"Journalists have guts.
Journalists stand tall in the
face of enemy fire. Fox
News is just enemy fire."

Journalism is not all stories about flower shows or sports games. Journalists go to some of the harshest and worst places on earth voluntarily so that we, as Americans, can, hopefully, stay informed about the world around us. The least we can do is read their reports. We are lucky that in this country we don't jail journalists indiscriminately yet.

In places like Russia, Cuba and Haiti, journalists are routinely rounded up and tortured just to keep them "in check". There is a lot more going on behind the scenes than the public realizes. Every day, editors have to make some really tough decisions about what kinds of stories get run, and which don't. Even past that, editors often knowingly send reporters to dangerous places from whence they may never return.

Journalism, while dangerous at times, is also important to the public and rewarding to the journalist. Seeing the information you have gathered make a difference is really the reason for doing this job in the first place, at least for me it is. The public has lost touch with journalism, and doesn't now what it is any more. Bill O'Reilly and friends have somehow duped us all into thinking that what they do is journalism, and not just journalism, but journalism at its finest. Agree with their message or not, once again, it is not journalism. Journalism is defined as something that helps the spread and flow of democracy. By *ever*telling another individual to shut up, or making any sort of judgment statement about that individual's beliefs you are shutting down democracy and limiting speech. It is the journalist's responsibility specifically to *not* do all the things Bill and friends do. The same holds true in many respects for the other side, with pundits like Al Franken. I'm less harsh against his practices, not because I agree with his side any more than anyone else's, but because he is much more likely to treat a guest with respect, and because he calls the liars out for their lies. If Fox News came out, and stopped trying to market themselves as fair, I'd have no problem with them. If they were honest, and told the American people they were nothing more than conservative mouthpieces, I would respect them. At least Franken's Air American Radio has the guts to do that.

Fox hides behind thinly veiled lies, false assumptions and bad information. Journalists have guts. Journalists stand tall in the face of enemy fire. Fox News is just enemy fire.



Candle's Breath

By Chris Williams

The memory of you
Fades like
A candle's breath
Stolen.
Thin wisps of smoke
Barely remain.

Corrode

By Chris Williams

Breathless
Lips of grape.
Lucent
In shadow.

Corrosive eyes pierce.

A lone embrace.
A gentle caress
Tingles skin
And
Chills deep.

He Said

By Mary Fair

He said, "Shh no one has to know."
"Come on," he said, "it'll make you feel good."
"You won't be my favorite cousin anymore," he said.
"Just do it like this," he said.
"Don't be afraid," he said, "move around."

"This will be our little secret," he said.
"What are we doing anyway?" I said
"Uh, energy weighs," he said, "it's good exercise."
"Am I still your favorite cousin?" I said.
"Of course you are," he said.

He was ten and I was six.
This happened once, however, the molestation
went on for years.
It did not end until I reached the age of 12.
This is when my period arrived for the first time.
I did not want to get pregnant.

"It'll be our little secret," he said.

World War III is Scheduled for June

By Benjamin A. Bravmann

Hello guys and gals this is your red-headed reporter on the global front. Rumors are flying among alternative media sources that President Bush has already signed the orders for the U.S. to begin bombing Iran in June. The good news is that Iran already has nuclear missiles and is ready to turn Tel Aviv into a radio active parking lot. Now you ask if that is the good news, what is the bad news? The bad news is that the American people have been effectively dociled and the majority support the administration that is about to lead our darling kids into a war that will make World War II look like a game of beer pong.

Even I have a hard time believing that

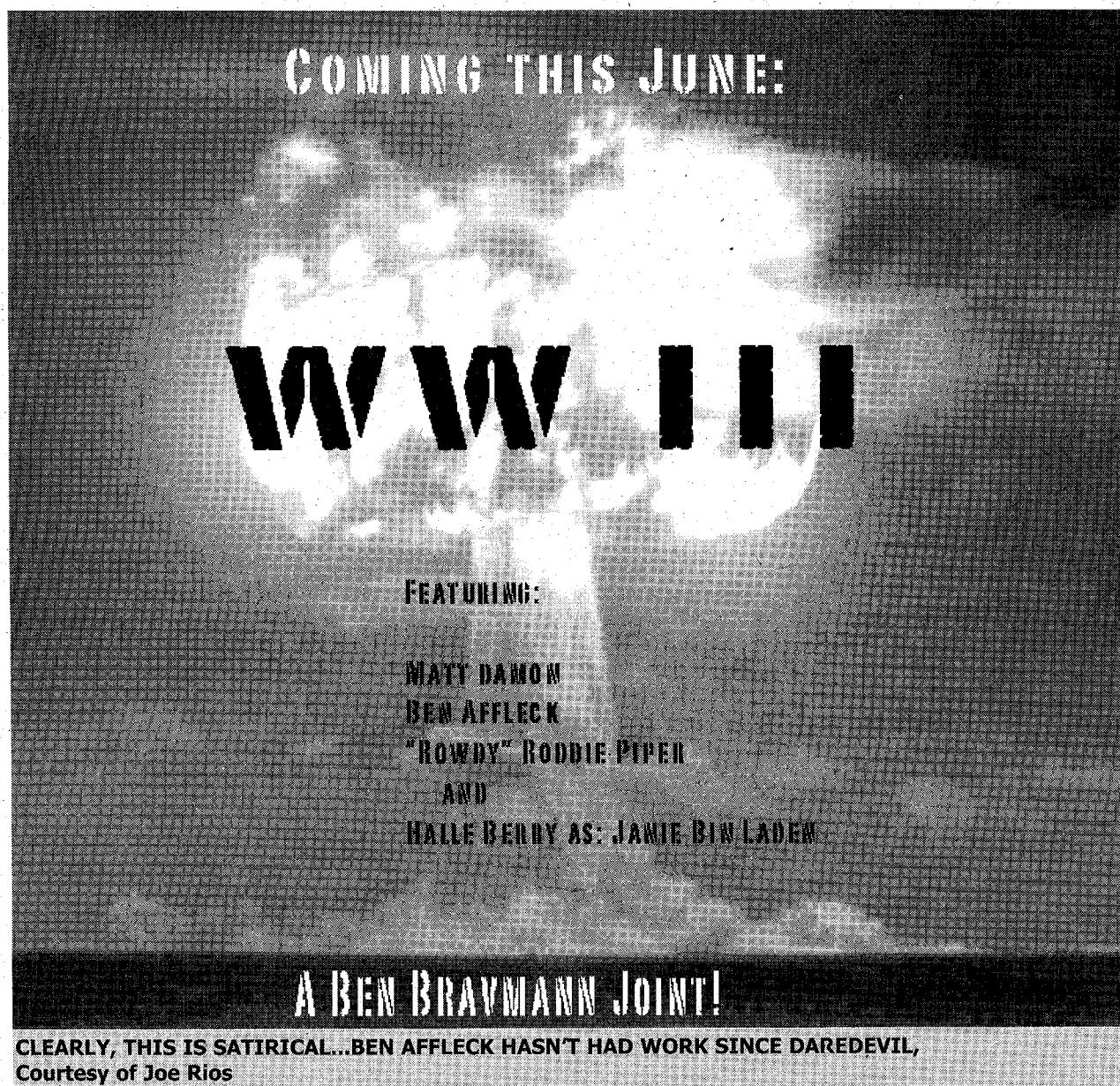
the administration has already decided to take action against Iran, but the possibility should never be ignored. This article "<http://207.44.245.159/article8130.htm>" from the Information Clearing House quotes Scott Ritter for members of US Marine Intelligence and top UN weapons inspector stating that indeed Bush has signed off on the plans to bomb Iran in June. In January Seymour M. Hersh a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist writing for the New Yorker informed us that, "The next strategic target [is] Iran."

Naturally it is hard to believe that Iran has nukes with all the news discussing preventing Iran from gaining the capability to produce

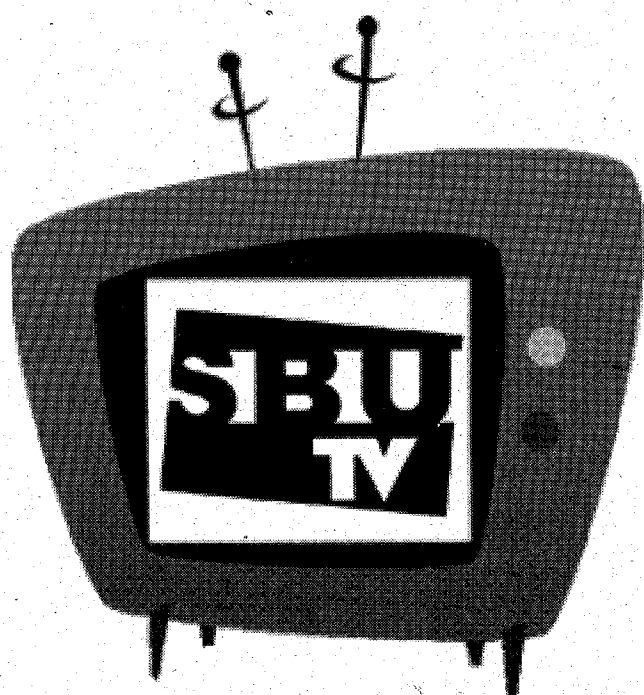
nukes. Some claim that Iran has already tested its own nukes under the smoke screen of the Pakistan's nuclear testing. There is one axiom one should follow, "Things are always much worse than what the media reports." If Iran openly flaunted nukes it would risk attack from Israel which has in the past stated it will not tolerate Iran as a nuclear power. Iran is waiting until the time is right to declare itself as a nuclear power, hoping to maintain peace, while also securing its sovereignty.

Other sources of alternative media (<http://www.informationclearinghouse.info/article7147.htm>) spout that America's offensive on Iran will take place in the following manner. Israel will launch a carrier busting missile at the US fleet in the Persian Gulf and when it sinks the carrier the US government will claim the missile was fired by Iran. At this time the bombing of Iran will commence and in response Iran will retaliate with its own barrage of super-sonic carrier busting missiles. The US fleet in the Persian Gulf may be annihilated. Iran will cut off the Strait of Hormuz using the large supply of super-sonic anti-ship missiles Russia has been selling it over the last few years. With this vital commercial shipping avenue cut off oil prices in the US will sky rocket. The draft will be reinstated and the spirit of war will overtake humanity's feeble capacity to reason.

Perhaps this is all a bit far fetched, but can you take the chance? Do you trust the Bush administration enough to ignore this possibility? The administration that has us occupying a country in order to remove weapons of mass destruction that never really existed. And if this dire prediction does come to pass what will you do? Will we blindly accept the word of our government and our military and our mainstream corporate run media and send more of our young men and women into the killing fields? I believe the answer is yes. Nothing can stop the war machine if it is allowed to attack another sovereign state unchecked. And how might we check it? If and when the US soldiers do attack Iran I suggest we protest the war in a manner mirroring the French people's protest of their government's campaign in Algeria. Stop, stop everything. Stop going to work, stop going to school, and park our cars and trucks in the middle of all major roads and highways blocking any commercial traffic from going through. We the people are the true rulers of this country and it is our ultimately our responsibility and our responsibility alone to stop the bloodshed that is done in our name.



CLEARLY, THIS IS SATIRICAL...BEN AFFLECK HASN'T HAD WORK SINCE DAREDEVIL,
Courtesy of Joe Rios



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The Snow Rant: A Commuter's Tribute

By Lena Tumasyan

I know the question on everyone's mind, "When is it finally going to stop snowing?" This winter is one of the most severe, and coldest, that I can remember. I'm not even sure if last winter it snowed so much. As I write this, approximately four inches of snow fell on Islip, the high temp was 30 degrees and the low will be 12. What we are supposed to see on an average March 8 is 46/29, that's almost a whole 20 degrees off (especially considering that the averages for the Month of are 48 high and 31 low). But neither do I want to make this into a weather forecast, folks, nor do I wish to explain why this is all happening. Blame it on the jet stream or your favorite deity, it's up to you; I can only say that I have been wishing to see spring ever since November. So here is my adventure thus far...

I spent a decent amount of time last semester praying that I would not get snowed in during finals week. I do not wish to spend my vacation making up test days and I know my teachers aren't thrilled about it either. I also have a very good reason—last semester, after class one day, it took me three hours to drive my 35 or so miles home, and it was midday, a time which supposedly has less traffic! The road brainiacs decided to close off the Northern State Parkway and everyone had to cram into Route 25, also known as the Jericho Turnpike. Well, that was quite a show of accidental proportions, from spin outs, to cars not being to trek up a steep hill, to people just stopping on the side of the road to pee. It was one horrible travel day I would have rather not had occur.

Come this semester, my prayers were not answered. Already, in the last two weeks I missed two days of school because I didn't wish to come in, knowing what a horrible time I would have getting back home. Even Stony Brook Day in Albany was canceled this year (with no hope of rescheduling, by the way), yet somehow classes were open that day—so, yes, your fellow commuter missed lecture so that she could avoid getting into a car accident.

After a short investigation, many of my commuter acquaintances agree that the university does a *really sucky job* of warning students about closures. They should have information up on the web and on the phone system (632-SNOW) *at least three hours* in advance, so that kids that have to take trains or travel from far away have enough of a warning to know when to come in to class. We have a meteorology program on campus, or "Atmospheric Sciences" if you wish. Maybe a good idea is for some of those teachers/students to work their weather magic and issue a prediction for Stony Brook, that is relevant to Stony Brook, and that can help our students and teachers in their commutes. The university should do its part in predicting such a horrible afternoon as today's sudden blizzard and make announcements of class cancellations

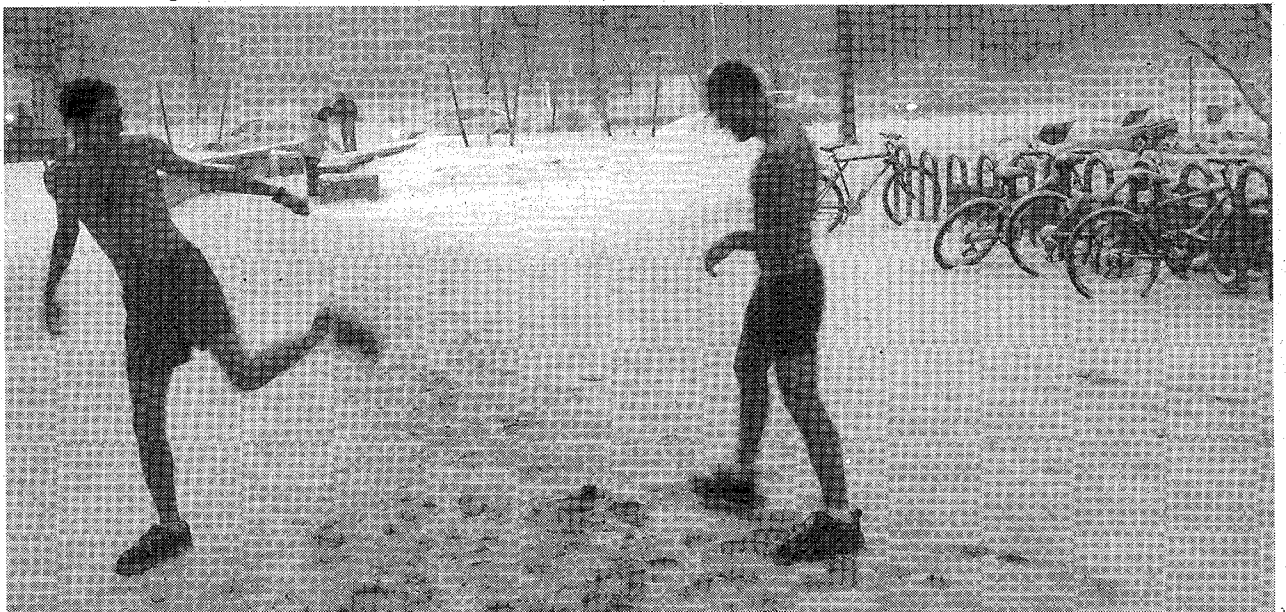
that would go out into the snow systems earlier, giving us more of a fair warning.

So you're probably wondering...just how horrible was my commute that I had the indecency to waste your reading time for it? Well, it all started when I emerged from my last class, which ended at 2:10pm, to a blanket of snow. As I gasped in awe, "What the fuck," (when I entered the class previously, it was *not* snowing or raining) I quickly unfurled my umbrella and headed to the SAC bus station, making sure not to fall onto my butt. Upon my arrival, the bus was a little bit late, but the students were, of course, desperately in a rush to get on. Once we were properly squashed, as sardines should be, the bus took 20 to 25 minutes to get to South P parking lot, unlike the usual 5 to 10. Then the scraping of the windshield and heating up the car began, and everyone huffing and puffing away, quite a synchronized sight.

I spent the next hour getting down Stony Brook Road and Nicolls Road (Route 97). As my first listening round of radio stations was com-

By exit 52, I felt no closer to home and started looking up phone numbers of people, and was about to call up individuals to whom I haven't spoken in years, and of speaking to whom I promised myself I would never. I would never think that being stuck in traffic for long can affect you in a way similar to alcohol intoxication could affect you—but I was *so God damned bored!* Around exit 49, I totally lost it. It was dark, my cell network was constantly busy, I couldn't stand the heat from my vents, nor the cold air outside; and my ice-block-wipers were not helping! I tried to sing to keep myself occupied because I just *could not stand another round* of the same annoying songs on the radio. It was then that I started to loose all sensation in my rear and below. I proceeded to start using my left foot to break, hell, I haven't stepped on the gas pedal in the last two hours, why should I gas now? As I finally came into my home stretch, I heard myself saying to myself, "You can do it, don't crash now."

Ah, yes.



WE ARE MASTERS OF OUR ENVIRONMENT! THE COLD IS A WARM BLANKET. EXTREME HACK!
Courtesy of a very toasty Rob Pearsall

plete, I finally made it to the Long Island Expressway. The second hour got me to exit 57 or so, except I barely ever knew where I was because the signs were covered up with snow, and my wipers were frozen ice blocks. After some more scraping, the journey continued, in utter boredom. In fact, people were so bored that one girl proceeded to announce on the *radio* how badly she needed to pee, but couldn't because she was stuck on the Meadowbrook Parkway. Five minutes later, people start calling in because—omigosh—they were watching a girl relieve herself next to the expressway. What has this world come to if such things amuse us so? Oh yea, comes to hour three—my insanity.

Finally, I rolled my car up the snow padded driveway, safe, in one piece, and one quarter of a tank less gas than when I left Stony Brook. I was also quite thankful for the busy network, otherwise I might have committed some errors which I would not be able to explain in rational terms.

So what's the point? Winter is only great if you're going skiing and have already gotten to the mountain. And as for the rest of us? Good luck, be safe and please pray to your weather gods (father frost, ol' man winter, mother nature, Allah, God, what have you) to please let up and let spring *arrive!* Until then, the university needs to plow sooner, on both roadways and walkways, and announce closings earlier.

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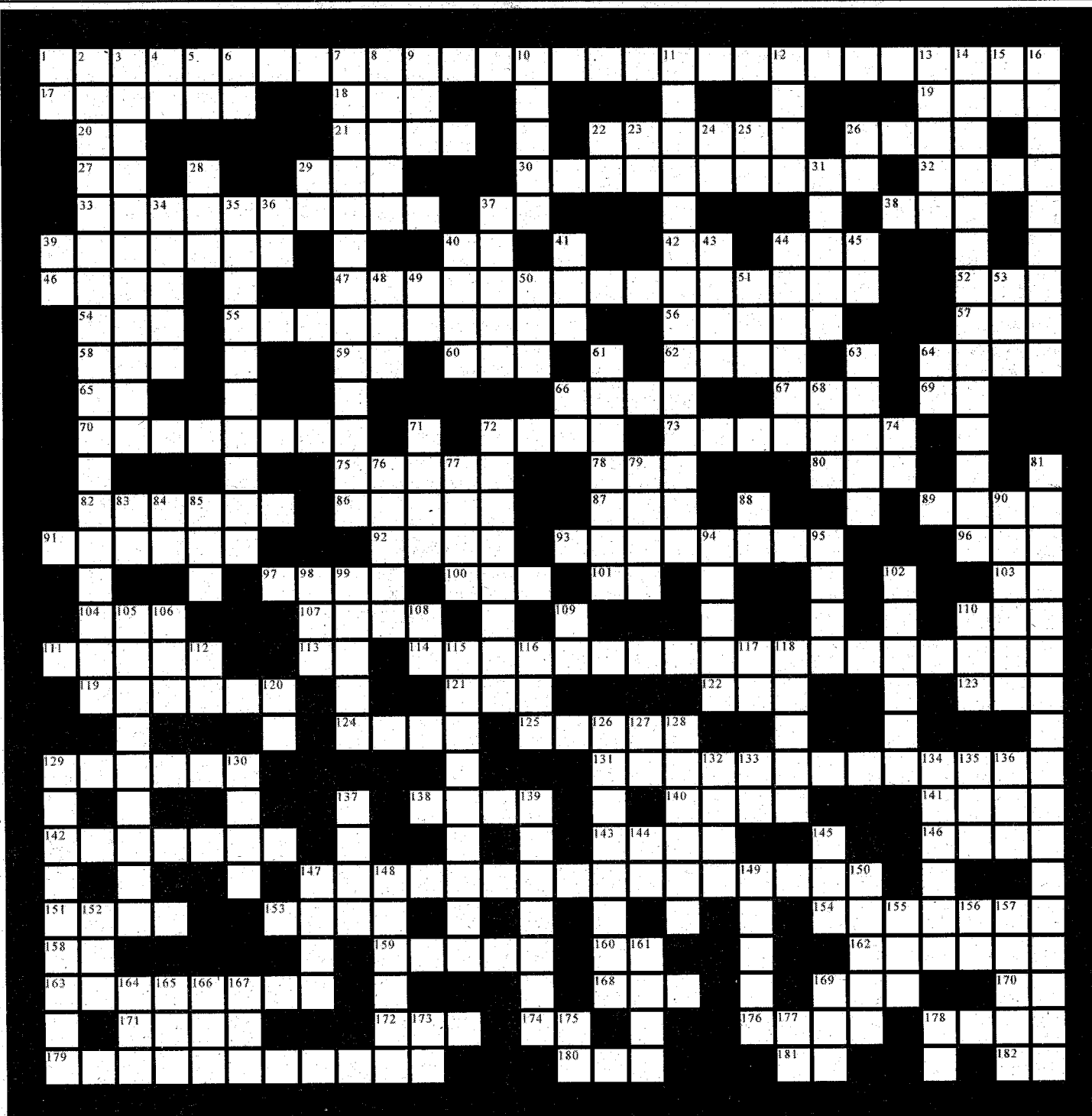


Dare you face the challenge of Matt Willemain's...

The Mammoth Crossword

Across

1. Time for a revolution
17. Yellow miner's alarm
18. First half of country with capital city Ceylon
19. First half of hottest joint North of Havana
20. Initials of 1831 slave revolt leader
21. Animal skin
22. The word mob, before we shortened it
26. Break yourself, ____! Oh, shit, it's Wayne Brady!
27. This arms manufacturer owns NBC television
29. Not for amateurs
30. The first location of Pink Floyd's lunatic
32. Destruction suffered
33. Chafing or inflaming
37. Initials of Jazz saxophonist who recorded *Bird and Diz* with Dizzie Gillespie
38. Pen manufacturer
39. Belgium's second city
40. Initials of CBS commentary crank
42. Initials for the classic evaluation of success in artificial intelligence
44. Merged with the American Federation of Labor in 1955
46. 1957 multiple Oscar winner *The Bridge on the River* ____
47. Bjork musical
52. Unicorn whale
54. There is no ____ team
55. First among many
56. Colombian President Alvaro
57. Unscheduled concert
58. Network that changed its name to Spike TV
59. Medicine metric
60. Federal environmental regulators
62. The jerks who rated *Orgazmo* "NC-17"
64. Chest muscles
65. Cartoon hero ____-Man
66. Fall over
67. You don't always feel like one
69. How one is to bring it
70. Before he got his '100 across', the super-cafeinated soda was simply known as
72. Palindromic Swedish rockers
73. Judeo-Christian prophet, sometimes spelled with two b's
75. Notorious cracker-wanter
78. Huh! Good God! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing!
80. Brutal exercise machine that simulates rowing
82. Divided city states of ancient Israel before Exodus
86. Before he was saddled with a lifetime of paralysis, Christopher Reeve was saddled with a lifetime of the application of this adjective
87. Romeo, the Pope, Surf Nazis, the Beast, Mona and Mike Hama - Private Detective all must do this
89. Killer whale
91. 1985 sci-fi picture featuring Quaker Oats pitchman Wilford Brimley
92. Pope John Paul II reviews *The Passion of the Christ*, "It ____ it was"
93. Hank Hill's dog



96. When UPN's *The Sentinel*, who used all five of his senses as deadly weapons, was using his sense of hearing as a deadly weapon, this use would be conveyed to the audience through the sophisticated cinematic technique of a sharp musical cue and a tight shot on the titular Sentinel's ____
97. Will Ferrell character, suffering from the inability to modulate the volume of his voice, Jacob
100. Postgraduate degree
101. Nintendo handheld game system
103. First initials of Colt 45 malt liquor pitchman Williams
104. In cinematography, a shot taken from where the character's eyes would be, abbreviated
107. Actor James
110. Three prefix
111. '162 across' only takes orders from this one
113. Initials of the star of 1974 picture *Chinatown*
114. Clint Eastwood screen badass
119. Massachusetts Governor Mit
121. 80's Pop Pabulum ____ Kids on the Block

122. Piratical interjection
123. Represents commuters on campus
124. Amount of evidence that global climate change is resulting from human activity
125. ____ Loompa
129. Higher pitch sounds
131. Seneca Falls temperance publisher, garments bearing her name allowed women greater liberty of motion
138. Threaded among the warp
140. Gamble
141. Much publicized Dodge engine
142. Pop punk outfit ____ Kids
143. God mother
146. New York radio station call letters whose pronunciation was particularly important to Paul Giamatti in *Private Parts*
147. England's Reaganesque "Iron Lady"
151. Counterclockwise compass points
153. Titular character of a 1966 musical who has "Given us the drive again / To make the South revive again"
154. As '81 down' is a man of the

- cloth, when he wants you to get down on your knees, it's not to do this to him
158. Dallas based technology company
159. Organized documents or data
160. M*A*S*H's Hunnicut
162. Lord of Arrogance, Prince of Fraud and Father of the Uncircumcised Heathens
163. Third location of Pink Floyd's lunatic
168. Accredits our, and sixty two other, research universities
169. Cuisine ____-Mex
170. Sporting magazine, abbreviated
171. You do it to words
172. Peggy who sang "Fever"
174. Initials of star of 2004 picture *Garden State*
176. Deceased Knievel
178. ____ Brite
179. North Carolina teen drama on the WB
180. Cable television award
181. *Goosebumps* author ____ Stein
182. Twenty five member-state supranational organization formed by the Treaty of Maastricht

The Mammoth Crossword

Down

1. Ye olde timey euphemism for the shithouse
2. 1992 Sitcom starring starring stand up comic Mark Curry as an ex-basketball player teaching high school
3. 1902 Ragtime hit "The ____"
4. Neither yes nor no
5. Electromagnetic radiation with a little less energy than red light
6. US State that rocks the most
7. Fancy French team spirit
8. Succeeded Oedipus
9. Coincidentally, there's a lot of it in Iraq
10. The Weavers, The Kingston Trio, and The Beach Boys all sailed this John B
11. Lost an election to Richard Nixon
12. ____ code
13. Bacteria found in both healthy intestines and bad meat
14. Plea of "no contest"
15. Necessary provision for '1 down'
16. Herbal tree which provides gumbo spice filé powder, a root beer ingredient, and soap scent
22. US State which Sam Neil dreamed of seeing in *The Hunt for Red October*
23. US State, home of the Chairman of the House Committee on Education and the Workforce, Congressman Boehner. Actual quote from the biography on his web page: "Boehner now seems to be a more powerful member than ever."
24. Initials of Prime Minister of India assassinated by her bodyguards in 1984
25. '181 across' backwards
26. First initials of *Great Gatsby* author Fitzgerald

28. Tasty dessert, promised with punch to draw public event attendance
29. First initials of circus impresario Barnum
31. Architectural ornament thrusting heavenward
34. Seattle Mariners outfielder, first name abbreviated
35. Turkey sedative
36. Glorified wire service
37. Early Radiohead tune
39. The forty seventh time was the charm for this automatic rifle
40. Inflammatory skin disease
41. Rapid intellectual humor
43. Diminutive for University of Maryland mascot
44. Second half of hottest joint North of Havana
45. Notorious Tombstone corral
48. Basic cable channel which used to program early Hollywood movies with no commercial interruption
49. The twenty-eighth element
50. Transcribes genetic data from deoxyribonucleic acid
51. Second tier US intelligence agency
53. It's as easy as 1-2-3
61. Some folks calls it a crayfish
63. ____ Unt Drang
64. Quai Chang Caine swiped the pebble from this master's hand
66. Former team of '34 down', abbreviated
68. Diminutive for an instrument played by a famous Tim not as diminutive as his name would suggest
71. Mountain range
72. Breed of cattle originating in the Scottish county of Ayrshire
74. Jack Black's musical sidekick
76. Preternatural board
77. Children's game "____ frog"
79. Autoimmune disease
81. Seventeenth century French

- Prime Minister who said, "If you give me six lines written by the most honest man, I will find something in them to hang him."
83. Climate control
84. Bond villain doctor
85. Makers of AIM
88. In 1980, mustachioed mother-fucker Tom Selleck was *Magnum* ____
90. They must be protected from the legendary goatsucker!
94. Semi-retired *Miami Herald* humor columnist Dave
95. First name of star of 1997 picture *Starship Troopers*
98. International body that condemned the United States' "Unlawful use of force" against Nicaraguan civilians in 1984
99. Second half of country with capital Ceylon
102. Book by Canadian culture jammer Naomi Klein
105. Hermaphroditic organ
106. Couples with vigor
108. US State that considered shortening its name so that it wouldn't sound so damn cold
109. Lubricatory jelly
110. Active ingredient in Cannabis
112. Symbol for natural logarithm
115. Second location of Pink Floyd's lunatic
116. A particularly rocking O Speedwagon
117. Outkast hit "Hey ____"
118. Old floorboard noise
120. Selection from Sylvester Stallone's limited vocabulary
126. Canadian province
127. Not ante meridiem
128. Radio antenna
129. Filmmaker Quentin
130. Great Lake
132. Oscar Schindler kept one
133. Bill Clinton wasn't sure about the definition of this esoteric word

134. What you say after completing ten percent of my crossword puzzle
135. Neil LaBute's misanthropic 1997 picture *In the Company of* ____
136. Abbreviation for a diplomatic mission or a developing organism
137. Abbreviation for perambulator
139. Benedict Arnold's crime
144. Overheard in the library
145. In 1994 Denis Leary starred as the titular ____
147. Pressure group behind the drinking age
148. Anyone who expects you to pour your own fountain beverage has basically conceded to you a free one of these
149. Pole, and discoverer of radioactivity, Marie
150. Billy Idol yell
152. The New York Yankees got one three times in a row in baseball's 2004 American League Championship Series
155. Metropolis' Luthor
156. 2001 Haley Joel Osment picture
157. Sensory buds
161. "Hanoi" Fonda
164. Military meal
165. Still more
166. One-man Rhythm and Blues parody act ____ Mar Superstar
167. ____ & Ravenscroft, London tailors since the reign of William and Mary
169. Israeli city ____ Aviv
173. Spanish article
175. Complements Ma
177. Computer simulated environment
178. Baltic internet country code, or an abbreviated officer's rank

Answers to Last Issue's Puzzle!

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

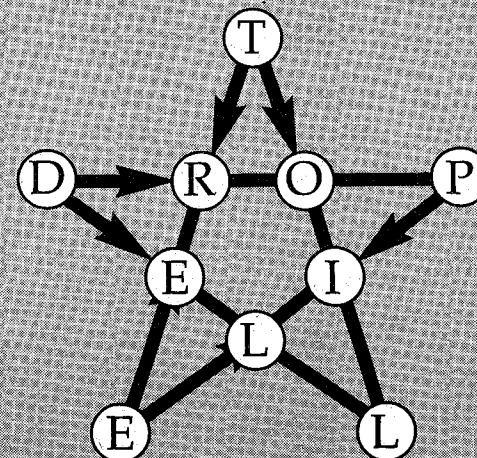
Answers to that Dang Cipher!

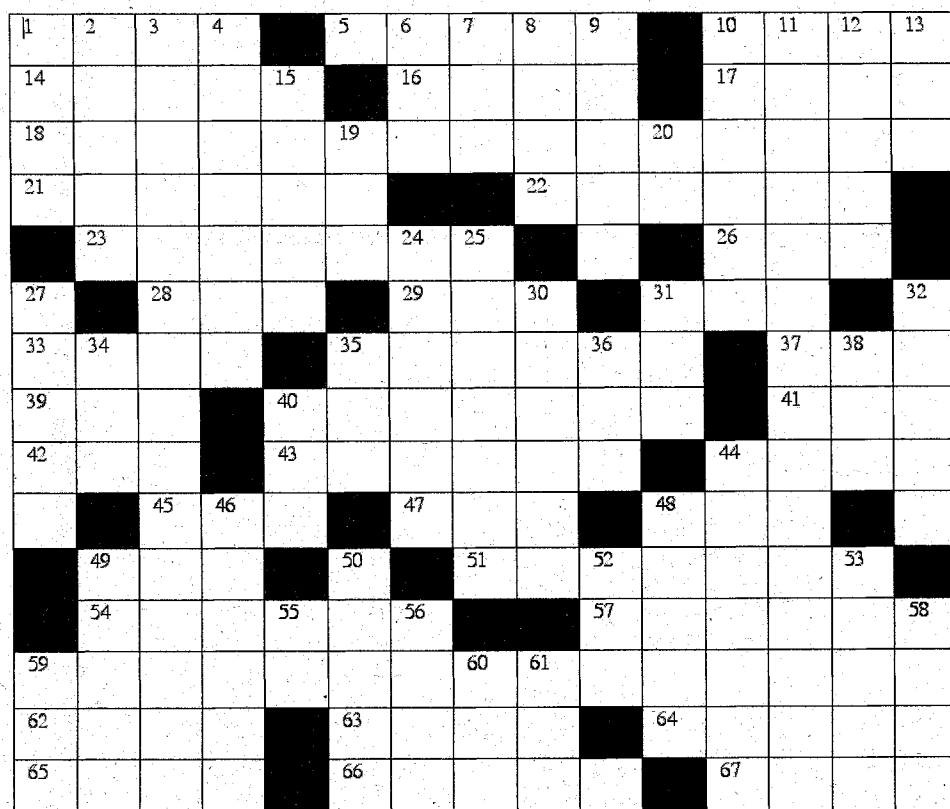
N	Q	S	I	Y	R	A	U	G	X	E	L	B
F	W	V	O	K	Z	T	P	H	D	M	C	J

Answers to the Word Pentagram!

Counter clockwise starting from the top the words should read:

Drop,
Dell,
Pile,
Toil,
and Tree





1. Mothers an egg
5. Item which splits light
10. One hot guy
14. Thoughts
16. Eastern Continent
17. Promise
18. 1987 Kubrick Film
21. ___ Smith, singer/songwriter
22. Big name in plumbing fixtures
23. Item used for keeping clams from rolling off the gunnel
26. A ___ U
28. Common trait between owner and fawned
29. Remaining
31. Superlative suffix
33. Coast New York is found on
35. Little Orphan and Oakley?
37. It's the loneliest number I ever knew
39. Influenza
40. Following "e" makes yummy French treats
41. ___ Howard
42. Running total
43. Having to do with bones
44. Countertenor
45. Mire
47. Terminate
48. Substance similar to but heavier than beer
49. Bronze
51. Agent that blinds with tears
54. Venues
57. See, hear, and speak this
59. Something a pirate might say
62. Steak sauce brand
63. Peruvian center
64. Astrological sign for early spring birthdays
65. Awkward stage of life
66. Study in Bordeaux
67. "___ cost to you!"

1. Title of game and cereal
2. Mature
3. "We all live in a ___"
4. Prominent
6. ___ race
7. "The lady ___ tramp"
8. Pretty smooth fabric
9. Foremost
10. Plinths
11. Statement that may follow "This is my final offer"
12. Prefix, having to do with the uterus
13. An androgen derived from testosterone with tumor-suppressing capabilities, abbr.
15. Treat enjoyed by the campfire
19. 7th letter of the Greek alphabet
20. Response to a fright
24. Intrinsic
25. Easygoing
27. Nick name for a liberal
30. Diatribe
31. Common trait of essence and essays
32. Tendency
34. ___ carte
35. Green and Sharpton
36. Snakelike fish
38. He loves me ___
40. Cape ___
44. Branch of math where variables first present themselves
46. Asymmetrical
48. Odor
49. Lake on the California/Nevada border
50. Speaks in Paris
52. ___ DiFranco
53. Distress signal
55. Negation in French
56. Rare alteration of the word "smite"
58. Club of Steam-Ship Owners from London, abbr.
59. Was in a chair
60. Flightless bird
61. Morsel

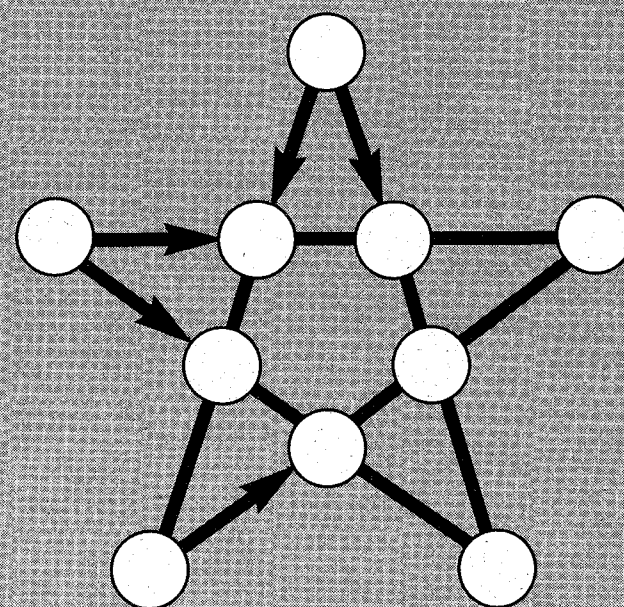
All puzzles by
Ann Pashenkov

Word Pentagram!

The following five words can be found in the word pentagram below. Place the letters of these words into each of the circles so that all five words fit.

The words for this hellish installment are:

FEAT
WARN
TART
FLAN
WELT



Alphapuzzle

This week's AlphaPuzzle is very easy, since people have been complaining that the others were too difficult. Alright morons, this one is for you. Each number represents a letter of the alphabet. Use what you know of the English language and the few clues I've given you to break the code. All the words in this puzzle are class movie titles.

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

1 J	2	3	4	5	6 Z	7	8	9	10 Q	11	12	13 Y
14	15 V	16	17 P	18 K	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26 C

