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# PRESS

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the community news and features paper

Vol. XXVI, Issue 13 "German Wednesday isn't a strait-jacket; it's an opportunity." April 22, 2004





# John Bolton for U.N. Ambassador? Really?

By Mike Billings

I think The Stony Brook is a joke. If you wandered into the office on production weekend and kidnapped a third of the staff, stuffed them in burlap sacks and threw them into the Long Island Sound, no one would notice a difference. Considering my views on *The Press* in general, I am obviously qualified to hold an important position on the paper, perhaps an editorship. Does anyone disagree with me? No? Good. If you disagree, you must think that the paper is perfect. Look, I'm just a reformer, and *The Press* is in serious need of reform. The fact that I hate the organization itself is no reason to deny me this opportunity.

Ridiculous as this situation is, it parallels what is happening within the government right now. Recently, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has been questioning John Bolton, George Bush's nominee to represent the United States as ambassador to the U.N. A staunch supporter of the Bush agenda, Bolton has worked under the last three conservative administrations. Despite this, Bolton has actually been praised bilaterally for his intelligence and breadth of knowledge. In fact, Bolton graduated summa cum laude from Yale University. If this is true, however, what's the problem?

The problem is that Bolton has a reputation for being a jerk, especially towards the United Nations. In 1994, Bolton made several abrasive comments that are now coming back to haunt him. For example, Bolton noted that "If

the U.N. secretary building in New York lost 10 stories, it wouldn't make a bit of difference." Although this is his most infamous statement, Bolton has also contended that the U.N. is "Only valuable when it serves the U.S.," and "There is no such thing as the United Nations." Not surprisingly, democrats have openly questioned if Bolton even wants the job of U.N. ambassador since he has shown such blatant animosity towards the organization.

While publicly espousing ridiculous and inflammatory statements is bad enough for a diplomat who is set to represent the United States to the rest of the world, Bolton also comes with a less than stellar track record in terms of job performance. As the current Undersecretary of State for Arms Control and International Security, Bolton has not made a good impression. Upon hearing of his nomination, 62 current and former diplomats drafted a letter outlining the reasons that Bolton would be a poor choice for U.N. ambassadorship. Not

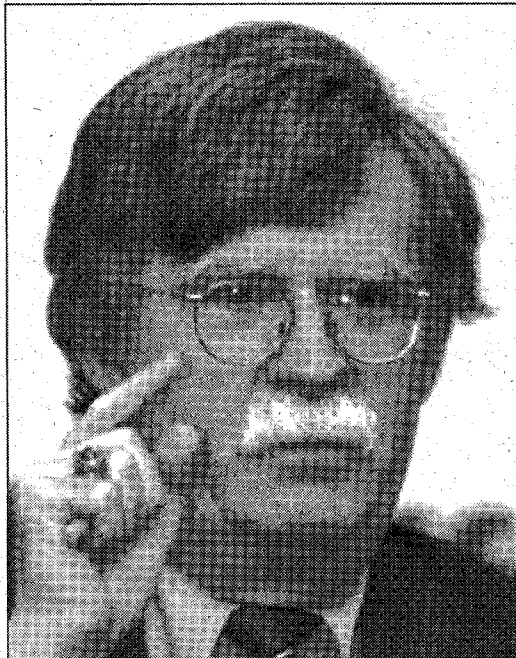
only has he opposed a number of treaties, the most egregious and public incident occurred in 2002 involving a speech on Cuba.

To strengthen the Bush agenda of painting certain countries as dangerous to freedom and liberty Bolton planned to deliver a speech regarding the weapons capability of Cuba. In the speech, Bolton was going to accuse the nation of producing biological weapons, a move that would leave Cuba open to a justified attack

according to the Bush Doctrine. Since the intelligence on the matter was not as clear as Bolton was going to make it out to be, a State Department intelligence officer suggested that the language should be watered down so as not to incite unjustified animosity. While this request seems perfectly reasonable, even necessary considering the purported ambivalence of the intelligence, Bolton allegedly flipped out.

According to testimony from former State Department official Carl Ford, Bolton was so insulted that his speech be watered down, he verbally abused an intelligence officer so low on the bureaucratic food chain, he equated the incident to "an 800-pound gorilla devouring a banana." Reportedly, Bolton went so far as to try to get the analyst fired. Ford also accused Bolton of being a "serial abuser," painting a picture of a man who throws his weight around and treats his underlings like garbage. In response to these allegations, republicans on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee point out that, despite the fact Ford calls Bolton a serial abuser, he only mentioned one incident. While this is true, democrats had seven other witnesses lined to give accounts of Bolton's abuse, but Richard Luger refused to allow their testimony.

At this point, it is likely that Bolton will be confirmed by the predominantly republican Foreign Relations Committee on April 19. While many conservatives have shown unwavering support for Bolton, he really could be the worst person for the job. Personal accounts aside, there is no denying what he has said about the United Nations and the agenda he plans to push. Bolton will only serve to further alienate other nations who have been insulted by George Bush, and America's interests may be ignored while this bully is representing us in the United Nations.



JOHN BOLTON, NO RELATION TO MIKEY,  
Courtesy of www.cnn.com

**VOTE  
YES**  
to continue to  
**SUPPORT  
NYPIRG**  
on SOLAR from  
**Monday,  
April 25**  
to  
**Friday,  
April 29**

## NYPIRG Victory Equals No Tuition Hike

By Marcel Votlucka

After months of suspense, there will be no tuition hikes or aid cuts for SUNY and CUNY students.

The State Senate, State Assembly, and Governor Pataki finally reached an agreement on higher education funding as part of this year's state budget. Besides rejecting tuition increases for incoming students, the budget rejects a proposal to increase tuition for incoming students every year. The budget provides full funding for TAP as well as opportunity programs such as EOP, HEOP, SEEK, and College Discovery.

Governor Pataki proposed a tuition increase in addition to incremental increases each year as well as cuts to TAP and EOP. 75% of Stony Brook students rely on financial aid, and advocates for higher education argue that the governor's proposals could've hurt these students' ability to pay for college. In fact, Stony Brook students in particular could've faced higher increases because of the higher costs of operating SBU compared to other SUNY schools. Stony Brook students already pay an average of \$13,000 per year in expenses.

Pataki opted not to challenge the state legislature's decision to reject his previous proposals. This was a source of tension for activists and students awaiting a decision on the budget.

The new budget comes as a victory for students and NYPIRG, which led a grassroots effort among SUNY students to resist the proposed tuition hikes and aid cuts. NYPIRG held a rally on campus on March 30, exhorting students to call the Governor in an effort to protest the hikes. NYPIRG also organized a lobby day in Albany, which resulted in 112 meetings between students and state legislators. 500 students from across the state attended this event, a testament to NYPIRG's efforts.

Miriam Kramer, NYPIRG's higher education coordinator, describes NYPIRG's position on the matter this way, "If anything, this year's budget proves that if there's a legislative will, there's a way to both hold the line on tuition and increase funding for the state's colleges and universities."

NYPIRG activist Juliet DiFrenza remarked, "I think that this should be a lesson for all students who think that not voicing their opinion, who think that they have no power over what the government does. As for the win, I think this a momentous occasion which illustrates the power students hold when they band together."

Other student reactions were more succinct. When asked about NYPIRG's victory, Christine Tanaka responded with a shout of "Yaaaaay!"

# A Personal Interview With A Homeless Youth on Long Island

By Lena Tumasyan

Scenario #1: you wake up in a hot tiny dorm cubical, or your parent's house. You unfurl your "I gotta remember to do my laundry today" covers. Slowly, you drag yourself out of bed because you are still sleepy from the night before, whether it's because you spend a good part of the night studying/partying, or whatever else you decided to spend your precious sleep hours doing. You might argue with your coinhabitants over who gets the bathroom first, but eventually you all get to clean yourselves up. Next, you head to the cafeteria to spend money on yet another ridiculously overpriced meal and get to class.

Scenario #2: you wake up in a cold crammed backseat. You unfurl your multiple layers of "I wonder where the cheapest laundromat is" blankets. Quickly you sit up and put your heaviest jacket on so the -20°F cold wouldn't hit you so hard. After you step outside your car you do a few stretches trying to get the knots out of your "twisted by the car shortness" body. You grab your bathroom kit, and go over to the first public bathroom you can find to take care of yourself in their sink. Next, you calculate how much money you have and how much you can spend on breakfast or whether you'll be eating breakfast at all.

This is not an attempt you convince you of how much better off you are or how everyone takes things for granted - in fact, I believe that many people already know how lucky they are, perhaps in different ways. My article is meant to personify a common charity cause, "homelessness," through one individual's personal experience. My friend, Michael Edward Coates was generous enough to share his life. He is one individual that I know of that has been homeless. Although, as my research progressed, I met at least two others who are or were at homeless as well.

*Why would you leave home?*

According to multiple sources, 46-50% of children (defined as ages 0-18, which I refer to as "youth") run away from home because they have been physically abused at home. 17% out of those have been also been forced into unwanted sexual activity. In 1999, nearly 1.7 million youth in the nation ran away or were kicked out of their homes. At the age of 16, Michael was not an exception. One member of the family beat him, the other didn't stop it, so he left, leaving high school as well.

*Did you try going to an agency for help?*

Few homeless youth are housed in emergency shelter as a result of lack of beds, shelter admission policies, and a preference for greater autonomy. According to law, if you are under 18 and show up to a Department of Social Services (DSS) office without a parent, they will refer you to Child Protection Services to be put in foster care. For example, on Friday March 25th, when the school was finishing up and people are going home to relax/party/work, 290 childless adults (18 and over) showed up to the Suffolk County DSS. That same day another 715 persons showed up who in total had 86 children, all seeking emergency housing.

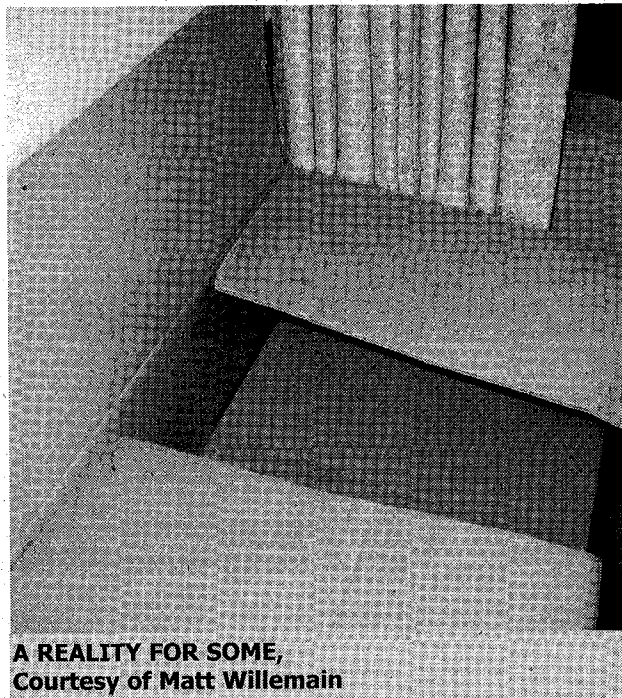
Michel spent his time going back and forth from living on the streets to staying at his friends' and relative's houses, staying with them for a few days or weeks. But no matter how much your friend or uncle loves you, eventually you need to leave. "After a while you become a nomad, and you don't think you can ever settle down for a long time in any one place."

*What were the conditions like?*

5.3% of homeless youth in New York State under the age of 25 are HIV positive.

Additionally, 20-25% of single adult homeless population suffers from some form of severe and persistent mental illness, many of whom are schizophrenics. A 1999 review of homelessness in 50 cities found that in almost every city, the number of homeless far exceeded emergency shelter and transitional housing (to be discussed later) spaces. Two thirds of people with AIDS had been homeless.

My friend was set up into an emergency housing facility by a social worker in Suffolk County. She promised the house would be occupied by his peer group, but when he got there he found that: he was the youngest person in the house (oldest being in his 50's), one individual in his 40's was homosexual and bipolar. There were close to 10 men living in that house, which was far too many for the size. Because of the cramped conditions, there was barely any room for people's things, or even space to move. The house was filthy, the beds - dirty, and only one sheet for a blanket in a room as cold as the outdoors. There is a curfew; if you are not back by curfew then you are locked out.



A REALITY FOR SOME,  
Courtesy of Matt Willemain

Michael didn't feel he could trust anyone in that house. He stayed there 2 days and 1 night and once he left he never returned. "I am 19 years old and I am not going to live under such ridiculous rules in such an under kept house. At some point, rent was expected of me. SS was supposed to pay it, but paper work and red tape always gets in the way. I would have to sue my parents for the money and I wasn't about to do that." Another time at a different agency he was refused housing altogether because, "his car is sufficient enough to not be considered an emergency" regardless of the sub-zero weather.

*What did you do for money or food?*

An estimated 340,080 children in NYS are hungry, 49% of those using food pantries are children, 35% using soup kitchens are children. In 2003 New York City Coalition Against Hunger reports that 81% of agencies faced an increased demand for food, but only 22% obtained more food and funding. In fact, more than twice as many agencies faced cuts in food and money as obtained increases. In 2004 State Legislature passed a budget to use a \$350,000 surplus from another program, TANF, to support Hunger Prevention and Nutrition Assistance Program. However, governor Pataki vetoed this budget, creating an even larger \$2 million funding gap in the HPNAP.

There are 62 emergency food programs

in Nassau county and 163 in Suffolk county. If one can get to a service, then perhaps they'll be able to eat tonight. But portions need to be rationed as the homeless population grows and funding decreases. Research shows that even mild under-nutrition in young children can affect both physical and brain development. An adolescent or even a young adult still needs enough nutrients to grow, especially grow healthily.

Michael used whatever money he got from whatever jobs he can find to buy gas and food, portion accordingly. But what happens when you don't have enough money to buy food? Stealing was never an option for him, and thankfully friends were there, but there would still be many days of going hungry for a meal or two or days without food or with only minimal food.

*How do you get a job without a permanent address?*

44% of homeless adults in America are employed, according to a July 2004 country-wide study.

All job applications look for a home address, so how does one get a job if he/she does not have an address or a phone number to write down? Step A - leave blank what you can, Step B - use your friend's information (of course as them for permission first). Getting mail and using a phone is the same idea.

Communication in general is difficult and blotchy. Most days he walks to a library and uses a computer to access the internet and email accounts. He might also be able to instant message his friends, and has to save his work on portable formats. I remember on particular encounter where we bumped into someone he knows. The other person almost exclaimed with a "My god, I almost thought you were dead!" type of reaction. With the incredible rates of depression and mental trauma that occurs with many youths who are homeless, I am glad he is not.

*But what did you do about school? Did you finish high school?*

Homeless youth face difficulties attending school because of legal guardianship requirements, residency requirements, proper records, and lack of transportation. As a result, homeless youth face severe challenges in obtaining an education. 38% of national homeless population do not have a high school degree by age 18. 53% have reported dropping out for indefinite period of times.

Michael attempted continuing school, but because he was constantly moving around he starting missing a lot of it and wasn't able to go. His need for money and a job also took precedence over an education, hoping that he could save up enough to work fewer hours so that he could manage going to school and work together. But such schedules are very difficult to keep up for a long time. He still wishes to finish high school, but taking those credits at a community college, perhaps at Suffolk Community College. He is adamant about completing the goal to "finish high school" and not get a "GED."

*How do you take care of yourself physically? Like hygiene, and doctors and such?*

*Where do you go to the bathroom?*

55% of nationally homeless individuals reported as not having medical insurance. Not having enough to eat also coincides with getting sick. When you do get sick, your body takes much longer to get better because of your overall lack of nutrients and the growing use of nutrients due to the illness.

The last time Michael has seen a physi-

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# COCA Dissolved by Senate: Questions Remain About Procedure

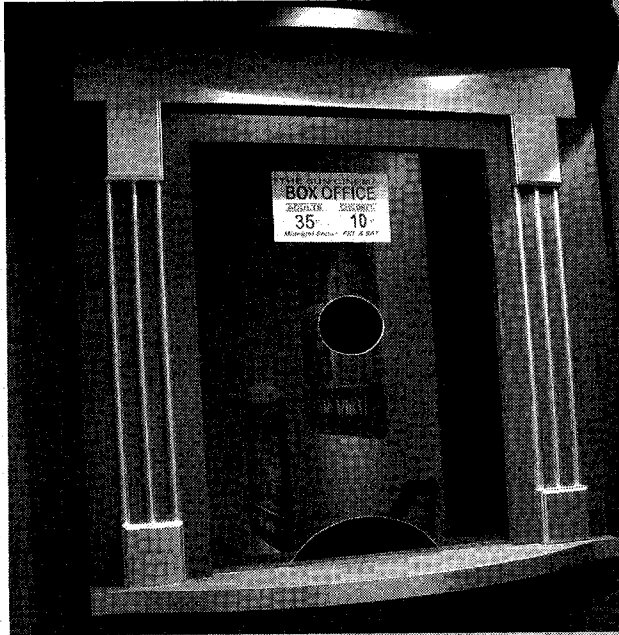
By Michael Prazak

This Tuesday, April 5, legislation was presented to the Undergraduate Student Government (USG) Senate to strip the Committee on Cinematic Arts (COCA), which screens movies on campus, of its quasi-independent agency status, bringing it completely under control of the Student Activities Board (SAB). The reasoning behind this move was expounded by the presenter of the legislation, Vice President of Student Affairs, Ilan Nassimi. According to him, COCA operates completely unrestrained and without any restrictions, therefore, they are less than perceptive about their budget and spending which led to a lack of funding for the second half of the 2004-2005 year. Citations of inability to locate COCA self-governance laws as well as COCA's failure to appear at the presentation of this legislation were piled upon the claims of ineptness.

Several of the attending Senators expressed similar dissatisfaction with COCA's performance and quickly fell in line behind this legislation. The only protest, if you apply the rules of language about the term very loosely, was a correction made by USG President Jared Wong concerning the funding involved in the replacement of a film projector. It was originally claimed by Nassimi that the projector was replaced by funds in excess of COCA's spending budget, when in fact the replacement funds were taken directly from their budget. Otherwise, very little resistance to this bill was expressed, and it passed unanimously.

This immediately brings to mind many questions about such a sudden move. Typically, the establishment of semi-independent agencies is to ensure a neutral view-point and unbiased organization, uninfluenced by any incumbent political officials (in a sense, to ensure a standard of quality regardless of the govern-

ment funding the organization). In that respect, depending on whom you speak to, COCA has delivered. They have provided a wide array of viewing experiences, each at least attempting to reach a campus as diverse as Stony Brook University. Therefore, one must consider, if the



NOW IT'S A GHOST BOX OFFICE, Wooooo! Courtesy of The Haunted Box Office

organization has not failed in the qualitative sense, that its only failure has been due its lack of funding. In other words, COCA was presumably shut down for running out of funding, not for the lack of delivery in terms of its purpose.

In fact, very little was mentioned in terms of how the organization replacing COCA would function. There were allusions made to this newly dependent group merely falling com-

pletely under the control of SAB, and very little was presented about the intricacies of such a move. Essentially, policy was passed, with very little review, and even less elucidation on the repercussions of such an action. One student at the meeting suggested that the obligated stipend paid to individuals in COCA was excessive and perhaps unnecessary. If that is the case, can the COCA helmed by SAB function to the same level of competency in terms of delivering films on time and regularly? Or is USG merely engaging in a pipe dream that will never actually reach fruition? Either way, it seems that the main group that will be losing out in this situation will be the students themselves. Are we to believe that this Student Government, although admittedly in its infancy, can deliver on so bold a promise?

Senate on Tuesday actually resembled more an assembly line of yes-men than anything else. A self-regulating and rigorous entity this was not. As matter of fact, the speaking senators resembled mere Muppets, with the subtle hand up their ass feeding them their opinion (I won't even get into the looming, whispering Iago's that hover about the senate floor, dripping poison into willing ears). If anything, the presentation of this motion merely served to give one a broader view of the Senate's inner workings. Having only witnessed these things second hand, it was a rare treat to actually see it in action. The drama promised and delivered here was on par with that from COCA. Maybe that is actually the Senate's intent: to provide us with the same experience that we get when we go to the movies. Escapist emotional fantasy provided with real life repercussions. Here, \$9.50 would only get you legislated against.

## War, Occupation and the Future

By William Wharton

With hurried excitement Stony Brook's fledgling right-wing students tell us that April 20th will be a day to experience the "epitome of an all American soldier" as Scott Rutter comes to deliver a speech. Considering that they have also told me that privatizing social security is good, homosexuals do not deserve civil rights and that there is a massive liberal conspiracy to control the media, it seemed necessary to examine this bold promotional claim. Is Rutter really representative of the American soldier in Iraq? Will he, as the Patriot claims, provide "balance" to the Stony Brook campus?

What I discovered was that far from being representative, the life story of Scott Rutter is one of shameless self-promotion in an attempt to convert a military career into political power. From his position at FOX news and his association with the far right Young America's Foundation, Rutter offers anything but balance to the discussion about the continuing occupation of Iraq. Instead, his message of happy soldiers and the need for uncritical support by the American public gives testimony to the idea that war is best understood as the continuation of politics by another means.

For the past year, Rutter has traveled to college campuses throughout the country, stolen Iraqi flag in hand, to tell of the wonders of war and the need for passive acceptance of the Bush agenda. War, it seems, will enrich not only oil companies and weapons makers but will also serve to produce a new generation of neo-con-

servative politicians backed with military credentials to replace their chicken hawk predecessors.

With this in mind, Rutter has crafted a nifty presentation that features a fantastic neo-conservative view of the world in which American soldiers and citizens are increasingly pleased by carrying out and paying \$156 billion for the occupation of Iraq. Unfortunately, their genocidal bliss, Rutter argues, is consistently misrepresented by the "liberal" mass media that insists on trumping up anti-war sentiments.

"Rutter's overdetermined patriotic bravado fit the political profile of FOX perfectly."

### A Fantastic Soldier's Story

During "Operation Iraqi Freedom" Lt. Colonel Rutter commanded a platoon of 850 soldiers whose main assignment was to seize Baghdad's airport and financial district. He trained this group to display "brute force and ignorance" as they encountered the enemy.i However, these skills were employed when Rutter's troops encountered Iraqi civilians.

Concerning possible civilian deaths that

could result from the aerial bombing of questionable sites, Rutter commented "If you are expecting casualties, you have to be willing to accept collateral damage."ii Further, in a meeting with the Middle East forum Rutter boasted "I didn't care. I only cared about my soldiers. If something was moving and it wasn't wearing an American uniform and it was an Iraqi it was dead. No questions asked."iii Consider these quotes in relation to the Geneva Conventions particularly Convention IV, Part I, Article 3, which commands that occupying armies identify and do no harm to civilian populations.iv If this clause was enforced, Rutter would most certainly be investigated if not convicted for war crimes against humanity.

We should also consider Rutter's description as compared to that of Corporal Michael Hoffman, a Marine who also served in Operation Iraqi Freedom. Hoffman warned that "the chaos of war should never be understated." "On the way to Baghdad, I saw bodies by the road, many in civilian clothing." The hardest thing for Hoffman was "...knowing what we have done to those kids over there."v He recently told the *Guardian* newspaper that he is haunted by thinking of how many children were killed by his artillery battery.vi

Rutter's unit seizure of the Baghdad airport was accomplished with seemingly little organized resistance. Rutter maintains that the

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# Bloomberg and the New York Jets are the Real Devils in Hell's Kitchen

By Steve Deaner

Let me start off by saying that I am a huge New York Giants fan and I hate the Jets. My second favorite football team on any given Sunday is the team playing against the Jets. Every four years, the Jets and Giants play each other in a battle of epic proportions, at least to us football fans. Two years ago, I went with two Jets fan friends of mine, lets call them Chian and Bristian, to the battleground known as Giants stadium, for the game. For anyone who is not football savvy, it is important to know a weird fact about both teams. You see, both teams call Giants stadium their home. Anytime the Jets fans go to watch their favorite team at home, they must walk into a stadium with the name "GIANTS" emblazoned in blue and red on the front. The Jets fans are truly a people without a home. This is a very sour reality for Jets fans, especially for Chian and Bristian.

On our way into the stadium, I noticed

that all the blue walls that are in place were covered with green tarps. It truly was an ugly sight to see. The fact that the Jets do not have a stadium to call their own, and must rent their field from one of their arch enemies, like some loser forty year old who has to pay rent to live in his parent's home, is the underlying psychological reason that most Jets fans want a new stadium. They feel like a lesser people because they don't have a stadium to call their own. To these people I would say, you are not a lesser people because you do not have a home field, you are a lesser people because you like the Jets.

This paranoid nature of Jets fans runs all the way to the top of their managerial hierarchy, all the way to the ivory towers of the Johnson and Johnson Corporation, the company that makes powder to help prevent rashes on babies' asses, to the owner of the Jets, Woody Johnson. When Woody isn't finding better ways

to soften babies' asses, he is trying to figure out a way to take the laughingstock of the National Football League and make them into a legitimate team. His first step in doing this is to build a stadium on the west side of Manhattan with the help of his billionaire buddy, New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg.

Woody and Bloomy are both members of an elite club, the billionaires club. It is very common for the members of this club to have a superiority complex. They all want to leave this earth being remembered as being great men who did great, historical things. They all want to leave a legacy. That is why the mayor wants to have this stadium built, and it is why he is trying to bring the 2012 Olympics to the city. Bloomy wants to have a place to go when he is done with being mayor, hopefully sooner rather

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## Bloomberg's War: Sterilizing the City

By Brian Wasser

As if gentrification, ever-increasing corporate and advertising presence and midtown "disneyfication" weren't enough, the Bloomberg Administration, late last month, filed a lawsuit against "Times Up," a direct-action, grassroots environmental group based in the City. The suit is based on the fact that "Times Up" promotes Critical Mass bike rides and other "illegal" events, most based around public space reclamation. Critical Mass, which started in 1992 in San Francisco, is an event whereby cyclists can ride around their cities in large numbers, as both a statement against the impersonal, congesting traffic of cars, and as a reason just to get out, socialize, and interact with others in a large-scale, decentralized, egalitarian movement. The overtones of open anarchist politics at the roots of the movement have frustrated city officials and governments throughout the country. After all, there's no inherent illegality; it's just people riding their bikes, that happen to be all in one place, and therefore happen to jam the automobile traffic that is increasingly taking over the organic, public city. As urban landscapes are continually reinvented in the name of profit and consumerism, often at the expense of a larger sense of community, events promoted by "Times Up" serve a vital, reactionary purpose. Critical Mass riders received a lot of attention for arrests last year during the Republican Convention in August.

There's something wrong, to begin with, about arresting people for existing in public spaces. There's also something wrong with restricting the public for the sake of keeping traffic flowing. The city belongs as much to people on foot as it does to those in cars. There are, however, two sides of the argument. There has to be "some" order. With regard to the cyclists, it is argued that they are just doing it to cause havoc, to annoy the motorists. That's not really true, but when was intentionality ever a reason to discriminate between two legally equal entities (all traffic laws that apply to cars apply to bikes)? How is someone who goes out to engage with others in making a statement about the city's spatial framework, for example, any less justified in contributing to congestion than someone who's driving across town to see what's on sale at H&M? That's just the point—

the widespread discrimination in the name of sterilizing, regulating and limiting, to arguable degrees of ideologically, institutionally premeditated intention on the part of city governments and the greater establishment.

In a clumsy attempt to finally defeat Critical Mass and other, similar events based around taking back the public urban landscape for the people (events that owe their success against infiltration and suppression from the authorities to their democratic, inclusive, nonhierarchical structure),



TITLE IN CAPS,  
Courtesy of

Bloomberg's New York has undermined more than the organizations it deems illegal. The action holds that the public cannot participate in Critical Mass rides. More generally, any "event," any gathering, of more than twenty people, is to be deemed illegal without a permit. For example, congregating in any park, for any reason, is unlawful. Are you kidding me? Not only is almost every square foot of the City private property (even, increasingly, in the parks), but now it is off limits to be in a group in public too. The suit is clumsy for two reasons. One, it is a small step in the ideological attack on the democratic nature of public space as a whole, and on the rights we have to get the fuck out of our houses and live a little, to live, actively, in a meaningful social context. Second, it will be almost completely useless in practice, other than annoying those who desire genuine public interaction, and diverting the attention of law enforcement to stifling that which is actually conducive for a healthy society. But the

political and economic establishment never cared about that before; why start now? What kind of state are we living in that it's too dangerous and scary in the mind of officials and elites, for people to share common space? Unfortunately, cities are one of the few places left where this sharing, this interaction, this free movement can at least partially take place. Out here in exurbia, you can't even find a place on the water that isn't completely seized by gated communities, bourgeois country clubs, and other forms of private property; no place to just hang out and not be bothered by security or fences.

This debate has always existed, and it won't go away. The recent lawsuit is only one example in the continual process of converting the city into a stale, contrived space, meaningful only in its property value, and devoid of any real character or spontaneity. Another instance is the plan intending privately dominated, inane "renovation" for Washington Square Park, a plan just proposed by an elite, sixteen-person committee. The project includes eliminating the circular sitting areas, decreasing gathering space, chopping down all the trees and installing a five foot fence around the park's perimeter, to be locked at night. The park, as public space, will essentially be ruined, after scheduled construction begins, just after NYU students leave for the summer. It will no longer be a hub of public, artistic, political, social activity.

So, like a good American mayor, Bloomberg is winning his war on terrorism, that is, on the homeless, on activists, on skateboarders and anyone who refuses to be relegated, by new forms of control, to private, career-and-materialism hideaways. The battle is also being won, by developers and officials, against organizations that exist in order to promote varied environmentally sustainable solutions. I don't know about you, but I feel safe now that that message can't be spread, that more cyclists are hauled to jail with every successive Critical Mass ride, and that the sidewalks are full of metal boxes and neon signs, rather than ten full blocks of people, people who want a city that doesn't punish individuals for cultivating an individual connection to their society.

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Antony Lin	Brian Wong
Seth Maggiore	Jessica Worthington
John Mascher	Ed Zadorozny

## Christ is not a Politician

On Sunday, April 24, the Family Research Council will be holding a massive telecast lead by senate majority leader Bill Frist. The event, while constitutionally protected as free speech is a deplorable act which shakes the moral, political and ethical standards we supposedly run this nation on. There is freedom of religion in this nation, there is freedom of speech. There is also supposed to be separation of church and state. Clearly that is no longer the case.

Politicians are allowed to have religion, and are allowed to be active members of their churches, synagogues, temples, mosques, etc. They should not be allowed to tug on the religious heart strings of the devout and use that as a way to sway Americans into believing what they say or as a way to conjure up votes. Back in the cold war we fought the "Godless commie pinkos" and now, we're fighting the Godless democrats. This is complete insanity. The Stony Brook Press as an organization promotes the mixing of religion and politics, and disapproves of ANY public policy issue or legal issue becoming a matter of Christian vs. non-Christian. George Bush has publicly stated that he has doubts about evolution, and that the philosophy of Jesus rules his presidency. If the latter comment was actually true, he would not be bombing women and children indiscriminately. If George Bush was a true Christian he would be spreading love not hate.

The breed of Christianity which has shown up in this country is unlike anything else in the world.

Southern Baptists and Born Again Christians are mad with power and will not stop until the entire world either dies or converts at their hands. George Bush fervently believes in the rapture and that is something we must fear. George and friends aim to take over the Middle East and pave the way for the second coming. This is fact, not up for debate. When the senate majority leader is telling you that you will hate filibusters if you are a good Christian, we have a problem.

It's all in the name of religion now and what you are told, not what you think. You can't decide to be a good Christian or not, or what your views on filibuster are. You are told them by "better" more powerful Christians. There is no democracy in that. Christ compels you to vote, and vote for him. In this country we have to make our ultimate choice very soon. Are we a secular nation with freedom of religion, or are we a Christian nation hell bent on converting everyone else?

How easily these same Christians forget that they are the ones who made filibuster famous when they used it to block civil rights legislation. How easily they forget their holy war against minorities in this country (which is still going on really). We have a climate of holy war in our land. We scream and holler against the holy war against America by some extremists, but we are waging our own right here in the US. Are we at The Stony Brook Press the only ones who can see this? If so, then it is our duty to inform the public of this gross pox on humanity we call our current political climate.

## The Death Penalty is an Abuse of State Power

The news that the New York State Assembly recently voted to reject the state's death penalty law should come as a joy to those of us who value liberty, justice and human life. Now New York joins such states as Connecticut, Nebraska, Illinois and New Mexico in working to overhaul the death penalty. We should look forward to the day when capital punishment bites the dust all over the country.

Opposition to capital punishment comes from many diverse sources, but there are three main points that opponents make. First is the very real threat of executing innocent people—at which point it becomes murder. Second, there are questions as to whether it's applied fairly and impartially. It's often mentioned that black men have a higher chance of facing capital punishment than other criminals, because of the profoundly racist nature of this nation's criminal justice system. Third, many suggest that it's too lenient a punishment; that forcing murderers to rot in jail for the rest of their miserable lives is a far more fitting punishment—and far more painful psychologically. But there's one argument against capital punishment that we don't often hear, which is actually the best argument against it—that capital punishment gives the state too much power.

As a libertarian, I believe that the state is at best a necessary evil. And because it is a necessary evil, we ought to regard it like a wild bull; it can serve

its purpose of defending our rights and liberties, but as soon as you turn your back to it, it may very well turn on you. The state is basically a legal monopoly on violence, and the police and the army are meant to channel that violence into national and community defense. Most libertarians see capital punishment as an excessive use of this violence aimed at individual citizens. While one's first impulse upon meeting a murderer may be to wish death upon him or her in the name of justice, it's for our own good that the state not have the legal power to target individual citizens for execution, because this power can and is abused and applied unfairly and inconsistently.

Many innocent people have been exonerated who would've faced death otherwise; since 1773, 119 people in 25 states have been released from death row with evidence of their innocence, according to the Death Penalty Information Center. Imagine all the numbers of wholly innocent people who have been mistakenly murdered by the state over the years and you'll get a sense of just how dangerous it is to allow the government to have this kind of awesome power over life and death. To further illustrate the gravity of this issue, several of the legislators who voted to re-instate New York State's capital punishment law in 1995 have changed their minds this time around, opting to flatline it for this year.

"This is a historic step by New York, which is the first state in a long, long time to scrutinize the death penalty with public hearings, debate it, and then essentially reject it." So said Richard Dieter, executive director of Death Penalty Information Center, which is an anti-death penalty advocacy group.

And indeed the key word here is *scrutiny*. We all should scrutinize the motives of any action taken by the state, especially when the lives of other human beings are in the balance, whether they be law-abiding citizens or heartless murderers. When it comes to state power, suspicion—extreme suspicion—should always be the guiding rule. Capital punishment is a good example of this principle in action.

Front Cover by Jowy Romano  
Back Cover by Rob Pearsall

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## An Open Letter to the Right

To The Right,

You poor things, I implore you to remember that you have the potential to be people. Its cold and lonely at the "top" with only greed to keep you company. Dividend write-offs offer little consolation for you who truly hate yourselves so much that you treat all others like objects, resources, functions, in a word, slaves.

Your ineffectual parents threw money at the problem they considered you, instead of time and loving kindness, and now you have no real palpable sense of humanity as a result. They treat you like property, just a custodian for their possessions when they die. They still throw money at you in an attempt to compensate, they run solely on guilt, and now you can destroy an oil business, shank stockholders, mistreat hard-working employees, start a tabloid, to fill the void where what was to be human never blossomed.

You've got your faith. Your anthropomorphized account of spirituality will send you to the hell it has invented long before your death. You're in for more loneliness when your god doesn't answer you, the God spelled with a capital "G" who for some strange reason has told you that you have the authority to destroy all that He made. Ask why he has forsaken you. Its because you've got it backwards. You created him, and then forsake the reasons why. It must be lonely.

You have prevented others from being human on your quest to remain without any essence that would constitute the idea of "soul." Why can there not be others that are unlike you? Does it hurt to see human beings having fun, living lives, being nice to each other, not being killed or punishing themselves, eating enough, being healthy, breathing clean air. Do living human beings unsettle you? How about living and gay? or black? or intelligent? or female? No, not at all, you don't consider those ways of being to be human.

You have to keep taking from others to stay the way you are. You are parasites. You are a burden on humanity. For you, millions must work so hard that they have little time or energy to think. Millions must risk their lives to live up to your double-standard. Millions must

go hungry so you can worry about your cholesterol. Millions have to leave their families and go to far away lands to be shot dead so that you can have a bigger automobile between now and fifty years from now when the oil dries up, eighteen years of life gone for another half-century of your vanity.

You worship false idols. Dirty green pieces of paper. They don't love you back. They tell you what to do so they can keep themselves company and multiply. You see yourselves in them. The similarity is this; you only care about yourselves. The few of you must live fearfully and plot to keep yourselves in power by imposing fear on others. You instill the fear of not having enough money among the poor. You've gotten them to believe in it, and now they'll do anything you tell them, so they can perpetually vie for the imaginary "enough money." You've tricked them into thinking that salvation is gotten through drudgery.

Everything you've done is going to hurt you. It doesn't prevent the rest of us from knowing that we are free, it just makes it more difficult for everyone, including you.

All that I can say about you has a single point and underlying law; your lack of compassion will be your undoing. Your high-walled neighborhoods are standing signs of your own denial and guilt. Because you need so much to keep yourselves distracted, and you cannot deal with the results of the deficit of resources that you've created, you've built yourselves fortresses. You turn a blind eye to the poverty that you are responsible for, so you can be comfortable with the unwarranted power that you were born with. Wasted potential. That's what you love and that's what you are and that's all that you'll ever love and that's all that you'll ever be. That is your worst sin, second only to your lack of compassion.

Give up your fear. Let go of your hate. Change your xenophobic spirituality. Pursue meaningful action, forsake money. Do these words sound familiar? If not, then your place of worship needs to do some fact checking.

Many blessings and good luck,  
Jamie Mignone,  
Human Being

Are you an <http://Alleged.Leftist?>

Come to, supposedly, **The Stony Brook Press<sup>1</sup>**.

According to "rumors," meetings are purported to be at 1:00pm, or thereabouts, on, what sources say, are Wednesdays in, as I have been told, the Union<sup>2</sup> in what unconfirmed reports say is Room 060, which is located in, some imply, the so-called <http://union.basement>.

1: Which can only be described as an "alleged leftist jamboree"

2: The act of uniting or the state of being united

# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

By Claudia Toloza, Melanie Donovan, Michael Prazak, Jackie Hayes, Matt Willemain and Joan Leong

## International

### Ecuador- State of Emergency Declared

On Friday April 15, President Lucio Gutierrez declared a state of emergency in Quito, Ecuador. This measure was taken due to the unrest caused by Gutierrez's dismissal of the Supreme Court. This is not the first time that Supreme Court has been dissolved in Ecuador. In December of 2004, Gutierrez had dismissed the Supreme Court judges claiming that they were biased and favoring opposition parties. More specifically, Gutierrez took this action soon after judges of the Supreme Court had sided with opposition politicians in a failed attempt to impeach him. Some believe that Gutierrez's action in December had to do with facilitating the return of former Ecuadorian President Abdala Bucaram, who had been exiled to Panama after being charged with corruption. Fellow party members of Bucaram's apparently had backed up Gutierrez in order to prevent his impeachment. Critics of Gutierrez's actions claim that the disintegration of the Supreme Court is unconstitutional and believe that Gutierrez is behaving like a dictator. The declaration of a state of emergency reduces the individual rights of Ecuadorian citizens greatly, as of now they are not allowed to assemble publicly and the military has been instructed to maintain order. Whatever the case may be this situation has definitely put a lot of stress on the people of Ecuador.

On Saturday April 16, President Gutierrez lifted the state of emergency he had declared the day before. The state of emergency was not taken lightly by Ecuadorian citizens who soon after it was declared poured into the streets in disapproval. The issuing and lifting of a state of emergency in a matter of two days shows that the political situation in Ecuador is unstable and that more problems are likely until this issue has been resolved.

### Anti-Japanese Sentiment Rages in China

Tens of thousands of Chinese gathered in Shanghai this past week to protest a cumulative series of controversial decisions made recently by the Japanese government. Sparked off, initially, by a recent edition of a Japanese history text that downplayed that nation's abuse of China during World War II. This came in the form of regaling the massacre of Nan King to the status of event, only paying lip service to its impact and brutality. This was compounded by the Japanese government's decision to begin ocean drilling in an area still under dispute between the two nations. Finally, the recent attempt by Japan to be installed as a full member of the UN Security Council has renewed a sentiment, of the Japanese as a war mongering people, among the Chinese. These flare-ups have signaled a renewal of tensions between the two Asian nations that have been brewing since the

cessation of aggression during World War II. However, the violence in these protests has been sudden and the permissive allowance of physical aggression against Japanese interests in the province by the Chinese government has surprised many. Talks between the nations have been engaged but many suspect these meetings to have very little effect on the already strained relations.

### Kofi Annan Cleared in the Oil-For-Food Scandal

Annan was accused of mismanaging \$60 million in the oil-for-food program by UN officials. He was cleared of improperly awarding funds to a Swiss company that his son was employed by. The new evidence finds that they do not have enough proof to connect Annan to the corrupt actions taken by his son. However, his son's role in this scandal is still under investigation. The oil-for-food program began as an effort to alleviate the suffering of the Iraqi people as a result of UN sanctions following the invasion of Kuwait in 1990. The tables have turned and Kofi Annan is pointing his finger at Britain and the United States for turning a blind eye to the oil smuggling that was going on. Since the program had begun, Saddam had managed to steal billions of dollars that was directed for the relief of his people. Annan believed that since the oil was sold to Turkey and Jordan who are allies of the two countries, the US and Britain decided to turn a blind eye to what was happening. The British and US reject these claims. More details to follow.

### Iraq Names its Transitional Government

After months of speculation and debate, the Iraqi National Assembly has finally named its president and two parliament deputies. In a surprising appointment, minority Kurdish leader Jalal Talabani was named interim government president. The two new parliament deputies are Shiite Islamist Adel Abdel Mahdi and Sunni president Ghazi al-Yawar. Despite the differences in their religious backgrounds, they all managed to work together to name the top three positions in the new transitional government. Shiite majority leader Ibrahim al-Jaafari has been named the Prime Minister. After years of restraint, under Saddam's Baathist's Party, the Sunni majority and the oppressed Kurdish minority are finally able to exert their influence over the government. The new transitional government have had to bury their feelings of disdain towards the Shia-Sunnis who have tortured and violated their rights under Saddam's regime. Hopefully with the new key figures in place every voice of the Iraqi citizen will finally be heard and they are one step closer to achieving a lasting peace.

### Viagra Ruled Kosher for Passover

On April 14, Israeli Rabbi Mordechai

Eliahu reversed an earlier decision and declared that the anti-erectile dysfunction drug Viagra can be kosher for Passover. Rabbis over the past several years have ruled against the taking of Viagra during Passover because the pill's outside coating contains leaven. Jews are banned from eating leaven during the eight-day-long holiday in remembrance of the Jews' exodus from Egypt. This law extends to pharmaceuticals as well, so long as the drugs are not taken for a life-threatening condition. Since erectile dysfunction is hardly a life-threatening condition, few rabbis have approved Viagra use during the holiday since its introduction in 1998.

The new ruling came amid reports that Israeli rabbis and Pfizer Pharmaceuticals-Israel have been receiving a steady stream of phone calls regarding the subject. According to the *Jerusalem Post*, Pfizer contacted Rabbi Menahem Burstein, head of the Puah Institute for Fertility and Medicine According to *Halacha* (Jewish Scripture). Burstein, in turn, contacted Rabbi Eliahu, who ruled that Viagra can be taken during Passover if the pills are placed into special kosher gelatin capsules prior to Passover, and then swallowed with the pill. No word yet on whether Cialis or Levitra face the same issues.

### Venezuela Plans to Go After Oil Companies

According to India Daily, President Chavez plans to go after international oil companies in Venezuela for tax evasion. On April 14, the Venezuelan Energy Ministry made statements that it would begin a full-scale tax investigation into all foreign firms operating in the oil industry. They are expected to gain about \$2 billion following the conclusion of the investigations.

Chavez also plans to alter 32 oil contracts with companies including Chevron Texaco Corp. and Conoco Phillips, forcing them into joint contracts with the state. Venezuela would then hold 51% stake in all oil ventures, thereby maximizing the government's oil revenue.

Chavez fears outside aggression and foreign intervention in response to oil company investigations. He has since strengthened relations with Brazil, India, Russia, and China and has also organized a large militia under his direct control.

### Bolivian Congress Plans to Review Oil and Gas Contracts

The Bolivian Congress will review close to 72 oil and gas contracts, including a contract with Royal Dutch Shell following a high court decision stating that lawmakers could ratify or annul contracts made under previous governments.

According to Bloomberg.com, current Bolivian President Carlos Mesa opposes any changes to the contracts stating, "The decisions that the National Congress takes regarding the responsibility of previous presidents, minis-

# NEWS-IN-BRIEF



# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

ters and congressman on this issue are decisions we'll have to respect."

Yet, Evo Morales, leader of the Movement Toward Socialism, the second largest political party in Bolivia, is pushing for Congress to void the contracts. Manuel Morales, the party's deputy stated, "These companies made a big mistake in failing to have Congress ratify the contracts... these contracts are null and void, and Bolivian law does not permit litigation by a foreign company."

## Newly Declassified Documents Shed More Light on Negroponte's Involvement in Iran-Contra Affair

The Washington Post recently exposed newly declassified cables and memos they obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. These documents reveal that Negroponte had pressured the President's National Security Advisor and CIA Director to continue supplying the Contras with arms, even after the House voted to cut all financial aid to the Contras in 1983. The memos specifically suggested maintaining secret arms deals.

The Bush Administration recently nominated John Negroponte for the National Intelligence Director. In an interview with Democracy Now's Amy Goodman Negroponte stated in regards to the documents that, "whatever courses of action I recommended in Honduras were always entirely consistent with applicable law at the time." Later he admitted that, "I haven't had an opportunity to look at the cables to which the Washington Post refers."

## National

### Frightening Statistics

The anticorporate activist group Citizen Works compiled the following statistics about excessive executive compensation from reports in the *New York Times*, *Business Week* and the research of Pearl Meyer & Partners and Mercer Human Resource Consulting: 1) chief executive salaries at 179 of the largest companies who had not changed management in the past year rose 12% to an average of \$9.84 million 2) consultants predict CEO pay increases to exceed 20% this year 3) bonuses at 100 successful big companies rose by 46.4%.

### Whale-Dolphin Crossbreed in Hawaii

In Honolulu, Hawaii, the second whale-dolphin mix was born on December 23rd. Its mother, Kekaimalu, is a mix of a false killer whale and an Atlantic bottlenose dolphin. The yet to be named wholphin is one-fourth false killer whale and three-fourths Atlantic bottlenose dolphin. The young wholphin is the size of a 1 year-old Atlantic bottlenose dolphin and her skin is the mix between a dolphin's grey skin and a false killer whale's black skin. Officials at the Sea Life Park will soon name the

baby and put her in a large display tank for viewing. Questions about the normalcy of this mix and if this is messing with nature will most likely be brought up. It is said by scientists that this breed is not unnatural, because although the two animals are different species, they are in the same family. Mixes like this one have also been found in the wild. The wholphin is definitely a scary thought when you think about the combinations of different species. Hopefully, if these hybrids really do occur in the wild, it will be left up to nature and not scientists.

### Wal-Mart Donates \$35 million to Wildlife

Admitting that they are bastards, Wal-Mart donates \$35 million dollars to offset the damage they have done to the environment in their expansive retail history. They promised to buy all the acres of lands equal to their acres of stores and reserve them as "priority" wildlife habitats. The idea was first proposed to Wal-Mart last year by the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation chairman Max Chapman Jr. and claims that Wal-Mart didn't hesitate to take up the offer. The Sierra Club released this comment, "Wal-Mart thinks it can paint over its record with a nice shade of green, but that won't hide its true colors," said Eric Olson. While everyone has its criticisms with Wal-Mart, they deserve some credit for being the first major corporation to take a step towards conservation. Wal-Mart has continual lawsuits against them either for labor practice or their numerous environmental violations. Whatever their motive, they are trying to clean up their image just in time for Earth Day on April 22nd.

## Local

### Freaks Attack Campus

The weekend of I-Con 24 saw an unheard of amount of additional activities occurring completely independent of the gathering itself. From the Music for Peace Festival, in the Graduate Café, to the Cabaret s showing of the rock musical Hair in the Fanny Brice Theatre. One could ask why campus life isn't always as lively as it was this weekend. Perhaps administration is trying to purge the campus of any lively energy in one fell swoop, much like the Dionysian festivals of ancient Greece. In any event, the students of the campus hold out dwindling hope that weekends like this may become more common.

### SBU Student Arrested

Stony Brook University student, Vincent Rasulo (former USG senator and steadfast member of the CORE party), was arrested Wednesday night on three counts of harassment in the second degree. He was arraigned in court

this past Thursday. While no jail time was issued, three orders of protection were signed by the defendant. If Mr. Rasulo is caught violating said orders he risks facing up to a year in prison combined with a fine of up to \$1,000 dollars.

### K-Rock Changes Format, Spawns Internet Sibling

On April 4, New York's WXRK (92.3 FM), which originally started out as a classic rock station before switching to modern rock in 1985, has changed its format to mainstream rock, expanding its playlist to include more rock from the 80's and 90's in an attempt to gain a larger audience.

Viacom's Infinity Broadcasting, which owns the station, also simultaneously launched a streaming internet radio station on their website, krockradio.com. Dubbed KROCK2, the internet stream will focus more on playing new music, including more avant-garde music that normally would not be played over the air.

WXRK's Robert Cross told *Billboard*, "we were serving two masters, and this is a way for us to split it into two, and super-serve the new music needs on the Web and [satisfy] the people who just want the best rock of the last 15-20 years in one place." Infinity's Rob Barnett told *Billboard* that the "positive reaction" to Infinity's internet-only WHFS in Washington, D.C. influenced their decision to start up KROCK2.

With the format flip, New York now supplants Philadelphia as the largest market without a modern rock station, and follows the closing of modern rock stations in Philly, D.C., Houston, Tampa, San Jose and Miami.

(For more information, read "Rock Radio Rolls Over - Will It Play Dead?" in the previous issue of *The Press* or thepress.info).

### Return Of Union Bathrooms

This week heralds the return of the famous Union Deli bathrooms! Finally, students are no longer forced to use whatever empty au bon soup container they can find. The student body has been without this prime spot for piddling for nearly the entire year, and its lack has been sorely felt. The countless horror stories of students dying in that very hallway, overcome by their own filth and crapulence, have been disseminated like urban legends around a campfire. The facilities have largely been deemed "worthy of shitting in," and so it seems the entire renovation was entirely justified. This comes at the recent unveiling of Stony Brooks new Delancy Street Deli, which any number of taglines could encompass, but the most telling one is "the Deli, down the hall from the Deli." So, finally, those seeking to relive the joy of stumbling out of Papa Joes, clenching their twisted guts, into the arms of the Union Deli bathroom are treated to a wonderful sense of nostalgia. The old and the new coming together per usual at Stony Brook University!

# NEWS-IN-BRIEF



# LOOKING FOR THE TRUTH?

By Jacquie Bachman

Have you ever sat back and thought to yourself, "Self, I feel like being an ass today"? If so, you should seriously consider joining the Alliance Defense Fund. What is this you might find yourself asking, the Alliance Defense Fund (ADF) sounds like something that would do good things for this country and its citizens; something people should be interested in being involved in, but it's quite the opposite. ADF's stated purpose is "...a legal alliance defending the right to hear and speak the Truth through strategy, training, funding, and litigation." Basically they're a

"The Alliance Defense Fund hopes to not come across as being judgmental but merely trying to show those who struggle with homosexual behavior that they can still turn to Christ's eternal love and healing ways"

Courtesy of  
www.godhatesfags.com

Christian legal group that is endorsed by groups such as the Christian Ministry Focus on the Family, Campus Crusade for Christ, and the Southern Baptists; and they exist solely in an attempt to make others' lives as miserable as possible.

Now, who should really care about any of these whack-jobs? Everybody! These people are crazy and pose a huge threat, especially if you don't fit the cookie cutter mold that they believe in. One group that ADF particularly enjoys attacking is the queer community. It's story time—yay!!!!!! In 1996 the Gay, Lesbian, and Straight Education Network (GLSEN) in collaboration with the United States Student Association (USSA) began a nationwide project, a "Day of Silence." The day of action seeks to combat anti-gay bias in schools by taking a vow of silence in order to draw attention to the isolation and harassment that is experienced by many in the LGBT community every day. The project started off small but has grown to participation numbers reaching hundreds of thousands of students across the nation (450,000 last year). This of course upset ADF a great deal (...tear), and in opposition they have launched a project of their

own, a "Day of Truth," aimed at mobilizing students who believe that homosexuality is a sin. Since it is an alliance dedicated to defending the right to hear and speak the truth ("I am the way, and the truth, and the life," said by the one and only JC himself, according to John 14:6), they wanted to make sure that those Christian students (who aren't brainwashed, they swear it's not a cult!) had the opportunity to present an alternative viewpoint to groups like GLSEN and USSA that promote homosexual behavior. ADF offers shirts to be worn on the "Day of Truth" (which is the day after the "Day of Silence") which will sport the slogan "The Truth Cannot Be Silenced" declaring their unwillingness to condone "detrimental personal and social behavior."

Mike Johnson, the Alliance Defense Fund attorney says that the day is meant to be "peaceful and respectful" BUT motivated by the belief that homosexuality is WRONG! Johnson stated, "You can call it sinful or destructive—ultimately it's both." But no worries, if (god forbid) you're a member of the LGBT community and participated in the Day of Silence this year, you too can be saved! All you have to do is work throughout the course of the next year to change your evil ways, and participate next year in the Day of Truth instead.



WTF?

Courtesy of www.godhatesfags.com

# NATIONAL DAY OF SILENCE

By Marcel Votlucka

**April 13, 2005 - Day of Silence**

Please understand my reasons for not speaking today. I am participating in the Day of Silence, a national youth movement protesting the silence faced by lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender people and their allies. My deliberate silence echoes that silence, which is caused by harassment, prejudice, and discrimination. I believe that ending the silence is the first step toward fighting these injustices. Think about the voices you are not hearing today.

What are you going to do to end the silence?

**Day of Silence**

Have you ever sat back and thought to yourself, "Self, I feel like being an ass today"? If so, you should seriously consider joining the Alliance Defense Fund. What is this you might find yourself asking, the Alliance Defense Fund (ADF) sounds like something that would do good things for this country and its citizens; something people should be interested in being involved in, but it's quite the opposite. ADF's stated purpose is "...a legal alliance defending the right to hear and speak the Truth through strategy, training, funding, and litigation." Basically they're a Christian legal group that is endorsed by groups such as the Christian Ministry Focus on the Family, Campus Crusade for Christ, and the Southern Baptists; and they exist solely in an attempt to make others' lives as miserable as possible.

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# New York Should Join Washington In Removing Our Electoral Head from Our Ass

By Matt Willemain

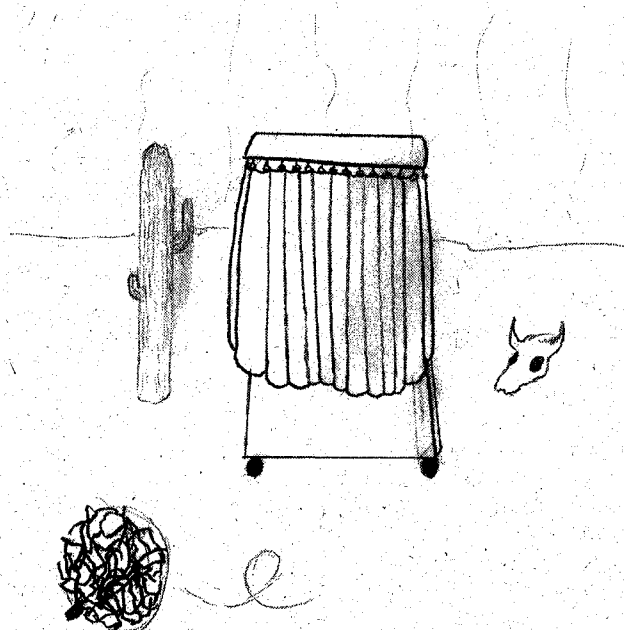
The way we elect some of our leaders, like presidents and governors, is bullshit. It is called plurality voting. This is when everybody votes one time for one favorite candidate, and the candidate with more votes than any other, no matter how few votes that is, wins. This system is terrible, because if you have more than two candidates it all comes crashing down. If you have ever tried to rent a movie with ten people you know exactly what I'm talking about. We should use a different method, called instant runoff voting.

The consequences of plurality voting for our democracy are dramatic. Good recent examples are the two presidential campaigns of Ralph Nader in 2000 and 2004. Worried about "spoiling" the election, many people who would love to see Nader as President decided not to vote for him. More than that, an embarrassing number of people felt that it was ok to force Nader off of state ballots, stripping anyone who might have voted for him of their most fundamental democratic rights. Problems like the ones faced by Nader are the tip of the iceberg. How many great people do not run for office, expecting to face this very situation? How much more interesting and meaningful would the last presidential election have been if John McCain or Howard Dean felt that they could run as independents?

Most people do not vote. One of the big reasons for this is that elections suck. They are too often uninteresting, meaningless and overly negative. Candidates with the potential to energize people are too often shut out of politics. More and more, the choices we are offered do not make a difference. For instance, if you are against the invasion and ongoing occupation of Iraq, neither the Democratic or Republican parties deserves your vote. In the polarized us-versus-them two party climate, politicians feel free to pull all kinds of nasty tricks on their opponents, and, once in office, to completely ignore supporters of their defeated opponent.

Due to the fact that we take the way we run our political system for granted, and because we do not question institutions like

plurality voting, we do not realize that it does not have to be this way. Reformers have had a lot of success lately with a different system for single-winner elections called instant runoff voting.



GOOD IDEA FROM TEXAS? IS THAT POSSIBLE?  
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Runoff elections, instant or otherwise, are used to elect the heads of state of nearly every democracy in the world, and we use them in our own student government. In ordinary runoff elections, if the winner out of three or more candidates doesn't have support from the majority, the top two candidates run head to head in a second election. With instant runoffs, you skip the second election and go to the polls once, listing the candidates you support in the order you prefer. Instant runoff voting elects the Mayors of London and San Francisco and the presidents of Ireland and Malta. It has been used successfully for half a century for the Australian legislature. It is recommended by Robert's Rules of Order, the definitive guide to running meetings, and is used internally by The

American Political Science Association.

Instant runoff voting guarantees that the eventual winner has the support of a majority. It allows for more people to participate in politics, and frees voters to stand up for what they really believe in. Since candidates still have the opportunity to win a second or third choice vote from the people who will vote first for their rivals, they have an incentive to disagree respectfully, and to pay attention to supports of their rivals.

On 12 April, a bill allowing cities in Washington State to try instant runoff voting passed their legislature. If Washington's Governor Christine Gregoire, gives her approval, Vancouver will join San Francisco as US cities using instant runoff, or as they call it in there, ranked choice voting. The voters there have already approved a trial of the method.

We ought to be giving instant runoff voting a chance here in New York. Assemblyman Fred Thiele has introduced legislation to that end, but this is a symbolic gesture. In the circus that is New York State politics, Democrats in the Senate, and Republicans in the Assembly (like Thiele) are virtually powerless without tremendous support from the public. For instant runoff voting to have a real chance, it would need the support of an Assembly Democrat or Senate Republican, like our own Assemblyman Steve Englebright or Senator John Flanagan, who, incidentally, happens to be the Chairman of the Senate Elections Committee.

More information about instant runoff voting can be found at the advocate site Fair Vote, clicking on the "IRV America" subsection. Fair Vote is a broad electoral reform effort founded by former moderate Republican congressman and 1980 independent presidential candidate John Anderson. The web site is at <http://www.fairvote.org>

Assemblyman Steve Englebright can be called in Albany at 518.455.4804 or reached by mail at LOB 824, Albany, NY 12248. Senator John Flanagan can be called in Albany at 518.455.2071 or reach by mail at Room 817 LOB, Albany, NY 12247.

## Budgets Struggled Through, but Reconciled, at Recent Senate Meeting

By Michael Prazak

This Tuesday, April 19, there were presented to the Undergraduate Student Government (USG) Senate floor a series of budget proposals aimed at providing a new, balanced economic plan for the upcoming semesters. Chairperson of the budget committee Raj Gupta was noticeably absent during the presentation of said budget, leaving a bewildered, but admirably focused, Ilan Nassimi to field questions in his stead.

A cover letter, listing budget options, was handed out, in conjunction with listings of each campus group and their standing within the new viewpoint neutral system for student activity fee funding. The list presented three different options for the USG Senate to consider, along with a superfluous fourth option, deemed impossible due to the SUNY Chancellor's Guidelines. The intricacies of each were presented, and the Senate then opened the floor to questions from the gallery, which was filled with representatives from many clubs.

Initially, the most appealing option seemed to be the one that asked for a \$10

increase in the student activity fee, while only requiring clubs and organizations to cut 25 percent from their expected budget. This option seemed like it would pass unanimously, until issues with its implementation and urgency were highlighted by several members of NYPIRG.

From here, options were entertained ranging from no activity fee increase, along with the resulting dramatic 50 percent cut to all club budgets, to an even steeper activity fee increase, \$14 instead of \$10, which would mean only small cuts to every campus club's budget. This deadlocked both the Senate and the gallery, and eventually devolved to a large unrefined discussion and argument session. It seemed as if nearly all present understood the need for a decision to be made, however, a large part of the gallery could not necessarily agree on what the direct outcome should be.

Finally, the Senate voted symbolically to raise the activity fee ten dollars, but this cannot be implemented until after students vote on the issue in upcoming campus elections. A sep-

arate vote provided for a referendum in which students will be asked if they want to raise the activity fee \$0, \$10 or \$14. The Senate also deliberately failed to pass a budget by the already extended deadline, as a decision to defer the budgetary responsibility to the Executive Council. This seemed to please most in attendance, although several still displayed a visible amount of disagreement with the adopted policy.

A few epilogue-like things happened, though they bear decreasing importance to the topic of the budget. First, someone stated that perhaps if both options, the \$10 and the \$14 dollar, along with the default no increase option, were placed on the ballot for vote it would help to inform students of the options available to them. Finally, a repentant and puppy-dog eyed Robert Romano delivered his apology for a mix up in scheduling the Vice-Presidential debates. Instead of on Thursday, as advertised, they would occur on Wednesday. Many people in attendance agreed his dourness seemed sincere.

# War, Occupation and the Future

By William Wharton

## Continued from page 4

ease of conquest was based on the overwhelming military superiority and civilizing force of the US. "No other civilization in the world," he claims, could have accomplished the conquest of Baghdad in a mere 21 days.vii He sought to enshrine this civilizational advance permanently by renaming the seized airport as the George Bush International Airport until he realized there was an airport with a similar name in Houston. What Rutter refused to recognize was that the ease of conquest was based primarily on the conscious strategy of the Iraqi military which was converting itself from a standing army to a network of guerilla fighters.

Here, with George Bush preparing to land on an aircraft carrier to announce the end of combat operations, Rutter's platoon received a seemingly bizarre order - break up a car-jacking ring operating in Baghdad. The organization of the insurgency was forcing the US military leadership to convert its troops into a police force in a desperate attempt to effect an efficient occupation. Rutter quickly arrested 150 Iraqis but was forced to admit to the press that it had become increasingly difficult to discriminate between civilians and the Iraqi military. Nevertheless, at least publicly, Rutter maintained a confident bravado by matching Bush's call for insurgents to "bring it on" by claiming that "we own the night."viii

## Escape from Baghdad or a One-Man Retreat

However, privately Rutter must have realized how impossible it would be occupy Iraq in the face of guerilla insurgency. It was at this moment that he displayed how dissimilar his class privileges were from the vast majority of US troops. Unlike the thousands of troops forced to remain in Iraq through the policy of "stop-loss," Rutter filed for retirement and was discharged.

Again, unlike veterans who face high levels of unemployment, Rutter was immediately hired as a military expert by FOX News. Rutter's overdetermined patriotic bravado fit the political profile of FOX perfectly. Equally, his ability to reduce every military question to tactics or the allocation of resources instead of examining the politics of occupation, allowed FOX viewers to develop the false sense that the US military somehow controlled the situation in Iraq. Subsequently, the Lt. Colonel who had been reduced to breaking up a stolen car ring, returned to Iraq as a high-paid "embedded" analyst for Fox News.

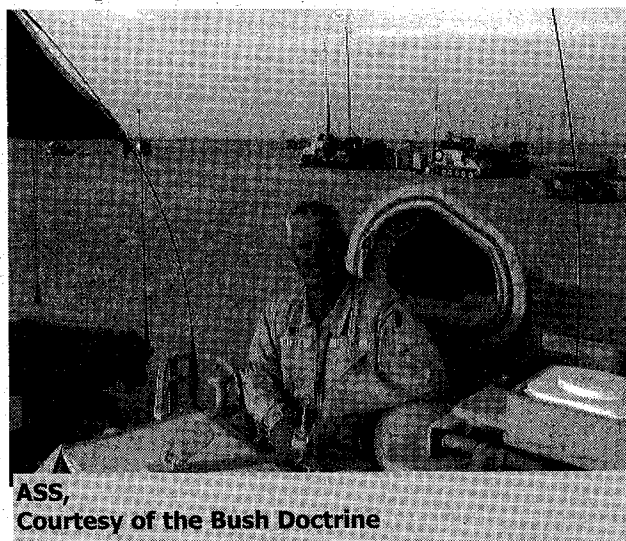
His post at FOX provided Rutter with the perfect forum to begin to reap the political benefits of posing as the authentic voice of the US soldier in Iraq. He cultivated this role primarily by his tactically shrewd and very public championing of the campaign for Sgt. Paul Smith to receive the medal honor. Smith was a combat engineer who was killed when his unit of 16 soldiers attacked a group of 100 retreating Iraqi soldiers. Why would these soldiers attempt such a seemingly suicidal maneuver?

Rutter explains that the platoon received orders to act in a defensive manner but Rutter concluded that "the best defense is an offense." Smith, he claimed was a real hero, "...a guy jumping from vehicles on fire, throwing hand grenades," [whose] "...last words were 'do not let the ammunition run out.'" (MEF) More importantly, Smith's life and death is yet another of the "...good news stories out there" that the liberal anti-war media refuses to cover.ix

People like Smith, Rutter argues, are part of a new generation of American soldiers and youth who were united by the attack on the

World Trade Center on September 11th where "...the pillars of our strength-the World Trade Center's with planes hanging out of them."x This event, Rutter claims, has produced an unwavering commitment to the occupation of Iraq among the soldiers that needs to be replicated among the citizens of the country. Rutter insists that there must be an unwavering support of both the US troops and the US government among all Americans. Anything less is an invitation for more terrorist activity.

Of course these claims are particularly absurd given the evidence of soldier's increasing refusals to carry out suicidal orders from their superiors and the rapid development of veteran anti-war groups such as the Iraqi Veterans against the War and Military Family Speak Out. Even more remarkably, Rutter's positions keep alive the utterly false claim circulated by the Bush administration that there was some direct connection between Iraq and the September 11th attacks.



ASS,  
Courtesy of the Bush Doctrine

However, these views must be understood as part of Rutter's larger political affiliation with the Young America's Foundation (YAF).xi YAF is an organization which brings together elements of the far right and assists in the organization and funding of far right groups on university campuses. Rutter is part of the militarist wing of this organization with other notorious far right speakers such as Pat Buchanan, Christian Coalition head Richard Reed and David Horowitz.

The YAF is currently focused on delivering speakers to campuses in support of the privatization of social security and drumming up support for the failing occupation of Iraq. Additionally, this organization enables seemingly disparate sections of the far-right, for instance Christian fundamentalists such as Reed and xenophobic protectionists such as Buchanan, to cooperate with one another in a

kind of united front.

The sum total of Rutter's maneuvering from the military to FOX News to an organization of the far right came during the 2004 Congressional elections in Pennsylvania. In a hastily organized campaign, Rutter presented himself as a Republican candidate in the electoral race for Pennsylvania's District 13 but failed to win the party's nomination. He was, however, able to generate \$150,000 in campaign cash contributions and one can be fairly certain that this initial entrance into the electoral realm will be followed by more serious efforts in the future.xii

## Whose Future Will It Be?

Rutter's view of the world is instructive in that it can provide the Stony Brook community with a clear exposition of the type of society the far right wishes to further construct in America. A passive citizenry, militaristic force informed by a civilizing mission and the elimination of social guarantees such as public education and social security are just some of the highlights of the world that Rutter and the far right desire.

At Stony Brook, undergraduates are just one of the groups faced with the cruel logic of the Republicans political project as more than \$150 billion dollars in tax money poured into the occupation of Iraq while SUNY Trustees announce yearly "automatic" tuition increases.

It is, therefore, essential that when Scott Rutter, an epitome of the regressive policies of right-wing, arrives at Stony Brook he is made to understand that students and workers at Stony Brook will not stand idly by while their future is destroyed. Indeed, April 20th could become a day in which the politics of fear are converted into those of peace and liberation. The very possibility of a democratic future depends on our collective ability to overcome the assault by the right and build and fight for a vision of the future capable of positively linking the human development of all peoples of the world.

In this endeavor it is possible to follow the lead of another Iraqi veteran and perhaps a better "epitome of an all American soldier" the previously mentioned Corporal Michael Hoffman. Instead of visiting campuses to enhance far-right politics and burying the aspirations of working people, Hoffman formed the Iraqi Veteran's Against the War.xiii Far from aggrandizing war, IVAW is dedicated to "saving lives and ending the violence in Iraq by an immediate withdrawal of all occupying forces." On April 20th the Stony Brook community can advance IVAW's call by building a mass demonstration against the future Scott Rutter, George Bush and the Stony Brook Republicans are prepared to create for all of us.

i Carolyn Glick, "America's Gift for Pessah," Jerusalem Post, April 16, 2003.

ii Carolyn Glick, "Holding the Airport," Jerusalem Post, April 16, 2003.

iii Scott Rutter, "Taking Baghdad: A First-Hand Perspective," Middle East Forum, November 20, 2003, <http://www.meforum.org/audio/>.

iv Geneva Conventions, Convention IV, Relative to the Protection of Civilian Persons in Time of War, 12 August 1949, <http://www.genevaconventions.org/>.

v Eva Steele-Saccio, "Breaking Ranks: An Interview with Mike Hoffman," October 11, 2004, Mother Jones, [http://www.motherjones.com/news/qa/2004/10/09\\_400.html](http://www.motherjones.com/news/qa/2004/10/09_400.html).

vi Mike Hoffman, "The Civilians We Killed," The Guardian, December 2, 2004, <http://www.guardian.co.uk/comment/story/0,3604,1364244,00.html>.

vii Middle East Forum.

viii This phrase "we own the night" was previously employed by the undercover NYPD squad responsible for the shooting death of unarmed African immigrant Amadou Diallo.

ix Middle East Forum.

x Middle East Forum.

xi <http://www.yaf.org/>.

xii The Center for Responsive Politics,

<http://www.opensecrets.org/politicians/alsorun.asp?CID=N00026662&cycle=2004>

xiii <http://www.ivaw.net>.



# Seal Hunting in Canada

By Tiffany Russo

The seal-hunting season began this year on March 29 with aspirations to murder 319,500 baby seals, and probably more since last year the Canadian government allowed close to 16,000 more seals than the quota. While Canadian fishermen involved this bloody industry claim that seal killing practices are humane, whereas many animal rights activists state otherwise.

When harp seals are born they are nursed by their mother's milk until they are covered in fluffy, white fur, after this time, about twelve days, the mothers must leave the pups on their own in order to mate. During this time the baby seals remain still and survive solely on their blubber. After a few more days the seals undergo yet another transformation, from their cute white baby fur to a sleek, black-spotted pelt. This is the very pelt they will be clubbed or shot to death for, usually when the pups are between 12 days and 12 weeks of age.

The Canadian fishermen claim that the killing of the innocent, defenseless infant seals helps to protect their depleting fish stocks, but the Humane Society of the United States, along with other marine scientists, declares that there is no scientific evidence that the removal of harp seals will produce any increases in fish populations. This issue was addressed by the Department of Fisheries and Oceans who, in 1994 when the seals were again being blamed for declining cod stocks, stated "the collapse of northern cod can be attributed solely to overexploitation by humans." What most people fail to



**MAYBE HES JUST CHASTISING HIS PET SEAL...**  
Courtesy of Tiffany Russo

see is that animals and, even us ignorant, dumb humans, are a part of a larger cycle, an ecosystem with, lets say "checks and balances", except that in nature they actually work. For example, harp seals do eat cod, but they also eat many other marine organisms, including some other predators of the codfish. So, since harp seals eat squid, which eat cod, then removing the

seals could result in an increased population of squid, and then the cod population would be in an even more devastating state then it was with the seals.

And, by the way, when I say "murder," I most definitely mean cruelly! Baby seals are most commonly killed by clubbing, either with a traditional wooden club or an ice pick-like tool called a hakapik, or with guns. So, if the baby seal isn't being brutally beaten to death, it is being shot at, and unless your Annie Oakley, shooting a small animal on a moving boat does not result in a perfect hit and instant death, but pain and suffering.

Many seals that are not killed by the first shot may also be left to die, whimpering, squirming, and just helplessly wasting away because most furriers deduct money for each bullet shot through the baby's fur. Therefore it is not economically worth it when Mr. Lovesbloodybabyseals shoots and misses his target 3 times, and so he chooses just to move on to the next cute baby animal who is trying to wiggle his way around the dead and wounded bodies, and the slippery red liquid streaming along the sparkling, white ice. There is no reason for this massacre, for there certainly must be other conservation methods to reconcile this conflict between fisherman, and baby seal. Otherwise, what good are we humans, when instead of using our fully developed brains; we decide to kill other species because it's most convenient for us.

## End of an Era

By Natalie Schultz

Saturday, April 2, 2005

At 2:37PM New York time, 9:37PM in Italy, Pope John Paul II passed away. This was not a surprise; the media had been consistently reporting on his life, awaiting his death, for the past two days. In fact, media coverage turned from consistent coverage over thirteen days waiting for Terri Schiavo to die. As soon as she left this earth, the Pope took his final turn for the worst. For over two weeks straight the media focused intently on the impending deaths of two people; both happened to be Catholic. Was this a sign? I don't know. But I must admit that it is rather eerie.

How do I feel personally about the Pope's passing? I must admit that I don't know. I was raised half Catholic and half Eastern Orthodox. Personally, after rebelling against thirteen years of Catholic religious classes and the accompanying ceremonies culminating in Confirmation, I spent my teenage years as an avowed Atheist. Now, no longer forced to go to church, I have slowly become less antagonistic toward Christianity.

Catholicism is really not for me. I much prefer and relate to the more traditional Eastern Orthodox Church. Orthodox Christians do not acknowledge the Pope. We split from the Catholic Church in 1054, the over-wielding power of the Pope being the reason. The Pope is considered the human representation of God here on earth; Orthodox Christians believe that no human can represent God, that only God is God and no single human should have that much power over other humans.

Today the Pope does not have nearly as much power over society as he did back in the Middle Ages. So why do I relate more with the Orthodox Church? I suppose it is because it hasn't changed much at all since 1054. The Orthodox Church is traditional; it has not succumbed to the desire to compel the faithful by

changing its ways to accommodate modern society. In the 1960's the Catholic Church underwent the reforms of Vatican II so that the lay people would not stray and so that it would be more appealing to converts. The Orthodox Church has not changed its ways to attract more followers.

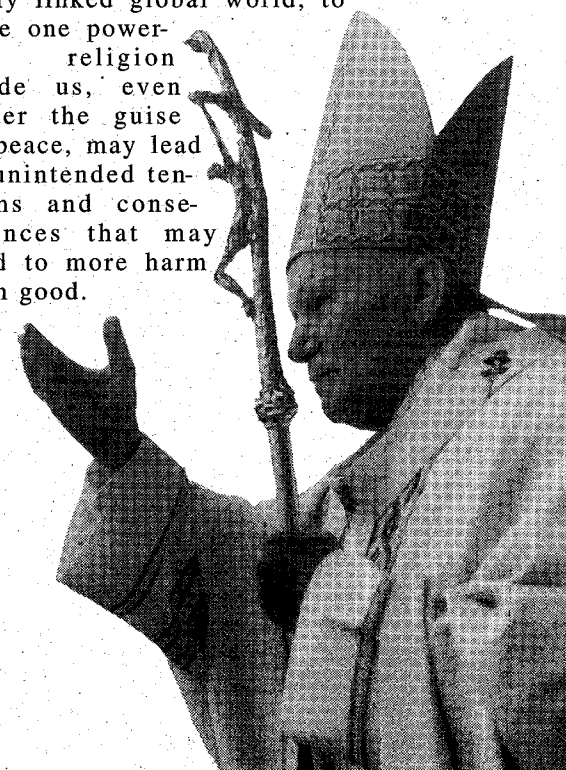
Everything else in our society has evolved to accommodate modernity; I believe that religion is tradition, a sort of escape from the real, chaotic world. Why should the church modernize to accommodate the people? The truly faithful should be willing to return to tradition one day a week.

The Catholic half of me happens to be Polish. Pope John Paul II was Polish. He was the first Slavic Pope, the first non-Italian Pope in over 450 years. In 2003 I went to Poland. There I witnessed churches full of parishioners every single day—children, teenagers, young adults and the elderly. Some people went in for just a few minutes to pray and then left. When traveling through the Polish countryside I noticed that every single cemetery was covered in a blanket of flowers. I found out that the Poles visit their loved ones every day and place fresh flowers on their graves. I was shocked and impressed; I finally understood that my Polish grandparents going to mass many times a week was not that unusual.

For many people today, especially those of my generation, Pope John Paul II is the only Pope we have ever known. Many people alive today do not know what life was like pre-Vatican II. We have grown up in a fast-moving, modern world of globalization. Pope John Paul II epitomized this new world. He was conservative on issues such as marriage, divorce and abortion, understandable for any Catholic priest. More importantly, Pope John Paul II was the most liberal world-traveling Pope who has ever lived. He reached out beyond the Vatican,

beyond just the Catholic faithful. He fought against Communism, he spoke out against the war in Iraq. He was the first Pope to visit Israel; to pray in a synagogue and enter a mosque. He reached out to the Third World and appointed Cardinals from remote areas of the world.

He was a man who encompassed all with an open hand. Under his leadership the Catholic Church has become a key player in world politics. To be honest, this is a scary thought. The American flag is flying throughout our country at half-staff in respect. This is fine. What scares me most is what will happen next. Who will be the next Pope? Will the Catholic Church continue to influence world politics from behind the scenes? In an increasingly linked global world, to have one powerful religion guide us, even under the guise of peace, may lead to unintended tensions and consequences that may lead to more harm than good.



# Bloomberg and the New York Jets Continued...

By Steve Deaner

## Continued from page 5

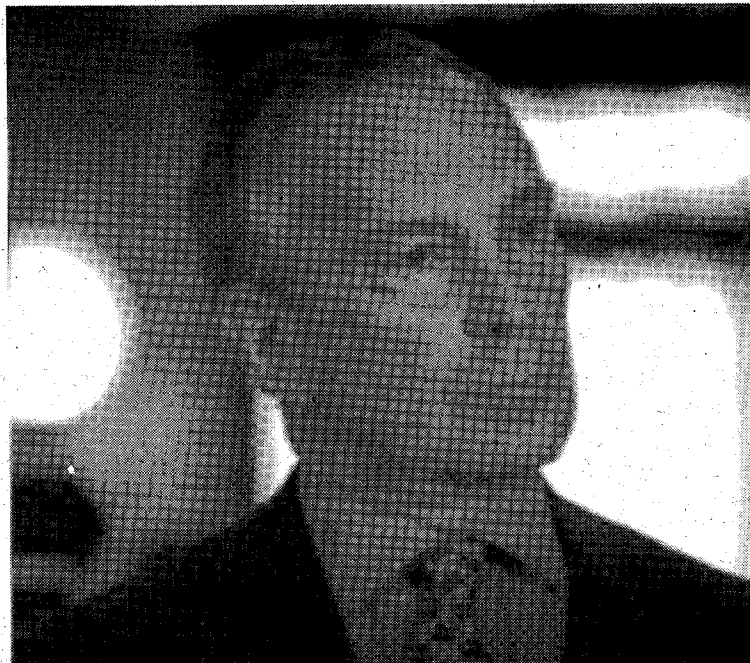
than later, and stand out front and stop passers by, and the homeless people living in the desolate area it is going to create, and be able to say to them that he is responsible for this great creation. This stadium, in the mayor's mind, is equivalent to the Coliseum in Rome. He believes it will bring prestige to the city and, more importantly, prestige to him. He doesn't want this stadium because it will bring in more money to the city or because it will be good for the people of New York, he wants to build it so that he will be remembered as more than the mayor who followed Rudy Giuliani and had to buy his way into Gracie mansion. There is no doubt that the man is an egomaniac who will put himself first and the people of New York City last. There is no other conclusion to draw when you look at the facts behind the financing of this stadium and the economic, environmental and social impact it will have on the people of Hell's Kitchen and the city as a whole.

First off, economically, this stadium makes absolutely no sense. This stadium is going to cost 1.4 billion dollars to construct. No other stadium in the United States has ever surpassed the billion dollar mark. In fact, when two new stadiums were built in Philadelphia, it cost under 1 billion dollars combined. But it's not the price of the stadium that bothers me that much. I wouldn't care if the stadium cost 50 billion dollars to construct, as long as billionaire Woody put in all his own money to build it. My major problem is that this billionaire is asking the people of New York to put in 600 million dollars into the stadium in the form of taxation. The Jets are saying they will put in the other 800 million. The problem with these billionaires is that they are a little fuzzy on their math. I guess that's what happens when you pay people to do the math for you. In reality, the Jets have only committed 250 million dollars in guaranteed money. The other \$450 million (another \$100 million will be paid by the NFL) is being committed to the project by outside developers who will use space surrounding the stadium to build residential areas and restaurants. This \$450 million will only be committed to the project if the west side property is rezoned to accommodate residential buildings. This rezoning plan has lots of opposition, and it will be hard to get this rezoning done.

So, in reality the Jets and their rich owner are putting in 250 million dollars, while the taxpayers of New York are asked to put in 600 million dollars for a retractable roof and a platform over the rail yards. This is absolutely unbelievable. It is even more unbelievable when you think of all the other ways this public money could be spent to better the city. Last time I checked, the NYPD hadn't gotten a raise in a long time, and fire houses were being closed all over the city. Last time I checked, most kids in city public schools were reading about the civil war from text books made in the 1800's, and were learning in classrooms where students have to sit on top of each other because of overcrowding, and had to watch out for the roof collapsing on them while they were learning. I know that I would rather have our 600 million dollars go to fixing major problems that afflict the city, instead of building some rich billionaire a football stadium he could build on his own.

The Jets and the mayor argue that the taxpayers should pay for a lot of the stadium's costs because of the amount of money it will generate, approximately 72.5 million dollars in

annual tax revenue for the city, in the form of Jets games, conventions, concerts and, of course, the 2012 Olympics. I hate to be the bearer of bad news for our beloved mayor, but the 2012 Olympics are not coming here. The problem with the Olympics is that Bloomy can't buy it. The Olympics have an International Olympic Committee that votes on where future Olympics are to be held. The key word here is *international*. I am pretty sure that we are not very well liked *internationally* because of our foreign policy. Right now we are fighting an unpopular war in Iraq. Members of the Olympic committee will not vote for a United States Olympics for that very reason. So, a big chunk of that 72.5 million a year, annually, is just fantasy. The rest of that number is also fantasy because there really is no way of telling how much money a stadium will generate. There is no way to tell how many rock concerts or conventions the project will attract. Judging by the fact that the Jets are the ones telling you that it will generate 72.5 million dollars, the number of events predicted is probably a grand overstatement. No other stadium in the country has ever even come close to generating this amount of revenue. Most other stadiums have a lot better team than the Jets playing in them, too.



HEY MIKEY! HE LIKES IT!  
Courtesy of NBC News

Once you swallow the hard economic reality of this proposed stadium, you must then think of the people who live on the west side of Manhattan, and the people of Hell's Kitchen, and how this monstrosity of a stadium will affect them. Let's put aside the fact that the mayor is asking these people to pay for a stadium that they don't want and just deal with the effect on the sociology of the area. Imagine that you lived there right now. As you walk outside of your apartment, you are just a quick walk away from the waterfront. On your way there, you pass your old friend Mrs. Smith, who has lived in the area for fifty years. You wave to her as you pass, and are filled with the happiness that only comes from seeing an old friend. You finally get to the waterfront, and are immediately filled with joy. Going to the water is one of the great pleasures in your life. It's an escape from the hectic city life you live.

Now, imagine you live on the west side and the stadium has been built. Your apartment building is one of the few apartments that weren't torn down by the city. As you open the door, you must first walk over the homeless man sleeping on your steps. Since the stadium has been built, all of the local residents are gone

and the area is a ghost town anytime there isn't a sporting event, concert or convention going on. No one came to the area to shop, because you can shop anywhere in the city. Now, the area is an attraction for the seedy underbelly of the city. No one around means no one to see the crimes they are committing. On your walk you pass by the area where Mrs. Smith used to live. Her apartment building wasn't one of the lucky ones, and was torn down. Her apartment was bought out for a fraction of the price it really cost, and she was forced to live on the street and become a prostitute because she couldn't support her family. As you look toward where the waterfront once was, you no longer see the tranquil beauty of the water. All you see now is big white box that serves as the home of the New York Jets. Depressed by the sight of this monstrous box, you quickly pull a gun out of your pocket and blow your brains out, the memory of what your home used to look like lingering in your head until the last instance.

The preceding story may be a little bit of an over exaggeration, but it gets to the heart of the issue of whether to build the stadium. By building this stadium on the west side rail yard, you are destroying the community that lives there now. A countless number of people will be forced out of the homes they've lived in for years to accommodate this stadium. Generations of people who have interacted with and lived next to each other will be forced to disperse throughout the city. The problem with the developers of this world is that they forget that a community is organic. It has tendencies that have been built up through years of interaction. It has its own cultural identity, because of the interactions of people throughout the years. You can not just create a community identity by putting up new residential areas. It takes time for a community awareness to come to be. It has taken a lot of time for the people of Hell's Kitchen to develop their identity. The very essence of who these people are, and their self identity, is tied into their community. By forcing them to move out, and changing the dynamics of the community, you are killing the social identity of the people who live there. You are stripping these people of their identity by putting a stadium there. The thing that makes cities great in this world is the fact that there is no other type of community organization

where you can have cultural interaction on such a large scale. In building the West Side Stadium and the surrounding residential areas, you are destroying the natural cultural interaction that happens in Hell's Kitchen everyday, and replacing it with an artificial setting, one that will strip the area of its cultural uniqueness.

Many people reading this may ask where this stadium should be built, if not the west side of Manhattan. For these people I have a solution that will cost the taxpayer nothing and not interrupt any long standing community on a grand scale. My solution would be to put the stadium in Queens, where Shea Stadium now exists. The New York Mets baseball team is also looking to build a new stadium of their own. I propose that the Jets and Mets get together and build a dual baseball and football stadium. The two teams can split the cost, meaning that the taxpayers would have to pay nothing, and they could build on an area of the city already set aside for a sports stadium. I feel this is a good compromise for the people of the city and the New York Jets. The over running of open space by developers who want to build huge skyscrapers on every area of land in the world must be stopped, and I for one am taking my stand here.

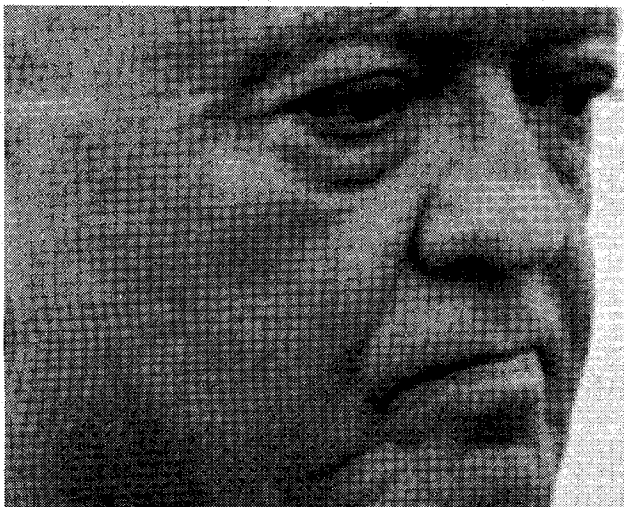


# The PATRIOT Act... Revisited

By David K. Ginn

"Anyone who would sacrifice freedom for peace deserves neither." – Benjamin Franklin

The Patriot Act, the bill that allows the federal government virtually unlimited access to your personal life and information, is up for review, and hopefully expiration shortly afterward. The act was introduced a month after the September 11 terrorist attacks, when President George W. Bush decided that the United States should both accuse every person with a beard and a turban of mass murder and invade the private lives of its own citizens, in order to help stop terrorism.



**COURSE IT IS. WHY DO YOU THINK IT'S RUN BY A MAN NAMED HOOOOOVER?**  
Courtesy of [www.the1standsforJawsome.com](http://www.the1standsforJawsome.com)

The first of these actions caused every single person in the Middle East to say "fuck you, America, and now you're not getting any fucking oil." The second action caused every person in America to say "fuck you, America. Um...fuck you."

Well, now we have high gas prices, a war that will never end and a beautiful little Patriot Act to go with it. Here's what the Patriot Act can do for you:

1) Allow government agencies like the Central Intelligence Agency and the Department of Homeland Security to monitor internet activities by ordinary people and investigate them, as long as they have permission from the server.

My guess is they probably even skip that step, too.

2) Force the police to turn over wiretaps and other local investigation information to said agencies without any kind of warrant.

3) Allow said agencies to monitor library activities, such as book borrowing and computer usage. The best part about this one is the librarians are required not to tell their patrons about this when it happens. Now that's freedom.

Well, there is good news here. The good news is that all three of these provisions are set to expire on December 31, 2005. If our government has improved at all since 2001, it will vote the bill down for renewal. We hope so.

My real question is about Section 215 (the "library act"). I wonder how many terrorists would go into a library to take out books on terrorism. I mean, you can't be a very good terrorist if you have to do that. How about a book on building bombs? I'll tell you, the first place I'll go when I want to build a bomb is the public library. Fucking moronic.

I think the real problem isn't that there's a flow of information about bomb-building, but rather that there's a flow of people who want to blow other people up.

Security doesn't solve the problems it wants to solve, in my opinion. There's a theory called "The Red Queen Theory" that describes this type of movement. The Red Queen Theory states "run, run, as fast as you can, just to stay where you are." This means that security doesn't stop terrorists; instead, security just makes better terrorists. Likewise, better terrorists make better security, and the two will go on and on and on and on, forever. This is the inevitable evolution of national security in our nation, and it's good to know there's at least a hint of something other than fascism when the government decided that bills like the Patriot Act should expire. Let's just hope it stays expired. No one really wants that shit.

Well, maybe some people do, and those people should be searched and subject to the provisions act. Well, maybe not. That's not even fair, because there are some things about people that other people have...the act is stupid and should be whacked. The end.

## Hispanic Literature Symposium

By Lena Tumasyan

On Saturday, April 9th, the Department of Hispanic Languages & Literature held its annual symposium. The topic discussed this semester, entirely in Spanish, was "Arms and Letters: Old and New Violences in Hispanic Literature."

The keynote speaker invited was Jean Franco, who held a lecture on the topic of "The Violence of Language." Franco is a famous professor, essayist and literary critic born in 1924, and graduated from the University of Manchester with a BA and later an MA. She focuses on the fields of literature, women's studies, and cultural studies, particularly nationalism and post-nationalism as they relate to Latin American cultural production.

The event assembled at the Charles B. Wang Center at 9am and lasted through Franco's lecture, which began at 4:30pm. Topics were analyzed in approximately one and a half hour slots, two at a time, in smaller "panel" rooms with moderators. Some of the panels were "Representations of the Spanish Civil War,"

"Gender and Violence," "Constructing and Deconstructing the Nation," "Violence and Intellectual Figures," there were eight panels in total.

The final lecture took place in the much larger lecture hall on the 4th floor, which was almost entirely filled (about 100 seats) with graduate students, professors, and guests. It was an exciting and educational program for all whom attended, especially at the end during the question and answer session with numerous-awarded Franco.

The Department of Hispanic Languages & Literature, is part of the College of Arts and Science (<http://ws.cc.stonybrook.edu/hispanic/index.html>). Its programs list a major (SPN), minor, M.A. and PhD programs. The symposium was also co-sponsored by the Humanities Institute.

Here is the link to the conference info online: <http://ws.cc.stonybrook.edu/hispanic/Conferences/Violence2005/armasletras.htm>

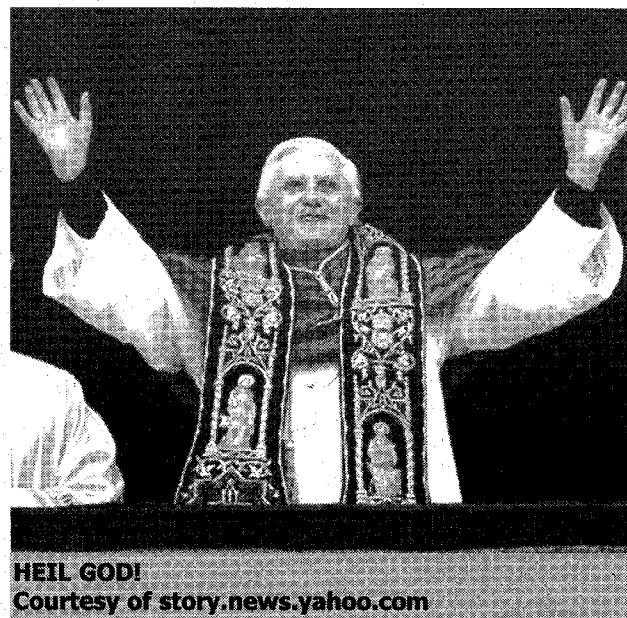
# New Pope Chosen

By Dustin Herlich

Cardinal Ratzinger of Germany has now been selected as the new Pope. Cardinal Ratzinger, from here on in known as Pope Benedict XVI, has called himself a "Simple, humble worker in God's vineyard." Joseph Ratzinger, now 78, was born in Bavaria in 1927 to a traditional family. Ratzinger attended seminary, but was interrupted in his studies to serve in the Nazi army as an anti-aircraft gunner in Munich.

It is this experience in the Nazi army that much of the criticism of him stems from. Supporters claim that his experiences as a Nazi led him to stand up for truth and justice. Critics refer to this, simply, as insanity. The Catholic Church during WWII turned a decisive blind eye to the horrors of WWII, and turned down many opportunities to save persecuted people in Italy during the war.

According to Wolfgang Cooper, who is a commentator on religious affairs in Germany, the Cardinal could become a divisive figure in the



**HEIL GOD!**  
Courtesy of [story.news.yahoo.com](http://story.news.yahoo.com)

church. "I think if Cardinal Ratzinger was Pope, a large distance could grow between the leadership of the Church and the faith." It is no secret that Ratzinger is a hard-line conservative, unapologetic and unyielding. Where John Paul II was regarded as progressive and forward thinking, Ratzinger is regarded as arcane.

Ratzinger has been a head of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, which is a group in the Vatican that has been the guardian of orthodoxy, since 1981. According to Mary Grant of the US Survivors Network of Those Abused by Priests, "Ratzinger is a polarizing figure to many, who seems to prefer combativeness to compromise and compassion. Still, we wish him well."

Catholics in this country have become increasingly disillusioned by the lack of attention the Vatican has given the abuse issue, and hopefully this Pope will address this matter in a satisfactory manner. Pope Benedict XV was pope during WWI. We can only hope that the new Pope Benedict will be remembered in years to come as a Pope who reigned in a time of peace.

German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder said that Ratzinger's appointment is a great honor for all Germans. Clearly this Pope has his supporters and his opponents, but so has every Pope. Only time will tell how this Pope performs. The Catholics of the world have high hopes, and high expectations. Hopefully he will live up to expectations and appease critics.

This article also appears in the *Stony Brook Independent*.

# 10 States Sue the EPA

By Joan Leong

For years, the public have been warned about the dangers of mercury emissions in our water, yet it was largely ignored. Last year, briefly after Satan became president again, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) sneakily rewrote the Clean Air Act to favor large power plants over the health and safety of its citizens. It allows for the power plants, which are the greatest contributors to mercury production, to release three times the amount of pollution previously allotted.

The revised standards also include a "cap and trade" plan which means that the plants are able to buy or trade pollution credits from other plants. Each credit waives away the plant's responsibility to maintain a certain percentage of mercury released by increasing that amount simply by purchasing credits that give them more leeway to pollute. That is such a bullshit loophole that further proves the EPA is a big joke now. They certainly do not protect anything anymore and they are a tool in destroying the environment.

Finally, the states are speaking up and protecting the people like they should. Ten states have banded together to sue the EPA for not adequately protecting children and expectant mothers from the hazardous effects of mercury. Wisconsin is the most recent addition in the fight against the federal government's regulations of mercury. New Jersey is leading the campaign and has full support from California, Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York and Vermont. Governor Jim Doyle of Wisconsin criticizes Bush for "cowing to big businesses" and allowing 19 states to increase their mercury production by setting standards that are higher than the recent levels. The EPA released a statement saying, "is confident in the legal foundation of the rule-making and plans to vigorously defend the rule."

Mercury is an extremely toxic pollutant that is released into the air when coal is burned. The mercury is returned back to the earth through rainwater and it runs through our lakes, rivers and streams. The fish in these waters become contaminated and the people who



THE E.P.A. GOES A.P.E. SHIT ON YO' ASS,  
Courtesy of acclaimimages.com

eat these fish put themselves in serious exposure to mercury. Children and expectant mothers are the ones at highest risk and will suffer the most harm. Exposure to toxic mercury causes serious damage to fetal development and affects the brain and nervous system progress. When infants and young children are exposed to mercury toxins it can be extremely dangerous and will cause delay and impairment to walking, talking and fine motor skills. Since the rising

awareness of the harmful effects of mercury, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and EPA has only stressed to the public the dangers of consuming fish in these water and drinking from these waters. These warnings in comparison to actual action are completely unacceptable.

According to the New Jersey attorney general, he believes that if the federal government employ stricter standards for mercury pollution and used the latest technology, it would cut the toxins back by 90 percent. The dangers of mercury extend beyond dangers to neurological development of babies; it is also perilous to wildlife. Fish that eat the other mercury infested fish become toxic to other animals who consume these fish as part of their diet.

The waters are no longer safe and if the fish die, the ecosystems are thrown off balance and it will result in an inhabitable body of water. Everyone is familiar with the cycle of life and how every living thing participates in helping to maintain a healthy environment. Mercury will have a large effect on environment if the federal government continues to pretend like it is not a problem. The dangers have been proven in newborn infants and 60,000 each year are at risk.

This is an extremely serious problem and it is preposterous that the federal government continues to overlook it like it does not exist. Some people do not think twice about the environment at all, and like Bush, they believe that global warming does not exist, but this directly affects everyone and it is time to take action. Hopefully, in the light of this developing lawsuit, changes will take place before anymore wildlife or children are tragically impaired as a result of an easily preventable problem.

Take Action! [www.nomercury.org](http://www.nomercury.org)

## The Bliss of Ignorance vs. the Burden of Knowledge

By Andy Kallio

The other night I went to the debate about whether or not God exists. I want to share how I feel after having thought about it a little. I am an atheist, always have been and always will be. I believe that there is a scientific explanation for everything and that God was created out of man's impatience to figure everything out before he was able to. My reaction to the debate is quite the contrary to what you would expect, in light of what I have just written. I found myself pulling for the theist. I'm not sure if this was because of a susceptibility for pulling for the underdog that was developed from watching movies like *Rocky* and *Rudy*, or some kind of subconscious belief in the American Dream that forced me to pull for the little guy. Nevertheless, I found myself in theist's corner.



THAT WASN'T CHICKEN.  
Courtesy of muse.linuxmafia.org

When I watched the theist I saw a humble man who was there for love. The atheist, on the other hand, was a man on a mission. It seemed as if he was being paid for what he was doing. The thing that was most disturbing about the atheist was his comment about his mother

and her survival of a Nazi concentration camp. He said that nothing good came from the experience, and that if there was a god who wanted to teach his mother discipline he could have put her through a boot camp instead. This comment is an insult to his mother and Jewish people. It indicates a man who has no appreciation for life. How could you possibly say that nothing good could come from surviving a concentration camp? I would be so proud of my mother if she had. I'm not saying that he and his mother should be grateful to Hitler. Nevertheless, there has to be several positive returns from such an accomplishment. His mother has a perspective completely different from most people. She has a different perspective on man's true nature. This truth is what atheists and theists are both looking for. The search for

truth is what atheism and theism are. They are searchers who looking in opposite directions.

I agreed with pretty much every other argument that the atheist made. He used the arguments of reason and science. I agree that it is irrational and unreasonable to believe in God.

I agree that the belief in God has no scientific basis and that the answers we are searching for will most likely be found with science rather than God. However, I say fuck rationale, reason and science. These three things are why doctors have my mother convinced that she has to take eight pills a day to prevent herself from committing suicide. It is the by products of science that have given my father cancer. It is science that has alienated me from myself and the people around me. It is science that kills millions of people everyday and only cures thousands. I don't care how or why this place was created. The answers to those questions have no relevance to the life I live. The only thing I can do is observe the situation I am in and react to it. And react in a manner that will make my and my neighbors time in consciousness as pleasant as possible. Rationality, reason and science make our time unpleasant. It makes people blind to the wisdom that can be gained from a concentration camp survivor. It makes horror movies not as fun for me as they are for someone who actually believes in ghosts. It has pretty much fucked everything, yet I must admit that it is the only road to truth. Therefore I have to ask myself what is better: the bliss of ignorance or the burden of knowledge.



# The New Europe Comes to Stony Brook

By Dustin Herlich

On April 14th through the 16th, Stony Brook University played home to a conference entitled "The New Europe." The conference was presented by Stony Brook University Department of European Languages, Center for Italian Studies, Center for Global History, and the Department of History. As the web site for the conference says:

**"Diplomats and researchers from different disciplines will discuss the creation and evolution of the European Union and the challenges it will face as it moves forward in creating its constitution and strengthening its cohesion. It is extremely important to know what is the European position on immigration, migration, globalization, nationalism, minor languages, NATO, etc. Will EU be able to deliver on all that is expected of it? This conference will address and inform us of the history, culture, politics, and economics that stretch across the Atlantic and are important to the well-being and security of both the United States and Europe."**

The mission of the conference was to create dialog, and sow a seed of communication between the EU and outside nations. There were also questions raised about the prospects of other nations joining the EU, specifically Russia. Other former eastern block states such as the Ukraine are in the process of joining the EU as we speak. This all brings us to the question "How big is Europe really?" Ask a cartographer and he'll tell you that it ends promptly at the Ural Mountains. Ask someone at this convention, and you'll most certainly be getting a very different answer. What is most interest-

ing, though, is that as it was said on the April 15th 2005 special edition of *In Focus*, when you have a panel of five European leaders, you will get five different answers about the EU, and about how big it should get.

**"Europe is ahead of the curve on...true democracy and the death penalty."**

One of the greater experiences that came out of this conference was the special edition of *In Focus*. On this edition we had the good fortune of having a panel of dignitaries and academics in the radio studio, and we got to hear some personal views on the European Union and what it really means for the world. We were able to highlight some of the issues that have plagued the ever-widening gap between Europe and the US (and I don't mean the transatlantic rift zone). Europe now in many ways is ahead of the US. Socially, politically, and now even economically. Yes, the US still has a larger GDP and GNP, but the Euro is stronger than the Dollar, employment rates are higher and the people are happier in general.

Europe is also ahead of the curve on issues such as true democracy and the death penalty. To be considered for membership you have to be a democracy, and can't have the death

penalty. The European governments are also many years ahead of our own in their separation of church and state. We are reverting back to a religious monarchy while Europe is actually moving on and moving ahead. Europeans do like the US, and do like Americans, they said so on *In Focus*, but they think we're a little silly sometimes.

In many other places in the world you are starting to see collectives similar to the EU. South America is trying something, and many nations in Africa are interested in a more communal government. The United States, one could argue, is already what the EU is becoming, but there is more of a federalist mentality in the EU. There is more power to central governments. Right now there really is not much in the way of military authority, but none the less the EU government does matter to the people of the European Union. Europe is not a big place, and the borders are shrinking. The US is a big place that keeps getting bigger. We have states that ban gay marriage, and states that welcome it. We have states like Texas that make a hobby out of the death penalty and states that have ended the death penalty.

The European Union is a collective of nations that is working towards peace, prosperity and good relations not just within their borders, but with nations and collectives all around the globe. The United States should take some notes when it comes to Europe and its activities. Here in the US we have largely forgotten about Europe in favor of Terry Schiavo, the war on terror and SUV rollover accidents. One of the greatest things about this conference is that it brings our relations with Europe into the forefront and forces us to look at the big picture.

## Taxation is Extortion

By Marcel Votlucka

I sometimes wonder which is worse: the government, or the Mafia. Oh wait; they may as well be the same thing.

If you're wondering how the logic of this admittedly brash remark works itself out, try the following. It's simple; just publicly refuse to pay your taxes. The government will come for you and the police will try to throw you in jail. If you resist, you will be shot. Pay up, or get a bullet in your head. It's essentially the same tactic employed by Mafia thugs.

After a long week's labor, you get the dubious pleasure of having warmongering politicians get 30 to 40 percent of your money out of your paycheck. And it is indeed *your* money, not theirs. They didn't earn it. They didn't slave away for it. They don't own it. They have no right to demand it from you. And they certainly have no right to take it from you by force. Taxation is essentially extortion.

There's a reason why everybody hates the IRS. There's a reason why Republicans win elections by pledging to lower taxes—even though they never do it once elected. There's a reason why, in olden times, tax collectors took their place among the most hated and reviled professions. If some thief burglarized your home, you'd be outraged over the loss of your property. You'd likely be even more outraged if the thief had accomplices holding you at gunpoint while stealing your stuff.

So why is it okay for the government to garnish your wages under the unseen yet implicit threat of punishment if you fail to comply? Why does the IRS get to keep extensive records on your personal financial matters, with little to no accountability on their part?

Why is it acceptable for some people to force you and me—under pain of death—to subsidize their fat salaries and their generous handouts to corporate welfare queens and their bloody wars abroad?

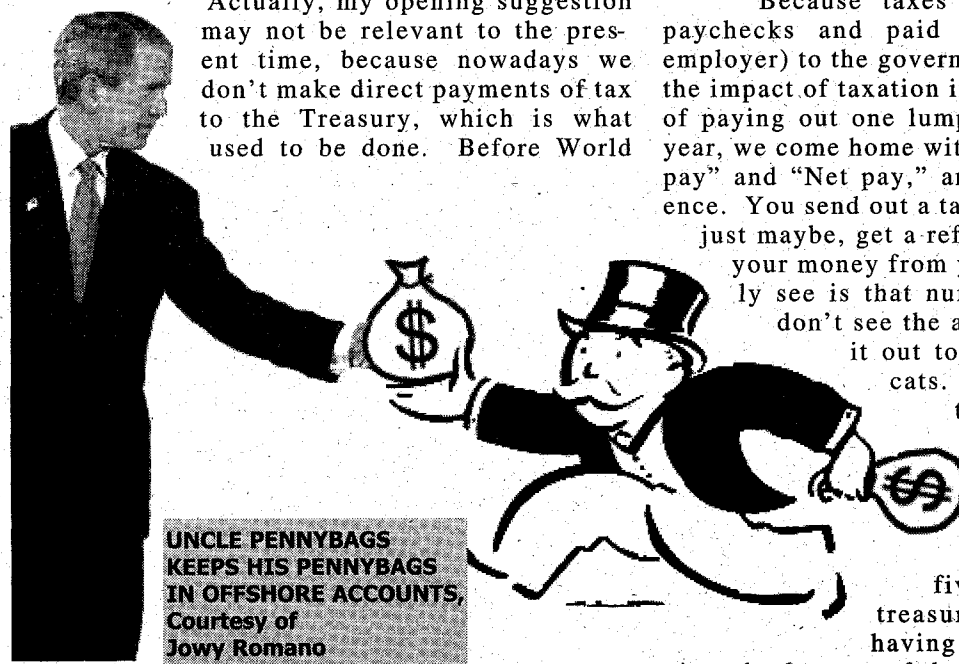
Actually, my opening suggestion may not be relevant to the present time, because nowadays we don't make direct payments of tax to the Treasury, which is what used to be done. Before World

their employees' paychecks and sending it off to the Treasury. This was called the "withholding tax," but a more fitting term would be *garnishing* the workers' wages. This is the system that exists to this day.

Because taxes are withheld from our paychecks and paid by someone else (our employer) to the government, we don't really see the impact of taxation in a visceral way. Instead of paying out one lump sum of thousands each year, we come home with a paycheck with "Gross pay" and "Net pay," and gripe over the difference. You send out a tax return form and maybe, just maybe, get a refund. Someone withholds your money from you but all you ever really see is that numerical difference. You don't see the actual money as you shell it out to the warmongers and fat cats. The end result of this is that you never really feel the full impact of taxation. Out of sight, out of mind.

Surely if you had to mail a check for five thousand bucks to the treasury every year instead of having your employer withhold

it and take care of the rest, you would be pretty pissed off. You'd shed a tear or two as you wrote out that check and stuffed it in the mailbox and watched all that cash go down the drain. And that contributes to us believing in the legitimacy of taxation. Out of sight, out of mind...and therefore acceptable.



UNCLE PENNYBAGS  
KEEPS HIS PENNYBAGS  
IN OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS,  
Courtesy of  
Jowy Romano

War II, people paid their taxes to the government in one lump sum every March. But between the war expenses and the New Deal programs, the government was racking up quite a huge bill. Knowing full well that most people wouldn't be happy having to pay higher taxes, they came up with the ingenious solution of having employers withhold the appropriate amount of money from

Continued on page 18

# Can Someone PLEASE Get Tom Delay His Meds??

By Sam Goldman

A brief rundown of Tom DeLay's reign as House Majority Leader since 2004 (thanks to Wikipedia):

September 30, 2004 – Ethics committee finds that DeLay violated House rules in 2003 in his efforts to pass a health care bill. Apparently, DeLay made an offer to Representative Nick Smith (then R-Michigan), who was retiring, that DeLay would endorse Smith's son for his seat if Smith would vote in favor of the bill.

October 6, 2004 - Ethics committee admonishes DeLay for a second time, this time for violations stemming from complaints filed over the summer by Rep. Chris Bell (D-Texas). Specifically, the committee found that DeLay asked the FAA to track a small plane that he thought was carrying Democratic Texas state legislators, who were fleeing to Oklahoma to prevent a quorum in the state legislature.

The panel also scolds DeLay for appearing at a fundraiser for an energy firm just as Congress was about to hold hearings on major energy legislation. Citing memos from the energy firm stating that they believed \$56,000 in donations to DeLay's PAC would get them "a seat at the table," the committee finds that DeLay violated the rule that lawmakers may not solicit donations "that may create even the appearance" that they will lead to special treatment.

However, the committee decides to delay action on Bell's third charge, which dealt with improper fundraising by a DeLay-headed PAC. Bell charged that the PAC improperly raised funds from corporations to channel to local Texas legislative races. The complaint is still pending before the committee.

September 21, 2004 – A Texas grand jury indicts three members of the PAC, including its executive director, on charges of money laundering and accepting illegal campaign contributions. DeLay and his supporters contend that the whole thing was politically motivated. Fearing a possible indictment of DeLay, House Republicans attempt to change an early 1990's

rule that would force House leaders to step down if indicted; the new rules will allow a committee to review any indictment to determine if it is politically motivated before asking anyone to step down. However, after loud protests from the public, including Republicans, DeLay and the Republicans back off.

March 10, 2005 – news reports state that a delegation of Republican House members, including DeLay, accepted an expenses-paid trip to South Korea in 2001 from a registered foreign agent, despite House rules that bar accepting travel expenses from foreign agents.

April 6, 2005 - the *New York Times* reports that DeLay's PAC paid over \$500,000 to members of his family, including his wife and only daughter. On the same date, the *Washington Post* reports that a firm lobbying on behalf of the Russian government paid for a trip to Russia by DeLay and four of his staff in 1997. At the time, Congress was considering a number of bills relating to Russia, including a loan package by the IMF to help the then-fragile Russian economy.

Now, you'd think that, after this laundry list of misdeeds, Tom DeLay would remember the old adage that 'tis better to keep quiet and let people think you're a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt. But, sadly, Mr. DeLay hasn't learned that lesson.

No, Mr. DeLay has been loud and outspoken in his belief that this is all some sort of conspiracy. He's being targeted, he says. It's a "mammoth operation" by the Democrats and George Soros to embarrass Republican leadership. The *New York Times* article? It's "just

another seedy attempt by the liberal media to embarrass me."

But here's my favorite: On March 18, during the Terri Schiavo nonsense, DeLay addressed the Family Research Council in Washington. Incredibly, DeLay drew parallels between himself and a woman who was in a permanent vegetative state!

"...it's bigger than any one of us, and we have to do everything that is in our power to save Terri Schiavo and anybody else that may be in this kind of position...This is exactly the kind of issue that's going on in America, that attacks against the conservative moment, against me and against many others...the other side has figured out how to win and to defeat the

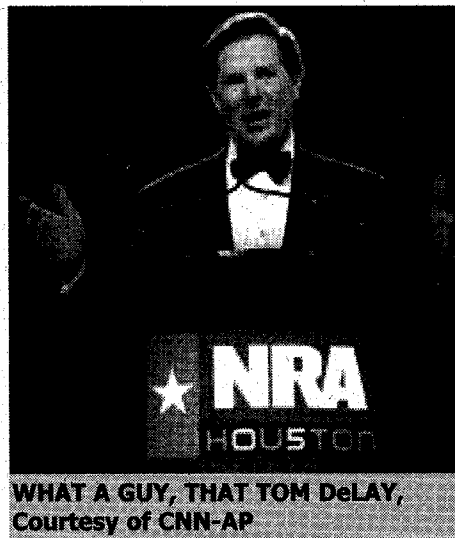
conservative movement, and that is to go after people personally, charge them with frivolous charges, link up with all these do-gooder organizations funded by George Soros, and then get the national media on their side. That whole syndicate that they have going on right now is for one purpose and one purpose only, and that is to destroy the conservative movement."

Even throwing out the recent exposes by the *Times* and *The Post*, it is a fact that DeLay has been admonished three times by the bipartisan House ethics committee over the last year, and three mem-

bers of a PAC that he headed are in jail. While I would understand DeLay and the GOP being pissed that the Dems would seize this issue, DeLay seems not to understand that he deserves no small amount of blame for, at the very least (I make no assumption about his guilt or innocence), making decisions that earn the scrutiny of the House ethics committee. Instead, DeLay is consistently and loudly pointing the finger at everyone else. For DeLay to claim that liberals are spending their time and money solely to target him is delusional. The Democratic Party has largely been silent. *Moveon.org* is more interested in Social Security. *The Nation* is paying more attention over the GOP's attacks on the federal judiciary and the "nuclear option" of rewriting House rules to prevent the filibuster of federal judges (although I will note that, as House Majority Leader, DeLay is very involved in both those issues).

Remember when Bill Clinton was embroiled in the Monica Lewinsky scandal, and Hilary went on TV and claimed that there was a "vast right-wing conspiracy" to defame her husband? Do you remember how she got mocked? How everyone said she was nuts? And now DeLay is saying almost the exact same thing. How is this any different? Why shouldn't DeLay get mocked for saying that everyone is out to get him?

This from a man who, when told by a federal employee that he was not allowed to smoke on government property, retorted, "I am the federal government." Apparently Chris Shays doesn't think so. Shays (R-CT) became the first Republican to call for DeLay to step down as majority leader, calling him "an absolute embarrassment to me and to the Republican Party." Wonder if DeLay will say his remarks are also part of a liberal conspiracy. It seems that everyone nowadays are out to get poor widdle Tom DeLay.



## Taxation is Extortion Continued...

By Marcel Votlucka

Continued from page 17

How is this any different from the Mafia demanding "protection money" from storeowners at gunpoint, then using it to finance their lavish lifestyles and criminal activities? How is it okay for greedy, power-hungry politicians to take what is rightfully yours and use it to finance their own lavish lifestyles, corruption, and the murder of poor people all over the world? If for no other reason, taxation (or rather, extortion) is wrong because it forces hardworking people like you and me to pay for the mass murder of poor people abroad, so some parasite—be he or she Republican or Democrat—can go on TV and proclaim the 'salvation of the Republic.'

Clearly, if anybody else tried to do the same thing the government does with impunity, they'd be thrown in jail in a heartbeat.

Of course, there's little the government does with our extorted money that society couldn't do otherwise, aside from national defense—and it doesn't even do *that* too well. Suppose there were no taxes and you got to keep 100 percent of the wages you work so hard for.

You could donate to charity. You could save it up and start a business and provide jobs to people who need them in this ailing economy. You could afford better health care than the government could ever provide. You could afford to go to a better school. You and the greater community could have the economic means to help more people in need, if you so desired. More importantly, you would have complete control of the fruits of your labor, which should be yours by right.

Yet because of what is essentially a massive extortion racket for the purpose of financing mass murder, corruption, and waste, this is just a pipe dream. Some people would argue that this extortion racket is somehow okay because we *vote* for the politicians who use our money, y'know, to dole it out for what they call the 'greater social good.' Of course, it wouldn't matter if you got to vote for the Mafia dons because their extortion rackets would still be wrong regardless.

Here's my big question: why not apply the same principle to greedy, amoral politicians?



# Report Leaves Grim Outlook for Us All

By Brian Wasser

The Millennium Ecosystem Assessment Report, the largest review of the planet's "life-support" systems, released on March 30, concluded that human activities threaten Earth's ability to support future generations. This is not news, and it comes as no surprise. What is significant about the release is the scope of its message. Never before have 1,300 scientists from almost 100 countries joined together to make the scientific claim that we can no longer take for granted that the human race can survive to see the end of the 21st Century. At first, this seems like some kind of joke. I've heard we're all going to die before. Might as well make the most of it. But the report is careful to let us decide that for ourselves. The focus is the more immediate economic suicide, and courses of action for policymakers.

**"[T]he environmental damage we are causing poses an almost insurmountable obstacle for international efforts to eliminate poverty and inequality."**

The report points out that humans have changed ecosystems so rapidly and extensively in the last 50 years that the damage is beyond irreversible. What's more, for us in our own daily lives, this damage equates to almost certain economic suicide. As this damage continues, we will continue to see accelerating deterioration of the natural processes and species that purify water and air, prevent natural and biological disasters and offer potential for medicines for current and future diseases and biological threats. The quality of life that ecosystems provide, directly and indirectly, will continue to decrease for us and all other species. Dead zones will develop, as well as sudden, massive disease outbreaks. Perhaps most striking, the environmental damage we are causing poses an almost insurmountable obstacle for international efforts to eliminate poverty and inequality. The report's message, therefore, holds added potency for the governments that have pledged to eradicate poverty by half in the next decade. You would think this would be bigger news. Isn't the elimination of inequality and the preservation of resources (and not the occupation of an unarmed nation) the real way to nip future terrorism, future conflicts, in the bud? Isn't it important to hear the proof that our societal infrastructures, our ways of life, are at risk when the environment is, and more immediately than we might think? Isn't it relevant for the global population to fully understand the extent to which we need to change the course that we've always been on, in order to maintain our health, progress and existence?

Part of the problem, once again, is the lack of immediacy of the message for our daily lives. For the media outlets, this kind of story doesn't sell. It should, but it doesn't, and the mainstream media knows it. So the problem on the "perception" end of this issue is really with a media that exists for profit and theatrics, and not for the sake of a populace that would be educated and energized enough to demand sufficient institutional reform and drastic policy change from both our leaders, and from those who abuse

our "privileges."

But the message is immediate, especially for governments. That's where the real problem lies, the problem on the "causal" end of the issue. If this issue were as big as the Pope's death, in terms of air time, melodrama and table talk, the overwhelming message, from the bottom up, would be that policymakers need to act, now. And, of course, the dominant political and economic class doesn't like the thought of that. They're also as lazy as we are; where do you begin in the face of something this big? This may be where the report holds the most prudence.

Regardless of how this issue is perceived, regardless of the ideology, it is really big news for everyone, and many of us know it. The report validates the fear of an upcoming fresh water shortage, that the crucial resource is and will be water, not oil. More generally, the report points out that, so far, we've successfully been able to mitigate or "get by" with the environmental damage we have caused. Integrating diverse, regional data into a global framework of this scale has given insight into our success thus far—namely, that it is fleeting. Nearly half of the ecosystems vital to the life of the planet are severely degraded, and half a dozen major "tipping points" could suddenly and immediately undermine global and societal stability, in ways the extent of which neither have we ever before seen, nor would we be likely to continue to remedy. Our luck is bound to run out. And even if we can continue to get by, it's going to be the poorest people of the world who will suffer more and more. Talk of global economic stability and justice will become increasingly abstract and pointless. And it's true, the correlation between existing wealth and an immunity (i.e., blindness) to the Earth's pressing problems is direct and irrefutable.

**"[S]olutions are possible, with significant changes, changes that will result in better standards of living for all."**

Overall, the report eloquently shows how connected everything is. Deforestation, for example, often leads to less rainfall, which undermines the forests that still exist, which accelerates changes in regional climate, thereby undermining both human communities and species that keep systems intact, already stressed by a million other factors. The bottom can fall out from under us where and when we can't really see it coming. Unfortunately, the report doesn't go nearly far enough in advocating and specifying solutions for both the economic inequality and the ecological devastation. But it does point out that solutions are possible, with significant changes, changes that will result in better standards of living for all. In the meantime, the first thing to do is make our policymakers aware that we are aware of this grave, self-inherited responsibility. And take shorter showers.

# How One Person Ruined USG: A Personal View

By Esam Al-Shareffi

This is the story of spoiled potential; to explain what I mean by that I will use an analogy...it is as if a once beautiful red rose was nurtured and cared for with the best fertilizer was suddenly stomped at vengefully with the boot of a person devoid of conscience, until it lay tattered, utterly broken.

It all started out as a rather legitimate proposal. A student had indicated that various religious groups on campus, such as the Catholic Campus Ministry, the various Protestant groups, as well as the Muslim Student Association, were being unfairly denied funding and access to Student Activity Fee funds. The issue coincided with something similar brought up by the Special Services Council (which gives funding to new groups on campus), wherein its head sought advice from the Executive Council of USG on how to proceed. This was a big issue, to say the least, and it seemed that there was almost immediate consensus on the need to redress this injustice. The only question was the wording of a bill or rule change and the timing of the process, the issues were left to a special committee, headed by Irfan Syed and involving many USG officials, to arrange for the actual wording for such a change. It seemed at first to be the first time in my experience that USG rapidly and clearly set out for a specific change and was actually going to follow through, a remarkable achievement in the making!

Unfortunately, things did not turn out that way. Mr. Syed's leadership was tainted almost from the first step by arrogance, intimidation, and corruption. Instead of following the remit of his committee, namely to create a formal process of funding religious groups, he was immediately negotiating how much funding each group should get. When the committee agreed in principle to various ideas, it left the actual writing of the bill to Mr. Syed and Rustum Nyquist, the head of the Special Services Council at the time.

Here Irfan's true colors became even clearer. Without consulting with his fellow committee member, he presented a completely different "CORE bill," completely hidden from view until minutes before the Senate meeting in which it was presented. During the Senate session in which it was heard, he gave evasive answers and would make outright lies to the assembled gathering, and when the pressure from this despicable display reached a threshold, he flat out refused to answer questions. And why should he? How could anyone expect someone to answer questions in a straight face about a lengthy bill, within which was imbedded a clear plan to marginalize the USG and grant him absolute power? Within this bill were numerous provisions, which would have made it possible, if implemented, to give this unelected, despicable thug the power to allocate student funds.

As it happened, the bill was passed in the Senate, not vetoed by the President, became law, and would still be in effect, had it not been by an injunction from the USG Supreme Court, filed by Mr. Nyquist and I, which has frozen that legislation to this day. The damage, however, is already done. Most of the USG Senate is firmly under the "CORE" banner, the USG President is either incapable or unwilling to do anything to stop this, the atmosphere of intimidation and despicable governance is now

Continued on page 20

# How One Person Ruined USG Continued...

By Esam Al-Shareffi

## Continued from page 19

engrained, and the CORE party and its members are favored to win the upcoming student elections. So how could all of this have happened? Who is to blame?!

First and foremost, we must blame the leader, Irfan Syed, for unbridled and unsurpassed opportunism, illegal and unethical tactics, and everything from intentional misrepresentation to blackmail and death threats being traced to people connected to him. What is so sad, of course, is that this is not the full extent of charges I levy against him. For despite all of his evil actions, despite his stomping on the red rose I described earlier, despite the fact that he has enough support within the Student Government to do anything, he and his cronies have failed in doing anything substantive. All they have achieved is chaos, anarchy, an atmosphere of gang warfare instead of good governance, and they have confirmed that no matter how outrageous your ambition, all you need is the ability to sink lower than everyone else to achieve twisted goals. How he sleeps at night, surrounded by the hatred of society, the hatred of his own cronies who describe him as authoritarian and insane, and his own self-loathing that is apparent to even the most casual observer, is a mystery, to say the least.

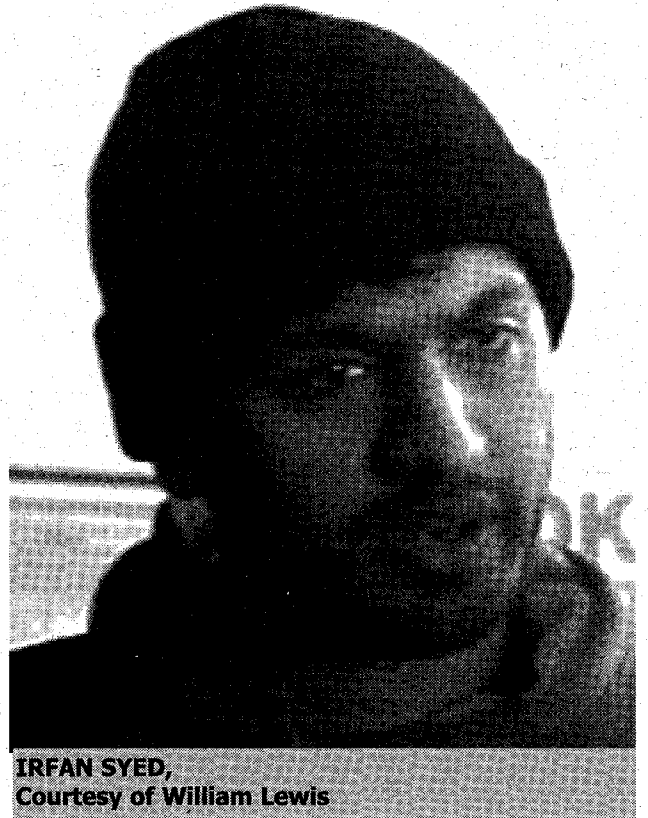
But one person alone cannot achieve such spectacular success (or failure, based on your perspective). There are so many others worthy of contempt, to name them all would be an exercise in futility, but they know who they are. Let us describe then in detail how they sold themselves out.

CORE's supporters are the scum of the earth. Obviously lacking self-esteem, or having a desire for chaos and anarchy, or perhaps a little of both, they answered Mr. Syed's call like moths to a flame, delighted that they could be part of something, for society has shunned them in all else. They were drawn to a feeling of

importance, driven by rhetoric that they must know is false and yet supporting it anyway, because they are good peons. In the Senate, these supporters unashamedly acted as mouthpieces and puppets, forgetting their duty to the student body and favoring their status as slaves. Even the most casual observer cannot help but balk at how overt this scheme is...as these pawns speak they often look to their master, seeking reassurance that they are saying what they are "supposed to say," and being good little puppies, maybe hoping for one of those little biscuit treats. What drives these people to such acts? Do they truly have nothing better to do at this University than act in such a passion? Does the tranquility of servitude outweigh the passion and vigor of independent thinking? I will never know how anyone could stoop so low.

After the tacit supporters comes another group to blame, namely the USG officials at the time who could have stopped this madness, and this is their story. First, I blame USG President Jared Wong. He first seemed to be an excellent President, passionate about goals set out in his platform, working for change, and supporting common sense policies that benefit students. How this all devolved is the story for another article, one that I will never write because of the respect I still hold for him, but his role in this story is too big to be swept under the carpet. Mr. Wong is to blame for not doing his job, for a failure to lead. As USG President, he is ultimately responsible for everything that goes on in the organization he is elected to lead, and good leadership was lacking. Specifically, he failed in vetoing the CORE bill, which so clearly stated the intent of its author, Mr. Syed, to take over USG by its provisions. He failed then to exercise his constitutional duty to defend the USG Constitution, and when time came to write the Supreme Court challenge, he immediately distanced himself out of fear. He failed once more when in the USG Senate he led the charge against his fellow Executive Council

members, accusing them in what can only be described as idiotic paranoia of plotting against him, taking the side of CORE when he should have stood by the Council he was charged to lead.



IRFAN SYED,  
Courtesy of William Lewis

Mr. Wong is not the only responsible party here. I too failed in my leadership duties. Instead of treating the villain with the contempt he deserved, instead of ordering him to shut up on the floor of the Senate and damn the consequences, I chose to treat him and his supporters with dignity and decency that they were not worthy of. As the former Vice President, I should have stepped up and defended the red rose that I had, with others, worked to build. Now I am reduced to the pitiful state of criticizing the institution whose constitution and by-laws I helped write, its symbol I was proud to wear and now only look at with disdain, and the wasted opportunity...instead of making something great we must now fight to limit the damage that the student government is suffering. What a shame!

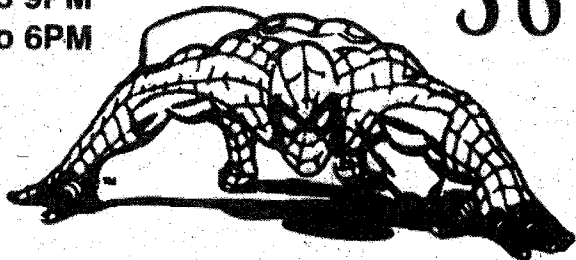
The last group that deserves some blame is the student body. This is never popular, criticizing the reader who has just spent a good chunk of time reading your poorly written article, but truth be told a democracy is only as strong as its citizens, and will only survive with their active vigilance and support. Less than 15% of the electorate voted in the last USG elections and there are so few candidates for most posts that students are left with few options, most of which are bad. Small but well-organized groups, such as CORE (which by the way stands for "Council of Righteous Egalitarians"), sometimes using illegitimate or shameful tactics, can achieve electoral success by running candidates who are either unopposed, or when opposed, can count on the support of a "core" of voters to shift the tide and effectively elect reprehensible individuals, with no agenda other than obstruction and anarchy, and who can and will use every reprehensible tactic available to them to achieve success. Students should therefore do their part, read the platforms of the candidates, attend or listen to the debates, and then make an informed choice at the polls. That is all that a former official could ask and I hope the next year brings us the good governance we all deserve.

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# Better Off A Dying Dog

By Natalie Schultz

For the record, I will make my own stand clear: I am 100% in favor of physician-assisted suicide. If a person is terminally ill and able to clearly state that he or she wants to die, they should have the right to do so; for the government to prevent someone from taking their own life is an invasion of privacy, it prevents such a person from exercising their very right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. As for abortion, I feel the same way; no person or government should have the ability to tell another person what he or she can or cannot do to his or her own body; it is their own choice.

Liberals across this country have been attacking Congress for over-stepping its jurisdiction by getting involved in the Terri Schiavo case. I'll be the first to state that I hate big government; I am a conservative-leaning Anarchist. But the fact is, as it is now, we must live and work within the confines of the government and laws as they currently exist. Our founding fathers purposely separated the government into three branches – the executive, legislature and judiciary. Our founding fathers were very smart; they knew that the stronger and more powerful our country would become, the more corrupt the leaders of our country would become as well. So, they purposely separated the powers of government, thereby instituting a program of *checks and balances*. What does this mean? This means that if one branch of government is over-stepping its boundaries, or that the decisions of one branch of government may impede any citizen from exercising their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that another branch can step in and take action to right that wrong.

Liberals are in an uproar because our Congress stepped in on behalf of the parents of Terri Schiavo after Florida State Judge George Greer ruled in favor of her husband, Michael Schiavo, to remove her feeding tube after she had been in a permanent vegetative state for fifteen years. Liberals viewed this ruling of Congress as the government getting involved in a personal family case, as big government getting too involved in our personal lives. But the fact is, Congress did not make a ruling in the case; Congress simply realized that an innocent life was at stake and that it was high time that our system of checks and balances was put into action. Congress only voted to allow the case to be taken up by the federal courts; to err on the side of caution; to not allow an innocent woman to die simply because one state judge ruled that her time had come.

Before Terri's feeding tube was removed for the last time, I was most certainly of the opinion that the plug should be pulled. I know that I would never want to live in a permanent vegetative state for fifteen years. Once the plug was pulled, however, the complications of her case came to light. It was no longer just a matter of letting a woman die in peace; it soon became apparent that her husband wanted her murdered so that he could go on living his new life with his girlfriend and two children by her.

Let's start with the gruesome details that made me see the light. The feeding tube has been pulled; OK, she's going to starve to death. But what if, by some sudden miracle, she is given a glass of water or an ice cube and can actually take a drink? Well then, if that was to happen, perhaps she can be kept alive without a

feeding tube after all. But at the request of Michael Schiavo, Judge Greer ruled that if anyone, including her parents, even attempted to give her a drink of water, or an ice cube or even wipe her mouth with a washcloth, that they would be *arrested*! Are you kidding me? A dying dog would at least be allowed the small comfort of a bowl of water; to refuse a dog water is a crime. Oh wait, last time I checked, to refuse a human, or any living being, water is a crime.

Let us now pretend that this woman was never in a permanent vegetative state; that she was never in need of a feeding tube. Let us pretend that her husband is having an affair and has two children with his mistress and that for whatever reason he does not want to divorce his wife. So instead he ties his wife down to her bed and refuses her food and water until she slowly dies of starvation. What would happen to her husband in this case? Well, gee willikers Mister Wilson, me thinks he'd be arrested and convicted of *murder*!

Now let us pretend that two parents decide to lock their children in a closet and deny them food and water. What would happen in this case? Child Protection Services would come along and take the custody of these children away from their parents. The parents would be arrested and lose their guardianship over the children.

Michael Schiavo held guardianship over his wife Terri; he was in charge of making decisions for a woman who could not speak for herself. After many years he decided to go on with his life and began a new life with a new woman and had two children with her. I completely understand his predicament; no one should be forced to put their life on hold because of the unfortunate position their significant other is in. So why didn't he divorce her and allow her parents, who obviously love her, to take over guardianship? I don't know if he could divorce her by law, since both parties usually have to sign the divorce papers. But if that was the case, if the law was the reason he could not divorce her, then a special hearing should have been held under such circumstances to allow her parents to sign the papers on her behalf. But no, instead of allowing a divorce, this judge allowed a man to free himself from his marriage vows via murder. Henry VIII faced this same predicament; he could not legally divorce his first wife, so he separated England from the control of the Roman Catholic Church; he later beheaded his second wife for not bearing him a son. Are we living in 21st. century America or 16th century England?

The audacity of this case truly makes me wonder exactly where we stand as citizens of a supposedly free country. The very basic rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness have been stripped from Terri Schiavo and her family by our courts of law. The judge's ruling to prevent her being given water by mouth was nothing more than state-sanctioned murder; the execution of an innocent person who committed no crime.

This same ruling stripped her parents of their liberty to comfort their daughter in her dying days; to take from them any hope of happiness

that their daughter would die in peace, not in pain. The doctors pumped her full of morphine to kill the pangs of starvation and dehydration; her parents only wanted to see if she could

swallow some water on her own; to die in peace, not in a drug-induced state.

Hearing the horrible details of this woman's treatment brought three things to my mind. First of all it reminded me of the Salem Witch Trials: no fair trial, no hearing of evidence that could prove her innocent (the judge refused to allow a cat-scan or swallow test before the plug was pulled). It also reminded me of the scene from the film *Paradise Road* when one of the female prisoners in a Japanese concentration camp was tied up outside for a week and refused food and water. Ironically, it also reminds me of crimes committed in other parts of the world today that we love to condemn, such as the public stoning of women.

Our government has the nerve to head up the prosecution of brutal dictators in other parts of the world for crimes against humanity, yet right here, in our very own country, our government, via the ruling of a state judge, has condoned a crime against humanity upon one of our free citizens.

In this case our Congress had every right, in fact it was their duty, to do everything possible to make sure this innocent woman's rights were not being violated by the ruling of one state judge. The executive and legislative branches of government have every right to intervene if they feel that the judiciary is failing to uphold our rights.

To order the removal of a feeding tube is one thing; to order starvation by outlawing the administration of food or water via her mouth is a whole different story. This judge has violated his oath to uphold the law, to protect our rights. This judge is a criminal and he should be put on trial as an accomplice to murder.

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# A Personal Interview Continued...

By Lena Tumasyan

## Continued from page 3

cian was during a short period of time he spent with his mother at his home in the past year. Since then he got sick with a very painful throat and was not able to go to a doctor. He hasn't seen a dentist in years. He says, "If there was one thing I always took care of it was my teeth— even being homeless." After all a pack of toothpaste is cheaper than fixing a tooth.

A couple restrictions with hygiene: if you're staying at someone's house you at least get to shower. When you stay in your car you do your best to clean yourself up in public toilets, but sometimes you end up going for a while without a good bath. You end up using public toilets, but Michael refused to be indecent in that, "sometimes I would want to release myself so bad in the middle of the night, I thought my bowels would burst, but I would refuse to go in the bushes the way other people sometimes do."

*How were you treated in the community? What stereotypes about homeless people do you agree or disagree with?*

To my reader: if you see a homeless guy on the street, would you give him a penny? You are the community. Some may curse or abuse him, destroy his property, such as his car, and call the police. Others are more accepting, and understanding that he is not there by choice, nor is he harmful to anyone.

Michael never stayed in one place for too long. He doesn't want the neighbors or authorities getting suspicious about a car permanently parked on a block. He'd rather park in a big lot next to a store or shopping center. "I stayed near the mall for a while, because well, the mall was always heated, had bathrooms, hot running water, food, and I was around people. I went there a lot, I almost became a light fixture there."

At night he tries to "disappear" under his multiple blankets so that people won't think there's anyone in the backseat. A cop tapped on his window nonetheless and asked him to "go home." Michael replied with, "I'm homeless, I'm trying my best here, if I am truly bothering then you may ask me to move." The cop let it go. But even finding a good lot at night is not easy

because sometimes people go into empty parking lots to do drugs, have sex, and prostitute, and he wants no connection to it.

When I asked him about the stereotypes of homeless people being drunk, smelly, crazy, he answered, "I have to agree with some of the stereotypes - if you do not shower for a while, you can't help but become smelly. But most of us are **not** crazy, and I do **not** drink - not only do I think it's bad for you and ruins whatever liver you got, but it is also very expensive."

*More about the breakdown of homeless youth in Long Island...*

There are approximately 300,000 homeless youths in the U.S. In a 1997 Nassau County survey, for every 1,000 residents, 7.3 are young people that were homeless at some point. The Suffolk County Youth Bureau in 2003 worked on appointing 362 16-20 year olds into a transitional independent living program; 99 12-17 year olds were kept in emergency housing up to 30 days. Nationally, 68% of homeless Americans are male, 32% female; the top three groups according to race are 40% are white, 40% are black, 11% Hispanic; 15% of homeless persons live in families.

Basically, more than 1 in 50 American children will experience homelessness in the U.S. this year. 1 of every 3 homeless persons is a child. Next time you walk into Javits 100, which has the seating capacity of 500, realize that 10 people do not have a permanent home - perhaps they are staying in a dorm temporarily and once summer comes their "bed" will be a park bench.

*More about the type of help offered...*

The McKinney Act was the first major federal legislative response to homelessness. It has been amended 4 times through 1994. In January 2005 the Bush administration pledged \$140 million for New York State, \$107 million of which will go to New York City and the suburbs. Meanwhile the Section 8 federal housing assistance program is under attack, and although the aid hasn't decreased as much as initially proposed, it has caused many problems. One of which is a further lack of housing because companies won't build for poor people if this program is unstable, and that more and

more people are losing homes due to rising costs. A minimum wage worker would have to work 92 hours each week to afford a 1-bedroom apartment, or at least \$15 per hour working full time. In fact, there is no community in the **entire** U.S. where a minimum wage worker can afford a market rate 2 bedroom apartment for a family.

In Suffolk county Jan Jamroz, a Program Administrator of Parish Social Ministry of Catholic Charities on Long Island, is pledging to reduce the "red tape" in DSS and to have better communication of the services. Fortunately or unfortunately, 72% of agencies are religiously affiliated, something a homeless person will have feelings about. Goodwill stores will sell new and gently used good at very reduced prices, there are at least 5 across Nassau and Suffolk counties.

*At the Stony Brook Campus...*

The NYPIRG (New York Public Interest Group) Stony Brook chapter has a project running about "homelessness and hunger." It also sponsors annual "sleep-outs" during the Fall semester where people sleep outdoors for one night in cardboard boxes. Go here for more information: <http://www.ic.sunysb.edu/Clubs/nypirg/> or call them directly at (631) 622-6457.

*What do you miss the most about having a permanent home?*

"I didn't realize it before but one of the things I miss the most is taking my shoes off." I couldn't help but laugh, "yea, at night when it gets ridiculously cold, and I'm trying to sleep in my car, I have on two pairs of socks and don't take my boots off so my feet stay warm. As soon as I get a bed to sleep on, I'll love taking them off."

Go here to purchase a plastic "homeless" bracelet:

[http://www.rmsyr.org/WebSite\\_Current/Home/BraceletsSoldInStoresAndOnline.htm](http://www.rmsyr.org/WebSite_Current/Home/BraceletsSoldInStoresAndOnline.htm)

Emergency food locator: <http://hungeraction-nys.org/index.htm> or 1-866-692-3663

Nassau County DSS: (516) 571-5428

Suffolk County DSS: (631) 854-9700

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# What is Falun Gong? And Why Are People Being Persecuted for Practicing it?

By Claudia Toloza

At last week's Stony Brook Digital Movie Festival a very powerful film called *Sandstorm* was shown. This film depicted the torture of a Falun Gong practitioner after she had been arrested by the Chinese government. After having watched the film I became interested and decided finding out more about the matter. I had never heard of Falun Gong before watching this film or about the fact that many practitioners are being tortured for practicing it.

Falun Gong, also referred to as Falun Dafa, is a practice comprised of a combination of exercises and meditation. This practice was created by Mr. Li Hongzhi and was introduced to the public in 1992. The three main goals of Falun Gong are to teach "Truthfulness, Compassion, and Forbearance." Since its introduction Falun Gong became extremely popular in China and the practice of Falun Gong has spread to various countries worldwide. The massive interest and support of Falun Gong caught the interest of the Chinese government who in July 20, 1999 declared the practice of Falun Gong illegal.

Since July 20, 1999 the Communist government of China has established a persecution campaign against Falun Gong practitioners. Many Falun Gong practitioners have been

arrested, beaten, tortured, sent to labor camps, or killed. One important thing to note is that although many practitioners who have been arrested and tortured by the government, they do not use violence in retribution. This was one of the aspects shown in the film *Sandstorm*, in

which the woman that was beaten and tortured did not retaliate against her torturers. She instead

upheld one of the Falun Gong values

of tolerance. The

Chinese government has used

extensive

resources in

order to suppress the practice of Falun

Gong. One of

their most powerful

weapons has been their

complete control

of the media, which

they have used to

depict Falun Gong in a

bad light labeling

the practice of Falun

Gong a cult, among

other things. The reach of the Chinese Government and their extreme dedication to suppressing Falun Gong has spread overseas. The director of the aforementioned film *Sandstorm*, Michael Mahonen, has in fact been blacklisted and is prohibited from traveling to

A SYMBOL OF THE FALUN DAFU,  
Courtesy of www.fdkansas.net

China. As he explained at the end of his film the Chinese government has even gone so far as to try to stop his film from being shown at various film festivals. During the discussion at the end of the film other audience members stood up and spoke about their own personal experience as practitioners of Falun Gong. One woman, who happened to be a Professor at a local Long Island school, told her story of having been dismissed from her job because she was a Falun Gong practitioner. Another man, who was also a practitioner of Falun Gong, spoke with difficulty because of his overwhelming emotions about his ordeal in China. He, like many practitioners of Falun Gong, was forced to leave his native land only because he was a practitioner of Falun Gong.

It seems rather pointless that the Chinese government would put so much effort—time and money—in trying to suppress a practice that does not seem to be causing any physical harm to people. The Chinese Government perhaps fears that the popularity of Falun Gong may be a threat to their control over the Chinese people. Whatever the case may be it is this reporter's opinion that the persecution and torture of people is an inhumane act no matter what the situation is.

For more information about Falun Gong and the film *Sandstorm* visit:

-www.sandstormmovie.com

-www.fofg.org

-www.faluninfo.net

-www.falundafa.org (Falun Gong Books,

Audio, and Video can be download at this site **FREE OF CHARGE**, that's rite I said it **FREE**)

## Quisurfing: It's a Word Damnit!

By Jacquie Bachman

With summer upon us, one begins to wonder, "What the heck am I going to do with myself? Gosh!" If you aren't big on the whole idea of graduating in four years then you're most likely planning on getting a summer job. (...that's like a dollar an hour...) So then when you aren't working, or consuming substances, or sleeping, what should you do? Surf my friends, surf.

The beach is an amazing place to be in the summer time, especially on Long Island. If you want a list of my favorite surf spots, feel free to ask. But for now, I'd like to address a request that I frequently get. "Teach me to surf." I certainly don't want to give the impression that it's easy, and I'm not by any means close to being a professional, but I'm a firm believer in the idea that if I can do something—just about any numbskull can. So, here goes my in short (...well as short as I could) on the 'how to' of surfing. First, one must obtain a board of some kind, I suggest starting off with a soft long board (it's much easier to learn on a long board and the soft part well...isn't mandatory but trust me—your body will appreciate it...). Next, get in the water (side note—PLEASE know how to swim first, the board might technically be a flotation device but it won't save your life, and also...there's no need to be afraid of the water, it's your friend, but do however be aware of how the tides work because they can indeed be dangerous, trust me on that one...) So where were we, right...we're in the water laying on the board on your stomach, now you must paddle out. To do this get yourself centered on the board, keep your head and chest up, keep your legs together,

er, cup your hands, and paddle past the breaking waves. In order to get out far enough to catch a wave you'll need to do what we call a "duck-dive" under the breaking waves. To do this push the nose of the board under the water, throw your body weight onto the board, and pop up through the back side of the wave. This entire "paddling out process" will definitely be a bitch a first, and takes time to get the hang

"I'm a firm believer in the idea  
that if I can do something—just  
about any numbskull can."

of...but it gets much easier. Now—we wait for a wave, to do this you want to sit on the board facing the oncoming waves, make sure the nose stays up and your weight stays centered. Once you spot your desired wave, make sure you're centered on the board (notice how this keeps coming up, might it be...important?), find the peak (the highest and most powerful part) of the wave, time your paddling, paddle like a bat out of hell, and watch out for other surfers. Some surf-etiquette: the surfer closer to the peak has the right of way, don't EVER drop in on someone's wave. So...by now, you're paddling with the wave (still on your stomach), the next step is popping up. First you should practice on the beach to figure out whether you're *regular* (left foot forward) or *goofy* (right) footed; next you arch up by lifting your chest and stomach off

the board, and then double check to make sure the wave is clear...finally you pop up to your feet—keeping your hips low and chest up (you need to keep your center of gravity low and not too far forward). When you're first learning you'll want to focus on consistently placing your feet in the same place when you pop up. So you're standing...ride the wave in, at the end of your ride it's best to not jump off the board (broken ankle=no fun), just sit back down but don't get too close to the shore whilst standing on the board because you'll eventually fall forward.

Before you go to the beach to attempt surfing you should definitely check the conditions, safety first my friend, safety first. Hopefully by now if you were already slightly interested in the art of surfing you can try to catch some waves. Maybe you care even less about the sport, or maybe you feel a little bit dumber after reading this, but shit, I hope that's not the case. To most surfers it's not just a sport, it's a life-style. Surfing has been around for ages and has evolved a lot throughout the years, you should definitely try it out because not only is it fun and physical (and also, come on— you're at the beach in the ocean with the sun on you all day, how much more can you ask for dangit?) ...but it's also very relaxing and spiritual, you become one with a wave, with the ocean, something larger than you can imagine, it's incredible...it's...amazing...unless of course in your spare time in the beautiful summer months you'd rather be online chatting with babes...all day, which would be completely understandable.

# Exploring 101

By Brian Wasser

Now that the weather is nicer, we can finally get out and do more than explore the shitty steam tunnels underneath campus. One of the best places on Long Island to go explore is Camp Hero, in Montauk. It's only an hour-and-a-half drive, unless you take the time to stop and piss on the East Hampton sidewalks. With the appropriate music, it's well worth the trip.

There are a lot of stories about this place, some true, some wild conspiracy theories. Either way, exploring the site, especially at night (which is illegal) is definitely exciting and creepy. Even if you don't believe in ghosts, aliens or secret government experiments, you get the overwhelming feeling you are being watched.

During WWII, as a defense against a possible invasion of the East coast, the Navy took over many of the main buildings in Montauk town, and constructed a huge network of tunnels, bunkers, barracks, gun casemates and other facilities designed either to blend into the landscape, or to be completely underground. These facilities were expanded and modified during the Cold War for various purposes. The full extent of the operations is still unknown, but you can basically go anywhere in the greater Montauk area and find evidence of this. For example, wherever you go, you're likely to find wires, pieces of foundation or entrances to tunnels, all coming out of the side of the cliffs. At random places in Montauk, you can also find abandoned concrete buildings in the middle of nowhere. But the center of all this is Camp Hero itself, several miles out of town and near the lighthouse. At the center of the camp is a huge radar tower, which can be seen from miles away. If you're good at hopping seven foot fences with barbed wire on top, you can go right up to the radar building and explore there.

Since 1984, most of the area has been converted into a State Park (except, oddly enough, everything below ground still belongs to the U.S. government). The areas that are still closed to the public are said to be restricted because they have not yet been cleared of unexploded bombs, while the rest of the park has. You'd think that the main areas of the camp would have been cleared of these random bombs first, and not the obscure, thickly-wooded areas where visitors are allowed to walk. There are

also many other buildings to explore in the restricted area, many of which contain equipment and cabling that is definitely more recent than would be expected given the alleged date of shutting down operations in 1980. There's also a creepy, old, wooden house on top of a hill that

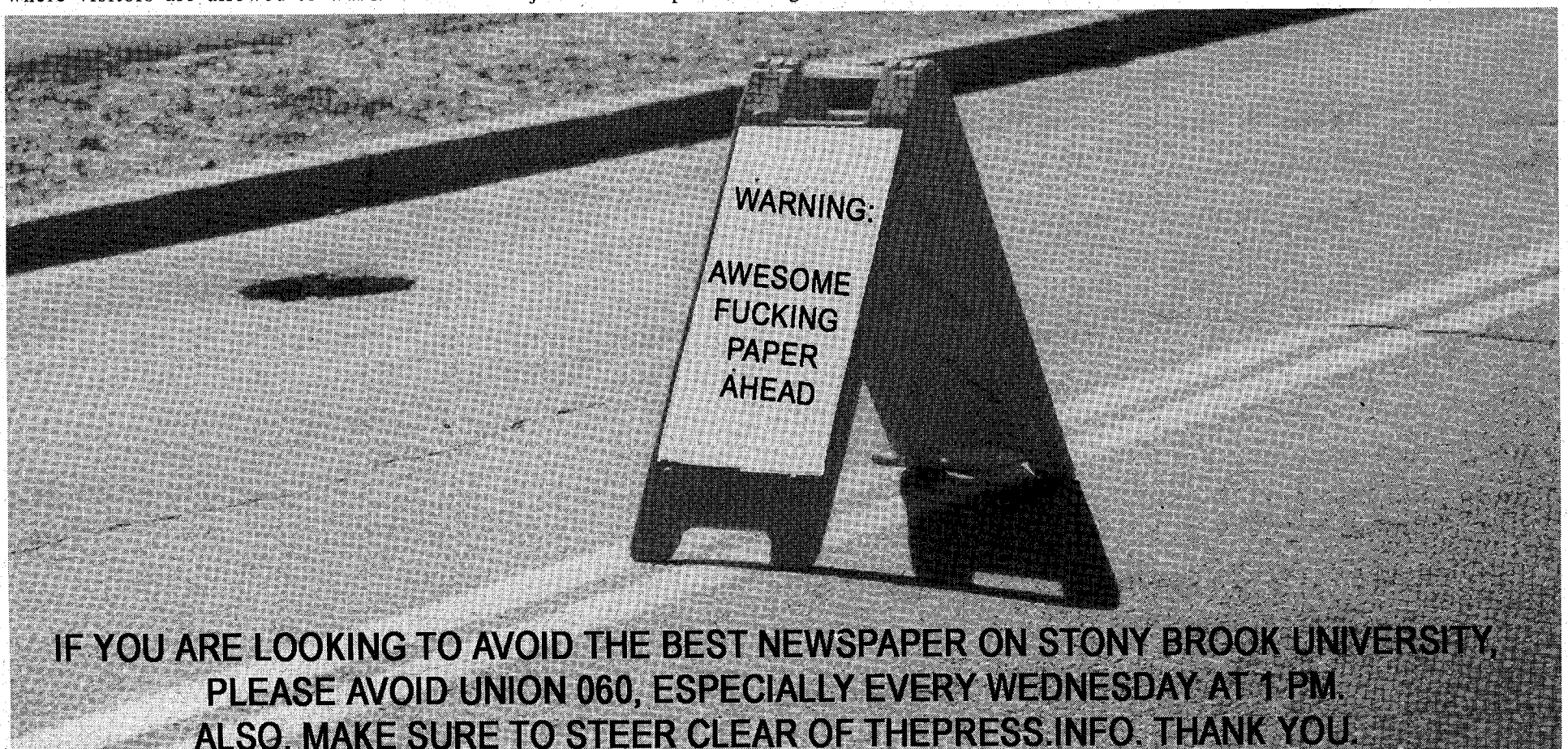


I BET THAT GATE SAYS 'WELCOME,' LET'S GO SEE,  
Courtesy of Brian Wasser

has random doors going down to nowhere, and weird drawings all over the walls. At other places, you can find bunkers in the sides of hills, sealed with cinder blocks and concrete. Sometimes you can find holes in these sealed walls (which are always quickly resealed). If you do, squeeze inside, and explore what you will find to be an endless network of tunnels, some with cages in them, or rooms that have been completely destroyed for no apparent reason. Apparently, the tunnels lead all the way to the Fischer Tower, miles away in Montauk town. To this day, we can only speculate as to the real uses of the tower.

Camp Hero closes immediately at sunset, and during the day you'll probably get caught in the restricted areas by park police, who are always accompanied by a random civilian who seems really agitated; so, your best bet is to park at the lighthouse at night, walk along the beach, and climb the cliffs to get into the park. If you hear weird clicking sounds, get the fuck out of there. But the park is huge, so you'll probably get lost anyway, which is good. You'll just have to spend the night.

There is a lot of evidence pointing to alleged activities that have happened, or are still happening there. There's a lot of random weirdness that still suggests the site is more than a park. Either way, Camp Hero has been the center of many government conspiracies and supposed secret projects. The first was the alleged Philadelphia Experiment, in 1943. There was also Phoenix, a weather modification project that grew to encompass, apparently, everything from psychological experimentation underground, to mass-mind control experiments (using the radar dish), to what would become HAARP (a project now based in Alaska apparently being used to electrify the ionosphere to control the weather, provide ground penetrating tomography and affect moods on a large scale). People have said they've seen UFO's at Camp Hero, some have seen ghosts, some have been confronted by random "energy company" employees wandering around in the middle of the woods and others have just felt really weird vibes. For me, personally, after the first time exploring Camp Hero, I keep having recurring dreams about hidden places that turn out to exist the next time I go there. There are other, more explainable phenomena that are said to happen there as well, such as electronics malfunctioning at specific spots, strange weather patterns only above the Camp and bizarre acoustic effects at certain locations. And that's just the start. There's a lot of information online about Camp Hero, some obviously written by loonies (reptile aliens transporting you, through one of the tunnels, to a dimension in which the Nazis won World War II), and some that are less dorky (e.g., John Quinn). Either way, Camp Hero has everything: conspiracies, ghosts, mind control, drugs, abandoned buildings, scenic views, creepy vibes, miscellaneous breakings of the law, an anti-tourist air despite being a state park, subterranean mazes, dream-like synchronicities, interesting graffiti and, most of all, great potential for getting really lost. Even if none of the conspiracies are true, this place is perfect for abandoned rooftop climbings and random wanderings. And if you don't like it, just find your way to the beach and have a bonfire.



IF YOU ARE LOOKING TO AVOID THE BEST NEWSPAPER ON STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY,  
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ALSO, MAKE SURE TO STEER CLEAR OF THEPRESS.INFO. THANK YOU.



# Media Ethics: What is the Media?

By Dustin Herlich

A while back I wrote a column about media, and titled it "What Exactly Is Journalism?" I thought I had clearly spelled out what real journalism is, and what the purpose of journalism is but apparently I failed. In response to the egregious misuse of journalism now present in not only Stony Brook media, but general US media as well, I shall return to the topic of proper journalism, and speak a little on what is and what is not allowed in journalism.

Journalism, contrary to what Rupert Murdoch wants us to believe, is not a tool for spewing out political discourse. Contrary to what Jerry Falwell would like us to believe, the media is not liberal. Contrary to what Alan Combs may say, there is no vast right wing conspiracy. Trent Lott and Pat Robertson are way off the mark when they say that Jews control the media. According to Mel Gibson and his father, Jews not only control the media, but they detonated the World Trade Center by remote control. Journalism is not FOX news, and journalism is not blogging.

**"Jews not only control the media, but they detonated the World Trade Center by remote control."**

Journalism is the dissemination of information that informs the public and helps democracy function. In this country we have become so twisted in our perceptions of the media, and what journalism is that it is frightening. When high school students across the nation believe that the media is TOO free, we have a problem. Journalism sometimes shows us things we don't really want to see. The people at FOX News don't agree with that. They think journalism is just something that furthers the ideals of Republican Party and the Christian Right. Journalism, real journalism, follows the Society of Professional Journalism's Code of Ethics available at [http://www.spj.org/ethics\\_code.asp](http://www.spj.org/ethics_code.asp).

A newsletter is not journalism, and legally is not protected by the laws and court decisions that specifically relate to recognized media outlets. Newsletters are absolutely covered by general free speech laws, but writers of newsletters and pamphlets are not covered by journalistic shield laws. The *Post* interestingly enough was started just on the premise of ending Benjamin Franklin's career, but somehow they have evolved into something akin to news. You won't find a single piece in The *Post* that isn't straight up commentary, but it has a loyal readership somehow.

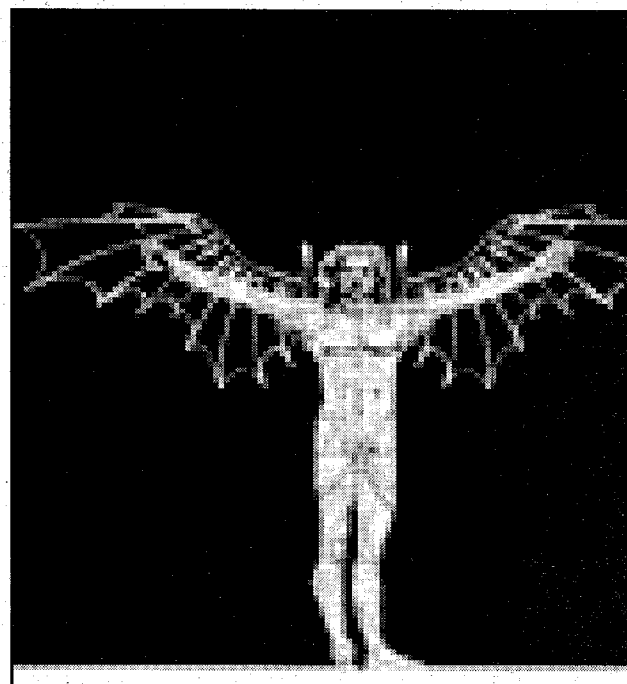
An individual journalist may have his or her own political ideals and as a collective an editorial board may have their own political leanings but that should have nothing to do with the actual content in the paper. The *Wall Street Journal* has one of the best-written and most hard line conservative editorial sections in the country. The *Stony Brook Press* editorial board clearly has a large number of liberal writers and

even editors yet they would gladly print a piece that was written by George W. Bush himself. Good journalism raises questions without abusing the use of allegations. Good journalism ignores personal bias as much as possible and presents facts. Sometimes in the course of good journalism your own beliefs are questioned.

Journalism sometimes means that you put aside your beliefs and even your morals to get a story. It is not uncommon for a journalist to go under cover and pose as a member of a group they clearly have no business being part of. Is this lying? Yes, in a sense it is, but a NARC who pretends he or she is a drug enforcement agent is also lying. Why do we support the NARC but boo the journalist? Why do we hate real journalism in this country and take it for granted? Journalism can prove men on death row are innocent and uncover true motives in a crime. There are countless examples of a story being broken, and as a result of the hard work of the journalist there being legal action taken against an injustice.

Journalism enlightens, and informs the public. If pictures of hundreds of coffins of US soldiers upset you, maybe you'll think twice about voting for the person who helped send these soldiers to their death. Conversely, good journalism may rally you to support a cause that is just, no matter how brutal the fight is. The public needs a free, independent and unbiased media in order to be informed enough to make decisions that actually matter. Too much we see commentary and entertainment passed off as news. Britney Spears having a baby is not news. We've created a climate in this country where we believe that entertainment is news, and it's not news without flashy graphics and pictures of horrible accidents. We have the most free flow of news and information on the planet but we squander it on special interest commentary channels and reports of who the newest star is on "The Simple Life." Americans don't care about the world around them any more. The media is failing to make Americans care about what they should care about and instead feeding them canned propaganda pieces put out by the White House. Even worse, the media has started to make the decisions for the American people and thus completely stopped doing their true job.

What we really need in this nation right now is a truly free press that does not favor either side. We need a press that tells us the facts we do and don't want to hear and a press that helps us make decisions for ourselves. We need a media that empowers us to decide for ourselves and reminds us we CAN make our own decisions. This demand, though, unfortunately has to come from the public and not from the media organizations on down. Hopefully after a year of writing these pieces I've made some small difference in your perceptions of media and your general knowledge of journalism. If there is something you'd like to see in the final installment of this column coming in the next issue, please contact *The Stony Brook Press*, *The Stony Brook Independent* ([www.sbindependent.org](http://www.sbindependent.org)) or WUSB ([www.wusb.fm](http://www.wusb.fm)) and leave me a message. I'll most assuredly get back to you in good speed and I'll do my best to answer all your questions next issue.



**How do you  
prepare for your  
commute?**

**Join the  
Commuter  
Student  
Association!**

**Meetings  
Wednesday  
at 1pm in the  
University Cafe**



# The Truth About USG Elections

## President

### Ilan Nassimi (CORE)



#### Positive

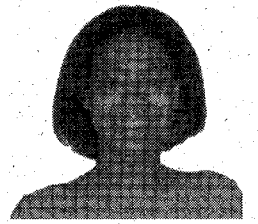
- 1) Has expressed interest in a Constitutional Review, a reform sorely needed in the government.
- 2) Has proven his willingness to fight the Administration to improve student life.
- 3) Has shown the necessary intelligence, creativity, and enthusiasm to run the government.

#### Negative

- 1) He's too much of a politician. Will not renounce the slimy, underhanded tactics of the CORE party for fear of losing the election.
- 2) He is a strong advocate of the party system, which only polarizes USG and stifles independent thought.

Ilan has good intentions but his ethics are questionable at best.

### Diana Acosta



#### Positive

- 1) Has wholeheartedly denounced the illegal and immoral tactics of the CORE party.
- 2) She is an outspoken, free-thinker who is interested in the position to enact actual change in USG.
- 3) She has emphasized the need for greater communication between USG and the campus media, an integral tool to promote student activities.

#### Negative

- 1) She is a little too trustworthy of the Administration. Right now USG needs to stand on its alone and start acting like an independent organization.
- 2) Has yet to recognize the need for Constitutional reform.

Diana, with a little help, could be a fantastic president for USG.

## Executive Vice President

### Richard Hsu (CORE)



#### Positive

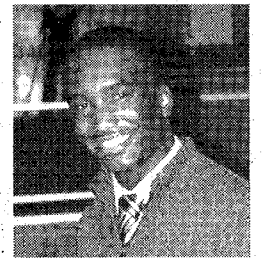
- 1) ...huh.

#### Negative

- 1) Has been a senator for a full year and has proved that he hasn't learned a fucking thing.
- 2) \*Made a slanderous presentation to the Senate and falsely portrayed a private student as a rapist, thug, and social deviant. (For the video clip of Hsu's sickenly defamatory speech, visit [www.thepress.info](http://www.thepress.info)) To this day, Hsu has shown no acknowledgement, let alone remorse for his disgusting behavior.

Richard Hsu is a monster and he will undoubtedly destroy the Senate. If you vote against **anyone** in this election, vote against Hsu.

### Samuel Darguin



#### Positive

- 1) Current Pro Tempore of the Senate. Would easily make transition to the position of Chair (EVP).
- 2) Independently minded. One of the few Senators who actually speaks out.
- 3) Has called others out on their attempts to pass illegal legislation. Concerned with USG legitimacy.

#### Negative

- 1) Needs to polish up on execution of parliamentary procedure.

PLEASE PLEASE VOTE FOR SAM. He would do a fantastic job as Executive Vice President. He has demonstrated his genuine interest in student advocacy and would do his best to get the Senate on track.

## Vice President of Communications

### Victoria Yarisantos (CORE)

We've never met her, but she's on the CORE party ticket. All this tells us is that she is easily influenced and has paid little attention to USG in the past year. Just by virtue of being in CORE, make her your last choice.

### Samone Rogers

Samone has been on the sidelines of USG for some time now but she has never done anything noteworthy in our opinion. Be it a lack of communication or just modesty, we just don't know.

### Nichole Reyes

She's less underwhelming than Samone and she's not on the CORE ticket, so I guess she's your candidate. She's nice to talk to, but will she step up to the massive reform that this position needs?

## Vice President of Clubs and Organizations

### Ralph Thomas

He is a pretty vocal senator who is usually on the correct side of the issue at hand. In terms of original thought, he has never presented a bill to the Senate, but he is always able to inject ideas into a conversation. In meeting with him personally, he seemed slightly aloof, but he seems to have good intentions.

### Francisco Narvaez

A newcomer to USG, we had the opportunity to sit down with him for a while and talk about the elections in general. He was genuinely concerned about getting into office and making changes but was worried about being unaffiliated with a party for fear of being crushed by voting blocks on campus. In the end, he rightly abandoned the CORE party; a courageous move that speaks volumes about his character.

## Senior Class Representative

### Gianna Crespo

She is the only Class Rep Candidate who has attended more than zero Executive Council meetings, which makes her that much more prepared for the position. Currently she is a Senator who seems to weigh the issues fairly, but she isn't the most outspoken person we've met.

### Annlyn Bristol

During the Class Rep debates, she was well versed on the issues and would probably do a good job as Senior Class Representative. On the other hand, she has never attended an Executive Council meeting and may have more of a learning curve than Gianna.

## Sophomore Class Representative

### Ana Hernandez

We actually have nothing to say about Ana Hernandez. She debated adequately, but she also has never attended an Executive Council meeting. It's conceivable that she would do a good job but we...just...don't...know.

### Michael Nacmias (CORE)

We spoke briefly with Mike and he didn't seem like a bad guy, but he definitely doesn't know what's going on. After attempting to explain to him what the CORE party represents, he seemed wholly disinterested. He is definitely not a leader and probably shouldn't be on the Executive Council.



# Don't Bother Voting, We've Already Won.

## USG Senate

The following people will be Senators no matter what. That's good in some cases and really, really bad in others. Keep in mind there are 22 Senate seats and only 16 have been filled.

Enyu Shih (CORE)  
Marc Gross (CORE)  
Michael Cohan  
Milap Patel  
Amol Amin  
Amy Wisnoski  
Ajay Pawar  
Tanzim Khan  
Simardip Grewal  
Nigam Vyas  
Jaspreet Toor  
Natasha Patel  
Jonathan Reichman (CORE)  
Aryeh Glas (CORE)  
Walter Sysak (CORE)  
Alyssa Fasano

To start off, only 7 of the 16 candidates went to the debate. Whether this was a precursor to next year's Senatorial attendance or not remains to be seen.

Firstly: Amy Wisnoski is possibly the best fucking thing that has ever happened to USG. Holy shit. She ate everyone else alive at the debate and has demonstrated that an incoming senator should know something about the seat they are about to fill. If I was any other Senate candidate, I would now be so insecure that I would henceforth sleep with my USG Constitution. Amy is a godsend to the Senate. To boot, Amy was the *only* one who knew the difference between a bill and a resolution; an important distinction.

Secondly: Of everyone else, Alyssa Fasano and Jonathan Reichman were probably the only ones who could even hold their own. These three are the only ones who really should be senators. Everyone else, granted they are actually interested, have a lot of work to do if

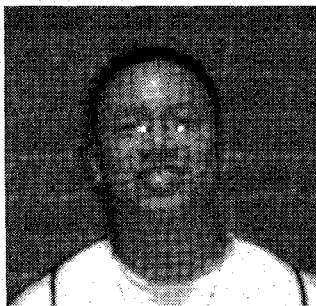
they want to be considered anywhere on par with an effective legislator.

Especially disappointing were Marc Gross (CORE) and Enyu Shih (CORE) who probably didn't even know where they were. Their answers were so painfully short and generic, that the audience actually laughed at them. But, lo! They are senators now.

If Richard Hsu were to win Executive Vice President, he would chair Senate meetings. Oh my fucking christ. Oh my fucking christ. This would literally be the end of USG's Legislative Branch. So as a reminder, **YOU MUST VOTE FOR SAMUEL DARGUIN IN THE EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT RACE!**

This is not a joke. Richard Hsu is so woefully inadequate for this position that babies will weep. Do not vote for Richard Hsu. Do not vote for Richard Hsu. Do not vote for Richard Hsu. Do not vote for Richard Hsu. Do not vote for Richard Hsu. Do not vote for Richard Hsu. Please.

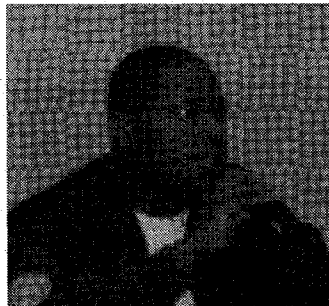
### USG Treasure



Jackie Wu (CORE)

So, this guy already won. Individually, he is a bit of a mystery but he makes a habit of associating himself with nefarious individuals in the CORE party. In the few interactions we've had with him, he seemed ill-suited to hold any Executive Council Position. Abstention is nice form of protest.

### Vice President of Student Life



Romual Jean-Baptiste

Romual is currently the Freshman Class Representative. When he speaks in the Senate, he has relatively good ideas but he has yet to develop a sense of tact. His track record is less than impressive so he'll have a lot to prove. Honestly, he doesn't seem to take the job too seriously, but we could do worse.

### Vice President of Academic Affairs



Chinelo Onochie

We are very involved with the USG Senate and we do not know who this person is. In fact, she attended meetings so infrequently that she has been removed from her Senate position. This is not a good sign considering that the VP of Academic Affairs has a much more vigorous role in USG than a senator.

### Junior Class Representative



Kanika Jain

Again, this is someone we have not had the opportunity to meet so it is difficult to get a reading on her. She does, however, get points for mentioning a specific part of the USG Constitution in her platform. This either means that she is at least trying to be informed or she just wants brownie points. Either way, you got 'er!

## An Important Note on the CORE Party

Select members of the CORE Party have some good ideas but we can only wonder if they will follow through with their expressed intentions. Some of them can even form coherent thoughts. For example, Ilan Nassimi wouldn't make a terrible president, Jonathan Reichman would not make a terrible senator. That's about it. Everyone else is either misinformed, uninformed, or a complete and total scumbag.

Richard Hsu is not a good person. He has been with the CORE Party since intimidating thug Irfan Syed founded the party. (For more information on Irfan Syed and his underhanded, slimy and completely reprehensible tactics in USG, see Esam al-Sherrefi's article entitled "How One Person Ruined USG" on pages 19 and 20 of this issue.)

If Richard Hsu STILL does not know how his party has terrorized select members the student body, then he is the dumbest, most naive human being ever to be admitted to an institution

of higher education. Either way, he should not even be involved with the student government, let alone be a heartbeat away from running it. (Vote Sam Darguin for EVP.)

Regarding the party in general, any ideas or initiatives they may entertain in the future will only be tainted by the group's corrupt beginning. CORE must not succeed since a house built on a swamp will not last for long. To exacerbate the situation even further, most of the members of the CORE party have a lot to learn. It is disconcerting that none of them have even attempted to acknowledge the terrible things that have happened in the very recent past as a result of the actions of CORE's founding members, including Irfan Syed, Vincent Rasulo, Andrew Thompson and Richard Hsu.

To use an old protest adage, "If you aren't outraged, then you aren't paying attention." We invite all newcomers to CORE to come and talk to us to find out what your party really stands for.

Vote for all  
positions on  
**SOLAR**  
from  
April 25th  
to  
April 29th!  
**You Must Vote!**

# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## Alec Empire (*Futurist*)

By Vincent Michael Festa

After fifteen years of totally fucking up everyone's program and their heads with almost every form of electronic music out there, Empire has finally picked up the guitar full-time. That's right, Empire's not heavily relying on electronics this time.

Alec Empire had done it all. Between techno, jungle, drum and bass, sampladelics, video-game noise, acid (which if used in huge doses can be *the* most exciting!), reggae sampling, IDM, white-washing extreme noise and just out-of-nowhere craziness crossed with Berlin-style punk rock edginess residing alongside the air of black death consisting of artistic murder, depression, depravity, defacement and pollution, Empire has been on a non-stop course in getting his musical statement across. Now, we can add the rock quality to the list.

The latest album is *Futurist*, and Empire has redone himself *again*, just as he does every three or four years. Across twelve tracks, Empire picks up an old Gibson and a new Flying V, and with Nic Endo (electronics), and other personnel, rides through with absolutely none of the so-called industry politics, pop-cock-rock industry clichés, or "tried-and-true" formulae like selling your soul to the devil for instant success.

For the record (again), he's not relying on programmed guitar loops and electronic placement like he did on Atari Teenage Riot or on his last album *Intelligence and Sacrifice*. Here, he's playing for real because Empire wanted to have a totally different approach in

using guitars and in his latest work. In this case *Futurist* is totally comprised of black metal, but with Empire's touch everything will be A-OK, even for those expecting another beats and noise mash-fest.

On *Futurist*, it's not about the intricacies of jungle patterns, how to distinguish sounds apart from unrecognizable walls of noise, or to count the different paths one cut can create itself. It's all guitars, vocals and drums with little help of electronics. Empire's formulae for *Futurist* is to blaze a simple, straightforward path of constant, aggressive, underground metal that keeps to the point while he puts in his own style of his razor-sharp, hard-edged personality and attitude.

Empire wastes absolutely no time starting up *Futurist* with "Kiss Of Death". Although it won't bring on 'the death of rock n' roll', it can speed it up with its get-up-and-go-for-yours guitar attitude and Empire's headlight vocals and lyricism. "Night Of Violence" could pay an homage

to Nine Inch Nail's "March Of The Pigs" with fast-pattering drumwerk and more ramped up, high-altitude vocals and lyrics with action ("Night of violence / We're gonna' give it to you!") "Overdose" is a great example of Empire and co. going mid-tempo, while keeping up with, and delivering, sheer power and output.

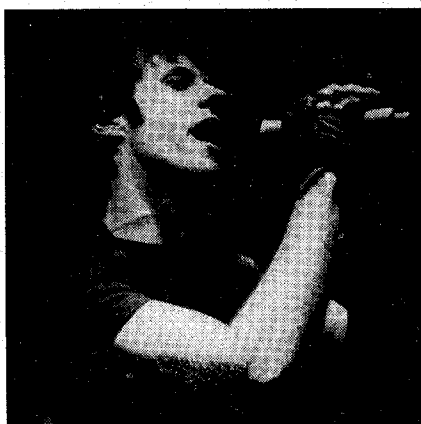
"Gotta Get Out", the first single of *Futurist*, is one hell of an example of what a rock record should have: energy, intensity, soul and innovation. It's too bad that most radio bands don't even take a hint. Then again,

they're not their own producer. *Futurist* can slow down the pace without losing its touch or vocal power, as with "Point Of No Return" or the hard-driving "Terror Alert: High". "Uproar", hands down, is a cut above the rest, being the most aggressive, driving the roughest in guitar work, the loudest in vocals and the hardest in drums.

All the while, Empire's shouts are as always loud and repetitive to the point where no one will sleep on *Futurist*. He has never calmed down; and why would he if there's so much chaos and action going on around him? Always personal and confrontational, there's always his themes of catharsis, feeling, questioning, disillusionment, direction and what's really inside of him, never backing down from how he really feels ("I disrespect you / For everything you do" on "Vertigo" and "We're gonna' be bringers of chaos!" on "In Disguise"). He also hasn't changed any, since he still has a thing for the Armageddon...someone give him the number to Killing Joke!

*Futurist* goes all the way through putting up one hell of a fight. It can do that because it doesn't deal with music industry middlemen ready to ambush the potential of an artist with some formula for all-for-profit purposes. As a result, it's an all-out, honest-to-Gott ass-kicking that is sorely needed for the state of metal, just like Probot's self-titled was, a year ago.

Empire's mindset is all good, as he always had the right idea of how serious he, or any artist, should be about music, and how music in general should be dealt with. His overall attitude was always critical, active, challenging, sometimes malicious, suicidal, deadly and was always totally serious. *Futurist* is no exception, as it is always extremely exciting and energetic to have Alec Empire release music that was, and is still, like no other.



ALEC EMPIRE  
Courtesy of Alec's record label

## Bravery Bravery The Bravery Bravery

By Sam Goldman

A little over one year ago, The Bravery didn't exist. Their lead singer, Sam Endicott, was in a ska/punk band called Skabba The Hut (he even now lists Fugazi and Minor Threat as among his influences). Then he heard some electroclash – the short-lived movement that fused punk, electronica and new wave – and decided that he liked the sound, but "thought all the bands sucked," in his own words. A little over a year later, after appearances at CMJ, SXSW, a sold-out residency at Arlene's Grocery and a Pamplona-sized rush to sign them to a major label, Endicott suddenly looks like a cross between Robert Smith and Billy Idol, and his band is on the same New New Wave pedestal as The Killers and Hot Hot Heat. Such is the music business nowadays.

You just can't do stuff like that and not catch shit for it. Enter Killers frontman Brandon Flowers. "They're signed because we're a band," Flowers told MTV. "I've heard rumors about [members

of] that band being in a different kind of band, and how do you defend that? If you say, 'My heart really belongs to what I'm doing now,' but you used to be in a ska band." Ouch.

I don't blame him for bitching. It's fairly inevitable to draw comparisons between the two bands – hell, they're even on the same label.

But The Bravery's punk/DIY roots infuse their self-produced debut album with an energy that makes The Killers – and pretty much every other band of its ilk – look stodgy by comparison.

From their first single, "An Honest Mistake," all the way to the last song, "Rites of Spring," two things become very clear. The first is that The Bravery aren't interested in schmaltzy, grandiose pop melodies. They are a rock band first and foremost, with the guitar and espe-

cially the drums driving short, snappy songs that seem full of boundless energy. Even their only ballad, "Tyrant," sounds more like a real

rock ballad than The Killers' "Andy, You're a Star," which was a very misguided attempt at blues. While The Killers seem intent on channeling pop stalwarts like Duran Duran, The Bravery would rather emulate Blondie or New Order.

The second thing is that there is a sense of fun and experimentation with The Bravery. From loopy keyboards (the chorus of "Fearless") to some garage rock riffs ("Swollen Summer," their best song) to wiseass lyrics (from "Public Service Announcement", "You put the broke in brokenhearted / You put the art in retarded") to weird synthy noises ("The Ring Song" finally uses that weird bubbly noise that's on seemingly every keyboard ever made), The Bravery make a point not to take themselves so damn seriously, and to sound like they're having a damn good time.

There will be people who won't listen to The Bravery out of general principle. These people are idiots. The Bravery may not be made up of lifelong New Wave lovers, and they might have been skanking it up while their contemporaries may have been digging Fischerspooner, but if the only thing that matters to you is the music on the CD in your grubby little fingers, The Bravery will not let you down.



CT MEDAL OF BRAVERY,  
Courtesy of the Nutmeg State



# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## Sideways: It's Only Wine!

By Seth Maggiore

Have you ever wondered what was inside a box of wine (and don't say wine, smartass)? I mean what holds the wine in the cardboard? It's a plastic bag with a tap at the end, a large plastic bag that contains five liters of grapey goodness. When dispersed to an adequate amount of friends (four to five is best), this tasty wonder can be a social lubricant unparalleled to any other liquid I know of. But what happens when people start drinking wine out of fancy, expensive bottles and make it their life's mission to quench their finely tuned palate? The answer can be witnessed in the movie *Sideways*.

This critically acclaimed film directed by Anthony Payne (released on DVD April 5 by the way) is, in short, about a neurotic struggling writer (Miles), and his over-the-hill actor/man-slut friend (Jack) going on a tour of vineyards in northern California mainly to 1) find that perfect bottle of wine and 2) celebrate Jack's last days of bachelorhood before he gets married. Over the week-long vacation the pair get beaten up, chased after, fucked around and

let down, not to mention drunk. They find and lose and find love, and at the end of the film Miles and Jack both achieve some level of resolution and happiness in their lives (don't worry, this description doesn't give anything crucial away). Basically, it's a cultured version of *Harold and Kumar go to White Castle*, minus the weed and the humor.

The characters are, for the most part, the best aspect of this movie.

Although they're forced to play out ridiculous antics and are given pretty dull lines to work with, the actors do a good job making the viewer sort of care about them in a semi-concerned way. I think if the movie was cast differently, it would have failed automatically and no one would ever have bothered to go out and waste their money watching it. The scenery of the vineyards and the mountains of northern California were nice, and it did offer something unique to *Sideways*. Not that I know a whole lot about California, but I'd say

that the north is the underrated part, which Schwarzenegger has the power to terminate. The

plot wasn't particularly bad either, it just wasn't anything great. The few hilarious alcohol-drenched, socially awkward scenes couldn't make up for the hackneyed attempts of emotionally pivotal moments. The worst part about *Sideways* was that it seemed like the story took forever to unfold, and when it did the movie was almost over. To sum it up, the whole thing was awfully underwhelming for a film which got so many accolades from very prestigious critics.

Essentially, the problem with *Sideways* is it seemed like the writers were trying too hard to make a sophisticated comedy instead of just telling a good story. At certain points in the movie I felt like I was watching deleted scenes of *Fraser*. I understood the barrage of esoteric and pretentious references; they just weren't all that funny or suitable. Films like this unfortunately make wine appear to be the choice beverage of snobby alcohol elitist and the French alike, when that's really not the case. Good times and good people can be enjoyed with cheap, working people's wine. Up till a week ago I believed in the former, but I was enlightened by a stolen box of Peter Vella wine to the realization that, in fact, wine is good for all people. It's really good. But *Sideways* isn't, so don't rent it. There, I just saved you five dollars and two hours of your time if you intended on seeing it. You owe me a box of wine.



WHODA THUNK?  
Courtesy of Seth Maggiore

## Pig Destroyer (*Terrifyer*)

By Vincent Michael Festa

Before listening to *Terrifyer*, it is advised that you get out of bed, take a shower, dry yourself off, put on your deodorant, brush your hair, brush your teeth with the best toothpaste, get dressed *nicely*, have a big breakfast, then sit tight as *Terrifyer* gets underway, because you'll need all the polishing you can before being slaughtered, battered, brutally beaten, and aurally *killed* by the Washington DC trio. Because after experiencing something like no other, there won't be anything else left.

It wasn't until around Autumn 2001 that Pig Destroyer got the attention of the entire death metal and grindcore scene that it deserved. Thanks to Relapse Records they issued *38 Counts of Battery*, and when new believers wanted more, Relapse then released *Prowler In The Yard* and the rest was history.

The band name itself warranted and gained attention from

sound that lay underneath was refreshing: grindcore at super-high speeds to the point where it physically woke fans up, pressurized heads, and induced real headaches. With relentless maniac drumming, guitar riffs literally going in high-speed circles, and even soundbytes and sound clips, Pig Destroyer made itself a very highly respectable and most attentive act of its kind.

Pig Destroyer is still the choice for music-attention-deficit-disorder fans everywhere. Track times ranging from a mere ten seconds (at least :45 for *Terrifyer*) to more than three minutes mean that there is always something to look forward to *without* hitting the fast-

forward button. Again, add that to its performance speed that is faster than most of everything on the planet and it's definitely going to wake up and then force those to stay up listening to Pig Destroyer. The aural imagery of their entire discs when exposed for too long could result in its own (and possibly your) schizophrenia. Think of The Locust except that it's the horror version and not the sci-fi kind.

Now we have *Terrifyer*, and it totally lives up to its name. The title alone exemplifies the brand of sound Pig Destroyer performs. This time, however, it's a double disc. Disc 1 is the real side of them: the devastating, head-washing, frantic, bloody mess that we all love and expect them to be. Relentless, non-stop, all-the-way insanity.

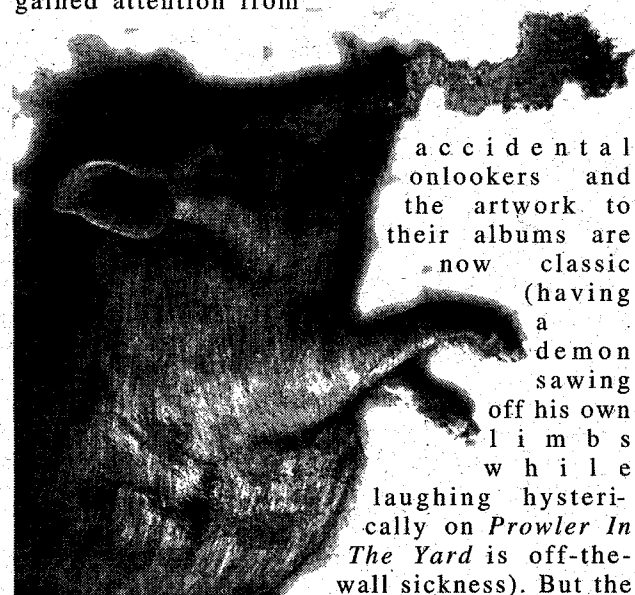
It only takes just 40 seconds before the fun begins, from there it feels like blood wants to burst right out of the band members flesh. Pig Destroyer, like all of their previous albums, push for even faster speeds through pounding machine-gun drums and whip-rush guitar work that leave almost no sparsity, and not without J.R. Haye's nerve-damaging screaming. It's

never enough as they continue to top themselves in the pressurization and decompression department. "Towering Flesh" and "Gravedancer" are the only tracks that clock out past three minutes and people who know Pig Destroyer know that it's a more than average length. They are the crown jewels of the disc, if there is even such a place in their world.

Pig Destroyer's lyrics are of a special touch: despite tearing it up as loud as inhumanly possible, the way all words are put together may end up being as cute, delicate and playful, mangled with devastating and wasteful, with no use of commas.

Disc 2 shows another side of them never available or even possible until now: a 5.1 Surround Sound DVD of the total opposite of Pig Destroyer, a soothing relaxer called "Natasha" which may help you recuperate from the blur of which is them. This time Pig Destroyer take on a much slower pace (amazing!), starting, dragging, stopping, and starting again through one gory dream and the messed-up psyche of Natasha. If you never had the time to catch a breather, this is it, all on this disc.

Now that more and more people will no doubt be caught in their path like a deer in truck headlights, those who want more will be happy to hear that two other releases have now suddenly surfaced: *Painter Of Dead Girls* is a collection of their split records and for those who need to have it all and *Explosions In Ward 6* is the most elusive in their back-catalogue and also being their first full-length (which thankfully reappears on *38 Counts Of Battery*). Any which way you get your hands on Pig Destroyer, make sure they're clean and not be already red-handed, because when they start coming around they will kick your ass, and they *will* beat the living shit out of you.



accidental onlookers and the artwork to their albums are now classic (having a demon sawing off his own limbs while laughing hysterically on *Prowler In The Yard* is off-the-wall sickness). But the

# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## Einsturzende Neubauten (*Kollaps, Strategy Against Architecture, Kalte Sterne*)

By Vincent Michael Festa

Originating from Berlin in 1980, Einsturzende Neubauten did what no other artist in any genre did: they defined a genre of their own music exactly the way it should've sounded. Hearing the new wave of industrial music now in 2005, it's all about keyboards, programmed beats, dark evil voices, the color black and a wicked sense of evil, despair, and terror. In 1980 it was a totally different story, as EN lived up to doing what they set out to do as they epitomized the term "industrial" and used power tools, jackhammers, coils, metal-on-metal percussion, homemade instruments and other structures to create and define the industrial sound.

Starting as a performance art group of Bargeld and N.U. Unruh, Einsturzende Neubauten later added Beate Bartel and Gudrun Gut. The latter two left and were replaced with chief machine operator of the group F.M. Einheit, and eventually released *Kollaps* after a series of EP and tape releases. *Kollaps* would be what the previous releases were: unstructured noises grating, pounding and damaging as a result of EN damaging and abusing their instruments as well as wrecking listeners' hearing. Though Neubauten's earlier work reflected Bargeld's earlier life and psyche, it always was visibly more about noise and music and music as art, and with that came the physical aspect of what is true industrial music: the action of physically working with real everyday materials to produce music. Never mind that the group uses power tools, they prove that music can be made with some very unconventional means.

*Kollaps* was the first available and earliest document of their works. "Tanz Debil" lashes out and its guitar strings twang out of order, as its statements are about those who have greed as a debilitation. Criss-crossing, alternating percussion runs through "Steh Auf Berlin" and starts only after a jackhammer attack, and the title track crawls through, picking and stringing itself out slowly. "Jet'm"

demonstrates vibrating and seething noise, and other tracks on the record feature samples of TV and movies. All the while, the material featured here has its own form, unstructure, unpredictability and demonstration: subliminal sounds coming out of nowhere and Bargeld's vocals yell, scream, shriek and agonize to add to the undisciplined, unstructured metal framework turning physical to aural.

After that, it didn't stop there, as *Strategies Against Architecture* was released shortly thereafter as EN's first retrospective, and offered more of the same, but only in a slightly more varied and different dose. Containing *Kollaps* in its entirety, the CD featured new and different tracks from *Kollaps* (which also had added material). The most interesting cut here is the hellish and scalding-hot "Zum Tier Machen", which is an ever-changing journey—aural through struggle, agony and pain as evidenced by Bargeld's heavy shrieking and where an autopsy machine was used. "Negative Nein" journeys through the murky waters, "Schwarz" takes off in a totally different direction of "Tanz Debil" as its intro becomes the song itself humming all the way through, and EN makes its first treads through at least some definitive song structure in "Kalte Sterne". Oddly enough, the fact that one of the music tracks was physically stolen is also the musical aspect of itself and appears here. Figure it out.

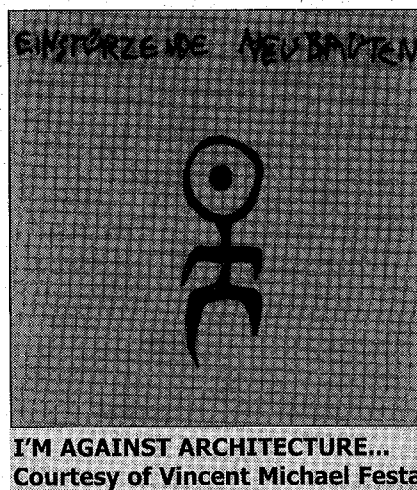
From there, EN refined their music without ditching their metal-on-metal ethos, releasing albums such as *Tabula Rasa*, *Ende Neu*, *Silence Is Sexy* and *Perpetuum Mobile*. They also never forgot where they came from. Issued from Koch last year is *Kalte Sterne*,

which came to the surprise of many EN fans and rivetheads, returning to their early years of "snap/crackle/pop!"

*Kalte Sterne* is more a wealth of material taken from EN's *Kollaps* era, only this time *Kalte Sterne* contains more new material than the former two releases showcased here (only two tracks were repeated). Aside from *Kollaps* and *SAA*, which was more of a "take it now" approach, *Kalte Sterne* becomes a stretch to listen to, as the speed of mostly everything becomes slower. For those who love poundings, EN delivers giving various grades of its pre-structured aggression from slow-marching, to totally restless percussion, to the point where at times EN try to take hand at acting like a real rock band.

Their chaos also sounds and feels a little different on *Kalte Stern*, because it's possible that this is EN's earliest material, showing their yet-experience side of things. And normally they wouldn't have been using electronics or synths in their music up until when other industrial artists started to remix them. Astroblaster techniques and some sound-blasted tape and record noises will throw hardcore EN fans off the assembly belt. Also, industrial darling Lydia Lunch makes one of her very first appearances anywhere showing off her spoken-word talents, sounding like a craggly worn-out hag introducing all the blood-suckers and leeches, complimenting the tonal feelings of *Kalte Sterne* and defining most of the overall quality of the album.

It's great to experience this side of them, or anything other than conventional music, for a change. For that we thank EN and Mute for releasing more of their unreleased material.



Courtesy of Vincent Michael Festa

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# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## New Order - Waiting For The Sirens' Call

By Brian Wasser, Tiffany Russo, and Paula Guy

Brian Wasser:

Too bad you can't dance to most of the songs on this. Or can you? I miss Temptation. Is this god-like genius? Give it a year. Why are they still making music? Because they're New Order. Why does it always sound new? Same answer. If they play True Faith at Hammerstein, I'll be happy. I hate Hammerstein. I can't wait for the inevitable dance remixes. "Jetstream" sounds middle-aged, but it makes me happy. I like guitars, but not this much. But this is New Order, we have to love it; let it sink in, and maybe "Guilt Is A Useless Emotion" will find its way onto future Carlos the DJ mixes. This is no Technique, but New Order sound reinvigorated. It's 2005, and the songs are fresh, but something about it still bring back memories of when I was little. Which is good. It's also good that they don't seem to be falling into the same trap almost every "older" band eventually falls into. "Working Overtime" sounds like The Stooges. Overall, I still wish I had been old enough to listen to New Order, and appreciate them, back in the mid-80's. And yet, minus Gillian, it's the same band, just different songs, most with the same timeless energy. If New Wave is the only music that can make my white ass dance, then pop that resonates with the echoes of that past, I guess, is the next best thing. That said, I'll stick to the old stuff, the stuff that still sounds more dynamic than this album. That is, I would, if the new songs hadn't already stuck.

Tiffany Russo:

Until recently I had never heard New Order, besides the horrible cover of Blue Monday by Orgy, and I am sad for this. I wish I could have been a New Order fan for much longer, but to make up for lost time I am going to a concert in May, having unofficial New Order dance parties wherever I go, and listening to the new album with open ears. The new album has a different sound than of most of the New Order songs I have previously heard. The first two songs are rather mellow, kind of head boppin' type of songs, not quite the "dance like you don't care what people are saying" type of songs, but the melodies are nonetheless catchy. And yet maybe too cheesy, but at the same time warmly optimistic with lyrics like "You've gotta hold your head up high, You know it's not too late to try, You've gotta lift that heavy load, You've gotta get back in control, Why don't you put that gun right down. Before you kill the love you found..." I like the beat of "Guilt is a useless emotion," but there's something about the background singers that reminds me of a Maroon 5 type song. My favorite song on the new album as of now has to be "Morning night and day", mainly for the bass line, and the lyrics, which remind me of the kind of nights I've been having lately, "I hit the floor in a pile of dust".

Paula Guy:

When it comes to New Order, I am biased towards love. So this review of "Waiting for the Sirens' Call" is not objective. It is a love story, in which I wank all over New Order. In saying this, I was reasonably scared when the first song "Hey Joe", kicked in, as it is full of guitar, and does not make me immediately want to jump up and dance like a retard. *Too many guitars. No! Make them stop!* Thankfully, New Order was only teasing me, like a sadistic asshole, because the rest of the album is much more beat-full, and conducive to dance. Peter Hook's bass does its sexy thing; Bernard Sumner serenades you with his lazy Britishness. There are pieces of lovely. "Morning Night and Day," for example, is held together with a hypnotic little riff, which trances one into a state nearing happiness. "Jetstream," is even more excellent, with crafty keyboards and an anthem-like chorus. Structurally, the songs on "Waiting for the Sirens' Call," are less creative than New Order's older material. There are less random, loopy pieces, which wander off mid-song for their own jam session. However, this album still makes me dance like an imbecile. "Guilt is a Useless Emotion," swings and hammers at your subconscious dance-buttons like the best of New Order. New Order is still my favorite old Manchester-folk. I give them three and a half out of five hugs. Actually, I give them all my hugs. I love them, they are awesome, and I am going to be dancing to them at the Hammerstein Ball Room on May 5.

## Unsane (*Blood Run*)

By Vincent Michael Festa

To the guys of Unsane, Halloween came six months earlier this year. Good.

Here's a reason to have a Brooklyn-type welcome-back party. Unsane release *Blood Run* after an eight-year hiatus as themselves but not from making music as members played with Cutthroats 9 and the [J.J. Paradise] Players Club. Between eight years and these two bands there were no shortage of experiencing danger from the Unsane trio: while they were away, Cutthroats 9 were the tougher, rougher, higher clarity side of things while the Players Club were the free-wheeling tough-guys looking for a daring and dangerous time. Now that Unsane is back, the real main critical danger begins...and ends with them.

Why will it? Because the blood-soaked cover art says so and it always had been on all of their records, matching Unsane's ferocity, identity, and situation as noise-rock kings. And with Chris Spencer's vocals and lyrics accompanying their driving, wrangling, fight-for-your-life sound with such out-going craziness, agony, and frustration, Unsane could match a murder or crime scene in a movie or even real-life.

*Blood Run* continues the tradition of harrowing noise-rock pioneered by them. At times it also brings back some of their elements from their previous albums helping them to

keep their "Kings Of..." title. Starting off with the highly corrosive "Backslide," it shows that they're still in the same shape as they were since *Occupational Hazard* with Chris Spencer's howl, Dave Curran's stretch-and-slide techniques, and Vince Signorelli's ultra-cymbalic drum taste and battery. Later on it gets better: "Killing Time" re-introduces Unsane's trademark cooled-out mellow slides and stark navigation of hard-driving guitar. The treacherous "Release" adds more element of danger to the

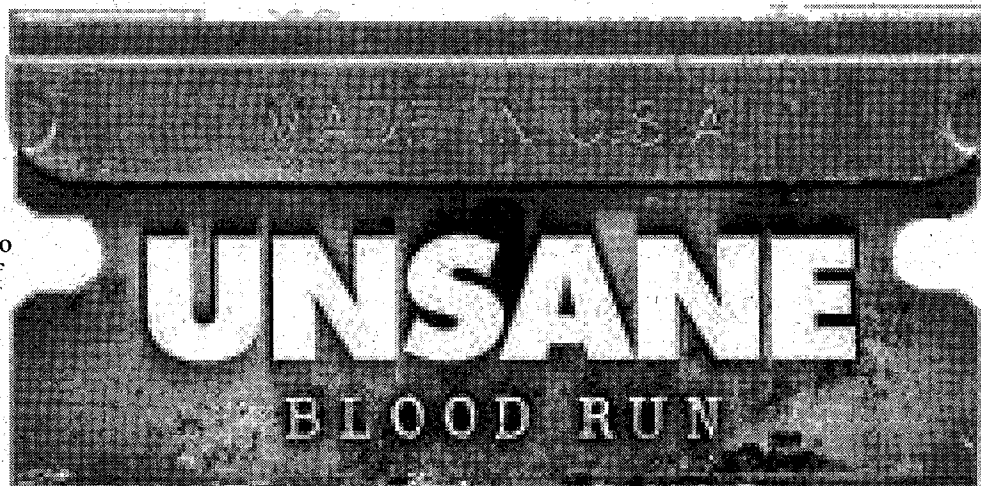
drunken miserable luck. It also marks Dave Curran's first attempt at supplying the same hungry vocals on an Unsane record like he usually does as part of [J.J. Paradise] Player's Club. On "Latch", Curran brings back some of the spirit of what was "Smells Like Rain" on their *Occupational Hazard* record. The most Unsane? It's gonna have to be "D Train," the super-charged blowout extravaganza that ends up being the fullest. The ender, "Dead Weight," brings back memories of "Get Off My Back" and *Smattered, Smothered, and Covered*, is a fitting way to end the record on a slow, disastrous, and devastating end.

Otherwise, there is only a minor flaw. The overall quality and form of "Anything" changes abruptly. Unfortunately, both alter egos and vocalists don't exactly match well with each other.

All the while, Unsane retains a lot of their drag-down, knockout, and beat-up viciousness. The use of a couple of new techniques and recording frequencies may give Unsane fans a need for the group to use more of that to maybe max-out Unsane's potential of inducing unsoothing ear-

, head-, and tooth-aches.

Now that the new Unsane album is here, feel free to lock your doors, windows, and hide your loved ones, that is unless you love to find yourself in the middle of a no-holds-barred action noise-rock assault.



disc and perfectly sets up Spencer's critical and gut-wrenching vocal skills.

For those still alive after track four, "Make Them Pay" and "Hammered Out" shows that Unsane can slug it out blues-rock style, with "Hammered Out" being more down on its

# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## Laughing Shock

By Yevgeniy Deyko

We take our seats. The curtain never lifts. A surprise is never revealed. The stage is naked to our view. The audience sits, and I wonder as to the whereabouts of the fireplace with the overbearing photo of Mr. Wingfield looming over it. The lights grow weak, and the acting starts.

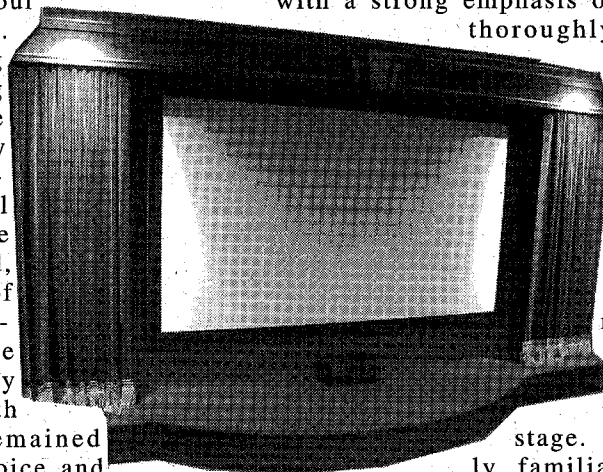
So I sit up above the prestigious floor seats in the balcony, waiting patiently for the play to unfold its life. Having already read the play I find the humor dry, and I cringe as the spokes of monotony are driven through my ears. The play is an intellectual play; which entertains less and teaches more. I understand that and keep my ears open and at attention. Although for most, the ideas that the play vents are uncomfortable gusts of air to breathe in. Peels of laughter burst from the audience as Mrs. Amanda Wingfield, played by the luminous Jessica Lange, says to her son, Tom, that her daughter, Laura, "thinks that [Tom] does not like it here." It is also apparently amusing, or uncomfortable, to an overwhelming majority of the audience when Amanda finally admits that her daughter is a cripple. The idea that is exhibited here is that we all distort our everyday realities in one fashion or another, and watching this I am saddened by this theatrical version of neuroticism that I see on a daily basis. The castles that we build in that sky, which are our hopes, wishes and dreams, are

often our only way of escaping the monotonous traps that many of our lives become. This main and profound point reaches a pinnacle and cannot be more blatantly obvious than when Tom talks about the movies that he watches. Tom's obsession with movies, which the audience finds as another point of uncomfortable laughter, overtly depicts the struggle we as individuals face in society to escape our monotonous and wasted lives.

Although the acting was not an overwhelming success, where the audience would be driven fervently into the story, it was an overall pleasant and successful performance. Through the character of Mrs. Wingfield, Lange did inspire a feeling of repulsion with her character's purblind joviality. The *ignorance is bliss* mentality that Lange portrayed with expertise, where she remained hopeful and optimistic in voice and action that somehow her daughter and son could be *normal* and succeed in the life they lead infuriates the audience with pity and contempt. The borderline retarded psychology of the domesticated daughter and the resentful yet sympathetic behavior of Tom also deserves some

applause. The salesman-like tone and voice of Josh Lucas is a bull's-eye for the character of the gentleman caller. Although at times both the actors of Tom and the much awaited gentleman caller are at awkward and unnatural, as if the two actors momentarily lost their lines.

I applaud the performance overall, and would recommend that it be seen once by all, with a strong emphasis on once. After having thoroughly read the play, it requires some bearing and patience on the viewers' part to get through this dialogue dependent intellect play. I regret to say that I could have simply been content with reading the play on paper. It is a play that was written more for paper than the stage. Being comprehensively familiar with the plot and theme of the play, it is drudgery to go through it yet again. Time can be better spent. Like the playwright himself wrote through the character of Tom, "I sit in the dark and watch adventure enacted." What I want, though, is to experience this trite adventure for myself.



## Trojan Shared Pleasure Condoms

By Dr. FistFuck

Recently, I took a few of these on a test drive with a willing female friend of mine. Now, on the box, the condoms are labeled as "Warm Sensations Lubricant." And the back of the box explains in further detail, "Warming lubrication activated by natural body moisture, releases gentle, warm sensations for both partners." Sounds frickin' awesome!

As with most safe-sex devices, they are geared towards the woman's pleasure and kind of forget that they are wrapped around a penis (see *Ribbed For Her Pleasure*, amongst this and other items)... I must be crazy thinking a condom should allow for heightened male sensation, instead of that garden hose wrapped-round-my-dick feeling. Now, here to my delight, as if answering my dreams, is *Shared Pleasure*! I was like a giddy schoolboy unwrapping his first contraband copy of *Playboy* as I tore into the box.

I was sorely (thank God not literally) disappointed. The condoms felt slightly thicker than normal, and I actually had more of a numbing sensation than a "natu-

ral body activated moisturized warmth." And, in my small-brain thinking for the big-brain haste, I bought the econosized box (twelve condoms) for a costly \$19.99. That's dollars, not pesos. Nearly ten dollars more than your average latex, non-lubed condoms for a box of these.

But, my partner was squealing with delight at the added heat/friction combo, obviously receiving the complete opposite sensation.

Huh. Maybe that's the payoff. I get more sensation, or sex, out of the deal, since she can't get enough of the warming sensation and wants more of me. Maybe that's the "shared pleasure" catch.

Well, anyway, they are not worth \$20 out of your college trust fund, and they certainly do not live up to the advertising on the box.

Definitely, two willies down.

Harry the Helpful Hemoglobin says, "Always use a willing, age-of-consent partner. Otherwise, it may result in some uncomfortable jail time. Oh, and always practice safe sex, too."

## The Stony Brook Press



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# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## *Songs of Ireland*

By William Lewis

This year at ICON 24 we had the chance to have the Brobdingnagian Bards to perform some of their songs. One of the albums that the Brobdingnagian Bards have made, that happens to feature some of the songs that were played here by the Brobdingnagian Bards, is the album *Songs of Ireland*. *Songs of Ireland* is a nice collection of songs that you would be lucky to hear at your local Irish pub or at different Irish folk shows.

Some songs like "Rocky Road to Dublin," "Finnegan's Wake," "Come Out Ye Black and Tans," and the "Rising of the Moon" happen to be some of the many other songs that have been covered by such famous Irish groups like The Irish Rovers and the Clancy Brothers, yet the Brobdingnagian Bards cover the songs just as well with a traditional sound. With the mix of a recorder, mandolin and autoharp, the Brobdingnagian Bards are able to put a traditional sound on all the songs that are not commonly heard in a traditional sound.

Though some of the songs on this album are of a serious nature such as "Come Out Ye Black and Tans" and "Patriot Game," which happen to deal with the matter of being a Patriot for ones beliefs, other songs such as "Big Strong Man" and "The Unicorn Song," happen to be both light hearted songs. With an added twist to the Irish Rover's song "The Unicorn Song," the Brobdingnagian Bards change the ending to help stop Marc Gunn from crying in the midst of the song over the thought that the Unicorn just happens to drown in the song. *Songs of Ireland* is an up paced pub song-filled album that is good for people of all ages, and you don't have to be either Irish or Scottish to enjoy the album for the traditional sound that it has to offer the listener. You can get a copy of this album and is its 19 tracks at <http://www.thebards.net/cds/> for only \$12.95.

## *Pensive*

By Michael Prazak

I've often been here proclaiming that the band Rufio might be a little better if they'd slow down some of their beats and let the listener enjoy their harmonies. It seems that in a round-about manner the band Pensive has proved me wrong. Their chord structures are immaculate, the vocal harmonies layered carefully with a meticulous attention to detail. Each track of this CD is scrutinized with such manic energy that scarcely a genuine moment squeaks through. In short, it's a highly polished and sparkling piece of corporate art.

The songs themselves aren't necessarily bad; they just don't belong here on my CD player, bare and naked before my ears. They belong in the background of some coming-of-age teen comedy, where they'd serve to bolster the feel-good atmosphere. A CD in search of a background film it seems, like the entire thing was composed with marketability in mind. I feel slightly bad remarking on these aspects, as the CD is still music after all, and countless bands do the very same.

However, I felt it was important to get that little irksome bit out of the way, as it now allows me to more carefully consider the music on the CD. As mentioned before, it's not a bad CD, and perhaps to a specific demographic it would be nothing short of CD spindle fodder, wearing away at the motors of a 14 year-old girl's portable CD player. I guess I've given away what I think about it though. It essentially sounds like pop-punk's stab at the over-produced gloss that made Lincoln Park so successful. This is an admirable quality, especially in our market. However, I am a 24 year-old tired and listless college student, so I'm less inclined to be embracing.

This first and second track alone set the mood, and it's at first very easy to fall into the general mood. Well, that is, until around track 7 or 8 when you start thinking, "what's going on in the world right now, I think NPR was going to do some interview with a very important so-and-so." BBC World Service suddenly becomes that much more urgent in your mind, and you casually flip it on. And the comparison becomes that much more congealed in its uppity British tones.

## *Soul of a Harper*

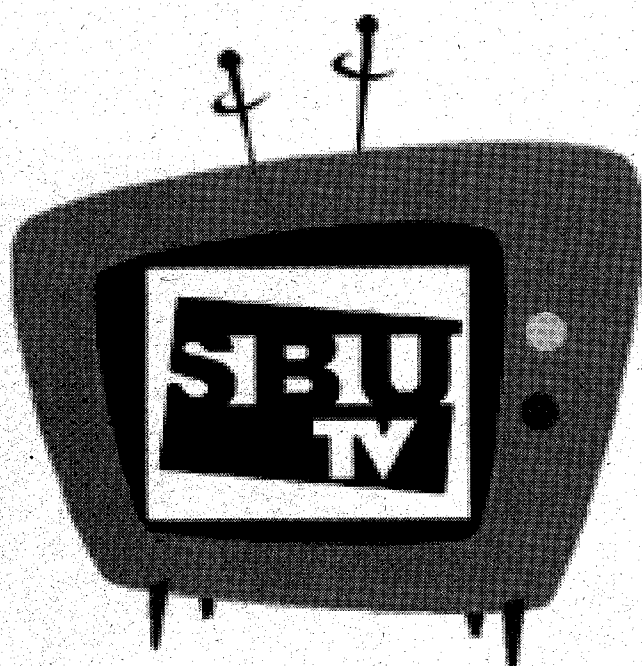
By William Lewis

Gabh eolas Rubh' a' Bhaird air. (Scottish Gaelic: Take it like the Bard's point). Marc Gunn, the other half of the Brobdingnagian Bards, had released his first solo album *Soul of a Harper* only in 2003. The album is a pleasant soulful sound of a bard that has traveled well over this world. Only 13 tracks long, Marc Gunn with his autoharp sings of meaningful melodies of Celtic origins.

"The tone of Marc's voice is one of a man that has seen much as a singer."

With the start of the album, Marc Gunn starts off with one of the more heart touching songs "The Bridge," which sounds like a lover who is trying to reconnect with his love that he is at odds with. From the tone of his voice and speed on his autoharp Marc is able to convey to the listener the feeling that ripples at the heart and soul of the singer as the album progresses in its manner. True, some songs that Marc Gunn sings and strums out are light hearted, but the album on the whole is a spiritual path of one person's travels. The tone of Marc's voice is one of a man that has seen much as a singer and is able to express his feelings in the most moving songs that he is able to play and sing unaided by his autoharp.

If someone you know loves traditional Celtic/Scottish music then Marc's album *Soul of a Harper* is a must-get for them. With an amazing solo voice and touching sounds of his autoharp Marc is able to put someone into the point of view of this solo Bard as he sings from a love of life point of view, ranging from heartfelt songs such as "The Bridge" to "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose" and to "Buttercup's Lament."



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# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## Aphex Twin (Analord Series 1-5)

By Vincent Michael Festa

I couldn't believe what I read about Aphex Twin. No, it's not about him making new material solely consisting of goat noises and conversations about women's tits, or releasing another close to near imaginary record (*Q-Chastic*, anyone?). Nothing like that, but an entirely different joke, as Aphex Twin (Richard D. James) is in the midst of releasing 12 12" EPs of new material, one of which will be *really expensive* since it came with the series limited-edition binder, which is already asking for a high price.

Called the Analord EPs, these are 12 new releases from Aphex himself consisting of analogue sounds used from Richard's mammoth analogue synth collection plus drum machines, keys, and other homemade kits used over the years. They are still scheduled to be released (all 12 of them) during the first half of this year. Analord 10 was released with a special photo album-like binder to house the other 12" EPs.

I do have almost all of Aphex' work, the fact that some of it is extremely rare and expensive leaves a hole in my collection much desired to be replaced. Hearing that this Aphex' new release is a series and yet another wacky publicity stunt from this "Funny Little Man," I immediately went into a huge scare trying to figure out how to pay for this one and count the remaining fingers on my hands while trying to mark my calendar on how and when to get the other Aphex records.

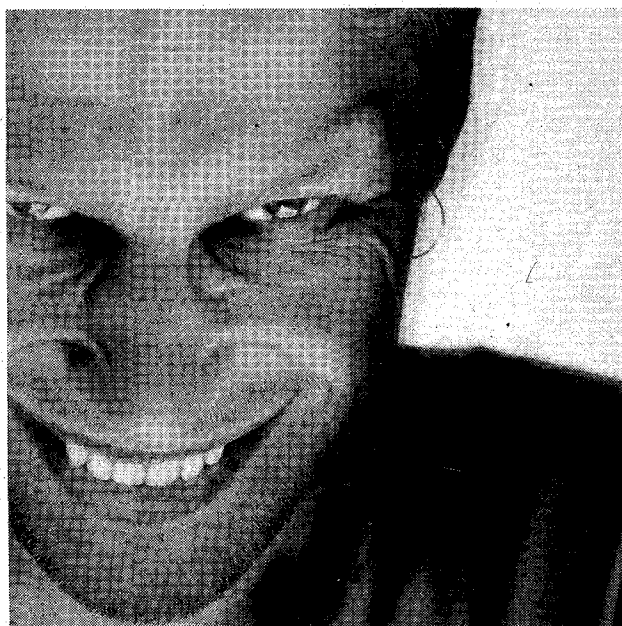
This is typical Aphex Twin tomfoolery. So far, he has released obscure titles under obscure names (*Gak* and *Power Pill*), different versions of titles, and releasing innovative and intelligent material in small print runs in the hundreds (the *Caustic Window* series), so Aphex Twin fanatics are going for broke in getting everything Aphex because it is groundbreaking material. Somewhere in the UK, Aphex is smiling deviously while at other times minding his own business whistling, as he is the mastermind of how his work is put out, and fans are *still* going crazy over it.

Then again, it could be worse: if you were an IDM fan back in 2000, would you have known about a monthly series of CDs about the final 20 minutes of the year 2000 by Raster-Noton? Could you have kept up with *Psychic TV* on their *Guinness*-world-record-breaking release schedule during their late 80's heyday? Or if you were a hardcore Merzbow collector, would you seriously consider shelling out at least \$500 for a 50 CD and miscellany box set?

Despite having to stress myself out

thinking about how to get the new Aphex records anyway because I *do need* to have everything, like those blasted Pokemon creatures, I decided to order *Analord 1-5* from my friendly overseas record store in Leeds, UK who luckily took my hard-earned money well-concealed inside a cutesy Easter Bunny card (thanks Norman Records!)

Indeed the first half of the *Analord* series has its many technical high points: most of the pace and speed of the cuts on the first five records go nice and easy. Even the various track-listing references and pictures of Aphex' equipment means that it's all about the technical aspect of things.



HE LOOKS SCARY, I HOPE THE MUSIC IS NICER,  
Courtesy of Vincent Michael Festa

*Analord 1* starts the entire series as Aphex gets to the point with squiggly acid drops guiding along boiling synthlines ("Steppingfilter 101") followed by a twenty-second game of staticky synths and spittle beats ("Canticle Crawl"). The record picks it up at "MC4 Acid" with heavier acid intake while you could swear that R2D2 guest-starred on "untitled." More trickery and games ensue when the speeds double on "Grumpy Acid" and "158b Analord."

*Analord 2* consists of mostly steady flowing bodyrock with a much more evident presence of synth-tone. The key track is "Laricheard" which could double as discarded material from close friend Autechre's *LP5*.

*Analord 3*, the better of the five, throws

out a lot of that moist, juicy, succulent acid as right angles with those angles helping Aphex look even *more* like Autechre on "Midi Evil Rave 1" and its twin (pun intended) "Midi Evil Rave 2". "Klop Job" is absolute Aphex weirdness with a tingly yet ominous and mysterious synth-line running past toggly acid lines, with its sunnier sister "Boxing Day" tapping along starting the EP *Caustic Window*-wise.

*Analord 4* may give Aphex fans good memories of the *Hangable Auto Bulb* series upon hearing "Crying In Your Face." After that, the EP goes in the way of the nicer side of the *Caustic Window* tracks, with a much more steadier drive but with somewhat of lesser, easier deviation with some of its tracks.

*Analord 5* has only two tracks but take their course very thoroughly. Various samples make their appearances fading in and out during "Reunion 2," where an unbalanced synth-line and drum pattern match forming a foundation to keep the track scribbling on itself. "Cilonen," on the other side of the record, is a more structurally balanced serving making this EP upbeat.

Overall, the first half of the series keeps the spirit of his releases alive. With Aphex almost never repeating the same album twice, *Analord* retains its own sound and identity.

The material is new, but the ideas and techniques somewhat aren't, despite that the fact that sounds and samples coming out of homemade synths may make no difference as if they weren't homemade. In fact, some of the running themes of Aphex run very prominent across the first five records (*Analord 6-11* are not available yet as of press time). This doesn't disqualify Aphex's *Analord* releases as being bad, all the while his sound is moderate enough for anyone to enjoy.

It's somewhere in the middle though: challengers will assess that to very heavy output in a short amount of time, evident of the lack of proof of artistic evolution and progress which is not the case since Aphex has been evolving and progressing for almost 20 years. On the other side of the coin, Aphex might have done these works over time and has kept with the theme of analog-only works when the time was right.

But give Aphex some big credit, as he clearly gives the idea of this music only coming from his home-made machines, and has given fans a wealth of new Aphex material on top of releasing another ambitious project. But next time, spare us the huge gimmicks and the black market system antics!

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# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## Can You Take Me to Delancey Street...to DELANCEY STREET!

By Chris Williams

April 12 - The call was sounded, "Free Food Upstairs!" The troops assembled and ran upstairs. The Press staff ran into the smiles of two ushers at the entrance of "Delancey Street."

"Delancey Street" will be the new glatt kosher eatery in the Stony Brook Union. The term "kosher" refers to both an ethnic style of cuisine and, more specifically, the adherence to Jewish religious dietary laws. These laws include the absence of pork and the ritualistic, humane slaughter of specific animals. The term "glatt" adds to "kosher" by stating that food was not only prepared under rabbinical supervision, but the most strict rabbinical supervision. The rabbinical supervision is provided by the Hillel Foundation for Jewish Life, which collaborated with the Faculty Student Association (FSA) in developing "Delancey Street."

The name "Delancey Street" refers to "New York's old Lower East Side, the Jewish immigrant neighborhood of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries." A paper marquee and pristine steel kitchen provide a sneak peek of the venue. As klezmer music (Eastern European traditional jazz) played in the air, the trays of food hint at the impending delights of the Fall 2005 opening.

Besides kosher hot dogs and knishes, a variety of foods were presented: hot pastrami, corned beef, and rugalach. "There will be a fixed deli menu, and special lunch and dinner dishes," said Hillel Director Rabbi Joseph Topek. He also mentioned that kosher sushi might be an occasional delicacy.

With the astonishing variety of foods, there appears to be competition with the Kosher Cafeteria of the Roth Quad Dining Hall. "There will be no competition with Roth," said Noah Aronin, sophomore and president of the Hillel. Rabbi Topek stated that "Delancey Street" will be a "replacement for the Kosher Cafe." Why? "Because it's better," he said. Noah agreed, "It's a huge improvement."

The preview amazed many people.

Haroon Naderi, senior and president of the Muslim Student Association, described "Delancey Street" as "awesome." Andrew Morgan, Food Service Director of The Bleacher Club, said, "Excitement like this is contagious." Lee Margulies, freshman, said that "Delancey Street" was a "good move for Hillel and the Stony Brook community. It allows the community to come together."

Sharing a meal can unite people. However, the preparation of food cannot.

"The food is ok," said Junaid Arshad, junior. He added, "Some people wouldn't eat here ['Delancey Street'] because they think that it doesn't meet the standards of halal. Nothing personal." Similar to Jews and the concept of "kosher," Muslims have the concept of "halal." The basic halal laws also include avoiding the consumption of pork and pork by-products. These laws also stress the humane slaughter of specific animals. Sister Sanaa Nadim, Chaplain for the Muslim Student Association, said that "[Muslims] can eat the food of the People of the Book [Jews and Christians], as long as it adheres to dietary laws of halal." Similar to the laws for "kosher" in the Torah, the laws for "halal" are available to Muslims through the Quran.

Kevin Kelly, director of the FSA, said that "Delancey Street" is "open for everybody" and "more inviting." He also observed that the deli will be located closer to the Interfaith Center of such a "multi-cultural campus." However, Sister Sanaa revealed that she had no input into the design of the cafeteria. She learned about project details through Rabbi Joseph Topek.

Perhaps, there can be plans for a halal cafeteria. As Kevin Kelly revealed, the Roth Dining Hall will undergo renovations. As a result, the restaurants will be moved. The hours of operation for "Delancey Street" are pending. For more information about "Delancey Street," please visit [www.campus-dining.org](http://www.campus-dining.org).

## Jodelle

## *(The Adventures of Jodelle)*

By Dustin Herlich

When you put the CD into a Mac, iTunes comes up and tells you that this is a rock CD. Now, I have to say, this CD is definitely not the kind of rock I was expecting. From what I understand oddly enough just as I was listening to the CD, Jodelle herself was right upstairs in the University Cafe. If I had known I would have forsaken my headphones for a live performance. Oh well, such is life.



FUCKIN A,  
Courtesy of Espionne Records

Moving on with the actual CD, I have to say the cover art was nice and the little booklet inside actually had the song lyrics printed on the inside. That's a little thing I am peculiar about. I really like when an artist does that, and I actually can't stand not having the lyrics, especially when there are parts of the song where the lyrics are hard to comprehend. The album itself again I'd consider less rock, and more folk. It's something that would be very at home on WFUV.

It's actually not a terrible CD, just not what I'd normally listen to. It's soothing, fairly innocuous. The production value of the CD is pretty high. It's the kind of thing you'd want to listen to when you are making dinner on a Sunday afternoon, or when you're out on the back porch sipping Sangria. The CD is mellow enough to be good background music but not overly so, thus turning it into glorified elevator music. Certainly it's not what you would hear at the dentist's office either. It's good to hear music like this coming out these days. It's certainly not pop, and very much not commercial.

The CD is well put together and the songs, while clearly all follow the same general sound of the artist, are different enough to actually be separate songs, unlike something such as Dave Matthews which can only hope to be a tenth of what this album is. I would be interested in hearing this artist do something a little heavier actually, a little more "rock" and less folk. Her voice is really easy to listen to and with something a little harder behind it, you could really have something unique. It's good enough to sell, but thankfully too unique for it to be the newest pop sensation.

## Lovedrug *Pretend You're Alive*

By David K. Ginn

Good.

"Good."



Courtesy of Chris Williams

# HAIR

## The American Tribal Love-Rock Tribute

Presented by the Cabaret

### A HAIRy Retrospective

By Liz Lamendola, Director of *Hair*

It seems like we just started working on *Hair* last week. I still can't come to grips with the fact that I don't have to be at rehearsals every night (I still don't know if that is a good thing or a bad thing).

Why *Hair*? Why, out of all the musicals in the world that I *could* have chosen, did I choose *this* one? Well, first of all, I already did *Pirates of Penzance*, so that one was out of the question (as much fun as singing and dancing pirates are, there is only so much I can take); and secondly, I have wanted to direct this show since I found out it existed?about the time I was in high school. At that time, the show was only known to me as the "naked" show?since, when this show came out, nudity and lewd behavior on stage were unheard of. *Hair*'s popularity was primarily based off a groovy soundtrack and "let's go see the naked people!" And hey, I mentioned this in my director's biography (in the program) and I am going to mention it again: there are so many parallels to the late 60's, early 70's and today?just look around you. Do we really belong in Iraq? Did we ever belong in Vietnam? How about the "moral fiber" of our Nation; are we really that excited to have a "president" who thinks it is his job to dictate to us his own freako belief system? History is repeating itself?we have soldiers dying every day, and it has reached the point where these soldiers aren't recognized as *people*?they have become numbers. This is the world in which we live...this is a parallel to the world in which the characters in *Hair* lived (but they had cooler clothes).

But enough about theatre history?let's jump to working on this show. We had a great turn-out for auditions from people of many different majors?not *just* theatre and music?who were *extremely* talented, our production staff was the best anyone could ask for and we were in the hunt for a band (the hunt that continued up until the week of the show). The rehearsals started off great?and then God decided that she was going to throw some sticks in the road for us...little things like: the leads were all getting sick, the Tribe was getting sick, we had more snow days than Alaska, evening classes, car problems, other department shows...and the list goes on and on. So, about halfway through the music rehearsals, we realized that the first act wasn't done...and the second act? Well, let's not talk about that.

I am a firm believer of *not* blocking anything until the music is learned and embedded in the actors' minds...well, when we had t minus three weeks til opening, I decided to say, "Screw that! Time to learn some dancin'!" So, there we were?blocking a show that they hadn't quite

learned yet.

Then there was the lighting situation. The lights in the space just didn't work. So a small group of us gave up sleep, during that week that we opened, to try to get anything to work. Which, through the power of donated dimmers and cable and many electrical-savvy friends, we did. We put together some mighty fine light cues. (Go Sarah!) The set? We couldn't get the scaffolding that I originally wanted, so I changed my mind to a really *big* platform. The week before we went up, we realized the platform wouldn't work, so we used the crate idea (which, I don't care?I think the crates were better than all of my other ideas put together). Stress? I don't know the meaning of the word?just keep me stock full of Red Bull, alcohol and nicotine!

It was about that time that I noticed the cast started coming together?like they really were becoming a little Tribe of their own?*which is great!* It did so much for the dynamic of the show! On top of that, they started taking matters into their own hands (not all of which attempts I am that thrilled about...but they meant well, all the same), they knew their music (even the 'unlearned' music) front to back (not so much sideways) and they were willing to do anything and everything; they were all just falling in love with the show. And that has to be one of the greatest feelings in the world?to see the people working on your show, on your *baby*, to get that same love for it.

Now, I would be lying if I were to say that we were backed 110% by this fabulous institution, because I think there were only a handful of theatre faculty who were truly behind this show, and I don't even *know* how many from other departments. When I first transferred to this school, I was informed that Stony Brook "doesn't do musicals." However, speaking from the two years that I have been here, we may not be able to do musicals, but we *can* do an homage to Theresa Rebeck? Oh, don't even get me started.

Now, *Hair* was successful. Yeah, we had problems?but no more or less than any other show (well, minus our little band problem...once again *thank you* oh great and wonderful band). The only complaint that has been brought to my attention was that the venue wasn't big enough?but, hey, that wasn't my call. I think we learned a valuable lesson here?musicals can be done and people *do* want to see them. So what's the big deal? Ok, that's enough of my ranting and raving. If you want to talk about it some more, all you have to do is hunt me down?I'm in the theatre all the time...hahaha. \*ahem \* However, in closing I would just like to say: *Hair* was awesome! Hippies are cool! I love you all! And fuck you, Bush!"



HAIR DIRECTOR, LIZ LAMENDOLA,  
Courtesy of Chris Williams

## Straight-Up Review

By Dustin Herlich

There are several kinds of hair. There is the hair that grows on your head, the hair that your pet sheds off onto you, and the kind that makes you really enjoy a few moments of life. Thankfully, the kind of hair I am reviewing is the latter. *Hair*, the musical, was performed April 7<sup>th</sup> through the 10<sup>th</sup> in the year 2005. The performers, however, warp you back more towards 1965 (although the play first was performed in 1968). The production is a fairly well known one and to see it done on stage at a university may seem like it is not being given treatment it deserves.

I beg to differ. The musical is probably best suited right here at a place like Stony Brook, and not at all in a large corporate theater on Broadway. The show is about free love, free thought and true happiness. Who better to convey these ideal than the students who actually still hold these beliefs? The quality of the acting was very good, with some performers standing out as true future stars. The Fanny Brice Theater is a great venue for a show like this. The tightly packed room definitely helps put people in the spirit of togetherness, whether they like it or not.

The hard work and dedication that went into this show is obvious. Considering that the

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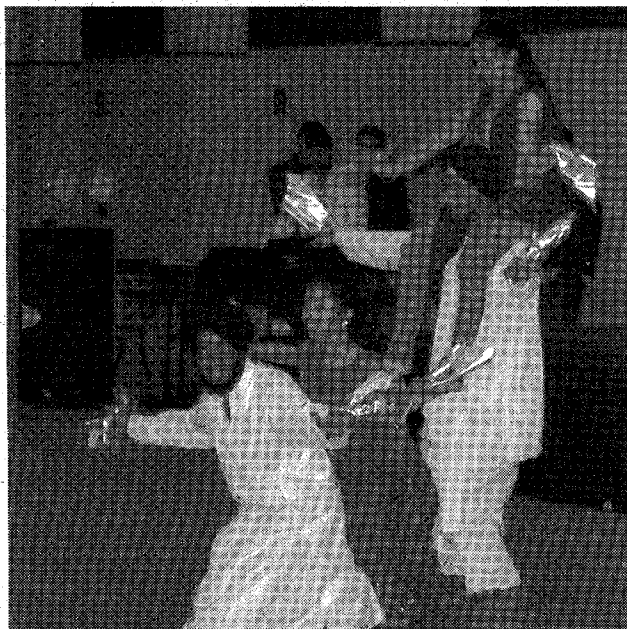
# Punjabi Music Gets Me So High, or the Second Annual Baisakhi Banquet

By Chris Williams

The cool night grew cold as I ran. I was late. Hurriedly, I bought a ticket, and rushed to the ballroom. When I arrived at Ballroom A of the Student Activities Center, the speaker was already talking.

I thought that the banquet was supposed to start at 7:30 PM. The program said the Baisakhi Banquet was at 7 PM. At least, I was correct about the date: March 31, 2005. I sat and composed myself. Slowly, I looked at the stage and I absorbed the speaker's words.

Sapreet Saluja spoke of her time in Kenya as a US Peace Corps business volunteer. With a clear voice, she described how wonderful and difficult her life was with her Kenyan family. The difficulty was the result of the impoverished living conditions of the country. As with many experiences, it ended. She described her reluctant separation from her Kenyan family. To her, the sense of family and community was great. Her relationship grew beyond that of Peace Corps volunteer. She developed an extended family. Upon departing, she was encouraged to find a good husband.



**BHANGRA PERFORMANCE,**  
Courtesy of Chris Williams

Now, Sapreet Saluja works at Coach, Inc. She manages the distribution team that oversees 186 Coach stores throughout North America and Puerto Rico. She also stresses the importance of community through volunteer work. She works with the Peace Corps, the Girls Scouts, and FATEH.

Her speech ended with an obligatory applause and an inspiring message, which were great appetizers. The main courses would be served soon.

Ritika Oberoi, then president of the Sikh Student Association was thanked for organizing the night. With a spoon in hand, she lead the group that served the food.

Women dressed in colorful shalwar and kameez (loose fitting pajama-like pants and loose fitting shirt, respectively) and smiled over trays of traditional Indian foods. Among the many delicacies, there was saag paneer (cooked spinach with cottage cheese), naan (bread), and chicken tikka masala (for lack of a better description, chicken curry). The food tables were thick with hungry people. They were anxious to eat.

People smiled and returned to the ballroom tables. Each table was dressed in a sapphire blue tablecloth and had a lit candle in a glass bowl of water.

At this time, I apologized to the hosts for

being so late. I was told that it was ok. I was strangely reassured to hear that I was only ten minutes late. "What?" I said. Then, I was told that the event started on Indian Standard Time. At least three other people knowingly agreed.

I flipped through the event's program. I remembered last year's banquet, the First Annual Baisakhi Banquet. It was better known as the Sikh Awareness Banquet. I was vaguely knowledgeable about Sikhism. Later, Rickidon Singh, the newly elected Vice President of the Sikh Student Association, informed me about Sikhism.

Sikhism is a monotheistic faith originating in the Punjab region of India. It recognizes God as the only god. Unlike some other monotheistic faiths, Sikhism does not recognize Avtarvada, a physical incarnation of God. Moreover, according to Sikhism, humans are responsible for their own actions. Immunity cannot be claimed from the results of their own actions. (In other words, if you broke it, then it's your fault.)

Sikhism has the daily practice of virtue, too. The Sri Guru Granth Sahib (the Sikh Holy Book) acts as a perpetual Guru (teacher). Also, the lives of the Gurus reveal how they adhered to a code of ethics. Qualities, such as honesty and patience, are nurtured by effort and perseverance. Each step leads toward the goal of human life, which is to merge with God. This goal is achieved through observing the teachings of the Guru, meditating on the name of God, and performing acts of service and charity.

I now understood why the proceeds of the event would be donated to the "Save the Children" charity. Sikhism encourages Sikhs to help those in need.

Sukhi Singh, the then-Events Coordinator, took the microphone and encouraged the crowd to sit. He asked, "Are you ready for Bhangra?" There was a tepid response. So, he roared, "Are you ready for Bhangra?" There was a less tepid response.

The Bhangra team emerged on the floor. The men were dressed in kurta (a long-sleeve shirt that extends to the knees) and lungi (a wraparound skirt like a sarong). The women were dressed in shalwar-kameez.

The dancers took their positions. The DJ started the music. The bass pounded as the Bhangra music started. The slow beat started speeding. The dancers bounced to the beat. The men waved golden cloths. The women flowed to the rhythm. At one point, a woman climbed onto a man's shoulders. Then, they both danced.

I did not understand how the music and dance fit into the celebration of Baisakhi. I later spoke to Dr. Anand Azad, a Sikh and a co-founder of the Center for Indian Studies. He describes Baisakhi as a harvesting holiday. Rickidon Singh added, "Baisakhi, also spelled Vaisakhi, marks the beginning of the New Year for the 26 million Sikhs around the world, and is celebrated on April 13. The holiday holds great significance for the Sikh community as it commemorates the birth of the Sikh nation. Baisakhi is also viewed as the beginning of the harvest season, indicating a time of happiness."

"It was this day in the year 1699 when the tenth Guru of the Sikhs, Guru Gobind Singh created the Khalsa, or the 'pure', concluding the initial work of Guru Nanak, the founder of Sikhism. Guru Gobind Singh founded the Khalsa in front of thousands gathered at Anandpur Sahib, where the outer identity of the Sikhs—kes (unshorn hair and beard) and a turban were now to be seen as a mandatory part of the faith. The male followers of Sikhism were to adopt the sur-

name 'Singh,' meaning 'lion' in Persian. The females would take the name 'Kaur,' meaning 'princess' which symbolized equality, courage, kindness, steadfastness, and leadership. The founders of Sikhism created Khalsa to encourage individuals to stand up for their own civil rights and religious freedoms for all."

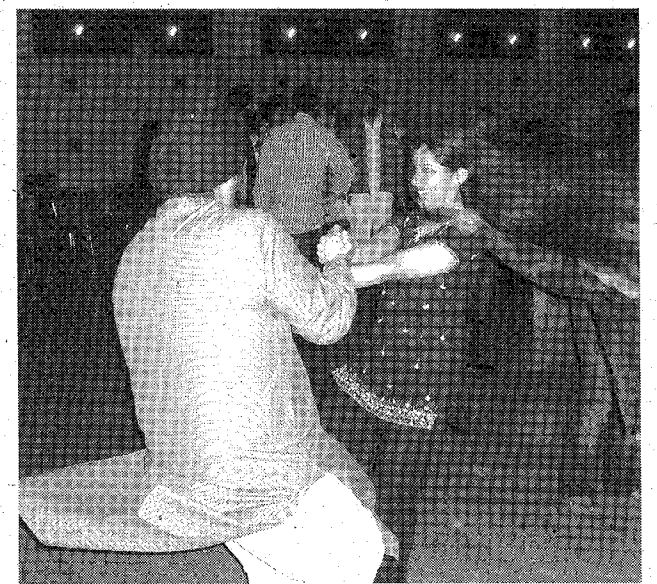
The Bhangra team received a tremendous applause. The crowd absorbed the dancers. Then, people were encouraged to go to the dance floor. A few brave individuals went.

I realized that lower lighting would set a better mood. My glasses fell off my face. After I returned my glasses, my vision was strange. I lost a lens. Then, the lights were dimmed.

I scrambled to find the lens as people walked. Then, I left to get a flashlight.

I saw the performers of DDKY, the Korean percussion group. They were dressed in bold, yellow, red, blue and black colors. I also saw the brothers of the Muslim Student Association. I asked about their event. It was a discussion about forgiveness. I left with a friendly reminder.

When I replaced the lens to my glasses,



**SPIN, SPIN, SPIN,**  
Courtesy of Chris Williams

my vision cleared, and I saw a packed dance floor. After I returned the flashlight, I ran back. I saw that more people were dancing.

The DJ started with Bhangra music. There was a fast rhythm punctuated by the beat of the tabla (an Indian drum). The night was full of the sounds of Bhangra remixes; hip-hop, rap, pop. Circles of people were dancing. People were dancing in circles. People were dancing on each other shoulders. Men and women locked hands and spun. Men and men spun. People were thrown toward each other, as a line of people ran around the throbbing crowd. The dance floor grew humid, but people continued to dance.

A friend was surprised to see that I had rhythm. I was surprised that I did not dance more. People were learning how to Bhangra dance in the crowd. I was one of them. I moved to the music. The room seemed to move to the music.

The bass pounded. There was constant motion. The room was getting hotter as people danced. The energy was incredible and un hindered. The obstacles were few. A woman with crutches moved to the beat. People in wheelchairs were on the dance floor. People moved onto the stage and danced. The event security

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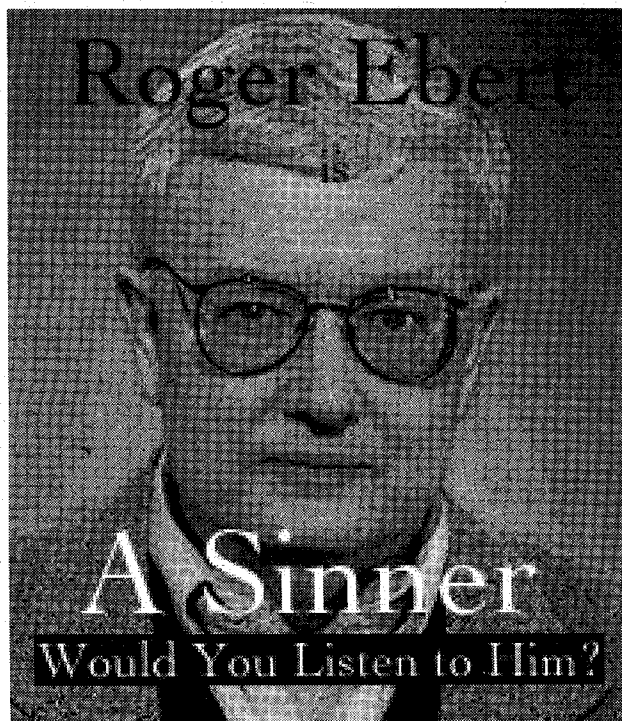
# SIN CITY REVIEWS

## *Sin City*: The Review of Reviews (Not In the King of Kings Sense, in the Meta Sense)

By Michael Prazak

So, the release of *Sin City* has come and gone, it's caused some controversy and it's raised some brows. The reviews have ranged from gritty film noir tour-de-force to sophomoric and shallow pubescent hedonism. There is very little that has not been said about this film. It is from these multitudes of reviews that I draw the focus of my own review. I'm not trying to review the film at all; I'm reviewing the reviews, trying to point out some of the inconsistencies that seemed to crop up during my research. In other words, I feel this film was overly critiqued by criteria that it, perhaps, should have not been judged on. In essence, this is a marginally informed review, by a marginally informed in film review matters individual. If you've read this far, you might as well go to the end.

To begin with, many of the reviews critical of the film seemed to resemble less a measured and precise glance at the narrative, and more a bashing from the mind set of 13-year-old boys. It's been a whole-hearted and derisive attack on the culture of comic book with no playground chaperone to pull the bullies off the pummeled nerds. Under the guise of academia and high-mindedness, they decide to criticize comics as juvenile and uniformly misogynistic. The tinge of irony is accentuated by the fact that those most critical of the comic book pastiche and the emotional resonance of the genre, are seemingly the most uninformed about the topic



that they are railing against.

Instead of addressing issues of pacing, or dialogue, cast-choice or rhythm, these self-appointed forefathers of modern social reform decided here and now, that comic books are bad, and based in a sick and immature psychology. Frederic Wertham would be so proud; his

indemonstrable spirit lives on in these new storm soldiers. Point in fact, its petty, childish and altogether missing the point to come at the film with criticisms of that sort. You're rehashing already failed social theory, theory best left dead.

One of the few gems that shone through this momentous pile of shit clogging the social-psyche was the *New York Times* review, written by Manohla Dargis. Here, the reviewer focused on the *film* aspects, a practice in rarity these days, if one were to take the reviews currently available as the hallmark standard. Absent were potshots at the maturity of the audience, and the originator of the series, Frank Miller, replaced by valid artistic and technical critique. For shame general film-reviewing populace, you would all do well to learn from Manohla's brilliant display of aesthetic review.

In finality, fuck you film critics on Rottentomatoes.com that fit the description that I've spent five hundred words describing. Stop wailing on the geeky kids, they haven't learned any valid forms of defense since grade school, so your picking on them now is doubly juvenile. I figure you were assaulting schoolyard peers of yours around the same time you were figuring out how to jerk off. This time stick to column A, it's much more productive and rewarding.

## *Sin City* Pretty Fucking Awesome

By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

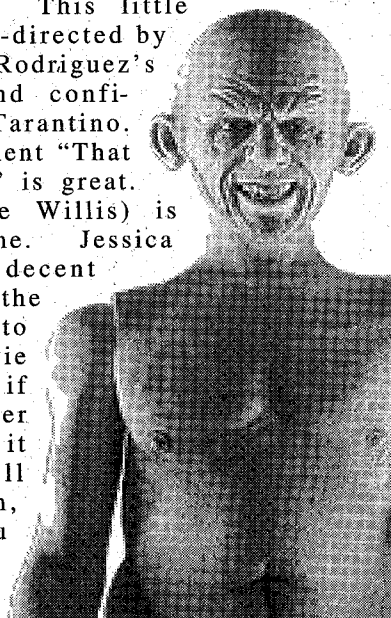
I liked it. A lot. Visually, the movie was stunning and groundbreaking. Every moment captivated me and left me wanting more and more. To quote a good friend of mine, "I could watch this all day." I especially liked the main segment, the segment focusing on Marv. Marv is awesome. His little quest is crazy, twisted, and completely

"Every moment left me wanting more and more."

unrestrained. It's breathtaking. The segment with Dwight was good but not quite as good as Marv's. There's a certain scene in a car where the lead character has a brilliant exchange with Benicio DelToro, and it is,

well...brilliant. This little scene was guest-directed by director Robert Rodriguez's good friend and confidante, Quentin Tarantino.

The segment "That Yellow Bastard" is great. Hartigan (Bruce Willis) is fucking awesome. Jessica Alba does a decent acting job, but the real credit goes to Willis. The movie was great, and if Bruce Willis ever looks back on it with regret I'll say to him, "What you talkin' 'bout, Willis?"





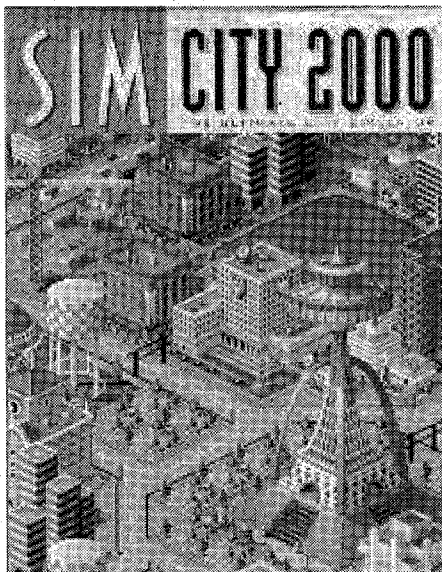
# SIN CITY REVIEWS

## Sim City 2000

By Nicole L. Barry

I first played *SimCity 2000* on the PlayStation, and let me tell you, that is a really fucking bad idea. It's impossible to maneuver; a lot of the little details aren't there, for instance, reading the newspaper articles, the "African Swallow" speed, and the option to pick bridge types. Plus, if you want to make a map, it takes about 15 years, most of them "articulating splines." Saving takes about another 10.

I digress. The point of this is that *SimCity 2000* is the definitive and surely most enjoyable simulation game of its time. You can find the PC



version for about \$10 nowadays, and this is incredibly cost efficient, as you're only paying roughly a penny for every hour this game will suck out of your life.

You build tragically corrupt or beautiful cities; most of the time, by money cheats, because it takes an insanely long period of time to start cutting profit big enough to buy Arcologies or Fusion Reactors. But as with anything, as soon as you make this game your bitch and make it play by your rules, it becomes significantly easier. Or you can put it on "African

Swallow" speed for a millennia.

I think the real brilliance of this game is the balance of the game's mechanics, neither too complicated to grasp, nor too simplified that you feel that you don't have enough control. If you're playing for the first time and you have patience enough to read beforehand, look at a FAQ on my favorite website for all things gaming, <http://www.gamefaqs.com>. Only then will you understand the beauty of balancing your residential, commercial, and industrial zones, the tragedy of making tunnels too long, and that your Sims don't care where the hospitals are, as long as they exist.

Also, it's important to never ever let David Ginn, or anyone else who exhibits a similar lack of self control, near a computer that has *SimCity 2000* on it. Ever.

## Sin City

By Sam Goldman

If you have read all the reviews of *Sin City*, or have seen it yourself, you know what I am about to say. *Sin City* is gory, grisly, violent, and sexist, and chock full of film noir stereotypes. It is also a cinematic achievement without any comparable reference point.

Robert Rodriguez put his own career on the line by opting out of the Directors Guild to team up with Frank Miller to create a movie that A) copies Miller's graphic novels page by page while B) using the digital camera/bluescreen combination that was used in the well-received *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* and the poorly received *Star Wars Episodes I and II*. Where Rodriguez outdoes Lucas is by actually getting his actors to ACT.

Rodriguez deserves acclaim for jug-

gling expansive all-CGI backgrounds that are full of eye-catching color effects (Marley Shelton's dress in the opening scene is WOW)



with splendid acting that not only faithfully recreates Miller's dark comic, but captures the seamy, us-against-the-evil-world spirit

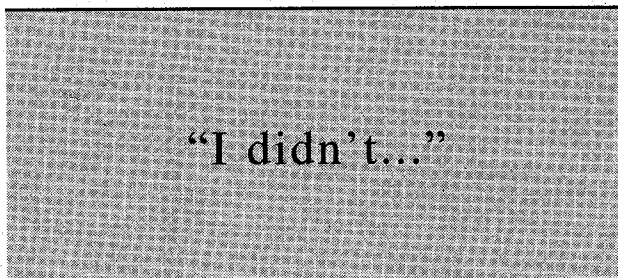
and lets it loose upon the world. When Bruce Willis is shot and left for dead in the lake, the reverse silhouette he is in not only is breathtaking in its sheer beauty, but eloquently captured his lonely state.

Pretty much everything about *Sin City* has probably been said already. But I think that what really should be emphasized is that having actors act in front of a bluescreen while burying your creative juices in order to be as faithful as possible to someone else's work can't be easy. In all the reviews I have seen, no one gives Robert Rodriguez the credit he is so richly due. Considering how talented we already know Rodriguez to be, to get the actors to give the great performances they do cements him as one of the best directors of our time.

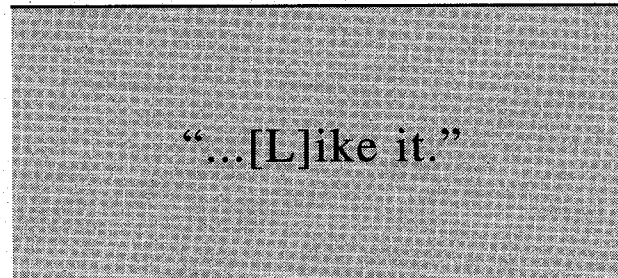
## Another Take on Sin City

By Matt Willemain

I didn't like it.



"I didn't..."



"...[L]ike it."

FROM TOP TO BOTTOM LEFT TO RIGHT HERE COMES WHAT'S WHAT WITH THE PICTURES!

- Roger Ebert, only his thumbs matter here.
- That Yellow Bastard, he's stinky, ugly, creepy, fat, and a fucking perv.
- Nancy portrayed by Jessica Alba. Curse you Robert Rodriguez for your editorial decision to keep Nancy clothed!
- Sim City 2000*. The article's heart was in the right place but it was just shy of that bulls-eye. We gave it a picture out of pity.
- Hartigan portrayed by Bruce Willis. A cool scar and a disappointingly blurry Jessica Alba in the background...

Courtesy of Dimension Films, Google, da interweb, and that company that published *Sim City 2000*. But we're not telling who did what.



## Reviews of the Stony Brook Digital Video Festival

The idea for the festival began in the summer of 2003, motivated by the Stony Brook Film Festival and our own love for digital video. We wanted to create a unique forum specifically for digital filmmakers to exhibit their creative works.

We were amazed by the overwhelming response our festival generated. We received over 100 submissions from all over the world, including France, Spain and a wide variety of states across the country. The range of works we received allowed us to choose what is truly great about digital filmmaking, the ability to do a lot with very little.

The videos presented during this three-day festival were some of the most innovative and original works we've seen. We've chosen a wide range of digital films that illustrate the way people express the world today. From works that document social struggles, to animations and experimental projects that explore the human condition, we hope that you're left with a true impression of the independent digital filmmaking community today.

Below are reviews of just some of the films that struck us particularly. For a more in-depth look at the festival, check out our website at [www.SBDVFestival.org](http://www.SBDVFestival.org). Stay tuned for updates and information on how to submit your own digital video works.

### *The Ice Cream Man*

I sampled just over half of the movies screened in the second annual digital video festival, and the only picture which scored a perfect ten on my audience ballot was the short horror picture *The Ice Cream Man*. It was rushed, clichéd and, to be honest, kind of silly, but *The Ice Cream Man* was executed perfectly. The filmmaker is the movie equivalent of Andrew WK. You've seen this show before. In fact, you may have written this sort of genre exercise off as a waste of your time. But it comes fast and hard, the enthusiasm is unrelenting and you will be so fucking refreshed by the absence of irony it'll be like you took a god damned shower in genuine.

The story is a little bit *Faust* and a little bit *Monkey's Paw*. The titular mysterious, magical salesman dishes out summertime treats and devil's bargains alike with an old fashioned charm that matches his shockingly low fudgecicle prices. He wanders into a hardware store and offers the impossible from a beat up old tin box. When the store's proprietor tries to kick *The Ice Cream Man* out of his business, he is met with an offer to restore his dead wife to life—but there is a price. Then everybody gets stabbed.

Aside from the almost comically expressive faces of the lead actors, the best feature of the movie is the sterling use of the classic horror movie music. The dissonant pitch bend reaches a sublime new height in *The Ice Cream Man*. Generously dispersed throughout the film's brief running time are both singular wilting stings and a heavily pitch bent children's rhyme in bells, evocative of dessert-dairy laden nights of childhood innocence that teeter on the cusp of forgotten. Then everybody gets stabbed.

What a picture show!

- Matt Willemain

### *Longest Night*

*The Longest Night* is a short film masterpiece. It's about (or at least seems to be about) a guy in a world of darkness who goes out in search of other people by building a light on a backpack.

The movie is shot in a sort of strobe effect, but what makes the visual element so stunning is the lighting. The filmmakers did an excellent job of making the world truly look like a world of darkness where the only light comes from small lamps.

Despite all this, the most amazing aspect of this movie is the music. It's haunting, mesmerizing, and beautiful. On the whole this movie crosses all boundaries. A+.

- David K. Ginn

### *Hired*

*Hired* is a half-hour short film which happens to be the most professional looking DV movie I have ever seen. The filmmakers spent a lot of time making this movie look and sound perfect. Also, the story is unique and wonderful.

It's about a newly hired young man who, merely seconds after being hired, watches his brand new boss get a phone call revealing that his (the Boss's) daughter has just died. What happens after this is a series of events that leaves the viewer feeling entirely uncomfortable. Discomfort is the key emotion in this movie, and it is relayed wonderfully.

Everything in this movie works. The writing, the acting, the lighting, the sound, the everything. This movie is great.

- David K. Ginn

### *Persistence of Vision*

*Persistence of Vision* is a short film about an introverted medical school student who works as a projectionist at a local movie theatre on the side. In a moment of desperation, he steals some eyes from the laboratory he studies in to test a theory. Back at the movie theatre, he finds out that his new method allows him to capture the image of the last thing an eye has seen before its body is killed. When dead homeless people are brought in as specimens, his curiosity gets the best of him and he steals one of the eyes. To his astonishment, the eye reveals that his professor has been killing the homeless people in the area. Should he keep quiet or will he use his talents to intervene in the killing?

Besides having an extremely unique story, this film was wonderfully shot with a retro, almost rustic feel to it. The cast was comprised of only a handful of people and the dialogue was kept to a minimum but in this case, less was better. Rather than rely heavily on character interaction, *Persistence of Vision* made every point it set out to with clever visual effects and a fast paced, engaging plot. While esthetically pleasing, I was glad to see that it was much more than just ten minutes of digital eye candy.

- Joe Filippazzo

### *Diary of a Stripper*

This movie was not very good. It was informative, enlightening, and intriguing, but it was also just god-awful. The music appropriation was not only terribly appropriated but also just plain terrible. They didn't even credit the music at the end.

The "re-enactment" scenes were not done very well. By the way, if you're looking for some sort of plot, this movie is a documentary about male strippers in South America who are very, very naïve. This movie is not good. I watched it twice, though, and that's twice more than I should have.

- David K. Ginn



# Straight-Up Review Continued...

By Dustin Herlich

Continued from page 36

show was competing with I-CON, Musicians for Peace and the Stony Brook Digital Video Festival, seeing a packed house at the performance really must mean that it was something special. It was possibly the most entertaining three dollars I've spent in a long time. When you go see a Broadway play, you may see famous actors or really popular shows, but seeing a play at Stony Brook is something that everyone should take a moment to try and do. Seeing people you actually know trying to be someone else is often hilarious, but more often impressive. Even better is when some people are not actually acting, and just get to be themselves on stage with a different name.

*Hair* was great. It's a great show that was well performed. I'd tell everyone to go see it, but unfortunately it's over. I will say, however, that the next time there is a show at the Fanny Brice, or anywhere on campus that has student actors, GO SEE IT!

## Being Black!?

By Adina Silverbush

I just really wanted to be in the play, *Hair*. I felt my audition was awful, and was ready to see the final cast list without my name on it. Shaking and nervous, my name was there. But even stranger, my name was there next to the character of Dionne (the token black girl).

Yea, I'm white. As white as they come, although my hair often resembles an afro!

Going to the first rehearsal, I realized that the part of Hud (the token black guy) was also to be played by someone who, like me, was indeed not black.

No black people auditioned for the play! A main theme of the play is to show how wrong racial segregation is, and here we were a cast of white people! I had my doubts about my abilities to play such a role. Would they make me paint myself, or get a tan? I didn't want to offend anyone in the audience, and when I saw that one of my lines involved the "n" word, I feared a stoning after the show!

I listened to as much Aretha Franklin as I could get my hands on. My character had to be a super soul sister, and I was going to find her in me if it was the last thing I did! I think it worked, my mother came up to me after the first show and was like, "Girl, I believed you were black!" Yea I know...she's my mom, she's lying. But you know what? I didn't get stoned. Apparently no one was offended, and I had an awesome time!

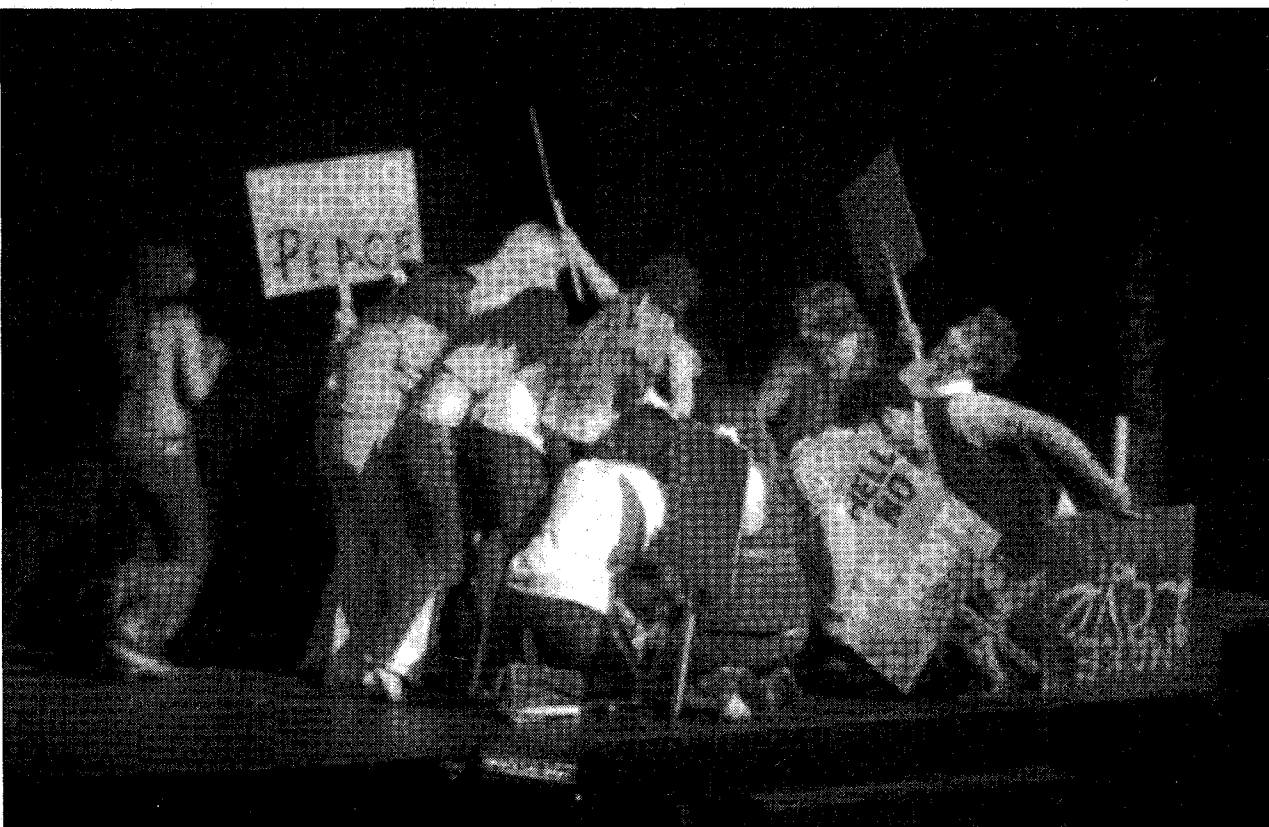
## Drummer's-Eye View

By Jowy Romano

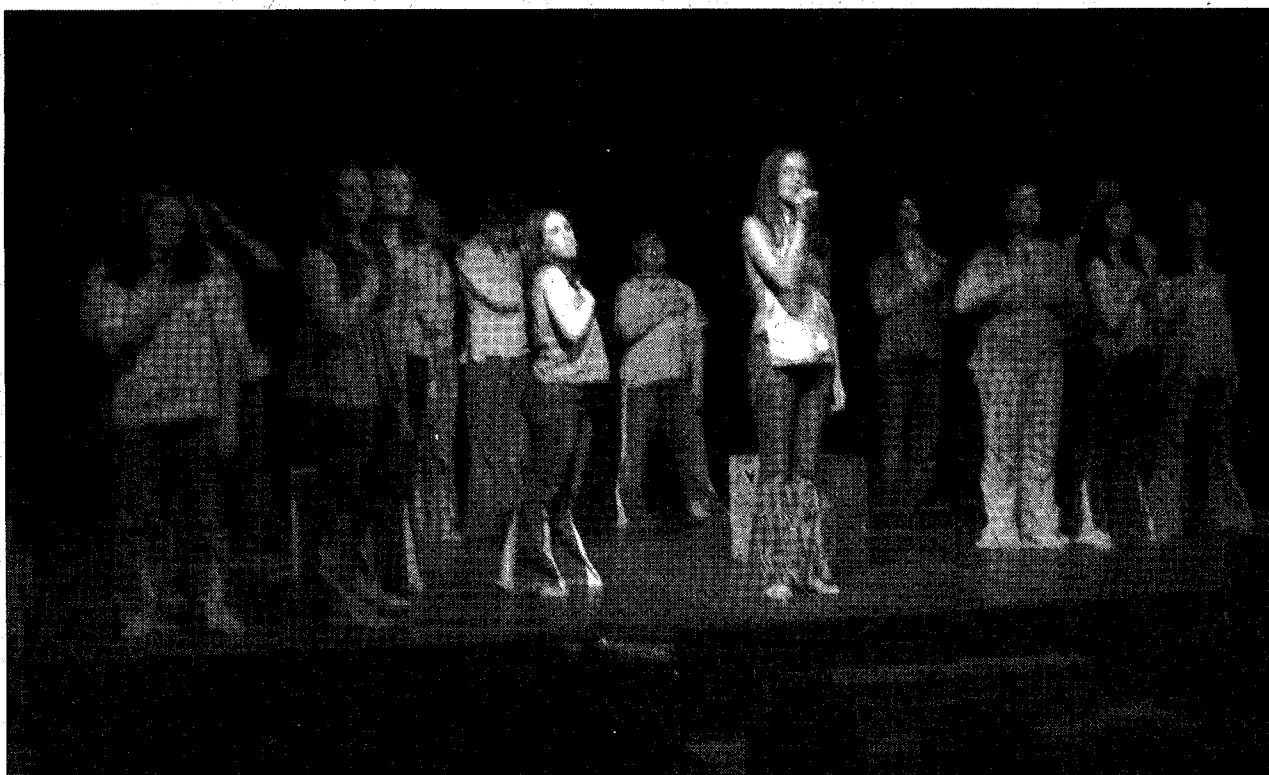
It took many tries by many people to finally convince me to play drums for the Cabaret production of *Hair*. It seemed impractical to commit to the show, with I-CON and the Stony Brook Digital Video (SBDV) Festival that weekend, on top of my already busy schedule. Eventually I agreed, under the condition that I wouldn't play the Saturday show.

Now that I was definitely playing, I had just over two weeks to learn 25+ songs. I gave up most of my spring break scrambling to learn the music. There were points where I wanted to quit because of how little time we had to do so much. It was when the band finally practiced with the cast, a few days before the opening show, that I realized how happy I was to be doing this.

Aside from the music being great and the people I got to work with being great, the message that the show brings across, alone, was enough for me to become really excited about the show. The day before the show opened, I finally caved in and decided to play the Saturday show, after all. Looking back, I'm so glad that I chose to play for the musical (musicals are a very rare occurrence on this campus). I had fun, and met a bunch of really cool people.



AMERICA, FUCK YOU!  
Courtesy of Chris Williams





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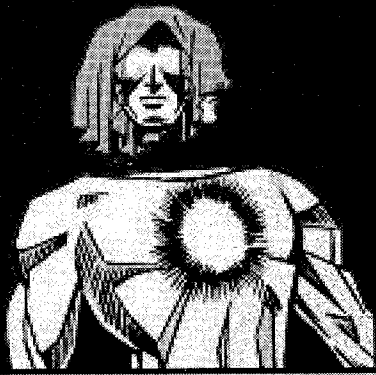
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# The Living Tribunal Passes Judgement On: The Batman Chronicles

**The Batman Chronicles:** This collection follows the first adventures of the Caped Crusader circa 1940. Sexism and Racism ahoy!

## SOCIOLOGY

Batman, prior to 1940, represented a specific apathetic attitude maintained by many of the wealthy upper class in America. Instead of Batman being the vengeful agent of frightening retribution we are familiar with, he is rather a bored and meandering playboy devoid of any moral justification. Sipping wine and apparently free-basing with his close friend Commissioner Gordon, the Bat-man's first adventure is a product of a tag-along offered to him by the commissioner. The Bat-mans response to this is general disinterest, and he only ends up going out of resignation. It is through these actions that Bruce Wayne, our mysterious, chilling and eerie hero, the "Bat-man," becomes involved in the case.

It is important to note that although the Bat-man's disinterest in the crime is feigned, his casual disregard for human life is not. Point in fact, he spends the first four issues of this series repeatedly murdering with very little justification. In most cases, the criminal he ends up killing could have just as easily been stopped by non-lethal means, as our hero, being a master of several martial arts, should have been able to apply. Its also startling when one considers that most killed by Bat-man are either poor or ethnics, the social relevance of the character coalesces. Never are the wealthy provocateurs assaulted and taught the impermanence of life, they are merely hauled away in handcuffs, leaving a trail of illogical and oft-times anachronistic corpses in their wake.

This merely reflects the mindset of the upper class of this era. Anyone outside of a certain monetary bracket shouldn't be considered human, merely pawns in a game to be played by the wealthy. This view of the "commoners" as fodder isn't particularly unique to this period, as we find the sentiment also cropping up in many works of Victorian literature. However, the difference here is the appearance of a character of this sort in our supposedly egalitarian society. Perhaps, as with the Victorian novellas, the poor and disenfranchised, who are usually the main fiduciary supporters for such art, are engaging in understandable escapism. How they long to be so flippantly wealthy that they can disregard laws and moral restraints. Murdering their peers and fellow bottom-dwellers merely serves to heighten the escapist fantasy.

Even the idea of the Bat-man, which existed prior to any specific origin, was most likely decided upon with errant care by Bruce Wayne. One can easily imagine a scoffing and foppish protagonist chuckling at the idea of the fear he would inspire as a living, walking bat-man, drawing on the, at the time, near mythical status of the Vampire. In a sense, the hard earned Eastern European myth of the vampire was taken advantage of, and exploited, much like the poor and disenfranchised were used and abused by the wealthy of the 1930's. The fruits of the proletariat tree stolen by the parasitic tree-monkeys of the upper class.

## PSYCHOLOGY

With good reason, most of us consider Batman a hero. For years, he has saved countless lives and captured a deluge of villains and ne'er-do-wells under the guise of a hatred for the criminal element. While it's hard to argue with his résumé, what do we really know about Bruce Wayne? To find out about his past, one must hark back to Batman's earliest adventures, where the hero we know and love today had yet to emerge. Instead of a masked stalwart of justice, we are greeted with a bored socialite who murders criminals for sport.

In the months before his tragic origin was concocted, Bruce Wayne was a spoiled rich kid who spent his time lounging about with Commissioner Gordon. The first scene that the reader sees is Bruce reclining in a smoking jacket listening to the police band with the commissioner. In his hand, Bruce lovingly clutches a pipe, presumably smoldering with tobacco. Judging from Bruce's actions, however, it is clear that he is actually inhaling cocaine, a method of consumption that delivers the drug directly into the bloodstream via the lungs. Bruce displays several of the symptoms of someone dancing with the white lady; he is constantly euphoric, has an inhuman amount of strength and energy, and never seems to be eating or sleeping. Hopped up on freebase, Batman stalks the night looking to hunt petty crooks.

In all of his early adventures, Batman is nothing less than a horrible murderer. Before the days when he pitted himself against super villains and megalomaniacal psychopaths, Batman hung around his mansion in a daze waiting for some petty thief to knock over a jewelry store. Rather than incapacitating the criminal and waiting for the police, the early Batman saw himself as judge, jury, and executioner. In other words, Batman would mindlessly kill people for committing larceny or assault without a second thought. For example, a villain called Dr. Death ordered a henchman to attack Batman during a confrontation. As he let Dr. Death escape, Batman lassooed the unwitting henchman with a silk rope and gruesomely snapped his neck without a second thought. Whereas the judicial system may have put the henchman in jail for a short time for attempted assault, Batman ripped his spinal column asunder.

Basically, Bruce Wayne is a drug-addled psychopath who brings unrelenting death to minor criminals without any notion of remorse. In addition to this, Batman isn't a big fan of women, either. While detaining a female criminal who protested her capture, Batman responded to her complaints by raising his open palm and threatening her by saying, "Papa wanna spank." As if this weren't enough, he treats his fiancée, Julie, like garbage. While attempting to rescue her from a kidnapper, Batman develops a crush on another one of the criminal's victims and ends up all but ignoring Julie for the rest of the series. Amazingly, everyone around him enabled Bruce's misogynistic, immoral and self-destructive behavior. Having his parents be murdered in front of him really straightened that jerk out.

## CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Of the many skills cultivated in the pursuit of excellence in criminal justice's practical application—police work—among the most fundamental are keen powers of observation and the ability to recognize and adapt to patterns. Batman Chronicles, a collection of the oldest stories of that weird figure, the "Bat-man", gives us an excellent sampling of the behavior of the finest police officers that Manhattan has to offer. And the results are not encouraging for that bottomless pool of potential victims, that sorry lot who populate Gotham City.

For our purposes we will focus on the case study provided by recurring appearances of "that harlequin of hate" known as The Joker. Doling out murder for vengeance and the collection of fabulous jewels, The Joker has the justified audacity to claim the public airwaves and broadcast his intentions well in advance. Given the specific time and targets of the Joker's deadly plots, the police here are in a perfect environment for study.

As a criminal debutant, The Joker makes his introduction to New York Society with a pirate broadcast in which he promises to kill wealthy socialite Henry Claridge and claim from him the famous Claridge Diamond. The police response is comprehensive, and can be summed up in one word: cordon. As many cops as you can cram into a clown car form a protective circle around Claridge and his jewel, there to stay with him through the hour The Joker has appointed for his death. But they have been outsmarted; The Joker doesn't even need to put in an appearance, he has applied a precisely timed slow acting poison the night before, as well as replaced the pre-stolen jewel with a phony. No number of cops can stop the murder, which happens right in front of the baffled police's eyes.

When the Joker next boldly announces, before the fact, the exact time and location of his next robbery/murder—Jay Wilde is the victim and his Ronkers Ruby the prize—the police are quick to respond with a cordon of men, who are easily overpowered. So it goes with Judge Drake, who had previously passed sentence on the Joker, Chief of Police Chalmers, the Cleopatra Necklace from the Drake Museum. In each case the police response can be summed thusly: cordon. In each case, the police are wildly ineffectual, and the only check on the Joker's criminal exploits are the eerie "Bat-man".

This sequence of events is can be seen as an opportunity to gather evidence. In this case, there is no doubt as to who is responsible for the crimes, or what motivates the fiendish mind behind them, but rather the method he uses, and the efficacy of the police's response. The New York police force's capacity to gather this evidence and react in response is tested when The Joker threatens yet another murder, that of reformer Edgar Martin. What innovative crime fighting method to the police bring to bear against infamy? Digging deep into their bag of tricks, the police turn to the cordon. As the appointed hour for his murder approaches, Martin cries out in fear for his very life. An officer reassures him, "Listen, Martin. This house is over-run with cops! A mouse couldn't get in here, much less the Joker. Relax." Douchebags.



# The Living Tribunal

## The Batman Chronicles

### PHYSICS

1939 was a hell of a time in the course of human events. According to the *Batman Chronicles*, all foreigners were jewel thieves, women were second class citizens, murder could always be justified and physics didn't exist. What a time to be alive! Granted, we have made leaps and bounds in the physical sciences in the last 65 years, but some of the crap that writer Bill Finger comes up with is pretty...batty.

At one point in the Batman's adventures, he must do battle with the diabolical Master Monk, an evil vampire hypnotist from Hungary! First, the Monk hypnotizes Julie Madison, Bruce Wayne's fiancée, and tries to have her kill some random guy in a suit. Luckily, his plan is foiled when Batman pulls the innocent man up onto a telephone pole and leaves him there(?). The caped crusader then tracks his evil quarry to a secret mansion, where Julie is once again being held captive. When Batman arrives, the Monk puts him in a trance and decides to feed him to the evil werewolf den! The Monk then morphs into a werewolf to call the other werewolves to the feast. What is the probability that the Monk could undergo this transformation?

First, let's say that at any time  $t$ , each of the Monk's atoms can be in one of two states, much like the intrinsic spins of an atom. The only difference though is that instead of "spin +" or "spin -", the atoms must be in "Monk" or "Werewolf". Before the transformation, he is all Monk; that is, every single atom is a Monk atom. In order for the Monk to "morph" into a werewolf, *every single* Monk atom must lose its "Monkness" and attain "Werewolfness." We're talking introductory thermal statistics here, folks. Using our binary model system, we can easily calculate the probability that at any instant, all of the atoms are in state werewolf. Since the human body has on the order of  $\exp(22)$  atoms, we implore the Stirling Approximation to get our answer. It turns out that the odds of the Monk spontaneously turning into the Werewolf are about one part in two million trillion trillion trillion trillion trillion. That's a 2 with 66 zeros after it. In fact, even if the Monk began from the beginning of time, about  $\exp(18)$  seconds ago, and tried to turn into a werewolf once every second, the odds would still be one part in two trillion trillion trillion trillion, or a 2 with 48 zeros after it. While the calculations seem to suggest that this transformation is virtually impossible, I would like to remind the reader that Hungary is a magical and enigmatic land. Let's keep an open mind.

Not to spoil it for you, but Batman gets out of the werewolf den and hunts down the evil vampire Monk. Batman finds the immortal villain sleeping in a casket, and decides to end his twisted assault on humankind. Luckily, in the Batman world of the 1930s, every horrible, outmoded stereotype that can be conceived is perfectly accurate; all women are white and intrinsically helpless, all apes are ten feet tall carnivores, all Hindu's are shirtless, knife-wielding murderers, and of course, all vampires can be killed with silver bullets. Batman uses a candle to melt a silver statue into bullets. Now, Mendeleyev created the Periodic Table in 1869 so writer Bill Finger has no excuse. Since the melting point of silver is 961 degrees Celsius, and a candle's flame is only 800 degrees Celsius, that's impossible. Watch your ass, Bill Finger...Batman's killed for less.

The Living Tribunal is:  
Michael Prazak, Mike Billings,  
Matt Willemain, and Joe Filippazzo



### Ask a Man Drowning in a Swimming Pool Anything

By a man drowning in a swimming pool

Dear Man Drowning in a Swimming Pool,

My girlfriend thinks fuzzy cuffs are kinky. I disagree. What do you think I should do? Should I buy fuzzy cuffs and try to enjoy it? Should I tell her no? Personally, I think leather ropes and a metal paddle are kinky, but she wouldn't care if I told her that. I'm afraid if I don't do the fuzzy cuffs thing she'll find some other guy to do it with. What should I do?

- Unkinked in Delaware

Dear Unkinked,

Dear Man Drowning in a Swimming Pool,

I like to eat. I like to eat a lot. Food is so yummy. I'm fat, though. I keep eating and eating, and I keep gaining weight. I want to stop being fat. What can I do to stop eating and getting fat?

- Gaining in California

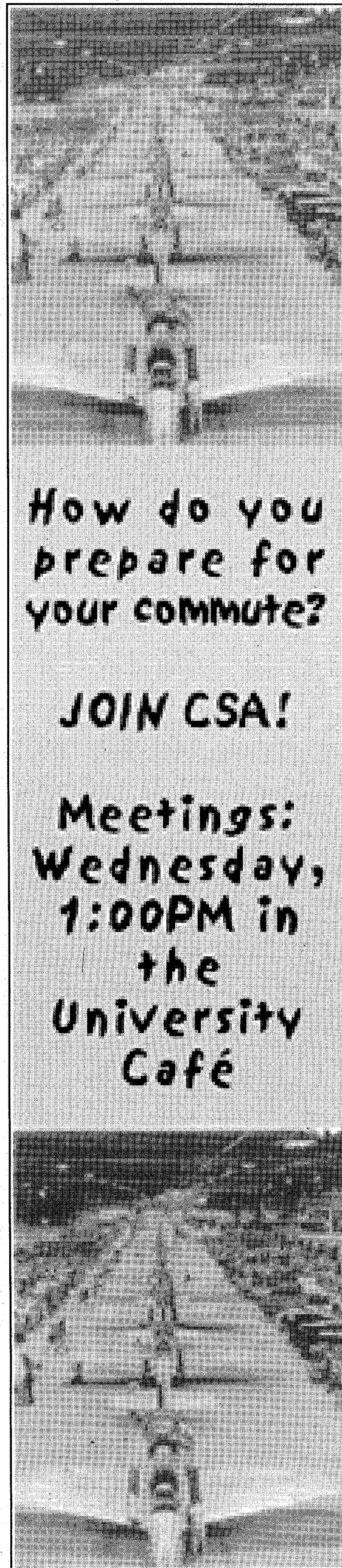
Dear Gaining,

Dear Man Drowning in a Swimming Pool,

I wrote to you a month ago, but you never responded. Are you too busy drowning to answer letters from your devoted fans? What kind of columnist are you, anyway? Man, you truly suck.

- Unimpressed in Nebraska

Dear Unimpressed,



How do you prepare for your commute?

JOIN CSA!

Meetings:  
Wednesday,  
1:00PM in  
the  
University  
Café



# Ask Amberly Jane

By Amberly Jane

Give me a beer. With some Vicodin on top. Maybe that will help. A threesome with Jack Daniels and his brother Jim Beam. Definitely the marijuana. Am I numb enough now? I wish I could fuck all my sorrow away, and fuck till the dawn of the next fucking day - but orgasms don't even help. In a shoddy stupor, swaying through Time ... Time - the only elixir strong enough for this soul-squelching pain.

Spring Break was a terrible bummer. Sadness swept over me for a solid week of crying, and not sleeping, which resulted in sickness, and mild coma.

I never truly understood depression before this incident. Snap out of it, ya know. But it's not possible. You're nailed to the pain ... like a giant bear-trap in your head that wants to snap shut, thereby plunging you into paralytic despair. You have to fight every second to keep the goddamn thing open. Persist. It's a trial to get out of bed, dawn comes up on this island like a shit-mist.

Ah ... this seems to be getting heavy. I tried to suppress these feelings to write my column last month, but every time I sat down to write, the gaping wound in my heart would foam up to the surface. So it is probably better - if for no other reason than to get past this ugly hang-up and into the rest of column - to just blow it all out and take the weight off my spleen, as it were.

It's complicated, and family related, and come to think of it, I'm feeling protective of my soul these days, so that'll be the extent of explanation. I didn't sit down tonight with nearly 2 liters of Castillo Spiced Rum to delve into depression, however. Time marches on. This will work itself out and I will do the right thing because I must.

I've been recovering. Keeping a low profile.

Thanks for all the letters of inquiry, and hot sexual perversion. It's nice to know people are still reading.

After the depression, I was just foully mad, and would walk around looking to fight with anyone. I remember being disgusted with something I overheard. Each lovers' conversation: I love you. No, I love you more. Back and forth. For a full 5 minutes. I was in a New York State of mind - why? - because I had an intense urge to stab them in the eye with a pen.

Speaking of which, did you know that back in the day the US decided they wanted to write in space, so they spent millions, and years, developing a pen that would work in zero gravity. When faced with the same problem, the Soviets decided to use a pencil.

Regardless, I was feeling scurvy and vile, but my friend convinced me to go to this Ska show anyway. I didn't know the band, and it had been awhile since I was in a mean mosh pit, but I got in there, knee-deep in swinging appendages. It was beautiful and violent and reminded me what the fuck it meant to be alive. After sweating and jumping and crashing into people, with ears ringing, focusing on nothing but the pound of my heart and the smell of wet dog and jock strap, I started to feel better. Goddamn, it felt great.

That's why people start to age. They remain placid and inert, afraid of any jolt. Human contact is monumentally important - but mostly people are content to rely on the pretty talking box for not only their entertainment, but for their comfort as well.

Ahh, the opiate effects of the simulation.

So yeah, I'm not a fan of most technology. Oh, room selection is now on-line! Hot damn! No, it's *not* easier to go on-line and wade through

bullshit, than to simply tell my RA I will be returning to my own room next semester. Make sure you have your cell phone, or you'll never have anyone's number. Let's look up someone on Friendster, instead of meeting face to face. Don't be without your hours of Halo, iPod, PSP, 40 million TV channels, or Super-Psychic Video Phone 9000.

The public expects no less ... but human contact is becoming extinct.

Ted Kaczynski had a lot of good points in his manifesto. They claimed he was carrying on a "mindless crusade against progress," but that assumes that the creeping strangulation of the white collar and destruction of wild nature in favor of asphalt and processed cheese is progress.

My view on technology is not exactly popular. I'm not sure what can be done about this. It's like being labeled, by Agnew, as "a known communist" while you're running for office. I believe 'pariah' is the word.

Especially at I-Con, where I asked several gamers why they spend oodles of time and money constructing mini adventures on mini mountains with mini men, when they could be, I don't know, actually investigating the known life-size world around them.

They scoffed at me. "Obviously," they said, "it's a fun and creative pastime, which opens worlds of imagination." That's cool and all, you gotta feed the monkey, but I couldn't help thinking that, in the end, it's just a safe substitute for the real thing.

Nevertheless, I-Con descended. Although I didn't go to much of it, I did catch hentai opening night. It's lovely to see some anime broad tied up and anally probed with a table leg. Enjoy the stills, to the right.

I also went to the Sports Complex, to see what the vendors were giving away on the final day. I was nearly knocked over and hugged tightly by Conrad Brooks, after he heard his colleague Ed Wood and I were from the same small town upstate. Poor guy just needed a little attention. (*Glen or Glenda?* was the bomb.)

I also saw these two heavy-set gentleman battle it out for the same comic book. They were arguing about who had claim, getting louder and frothier by the second. Finally the seller roared, "Hazzah!", snatched it back, and refused to sell it to either of them.

Some of the I-Con crowd are total geek fiends. And a geek on the scent of some uncharted comic is like a beast in heat, like a bull elk in the rut. Eyes glaze over, hot wax encases the ear cavity, and once they get a sniff of it, they will crash blindly through anything in a fever, looking for the hole.

On to better things, not this sick gibberish. At least the warm weather is finally here, breasts are pert in less and less clothing ... short shorts season has begun, and the golden globes bounce on.

Of course, there's always school. That endless distraction, always some paper to write, some test to study for. It's a wild juggling of unworkable solutions. All of a sudden, you are faced with the steaming inevitable. Just last month the future seemed so far away. Now. It's. Here.

If you're graduating, your life is turmoil. And if you're not, it's just a matter of time before you'll let go of the safety net, jump off the cliff, and splatter into sweet oblivion.

In times like these, the best thing to do is just fucking GO man, and don't stop to see the dust storm trailing behind. Those tail-feathers, deep and pivoting; I should be reading right now, catching up on things that need catching,

but these are the choices we make.

I'm staying another year, language is fucking me, 2 measly points shy of exemption. But, "Dems is da breaks," my grandpappy used to say, swirling his brandy with his war buddies in the smoky room behind the bookcase. He died when I was still pretty young, after a hospital in Fort Lauderdale, now-defunct-and-bankrupt Humana, screwed up his treatment.

He was a good man, and gave me my first beer, an event I have photos of, at the tender age of 2.

Summer plans are coming together. It looks like I'll be working on a movie shooting in the city. The plan is to shoot the movie, and shoot a documentary about making the movie at the same time, whereas I'll serve as interviewer and hopefully not make a complete fool of myself.

So I've got that to keep me busy enough not to succumb to any unpleasant feelings. If all else fails, I'll just take an 8-inch hypo-needle, like the kind used to inoculate bulls, fill it full of Jack Daniels, and shoot it straight into my stomach, through the navel.

Hope you enjoyed this trip through my cerebral petting zoo ... heavy petting zoo...

Dear Amberly Jane,

Where the fuck was your column? I looked and looked, but no devilish AJ goodness could be found. Could it be, you succumbed to your madness? I hope not, we all need more orgasms in our lives.

-KittyKat

Dear Amberly Jane,

Did you take too many drugs? No article!!! WTF!! I need the fix.

-SLRBAB

Dear KittyKat and SLRBAB,

Thanks for the good word. Don't worry, I haven't gone off the deep end yet.

Dear Amberly Jane,

I have tried to masturbate my penis after I ate lunch at Jasmine, but my hands are greasy and they smell like Chinese food and now my pipi smells like General Zao's chicken. I have been washing it a lot with dish soap to get the smell out. I feel really dirty.

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

Thanks for the note and the cheerful upbeat flash that came with it. You know what really gets the bad smell out - Ajax. Caution: Your pipi may get a little red and itchy afterward. In that case I recommend lard, or the blood of a virgin.

Dear Amberly Jane,

I must preface this letter by saying that your column in The Stony Brook Press is clearly the most superior piece of writing to have ever been put to print, especially on Stony Brook University grounds. I am writing to tell you a little about a special day I had on vacation. It was a day filled with alcohol, sun, the water and of course, much debauchery.

A few friends got together and decided that the best way to make use of a few liters of whiskey, and a few cases of beer was to consume this bounty out-on the water on a rented boat. How right we were. The day started off fairly calmly with few indications of the events that



# Ask Amberly Jane Continued...

were to occur. Suddenly, at a point who's exact time is lost in an alcohol induced haze, a fairly attractive pair of breasts found itself in front of my face, and more interestingly, in front of my camera. The fun basically just gets started at that point.

Each sordid detail is fairly unimportant, and also fairly hazy but the pictures I have tell a story of sinful delight. My personal favorite is the one depicting two beautiful women enjoying each other greatly. Sadly though, my role in this event was simply that of documentarian. I wasn't invited to join in any reindeer games. I certainly got an eyeful that day, but I really was left out of the festivities. I can't say that my hands didn't wander over to the wonderful globes that had been placed in front of me, or that they weren't fantastically firm from having been in cool water just before that, but I can say that I didn't exactly want to get any further down south as "crab meadows" looked exactly like, well, crab meadows. I think you get my drift.

I had fun, for sure, but wish I could have had more. Considering that my sexual partners list both past and present numbers zero, it would have been interesting to have been more involved that day, but I guess I'll have to wait for another time. For someone as pathetically unpopular with the ladies as myself, this really was a little slice of heaven and I hope you enjoyed me sharing some of the details with you.

Much love, and lovin',  
-Duncan

Dear Duncan,

You sound like a delightful person, not just because you complemented my writing, but because although you possess no notches on your belt, you still didn't take advantage of a crabby meadow. Thanks for sharing the details. The more you put yourself in festive situations - boat, booze and sun sound great - the more the numbers will slide in your favor. Good Luck.

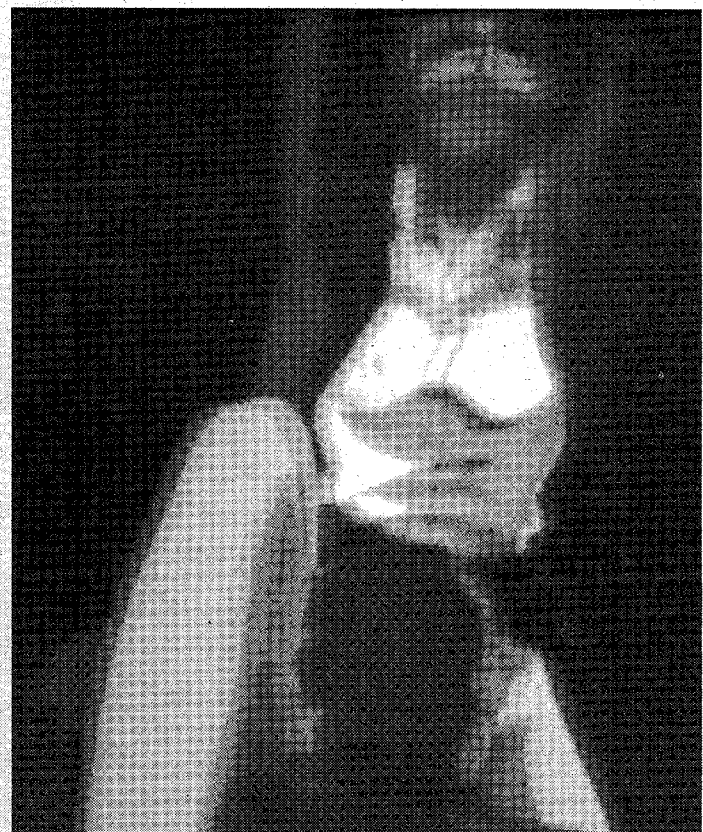
Dear Amberly Jane,

I am a 25-year-old male and I still have never masturbated before. Could you please tell me why?

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

That's probably because you don't have a penis.



A smattering of images, including The Vagina Tree, top left, organic porn located outside Greeley College. Also, images from I-Con hentai. The story revolves around a woman tied up, with a man seemingly giving her oral pleasure (top). However, his nefarious plan includes shaving her pubes. At the same time, one naked babe in the sauna tries to convince the other to shave her patch. "It'll be fun," she coos. The last photo is self-explanatory. (Notice that the hand is blurry, indicating motion.)



It's ready to invite a man!



Email:  
Ask.AmberlyJane  
@hotmail.com



# TOP TEN

## Things I Learned at I-CON

- 10 Boffer fighting doesn't harm the body, it harms the soul
- 9 Psilocybin and/or Smirnoff makes everything... tolerable
- 8 Hentai has officially outlived its coolness. Actually, hentai was never that cool to begin with.
- 7 Amounts of money spent in dealer's room is directly proportional to the number of years spend living in mom's basement.
- 6 We'd like to make a joke pertaining to the diets of I-CON goers, but have you been to Deng Lee's lately?
- 5 Believe it or not, having sex with a furry is just as illegal as if you were boinking a real leopard.
- 4 During I-CON weekend, the concentration of overweight cosplayers actually causes a shift in the earth's rotation.
- 3 While paper cannot be folded over more than 7 times, human flesh can be folded over much more
- 2 For many, this was the first experience with things the rest of us take for granted, like soap, the sun or human contact.
- 1 A meece is a tiny magical animal with str 2, dex 16, con 10, Int 18-19. Wis 12, and Cha 3

# Battle

of the

# Century

Angel &  
Spike

VS

Kirk &  
Spock

-Eternal life through vampirism

-They both tapped Buffy... more importantly Drusilla

-Impeccable fashion sense

-Blonde/Brunette Bombshell

-Rock-hard abs

-Pointy teeth turn regular people into vamps

PRO

-Which will McCoy choose?

-The double kick chop!

-Rocket Man... burning out his fumes out here...alone

-pointy ears turn normal pants into tighter pants

-Which will Buffy choose?

-"Tell me you want me" - Spike

-"I want you." - Angel

-Angel is Spike's granpa

-Slash Fiction

-I-CON makes me hate Spike so much I wanna fuck 'im

CON

-Eternal life through fandom

-I-CON

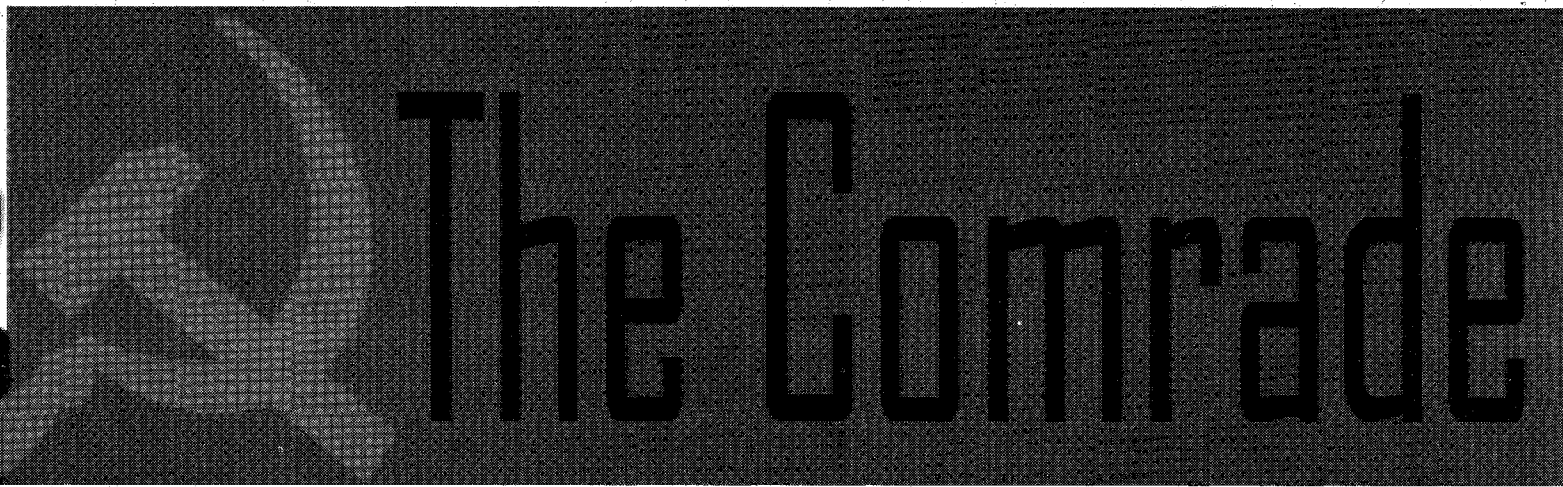
-Fucking tribbles

-They... in ... The sky... with Bilbo! Bilbo Baggins!

-Still clearly not as cool as star wars

(Would be funnier if Joe and Mary did it.)





No.2

APRIL 2005

MONTHLY

# It's Not as Easy as It Looks, is it?

Commentary by Sam Goldman

Hey Erik!

You and I haven't met, but I'm sure Greg Lubicich can tell you all about me. Virginia Morgan can also chip in with the two times we met on the LIRR. My name's Sam. I used to be a big shot around *The Press* office. Since I graduated and moved back to Brooklyn, I'm not nearly as involved in day-to-day things as I used to be, but I come by every now and again to say hi to all my friends.

I noticed that you guys have started up a conservative newspaper—I think it's called *The Liberator* or *The Partisan* or something. Anyway, it seems like a decent start, but you seem to need some help. So I figure I'd give you some tips on how to make a newspaper.

First off, I'd point out that the first impression the reader gets of a newspaper is how it looks. The articles may be great, but if it looks like a seventh-grade PTA newsletter, well, that shit ain't gonna fly. Everything about *The Pediatrician* screams "zero effort." Your pictures are pixilated, your layout is all over the place and your masthead looks like it was drawn on with Magic Marker. These things don't have any correlation to the size of your budg-

et; rather, it correlates to the amount of time you spend on it (although you may want to invest in something better than Kodak Fun Saver cameras).

Next, let's get to your content. Right now, *The Pantyhose* seems focused on one thing and one thing only; that would be this little newspaper. Why else would you start off with a *Press* parody on your front page instead of, say, Terri Schiavo or the war in Iraq? Aren't those more important issues than fucking with a newspaper that, no matter how hard you try, you will never ever beat in a contest of wits? While you guys were out trying to stick it to *The Press*, we had articles on Wolfowitz and the World Bank, oil drilling in Alaska, abstinence education, the war in Iraq, the crisis in the Congo, the tensions between China and Taiwan, etc, etc, etc. *The Press*: 1, *The Peter Luger*: 0. Aren't those the kinds of issues a politically themed publication should discuss? Just a thought.

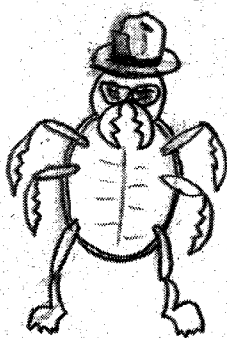
One of *The Press*'s stated missions is to incite debate at Stony Brook. *The Penis Pump* should do the same. Take a stand on Terri Schiavo, gay marriage or campaign finance reform. That is how you get noticed. That is how you gain respect. Grow some balls, dude.

Oh, by the way, Erik, isn't *The Philanderer*

an official publication of your campus club? Why isn't the club mentioned in your paper? Do you guys have meetings? Events? Pizza parties? Anything? Or is the Enduring Freedom Alliance just code for "Legion of Press Haters?"

Erik, you seem like a nice guy, so, in closing, I'll give you this to think about: if you are going to keep putting out a newspaper, you should attempt to put out a newspaper with a certain amount of quality. Right now, you are embarrassing yourselves, your viewpoints, all student media organizations and the university in general. I have nothing against a paper on campus that espouses a right-wing viewpoint, but if you are not going to put in the time and effort to create something worthwhile, you will continue to get laughed at – by us and by everyone else. You and your staff will rationalize the student body's negative feedback by screaming "liberal campus," without realizing that the problem was your utter lack of effort in creating a quality publication. Before blaming everyone else for the public's poor opinion of *The Schwarzenegger*, you should blame yourselves.

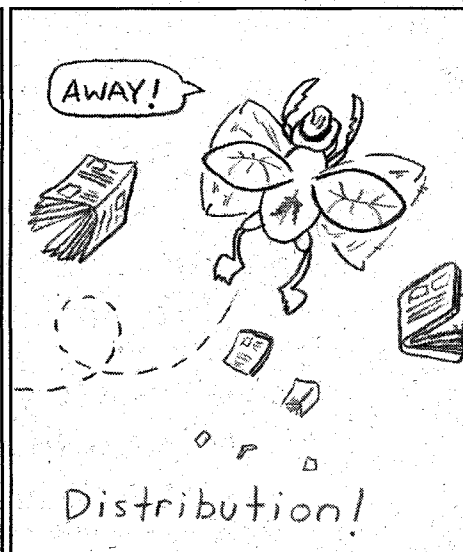
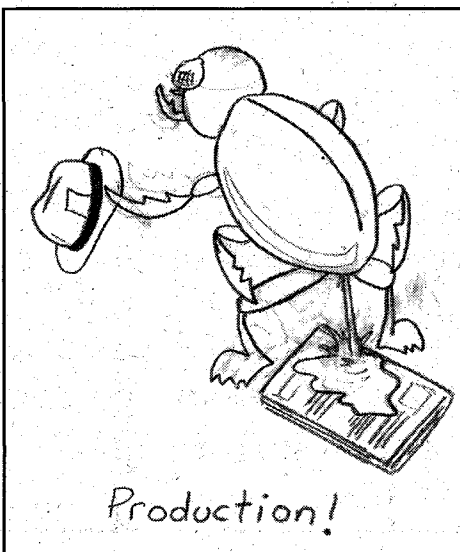
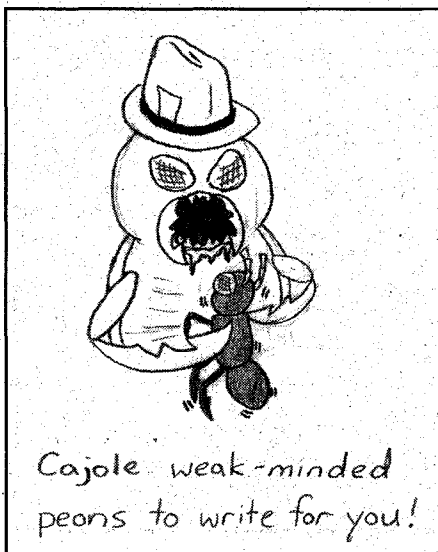
Well, Erik, that's about it. Good luck with *The Pissant* or *The Poopie* or whatever it's called. Oh, and say hi to everyone for me, will ya? Thanks.



Dem Patriots sure know how ta fight tyranny!

## How Ta Make a Right Wing Newspaper

Wit your host, Robbie da Roach



By Joe Filippazzo

# The Comrade



**No. 2 April 2005**

**Freedom Editor**

Amberly Jane Mansfield

**Anti-Terror Doer**

Samuel Falwell Goldman

**Associate Reaganite**

Joe Charles Aquinas Filippazzo

**Counterrevolution Manager**

Robert Condoleeza Pearsall

**Propogator of Liberty**

David "Knock 'em Sock 'em" Ginn

**Federalist Directorarian**

Laura Bush Positano

**Creationist Editor**

Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

**Gun-toting Social Recationary**

Mike Jesse Helms Billings

**Subliminal Racism Editor**

Joe Strom Safdia

**Wealthiest 1%**

Joe D. F. Rios, Jamie Patrick

Woodrow Wilson Mignone,

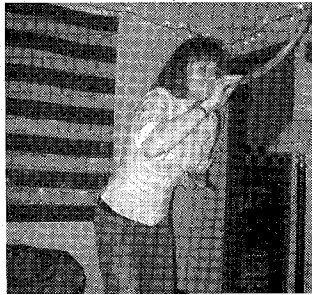
Melanie Evangeling Donovan,

Michael Delano Prazak,

Paula K. K. K. Guy, Brian D. Q. Z.

Wasser, Tiffany Tiffany Russo

## Drink of the Month



*Picture of Virginia Morgan funneling beer Courtesy of Virginia Morgan*

**Satire by Joe Filippazzo**

### Republican Kool-Aid

- 1) Get water.
- 2) Put Kool-Aid in water.
- 3) Cyanide.
- 4) Mix well and Enjoy!

**By Article II, SECTION 1 of the College Republican Constitution:**

**We must make known and promote the principles of the Republican Party among members of the Stony Brook University Campus and surrounding Community.**

**There's only one way to do this!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!  
Drink the Republican Kool-Aid!**

### Join The Unbreakable Workers' Union!!!



**A lie told often enough becomes accepted truth.**

**The UNBREAKABLE WORKERS' UNION**

**Meetings Once Every Wednesday at 1 PM**

**Uion 060**

**Send Submissions to  
sbcomrade@gmail.com**



# The Fate of Freedom... and Everything Else

By Joe Safdia

Today is not a good day for me. I have a migraine. This migraine did not come out of thin air, nor was it the result of incredibly loud music. No, this terrible pain in my skull is the result of some horrible, painful words I saw on a piece of paper today. The latest issue of the Patriot featured an article by Robert J. Romano. The article, entitled "The Fate of Freedom", started us off with a whimsical little romp through American history—the good, patriotic parts at least. He told of how the rights we have are natural rights, or rights that all humans have. This was not the part that made my skull try to crush my brain to numb the agony. No that started right around when he stated that the natural rights are country was founded upon are under assault from the "forces of evil". Thank you very much, Superman, but the last thing people need is you scaring the crap out of them with black and white terms such as this. This is exactly what Bush did with his phantom "War on Terror" and that is why our friends and family are fighting and dying in Iraq. But aside from that, Romano's words falsely make one think that we are in a dangerous new era of American history. That if we don't take up arms and fight for freedom that we are not in danger of losing, we will lose our way of life to the terrorists. "Do we still hold the truth of natural rights to be self-evident?" Apparently the Bush Administration has answered Romano's question with a resounding

"no". Being bombed and invaded without provocation by a major superpower on the other side of the planet is actually the exact opposite of natural rights.

All this was tolerable, but then Romano truly dropped a bombshell that caused chunks of cerebellum to ooze its way out of my ears. After all the ridiculous propaganda he's spewed in the past, and after everything our sorry excuse for a president has done to people both overseas and here at home, Romano had the gall to tell us that those who oppose war, or the "defeatists" and "isolationists" as he calls them, are the true enemies of human rights and the force that will destroy the freedom we enjoy in the United States. He informs us, "One strain of conventional wisdom holds that it is not our responsibility to spread freedom and democracy globally, that certain peoples cannot ever live in freedom due to their cultures and religions, and that we are not the world's policemen. Such isolationist tendencies have been common throughout America's history, and they are no less dangerous today." Mr. Romano, your statement leads me to wonder what your true values are, not to mention what your grades in high school American History were. First off, what you don't know is that an isolationist desires his/her country to be cut off from all other nations in the world, relying instead on total independence. The people who you call isolationists actually support a policy of "neutrality", or not getting involved in every single war that happens on Earth. A policy

that was enacted by President George Washington. You know, one of our founding fathers? One of the "men far wiser than us"? I'm sure you remember him.

As for that strain of conventional wisdom, you got two out of the three right. We do NOT have the responsibility, or even the right, to invade and Americanize the world in the search for more money, or as you put it, "spread freedom and democracy globally". And we are NOT the world's policemen. We have the United Nations to dictate what third-world countries can and cannot do. The United States does not have the authority to overthrow "evil dictators" left and right, especially when we have turned a blind eye toward and even aided dictators far worse than Saddam Hussein. We are the most hated country on the planet because of all the terrible atrocities the United States Government has committed during its involvement in the Middle East before and during the war. By "spreading freedom and democracy" (and I use those terms loosely because we never had any plans to do anything with freedom and democracy), we are simply imposing our way of life onto other people, all in our search for a good-sized oil field.

As for people believing that people who are of different races, religions, creeds, etc. cannot enjoy basic human rights, all I want to know is what rock has your head been under for all these years. People who oppose the Iraqi war want ALL people

Continued on page 6

## Letter From the Gun-toting Social Reactionary

Dearest Reader,

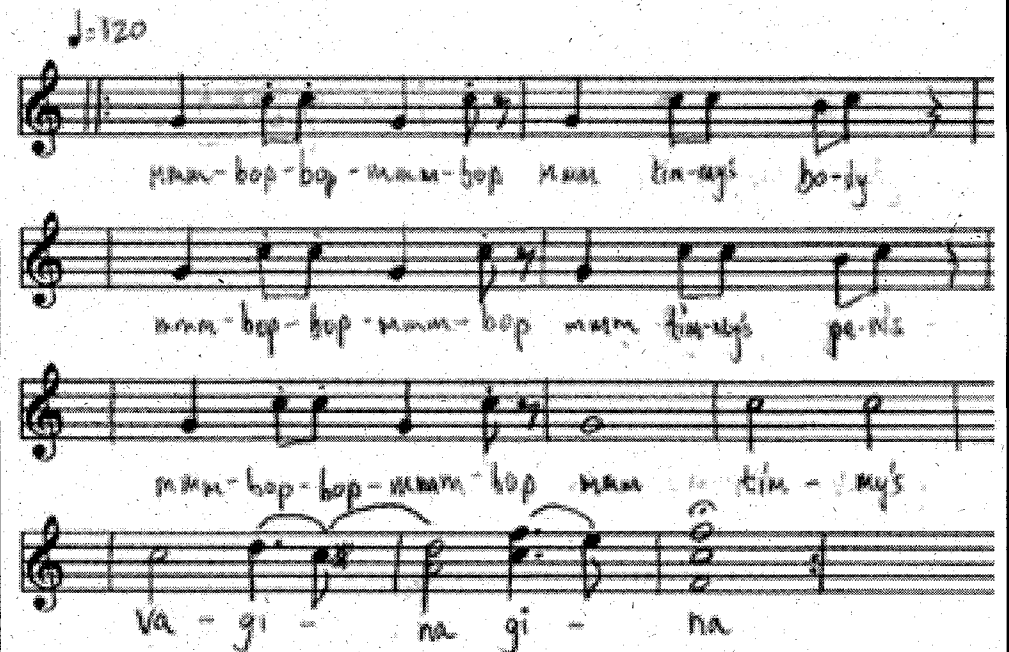
When in the course of human events, certain times become germane towards the acknowledgement of the people who make this newspaper possible. In the oppressive, capitalist dystopia that has become our nightmarish reality, only you have the ability to strengthen our spirits and bolster our voices so that the most villainous transgressors amongst us must recognize our righteous anger.

Those pusillanimous stalwarts of conservatism

have only served to open your eyes to the evil that they perpetrate against us on a daily basis. Only with their unjust rule could a humble paper such as ours be given credence by the masses. As long as our Republican persecutors hold fast their corrupt throne of power, we shall never be silenced.

Sincerely,  
Mike Billings,  
Gun-Toting  
Social Reactionary

### 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.

# New Election Laws Level the Playing Field Or at Least Level Any Riff-Raff Cluttering That Playing Field

Cluttered Thoughts by Daniel Day Remaino

## Da Priority of Unalienable Rights

Dere has been some controversy surrounding da new regulations governing campus elections, approved recently by da Elections Board (not just me—da noive of some people!) What da critics fail to appreciate is dat da new regulations are consistent with da writings and far-seeing principles of da founding fathers of dese fifty United States, whose federation, along da republican model, is a gift of strength resting upon a foundation of equal rights for all under God, as recognized at da federal, state and local level by da executive, legislative and juridicial branches of da government, each a composite whole constituted by da duly elected—a congress of da will of dose of us who take seriously da words of da great James Madison, who bolstered da skeleton of dis nascent nation's political philosophy upon which the flesh of our conventionalized practices would be deposited when he said, "Democracy is the most vile form of government. . . democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention: have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property: and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths." What Madison meant here is dat we must have political parties on campus.

## Adapting the Concept of Freedom

Da oppressive Marxist orthodoxy holds dat candidates seeking elected office should operate in a system respecting da commie idea of meritocracy, dat da best candidates who present da best arguments, or who most clearly offer da best policies to further da commonwealth should be

rewarded in a fair and vigorous contest. Dis is stupid; I prefer a model I like to call da marketplace of ideas. Any economist will tell you dat a market isn't functioning properly unless entrenched players can use deir position of strength to stifle upstarts wit fresh ideas and valuable offerings. Dis is da beauty of da market mechanism—it can ensure dat consumers, in dis case passive consumers of policy, get treated like crap! Da First Amendment right to drown out your opponents by leveraging your vast sums of wealth applies equally to dese wit and without vast sums of wealth! Youse guys need to come to grips with dis, it is da only method by which we guarantee dat we have strong leaderships untested in deir capacity to reason, argue or provide us with wise counsel, and it is da only method by which we guarantee among the populace at large a vague but ever-present feeling dat our society is rigged and dat dey are not welcome to participate. Dese are da cornerstones of American excellence.

## A Cautious Conception

Da previous campus elections rules, wit da spending caps, crippled dose of us wit certain strengths. Some of us can compile evidence to support what we believe in, and present it in a clear and compelling fashion. And some of us can suck up to da rich and powerful. By failing to reward sycophancy and cowardice, da old rules failed to prepare student leaders for political life in our society at large. Money rules Albany and Washington, dis is an unchanging reality—da institutions dat lead to dis situation have a rock-solid foundation in scripture and we cannot question dem. Better to mold ourselves to da way tings are! Some of dese reds tink dat Da Academy is a place of scholarship, where we

should reward excellence in argument over venal servitude. If we did dat, all youse guys would be sorely disappointed when you realized dat you had been living in a dream world.

## In Defense Of Tyranny

Alexander Hamilton said, "The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right. Give therefore to the first class a distinct permanent share in the government. . . Can a democratic assembly who annually revolve in the mass of the people be supposed steadily to pursue the public good?" You might not have known dat.

## Da Principle of Victory!

Da First Amendment is a fire. For dose elected individuals with da strength of character to have accumulated vast commoditized sums, da First Amendment lights da way as dey purchase da loyalties of da policymakers who will be institutionally selected for success. It warms da resultant policies dat further a just inequity, de only corrective agent to sway dose fools who teeter on da brink of perdition, service to Da Beast. For dose layabouts who so deservedly wallow in da lower strata, da First Amendment can be a fire. And you can get burned pretty bad! Ha ha ha!

*Daniel Day Remaino serves in a leadership role in both the undergraduate student government and a newspaper that would like to be recognized as an equal to others in student media because he doesn't understand the idea of an independent watchdog or the function of the First Amendment in the prevention of tyranny and venality. But he sure talks fancy.*

# The First Domestic Color Conference

By David "Knock-em, Sock-em" Ginn

Upon the controversy of partisan politics, representatives from both the democratic and republican parties agreed to meet together to discuss the future of their political identities. The conference was aptly dubbed the "First Domestic Color Conference" of the new age.

The argument began when the democratic representative made the following comment: "Your party can't succeed, because your color is red and red is also the color of the devil, so therefore your party must be evil."

"But," replied the republican diplomat, "your color is blue, and blue is the color of water, and people drown in water, so therefore you represent death."

"Ah," said the democratic representative, "but blue is also the color of the sky, and people look up to the sky, and it's only blue when there's no clouds, so when people look up and see a blue sky there's no clouds and when there's no clouds there's no rain and even though rain helps grow

crops and replenish lakes it also causes floods which kill people and so therefore if we don't have clouds we're safe and without those clouds we have a blue sky and blue is the color of the democratic party."

"That's not fair," said the republican ambassador. "Why couldn't we get blue? It wasn't our decision anyway, so it doesn't stand. We're hereby taking your color."

"Don't be silly," replied the wonderful democrat, "red's a good color after all. Red is the color of the towel bullfighters use and when they use it they trick the charging bull and thereby win the day. That's why red really stands for clever defense strategies."

"Oh dear, you're right," replied the republican. "But if our party is represented by a color, and we almost tried to get another color, we betrayed the sanctity of our own party. By declaring that colors can be changed even though colors are synonymous with the parties we inadvertently declared that parties can be changed. If parties are symbolic of views and parties can be changed, views also can be changed and thus parties are

completely useless. Following this logic, I can only deduce that the republican party doesn't really exist. And if the republican party represents my views, but it doesn't really exist, then that must mean that my views don't really exist, either. Furthermore, since I am the one who has these views, but the views don't exist, I must not exist as well."

Suddenly, without warning, the republican disappears, along with the entire republican party.

As the democratic candidate sits comfortably in his chair gloating over his victory he has a mere three seconds to reach the conclusion that since the republican party doesn't exist and his party has forever gone against the republican party the democratic party must not have ever existed either. As soon as he finishes this thought he has only a fraction of a second to think of his mother who never existed and remember his hometown that never existed before he too disappears into the stunning world of logical deduction.

This, of course, means that the conference itself never took place, and therefore this article was never written. Wait! \*poof\*



# Burning the Reichstag

Compiled by

Mike Billings and Joe Filippazzo

"I really believe that the pagans, and the abortionists, and the feminists, and the gays and the lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU, People For the American Way, all of them who have tried to secularize America. I point the finger in their face and say 'you helped this happen.'" - Jerry Falwell on September 11

## Feminism

**The right:** "Feminism is about being anti-family and that it encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians." - Pat Robertson

**The left:** "This is no simple reform. It really is a revolution. Sex and race because they are easy and visible differences have been the primary ways of

organizing human beings into superior and inferior groups and into the cheap labour in which this system still depends. We are talking about a society in which there will be no roles other than those chosen or those earned. We are really talking about humanism." - Gloria Steinem

## Abortion

**The right:** "We must reverse Roe vs Wade, persevere in the fight for life, and restore to citizens the freedom to clean up the cultural pollution poisoning the hearts and minds of our children. The presidency must become a bully pulpit for traditional values, not gays in the military. We will get the US government completely out of the abortion racket" - Pat Buchanan

**The left:** "In the case of an unwanted pregnancy, the existential choice for a woman is not abortion vs. no abortion, but, as Garrett Hardin has pointed out, abortion vs. compulsory childbearing. If others can

force her to be a mother... then she is coerced into putting her body at the disposal of the fetus as if she were an unclaimed natural resource or a chattel slave.... Thus, the woman's most fundamental right of choice, the right to control her own body and happiness, is being abrogated." - Sharon Presley and Robert Cooke

## The Right to Die

**The right:** "Terri Schiavo was a living human being, an innocent living human being. Brain damaged, yes. Incapacitated, yes. Disabled, yes. But she was a living human being. She was not being sustained on any artificial means — by any artificial means. All she was being done — all that was being done was she was fed through a tube instead of her throat." - Tom DeLay (R-TX)

**The left:** "340"-Number of inmates executed in the State of Texas according to the Texas Department of Justice.

## How To Tell You've Arrived in Canada: A Slightly True Story

Francophonics by Laura Positano

Au revoir etats-unis, bonjour Canada! [Goodbye, United States, hello Canada] After seeing this sign, I realized that I have left the country. Finally I admit it. I'm lost. I searched and perused my many maps, but all in vain. I never meant for this; I was supposed to be at my friend's wedding in Albany, in upstate New York. Being a woman, I asked for directions while still in New York, but to no avail. Everyone I asked was either a tourist or someone who did not speak English.

Try as I did, I could not find a single soul who was aware of how to give simple directions.

The one time I was able to have an exchange with someone that did not leave me more confused than I was when I started was when an elderly Quebec lady wearing a beret cheerfully declared to me, "Entrez-vous au Canada. I welcome you to the magnificent land that is Canada." Well, at least they're welcoming, I thought. So I parked my father's car and got out to traverse the streets. I resolved myself to either get directions to Albany or at least find my way back to Long Island from Quebec. I was determined to not let any time go to waste.

I journeyed into a nearby park. Three college kids, wearing University of Quebec tee shirts, were reading a Canadian newspaper with President Bush's face on the cover. Uproarious laughter ensued. "Eh, that Bush, thank God he's

not our president, eh," an athletic-looking girl wisecracked. "Yeah, I can't believe how he wants to be friendly with the United Nations after making it like he didn't need them... Oh yeah, that Bush dude is funny." One of the two guys in the group remarked.

Embarrassed for my country, I quickly jogged towards Main Street. Stores, labeled in French, with only the pictures making clear what was sold. Having not taken French since high school, I feared my French would be too rusty to communicate with the locals. Yet from the beginning of my unplanned trek, I had somehow, almost magically, regained my grasp. Their language was no longer foreign to me. I was actually speaking in French rather fluidly. Suddenly, what I assumed would continue to be an awkward situation was becoming an enjoyable jaunt.

A bakery, entitled "la boulangerie", with a giant loaf of bread beckoned my entrance. Mmm, carbs!!! The place smelled of the familiar, comforting aroma of cake and bread. Hearty whole wheat loaves, croissant rolls, beautiful cakes, decadent canolis and glistening cream puffs all looked so appealing. Oy, what a dilemma.

"Voulez-vous le pain, mademoiselle?" [Would you like bread, miss?] A robust woman behind the counter holding a baguette asked, pointing to me with the baguette. "No, madame. Prendez-vous la glace avec chocolat, s'il vous

plait." I gestured towards the chocolate cake encrusted with almonds. Mmm, sugar and carbs, the twin nemeses of modern nutrition! She carefully removed the cake and put it in a small box in front of me. Feeling hungry, I licked the frosting on top. It tasted great. "Le prix est vingt dollars. Payez-vous, s'il vous plait." Uh-oh, I thought. I looked in my wallet, and oh no, no money. I panicked. Great.

I am in a foreign Country, away from home, and am about to get in trouble for practically stealing. Now stop that, I told myself. Don't be neurotic. Be calm, maybe there's twenty dollars in your pocket. Sure enough, in my left hand pocket, there was twenty dollars. I handed her the money, and the woman smiled. "Thanks," I said in my native tongue. In broken English, she told me, "Mademoiselle, there was no need for vous to be worried. I do zat sometimes when I go to the food store myself." We both laughed. I left the store, dancing, full of glee.

I headed towards my dad's car and placed the key in the ignition. I raced on to the border.

After successfully convincing the customs agents at the border that my cake was not a bomb or some other illegal item that I was hiding, I waved, Queen Mum style, and shouted, "Au revoir, Canada!"

# Between the Iron Sheets

By Amberly Jane Mansfield

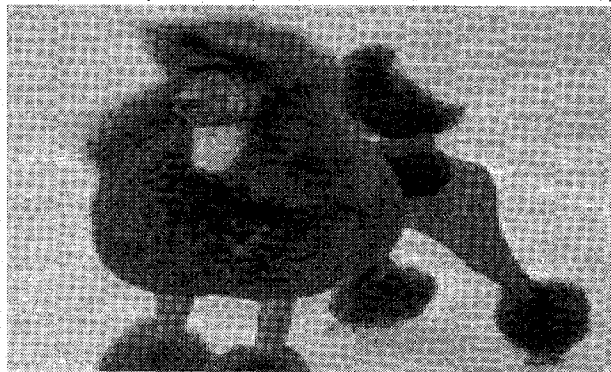
I was carousing on my yacht the other day, reading the latest Ayn Rand, when I instinctively reached for the bubbly. It was positively sweltering, and Rajid, my darky manservant, who my father picked up on a Lebanese hunting expedition, was lax in retrieving it from the galley.

"Pish posh," I thought, "I'm an empowered woman, why not get it for myself."

As I sauntered over to the darling 18th Century silver serving tray, a sight caught me off-guard. It seems my Mimsy, a pedigree, had something caught between her freshly-brushed incisors. I grabbed it, wiped the spittle on a cashmere handkerchief, and examined the remains.

It was a photograph of Biff and I, before we broke up, taken at the Kittredge's soiree some time ago. Look at me, wearing that divine scalloped sea-foam dress, and there's Rajid, being such a sport, on all fours so I could have a footrest.

I had thrown the photo away in a last



ditch effort to forget the old chap, but looking at it now just brought the memories flooding back.

Look how happy we seem. Oh Biff, you had the lines of a Austin Healey, and the attitude of a Jag. And you chose me out of all the other Irish blue-bloods at Stony Brook. Why did you leave me for ... oh, I can't say it ... why did you leave me for an ... an ... anarchist? Uh, what a miserable faux pas. And that night you begged me for hours, and finally I let you stick your finger in my anus. I let you, because I thought we would be together forever. I'm sure your father is none too happy now.

Yes, after Biff broke my heart to engage in extramarital intercourse with some

criminal trollop terrorist, I binged on Ben & Jerry's Butter Pecan, and stayed up all night watching Golden Girls. Oh, that Sophia, mooning a chain gang on the Interstate. What a card! And Rose, that cock-teasing simpleton, with her St. Olaf "I can't believe this is cheese" diet. Hilarity.

Staring at the photograph I felt something stir inside me. It couldn't be the Caspian Beluga caviar, could it? Rajid practically forced me to eat it. It did taste funny. Could it be ... No! I aborted that thing last week.

I was lost in thought. Mimsy brushed my leg, I didn't notice when she started humping. No! I know what I must do! Unfurl daddy's gun and go on a hunt of my own! That damn, dirty anarchist isn't going to take my man!

I stood up as Mimsy finished. She yelped. I was feeling woozy, and couldn't reach the cashmere handkerchief, let alone daddy's shotgun.

I succeeded in stumbling three steps, and managed to execute a feeble "She will rue the day!", before collapsing in eternal darkness on the poop deck.

## The Fate of Freedom... and Everything Else

Continued from page 3

By Joe Safdia

Today is not a good day for me. I have a migraine. This migraine did not come out of thin air, nor was it the result of incredibly loud music. No, this terrible pain in my skull is the result of some horrible, painful words I saw on a piece of paper today. The latest issue of the Patriot featured an article by Robert J. Romano. The article, entitled "The Fate of Freedom", started us off with a whimsical little romp through American history—the good, patriotic parts at least. He told of how the rights we have are natural rights, or rights that all humans have. This was not the part that made my skull try to crush my brain to numb the agony. No that started right around when he stated that the natural rights are country was founded upon are under assault from the "forces of evil". Thank you very much, Superman, but the last thing people need is you scaring the crap out of them with black and white terms such as this. This is exactly what Bush did with his phantom "War on Terror" and that is why our friends and family are fighting and dying in Iraq. But aside from that, Romano's words falsely make one think that we are in a dangerous new era of American history. That if we don't take up arms and fight for freedom that we are not in danger of losing, we will lose our way of life to the terrorists. "Do we still hold the truth of natural rights to be self-evident?" Apparently the Bush Administration has answered Romano's question with a resounding "no". Being bombed and invaded without provocation by a major superpower on the other side of the planet is actually the exact opposite of natural

rights.

All this was tolerable, but then Romano truly dropped a bombshell that caused chunks of cerebellum to ooze its way out of my ears. After all the ridiculous propaganda he's spewed in the past, and after everything our sorry excuse for a president has done to people both overseas and here at home, Romano had the gall to tell us that those who oppose war, or the "defeatists" and "isolationists" as he calls them, are the true enemies of human rights and the force that will destroy the freedom we enjoy in the United States. He informs us, "One strain of conventional wisdom holds that it is not our responsibility to spread freedom and democracy globally, that certain peoples cannot ever live in freedom due to their cultures and religions, and that we are not the world's policemen. Such isolationist tendencies have been common throughout America's history, and they are no less dangerous today." Mr. Romano, your statement leads me to wonder what your true values are, not to mention what your grades in high school American History were. First off, what you don't know is that an isolationist desires his/her country to be cut off from all other nations in the world, relying instead on total independence. The people who you call isolationists actually support a policy of "neutrality", or not getting involved in every single war that happens on Earth. A policy that was enacted by President George Washington. You know, one of our founding fathers? One of the "men far wiser than us"? I'm sure you remember him.

As for that strain of conventional wisdom, you got two out of the three right. We do NOT have the responsibility, or even the right, to invade and Americanize the world in the search for more money,

or as you put it, "spread freedom and democracy globally". And we are NOT the world's policemen. We have the United Nations to dictate what third-world countries can and cannot do. The United States does not have the authority to overthrow "evil dictators" left and right, especially when we have turned a blind eye toward and even aided dictators far worse than Saddam Hussein. We are the most hated country on the planet because of all the terrible atrocities the United States Government has committed during its involvement in the Middle East before and during the war. By "spreading freedom and democracy" (and I use those terms loosely because we never had any plans to do anything with freedom and democracy), we are simply imposing our way of life onto other people, all in our search for a good-sized oil field.

As for people believing that people who are of different races, religions, creeds, etc. cannot enjoy basic human rights, all I want to know is what rock has your head been under for all these years. People who oppose the Iraqi war want ALL people to have the same rights and freedoms that all human beings are entitled to, some of which include not being bombed, invaded, not losing everything you own and everyone you love just so a multi-billionaire can steal a few more million. What about the freedom to be able to safely walk outside your own home, or stay in it for that matter? I have never heard anyone say the Iraqi people don't deserve freedom, they most definitely do, but Bush took those away from them. A nation occupied and controlled by a foreign military, and therefore under martial law, is a nation that lacks freedom.

Your tirade against anti-war activists (again referred to in "The Fate of Freedom as



# Press Conspiracy To Steal World's Air Supply Exposed!

By Dr. Pizda Wolfowitz Huyova XVIII Esq.

[For the Copy Editor's Eyes Only: Before running this, check with Joe to see if it would be premature to reveal that the socialist training camp rumor is a gag. Also, this article, while funny, wastes an opportunity to criticize the essential element of the Patriot piece it is parodying – that there is no nepotistic rightist domination of student government. Also, does this spaceship run exclusively on ethanol or the Schwartz? You can't have it both ways, anonymous parodizer! Plus I couldn't resist changing the drug "combination" to a "cocktail".]

Stony Brook Press staffers Joe Filippazzo, Dustin Herlich and Matt Willemain are the ringleaders of a three-year-old conspiracy to steal the world's air supply, and hold it for ransom until a series of immoral, Godless, liberal demands are met, *The Comrade* has learned.

The three staffers, along with several of their liberal Press henchmen, have been hard at work in a bunker several miles underneath the university. There, they are constructing a giant, environmentally friendly spaceship, which runs only on ethanol. Upon completion of the ship, it will be launched from underneath the fountain in the Academic Mall. When it establishes orbit, the ship will transform into a gigantic fornicating lesbian couple in coital positions. The mouths of each lesbian whore are allegedly powerful enough to suck the world's air supply out of the atmosphere. To scare the world even further, the breasts are equipped with powerful



Photo courtesy of Pizda Huyova

speakers, which will broadcast "I Got a Man" by Positive K at unheard-of decibel levels throughout the globe.

*The Comrade* has learned of what *The Press* will demand, and it is nothing short of horrific in nature. Among the demands: the immediate replacement of George Bush with Janeane Garafolo, who would then preside over the Socialist States of AmeriCanada; the establishment of "socialist training camps" throughout the central US; giant homosexual orgies to be held in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Birmingham, Alabama, with a special bestiality orgy in Austin, Texas; that PETA be allowed to take over England; the torching of all houses of religious worship; that all Rupert Murdoch-owned stations worldwide be taken off the air in favor of a 24-hour Japanese squid demon anime porn network and, lastly, that Bjork be named Grand Emperor and Goddess of The Earth. In addition, *The Press* has asked for 250,000 tons each of black tar heroin, marijuana, psilocybin and White Castle hamburgers, to be delivered to the Press Office by Ford Escape hybrids. It has also

been reported that Herlich has asked for a trip to Europe, Filippazzo has asked for a Winnebago and Willemain has asked for peace on Earth and good will towards mankind.

In addition, to more easily facilitate the plan, *The Comrade* has learned that the staffers of *The Press* have located a quantity of the elusive, highly valuable substance known as "the Schwartz," which will be the rocket fuel to launch their immoral plan. Working on that portion of the ship is a small man known only as "Neighbor" who rips the base off of a menorah and simultaneously snorts nine lines of a cocaine, Ritalin, peyote and ginkgo biloba cocktail every hour on the hour, and fornicates with three Press staffers every night.

Various Stony Brook University personnel refused to comment; however, a source inside the University's Undergraduate Student Government says that an act will be introduced at the next Senate meeting to attempt to thwart *The Press'* heinous ideas. The People's Edict Ending Press Editorial Elegance (P.E.E.P.E.E.) Act will allow USG to go into the Press Office to confiscate every piece of computer equipment and burn effigies of Press staffer Marcel Votlucka. The computer equipment would then be placed in a cage with 50 lemmings, with the expectation that the lemmings would be able to crank out a monthly newspaper, which has the working title *The Partisan*. The USG source told *The Comrade*, "We don't care about things like blurry pictures, poor layout, and all that other shit. Fuck, it's not like it's a real newspaper or anything."

## One heart that won't beat

Poem by Joe Rios

I must go, I can't stay.  
What will you do when I go away

The pavement I stand on top of  
Will soon be on top of me

I couldn't take the stress  
And the technology failed on me.

My plans were unfurled  
Before I could take over the world.

My boss doesn't have a clue  
I don't know what he'll do

This is a poem about the end of me  
And my name is Richard Chaney.

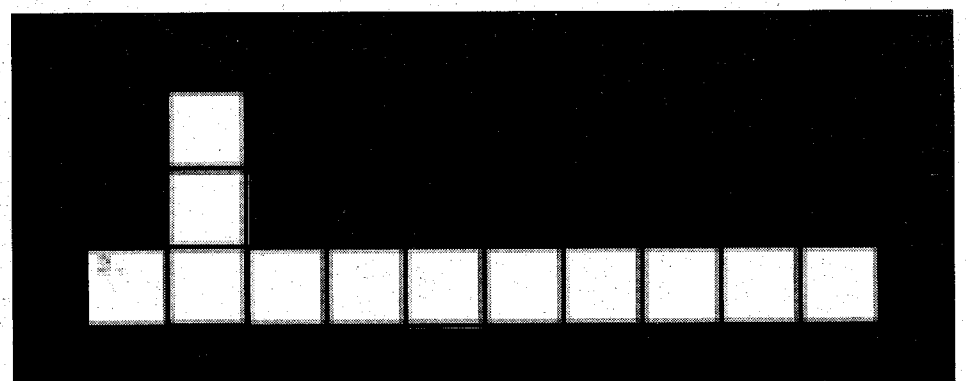
## The Crossword Puzzle-tariat

Across

1. America's  
Greatest and  
most current  
President of  
the United  
States of  
America

Down

2. Over 100,000  
people do this in  
Iraq.



# Jeff, Are You a True Patriot?

By Joe Safdia

The other night, I found myself reading the second issue of *The Patriot* (for laughs of course), when I found a most disturbingly propaganda-filled article by Jeffrey Kruszyna, President of SBU College Republicans and Executive Vice President of USG. In his article, "A True Patriot to Visit SBU", Kruszyna starts off with words that should anger anyone who reads them. He states, "Last week's anti-war protest was more like a showcase of everything that is wrong with the Stony Brook establishment. Besides the flagrantly anti-American atmosphere—the festival's sponsor, the Social Justice Alliance, seems to loathe those brave men and women who put their lives on the line every day in order to defend our freedoms." That sound you hear is an entire college campus groaning in pain. Congratulations, Jeff, for your simple-minded, hate-filled propaganda has earned you a place on my bad side, a place you do not want to be. Kruszyna continues on, to tell us the story of Lieutenant Colonel Scott Rutter, who he calls a "true patriot". My question for you, Jeff, is this: are *you* a true patriot?

"Last week's anti-war protest was more like a showcase of everything that is wrong with the Stony Brook establishment." So people exercising their First Amendment right of Freedom of Speech is a showcase of what's wrong with the Stony Brook establishment? Or being against a senseless war that has not only killed tens of thousands of Iraqi citizens, but also thousands of our own soldiers? I fail to see how college students calling for peace instead of bloodshed is anything other than a showcase of everything that is right with the Stony Brook establishment. My message to the Social Justice

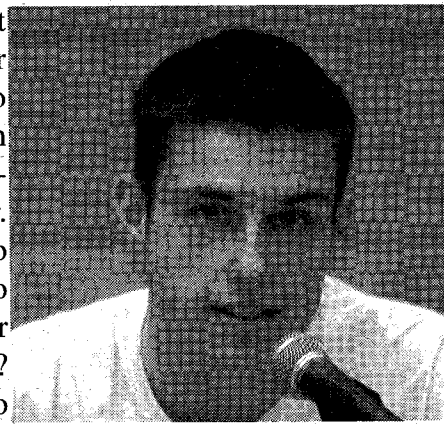
Alliance is this: do *not* stop protesting this war, because your voices of reason must be heard. If anything, find a way to spread the message to more and more people.

As for the protestors loathing our soldiers fighting for Iraq, where do you come off spewing bullshit like this? The anti-war students of this campus have nothing but respect and admiration for the soldiers risking their lives everyday. As a matter of fact, it is because we support our troops that we protest the war. We don't want our mothers, fathers, husbands, wives, sons and daughters fighting and dying on some foreign battleground. No, we'd rather have them home safe with their families. The "flagrantly anti-American atmosphere" comes from a loathing of the administration that continues to send these innocent people to their deaths for their own personal gain, and it also comes from the frustration with people who defend this administration for doing so. Mr. Kruszyna, what I'd like to know is do *you*, someone who seems to support Bush's war for oil, support our troops? Because in my eyes, one who agrees with sending people off to war for no reason at all doesn't seem to have much support or respect for anyone but themselves.

Kruszyna goes on to tell us of the impressive track record of Lieutenant Colonel Scott Rutter, who served this country during both Persian Gulf Wars. I'm not going to repeat all of his accomplishments, but for once Kruszyna and I agree. LTC Rutter deserves nothing less than our deepest respect for his military accomplishments. Not just Rutter, but all

of the courageous Americans fighting for their lives right now overseas in both Iraq and Afghanistan. But is being the "epitome of an all American soldier" really the best thing one could do? It's phrases like this that make people think that fighting a war is one of the greatest, most glorious things you could take part in. But in reality it is harsh not only on the soldiers themselves, but also on their friends and family, who sit at home and wonder if their loved ones will make it back alive. It is phrases like the "all American soldier" that are used to *advertise* war to the unsuspecting people of this country.

LTC Rutter is more than deserving of our respect and admiration, he is a great man who has served his country with dignity and honor. But is it really he who "exemplifies everything that is right about America"? Not to disrespect the Lieutenant Colonel, but I personally believe that there are other and better ways to serve your country. I believe that the pen is mightier than the sword. Rather than joining the military and fighting wars, I believe it's better to reveal the truth about our society and government to the people through the media in order to stop the wars. So in my eyes, I am serving my country by writing this article. The Social Justice Alliance was serving this country by protesting the war. If you think you are such a freedom-loving patriot, Mr. Kruszyna, then pick up a sign, a pen, or whatever you can think of and do whatever you can to help show our government that this war must end now and we want our soldiers home. I mean, you *do* support our troops, right? Then help bring them home!



## A "Patriot" Doesn't Know His Head From His Ass

A commentary on  
a commentary by Joe Rios

In an article titled "A True Patriot to Visit SBU" by Jeffrey Kruszyna appeared in the most recent issue of the conservative paper *The Patriot*, it had a few words to say with regards to the anti-war protest, which go as follows; "Besides the flagrantly anti-American atmosphere – the festival's sponsor, the Social Justice Alliance, seems to loathe those brave men and women who put their lives on the line every day in order to defend our freedoms."

I sat there for a moment pondering it, and kept on pondering it until I was driving

one day and I saw a clever little bumper sticker that read "support our troops, bring them home alive!" Suddenly it hit me like a "lemon slice wrapped around a gold brick," there wasn't anything wrong with the rally, there was something wrong with the so called "troop supporters."

Now I don't want to go on a rant here BUT.... Well actually I'm not going to write a huge assed rant about it, I'm just going to reason the whole situation as follows:

People tend to think that only evil liberals who wish massive deaths upon our troops hold anti-war rallies. This couldn't be further from the truth... in my eyes, the anti-war movement couldn't be a greater support of our troops because last time I checked,

war is generally a detrimental thing to our troops. No war means no dead soldiers. Despite droves of mindless soccer moms and conservatives with their "Support our troops" bumper stickers and clever car magnets, I REFUSE to submit to the mindless support of the American war machine. For that exact reason I say that these so called "Patriot" does not know their head from their ass, and they should take a few minutes to get their priorities strait!

The next time someone says "I support our troops!" remind them that their stickers and magnets were made in china by 8 year old children, and tell them that if they want to help their troops, demand to have them brought home... ALIVE!



# Literary Lessons

By David K. Ginn

Hello, good people. It's time for another lesson in modern grammar! Are you ready? Good!

## Lesson 3: That

"That" is a commonly used word, which is used so commonly it needs to be eliminated from virtually all text documents. Excessive "thats" are a trademark of shy and insecure writing. Here's an example of decent writing:

Example 1: Every time I walk down the street I see smiling children.

Here's an example of poor writing:

Example 2: Every time that I walk down the street I see that there are smiling children.

Yech. It smells like someone took a shit on your nose, doesn't it?

Here's another example:

Example 3: No one knows your mom sucks huge goat cocks she doesn't even know.

Here's a bad example:

Example 4: No one knows that your mom sucks huge goat cocks that she doesn't even know.

You see the difference? The second one seems a little afraid. I wonder why.

## Lesson 4: There, Their, and They're

"There, Their, They're" is a common mistake. People confuse these three words, which actually have nothing to do with one another. Here's some guidelines:

Example 1:

There - A preposition indicating where something is, such as in "I see a big donkey-fucker over there."

Their - A possessive indicator, the plural form of "his" or "her", such as in "Their donkey will surely be fucked by that big donkey fucker."

They're - A contraction meaning "they are", such as in "They're really asking for the donkey to be fucked by not keeping an eye on it."

Now, try a fun game!

Exercise 1: Circle the right word. Be careful!

(They're/ Their/ There) newspaper really sucks.

I should tell you (they're/their/there) a bunch of mindless morons for making a paper like that.

One of those morons is right over (they're/their/there)! What an asshole!

Now try something more challenging:

(They're/Their/There) are people over (they're/their/there) who fucked (they're/their/there) friends' donkeys, and (they're/their/there) complete assholes for doing that. (They're/Their/There) newspaper sucks, and to top it all off (they're/their/there) going around fucking (they're/their/there) friends' donkeys over (they're/their/there), and not working on (they're/their/there) newspaper. Maybe (they're/their/there) newspaper is so bad because (they're/their/there) fucking donkeys all the time, instead of being (they're/their/there) in (they're/their/there) office making a decent paper.

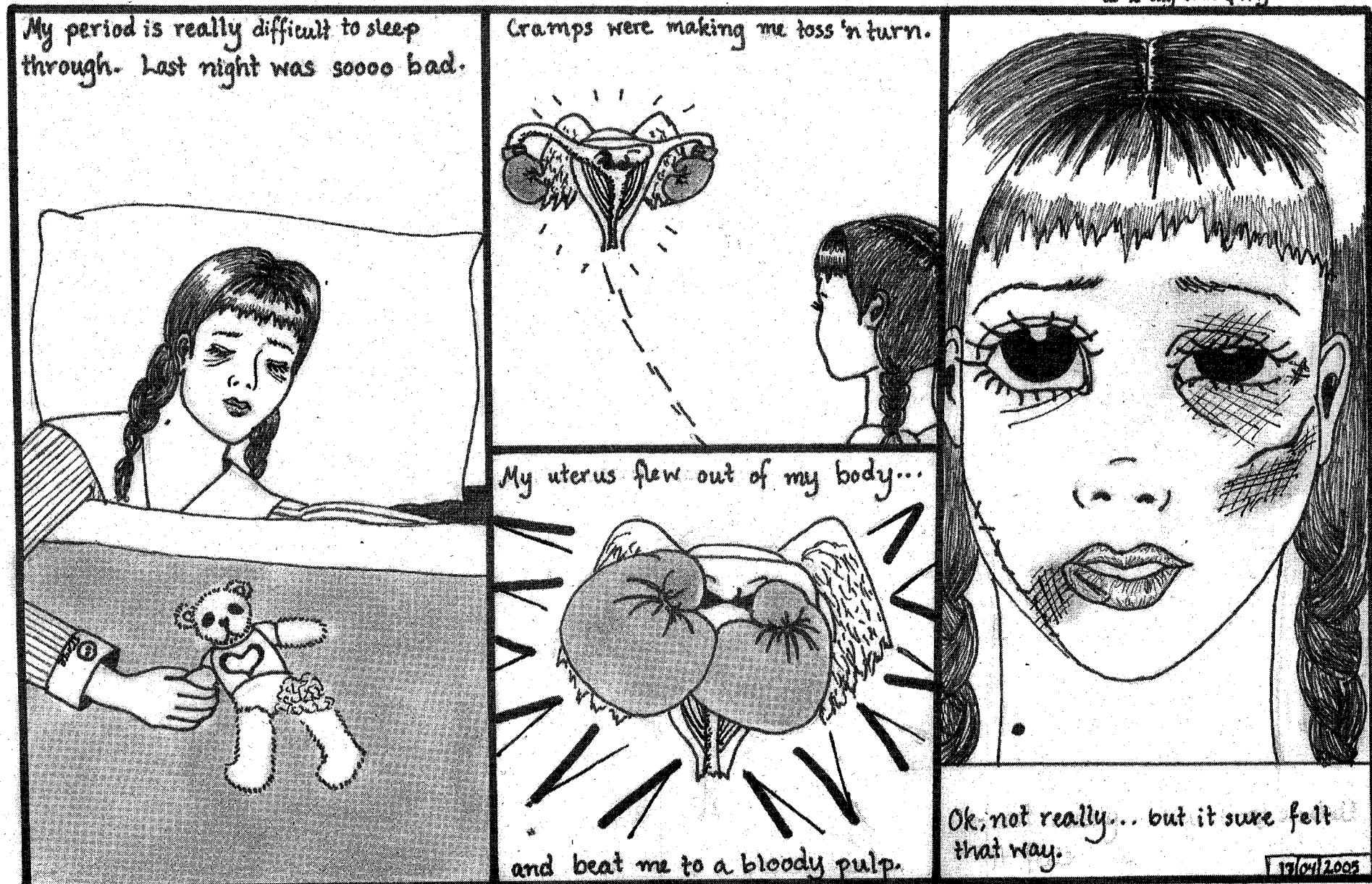
PRODUCTION WEEKEND WOES



# The Comics Section



★ OMAHA, NE ~ Steph Hayes



## Untitled Comic

By Nameless McNobody



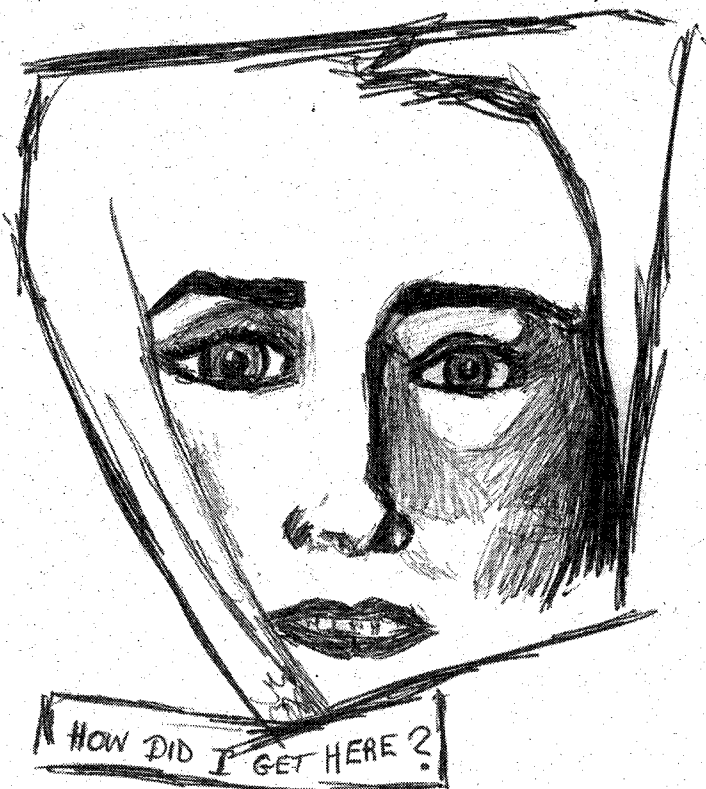
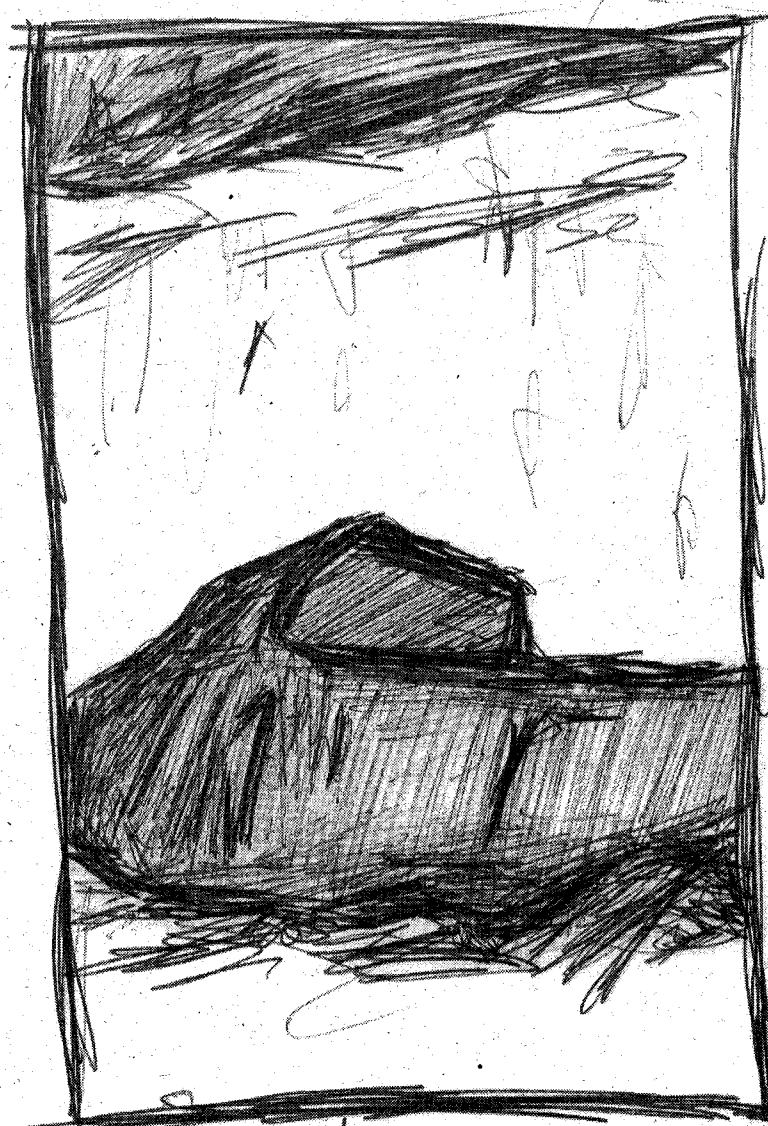
# The Comics Section

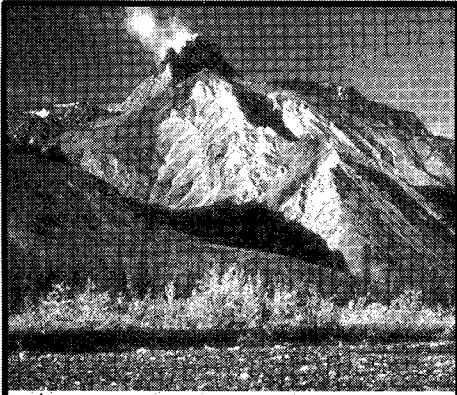


# The Comics Section

THE OCEAN AND THE NIGHT

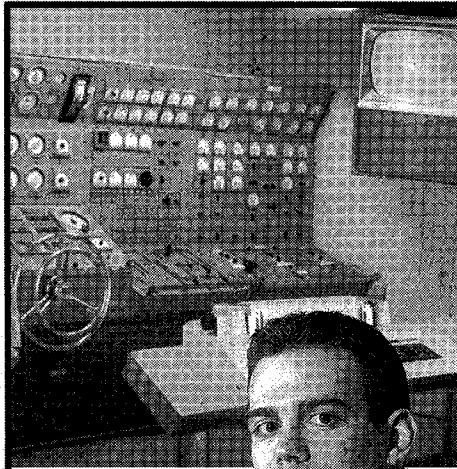
By DAVID K. GINN





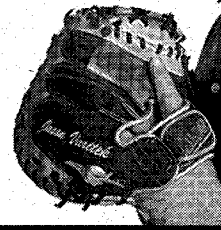
Buried deep beneath Red Sox Mountain, the world's most powerful supercomputer finishes a series of complex calculations, and prints results into a hopper.

"Great googly moogly! These numbers are astounding!"



General Manager Theo Epstein was deeply troubled.

"Don't worry about a thing, Theo. I can assemble a crack squad and get some of our finest people on this. Consider it done," came the reassuring words from Varitek.



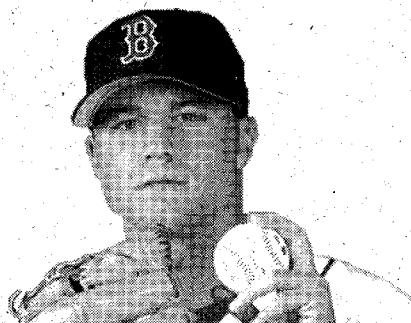
*Solving Crimes!*

**YOUR 2004 WORLD SERIES CHAMPION**

By Matt Willemain

*Fightin' Mysteries!*

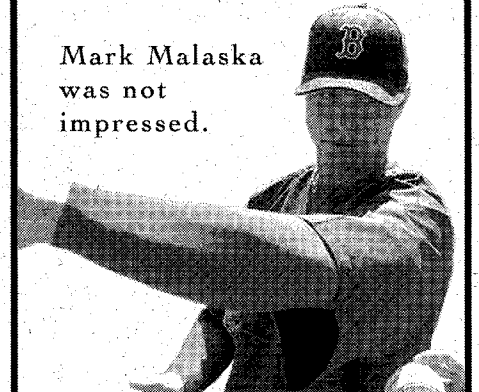
Phil Seibel approached Keith Foulk. "Hey, Keith, some of us are going topside to play some catch, why'oncha come along?"



*"Ob yeah! Catch! I am so into catch right now! But I can't! I got a call from Varitek! Ob yeah!"*

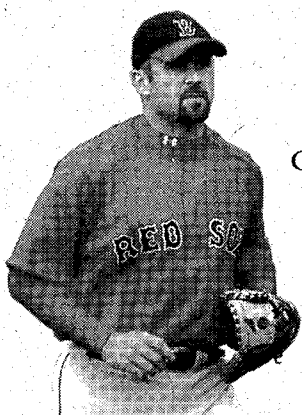


Mark Malaska was not impressed.



"Whatever. We'll be over *there*."

"Ok, this is a top pri-- Wait a minute. I'm only seeing Keith Foulke. Where are Kevin Millar and David Ortiz?"



*"Millar! We're trying to have a meeting! Ob yeah!"*

Millar replied, "Yeah, yeah. Give it a minute, guys. This here hug isn't quite through."



*"I will allow it!"*

*"Ob yeah!"* began Foulke.



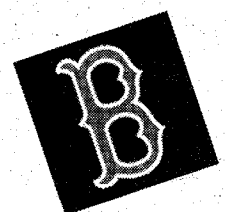
*"David Ortiz! Get out of bed!"*

"Mmm. Nrrmm. Don' wanna. Still sleeping. Get--get off. Leemee 'lone."



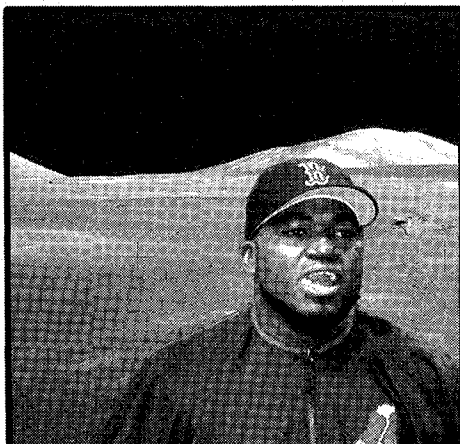
*"Ortiz's still sleeping!"*  
*"Well get him the hell up!"*  
*"He doesn't want to!"*  
*"I don't care! Get back in there!"*  
*"Ob yeah!"*

Episode Five:



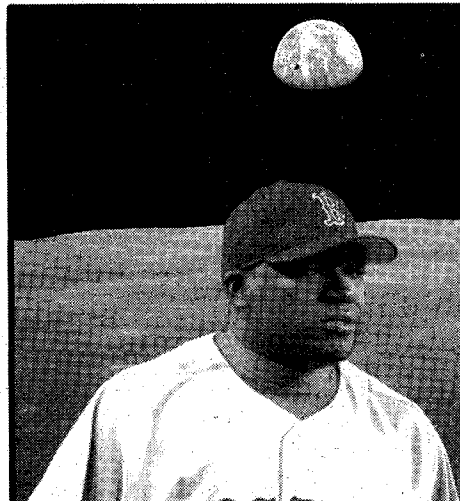
Off The Charts





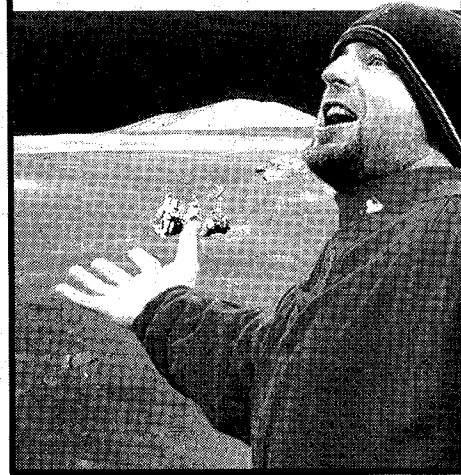
Something was bugging David Ortiz. "Hold on. What are we doing, again?"

*"We're supposed to scour this distant ridge. Something out here is showing up all kinds of crazy on the Supercomputer!"*

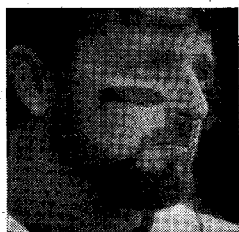


"Something about this place gives me the creeps."

"I like working outside and getting fresh air. Plus, I can see my house from here!"



"Oh, hold up. Katie bar the door! What's that up ahead, up on that cliffside?"

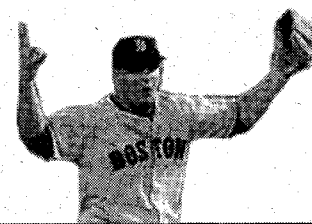


*"Oh yeah! You got it, Millar! Let's check it out! Ortiz, come here and give me a boost!"*



Keith Foulke scrambled up the cliffside, and came upon a weird and mysterious sight.

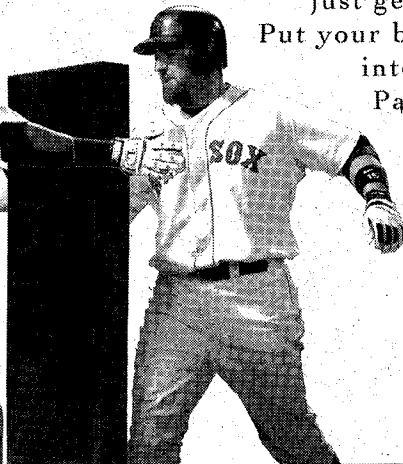
"This is it, all right! You guys better get your arses up here!"



"What do you suppose this thing is, Millar?"



"Man, I got no idea. Come on, let's just get it. Put your back into it, Papi."



"So where is this thing going, and what is it for?"

Journeyman utility infielder Ricky Gutierrez chimed in with similar questions.

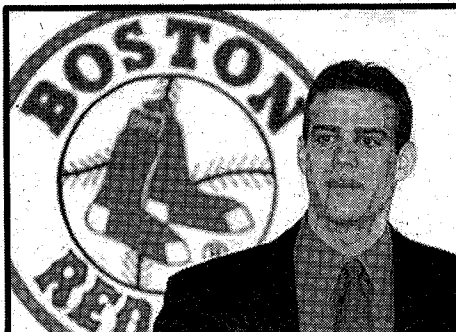
"Yeah, Theo. What are you going to do with that crazy moon rock?"



"Um...to tell you the truth, I don't know."

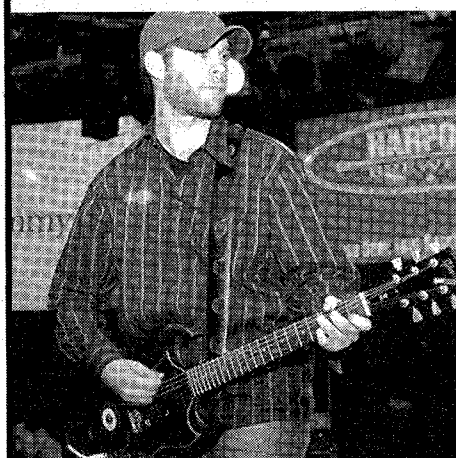


"I guess we could... make bats out of it?"



"Yeah!  
Bats!"

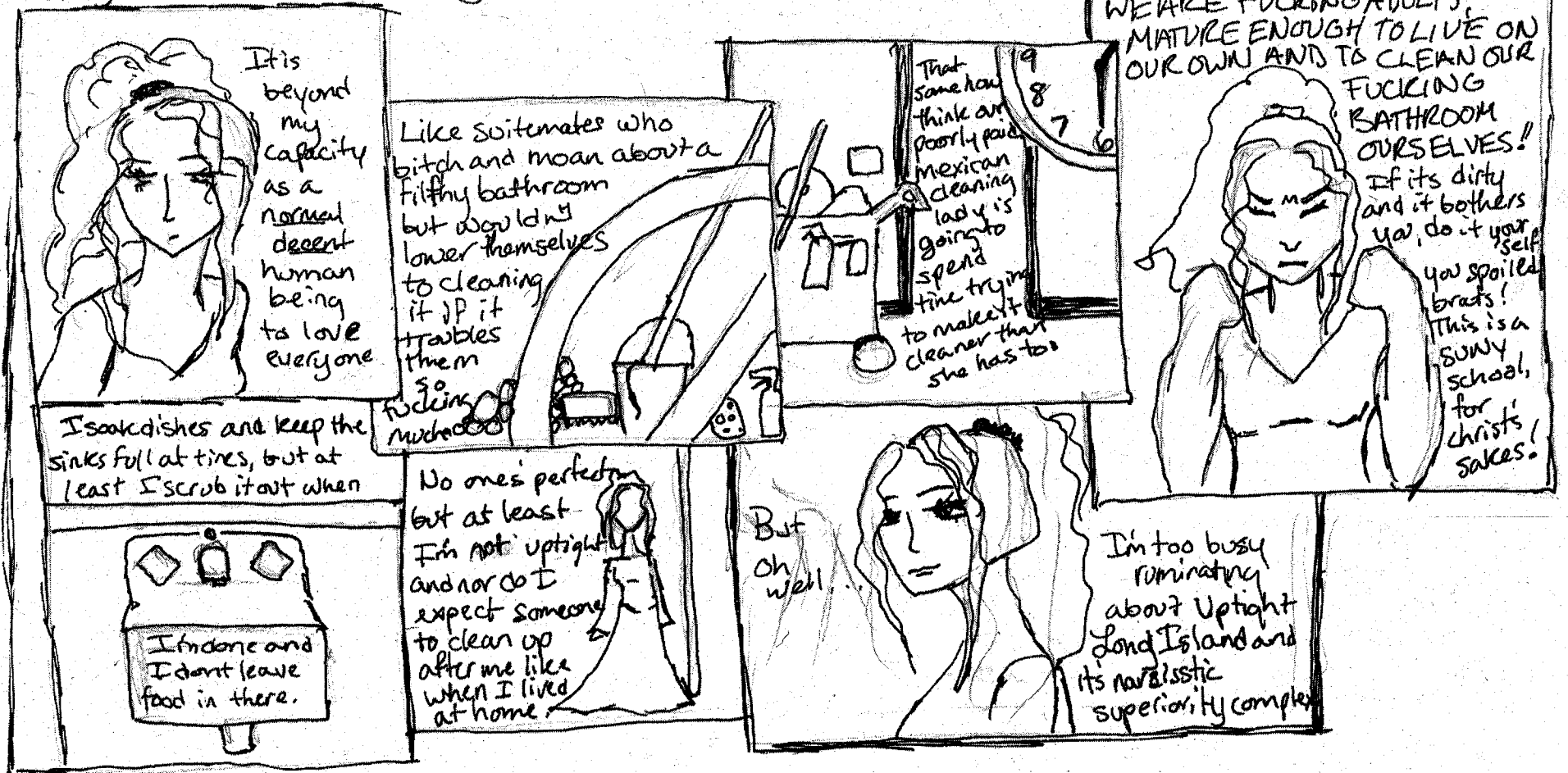
*Almost Forgot To Rock!*



# The Comics Section

Why I don't love everyone

Nicole L Barry

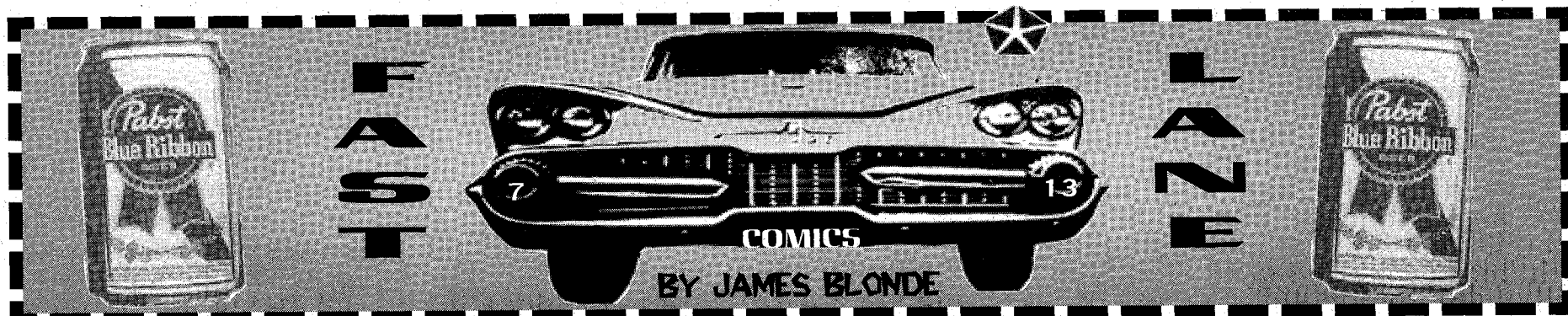


COLLEGE BOYZ VER. 2.0 BY: JOE RIOS



# The Comics Section





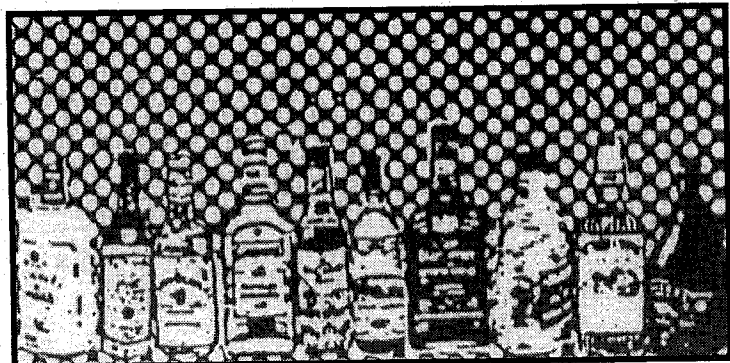
SOMEWHERE, IN A BAR,

Baby, if I was only ten years younger..

You would still be robbing the cardle!

GUESS  
WHAT MOM ? My Preist  
says I'm the sexiest altar-boy in  
the whole chuech !!!

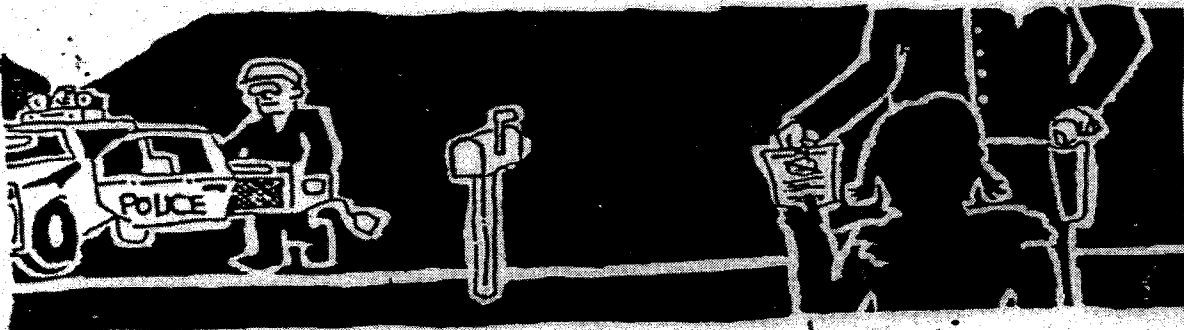
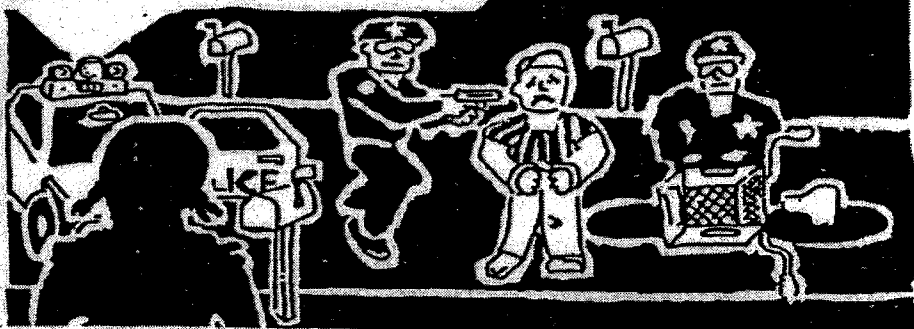
...  
And I'm  
pregnant !!! Me and  
my pimp are so happy  
!!!



# SUNDAY PAPERS

Story Art: James Blonde

He was delivering the Sunday Papers



**IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!**

**UNAUTHORIZED USE OF MILK CRATES IS ILLEGAL**

There are heavy penalties for "borrowing" milk crates to use as shoe boxes, planters, bookshelves, etc. Use of milk crates for other than their original purpose can cause injury.

**ALL "BORROWED" MILK CRATES SHOULD BE RETURNED TO THE STORE**

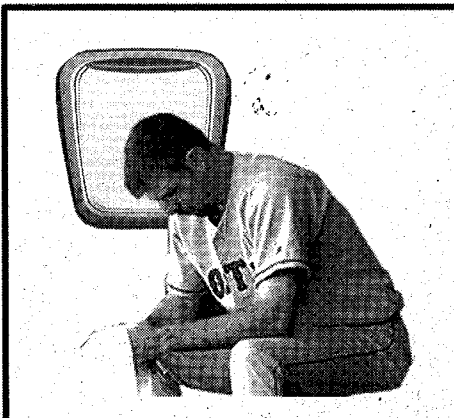
Persons who voluntarily return crates will not be prosecuted.

CND



A few of your 2004 World Series Champion Boston Red Sox were winging home after a tropical vacation...

Anastacio Martinez exuded a cool confidence behind the controls of the Red Sox 747.



"Hey, Anastacio... You're not, um...going to crash again, are you?"


"Come on guys. I only crashed the plane, you know, a few times."



*Solving Crimes!*

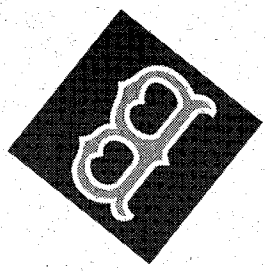
**YOUR 2004 WORLD SERIES CHAMPION**

By Matt Willemain



*Fightin' Mysteries!*

Episode 6:



Splashdown Runaround

Doug Mirabelli surveyed the scene around him. "Well, it looks like we are marooned on a desert island."

"Ok. I know this place seems like paradise. But survival is serious work, and we're going to have to all pitch in," said Alan Embree.

"I found all of these baseballs in a brackish lagoon back behind the jungle. I've been writing distress messages on them," said Lenny DiNardo.

"That's brilliant. Like messages in bottles? How many did you make?"

"About a hundred. But I'll be honest with you, Alan. After the first few, my mind wandered, and I think I've just been autographing them."

"Man," began Trot Nixon, "these beaches are perfect for dirt surfing."

Especially out here by the right field wall."

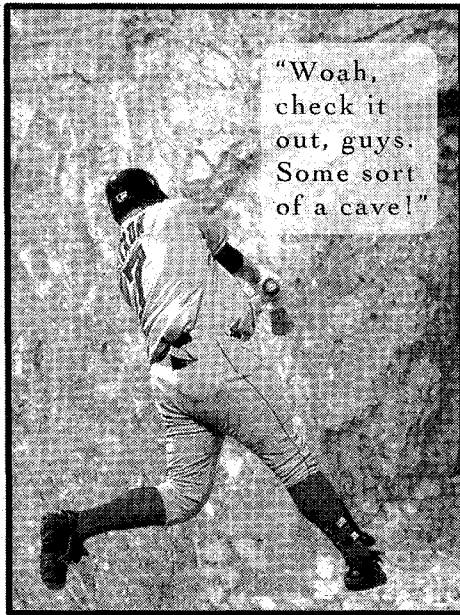
"Get with the program, Nixon! Look at Bill Mueller, here. Now this guy has been showing some hustle, foraging!"

"Coconuts... You *will* be mine!"

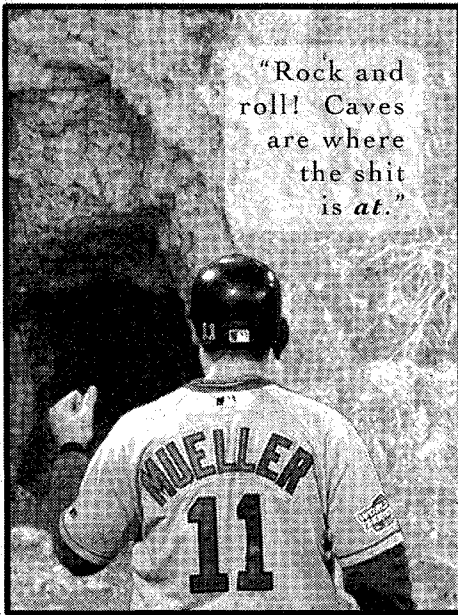
"Aw, come on, Alan. Cut me some slack. You don't even know. Dougie and I have been hard at work. We've got something just about put together that's going to be a real help," said Nixon.

"So, Dougie, what are we looking at, here? How long until the makeshift bamboo laptops are sending emails?"

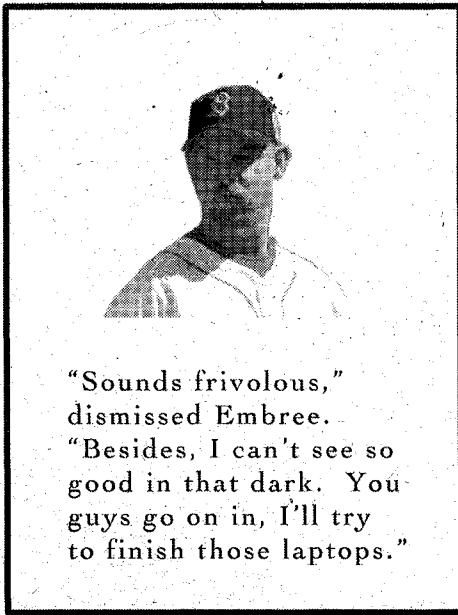




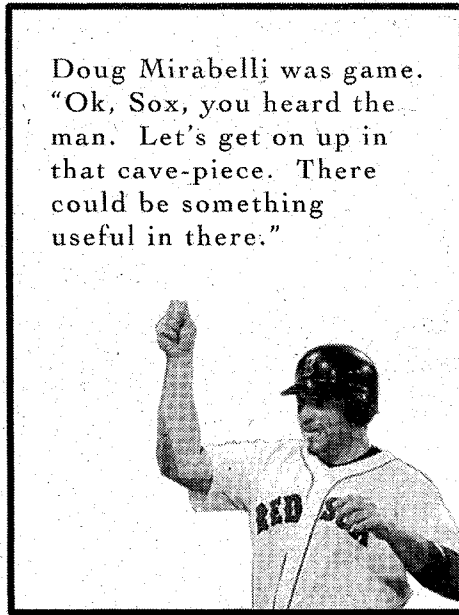
"Woah, check it out, guys. Some sort of a cave!"



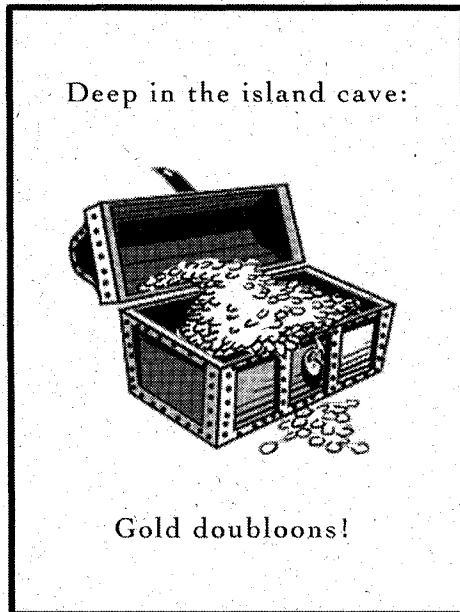
"Rock and roll! Caves are where the shit is *at*."



"Sounds frivolous," dismissed Embree. "Besides, I can't see so good in that dark. You guys go on in, I'll try to finish those laptops."

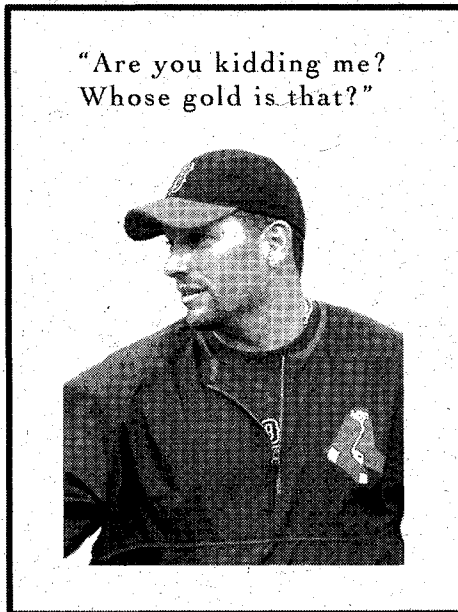


Doug Mirabelli was game. "Ok, Sox, you heard the man. Let's get on up in that cave-piece. There could be something useful in there."

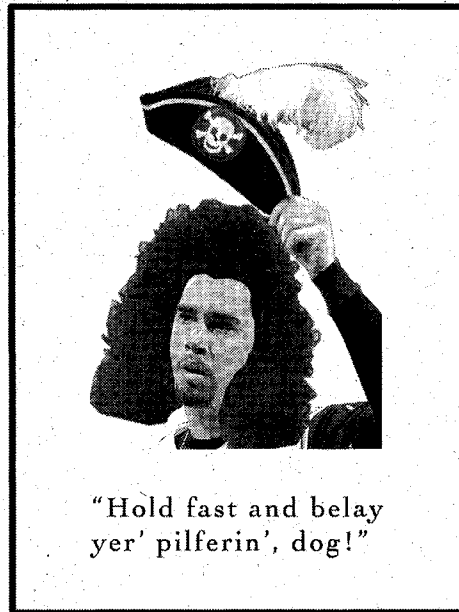
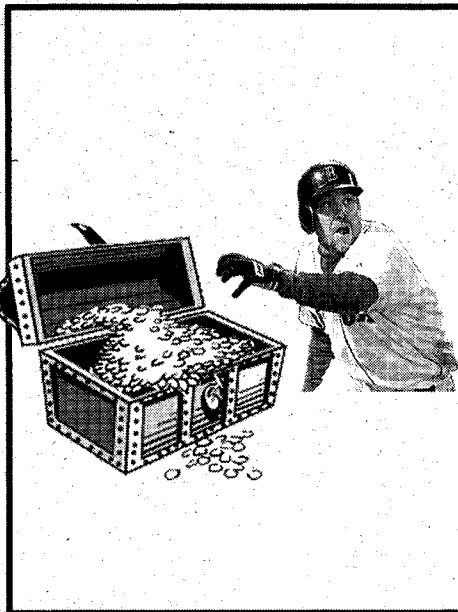


Deep in the island cave:

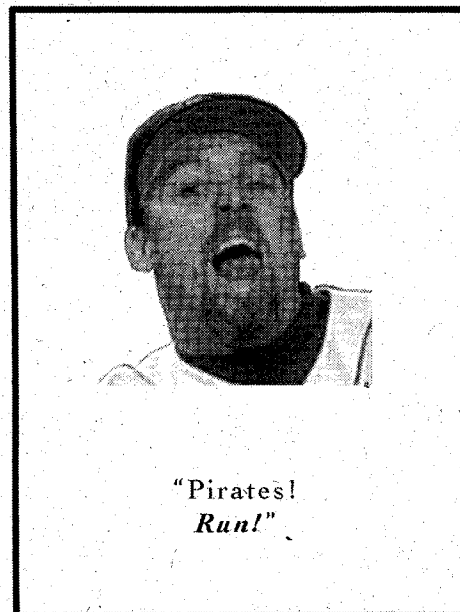
Gold doubloons!



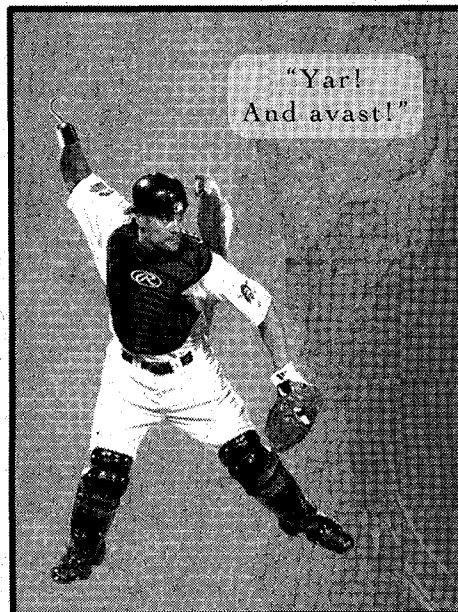
"Are you kidding me? Whose gold is that?"



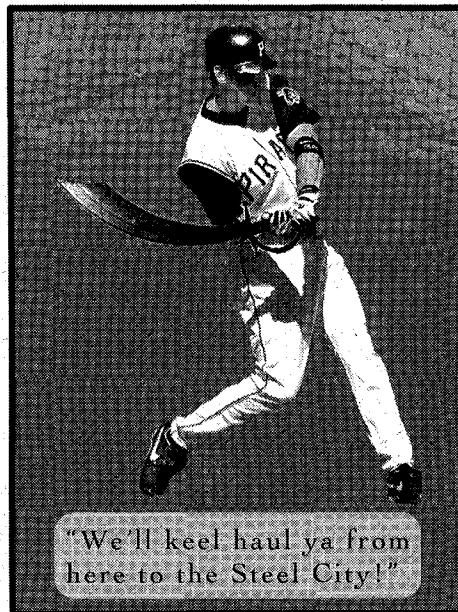
"Hold fast and belay yer' pilferin', dog!"



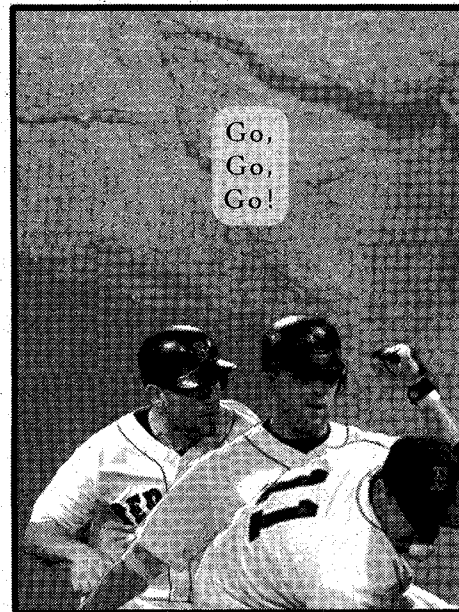
"Pirates! Run!"



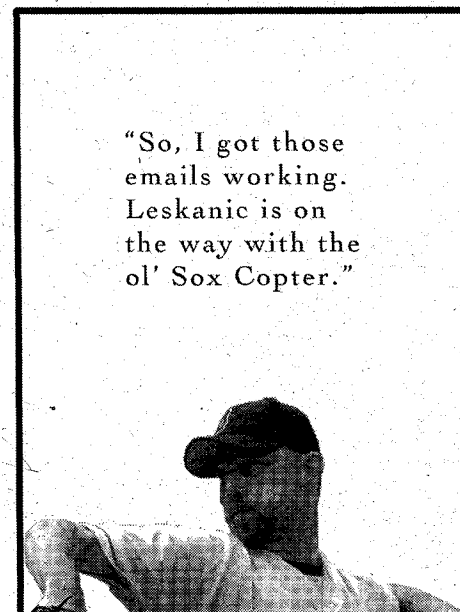
"Yar! And avast!"



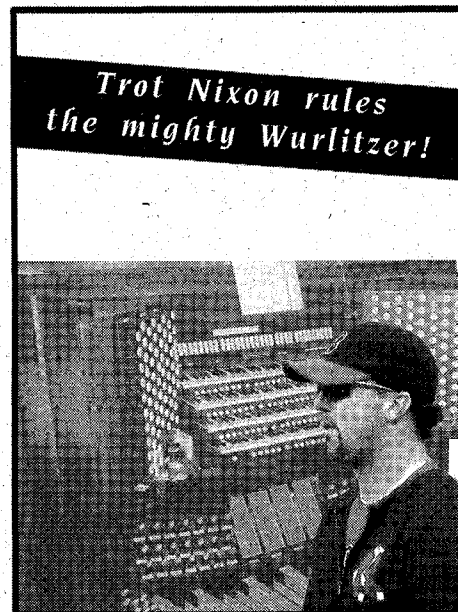
"We'll keel haul ya from here to the Steel City!"



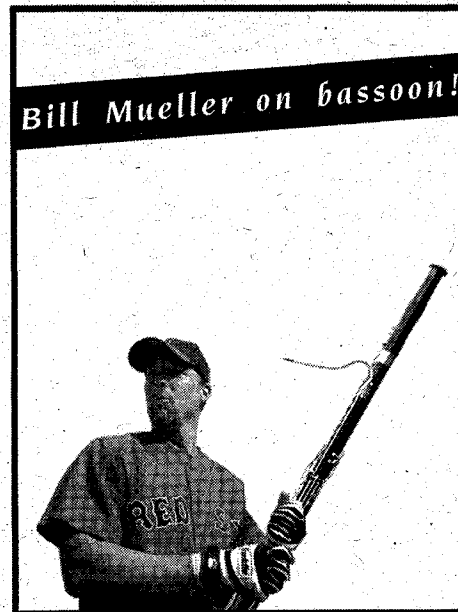
Go, Go, Go!



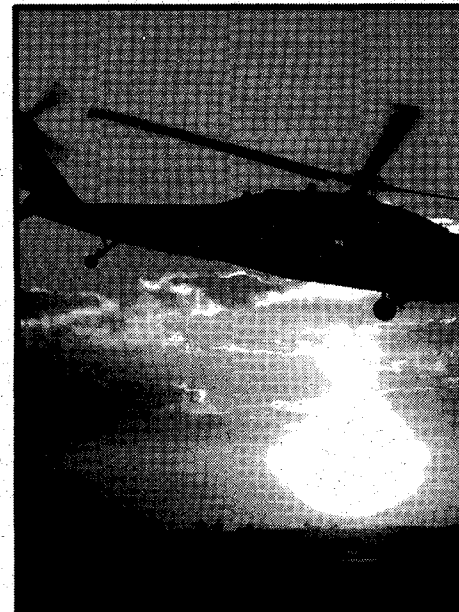
"So, I got those emails working. Leskanic is on the way with the ol' Sox Copter."



Trot Nixon rules the mighty Wurlitzer!



Bill Mueller on bassoon!



# The Quest for Tolerance: An Old Church in a New World

By Matthew Augustine

First, let me start by saying I am religious, but unorthodox. I do things in my own special little way. Things like the Holy Spirit and Jesus as my savior don't have much of a resonance with me. The Gospel is something akin to a fairy tale; it's entertaining and perhaps has some deeper meaning if you care to search for it. Like most people of my generation, I find church dull and mostly uninspiring. I don't think it's really Jesus' blood, symbolic or not it's a novel idea, but archaic to me.

Second, let me say that I know this is a hypersensitive subject for many people, so I want to be very clear that I'm attempting to be honest, and am in no way trying to offend. To me however, everything gets in the way of "God," whether my perception of God, or yours, whichever suits you. I don't think God cares if I sing His name at the top of my lungs. I don't think God wants people going through the subways making their peers anxious and uncomfortable while "preaching the good word." I don't think God wants everyone in the world to worship Him. What omnipotent being would be so controlled by such earthly egotism?

The conceptualization and essence of God is something greater than the church. I pray, its unstructured, and I don't like the candor associated with revealing this here, but I do it at home. I do not feel the obligation to attend Sunday mass. I think that God knows me for who I am, and that's what matters. I anticipate there is heaven and hell, that something happens after my body gives up. Eternal darkness is wholly unappealing. Perhaps religion was created to fill that void, who knows really? I do believe God exists; we all need to believe in something. The church helps to provide the means to this end. To many, it is the physical representation of their beliefs.

This is why you saw the images of so many people crying, mourning the Pope's death. Lines a mile long to see his body, to say goodbye, to wish him well on his journey. People believe, fervently and wholeheartedly they believe. Typically when someone has so much passion, we are either enraptured and curious, or skeptical and condescending. When I see this, I lean towards the latter, yet I am almost envious. I wish to be caught up, to have so much faith in something, to feel so strongly. Yet, I don't, and that's who I am and it's all I can do, envy. Yet, if nothing else, whether you're an atheist or a Muslim, a Jew or a Buddhist you must admit at the very least that the world lost a great leader. I will concede this; I am touched by the loss in regards to its effect on other people. I empathize with them.

However, I can't help but feel like this is in some vague sense similar to the passing of

Yassir Arafat. I'm not attempting to draw personality parallels; it's not about that. It's the opportunity to make the most of a given situation, to not let it pass us by. The Pope presided over one of the most exclusionary, prejudiced institutions in the world. He did his part, with reaching out to Judaism, contributing against communism, and making himself available to the people. However, with his passing, we have an opportunity to name someone whom is willing to attempt to be considerably more progressive. The extreme conservatism the Pope was known for won him praise, and harsh criticism. Bill Clinton has come under a lot of fire recently, but I think he said it best when he said, "The number of Catholics increased on his watch. But the number of priests didn't. He's like all of us - he may have a mixed legacy." This perfectly illustrates the division any far leaning agenda will cause, whether liberal or conservative.

**"The Pope presided over one of the most exclusionary, prejudiced institutions in the world."**

Catholicism is not alone in its ostracism and rejection of certain groups and practices. Almost every major world religion is exclusionary to some extent, but I'm speaking from having grown up a Catholic, attended a Catholic high school, and personally witnessed the stigma the Catholic dogma has inflicted on its fellows. It is also especially prevalent as the chance to adapt and ameliorate with a leader willing to be more inclusive is upon us.

The church is brazenly anti-women and anti-homosexual. The church has many axioms that are problematic and quite dated in today's world. Beliefs such as the lack of decay indicating sainthood are downright antiquated. I understand there is a fine line to be toted when interpreting scripture, and it is hard to overcome precedent and tradition without tripping over yourself. However, it's common knowledge the church is in a quandary in regards to a decline in priests, and maintaining a base in many first world nations. The fact that the Pope took a hard line stance on things such as the death penalty, abortion, stem cell research, and celibacy alienated a large portion of the populace, realistically only contributed to the dilemma. The unfailing conservatism of his papacy exasperated the gap between theology and modern culture.

God, to me, would not praise or condemn you because you are a homosexual. To me, He

priesthood. He would think it was a grand thing for a man to start a family and also be a priest. It is terribly nescient to suggest that God would judge people based on these things. The thirteen-year-old pregnant rape victim, you would deny her salvation because she took a morning after pill? I wouldn't. I was always taught that God's love is universal, and it's one of the things that stuck with me. I was also taught to turn the other cheek, and to promote brotherhood and peace. I just can't imagine the God that is taught to us as being the same God that forbids so many things. Moral guidelines? Sure. The Ten Commandments serve as a fantastic ideological framework. However, excommunicating a homosexual and condemning them in the name of God is an atrocity.

The thing here is, you're allowed to have your own opinion. If you find contraception sinful, it's your right as a person to do so. If you don't want a woman to be a priest, if you refuse to associate with people whom don't believe in the same things you do, that's fine. However, saying these things in God's name is a completely different story. Whether Pope, Cardinal, Bishop or Priest, the influence you wield in doing so as a leader is enormous, particularly in an organization that claims over a billion members. Exclusionary practices breed the prejudice that the world is trying so desperately to move away from.

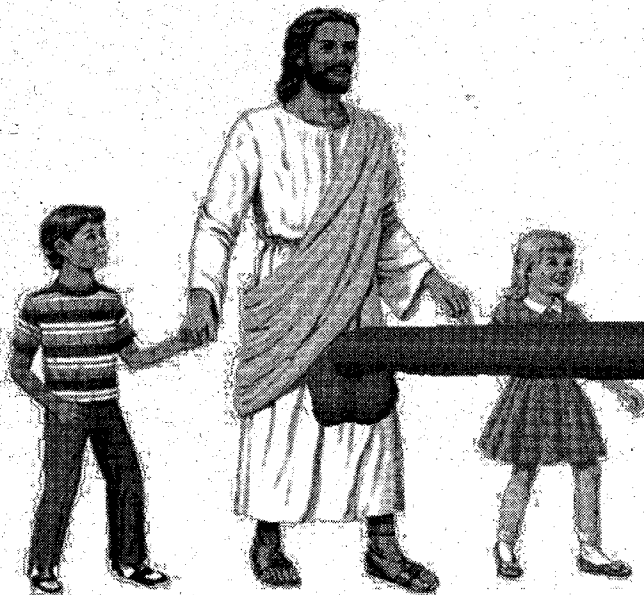
Perhaps there is scriptural precedence for these beliefs, I'm sure it can be interpreted that there is. I am no expert in scripture, and I don't pretend to be. You can take out of anything whatever you'd like. Yet, there is a large difference between a moral code such as the Ten Commandments, and the practices Martin Luther protested against so many years ago. I truly hope a leader is elected that will be willing to be more progressive, more flexible and more willing to open up the churches doors. To follow John Paul's steps and start running with them, truly creating a society of not just religious unity, but interpersonal tolerance and acceptance.

It's a difficult thing to do, as beliefs run deep. Inevitably people will be offended, will dissent. The next Pope needs to accept this, and lead by example. He will have to be brave enough to throw out traditions and reform practices that have no place in today's church. To extend an open hand to people of all lifestyle's, cultures, and beliefs - both male and female.

Or, perhaps things will stay the same. It's possible the beliefs of the church, the structure, code, and all of the doctrines, beliefs, and practices that are exclusionary and discriminatory really are accurate interpretations of God's word. That's ok though if they are, because that's your God, mine doesn't believe in

**"I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." - Psalm 23:4**

**This is both His mighty staff and His mighty rod.**





# Panda Gives Birth in Some Zoo...Who Cares?

By Vincent Michael Festa

A panda gave birth last year at the San Diego Zoo. But you didn't know that. Who cares? It wasn't about the President, his war on an innocent country that had nothing to do with the 9/11 terror attacks, or another United States power move on the world. It's all about the "great" progress of what our President is doing to protect us from terrorists and to protect our freedom.

It's all about freedom and liberation of Iraq. It's not about the decades-long civil wars and the thousands of people being killed in Nigeria, Rwanda, or Uganda. Africa has nothing to do with America's game plan, so why should we care?

It's about blanketing us with God, and that's the way the Bible belt wants it to be, and *nothing* else. It's not about a country where Moses, Allah or Buddha can co-exist. No, we can't have that. "One Nation Under God", or else.

It's about White Man's Land in the media. Anyone else is just a media stereotype of the Mexican immigrant, the hot-blooded Arab terrorist, or the black drug-dealer.

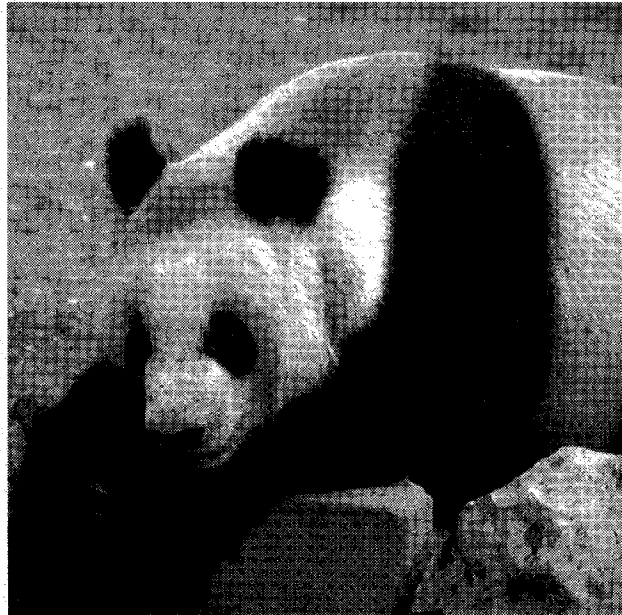
It's how Social Security will work out for the 1%, not about the other people who are protesting and speaking out for better working conditions, humane treatment of the environment, or raising the minimum wage pocket change.

It's no longer about expressing yourself in the newspaper or on the 5 o'clock news on how bad living conditions are, unless it's watered down and safe for mass consumption so that corporations can throw it out or turn it off. No real emotion, no screaming, crying, anger, no questions or complaints answered: only after you're handcuffed at the rally or protest, or living in a dilapidated building in a high-crime shoot-out neighborhood.

It's the next great distraction about a woman's life hanging in the balance only as an excuse to show who has the power to dictate our lives, and not about *life itself*.

It's about what bad things priests, teachers, and corporate workers have done. Forget about all the *good* things the priests, teachers, and corporate workers have done.

It's all for lazy heiresses who never worked a day in their lives, who are paid movie roles on-screen and off-screen, talentless sisters living in the shadows buying their stardom,



I KNOW I DON'T GIVE A DAMN, DO YOU?  
Courtesy of some zoo, what's on TV?

or backward-minded gold-diggers awarded with their own reality shows for the masses who just don't care. The people who do good are not the ones to look up to, no no no no! They don't have millions or the power to make us laugh out loud.

It's about numbers going up. Never a dull moment without the scare of rising oil prices suffocating the average Joe or Jane in which we have no choice, or how costs of hospital bills and health insurance are going up instead of all going down. Never will we hear

how John Q. Public can help to keep prices down or how to make more money while crawling and suffering through life and a now-till-death debt.

It's no longer about 'Teacher Of The Year' or 'Father Of The Year'. More like "are you my father?"

It's about shopping at Wal-Mart or Target and trying so hard to dress up like a cliché because the media cares so much about how you should look so as to be part of society. There's no room for creation or new ideas like dressing up as a leather sadist, vampire, or goth girl. The media hates those.

It's about Hollywood using gays and lesbians as "darling little playthings" because they should always be seen in this light and it's fun. Anything else and we never knew you. "Yes, yes! Look at the gay guy! Look! Look! Isn't he cute with that silly voice and his fashion sense? Dance for the camera! Yes! Yes!"

It's all for new ideas for teens on how to one-up on each other. It's about putting people in their place, making them cry, how to laugh in other people's faces or say "I don't care" and throwing them out when someone else needs sympathy.

It's all about the cars, the cash, the drug deals, the gunshots, the bullet holes, and most importantly the "bitches". Who cares about rhyming, graffiti, subway trains, records, or the consciousness of rap. That doesn't sell!

It's what the media wants to tell you and what you should believe, not about making your own informed decisions and thinking freely. Anything outside of the "box" is bad for the media's pocket and no one else besides the media deserves money in their pockets.

Yes, indeed. It's all about fear, loathing, using, tragedy, distraction, lies, celebrity, pride, and frustration. It's not about true freedom of the press or freedom of mind, it's really about Big Media!



# Dispelling the Myths of Magic

By Andrew Pernick and Bill Lewis

In this age of instant communication and access to information, a wealth of disinformation, lies, rumors, and myths continue to flourish regarding Wicca and paganism. These untruths are ever-present and damaging, and have shown their ugly faces even at SUNY Stony Brook. In order to shed some light on the matter, to make the truth known so that ignorance can no longer be an excuse for the dissemination of these falsehoods, we shall address these myths and lies and correct them and thus make reality triumph over gross stupidity and malicious rumor-mongering.

We must begin with a few simple definitions, since one cannot show what properties a thing lacks without first showing what properties a thing has. In this vein, let us first define paganism. Paganism is the worship of multiple and distinct Gods and Goddesses along with deep ritualistic practices designed to achieve a higher state of consciousness or being, the latter referring to personal and spiritual growth. All pagans believe in magic, the projection of natural energies to effect needed change. While paganism may draw upon concepts from Eastern religions and philosophies, all pagan religions are distinctly Western. Although pagans acknowledge Christianity, Judaism, and Islam as valid paths to Deity, pagans, as a matter of faith, do not believe in the Abrahamic pantheon. In addition, Pagans do not have nor require a central figure in whom all power over questions of faith and morals lies. Paganism is not a specific religion in and of itself but is, in fact, an umbrella term for all religions that fit the above definition.

Wicca is a pagan religion that worships one God alongside one Goddess, with the belief in the twin notions of duality and balance in all things, especially in Deity. All of Wiccan morals and ethics derive from the Wiccan Rede, "An ye harm none, do what thou Wilt;" in other words, "An it harm none, including yourself, whether by action or inaction, bring into this world and create in this world... the ultimate goal or destiny [you] want to attain (Amber Laine Fisher, *The Philosophy of Wicca*, pp 150-151)." All Wiccans believe in some form of karmic return for their actions, good and bad; some believe this karmic return to come three-fold ("The Threefold Law"). Although little emphasis is placed upon it, all Wiccans believe in some form of reincarnation.

With these definitions firmly established, we can now address the myths and lies that have been spread about paganism and Wicca.

**MYTH:** Pagans are Devil-worshippers.

**REALITY!** Pagans do not believe in the Christian pantheon. The Devil is a figure only found within the Christian pantheon. Therefore, pagans do not believe in the Devil. It is impossible to worship something you don't believe in.

**MYTH:** Pagans sacrifice animals, children, babies, virgins, etc.

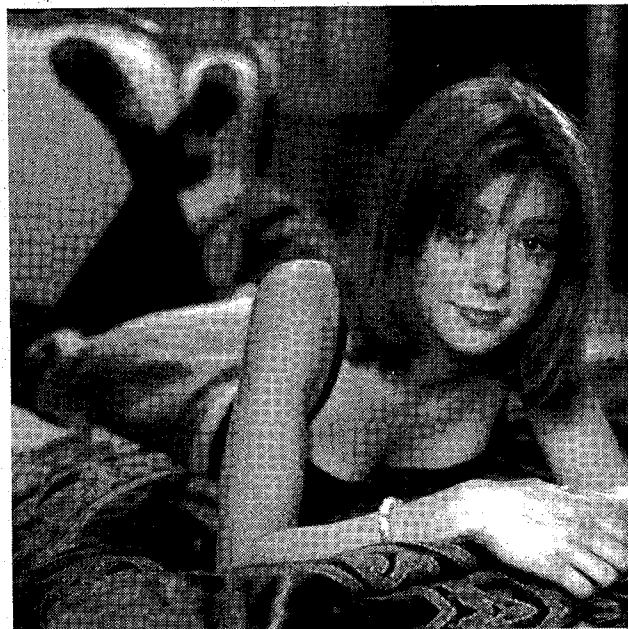
**REALITY:** Pagans hold that that every living thing has a soul and therefore all life is sacred. Thus, to kill for religious purposes would be sacrilegious.

**MYTH:** There's no such thing as magic.

**REALITY:** Since emotional (i.e. natural) energies are expended during prayer so that that which is prayed for happens or manifests, prayer is a type of magic. To deny that magic works is to deny that prayer works. If this is the case, why do you pray?

**MYTH:** I've got a friend who wears all black and whose skin is very pale. She's got to be a witch, right?

**REALITY:** Goddess no! That is a very stereotypical view of pagans and Wiccans. While it is true that some pagans and Wiccans are Goths, the vast majority dress just like you do and try their best to blend into the social world. In fact, the person sitting right next to you right now could quite possibly be a pagan or Wiccan.



MERRY MEET, SAILOR,  
Courtesy of the WB Channel 11

**MYTH:** Pagans drink blood.

**REALITY:** Not only is all life sacred, but pagans and Wiccans are, as a whole, very health-conscious. Drinking blood is extremely unhealthy, not to mention sacrilegious.

**MYTH:** The five-pointed star is the symbol of the Devil.

**REALITY:** One, pagans and Wiccans don't worship, not to mention don't believe in, the Devil. Two, the symbol of the Devil is an inverted crucifix or cross. Three, the pentagram predates Christianity by about 1500 years. In reality, the pentagram represents both the human body and the five Aristotelean elements - Air, Earth, Fire, Water, and Faith (the topmost point).

**MYTH:** Pagans and Wiccans deny the existence of a soul.

**REALITY:** To the contrary - all life is sacred because each and every living thing has a soul, including pagans and Wiccans. For this reason, some pagans and Wiccans are vegetarians or vegans.

**MYTH:** All pagans and Wiccans wear pentagrams.

**REALITY:** First off, some don't like jewelry.

Secondly, the pentagram is but one of many sacred symbols in paganism and Wicca. Third, some don't feel the need to wear a pentagram. Simply put, this is a matter of personal preference and belief.

**MYTH:** All pagans are open about being pagan or Wiccan.

**REALITY:** Due to the many myths, half-truths and outright lies about Wicca and paganism, many conceal their religion out of fear of being ostracized, alienated, insulted, discriminated against, and even, in some cases, physically attacked.

**MYTH:** Wicca and paganism are not real religions in the US.

**REALITY:** Paganism and Wicca have been recognized, in some way, shape or form, as religions in the US since the US Air Force recognized Wicca as a religion in the 1950's. However, Wiccans and pagans are not accorded the same status as non-pagans by certain US institutions.

**MYTH:** Pagans and Wiccans don't have holidays.

**REALITY:** For Wiccans and pagans, the two equinoxes, Ostara (around 3/21) and Mabon (around 9/21), and the two solstices, Yule (around 12/21) and Midsummer (around 6/21), are holy days. As well, there are four other holy days: April 30 (Beltaine), August 1 (Lughnasadh), October 31 (Samhain), and February 2 (Imbolc). Various other pagan religions may have other holy days, but these eight holy days are common to virtually all pagan religions and serve as the high holy days.

**MYTH:** Pagans and Wiccans don't believe in science.

**REALITY:** Since nature and life are sacred, pagans and Wiccans endeavor to learn more about both to learn more about the Divine. To do this, pagans and Wiccans study many things, including science (but **not** pseudoscience), to better their understanding of the universe and all it encompasses.

**MYTH:** *The Craft* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* are accurate depictions of magic.

**REALITY:** NO! The type of "magic" you are referring to is fake - some call it "pyrotechnics." Magic works in subtle ways. Movie magic doesn't. Prayer doesn't work immediately, nor does it have cool special effects. Prayer is a type of magic, so why should other types of magic work immediately or have cool special effects? Simply put, movie magic is designed to instill a sense of awe in the audience to make money while real magic is designed to **actually work**.

**MYTH:** Pagans and Wiccans *must* do their ceremonies and rituals naked.

**REALITY:** This is a matter of tradition and personal preference. Besides, there's this thing called "snow."

**MYTH:** Wiccans and pagans don't drink.

**REALITY:** First of all, it is the custom among Wiccans, and some other pagans, to end a ritual



# Dispelling the Myths of Magic Continued...

By Andrew Pernick and Bill Lewis

by eating and drinking, typically ale or wine. Second, while writing this article, the authors both had a couple of beers. Everything, according to paganism (and therefore according to Wicca), is to be done in moderation, including drinking. For the insanely curious, the beer consumed during the writing of this article was Sapporo.

"[W]hile writing this article, the authors both had a couple of beers"

**MYTH:** You have to be in a coven to be pagan or Wiccan.

**REALITY:** Due to the wide dispersement of pagans throughout the population, many pagans would have great difficulty in even finding a coven. Upon finding a coven, one must be *accepted into* that coven, which presents a second layer of difficulty for pagans and Wiccans. Also, many opt, for their own reasons, be they the difficulties involved in finding and joining a coven or just simple personal preference, to work alone.

**MYTH:** Pagan and Wiccan rituals are really just giant orgies.

**REALITY:** Ah, yes. The orgy question. NO! Sex and sexuality are sacred, yes, but pagans and Wiccans believe in moderation in all things. Considering the vast number of STD's and STI's one could be exposed to these days, orgies would not be healthy undertakings – remember: pagans and Wiccans believe the body to be sacred and thus to recklessly risk infection or disease would be profane and sacrilegious. Also, since many pagans and Wiccans work alone, it would be quite difficult to have an orgy with only oneself.

Paganism and Wicca are victims of much misunderstanding, partially due to the religions' emphasis on secrecy. We hope that we have given you a better understanding of who we are, what our religions are, and we also hope that we have answered many of the questions commonly asked of pagans and Wiccans. If you have other questions or comments, if you wish to discuss this further, or if you want to chat about Wicca and paganism, you can email us at [usuireikimaster@hotmail.com](mailto:usuireikimaster@hotmail.com) (for Bill Lewis, pagan), or [webmaster@andrewpernick.com](mailto:webmaster@andrewpernick.com) (for Andrew Pernick, Wiccan). Blessed Be.

# May's the Time to Move Away

By Tara Lynne Groth

Along with thousands of other students on campus I will be graduating this May. Students move back home, some move for a job or to follow a love, a few may have never left home, several may be backpacking Europe, the soulful brace themselves for the open road, and others pop the zippers stuffing their suitcases with plans of moving some place new for no other reason because we can and because wanderlust is stifling. We may discover the 'grass isn't always greener' or alternatively that 'change is good.' In all the excitement that anticipation arouses it is easy to focus on all the benefits of a new locale and belittle the negatives. What one may expect to be the Garden of Eden may really be the Garden of Egads.

If given the opportunity to move anywhere in the United States...where would you go? According to recent Frommer's travel books and many an Internet search engine, a few locations were granted the status of "Best Place to Live." Long Island is on there too, but let's think outside the box.

A Handful of Places to Live (in no particular order):  
Florida

First thing you think of: Mickey Mouse.

First thing you want when you arrive: Air conditioning.

You'll need the entertainment parks when the fresh squeezed orange juice and slow drivers turn sour. The cost of living is cheaper, but then again the salaries aren't as high as in New York. The beaches are beautiful, but you're shark bait. You'll never have to shovel snow, but you won't have to clean your home either when a hurricane huffs and puffs it to the ground.

California

First thing you think of: gold (please don't say *Sideways*—I didn't see it yet)

First thing you want when you arrive: To see the Pacific.

Surfers and So-Cal chickies make the beaches hot, and brush fires turn areas inland into charcoal landscapes. You may have better odds of making it on MTV's *Pimp My Ride*, but with car theft rates on the West Coast you'll be lucky if your car is waiting for you. While you enjoy mudslides at a bar you could be covered with the real thing. You'll have sun all the time, but San Andrea's Fault could swallow you up under the bluest skies.

Nevada

First thing you think of: "Vegas, baby! Vegas!"

First thing you want when you arrive: To not lose money gambling.

You can have a cheap wedding and a pricy divorce—and no one would know (because what happens in Vegas...). Supposedly you don't feel the 90+ degree heat because there is little humidity, but with citizens trying to grow grass in the desert and installing irrigation systems the barometer is being challenged

New Jersey

First thing you think of: *Garden State*

First thing you want when you arrive: To drive through as fast as possible—because it stinks!

Contrary to the commoners' belief that Jersey is all I-95, it's actually mainly farmland. Some beaches too. The abyss is fictional. So while you're milking a cow on the Jersey shore, think of me.

Arizona

First thing you think of: Grand Canyon.

First thing you want when you arrive: To find Area 51.

Area 51 is in New Mexico, Agent Mulder. You can combine the low cost of living, the sunny California-esque weather, and the urban culture of Phoenix with gargantuan desert beetles and rattle snakes. Shake out your shoes in the morning for scorpions. Enjoy the palm trees and the sand with NO OCEAN.

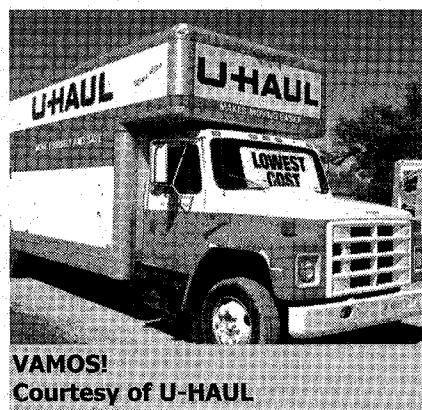
So, where would you go?

I'll be in California searching for a job. Even though my dermatologist says that I "have skin that should never see the light of day" I brace myself for the California sun. I can at least spend the summer covered in high SPF's painting light bulbs on the beach and playing guitar while people pay me *not* to sing; or more realistically join the Hare Krishna. I like to travel. They must travel a lot; I always see them at airports.

In my life there is a routine that becomes crushing at times—but it's more tolerable when irreplaceable conversations decorate my days. I question if leaving Long Island will satiate my desires. I begin to doubt it will, and I think I will just find the same routines, drones and aggravations as would be found anywhere. If this is so, so be it. Some place new is at the very least—out of the ordinary. What it might not be is *extraordinary*. I see it my mission to determine this.

A girl, fellow Long Islander, I went to college with during my spell in Rhode Island talked for the sake of talking, and only one piece of wisdom I took from her. She believed that Long Island is a bubble and the people who live here believe they have the best, and that even if you want to leave, the bubble traps you in. You're safe from mudslides, tornadoes, tsunamis and the yeti. The most dangerous thing on Long Island is driving with so many deer. Back to the point, you can't leave this island unless you drive over a bridge, onto a ferry, take a train or plane, or do the Andy Dufresne and tunnel your way out like *Shawshank*.

But if you are fortunate enough to break the seal and make your own bubble some where else, how far would you go? The great thing about bubbles is that some get pretty far before they *pop*.



# Ronkonkoma

By Tom Senkus

As one may or may not know, I take my residence in the oft-mispronounced Ronkonkoma. To those in the know, Roncompton. Actually, that's a bit harsh, but this town has such odd quirks that I believe that anyone wishing to actually roam the town should get a healthy primer on my own Stinktown.

Ronkonkoma is a hamlet, meaning that it's voice in politics is nil, based on our miniscule population. In other words, we are the Town of Islip's bitch. And despite our small size, I barely know anyone in our small town. That would seem odd, considering our downtown is a faux-50's style double-sided strip mall. There's an unspoken hostility wafting off people.

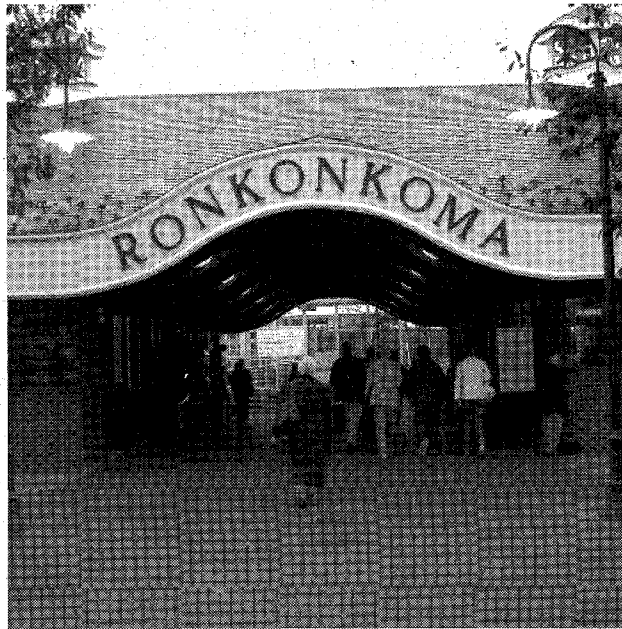
Said hostility can be accounted for by what our town really is: a commuter town. With numerous methods of transportation, people are really just looking to get the hell out, go to work and pass out. That's it. Two major highways are three miles apart, an airport runs almost 24-7, and the railway never ceases.

Speaking of the railway, the Long Island Railroad is one of the tasteful things in Ronkonkoma, in a pseudo-Tudor (say that five times fast) fashion, or at least I think it's Tudor. Besides the ubiquitous fast food and service shops, the three rival taxi companies add a competitive spice to the shit sandwich. Yells of "taxi" and outrageous driving are the norm. Selfishly speaking, take Comfortable Ride Taxi. They're cheaper, there's less drugs in each driver, and the other two are tax write-offs. Also at the rail is Tony, the homeless guy, with a smile that encompasses "snaggletoothed" and an odd charisma. Apparently, he has sex with all sorts of Danish chicks on daily basis. . . Riiiiiiight.

Another person of charisma isn't a person at all; but if it were a person, you'd give it fellatio at the drop of a pant (or is it pants?) Little Vincent's is possibly the centerpiece of Ronkonkoma (Smithtown Boulevard and Rosedale Avenue). Feel free to irreverently buzz past the red light at the corner and stop in for some of the best pizza. You may disagree about the pizza quality (I love it!), but this establishment is open until 2 am on Mon - Thur and 4 am on Fri - Sun. In other words, stoner heaven. If you look through bloodshot eyes, you can see a weird mix of Greek/Italian entertainers. There's Telly Savalas, a particularly homoerotic Tom Jones and Lionel Hampton (c'mon, he could pass for Sicilian). The brick interior keeps the place beastly warm in the summer, so after passing the enormous queue that forms in the summer, prepare to get stung by a wasp or two. Also, say hello to PizzaPuss, the cat in the parking lot who subsists only on crusty cheese and cigarette butts.

The lake itself is something of an anom-

aly. While it has a beach, in August it's closed because of high bacteria content. Litter is abundant, and it's hard not to step on a soft drink cup or plastic wrapper. But, despite the crapifying the life aquatic, there's The Legend of the Lake. In short, the legend's a story of an Indian princess' lover who commits suicide when he cannot be permitted to marry. The princess commits suicide herself, in a vow to take a young male each year in honor of her loss. Smells a bit like R & J. In part, it's true. Yes, there's always a bevy of males who die each winter (that cold bitch!), but that's because, in suburbia, bored, drunk jocks have nothing better to do than test the limits of thin ice. A creepy mosaic was



IT FUCKING SAYS RONKONKOMA!  
Courtesy of NRHS.com

painted on a convenience store (Rosevale Avenue and Motor Parkway) with the Indian princess demanding that "God Save This Town." Weirder about the lake is the property value. I'd hate to be the real estate agent trying to sell the lake-front property with trailer parks just blocks away. "Here's the foyer, the walk-in closets, and say hello to Bobby Ray wearing that Pantera shirt!" How would one go about explaining the Chicken Coop, a known crack house with chicken coops conspicuously out front. One of the greatest claims to fame of this area is that two million dollars worth of cocaine were found buried in the yard of one of the prime properties. Go Ronkonkoma!

If you need to get your bizzoooze on, Ronkonkoma's got you covered. Seven bars are within walking distance of one another, making this a DUI's dream. Most are Irish themed, or have some gimmick of good food. One of my favorites to wade through is Parsnip, called

Parsnips, and for the suburban hip, The Snipper. Its music is horrible, the bartenders are cliquy, but because the room is packed with desperate 40 year old and nubile naïve females, it's a good place to get your rocks off. Not that I'd indulge in that sort of thing, but it's an experience to have a mom-like female make out with...the side of yo' face!

And the strip malls grow in abundance. There's a store for everything you could want, but is there really a need for so many real estate offices, horse riding supply stores, and pizza joints? The Evil Empire of Walmart/Kohl's/Super Stop and Shop strikes its claim further.

Still thinking about moving? Well, if you think about having your kids go to school, think again. Connetquot has gone on hosterity numerous times and Sachem's high school split in three to combat overcrowding. And that's not even accounting the so-called "rivalry" between the two schools. It's more the perpetuation of sport coaches encouraging a vicarious pleasure to maintain something that only the 70's can bring back.

After graduating and revisiting Connetquot High School, I found it to have recently gone under renovations, turning it into a 50's modernist throwback cliché eyesore.

By the way, you'll notice that many things in Ronk are bastardized versions of Indian names. Also BTW, Lake Ronkonkoma is the same as Ronkonkoma, just with "lake" in front of it.

Moreover, all this leads to a high level of youthful rebellion. I can think of many fine occasions exacting revenge on someone who cut me off, or burning a shopping cart in protest to corporate slavery. Seeing a 16 year old girl smoking crack, or stoners loitering in front of 'Sev, doesn't exactly live up to man's greatest achievement. Windows are smashed nightly at the schools, and, much to my amusement, a covered hole, incognito in the middle of the Ronkonkoma Junior school, lies in wait for any newbie to twist their ankle.

But there's some niceties. The bakery on Ocean Avenue and Johnson Avenue kicks major canola ass, the hidden nature preserve at Connetquot Park is gorgeous, and the seldom open bookstore on Lakeshore Drive peppers the mind with mystery. Take it as it is, but this town will surely disappoint.

But I'm moving to Oregon. As with much of Long Island, the youth and the poor have no options but to leave, to escape high property taxes and quasi-quality value. Then again, when you can high-five the guys at 7/11, it's time to leave.

STONY BROOK RECYCLES!

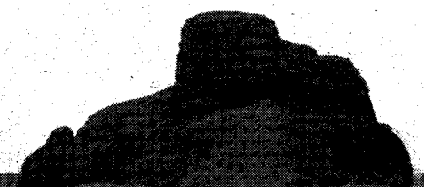
PAPER

PLASTIC

STONY BROOK RECYCLES!

PAPER RECEPTACLES

• NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, CATALOGUES • BOTTLES & JUGS (MUST BE EMPTY AND CRUSHED) ARE ON MAIN





# Mandatory Insurance at USB: Could it Happen?

By Ilan Nassimi

At the end of March, the members of the Executive Council of the Undergraduate Student Government (USG) received an e-mail from Andi Abedini, a GSO (Graduate Student Organization) Senator. The letter contained location information for a meeting with SHAC (the Student Health Advisory Committee) and the Health Science Center. The meeting was in regards to a decision that had been made by the administration, a decision to put a policy into place for fall '05, that would impose mandatory insurance on all students, Undergraduate or Graduate, if they did not have their own. In the letter, Abedini pleaded for help on all fronts, especially from USG. I was appalled. Who the hell did the administration think they were to impose mandatory insurance on everyone?

Myself, former USG Executive Vice President Esam al-Sheriffi and Student Activities Board member Tanya Poltoratskaia attended the meeting. The administrator who had come to explain the decision was the Medical Director for Student Health Services, Dr. Rachel Ann Bergeson. She explained that the insurance would cost students almost \$900 per person. Bergeson spoke for only a few minutes before the barrage of fire began against her. Representatives from GSO and SHAC, including us from USG, all student run organizations, began a verbal tongue lashing that lasted no less than hour. The GSO accused the administration of behaving like a parent, and demanded that they recognize that the administration had not taken the proper steps before imposing the policy. We threatened to throw the full weight of USG against it, and to hold student rallies outside the admin building. Bergeson responded with this despicable statement: "...students don't want to pay for insurance, instead they buy \$150 pairs of sneakers."

As time passed, it became clear that the administration had purposefully avoided letting the students know about their decision. A representative from SHAC mentioned to us that

they had attempted to conduct a survey of the students to find out popular opinion, and that the administration had ordered them to stop. According to admin, they didn't appreciate the tone of voice in the survey. Afterwards, they heard nothing from admin, until a recent notice was sent to them, telling them that the decision had been made. Instead, the administration did a survey of their own, which was conveniently done without the knowledge of any student organization. As the survey was handed out, I noticed, at the top of the survey, the term "N = 95". Ninety-five people. They surveyed ninety-five people out of a school filled with nearly 25,000 students.

Finally, towards the end of the meeting, Dr. Bergeson and Peter Mastroianni began to crack. They told us that they would recommend to Her Highness Shirley Strum that the administration put off the policy until real surveys could be completed. After the meeting, I met a student who told me that she would actually have to drop out of Stony Brook if the policy was implemented.

At a recent Faculty-Student Association (FSA) meeting, it was announced that admin had put off the policy until Fall '06, giving students a full year to fight the ruling. "I am glad that the efforts of several...students have contributed to suspending this policy until sufficient time is utilized to test its popularity and utility with the student body..." said former Vice-President of USG, Esam al-Shareffi, after he heard the news.

We must continue the fight. The USG and GSO are now giving out a survey to all students. It can be found in this newspaper or at the USG website: [www.stonybrook.edu/usg](http://www.stonybrook.edu/usg) Please help us fight the powers that be. I am running for USG President on the CORE party ticket, and if elected, I vow to continue to fight against student rights violations on this campus, in whatever form they take.

## In Response to Dan Melucci's Statesman Commentary

By Sam Goldman

Recently, in response to an article written in *The Statesman*, Faculty Student Association (FSA) President Dan Melucci wrote an article discussing some issues regarding campus dining. I have some bones to pick.

Mr. Melucci addresses the price complaint by stating that the cost of food subsidizes things such as the number of eateries on campus and what hours they are open. This is an interesting statement. Interesting because it is not consistent with what has been said over the past few years, namely that the Meal Plan Committee takes a survey of prices around the Long Island area and makes its prices comparable. The FSA has *never* stated publicly, until Mr. Melucci's piece in *The Statesman*, that when you buy a Coke, a certain amount of your meal plan money

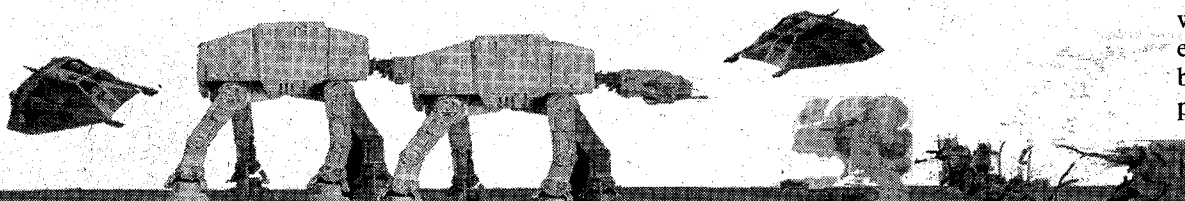
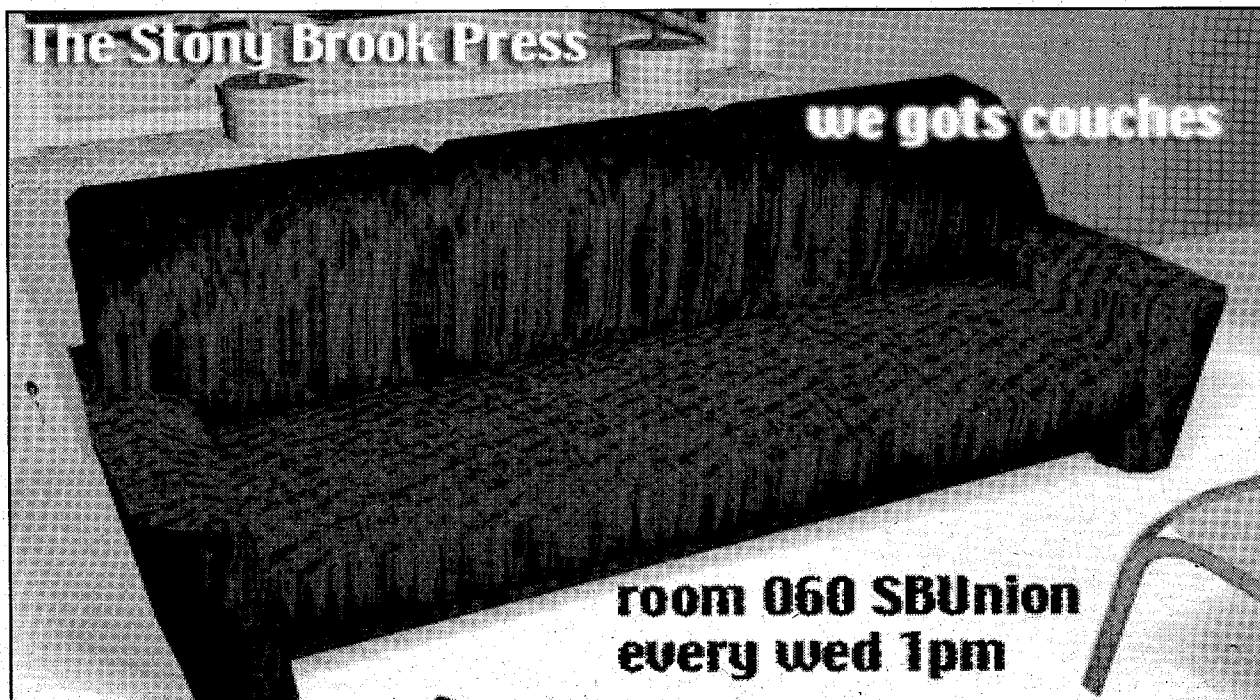
"[F]or the FSA to claim to need a committee to know the main complaint about the meal plan, they must be deaf, dumb and blind."

goes into something other than the price of the Coke, and taxes.

Why has the FSA not said this before? How much of, say, a twenty ounce Coke, goes to the FSA? Why do they need more costs besides the monies that they get from unused meal plan points, the activation fees that the FSA encounters, and the monies they receive for being the USG disbursement agent? Why can't the FSA better inform students about this?

My second question regards the idea that the FSA has not evaluated the campus food service for at least six years. This would mean, among other things, that certain complaints that are out of the reach of the Meal Plan Committee could have been brought before the FSA and not have gotten attention until long after the complaining student has graduated. Why has it taken that long? Why not, say, every other year? If a student is paying for the meal plan throughout their college life, they deserve to have their voices be heard *before* they graduate.

My last comment is this: Mr. Melucci talks about the Meal Plan Resolutions Committee being the place that students can bring issues to the FSA and Chartwell's attempt. In my opinion, this is a canard. *Every year*, the main complaint about the meal plan is that prices are too high. *Every year*, the high cost of food is a student government campaign issue. *Every year*, someone writes an article in a campus newspaper detailing the high costs of food. *Every year*. For the FSA to claim to need a committee to know the main complaint about the meal plan, they must be deaf, dumb and blind. I do not need to study the business or be a member of a committee to know that I think campus food prices, whether they are or are not too high, are considered a serious problem by much of the student body. I invite Mr. Melucci to address my complaints.



# Tribute to Mitch Hedberg

By Tom Senkus

*To All of Mitch's Fans,*

*We are heartbroken to let you know that Mitch passed away on Wednesday, March 30, 2005. He dedicated his life to comedy and bringing joy to his fans. Mitch loved all of you.*

*We ask that you remember Mitch through his comedy - let him make you laugh, enjoy life and love one another.*

*The Hedberg Family*

My first experience seeing Mitch Hedberg was on the atrocious David Letterman Show (or whatever it's called). I accidentally switched on evil CBS and without the energy to move, I left it on the stun ray known as TV. Based on his appearance, I said, "No way," judging that he's just going to be another lame comic. Then comes a series of jokes, expanding on each other in stoner randomness, but with odd intelligence. The epitome is a simple joke about how the relationship between ducks liking him was in proportion to the amount of bread he had. On paper, it sounds almost childish, but in Mitch's hands, it was hilarious.

For some reason, I didn't catch his name,

and in vain, I tried to find out who he was. Almost a nuevo Steven Wright, right down to the Baaahstonian accent. Gradually, he passed away in my memories to just a guy who told "the duck joke" and vaguely resembled a duck. I felt like that guy in the Twilight Zone, where only he can see the gremlin. Only I knew about him!

Finally, I found him, uncensored on XM Radio, and life was good again. I played him on my radio show to have listeners call in and ask just who that was. "Mitch Hedberg is the man" was not an uncommon phrase.

And just as strangely as I met him, he left me. On Myspace (yes, I fucking joined), I subscribed to The Original Stewie, the Family Guy character who is NOT real, but yea, it ups my friend count, so eat me. Out of the corner of the screen came Mitch Hedberg was gone.

No, it was no joke (no pun intended).

Most comedy today is just tasteless quasi-racism and dick-jokes. Make sure to pick up a CD like *Strategic Grill Locations* or *Mitch All Together* to change your perspective on how comedy should be done.

And without further ado, a few jokes.....

*You know that Pepperidge Farm bread, that stuff*

*is fancy. That stuff is wrapped twice. You open it, and then still ain't open. That's why I don't buy it, I don't need another step between me and toast.*

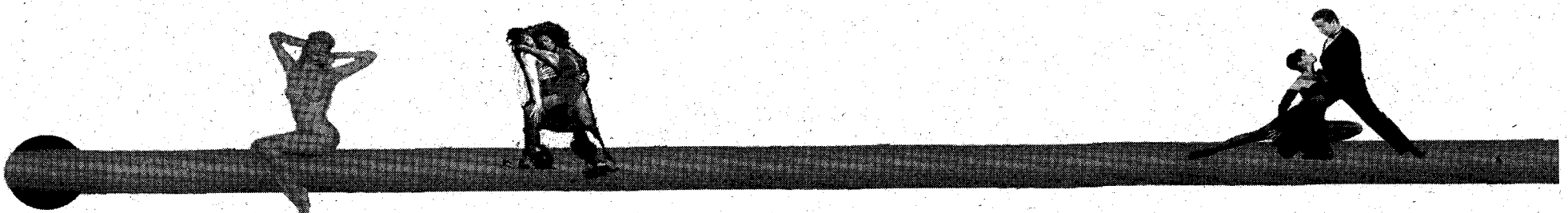
*I saw a human pyramid once. It was totally unnecessary.*

*Sometimes I fall asleep at night with my clothes on. I'm going to have all my clothes made out of blankets.*



THE MAN, THE MITCH, THE LEGEND,  
Courtesy of mitchlivesinyou.com

HELLO. I am an alien from  
another planet, and I have transformed  
myself into this piece of paper.  
Right now I am having sex  
with your fingers.  
I know you like it because you  
are smiling.  
Please pass me to someone  
else, so I can have mad  
crazy orgies.





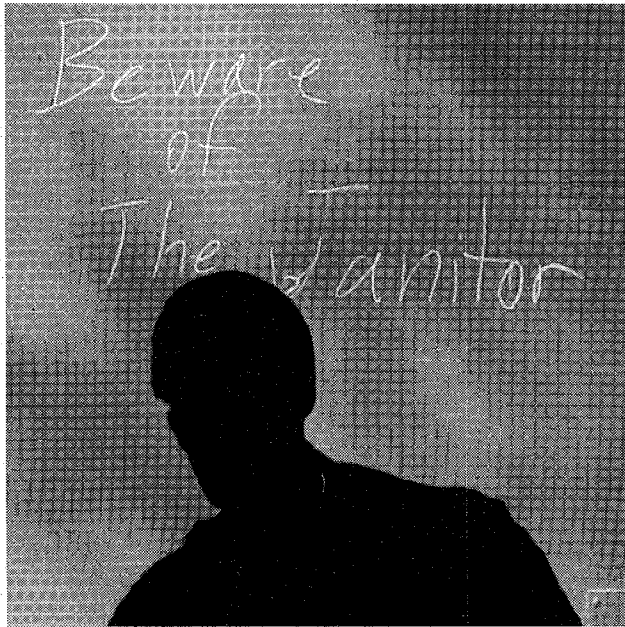
# Hunt for the 15 Year Long Undergrad "Student"

By William Lewis

28, march 2005

The sky was a deep ash gray pouring down in beads of water that were forming lakes all over the saturated grounds of Stony Brook University. It was here standing before the lake of water that slowly crept into the Union that I stood with my band of hunters. Since I have been here at Stony Brook University, I have heard rumors of a strange man that was a homeless person who was living here on campus for 15 years, doing one class a semester so that he can get away with being here on campus.

For a year I have been following leads on this person and so far most of them have indeed turned out to be true. Like the Goony that once prowled the halls of campus, this person was walking around and I had meet him before I knew it was him. His name is "The Janitor."



**CRREEEEEEEEEEEE!**  
Courtesy of Bill Lewis

Looking around for a bridge to use to cross the lake that was running into the University Café's courtyard, the smell of the smoke from a lit cigarette filled the air. "What are we doing again?" asked the smoking man that stood before me, a member of this search party. With the other member of the group looking on I told them both, again, that we are looking for two things that are rumored to be true. One of them being the "hidden floor" that is in either the Physics building or the Math tower, and the other being where the "Janitor" keeps his things down there.

It has been alleged that "The Janitor" has been using at least two rooms in Harriman Hall to sleep in. Both of them he seems to have the keys to - once when I met "The Janitor," he told me that he lifted keys from time to time. He also told me that the manager of one of the other rooms likes to give out copies of the key to the room to people since he feels they own the room. It's not hard to dismiss this rumor as true since members of one of the rooms have told me that they have a problem with someone "sleeping" down there in their room.

With a busted fire exit door on the side of Harriman Hall, it's not hard for someone like "The Janitor" to slip into the building where he is well-known on one of the floors where there are people that seem to be protective of him. "The Janitor" has been sighted many times

there in Harriman Hall after hours when classes were over, and on the weekends. As well, he has been seen washing himself in the men's room sinks. It's not hard at all to cut through Harriman Hall to the Physics Building and Math Tower since they share connecting hallways.

After bring the members of the search party up to date on the current whereabouts of "The Janitor," we set off on a concrete bridge over the flowing lake of the Café. Seeking cover under a shared umbrella with one of the team members, our little brave group set off on our trek to Harriman Hall to start looking. "The Janitor" has been sighted in the three buildings in the last couple of hours of the day; as well he has been sighted in the Earth and Space Sciences building, the SAC, creeping around in the Student Union, the Sports Complex, the commuter lounge in Melville Library and its 3rd floor classrooms.

What makes this search for the location of "The Janitor" important and semi-dangerous is how "The Janitor" acts. Long before I knew him as "The Janitor," I knew this guy had issues. He told me all the damned time that the people in Admin where tapping the phone lines and had put bugs all over the CSA office. Needless to say, I find that hard to believe - there is no reason in hell for the people in Admin to do such things. Believing that he is always being spied on by President Kenny, "The Janitor" would never walk the same way twice in a day to a building as he told me, "so that you know if someone is following you."

None of us knew what would happen on our trek to search for "The Janitor" who stalks the grounds of SBU, harassing students and staff. I was hoping to find him and ask him in person what it is that he was hoping to do with all his shit. My contacts with the homeless community on campus had it that "The Janitor" was not at all liked by any of them. With rain-water gathering around my feet and the feet of my party, we kept on our way. All of us had different interactions with "The Janitor," but they all ended the same way: with us feeling creped out.

As we entered the side door of Harriman Hall, we made our way down to the basement where the "Janitor" has been sighted. It has been said to others and to me by different members of clubs and offices down there that "The Janitor" has indeed been sleeping there and making one room in particular his home for the past few years. "We have a problem with someone who sleeps here all the time," said a female officer from a club there when she pointed to "The Janitor." As I have been told by Alumni of the CSA, current puppets of "The Janitor," and students and staff, "The Janitor" used to live in the train station lot in a car that was filled with his worldly belongings. The car sat there for such a long time that all of its tires were flat and the car was thought to be abandoned. Then one day the car was towed away while "The Janitor" was away from his car/home. It was after that that he moved into Harriman Hall before he was taken in by a person from this campus who felt sorry for him.

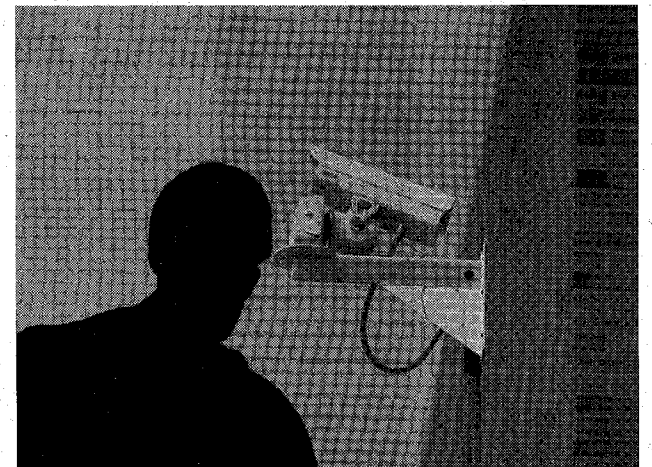
It was alleged that he sat in this man's home in just his dirty, skid-marked, ripped up underwear eating dry oatmeal with a fork during the day. I too have seen him eating dry oatmeal with a fork, just fully dressed (thank you very much) and I have heard him talk about

doing that with only a shot sized amount of milk. Once he was kicked out of that man's home and back to campus, "The Janitor" went back to living in Harriman Hall. He has done so to this very day. In one of the rooms that he happens to sleep in, there are bags of clothing in which some of the items happen to look like the same things that he happens to wear.

Once inside the basement of Harriman Hall, my search party was unable to find "The Janitor," but someone down there in the bowels of Harriman Hall told us that he knows of "The Janitor." But what was said to me was not of any importance in our search. Finding nothing of worth in the bowels of Harriman Hall we went on to check out another building in which "The Janitor" has been seen. Doing a floor-by-floor search of the Physics Building, nothing of substance was found, to our dismay, other than unlocked doorways that led to the deepest recesses of the building, of which I have heard "The Janitor" discuss. But nothing was there that belonged to "The Janitor."

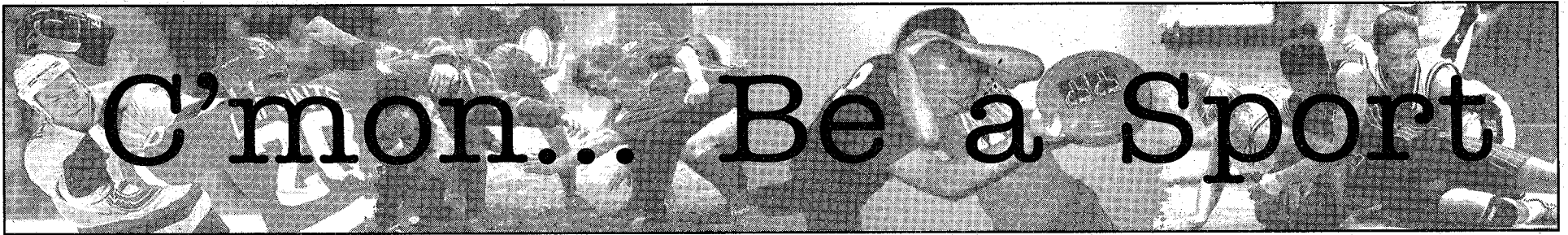
From our hunt and my contacts on campus it has been uncovered that "The Janitor" has been seen digging through the trash outside of Admin and the SAC, gathering papers that he could use in some unknown manner. As well I, too, have seen him gather papers with peoples' information, laughing about it. I have been informed as well that this "Janitor" goes to different club meetings grabbing food and stuffing his pockets with it as he scampers away to hide in a corner to eat bits of it and to later on gather more as he runs out of the room.

When it comes down to it, all anyone knows of "The Janitor's" true motives of what he has been doing in his 15 year stay he at SBU as an undergrad amounts to idle speculation. When I have asked him about it all, "The Janitor" would tell me that he has information on the people in Admin and that they are giving him his education for free to keep him for telling anyone. Needless to say, I don't believe that Admin is being blackmailed by him, or anyone else.



**SKY SURVEILLANCE IS ALSO IMPORTANT,**  
Courtesy of Bill Lewis

"I will pay you double whatever you're being paid for you to tell us who you're working for," he said to someone in front of me, telling me that he believes that the person works as a spy for Admin. For you, "Janitor" I am willing to pay you double of whatever food you gather and rant about if you step forth and tell us who you think you're working for since you were able to get a Public Notary to come to USG Senate meetings to sign different affidavits.



# C'mon... Be a Sport

## 10 Reasons Why NCAA Basketball Is More Exciting Than The NBA

By Antony Lin

Okay so this will be my first non-soccer column ever. Believe it or not, I sadly follow other sports as well. March is over and millions are missing some of the more entertaining qualities of basketball. Instead of watching the NCAA, millions are caught up with the NBA. The fundamentals of the game are clearly gone. Instead of focusing on winning, it has become all about show time. The referees in the NBA get worse and worse in terms of helping out the star players, giving them the benefit of the doubt. In no particular order I have compiled the top ten reasons why the NCAA is of more entertainment than the soap operas of the NBA.

1. The NCAA has the 5-second violation during play.

It's a whole lot better than watching an NBA player hold the ball and post up for ages. Remember the Barkley days?

2. No restricted area.

Of course, when Kobe is driving to the basket, the defender should just step out of the way or else it's an offensive foul. It's also a free license for Shaq to go out of his way and bulldoze any defender down and have a foul called on that defender.

3. Strictness of hanging on the rim.

For those who don't know, this also exists in the NBA. When was the last time it was called? In the recent Vermont vs. Syracuse match, a Syracuse player received a technical for hanging on the rim in a crucial moment late in the game.

4. Smaller amount of drawing a "wuss" foul.

How many times does McGrady have to pump fake for a 3-pointer and then intentionally have the defender fall right into him? Who can forget the days when Reggie Miller used to do that?

5. No excessive shot clock problems.

Quite hilarious how a great run is stopped numerous times with these so-called "shot-clock problems." Compared to the rich NBA, who would have thought the shot clocks in the NCAA work better.

6. The fans.

A lot better than seeing fans that look like they are waiting for a dentist appointment. A perfect example of passionate fans, the Cameron Craziest at Cameron Indoor Stadium. Enough said.

7. The double dribble is actually enforced.

I seriously doubt Kobe or Francis can get away with what they do nowadays, on the college level.

8. Timeouts called in the backcourt=inbounding the ball in the backcourt.

NBA apparently has their own desperate way of creating more spectacular buzzer beating endings by allowing options to inbound at half court.

9. Gutsy refs.

In the college game, I can actually see two straight offensive fouls on a team in two straight possessions even against the home side.

10. LACK OF PATRIOTISM in the NBA

I can't even begin to count the number of NBA players that declined invitations to last summer's Olympic Games. The same happened in the World Championships in 2002. It should be an honor to represent your nation. Heck, country should come before club if anything.

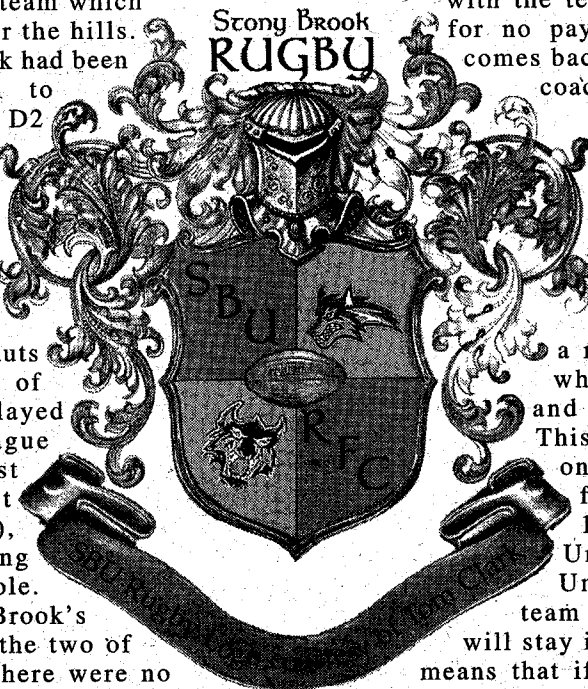
## SBU Rugby: The Battle for Long Island

By Ali Nazir

Randall's Island, New York: North Eastern Rugby Tournament who was supposed to be the ground where Stony Brook Rugby was to be destroyed and left in shambles, after last years disappointing showing in Division 2, arose from the ashes a new team which sent giant teams running for the hills. Two seasons ago Stony Brook had been dropped from Division 1 to Division 2, even though in D2 they were favored to win the division, they finished with a less than point five hundred record. The Stony Brook Wolf pack, although being eliminated in the Tournament, gave two of the biggest Rugby juggernauts in the Northeast the fight of their lives. The team played Princeton (Ivy League Champions) and West Chester PA (beat out Princeton in the Fall 04), Princeton ended up winning the tournament as a whole. Guess it was just Stony Brook's luck that they had to play the two of the best teams there, but there were no blowouts and those teams had to give Stony Brook the respect that they deserved.

The Rugby team has come a long way

from a year ago to now. Last year they were playing without a budget. They were blessed however from the years before, so they had jerseys (although torn and beat up) and most of the equipment, and a determined coach who worked with the team for a whole semester for no pay. Coach Danny Yarusso comes back for another semester to coach SBU Rugby; he has been along with the team since fall 04, making this his forth semester. The spring semester, unlike the fall semester, is filled with tournaments and some games that don't count towards a record, unlike the fall in which there are playoffs and championship games. This spring however, there is one game that decides the fate of the team; on May 14 Stony Brook University plays Hofstra University to see which team will stay in D2 and which will stay in D3. To simplify this, it means that if Stony Brook University wins, they stay in Division 2 and if they lose they get moved once again, but this time down to Division 3.



This game will determine the present and the future of the team, because the program has a lot at stake. It could be the spark that they need to break the downward spiral that has plagued the program for a couple of years. Once being a Division 1 team playing bloody and epic games with the likes West Point Military Academy and Rutgers University in 2002, to trying to hold on to be in Division 2. According to many of the other organizations and the display of Hard Core Rugby at the Village Lions tournament, Stony Brook is a favorite in this Battle of the Island taken place this may on the 14th. This game will truly test the mental and physical toughness and ambitions of the team because the game is around finals week in school.

Players to watch this semester are Jeff Carey, who makes his return after a brief hiatus from the game of about two years, once known to be the hardest hitter on the team, returns as a player with less of a loose cannon role. Mark Moulton, he led the team in the fall for scores returns for another exciting season, he scored five Tri's (which is equivalent to five touchdowns). And last but not least two very young players such as Brian Scully and Jonathan Isles, who are playing exceptional roles towards this team's success. Veterans Rustim Nyquist and John Feminella also return to the line up as well, backing up the younger players with their exceptional knowledge of the game.



# Little Wonders

By David K. Ginn

## Little Wonders # 1

Sometimes I wonder if we shouldn't have a name book for aspiring porn stars. This is advantageous because as many people know baby name books are completely ridiculous. What's worse than naming your child after the name that some get-rich-quick author told you would be interesting? I actually think that the primary market in baby name book sales consist of single mothers who have nothing to do with their time and thus decide to kill their afternoon by reading names. It helps them discover what they could have named their children. That's somehow more appealing to the American idea of decision making. It's always fun learning about what you didn't do, because what you did was actually just mundane and boring. I think we need to start making some bad decisions, because after so many normal decisions the world becomes a pretty stupid place. That's why I think porn name books would outsell baby name books. Not only would it be more interesting, but it would appeal to all types of consumers.

## Little Wonders # 2

I think we need to have more parades. I think we should get together with our neighbors and throw a parade simply because we can. Simply because we live in a free country and if those that were alive during the Dark Ages could come see us now they'd wonder why we sit at home all day and then complain about it later at group therapy. Let's just throw a parade, and let's invite everyone we know. That way people will understand that there doesn't always have to be a reason to be happy.

## Little Wonders # 3

I think people take the concept of working too seriously. My boss once asked me, "Do you take this job seriously?" I sort of just looked at him for a while. I didn't know how to respond. Finally I just tilted my head awkwardly and said "No. Should I?" He thought I was being a wise-ass. Honestly I wasn't. I was really just taken aback by the question. I had not been made aware that you were supposed to take a place where you helped a bunch of stupid, superficial people fulfill their self-important and over-cherished needs while making a lousy \$7 to \$10 dollars an hour and then be scolded by angry little bosses who are five years younger than you and think that you're a runt who needs vocational discipline seriously. To me it sounds like the kind of place that needs a little silliness. In fact, everyone involved, including customers, bosses, and employees should have the veil lifted and be shown how insignificant and pointless it all is. Maybe then we can enjoy life.

## Little Wonders # 4

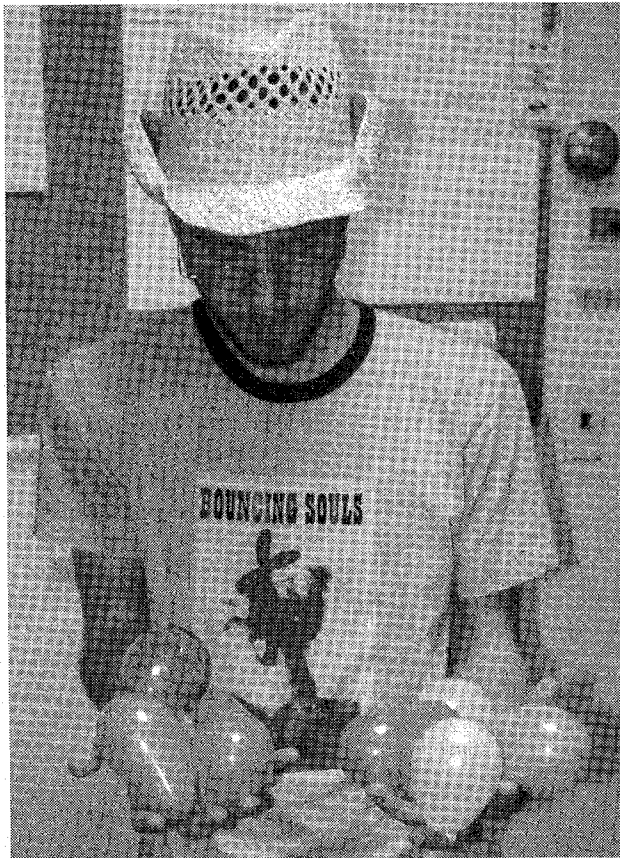
Whatever happened to balloons? At what point did GameBoy Pocket Advance replace latex balloons? What the hell is wrong with everybody?

## Little Wonders # 5

I don't think we eat enough cotton candy. There are kids out there who've never had cotton candy, simply because at some point in their upbringing their parents decided that it would be cheaper to watch a bunch of people eat it on TV. Depressing, isn't it?

## Little Wonders # 6

What the hell is the deal with Reality TV shows? I mean, come on already! Are our lives really that boring? Do we really have to watch other people's lives in order to take the focus off our own? For a long time I shouted that it would be clever to have People Magazine actually do all their articles and content on *real* people, like John the Town Drunk or the guy with the perfect lawn that everyone calls The Lawnmower Man. Now that reality TV has surfaced, I take all that back. If there's one thing worse than sweating balls over Tom Cruise's latest love interest, it's sweating balls over Joe the Bartender's latest screw up. It's all really degrading.



I STILL LIKE BALLOONS,  
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

## Little Wonders # 7

I applaud anyone who rides a skateboard through the mall on a regular basis. Congratulations. You've realized that everyone in the world takes everything way too seriously, and that there is no plausible reason why you should be prohibited from skating down a hallway. Now let's enlighten everyone else.

## Little Wonders # 8

When the hell did Yoga become a fitness craze? Leave it up to the Americans to twist and mangle every form of decent culture left in the world so that it conforms with our basic way of life. What would have been so horrible about people experimenting with different spiritual ideas and practices? Did we really have to make it into another way to lose weight and pay someone for it too? What's going on here?

## Little Wonders # 9

There really is a company that decides exactly what we're going to like and exactly what we're going to listen to. You know the whole eighties retro craze? That wasn't started by consumers. How about modern pop music? Nope, not that either. There are people out there that decide not on the best qualities of certain marketable items and/or icons but instead on the catchiness of that particular product or per-

son that is being sold. There is nothing sacred about catchiness. The flu is catchy. The black plague was catchy. Nobody had to think those ones up. They just sort of came up on their own. Maybe if the big companies chose quality over marketability more people would be exposed to good quality and therefore it would naturally become catchy. Once again we see that there are some things man was not supposed to toy with.

## Little Wonders # 10

Whatever happened to the nutcracker? How come I can't find a nutcracker that cracks nuts anymore? I went to the store the other day and spent \$17 dollars on an "Authentic Wooden Nutcracker: Hand-painted and Complete with Display Stand." The lever on the back even pulled up and down so that the mouth opened and closed. Then, when I tried to put it to some practical use, I broke the cheap wood of the poor guy's mouth before I even put a scratch on the chestnut. Now I see that the nutcracker has become just another pointless holiday icon, drained fully of its original meaning.

## Little Wonders # 11

I look at people sometimes, and I wonder why they are such assholes.

## Little Wonders # 12

Is it just me or do the words Chop Suey somehow radiate with excessive silliness? When I think Chop Suey, I think of four associative images: cartoon critters flying off cabbage patches, incompetent funny-men pretending to do kung fu, Paul Reubens, and lots of children chasing each other on the playground. Does that make me weird?

## Little Wonders # 13

How come I can't find barbecue in New York, but if I go to North Carolina there's a barbecue restaurant on every corner but no 7-11s? Just once I'd like to be able to enjoy barbecue and a Slurpee together. I wonder who regulates this. There must be somebody, probably a corporate official, who decided at some point that the American public could not be introduced to the combination of cherry Slurpees and barbecue sandwiches. Who are they protecting? Why?

## Little Wonders # 14

The lap is an interesting body part. It's there one minute...and then the next minute it's gone. Amazing. I wonder what kind of pressing business a lap could possibly have. It's always leaving, never saying goodbye.

## Little Wonders # 15

I wonder what will happen if Hell really does freeze over. I mean, think about it. Everyone would have to fulfill their promises to everyone else. My father most of all. That would be a good day, too. I'd march right up to the old man, extend my hand, and say: "Dad, do you remember when I asked you if I could borrow a thousand dollars to put a down payment on my car, and you told me when hell froze over? Well, guess what? Hell's frozen, baby, so give me my money." No, I don't think I would do that. I'd probably just make a joke about it and walk away.

# Possibilities of Spring...

By Paula Guy (with suggestions from Tiffany Russo and Brian Wasser)

Water falls from the sky, instead of ice. There is even sun, sometimes.  
People get sexy warm skin from sitting in the sun.  
You can get drunk at the beach.  
You can watch the clouds and sky without freezing to death.  
Free outdoor concerts (well, this would happen if this was the East Coast or New Zealand).  
You can have campfires fire fire fire fire fire fire fire yes yes yes. Fire fire fire.  
You don't automatically die when you step outside.  
Everyone can wear skirts and dresses - without stockings.  
Leaves. Green. Things aren't dead. *Fuck I hate winter.*  
Fruit.  
Feeling less like shit.  
Bare feet become a possibility.  
You can frolic and dance to New Order *outside!*  
Safer to be drunk - you are less likely to freeze to death if you stay outside.  
People are warmer - so they should be happier. I will be.  
Warm concrete.  
Warm sand.

Windows down.  
You can 'shroom in Ashley Schiff.  
You appreciate ice.  
Waterslides. *Waterslides.*  
Naps in the sun.  
Tree climbing.  
You can move Mary J outside.  
Can go back to throwing rocks, instead of snowballs.  
Better value for money - getting drunk in hot weather.  
Staring at flowers.  
Fucking in the bushes, (or at least outside).  
Moss!  
Soft green grass.  
Jamie won't ever have to come back to Long Island.  
No incriminating footprints in the snow after acts of vandalism.  
Dandelions everywhere.  
Baths in the ocean.  
Picnics.  
Suicide rates might drop.

## Press Staffers In Heated Custody Battle Over Tetris Piece

By Vincent Michael Festa

Now that the Terry Schiavo case is done and over with, the media has now decided to focus all of their energy and attention on harassing a family's troubled life in hopes of setting international precedent, government power over people's lives, and journalistic tabloid sensationalism: *Press* staff writer David Ginn is running out of options in trying keep custody of the prized gold Tetris piece that he has given birth to two years ago.

Since the Springtime of 2004, the loving *Press* couple of David Ginn and Nicole Barry have been battling over the possession of their miracle baby. Since then, millions of dollars have been spent on having the case go through the USG Senate, the University President, Stony Brook Administration, and the NY State Superior Court, plus it may have to go to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Times were happy as the couple spent their quality time in the *Press* office beating each other's high-scores in Nintendo Tetris, the most popular puzzle video game released. It occurred that Ginn's stomach was getting bigger and bigger after heavy doses and prolonged exposure of Tetris. It was believed that the overexposure had caused Ginn to become pregnant, but no one knew that it would be a Tetris piece.

When it occurred that it was Tetris piece and not a baby that Ginn was giving birth to, doctors all over the world and especially Russia...you can't possibly forget about Russia...called it the "God-Giving Miracle Of All Miracles." The couple of Ginn and Barry were recorded in the Guinness Book Of World Records as the first couple ever to immaculately concept a game piece.

"When the tests were positive, we cried with joy," lamented Ginn. "Nine months later...my girlfriend Nicole filmed it and everything...and I gave birth to a Tetris piece. I thought life would never be brighter than 1970's sunshine."

However, when it was revealed that the Tetris piece was actually made of gold, both parties feuded. Since giving birth to the Tetris piece, the two have been furious feuding over what to do with it. Ginn had declared it a member of the family, while Barry wanted to sell the

piece for mucho dinero so she can buy a house, a nice car, a white picket fence, all the cute furry little animals to go with it, and then prepare for a real family with a real actual baby.

"What would I do with a Tetris piece?" asked Nicole Barry at a press conference in front of the SBU Building. "If I pushed it on a swing set, it would break! If I would teach it how to walk and talk, it's not going to do anything!"

The two have sent their disputes first to

away and deciding to head straight to the NY State Superior Court, where it favorably voted for Barry and favorably looked at the Tetris piece as one huge money-making investment. With time, options, and money running out Ginn has filed a case to the U.S. Supreme Court where they will have the final say in the case.

The Tetris piece had no feeding tube inserted, you liberal fascist.

This has not been the only time the *Press* staff mated with each other. Ever since Ginn and Barry, other *Press* staffers have been making babies to see what fun pops out, but so far with disastrous results. Editor Matt Willemain and staff writer Paula Guy gave birth to Baby Stewie, who runs around with a British accent and talks about killing his mother. Editors Mike Billings and Melanie Donovan gave birth to "Evil Otto," a bouncy and smiling happy face with very evil intentions. But no one can top the couple of staffers Andrew Pernick and Princess Lotus Flower Blossom Stephanie Hayes, who ended up giving birth to one Greg Lubich who went on to endorse Stony Brook's new newspaper *The Patriot*, just like Nostradamus predicted.

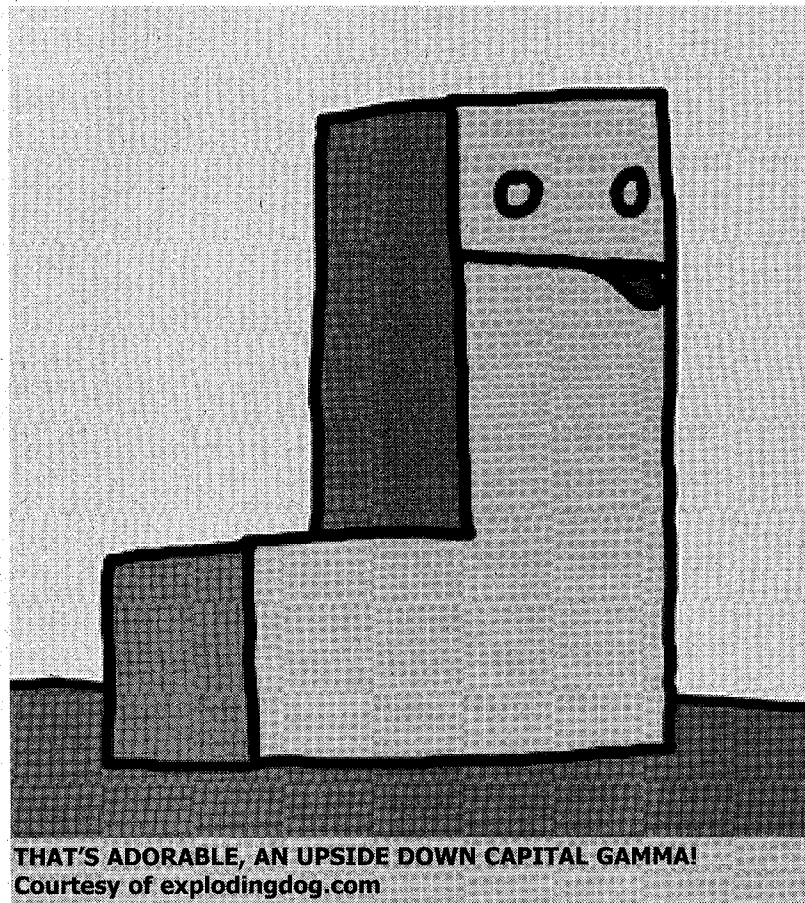
News Editor Michael Prazak is another *Press* staffer also in the Guinness Book Of World Records for asexually immaculately giving birth to a "HA-DOU-KEN!" after putting in thousands of hours into Street Fighter.

So far the case has raised many questions. "Who chooses when someone lives or dies?" and "Is a living will necessary?" are not any of them.

Meanwhile the battle continues on until either the U.S. Supreme Court rules or both sides agree to settle.

"I love him. I really do. But what I really want one day is to start a *real* family so that I can teach her to play Tetris", empathized Barry. "Right now, selling the Tetris piece means that we can have a *real* family. I just want the best for all of us."

Ginn disagrees, however. "This piece...<sob>...it's my life. I will never give up my baby! Alexey Pazhitnov would be proud."



the USG. The USG Senate thought of the birth as only a toy piece and voted all rights to Barry. Ginn was not happy with the decision, so he filed a complaint and a hearing to the Stony Brook Administration to look for answers only to run into the President of the University, Shirley Strum-Kenny.

"My my, that's a cute little Sucker you have there! Are you looking for a baby\$itter?" asked Strum to the couple once, scaring them



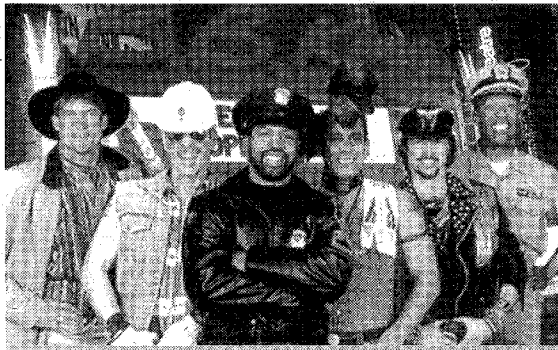
# Who's Straight? Who's Not? Guess The Straight Person Panel Reveals All!

By Marcel Votlucka

Dozens of students filled the SAC Ballroom B to decipher the sexual orientation of panelists at the Guess The Straight Person Panel on Wednesday, April 6th.

The event was hosted by the Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Alliance (LGBTQA), and it featured two panels; one male, the other female. The audience asked various questions and tried to guess the sexual orientation of the panelists based on their answers. Prizes were awarded to whoever correctly guessed the lone straight person on each panel.

"What's your favorite sexual position?" "Do you use a vibrator?" "Do you shave your chest?" "Where do you like to be massaged?" "Where do you like to shop?" "Have you ever seen *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*?" "Boxers or briefs?" The panelists faced such questions, and even more personal ones. But the audience reserved the spiciest questions for the female panel, particularly the sex-related questions. It seemed no topic was off limits.



YOU ARE AGELESS SEX GODS,  
Courtesy of my1977wetdream.com

As the event concluded, the audience voted on who was gay, straight, lesbian, or bisexual on each panel. In some cases their guesses were accurate, but quite a few surprises awaited the audience. In some cases the audience members were dead wrong in their predictions, proving that sexual orientation is not always obvious and that stereotypes don't often fit like a glove.

This was the LGBTQA's point in holding the event; to dispel stereotypes and showcase the diversity of the queer community, but in a fun, intriguing, and decidedly non-preachy way.

Attendees enjoyed the panel. Brian Wasser remarked, "it was funny how a lot of people were shocked when they found out who was straight."

Tiffany Russo added, "I thought it was fun, I thought it was a good idea. Based on the questions they asked, I could tell the audience was surprised that [panelists] didn't fit the stereotypes. I think it was fun but also educational."

## Shaving

By David K. Ginn

Shaving can be so fucking annoying. It's such a pain in the ass. I have what some call "sensitive skin." In other words, when I shave it hurts. I think a lot of people have this. I go out and I buy the "sensitive skin" shaving cream. Well, recently I've discovered something truly amazing in the world of shaving cream.

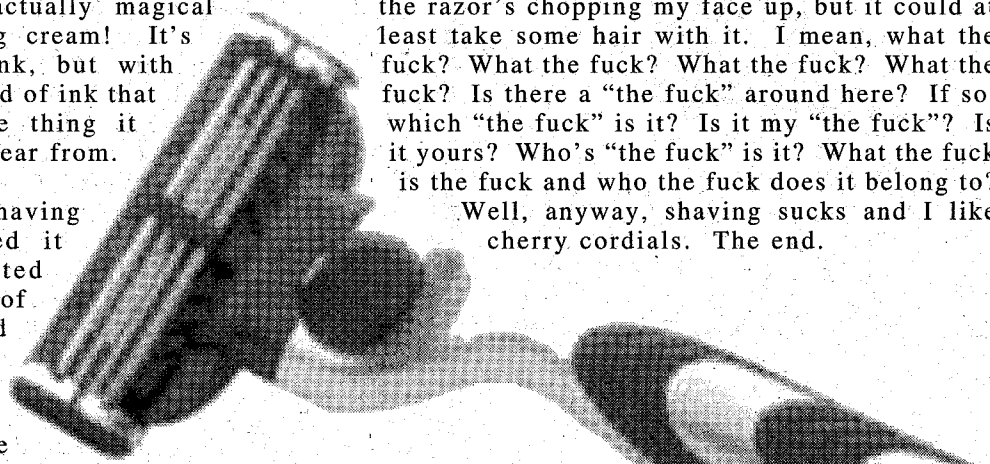
I bought Rise Baby Face shaving cream, which promised a smooth, painless shave. What I got was far more impressive. Although they don't advertise it on the label, this shaving cream is actually magical disappearing shaving cream! It's like disappearing ink, but with shaving cream instead of ink that disappears from the thing it was put on to disappear from. Yeah.

I put this shaving cream on, smoothed it around, and started with the left side of my face. I'm a third of the way through when I take a glance to the right side and- it's magic! The

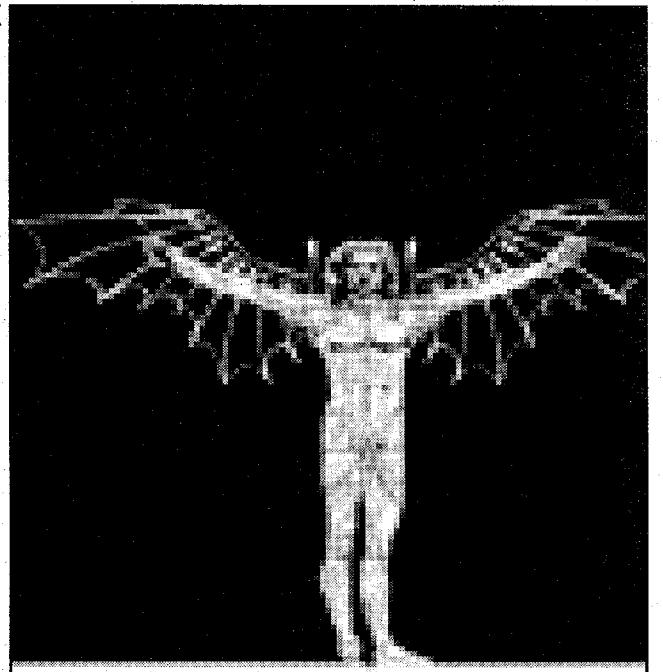
shaving cream has completely disappeared! That's amazing! I didn't really need the shaving cream anyway. I was just joking when I put it on. I'm glad the shaving cream was in on it.

If the shaving cream wasn't enough of a problem I had the razor to back me up. I don't what kind of razor it was, but it must be pretty damn good. Only a high-tech razor can cut the skin underneath a patch of hair without actually taking off any hair. That is special. That is truly a unique attribute. It's bad enough that the razor's chopping my face up, but it could at least take some hair with it. I mean, what the fuck? What the fuck? What the fuck? What the fuck? Is there a "the fuck" around here? If so, which "the fuck" is it? Is it my "the fuck"? Is it yours? Who's "the fuck" is it? What the fuck is the fuck and who the fuck does it belong to?

Well, anyway, shaving sucks and I like cherry cordials. The end.



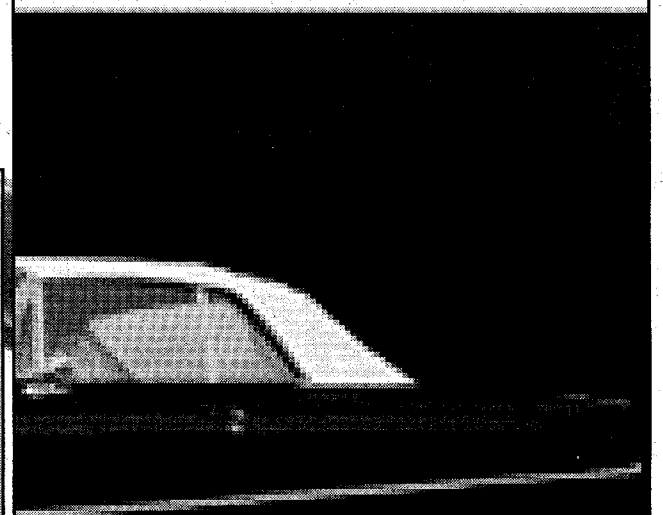
The Pretender in Rome is a fraud.  
There is no pope but Jesus I,  
formerly known as Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain.  
Supreme Pontiff, bitches!



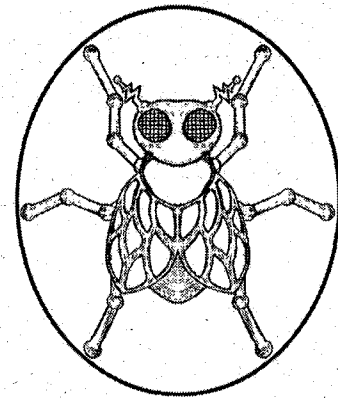
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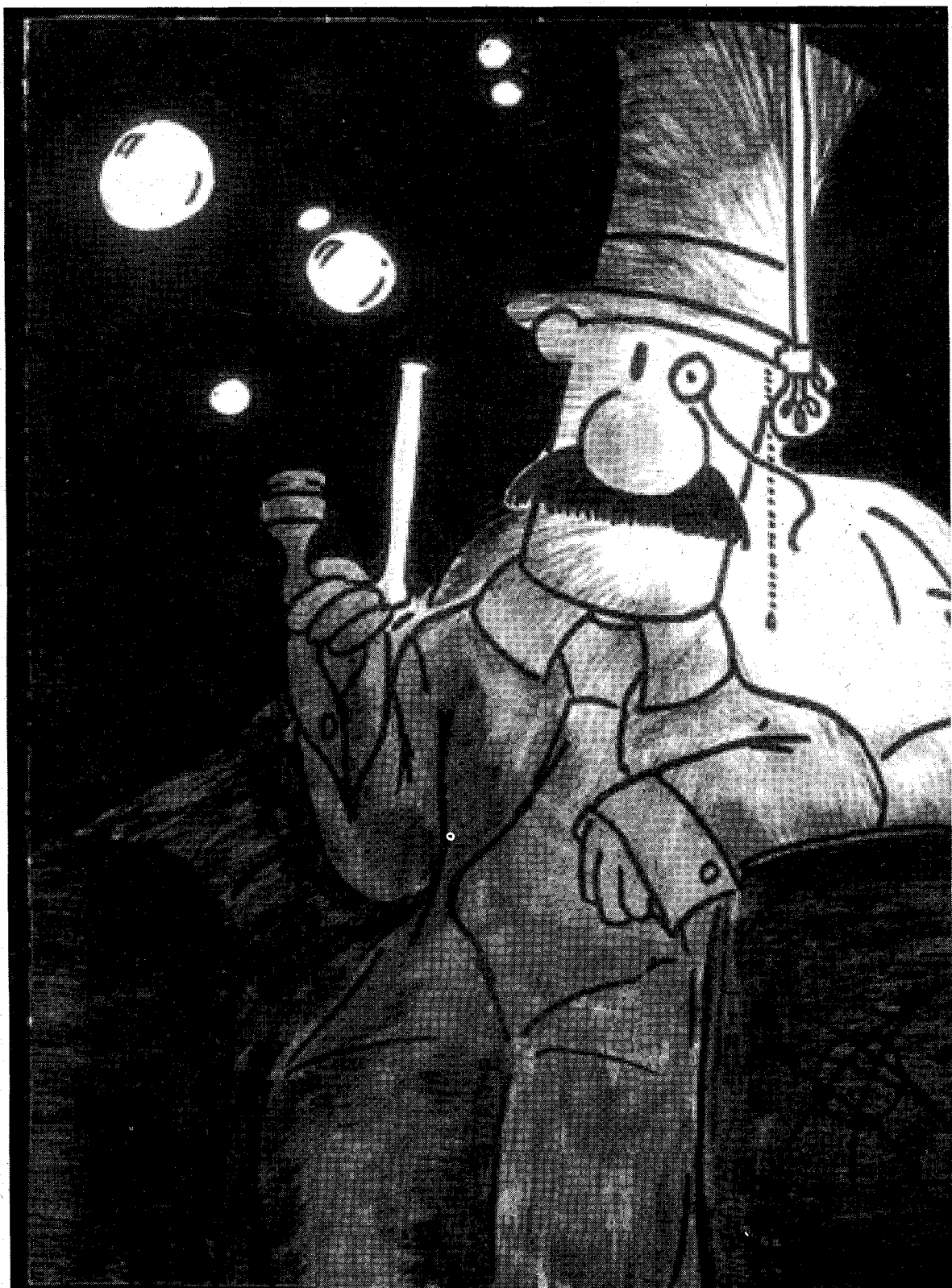
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“Calm down now, GADFLY is nothing to be afraid of. I will explain it all to you in due time. The premise is quite simple: a forum for undergraduate work where ideas may be exchanged and opinions expressed. It is not a newspaper nor is it an art magazine. Draw pictures and take photos; write papers, stories and poems, your mind is the source of our content. GADFLY is for you to read and create, it depends entirely on the community for submissions. For now, the first issue may be found in the philosophy department office, on the second floor of Harriman Hall. I look forward to hearing from you, write in with your questions and submissions, love and hate-mail.”

**[gadfly@ic.sunysb.edu](mailto:gadfly@ic.sunysb.edu)**





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At *The Press* we want to give you the best \_\_\_\_\_<sup>1</sup> around. We spend every night of every week - \_\_\_\_\_<sup>2</sup> in our office so our \_\_\_\_\_<sup>3</sup> can be the best. Whereas other newspapers limit content and \_\_\_\_\_<sup>4</sup> their writers to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>5</sup> \_\_\_\_\_<sup>6</sup>, we want you to feel free to come in and \_\_\_\_\_<sup>7</sup> for us, no matter what you want to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>8</sup> about. Our paper is \_\_\_\_\_<sup>9</sup>, \_\_\_\_\_<sup>10</sup>, and \_\_\_\_\_<sup>11</sup>. We want you, the readers, to know what the students of this college are really saying. If you don't know what they're saying, we'll tell you. They're saying " \_\_\_\_\_<sup>12</sup> \_\_\_\_\_<sup>12</sup>."

We have great \_\_\_\_\_<sup>13</sup>, big \_\_\_\_\_<sup>14</sup>, and a great sense of \_\_\_\_\_<sup>15</sup>. Also, we get the news to you the way you want it. Every two weeks we sit down and \_\_\_\_\_<sup>16</sup> for you, the reader. We are the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>17</sup> newspaper of Stony Brook, and we are the greatest \_\_\_\_\_<sup>18</sup> in the world. Let us \_\_\_\_\_<sup>19</sup> you. Let us \_\_\_\_\_<sup>20</sup> you.

We, The Stony Brook Press, want to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>21</sup> you every \_\_\_\_\_<sup>22</sup>. So listen to us, trust us, and \_\_\_\_\_<sup>23</sup> us. We are your \_\_\_\_\_<sup>24</sup>.

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THEN READ THE  
PASSAGE BELOW  
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NEW WORDS  
INSERTED.

IT JUST CAN'T  
GET ANY  
SILLIER!

# Freespace Opens its Doors

By Adam Kearney

Lining the walls of the Freespace warehouse are large, color prints of rock 'n rollers, with their hipster haircuts glued to their faces in sweat, clutching guitars and microphones. These blurred portraits are but snapshots of the emotional energy that emanates from the stage: cries of suburban discontent manifest in sonic waves of fierce, young energy. Aimed at supporting artistic enrichment and purposeful activity deep in the heart of Long Island's cultural vacuum, this iconoclastic venue has recently hosted concerts, teach-ins, and bike repairs in the spirit of DIY.

The Freespace, a non-profit corporation, began as the Modern Times Collective, a group of young activists targeting the injustices of globalization. They stood firm against world trade and participated in the protests at the Republican National Convention in 2000. After many were arrested, they decided that the tactics of urban street protesting were ineffectual at solving problems found in their own communities. The lesson was clear: the fight for a better world starts at home.

Long Island fails to provide a nurturing environment for artists and intellectuals growing up and living here. There are very few public establishments devoted to serving the needs of activists, be they teenagers or young adults. After a day at school or work there is nowhere to go and be useful, so most of us are encouraged from an early age to occupy ourselves with sports or purely academic after school programs. Artists and activists pursue a higher calling: they change the world. Amidst the empty fields and endless rows of residential houses we call suburban sprawl, this passion is easily discouraged. But with the Freespace in action, there is a double good. Not only does it provide a safe, free hangout for likeminded, creative people of all ages, but also when there is a small charge for an event like an evening rock concert, all the profits are funneled back into the space, which organizes free events daily. This way by supporting Freespace and being a

member you also support the movement, and yourself.

As a social center seeking to enrich the community, Long Island Free Space Inc. has seven programs that focus on different areas. In one corner of the room are a few coaches, a table, and a large bookshelf containing neatly categorized stacks of independent publications. This is the Alternative Media and Zine Library, where you can find staple-bound newsprints written by socially progressive individuals from Florida to California. It is now also the home of a ragtag collection of issues from the SB press (as if you'd ever read those).



AY DIOS MIO!  
Courtesy of The Stony Brook Fucking Press

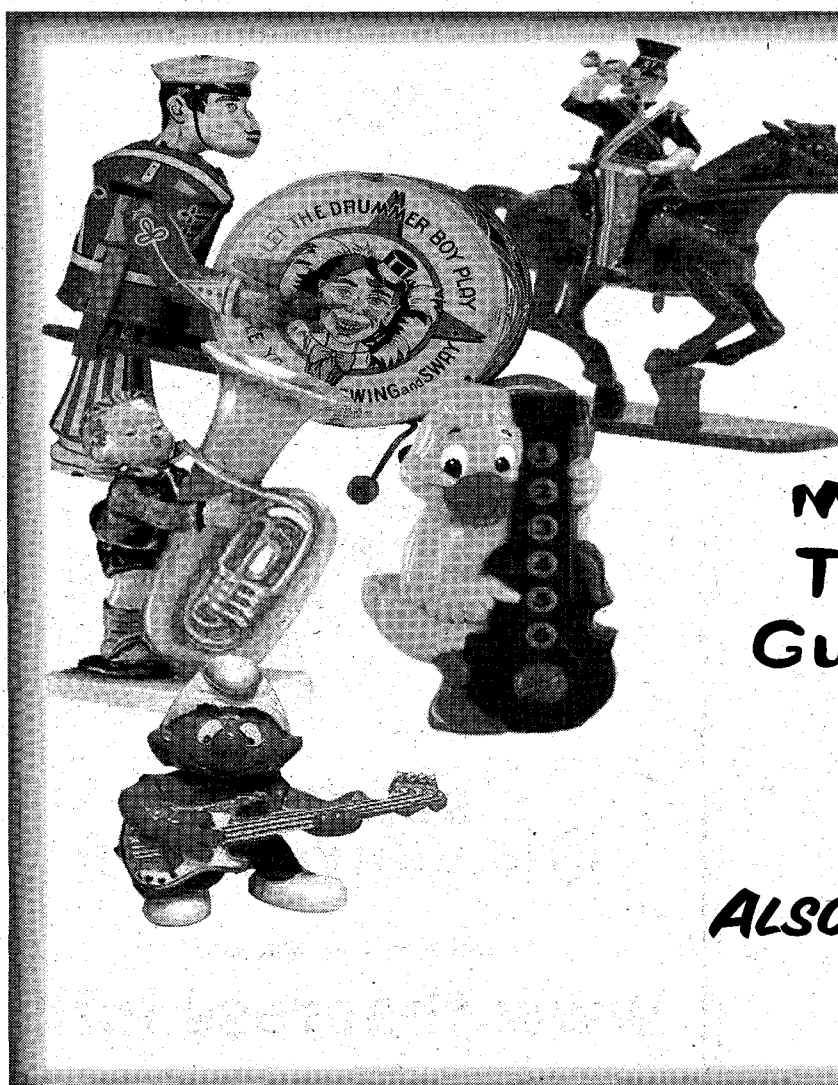
The Booking Collective handles contacts for booking events; they're happy to host gigs for musicians. The Art Collective runs art shows and coordinates skills shares. The Youth Workers Center provides information regarding workers rights on Long Island. There's the Wimmins collective that arranges programs and

discussions for women, the Freeschool program that holds panels and forums as well as free classes, and the Freewheel Bike Program that trains kids and adults to repair and recycle their bikes, while stressing the economic and ecological benefits of bicycles for transportation in LI.

Attached to a wall in the front office of the Freespace building on 23 Union Ave, Ronkonkoma are some manila file folders, one for each of the programs, with their own head coordinators and contact information, as well as a gigantic printer and some computers. Booking a show or an event is as easy as showing up and putting your name on the list under the Booking Collective folder, as long as it coincides with the Freespace's mission to "improve lives, bring ideas and projects to existence, and enrich Long Island's communities."

A variety of other events are planned as well, such as dance parties, poetry readings, and DIY flea markets. They're up for anything, except drinking, as it is an all ages crowd. There was a diverse age group represented at their Grand Opening on April 8<sup>th</sup>, many of the leaders are into their 20's with some of the youngest members barely in high school; this fits the purpose of an open forum designed in part to inform kids of real problems in the community and in the world that they would otherwise be far more ignorant of. They accept donations from interested parties, \$75 makes you a "Friend of the Kids," \$1,000 earns you the title of "Next Generation Visionary." If you're interested in supporting progressive interests, this is definitely one with positive, tangible results.

Their Grand Opening consisted of friendly chat over free coffee and light vegetarian cuisine: good atmosphere, good people. If you're in the area you might want to drop by and check them out, maybe get involved. Or trek over one weekend to watch some of Long Island's best punk bands rattle for freedom. They might even give this Suffolk backwater some soul.



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# Second Annual Baisakhi Banquet

By Chris Williams

Continued from page 37

was caught by the energy.

The lights were turned on. There was an initial shock, but people danced. Eventually, the DJ announced the final song. People danced until the music stopped. Fanning themselves, they filtered out of the dance floor and returned to their items.



**DOUBLE-DECKER!**  
Courtesy of Chris Williams

I spoke to people about the event. Geoff Greycyaski, freshman, said, "I like it...a lot." Tanya Oberoi, senior and then Vice-President of the Sikh Student Association encouraged me to survey the crowd. She wanted me to observe the diversity. She said, "Not everyone is Punjabi or Sikh or Indian, even."

Diana Minto, senior, was not used to going to such events. She said that she "felt welcomed." She remarked that such a sense of community is "hard in a place with different people." She concluded, "It's interesting."

Half of the headline to my article was an overheard remark. There were few complaints. Most complaints were about pain from dancing too much.

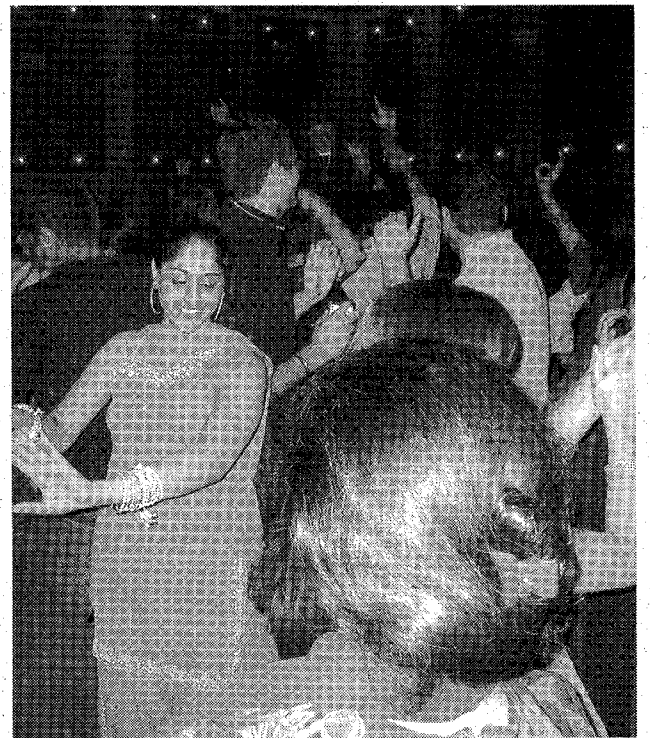
Days later, I thought about the positive features of the night. Admission to the banquet was only five dollars, which was actually a donation to tsunami relief. After the dancing, there was leftover food. So, people left with plates of food. In addition, the banquet ended before 11 PM. So, there was still time for people to go to clubs early on Stony Brook University's infamous Thursday party night. There were no major incidents during the party. So, everyone went home safe.

The list was becoming exhaustive. From all of these great points, I realized that the Baisakhi Banquet is a work of genius. It was simple and incredible. It acknowledged Sikhism and the Sikh Student Association. According to Ritika Oberoi, the Sikh Student Association was developed to provide a forum for Sikhs. The club developed a resource in which a community can meet. However, the club is available to everyone. The banquet was available to everyone to help those in need.

I remember the words of Sukhi Singh about the banquet. He said, "It's not the amount of people. It's the amount of spirit." I agree.

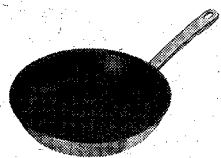
To Neha Sharma, your voice was present in spirit.

For more information about Sikhism, you can visit <http://gurudwara.faiithweb.com/GuruKirpa.html>. For more information about the Sikh Student Association, you can e-mail [sbusikhz@yahoo.com](mailto:sbusikhz@yahoo.com).



**MO' BHANGRA REMIX,**  
Courtesy of Chris Williams

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# College of Cardinals to Select a New Pope

By Jorge Sierra

On Monday, April 18, 117 members of the College of Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church are scheduled to meet in Vatican City to begin the process of selecting the next pope, in a series of meetings and ballots known as the conclave. Despite speculation on where the next pope will come from and what his platform will be, the Cardinals are observing a strict secrecy regarding their personal roles in the selection process and their own particular expectations. The most influential actor in the deliberations may well be the late John Paul II, since he appointed all but three of the electors.

The Cardinals must observe absolute secrecy during the conclave and be completely cut off from the outside world at the risk of immediate excommunication. According to [www.catholic-pages.com](http://www.catholic-pages.com), there will be regular sweeps for electronic devices (cell phones and the like) to enforce this rule. After each vote, the ballots are burned, and the smoke is released from the chimney of the Sistine Chapel: white smoke if a new pope has been elected, black smoke if the Cardinals have not come to an agreement. In another sign of the times, the naming of a new pope will further be signaled by the ringing of bells; apparently people sometimes have trouble telling if the smoke is white or black.

The conventional wisdom from religious

commentators interviewed by the media indicates that, in general, the Cardinals will first discuss what the most pressing needs of the Church are, what direction the next pope should lead it (presumably this has already been done). Only then will they select as pope the person who can best carry out that platform. For example, in 1978, Communism loomed as a major threat to the Catholic Church's values in general and its worshippers in Communist nations in particular. The conclave selected Karol Wojtyla of Poland, and the rest is history. There is no shortage of global trends that the next pope will have to address. Some additional trends of particular concern to the Catholic Church include the decline of Church attendance in the industrialized world and a growing flock that is straining the priesthood. Although it is expected that the next pope will "emerge" from the Sistine Chapel, the conclave can actually elect someone who is not a Cardinal, or even a bishop.

Expect the process to take a while. [Catholic-pages.com](http://Catholic-pages.com) explains that a pope must be elected by a two-thirds majority vote. Pope John Paul II instituted a rule that allows the conclave to elect a pope by a simple majority after 30 votes. However the Cardinals only vote once the first day of the conclave and three times a day thereafter. They may break for up

to a day of discussion and prayer after the ninth vote and every seven unsuccessful votes after that. The conclave will depart from the centuries-old tradition of lodging in very uncomfortable quarters (a tradition forced upon them by an angry populace when they took too long to name the next pope). Hotel-style accommodation is now available for them.

The new changes may reduce the incentive for compromise and may make it more likely that a hard-line conservative candidate will prevail. In addition, under rules instituted in 1975, only Cardinals under 80 years of age may vote in a conclave. This was intended to cap the number of participants in a conclave at 120, as the church was growing so large it was becoming difficult to house all the participants. The media has been quick to note that since John Paul II appointed almost all of the current electors, this makes it even more likely that the next pope's views will reflect his own. In the end, however, it is difficult to draw any definitive conclusions about what the conclave will decide. The last papal conclave stunned the world and elected the first non-Italian pope in 400 years. The world will just have to wait as the Roman Catholic leadership reflects, discusses, and decides.

## The Next Pope Should Accurately Represent the Catholic Population

By Amy Wisnoski

John Paul II, The Pope, the leader of the Roman Catholic Church, died on April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2005. It was a Saturday night in Rome, when the 84-year-old Pontiff's 26 year reign came to an end. I have been raised in the Roman Catholic Church, I attended a Roman Catholic grade school, and I don't really know anything about the Pope. I know that it is supposed to go without explanation that this is a holy man, a great man, an infallible man. And I can't disagree with any of that, with any merit, but I can't agree with those descriptions either. The fact is, I never heard this man speak, I never saw him do anything other than wave; I have no relationship with this man at all, not even superficially. And yet, I did feel sadness when he died. Even if I can't justify it to myself.

The Pope is much more than a religious leader. He is, essentially a world leader. Representing not one city, or country, but reaching across all boundaries and affecting people globally. There are one billion Catholics in the world; one billion people who all believe that this one man can do no wrong. That is power. Obviously, the decision of who will reign on the papal throne next is one of enormous gravity. And the rules dictating how the next pope is chosen reflect just how seriously this matter needs to taken. A confidential conclave of cardinals comprised of only cardinals under age 80, of whom 115 are expected to attend, are allowed to vote. The dean of the College of Cardinals, currently Germany's Joseph Ratzinger, officiates. Those voting vow total secrecy and promise to oppose interference by secular authorities or anyone else. They are forbidden to make any "pact, agreement, promise or other commitment" to win votes for or against a candidate. They must not be swayed "by friendship or aversion," media suggestions, force, "fear or the pursuit of popularity." In fact, beginning last Saturday, April 10, those 115 cardinals began their vow of silence and the total "media blackout."

The voting itself occurs in the Sistine Chapel by secret ballot. In early rounds, a two-thirds majority is required for victory. One ballot may be held the first day. Thereafter, two ballots in immediate succession without discussion occur each morning, and two each afternoon. Each elector carries his ballot to the chapel altar. Three "infirmarii" cardinals collect ballots from any electors in the Domus too sick to visit the chapel. Three "scrutineers" do the counting. After balloting, the ballots and any notes are burned. If no one is elected after three days, voting pauses for up to one day, to allow for intense prayer and reflection. After seven more ballots, there's another pause, another day of prayer then seven ballots and another pause, then seven ballots. At this point if there's still no winner, a simple majority of cardinals may agree to elect the Pope. When a winner emerges, he is asked whether he accepts. The new pontiff then announces his papal name and electors make an act of homage. Finally, the pope blesses the crowd from the balcony of St. Peter's Basilica. An important thing to note as well is that, this whole process is completely in the control of the Holy Spirit. All the "Plan Bs" and safety nets are for the cardinals' peace-of-mind.

The most interesting issue however isn't the complicated procedure, but rather the candidates. Of course, traditionally the pope is impossible to predict because the conclave is resistant to selecting a contender who has been covered by the media; the rules state that nobody's decision is to be influenced by the media. However there is one major question worth speculating about: Where will the next pope hail from?

Europe boasts 27% of the world's Catholics, and one hundred percent of the church's past popes. Of course there is the issue of the HIV/AIDS epidemic in Africa, an issue John Paul II did all but completely ignore, which suggests the next pope be an African.

With almost 44% of Catholics living in Latin America, from a purely representative point of view, it seems that the pope's successor should be Latino.

But there are problems with selecting a Latin pope, most notably the recent divide between Latin American Catholics and the church on controversial issues like sex and birth control. In Brazil, 70% of married women use an artificial contraception, and 80% of the population claim to be followers of Catholicism. It's not that far-fetched to presume that a Latino pope would attempt to reform the church's position on birth control, or an African pope for that matter, in the name of preventing the spread of HIV/AIDS. If the church is willing to choose a pioneering leader in order to fairly represent the Catholic population, it will become very clear within the next couple of weeks, when the new pope is elected.

Whether or not the church selects a pope from the Southern Hemisphere will not change the fact that there are real, serious problems in the world that the current Catholic regime is not handling effectively. One of the contenders for the papal throne, Nigerian-born Cardinal Francis Azinde said, "There is no Catholic hurricane or Baptist drought. There is no Jewish inflation or Muslim unemployment. There is no Buddhist drug addiction or Hindu AIDS. These problems don't respect religious frontiers." The Catholic Church needs to reconcile within itself the facts of the world while still maintain its core values, even if that means re-working and re-thinking what those values actually are. The problem however is the Catholic Church doesn't have a very flexible reputation. As a non-practicing Catholic, I would like to see the church re-vitalize itself, and am vaguely hopeful about the results of the papal election. But not unlike my feelings for the current American government, I'm keeping my expectations low.



# Completely Poped Out

By Ted Swedalla

The pope. He's dead. And by the time new one is finally elected, our ADD world will be all popped out.

The cardinals aren't allowed to meet for at least two weeks, due to papal law. An eternity in the news cycle. I've learned more about John Paul II in the last 4 hours that I had in my entire life, and I went to catholic school for 9 years.

Pope John Paul II was an important man. Let's just leave it at that. His part in the fall of Communism, apologizing for the church's past sins and reaching out to all countries to end hostilities, these are things that important men do. But, as the head of the church, the Pope guided their policies, which included attacks on gay marriage, abortion and women.

The process that's about to begin will show the Catholic Church for the lumbering dinosaur it is. Don't get me wrong, Roman Catholics are among the best for traditional pomp and circumstances. But *Latin*, come on, is there anyone besides paleontologists that still use Latin?

It should be fun though, 3 weeks (minimum) of pope coverage. Whoever becomes the next pope will have some huge shoes to fill, not just as head of the Catholic Church, but as an important man. How the church handles the election will determine what kind of player in the world they want to be.

"[O]ur ADD world will be completely popped out."

A return to past glory is unlikely, as few institutions will ever be as powerful (or corrupt) as the Catholic Church was in medieval times. Sounds like someone we know. But the election of an aging, European pope will signal a return to tradition drowning in centuries old dogma. Also, an older pope would mean a greater risk of having to do all this again in a decade or so. And nothing lessens a 21<sup>st</sup> century persons attitude like repetition in a global event. Quick, when's the next Olympics? and where?

Pope John Paul's reign of 27 years is a long time for a pope, third longest, in 2000 years. We've been come accustomed to a sitting Pontiff, waving his hand, and not much else. Early film showed a spry pope (well spry for almost 60), and that's what the world needs, an even younger pope, preferably one that speaks English.

What the Catholic Church needs to do is to move forward. A new pope will have an unique opportunity to grab the worlds attention for a while, and he needs to bring serious world issues to everyone's attention, especially those of us who call themselves Christians.

The election of a younger pope, from somewhere other than Europe, will move the church forward. What's that you say? Not gonna happen. Why not? The nation with the most Catholics in the world is Brazil. The church's fastest growing regions are South & Central America and Africa. Places a new pope could do the most global good. Any coincidence that a Polish pope would return home to spark the Solidarity movement that would eventually end in the fall of Communism?

Think what an African or Latin American pope would be able to accomplish by sparking real debate on the African AIDS epidemic or the plight of the poor and hungry across the globe. That is one of the strengths of the papacy. Their ability to be an outside observer and point out what is 'bad' and 'wrong' the world. Granted the church's definition what is 'wrong' has changed over the centuries. Just think of how many US Senators would have purchased indulgences for themselves -and business partners- had this practice still existed. But they have come a long way from the banning of scientific fact and paying for forgiveness.

So now, I'll sit back and watch what happens. This will be the first Conclave I remember, so it should be interesting. With two millennium of history to pull from our airwaves will be covered with papal biographies and documentaries on Christianity. Few institutions have a history like the Catholic church, drenched in power and secrecy, ever see Hudson Hawk?

# Divided Values, Universal Church

By Jorge Sierra

Since the passing of Pope John Paul II, it has occurred to some Americans (mainly those in the media, but I'm sure some actual people as well) that there is an ideological divide between the Vatican leadership and American Catholics. Some have even asked whether the next pope might bridge the divide. The most recognizable differences are the social issues—the ones usually cited include abortion, contraception and homosexuality. But the question of whether the next pope might be more "liberal" than John Paul II pales in comparison to the world's many sorrows and injustices. The hopes of liberals, Catholic and otherwise, are more likely to be answered by the Church's continuing affirmation of the common humanity of all people—even under a conservative doctrine that denigrates their activities as sinful.

Significant proportions of American Catholics think that God probably sides with liberals on social issues. (A partial disclosure is in order: I'm a non-practicing Roman Catholic). A USA Today/CNN/Gallup poll conducted April 1-2, 2005, found that 37% of Catholics in the United States believe the next pope should "make doctrine on abortion less strict," and 78% think he should allow Catholics to use birth control. With regard to homosexuality, the most recent LeMoyné College/Zogby International poll, from Spring 2004, found that 20% of American Catholics believe the Catholic Church should allow "sacramental marriage" to gay couples (33% support civil marriage and 62% support civil unions). That's the divide.

It's a divide that sits uncomfortably next to world-changing issues, such as the threat of international terrorism and the increasing exploitation of the Third World—although the contraception issue may be relevant to the AIDS crisis. Think about it for a moment. Catholic doctrine states that the Pope is selected by the Holy Spirit (i.e., God), and millions of people around the world are praying for just the right person to fill the shoes of the late John Paul II, the right person to respond to numerous international challenges as well as institutional church needs such as the priest shortage. Imagine all these prayers reaching God saying that the Church should go this way, no, that way; or at least imagine the Cardinals arguing the same among themselves. And these prayers and reflections are about those big worldly events and pressing Church needs. Not abortion.

To those of us who believe gay marriage is genuine, abortion a necessary protection, and contraception a fully moral practice, it is legitimate to ask that a just God, a just Church, listen to our needs. That does not mean our prayers are answered, as the book of Job relates. The grander scheme of things in the world admonishes us to be humble. This world lacks justice on so many levels. Shall we demand the realignment of all its scales to satisfy our needs first?

There is something else liberals don't always hear. The Catholic Church has already addressed the social issues in a way that respects and affirms the people who bring them up. Catholic leaders con-

demn acts of violence against abortion practitioners, for example, and express compassion toward those troubled women who feel the need to have abortions. The Church also preaches respect and acceptance toward persons who are homosexual. In the July 2003 essay, "Considerations Regarding Proposals to Give Legal Recognition to Unions Between Homosexual Persons," in which the Catholic leadership takes an uncompromising hard-line stance against homosexual relationships, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger (the man who officiated at the Pope's funeral) cites Church doctrine stating that people with homosexual sexual orientations "must be accepted with respect, compassion and sensitivity. Every sign of unjust discrimination in their regard should be avoided." An ABC affiliate reports that as early as 1984, John Paul II embraced a gay man during his visit to San Francisco, saying, "God loves you as I do," upon learning that he was dying of AIDS (abclocal.go.com).

No longer does the Catholic Church espouse the exclusionary and intolerant rhetoric of our parents' generation. Since the Vatican II council in 1965, and during John Paul II's pontificate in particular, there has been a consistent pattern of placing compassion before Church doctrine, emphasizing God's love for each and every person, no matter what their creed or earthly deeds, respecting all people who strive for the good of the world. This has included women who have abortions, it has included gays and lesbians, it has included adulterers, Jews, Muslims, atheists and even those Cafeteria Catholics (Americans). Of course there are insensitive and narrow-minded priests, as with every religion, and there is no question that the Vatican expresses some of the most rigidly conservative positions one can imagine, but the transcendent values of compassion and love, carried out through inclusion and mutual respect, have contributed greatly to peace and justice on this earth. That is how to bridge the differences that divide us.

It is from this realization that one can worship a God who, quite frankly, is complicit in much of the world's suffering. It is this moral example that allows the Catholic Church to adopt such conservative positions on social issues and still receive the blessing of the Almighty and the people. Given such a context, who the hell are we to think to demand, from God or anyone, "if you loved us you'd do this, if you loved us you'd do that"? It doesn't quite work that way.

To those who believe and who are in pain, there have been others who have suffered the same moral troubles. But the question is not whether the wording of Catholic doctrine on specific issues will change; it won't. Increasingly, it is not whether the Church will reach out to embrace all people; there is a good chance the next pontiff will continue to do just that. The choice lies in whether we can, in turn, accept the love of God and the Church, even as we dissent from their restrictive doctrines. And that is a true test of faith.





# POEMS

## An Ode to Oz

By Oz's Mom

Beer boxes, smelly shoes and cute boys  
These are a few of Oz's favorite toys  
When all I want to do is sleep  
Oz won't stop biting my feet  
He won't drink water from the tap  
Anything short of Dasani is crap  
He knocked over Melanie's Indian food  
We locked him in a box and there he stewed  
He takes over my pillow at night  
Trying to take it back is a losing fight  
Matt says he is pretty fucking adorable  
He doesn't know Oz's poop smells horrible  
When I come home, he's waiting patiently by the door  
He's so freaking cute, I can't be mad at him anymore  
I called the vet and asked why he had pimples  
Turns out those dots were just his nipples  
He loves to bask in the sun  
He once ate my cabbage bun  
Oz enjoys watching *Firefly*  
Yay! My kitty likes sci-fi!  
Even if I'm up way past three  
Oz stays up and waits for me  
I love falling asleep next to his soft fur  
There is something soothing about his purr  
I've never been happier, it's sad but true  
To my one and only Oz, I love you!

## TEMPTATION

By Vincent Michael Festa

See,  
There's something inside of me:  
It wants to drive me, move me, think for me,  
control me.

It's inside of me  
It's in there.

It's not me,  
Rather something else

Hallucinations swirl in my head,  
Wild amazing things I feel like doing  
That I know it's wrong  
It wants to match what it makes me want to feel inside.

The devil is there.  
Right there.  
He knows this.

He wants me to give in.  
He controls the engine, the wheels,  
All the lights, everything.

He wants nothing more  
than to give me what I don't want...

...or do I?

Maybe it is what I want  
I don't want to admit it  
But it feels like it.

I'm so ready to give in.  
Here I go...

## 80's Children

By Jackie Hayes

It's as if the rebels of the 60's are too tired to take up arms again,  
Or maybe the clapping and the clown show is just too entertaining,  
Too fun to watch.  
It's easy enough to watch the TV set  
And think that any moment some rebels will come to save  
Us from our government.  
Forgetting all the while that we are the only ones who could rebel.  
Maybe there is some cheap thrill in hearing Bill O'Reilly rattle off  
Racist obscenities, rancid fallacies  
Or maybe after he is done talking everyone feels just a little more tired,  
Just a little closer to death.  
It's as if all this advertising, all this consumption has acted as a giant  
Ax to sever all the ties between the 80's children,  
Where is my generation hiding?  
Talk to each other, drink with each other, smoke with each other, fuck each other.  
For god sakes find any reason to come together  
And take back what is rightly ours.

## Dark Beauty

By Chris Williams

Black...  
Warm...  
Inviting.

I still feel you.

So troubled...  
So passionate.

Your skin.

So cold...  
So smooth.

Stars  
In the  
Warm,  
Simmering lights.

I still feel you...

Upon me,  
And  
I upon you.

So close...  
So distant.

I saw you  
Far away,  
Even before  
You knew.

In my denial,  
I misread  
A dream  
Made with only two.

One little truth  
Leaving me  
And  
Remaining still.

I still feel you,  
Knowing  
You don't feel me.

## BLUE SANDOZ

the cutest thing  
with long black hair  
and blue eye shadow  
and you're on the floor.

not belly up as  
a hopeful sign of life

more like face down  
on the powder-ridden carpet

mouth open  
eyes dilated  
bleeding  
braindead  
amazed at how the dust settles.

all for *the* moment  
but never thought about *the* future.

in a room of slum-quality furniture  
smeared walls  
cigarette butts  
cracked photos  
old thrift clothing  
broken toys  
pink panties  
empty beer bottles

there lies shortened months  
discarded days  
short-term memories  
hazy nights  
dead-on loneliness  
hope thrown out the window  
shattered pulse  
fallen grace.

it should've never happened  
but it did.

everything to lose  
nothing to live for

wings never used  
will be very soon

here come the sirens.





# POEMS

## The Undergraduate Love Story

By Andrew Ferri

How I'd known that I lost my mind was simple;  
I met a girl.  
And she had yellow sunflowers in her blonde hair.  
Now, wherever I go, even home, nobody is happy to have me.  
She said that she would not leave the bar with out me.  
That was o.k. because all I wanted to do was go to bed with her too.  
I took her home, she rocked my world, even though I had another girl.  
But that's o.k. because beauty had other boys as well.  
How could she?  
Why would she?  
Was I not good enough for my beauty?  
She left behind a photograph then moved on.  
I asked her why?  
She said that all she wanted to do was "fuck big, bald, black men, and that wasn't me."  
"I will not be cheated," I yelled.  
"I feel every emotion, mine and yours as well!"  
Sweet and somber contentment stayed in beauties heart.  
Now and again, I still like to pretend, but all of my calls go unanswered.

## Shadow

By Mary Fair

I am surrounded by darkness.  
Shielded from reverie.  
  
Death is upon me,  
And still, it sends me back into hollowness.  
  
Light refuses to shine,  
As rain consumes me.  
  
I am a shadow,  
Always conforming.  
Always being.

## Husk

By Chris Williams

From the husk of me,  
I speak.  
Through the emptiness  
I seek  
To find  
The unknown me...  
Perhaps,  
Through poetry?

## Capitalist Family

By Jackie Hayes

Mother Factory:  
The factory acts as a negligent mother  
Machines hum the workers to sleep-  
Hits them in the head when they get caught up in the cogs.  
The nipple of capitalism is there for the sucking,  
Leaking milk and puss.  
  
Father Businessman:  
Barely enough milk for its underdeveloped children  
'Just enough', says the businessman...  
'Don't be greedy', says the businessman.  
We have to keep the markets clean,  
Free from the children's hands.  
Listen to your father, the businessman  
It's patriarchy that pushes this wheel,  
Enforce it with an iron fist.  
Can't let the children get away  
In freedom, there is power.  
  
God, the Institution:  
Take my word, you are children  
Tiny sheep to produce wool and meat  
I will take care of those who don't care.  
You shall inherit the Earth when you die,  
When there is nothing left to buy.  
God's will is your oppression  
Remain in deep depression  
Don't show the slightest suggestion of resistance.

## Not a (Co)Sine.

Hey Loki,  
hell hath no gall like a man with warm balls.

somewhere in ...  
(not Barcelona or Seville)  
a coffee can  
full of ashes is teetering on a shelf.  
it'll fall and no one will shed a drop of  
saltydisgustingwordinduced  
nor any other kind of tears.

(we are left with Apathy,  
characterized by Laughter or a Smirk  
seen thru something clear like  
a plate, or  
an eye.)

this is in a world coated in PLAQUE  
where a  
PLAGUE sticks  
on a slimy surface  
protecting or  
should we say  
trapping.  
a (not diurnal) rat field mouse.

## THROWBACK

by Vincent Michael Festa

She preferred to wait  
Because she thought it would have destroyed the relationship.  
"OK", you said,  
Even though the engines were running  
and you both felt supercharged, flaring,  
you still gave her that respect  
because you cared.

Across from you  
waiting to be checked out  
is some tough guy  
who puts the box of condoms on the belt.  
With him is she.  
She's the same one who made you  
hold out like a fool  
for nothing.

## Forever

by Mary Fair

Forever has the sun set  
Down upon my ugly face.

No one wanting.  
No one giving.

Forever has the sun set  
Down upon my ugly body.

No one desiring.  
No one awards.

Forever has the sun set  
Down upon my ugly heart.

No one requires.  
No one can afford.

## MY BLUE HEAVEN

By Vincent Michael Festa

Finally...  
The first time in a long time.  
Along the shorelines  
looking up at the full moon.

You take me there.  
Way up there.  
It's not the moon or the sky  
I felt like I was after...

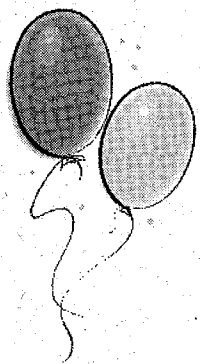
I'm swimming upwards.  
Slower and slower  
the flight.

I drown.

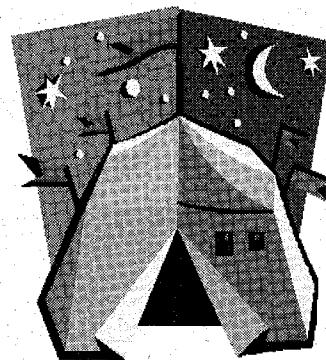
I tried to fall in love with you.

I was fooled,  
again.

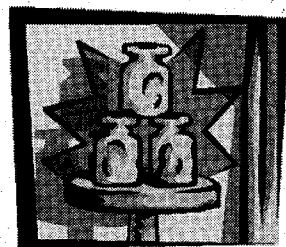




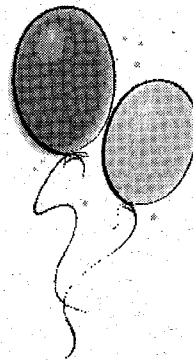
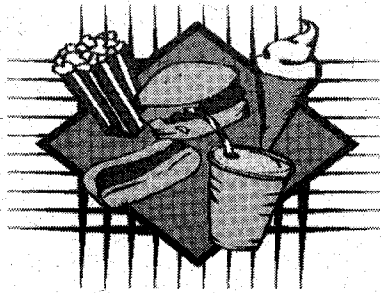
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# Have Fun, Shoot Your Gun

By Adam Kearney

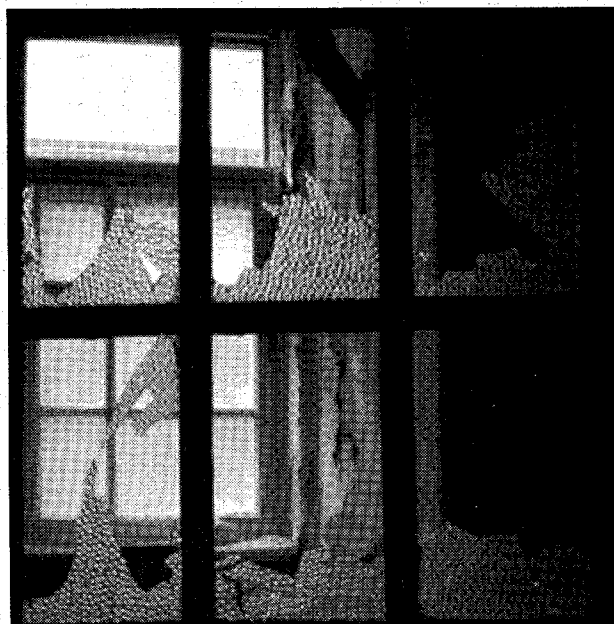
There's an urge in every one of us to live beyond rules. We manifest it in rebellions, usually in teenage years. It could consist of merely throwing a bottle cap across the room, as I just did, disregarding any reciprocal action from anyone that might be disturbed by it. I could have put my head through the nice, wooden folding door to the closet in my dorm room, or \*gasp\* lit my plastic cafeteria fried chicken container on fire and tossed its melty guts from the window, but if I learned anything as a rebellious teen, it's that these things get you in Big Trouble. Not that there's anything wrong with Big Trouble, it's just not conducive to the conclusion of my career here at illustrious Stony Brook University. And I've learned, in my experiences, that you must conclude.

Call it Anarchy, or merely a diametrically opposed attitude towards the Nanny State, that seeks to peek into your drawers to see how good a boy you've been. They would love to run a blacklight over your brain, like on MTV, but instead of looking for cum stains they want to see how much money you're going to spend on crap you don't want, but have been successfully brainwashed into desiring. They're hatching an index for the quality of Following Instructions. Right back to good old Moses, killed by his own people in the desert, that's what we are taught from history: give people a fixed, objective moral code and they will kill you, violently. Don't expect them to regret, that's what *you* told them to do.

So given the first opportunity to disobey, the natural inclination is to do just that. These freshman show up at their dorm and their first reaction is to get as drunk, stoned, unruly and belligerent as possible, for once in their lives mommy and daddy aren't going to take away the car keys if you puke all over the living room. Sweet independence, I can finally get ripped off all by myself: meal plans, tuition hikes, books, car insurance—and for what? So I can do what I always hated most: sit in a classroom and wait for time to pass, wait for it all to be over. It's like waiting to die, no one should have to live like that. Work is the same, perhaps worse. That's why I'm in school: passing time at a desk with an educated professor, even if it isn't entirely voluntary, is preferable to spending the same time behind a cash register, arguing coupons with the disabled, or sitting next to some guy at a bar who wants to tell you his life story, which probably consists of lying to women. There's better knowledge than that.

I go back to my old house in Massapequa once a week, partially due to some unconscious masochistic tendency, partially to get stoned and get my mail, but the biggest part is that I get to see my little brother and his friends, who at sixteen give me a glimpse into my own development as a person (much insight into these matters I painstakingly scribbled into five full notebooks that were subsequently destroyed when my brother burnt the house down in January 2003). My mother is depressed and hardly enforces any sort of law on the kids, as it was with me, and thus the upstairs two bedrooms have become something akin to Afghanistan: virtual lawlessness, terrorism, and plenty of drugs.

They smoke pot like many teenagers do, in generous amounts. It seems reasonable as an amateur to pose the question: "What would happen if we smoked this whole ounce?" What you realize, after repeated experiments, is that nothing happens, after about an eighth you reach a plateau and there is no further increase in the high, but the kids don't know this yet and so they smoke and smoke and smoke all fucking day. This, in hindsight I realize, is what prevented me from actually forming a band or having many girlfriends, and thus I will admit it is not a good thing. However, having the room right next to the school where these all-day sessions can occur was a great way to meet interesting people, even if most of them are only using you for you pad, but all relationships should be mutually beneficial, key word being mutual. Meaning we're all using each other; a realistic approach, but nevertheless real.



**DAMN KIDS, THROWING ROCKS AT WINDOWS,**  
Courtesy of Kids throwing rocks at windows

There are gaping holes in most of the walls, insulation and sheetrock littering the stained and singed carpet, as a result of 150 pound high school students gleefully getting launched into them. Spray paint and posters cover the rest of the surface. The two hours between the time school ends and the time my mom comes home from work are complete chaos, my brother condones all sorts of destructive mischief towards his possessions, to the extent that he makes sixteen-year-old-me look like a tightass. I had one cardinal rule as ringleader of that circus: there would be no throwing of things, and I'd enforce this with the aid of two metal spears and a sword I kept behind my couch. This was mainly because I am gun-shy, and when some rather large object comes whizzing past my head I have the tendency to get rather alarmed, plus I really had no desire to counterattack. Living without a strict authority in my parents, I didn't understand the need in these kids to let loose in such a nonsensical manner. Why throw things at each other when we could paint the walls or something else artistically productive. And here comes to light that

old so-called pathetic argument: we did it because we could.

Just about any normal teenager can go back to their happy home and pop in a Playstation game to their heart's content, as can any college student. But when we get the opportunity to do whatever we want, to act on any inclination: productive, destructive or anywhere between, this is when we are truly having fun. I can stroll over to the Press Office, pick up a piece of furniture and literally launch it into the wall. It would not be the first or the last time this has happened, and few would object, as most of the staff and editors have thankfully reformatted themselves from a life of parental and/or societal programming. Not that destroying the office would be fun, I like the office, and it's the freedom there that I like, that's what is fun. Life is about freedom; America's supposed to be about freedom. Breaking the rules is freedom.

Now back in the dorms with all these regulations that nobody follows, it isn't even fun anymore to break the rules, where's that going to get me? Homeless. Innocence is lost, paradise exists for a minute and then it's gone. I stare at the wall in my room with my bottle cap in hand. Feeling good, I consider tossing it with considerable strength, but reconsider, knowing that it could piss somebody off. Of course that somebody probably deserves to get pissed off if that's the way they're going to react. So I toss the fucking thing and \*click\* it hits the wall and no sirens go off and no one laughs and I am totally not getting off, but then there was that brief instance of glee as it left my hand, knowing I had set its trajectory into effect and now could only watch what effects were provoked. Maybe that is the secret of fun, the risk that comes from setting up a chain reaction that, once initiated, is completely outside your control. It's a controlled accident: setting up the initial conditions and letting chaos take its course. Perhaps that's the secret to the best art as well. Like Pollock throwing a bucket of paint at a wall, screw the rules.

Of course, the exact opposite of fun is required to obtain a college degree. Color by numbers is fun, connect the dots, too, but when a hypocritical value system is the norm, there's no real difference from elementary school except that the words are bigger, essays longer and there's no crayons. We're not supposed to learn about everything anymore, either, but instead focus on one discipline that is to define us and occupy us for the remainder of our existence. Academic advisors don't use the word vocation, it's taboo to think that one should pursue their own calling, too many religious overtones perhaps, and who cares about individuality? Everyone's inclined to make money, right? Or at least to spend it.

So keep your true personality deep under there, resist the hypocritical hegemony of American values being sprouted from the mouths of its representatives in the public higher education system, and above all Don't Get Caught, so that we secret conspirators to Fun and Free Spirit can one day have our own slice of Power.

☒ Swords

☒ Sorcery

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☒ LESBIANS!

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MUSIC



PEACE

# M4P = MUSIC 4 US: Music for Peace Parade

By Chris Williams

April 8 – As the golden shine shimmered in the distance, the wails of the sax wafted in the air. The procession disappeared.

The Music for Peace Parade started. The Stony Brook Jazz Band ushered in the Peace Project with a march to the Administration building. As they entered, employees hung over banisters in pleasant surprise. The employees made jazz with their lunches. The band marched past the Registrar's office. Trumpets blew and resonated. The band circled. The dusty Administration building was shaken. It was vibrant with the drawls of the trombone and the trills of peace.

"The campus is coming alive with music and events," said Andrew Glass, junior. He added, "Everyone is solar powered. They are energized by the beautiful weather."

The parade continued to the Student Activities Center. People hopped onto the procession for peace. Some danced. Some disappeared with a smile. Others marched.

With a moment's pause outside the SAC, the band invaded the building. The disgruntled faces of the studios showed that the band was making an impact. The quiet hallway was ablaze with jazz.

The music marched. With the peace banner held in the lead, it was a flag for a cause: the Musicians' Alliance for Peace.

The Musicians' Alliance for Peace (MAP) was developed in 2001 by music students at Stony Brook University. They responded to the events of September 11 with an appeal to compassion and empathy. They built relationships with artists and organizations. Their intent was to respect and celebrate the diversity

of the world. Music would be the crossroads for understanding cultural differences.

The crowd swelled in diversity as the band descended the zebra path. Soon, they

musicians as diverse as the world. Groups, such as Stolen Shack, exhibited their bluegrass talents in the name of peace.

Dawn Chamber, graduate student, thanked the numerous people that helped to make the event occur. Ben Robison, graduate student, also spoke. He addressed the significance of community in the project. He stressed the importance of communication.

The Music for Peace Project first occurred in 2004. For three days, 73 concerts were sponsored in 13 countries. This project was developed and organized by the Musicians' Alliance for Peace. Through collective contribution, they wanted to build a sense of community in the name of peace. As the MAP website states, "peace as a means and an end."

Of participating in the Peace Project, Ray Anderson, director of jazz studies for Stony Brook's music department, said that he "couldn't say no." To him, "music is a calling." Described as a "virtuoso jazz trombonist," Ray Anderson led the Stony Brook Jazz Band.

Fellow musician and graduate student, Terry Greene was impressed by the size of the Music for Peace Project. "I didn't know how big it is. It's not a sort of side show thing," he remarked.

The Music for Peace Project was one of many huge events for the campus that weekend. Other headline events include The Stony Brook Digital Video (SBDV) Festival, I-CON 24, and the Cabaret Production of *Hair*.

Some people did not know the variety. "I thought that I-CON was getting started early," said Eli Steier, junior. He only heard the instruments. He did not see the band. That weekend, there was a feast for the senses.



SUNSHINE PEACE GROOVE,  
Courtesy of Chris Williams

approached the Wang Center. They perched themselves outside the building. The blaze of music paused. Then, they entered.

The parade pooled outside the Wang Center Theater. The excited flash of cameras showed that memorable days were coming.

The band continued. They walked into the theater to a surprised group. They parked on the stage and in front of it. They ended with a fury of saxophones and trombones.

Kirsten Jermé, sophomore, introduced the upcoming weekend of events. The peace parade opened a three day global collection of concerts. The variety was not limited to just the world. Locally, there awaited a cornucopia of

## M4P: Kumalo's Motherland Groove

By Chris Williams

April 10 – Deep bass tones flooded the evening, as people poured into the venue. The sound of jazz and traditional South African folk kept the mood buoyant.

As a finale to the three days of global peace concerts, the Bakithi Kumalo Band performed at the University Café. The evening was cool; the mood was chill. Bakithi Kumalo lead the group, which consisted of Robbi Kumalo (vocals), Richard Cummings (piano), Rodney Harris (drums) and René McLean (saxophone).

Among his many performances, Kumalo lent his Grammy-Award winning bass to Paul Simon's album "Graceland." A native of Soweto, South Africa, he has performed in the United States for over twenty years. He still continues to mesmerize with his sound. However, he is not the only celebrity of his band. Besides being a legend in his own right, René McLean is the son of world famous alto saxophonist Jackie McLean. The younger McLean has worked with such greats as Dizzy Gillespie and Tito Puente. This multi-learned instrumentalist conducted workshops and lectured at universities and cultural programs

internationally.

Robbi Kumalo, wife of Bakithi, rose the temperature. The café percolated, and people rose to dance. She led a jam session of clapping and shaking. With her calls, the audience cheered. Later, she sang a love song to her husband. Her smooth voice set the mood.

Ben Robison, one of the coordinators of the Music for Peace Project, went on to the stage. In the warm lights, he started to explain the meaning of the Peace Project. Kumalo approached his words with a bass line. Robison's explanation was transformed into spoken word.

A cool evening was made cooler with the successful completion of the Music for Peace Project. The coordinator thanked everyone participating.

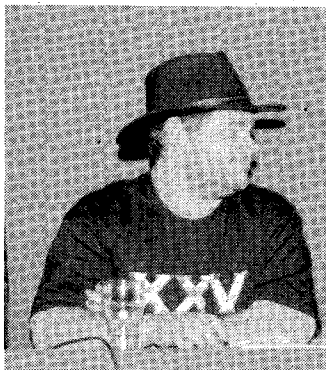
I want to give a special thanks to Ellen Lindquist for all of her help. Peace.

The Musicians' Alliance for Peace: [www.m4p.org](http://www.m4p.org)  
Bakithi Kumalo's Website: [boneinthenose.com](http://boneinthenose.com)  
René McLean: [cdbaby.com](http://cdbaby.com)

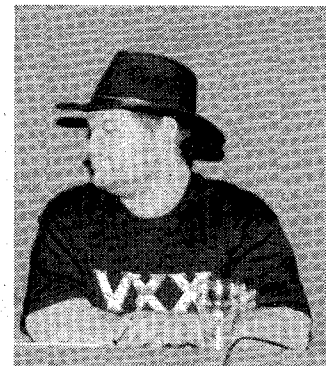


KUMALO AND BAND,  
Courtesy of Chris Williams





# Win A Date With Dustin



Wouldn't you like to be the lucky recipient of an evening of romance with the ever-dashing Dustin Herlich? Dustin will pick you up in his luxurious automobile and take you out for a candle-lit dinner followed by your choice of film. Maybe he'll even give you a goodnight kiss.

Dustin is a handsome, bear of a man. He's kind and loyal to his friends. A real go-getter, Dustin is also seriously involved in campus media, practices kendo and scuba dives. He is also a world-class chef dying to make you dinner for your second date. A mature 22.4 year old, Dustin lives off campus in a hole. He is an excellent masscuse with magic fingers.

Dustin enjoys listening to Led Zeppelin, Nine Inch Nails, Big Sugar and Massive Attack. Born and bred in New York, Dustin is a moderately independent liberal with an M.A. in Hugs. He is also an Eagle Scout and had about 30 merit badges as a Boy Scout. He prefers root beer to Coke or Pepsi and speaks French fluently.

Dustin will be graduating this semester and will be returning in the fall for a graduate degree in Environmental Science.

Why should Dustin date you?

Please fill in the questionnaire and return with a recent picture to the  
Stony Brook Press, Union Basement Rm 061 by Tuesday, May 3.

Full Name: \_\_\_\_\_

A/S/L? \_\_\_\_\_

Year in School/Major: \_\_\_\_\_

If Dustin was an Icecream cone, what would you do to him?

Do you mind that Dustin is very Jewish? \_\_\_\_\_

Why are Wednesday's special? \_\_\_\_\_

Which film would you most like to see?

- a. Sin City                      b. Beauty Shop  
c. 2002: State of the Union      d. Hotel Rwanda

What languages do you speak? \_\_\_\_\_

What do you do with your free time? \_\_\_\_\_

Who are your four favorite musicians? \_\_\_\_\_

In 75 words or less, please tell us why you think you and Dustin  
would hit it off? \_\_\_\_\_

Please drop off completed forms to The Stony Brook Press, Student Union room 060 or E-mail completed form to [sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu](mailto:sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu). Humor and creativity are encouraged! Beastiality however, is in fact frowned upon; as are requests for sale of soul and human sacrifice. Serious inquiries only! Submissions must include a photograph and valid contact information.

All submissions become property of The Stony Brook Press and are unreturnable. Submissions, particularly winning ones and/or trully awful ones may be printed in a future issue of The Stony Brook Press, and/or any promotional materials generated for the benefit of The Stony Brook Press. Funding for this project is provided by private donation and is in no way connected to any funding provided by USG, advertised entities or government agencies. We cannot guarantee however that extra terrestrial entities were not involved in this endeavor.

Minimum retail value of a date with Dustin is \$29.95 plus all applicable sales taxes.



This Space for office use only.

Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Meaningless underscore: \_\_\_\_\_

Rank: \_\_\_\_\_

File: \_\_\_\_\_

Rank and File: \_\_\_\_\_

Humor \_\_\_\_\_

Creativity \_\_\_\_\_

Proclivity \_\_\_\_\_

antiestablishmentarianism \_\_\_\_\_



# The Stony Brook Press Presents: I-CON 24 In Pictures and Text

(Because Video is REALLY hard to do in a newspaper)

Pictures by Dan Hofer, Bill Lewis and Dustin Herlich

## How To Pick Up Chicks

By Mike "Dusk" Billings

On a sun-drenched Saturday afternoon in the middle of I-Con weekend, about two hundred science fiction enthusiasts saw a glimmer of hope. Emblazoned on their weekend schedules was the discussion forum that would turn out to be the most popular of the entire convention: How to Pick up Chicks. Held in SAC 305, a horde of eager listeners numbering in the hundreds packed themselves in the small meeting room well beyond capacity. As countless fire codes were shattered, the mostly male audience squeezed against the walls, sat on the floor, and stood in the doorway to partake in the precious, precious knowledge that was to come.

In the front of the room, a fishnet-clad woman in her early twenties stands up and boldly orders the snickering post adolescents to attention as she announces herself as our "guide." Before the talk began, the guide laid down the ground rules; no hitting on the guide and no laughing at other people's questions. The discussion was broken up into four parts; hygiene, appearance, interaction, and psychology. For anyone that has ever attended I-Con, there is no doubt that the hygiene portion sorely needed to spearhead the lecture. The guide touched on the basics; bathe every single day, use soap, and don't be afraid of deodorant. Some may have thought that this part was a little silly, but these people would change their minds after spending thirty seconds in the console gaming room.

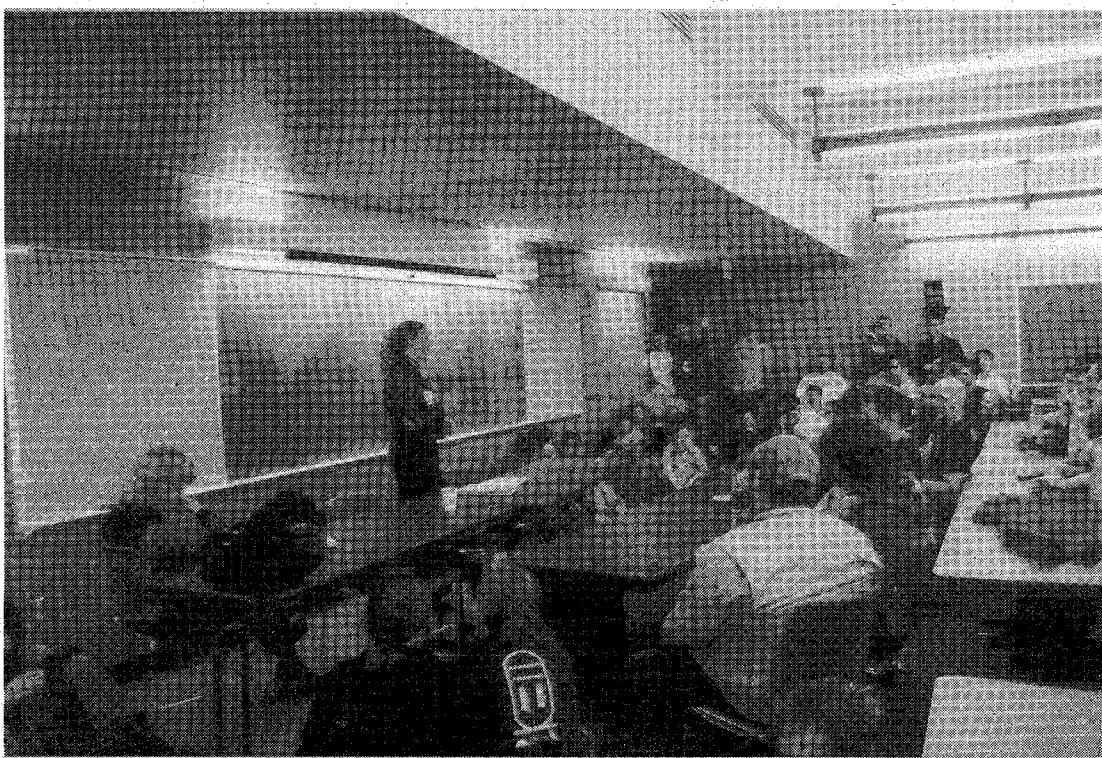
The oration transitioned smoothly from hygiene to appearance. Some of the issues discussed pertained to length of hair, clothing, and beard trimming. Although these subjects seem harmless enough, the proceedings started becoming a little odd. First, the guide contended that when you shave bodily hair, it

grows in perpetually thicker. While this may be true the first time, shaving does not alter the genetic makeup that determines the length and thickness of hair. Then, as the guide was talking about clothing she stated that the general rule of thumb is that one's attire should fit well and not be overly baggy. This annoyed someone in the room wearing a baggy shirt and pants, who shouted out, "You just dismissed all of hip hop fashion." Slightly flustered, the guide

the room genuinely wanted a few pointers, several members of the audience simply could not handle talking about the subject of sex, dating, and relationships without engaging in sarcastic, junior high comments. For example, before the commencement of the event, someone had written "sex and roofies" on the chalkboard as an answer to the question of how to pick up chicks. When the talk eventually made its way to actual human interactions and possible sexual activity, someone pointed out that the aforementioned combination was the only way any of them would ever be able to touch a girl. While some of those in attendance proved that idea to be a real possibility, it forced the guide to reiterate the point that being a creepy rapist is not the way to win a girl's heart.

Despite the fact that this is pretty good advice, very little of what the guide said is going to help anyone's dating life. Other than "don't be creepy," the guide stuck to generalities when discussing how to talk to the opposite gender. The standard idioms of "just go up to her and say 'hi,'" and "try to find something in common that you can talk about" were the best principles she could espouse. When she started to talk about why girls love bad boys, it was clear that our guide might

not be the expert on relationships she purported herself to be. Knowing that the next section involved psychology and the difference between plutonic friendships and romantic relationships, my impending frustration compelled me to take an early leave from the forum. In general, the talk was mildly entertaining, uninformative, and littered with bad jokes from an audience that really should have been paying more attention to the part about bathing.



RULE NUMBER ONE: YOU DO NOT TALK ABOUT HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS...  
Courtesy of Dustin Herlich

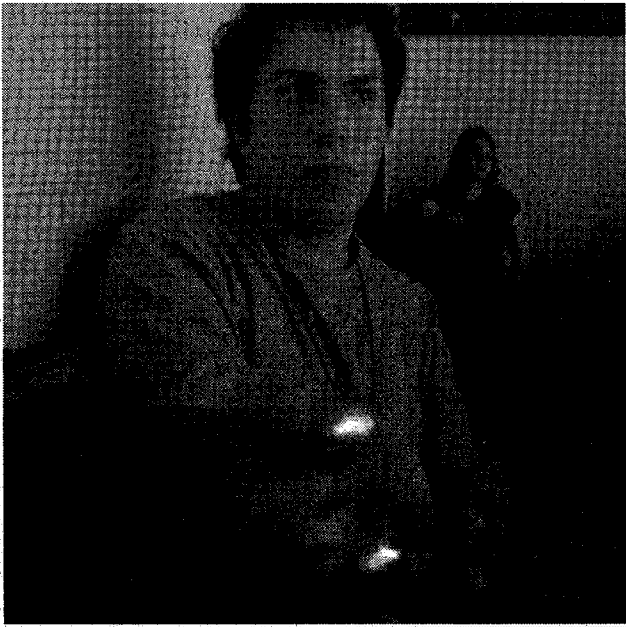
clarified that the lecture only pertained to "geeks," and that she did not mean to insult him. As the offended party geared up to formulate a retort, half of the room began to jeer him and whine about the fact that they were the ones who needed help with girls.

Even though this was when the audience began to unravel, many of the attendees had been making childish and markedly trite interjections throughout the address. It became abundantly clear that although some people in



# My Brother and the Freakies: My Afternoon at I-CON

By Meri Wayne



**PLAYING WITH HIS BALLS,**  
Courtesy of Meri Wayne

Last weekend was the most happening weekend on campus that I can remember. I-CON was taking over; the SBDV festival was in full swing; and *Hair* was playing at the Fanny Brice Theater. What an awesome selection of things to see. Unfortunately for me, I was in Theater Two of the Staller Center almost all weekend. For some reason, who knows what, the light focus for *Three Sisters* was taking place. From 9 a.m. to 10:45 p.m. on Saturday and from noon to 11 p.m. on Sunday I was scheduled to be slaving away in the theater while everyone I know frolicked merrily.

When we were released eight hours early on Sunday I saw my chance to get some quality time with my younger brother, Matt, a devoted, costumed, Con fan. I also wanted to annoy and embarrass him in front of his friends. I wanted revenge for Friday night, when I graciously let him crash on my couch provided that he didn't call too late to let him in (I had to be up at 7:15 a.m.), which he did. Five times. At 2:30 a.m.

Excited to be in daylight, I happily walked across campus to ESS, a building that I've never been in. As I walked, listening to Nick Drake on my iPod and smoking the hand-rolled, herbal treat that I'd be dreaming of all weekend, I thought about what the best way to annoy Matt would be. Should I tell embarrassing stories to his friends? Should I mention his hentai collection? Or the monkey-faced purse he stole from me when he was five? Maybe the time he poured a bottle of my perfume on himself when he was eight.

No, those stories were too old. If I was going to tell stories I needed something more recent. Instead, I decided to exploit his fear of cameras. Fear may be the wrong word, but it comes close. My camera would be on him non-stop.

But first, I had to find him. ESS. Earth, Space, Science? Even Study Sleeping? Every Student Sucks? I have no idea. I'm a CCS major; I have classes in only four buildings on campus. But I'd been to Harriman and, on Matt's advice, I headed over there.

After waiting outside for ten minutes, my brother deviously called my cell phone and told me to turn around. Expecting him to be behind me, I was relatively unsurprised to find my lazy, little brother on the balcony. After much bickering, he came down to talk before climbing up the balcony without me. It took much convincing and my terrible sense of

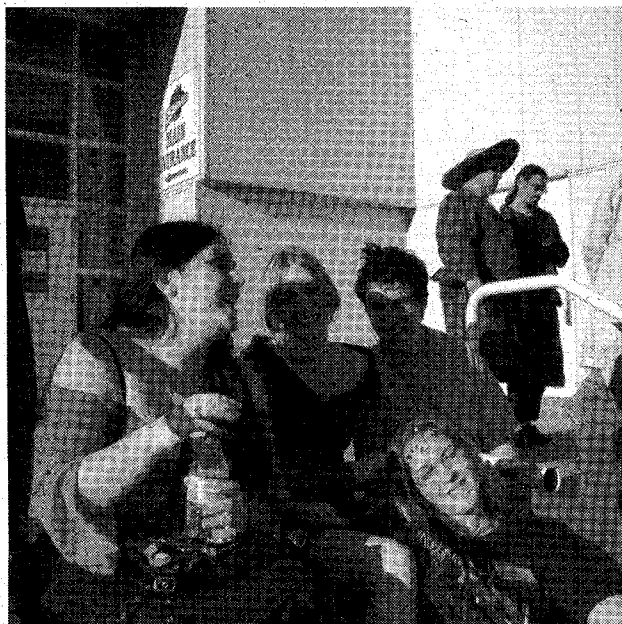
direction to coax him into going in through the main entrance with me.

Once inside, he led me through a mess of costumed freaks into a classroom while talking about his weekend. He had found his wallet—it fell out of his pocket at the Voltaire concert—but his asthma medication was M.I.A. Not so bad; two years ago he lost his sneakers at a Con.

The classroom was bright, even with the blinds down. Projected onto the screen was an anime which my brother, perpetually incapable of summarizing things, told me nothing about. We sat down next to, as I was introduced to her, his friend Dylan's girlfriend (I learned, much later, that her name was Mo and she is fifteen).

So there I was, in a room full of costumed freakies engrossed in this strange cartoon that seemed to have some kind of homosocial relationship going on, sitting on the floor. Boredom set in very quickly, but whenever I whispered something to Matt, all of the freakies gave me dirty looks.

Finally we went out to the balcony to see some more of Matt's friends. These fifteen and sixteen-year old kids thought they were so cool, smoking their Marlboro Reds. One of them even told me his "How I started smoking" sob-story.



**I-CON't BELIEVE MATT'S WITH GIRLS,**  
Courtesy of Meri Wayne

I must have seemed so old, like some kind of authority person or something, lecturing them on the dangers of smoking and second hand smoke. It was one of those moments that make you realize just how very old you are. When I was their age, these kids were in the second or third grade. That's not a very good feeling.

While on the balcony I met three chicks who were posing for pictures. Two of them were in costume and I have NO idea what they were supposed to be. Actually, apart from the Ghostbusters I saw on Friday, I couldn't identify any other characters I came across. Anyway, these girls were pretty cool—for freakies. They let me take their picture and they took one of me.

When we went back inside to watch more random anime (apparently we were just waiting for someone to call), I got to sit in a chair! Matt proceeded to show me all the crap he spent his money on—gifts for random friends: a strange, green, stuffed toy; a goth-like, gunmetal-colored choker with matching earrings from his girlfriend; and a Hello Kitty pirate pillow. Nothing for Meri; nothing to say, "Sorry for waking you on Friday." But I wasn't expecting

anything.

Matt may be generous with his friends, but not so much with his family. He only started buying real gifts for our birthdays three years ago and usually with money borrowed from Mom. In fact, I can only remember once when he bought me something for a non-Christmas/birthday occasion. I don't remember what about, but about three years ago I was so infuriated with Matt that I stopped speaking to him. Four or five days later I came home to find a three foot, stuffed bear on my bed with a sloppy, handwritten "I'm sorry." I still have the bear; he guards my bed at my mom's house.

Back at I-CON, I was growing increasingly bored. Finally, as a last effort, I offered food in exchange for leaving the strange anime room. He agreed, and proceeded to offer my hospitality to his friend Dylan's girlfriend, Mo. As we walked to the SAC, I explained to the young-uns the odd sexual parts of the campus. The SAC, the Wang and the boobles in the main Staller lobby. Stony Brook, we decided, is a pre-op, post-hormone transsexual.

After eating the delicious (or disgusting, however you look at it) food that cost my meal plan \$16.42, we headed over to the dealer's room. I had \$2 burning a hole in my pocket. Of course, the dealers had closed ten minutes before we got there. There were only a few tables in the information area, but my money got spent.

Matt helped me pick out a sticker that reads "I [shape of a] Screw Robots" and a couple of buttons. I was \$1 shy of getting a Death Warrant, but I did get to see the Sith rock band toys. I took a picture for my collector-cousin and the company's card to email the shot. With 50¢ left and no more cool pins to buy, we went outside. Sitting on the steps of the Sports Complex, I watched him interact with his peers. I was impressed; I'd never really pictured Matt as belonging anywhere, but it became painfully obvious that these were *his* people.

Tired from my long weekend, I decided to go home. I said goodbye to Matt and then rummaged through a box marked "Free Toys—Take Me!" I walked home that evening with 1 sticker, 2 pins, a *Kill Bill Volume 1* poster, an Extreme Sharks rollerblading toy, a Battlestar Galactica key chain and a new sense of who my brother is. And while we may not have gotten the quality time that I'd hoped for, I think that maybe he's just a little closer to letting me into his sick and twisted life.

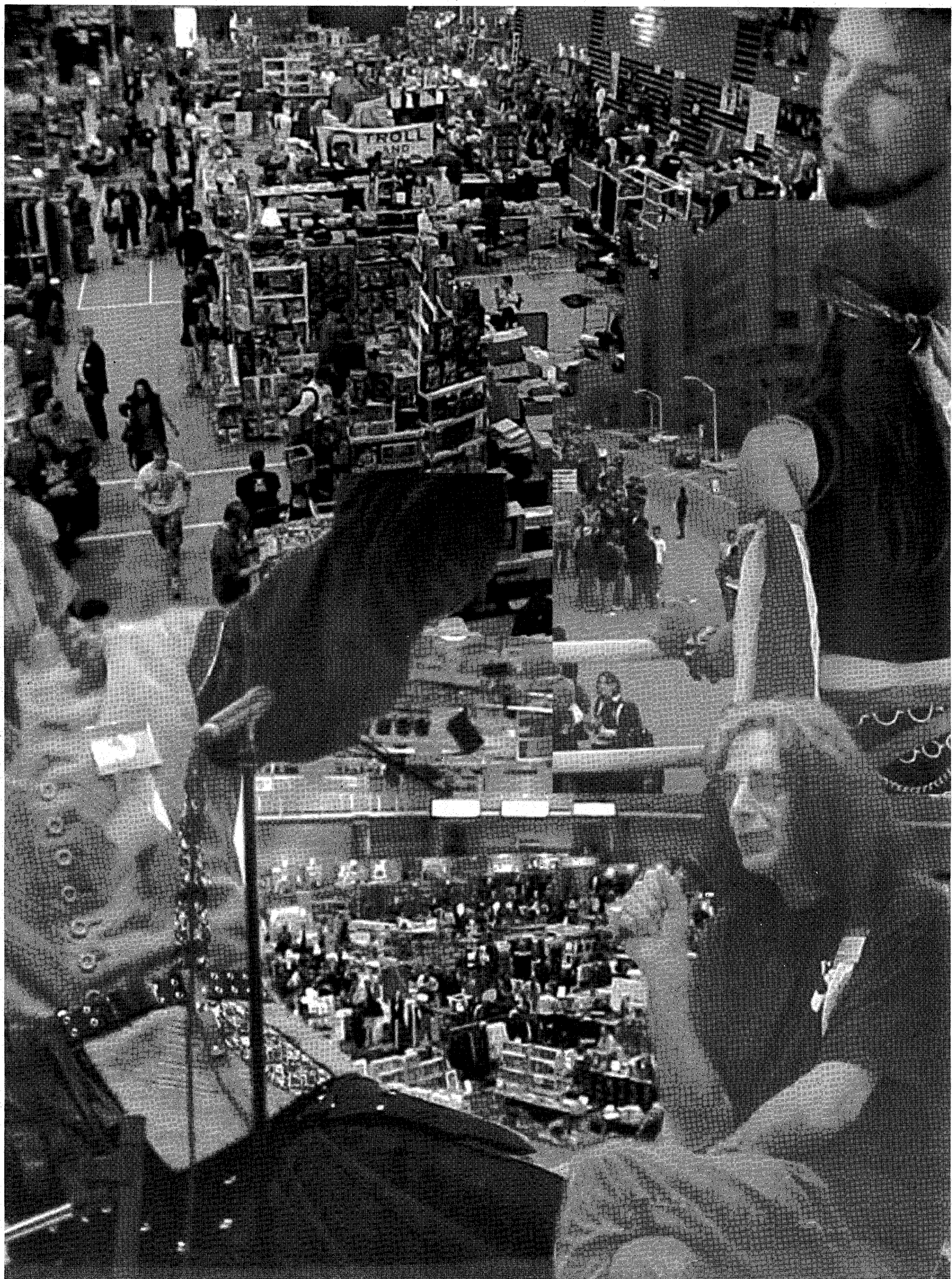


**SITH BAND!**  
Courtesy of Meri Wayne





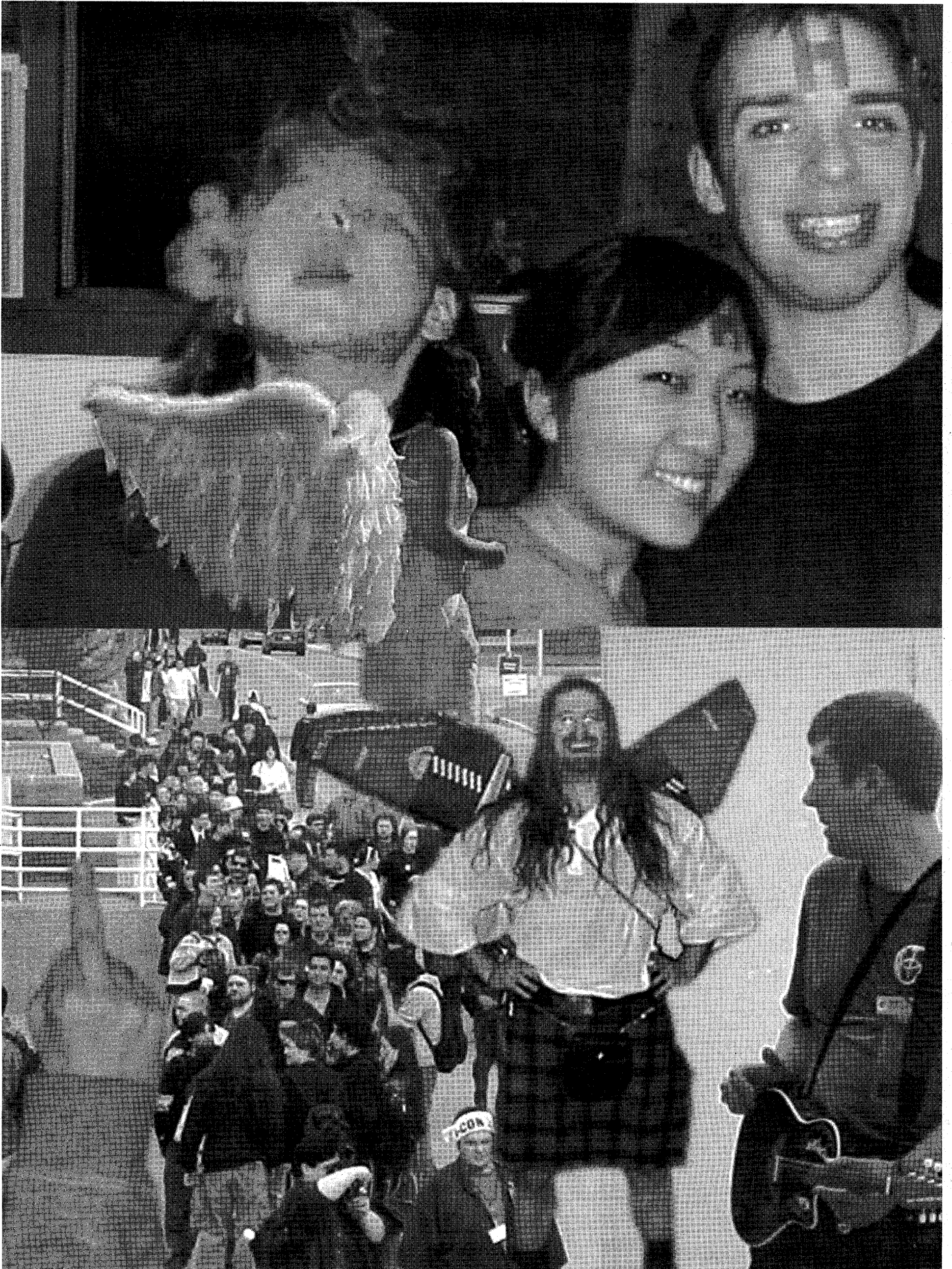














# Tournaments and Pageantry

By Lena Tumasyan

On Saturday, April 9th at 3 PM in Harriman Hall room 116 an amazing event was going on—the truth about knighthood was revealed.

Robert Mahling, who is a student at Stony Brook, hosted a one-hour lecture about medieval tournaments and pageantry. He has been attending I-CON since I-CON 8, but it was his first time speaking about the subject matter. Accompanying him were Jordana Dlugacz, who has attended approximately 6-7 I-CONs, and Jim Phoel, who has been coming since I-CON 3. Dlugacz and Phoel formed a group named “Kingdom of DragonWynde” in 2002, which Mahling later joined for the lecture. “Kingdom of DragonWynde” also specializes in “costuming and film,” and “fieldtime,” which are reenactments of combats, stocks (dungeon), and courts (official tradition).

I went into the room not knowing what to expect. I knew that the topic of tournaments was a popular one, especially with the recent film “A Knight’s Tale” and an older film “First Knight.” Books typically represent a “knight in shining armor,” a heroic athlete with manners of “chivalry” and “altruism.” According to Mahling, Dlugacz and Phoel, many of these are misrepresentations, and in fact things we wish to believe were true, perhaps even romanticized in books from the medieval times themselves as true, but in reality were very different.

Here is something we know: knights wore armor, it was made of metal, they had shields and weapons, and many helmets were designed very differently. Here’s what you might not know: the armor could weigh up to 100 pounds, they carried a sword, and the shields had meanings. There were several types of swords: “light” or “arming” swords were one-handed, and “great,” “broad,” or “long” swords were two-handed. Depending on the time period, the knight carried and knew how to use one or more. The shield had information about where the knight was from geologically, what family he belonged to, and other similar information. Spurs on boots were used as a weapon, to stomp and kill.

The helmet was a very important piece

because they had to be designed not only to protect the eyes, but to also provide the best range of vision (depicted by the range of helmet types). Typically, when helmeted, a knight had no peripheral vision. It was also quite heavy—25 to 30 pounds, of which a few rested on the shoulders. When on a horse, part of the armor, thighs and lower, were mounted to the horse, to lighten the load. To wear armor meant to be burdened by pounds of metal and to need a horse for movement. To wear armor also meant to smell really bad from the sweating that goes under the heated metal and to take care of bathroom business inside the armor. Taking it off and putting it on was a very long procedure. But of course, releasing waste into the armor was dangerous to one’s health—and in fact could result in future problems, infections, sores, and a really bad rash.

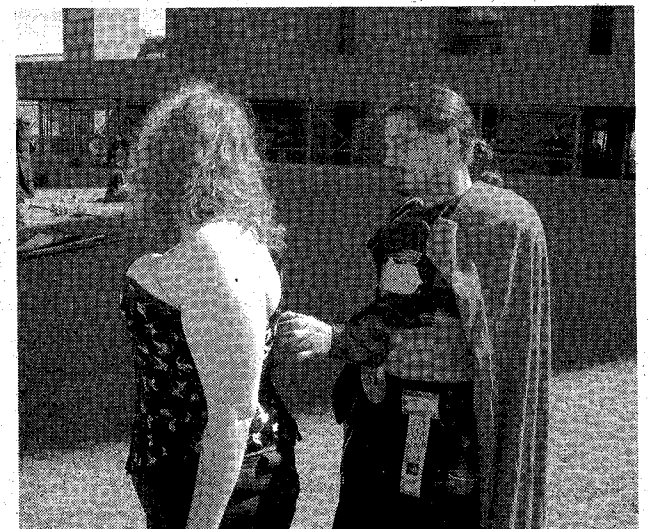
Knights were taught many things from the time they were youths—how to fight with various weapons, read, write, archery, horsemanship, court proceedings, math and the such. Mahling described a well-educated knight to be more of a “well-rounded” person, but not necessarily a good one. What we consider chivalry now was really just manners for the rich. Dlugacz helped Mahling a lot in describing how “ladies” (or rich women) were treated in a particular way and behaved towards the knight in a particular way, where actions had particular meanings assigned. The poor women were treated in whatever mood the knight was feeling the day—if he was in the middle of pillaging a village, sure why not rape a few? There was nothing her or her family could do about it.

In reality knights could behave very nasty—simply because they could. When they came to town all attention was on them, they had ultimate respect and power, only that which a rich duke might equal. But many times the knights themselves owned sizable property and all the people and pastures located there. The men and women of the town became his property to treat as he saw fit.

Meanwhile, the tournaments, which were originally designed as a way to reduce war by taking arguments out on this battlefield, had a

powerful impact on a town. They created business and perhaps the only livelihood that the villages had. From blacksmiths to horseshoers, tailors, bakers, washers, and woodcutters. During tournament, the lances were made of easily breakable wood, which had to be specially logged and cut. Thus, the need for good helmets and shields—so that the wood splinters wouldn’t enter the body. But another weapon was used that could impact the armor—ball and chain. If thrust hard enough, the ball could impact enough to cause broken bones and severe internal bleeding.

Mahling, with the help of Dlugacz and Phoel, describes tournament as a crafty, pre-orchestrated, duel to the possible death. It provided both entertainment and a way to settle disputes. The main characters, the knights, had to be specially trained from childhood as how to fight in the tournament, outside the tournament as well as other things that rich people needed to know how to do. Knighthood wasn’t all fights and feasts—it was a mess of smell, difficult to wear uniforms, and chivalrous as well as unkindly behavior. Thank all ye who hath cometh and endureth the very interesting lecture. Good day!



IT FOLDS! IT FOLDS!  
Courtesy of Daniel Hofer

## I-CON, Blah

By Dustin “Sorcerer Supreme” Herlich

I-CON 24 came, went, and that was it. I must say, personally I do have fun at I-CON. I like walking around and taking pictures. I like socializing with old friends who wander back to campus and occasionally I enjoy making fun of something absurd. This year the dealer room was more crowded than it has been in the past. I don’t really think more people were buying this year; I just think that less people wanted to go to the other events. I-CON has become expensive, and kind of ho-hum. Unfortunately it’s also become much more of an anime event than anything else. Some programs like Rocky Horror draw huge crowds, and that was interesting, but for the most part I just didn’t see myself interested in most of the other programming. In years past they had herbalists and historians and experts of all interesting kinds. This year they had a program by the Christopher Reeves Foundation, but many charge that I-CON is not the place for this.

Some programs, like “How To Pick Up Women” were funny not on purpose, but based on what kinds of creatures packed the room. There was some good advice given, like if someone steps back from you, don’t keep moving forward. What was missing though was the REASON someone is stepping back away from you. It’s called soap, and too few of the people at I-CON

use it. I’d like to open a soap stand at the next con and see if anyone buys even a single bar. I don’t think they know what it is. I-CON has just lost the spring in its step.

Maybe I’m alone in my observations, but I really don’t think so. No one really seemed that overly enthusiastic this year about anything. Prices in the dealer room are up, and thanks to the University’s backwards ways you can’t sell anything that really sells in the dealer room any more. There’s nothing in there you can’t get cheaper online these days, and very few unique items. There were a few new stands that were interesting, but just too much of the same, year after year. I-CON really needs to break away and do something completely different. They need more guests, they clearly need a better location and they need more energy and life.

The people who run I-CON are dedicated individuals who donate countless hours of their personal time to this event. For that, I thank them. I applaud the efforts of those who really care about I-CON, but what I see is that too many people have been running I-CON since its inception. They never leave and you never get fresh blood in the mix. They have their little sphere of influence, their little gem of power and they don’t give it up. That is why many left I-CON this year saying “it sucked.” There just needs to

be something different. 40 more extra hours of Anime is nothing new and different. Change the formats, change the types of programs, have more sessions. Do something racy, something eye catching. The rocketry was cool from what I understand, but there needs to be more of it.

To have a better con you need more interactive activities, not just movies and some gaming. Give more exposure to HALO tournaments and less to DDR. How about bring back some old school games like DOOM II, or even have Nintendo tournaments. I bet those would be popular. How about more sessions on costume creation, significance and historical value of costumes, etc, etc? I-CON has really just lost some its luster. I’m a big supporter of I-CON, and a big fan. What I’m really getting at is that I-CON needs to grow, and really do something special and different next year. It’s going to be the quarter century anniversary of I-CON, and they’ve never had a Star Trek Captain. There is so much I-CON can do, they just have to actually do it. Fire all the old farts, and bring in more students. Get rid of guests who have been there for 25 years and invite some people who have never come. How about Stan Lee, and other comic writers, artists and now actors even. Let people like me in on I-CON planning, and I bet you’ll have a better year than this one.



# Brobdingagian Bards

By William Lewis

During the weekend of April 8-10 we here at Stony Brook got to play host to I-CON 24. Itself it was not all that bad, nor was it all that hot. One of the many things that we get here at SBU for I-CON is the chance to see different performers show us their stuff in hopes to knock our socks off from what they can do. This I-CON, like some of the past others, brought to us a duet team of Irish and Scottish singers called the Brobdingagian Bards all the way from Texas.

Now the word "Brobdingagian" comes from the book *Gulliver's Travels* and it means "of extraordinary size; gigantic; enormous." So you can take that any way you want as I told my lads over the pound as I told them what Brobdingagian meant. With a sound that reminds me of the Irish Rovers, The Clancy Brothers, and classic Scottish folk music, the Brobdingagian Bards took center stage in my calendar of people to listen to during this I-CON.

It was since February of 1999 that Andrew McKee and Marc Gunn have been playing music together as the Brobdingagian Bards with such an essence of deep friendship that it radiates from them while they are together on stage singing, dancing, joking with the people there to see them, and interacting with the other performers. With I-CON being held here at a college with dorms and RAs it is kind of fitting that the Brobdingagian Bards were here. Both Andrew McKee and Marc Gunn had the chance to meet on the campus in Texas with Marc being an RA for Andrew who held the rule that no one can be louder than him.

"He was very thoughtful as an RA in the dorm," Andrew remarked about Marc. With Marc's rule of how loud people could be on his floor, he would rock it out on his electric guitar and amp while doing his duty as a RA. What started both men on their way to playing the music that we all have made to know and love from them ranged with it being something from a heritage desire to expand on. While on the south lawn of their old college in Texas Marc was found to be playing some of his "Celtic" songs which led him to being asked to play at a renaissance fair, which

was the start of where we find these two young men now.

From there the two men went on to play at different shows from fairs to I-CON which all have led to different adventures of the two men. "Early on in the thing when we were playing Marc was very shy," reminisced Andrew. "One of the girls took his tuner and put it down the cleavage of her cosset and was kind of taunting him (Marc) with it. And being the good friend I was, and said 'No no Marc, I'll handle this for you.' So I took a leap off stage and landed face first and received said tuner with my teeth." And here I was thinking that Rocker's have all the fun, how wrong I was.

With such songs like "Rocky Road to Dublin," "Finnegan's Wake," "Bog Down in the Valley" and the all time fav of mine "Do Virgins Taste Better," the Brobdingagian Bards do their thing on stage for all the people. Once

way or another then its up to you.

There biggest show that they did was when they got to play at the Oscar party of *The Return of the King* part of the Lord of the Rings movies in LA, yet no matter what show they are doing finding themselves filled with joy and happens which shows on them the Brobdingagian Bards sing and play their songs for the people there.

It was about four years ago that Marc from the Bards had seen that another Celtic band called Emerald Rose was playing here at I-CON. Asking Emerald Rose how they (the Brobdingagian Bards) get to play here at I-CON the Bards found themselves here expecting something out of SNL with James T. Kirk.

So with songs in hand the Brobdingagian Bards take forth over Stony Brook with a different array of songs that move all. With such songs like "If I have Million Ducats," "Bog Down in the Valley," "Do Virgins Taste Better," and the famous Monty Python song "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life," the Bards can bring everyone to a wonderful mood. When they sing "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" you just can't help but find yourself feeling warm and fuzzy on the inside. The Bards' stage show and songs are worth every dime and penny you have to spend so that you can see them in person.

With their shows here at SBU for I-CON the Bards were able to be found within Javits. Andrew McKee had to say this about that building that so many of us happen to find our way into. "It's a wonderful place the building is well constructed and could withstand any hurricane-force wind. And in fact in this building here, that we are in Javits that if there were any horrible accidents here that I would remain right here in

Javits. This is an impregnable building, kinda reminds me of the old 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> century forts." The Brobdingagian Bards are funny, smart, well versed in the theory/myth of Javits, friendly guys, amazing musicians and all around pleasant people to be around with. For more information and samples of their timeless sound you can go to [www.thebards.net](http://www.thebards.net).



NOT BARDS, BUT STILL SCARY,  
Courtesy of Daniel Hofer

during one of their sets about a year ago while doing "Do Virgins Taste Better" that a little child no older than six asks aloud in the show "What are Virgins?" With such a song the Brobdingagian Bards get e-mails from parents telling them about how their kids got in trouble from singing the song "Do Virgins Taste Better" while at school. In all, it's just a nice song about a dragon and a Virgin and if you want to take one

**The Stony Brook Press**

**we got's couches**

**room 060 SBUnion**  
**every wed 1pm**

# I-CON and Peace Concerts

By Rob Gilheany

I split my weekend between I-Con and the Concerts for Peace. There was some kind of a snafu with the SAC Box office and I-CON. There were no available weekend passes on Thursday. So I went to the Gym and became an I-CON volunteer. My Press buddy James and I worked at setting up the Dealers Room. This weekend is I-CON weekend. It is a major Stony Brook tradition. Our campus gets transformed into a Science Fiction, Fantasy fest. Lots of people come in costumes ranging from Star Trek and Star Wars garb to Renaissance costumes. There are several films and live action role-players do their thing also.

This weekend is also the weekend for Peace concerts and related events. I decided to split my time between I-CON and the Peace concerts. On Friday I went on a Ryder truck and got some tables and chairs schlepped around campus. James, I and other I-CON volunteers did this. This was fun. A nice rapport developed amongst us. I then went to the Wang Center to see a movie documentary on Apartheid and the struggle against it in South Africa.

On Friday afternoon, the Documentary "Amadala" was shown. This was a powerful movie about the internal fight against Apartheid in South Africa. It showed the importance of music and dance in that human liberation struggle. It showed the implementation of Apartheid. Its process involved the mass relocation of Black people in South Africa to "townships" where they would be ghettoized and moved away from the 'Whites' also known as the Afrikaners. The regime called the policy "Good Neighbors." This documentary showed the music as spiritual and political. It traced their song and music as getting more militant as time went on. We saw a watershed event, the massacre of children at Soweto, that made the movement more militant while gaining more international support. The music got more militant. In the songs, "Bibles were taken out and AK's were put in" was said in their film. The documentary pointed out that the 1980s were the crescendo of the movement. International support for liberation was big.

Right here at Stony Brook an organization called ROAR (Rightfully Opposed to Apartheid and Racism) was very active. The formed a coalition with BlackWorld, the Unity Cultural Center, the Red Balloon and others to boycott Coca Cola on campus, they did business with apartheid. One campus organization opposed this. The College Republicans.

I remember the movement against Apartheid, and how it manifested itself locally. The fight in South Africa led to a revolution. Nelson Mandela was released from prison after 27 years and the ANC (African National Congress) took power. Democracy prevailed. Nelson Mandela made an historic visit to the United States. I went with a woman friend, Naomi, to see him at a rally on 125th Street in the heart of Harlem NYC. At this event Betty Shabazz gave a bouquet of flowers to Winnie Mandela, former U.S. political prisoner, Dharuba Bin Wahad spoke, then Nelson Mandela spoke. We marched after his speech. This documentary brought back activist memories for me.

In the later afternoon I heard some nice music coming from the University Cafe. I went in. I spoke to Kevin Kelly, the FSA president. I had known Kevin when he was a grad student. We exchanged pleasantries, and I spoke to Fred Preston. The heavy hitters were all there. I even got to speak to Stony Brook President Shirley Kenny. I said "I think it is great that Stony Brook is taking over the Southampton Marine Science department. My old friend Chris Gobler was the head of the department. She referred to him as "Chris." I showed her my Alumni Association card. She said "We like the Alumni Association." I had contemplated writing about the merger with the Southampton College Marine Sciences Department and Stony Brook. Now that I mentioned to Shirley, I guess I have to do it.

I made it back to the Press office, I need to do an I-CON thing. I made it Javits and saw the Will Smith Move "I-Robot" based on the Isaac Asimov novel. Will Smith really made this move worthwhile. I got back to the Press office and crashed.

On Saturday I went to some of the I-CON panels. At the SAC on the 3rd floor. "where is my flying car" was a topic of this panel I found myself at. The moderator of the panel read off a list of things real live scientists are working on (I'm

influence curriculum, in high schools or universities. It is very disturbing that the topic even comes up in 2005.

The afternoon at the University Cafe, there was a Peace Concert. A band called "Stolen Shack" played they were very cool. I enjoyed the show very much. There were two of the three members of the band: a keyboardist and a guitar player/singer. They made nice music. The singer told us of the songs they were playing. Several of the songs were old Scottish and English ballads that were centuries old.

John Robinson, the bass player for Pumice were there with his daughter. He chatted. I said that I was splitting my time between the peace concerts and I-CON. He said "I figured you would be torn."

Stolen Shack played more. The singer picked up a banjo and covered Bruce Springsteen's "I'm on Fire." It was awesome. I went up to them and bought a CD.

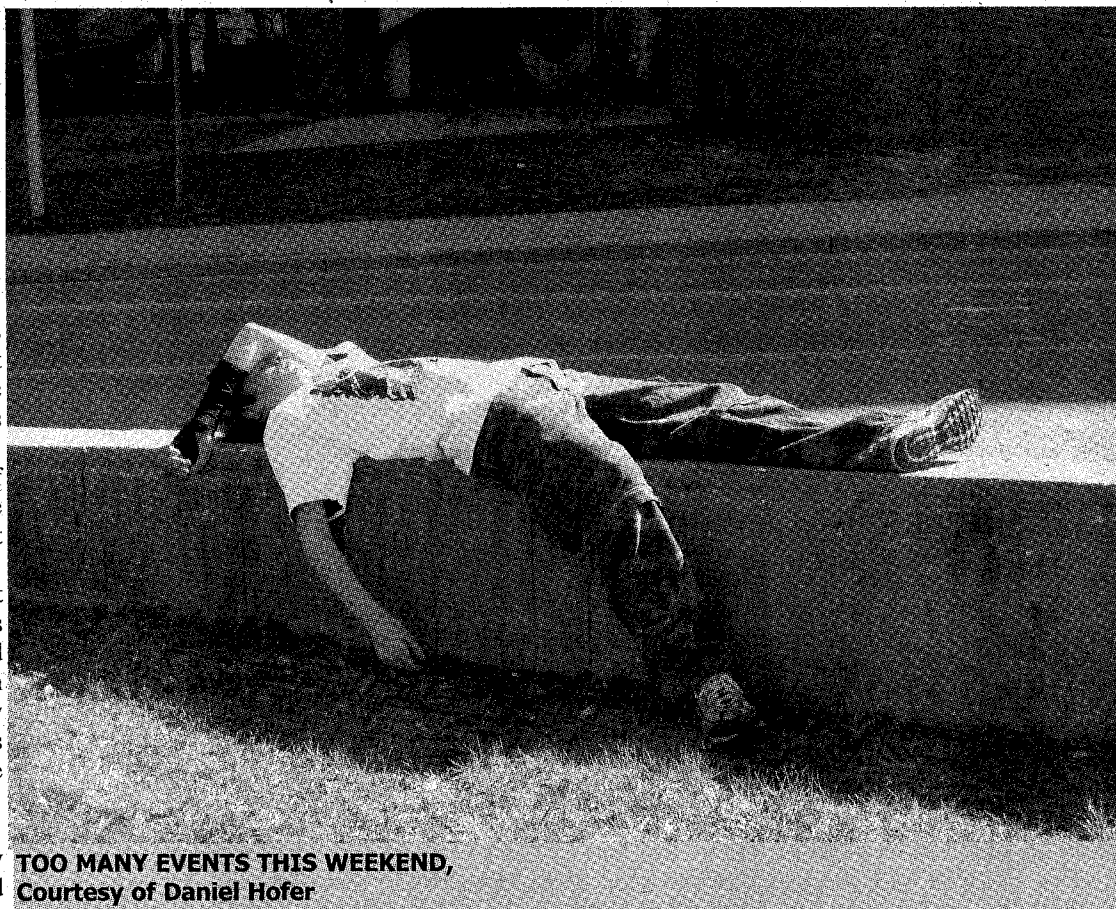
I have seven of the eight hours covered for my volunteering for I-CON. One more hour and I can get my \$10 deposit back. I didn't mind if I didn't complete my last hour or got my \$10. But I was asked to volunteer for the banquet. There is a awards banquet for I-CON that they do every year. They give out an award for a career

in writing science fiction, The Raymond J Galleon award. Our old friend Gary Halada won the Pilkington Award for his long time connection to I-CON. That was cool. Gary got up accepted his award and gave a nice talk that was filled with his jokes. I worked the banquet for a few hours pouring sodas for the guests. Conrad Brooks, the Guilgood of B movies was there. He came up for a few drinks. I recognized him and recited lines from "Ed Wood" like "Home, I have no home..." and "I like to wear women's clothes." I needed to get to the University Cafe at 8pm for a peace concert. I fulfilled my volunteer commitment and made my way to the U-Cafe. A 11 piece Colombian Band called "Folklore Urbano Pablo Mayor" played. They smoked; half of the capacity crowd got up and danced. I danced too; it was fantastic. The leader of the band and keyboardist introduced the songs, "This song is from the Colombian Caribbean cost" and "this number is from the

Colombian Pacific cost" All their songs were very danceable and musical. They did a cover of American jazz legend Thelonius Monk. Folklore Urbano was the highlight of the weekend.

Back to I-CON. I made my way to Javits, met some friends and we were going to see the Troma Films. These are low comedy films where our Hero "Toxi" beats up the bad guys. There is lots of gratuitous violence and lots of guts and feces fly around.

I took a short break from our friend "Toxi." I checked on a few friends who were watching Japanese Anime. I walked in. On the screen a cartoon girl was moaning and cartoon cops were penetrating her. It looked like a torture interrogation. A cop, a purple humanoid creature walked in, unzipped himself and his male organ went right into the girl's mouth. I was in this room for a minute and a half. I walked out. I'm not comfortable that there is an audience for that. I went back to the Troma films. Some may see irony in that. The Anime and



TOO MANY EVENTS THIS WEEKEND,  
Courtesy of Daniel Hofer

going to have to remember what they are). Some people took the title too literally, and only wanted to talk about flying cars. "Can you imagine those idiots on the roads in flying carts?" was a common feeling. I asked the moderator about the Star Trek Transport mechanism, and asked if my organs would be intact. He said the tele-transportation is being worked on. He said that what it does is record the information and makes a copy if what is being transported gets materialized. "If you do that with you, does your soul get transported?" he asked.

The next panel I went to was titled "Intelligent Design" I checked it out. The panelists were all bright and well read. After a while it became clear to me that this panel was attacking the validity of evolution. Actually only one person on the panel was against Darwin and evolution. I had that sinking feeling. Evolution is a fact. I don't find this argument interesting at all. Religion should be kept out of science and the Flat Earth Society should not be



# I-CON and Peace Concerts Continued...

By Rob Gilheany

Troma films are in a different ballpark all together.

Sunday was the last day of I-CON and Peace Concerts. I went to a panel about Politics and Science Fiction. It became very clear that this was a conservative panel. The moderator, John Normas, said that he was a Libertarian. That OK, I don't despise them like I do many Republicans. I should've said "You're a Republican who smokes dope" but I missed that opportunity. I needed to do something to affect the panel discussion. I mentioned Marge Piercy. She is an author I like. Though not mainly a science fiction author, she did write two science fiction novels, *Woman on the Edge of Time* and *He She and It*. I said that she is incredible and her science fiction brings in the issues of gender, sexual politics, labels and status together in ways I've never seen in science fiction. The moderator said, "I don't read feminist fiction."

I brought Marge Piercy up a last year's I-CON and was shot down. I guess Marge Piercy is not to be spoken of at I-CON. No doubt she would have something to say about the misogyny in the anime.

The end of the panel that fool stared to comment on the panel. "I am happy with this panel." He started to mention the people he admires. All the right wing radio idiots. He even mentions Michael Savage, who like to tell gay callers that they should die from AIDS. I have an idea for science fiction; maybe it can take on hate radio. Base it out its role in Rwanda or the Mathew Sheppard case. Science

fiction is supposed to look at humanity's issues and put them in the future or put it deep in that galaxy.

I made my way to Javits. I ran into my old friend Michele Wacker. We chatted for a while, talked of old times and some of our old friends. And then we got to Javits. I went to see Conrad Brooks and his stories. I then went to another

After *The Village* I ran into a friend, Will White, and I said that I was going to see a film called *Hillbilly Monster*. It was a schlock movie filmed on a camcorder by some local yokels. Conrad Brooks was in this movie, for no logical reason.

I got back to the Press office, and then James, A.K. and I went to Ronkonkoma, for the opening of the Anarchist Free Space. I spoke to Kevin Van Meter, a few years ago I put together a fundraiser for his group, the Modern Times collective. I talked to him. I checked out the Space. I love the Space. I want to hold the Be-In after party there.

We got back to the Campus. I was going to check out the last peace concert of the weekend. A jazz band was playing at the University Café, which was packed. The jazz was good, the vibe was nice. I had some Sierra Nevada pale ales and dug the show. Stony Brook Presser Jamie was staffing the bar. He had dyed his hair red and yellow. I was wearing a red sweater and yellow shorts. I said "Jamie! Check out your hair and my ensemble."

Jim Leotta came in. He is a long time activist. I had known Jim since the 80s. Jim was the NYPIRG campus coordinator here at Stony Brook for 2 years in the 80s. I notice John Mascher was at the peace concert. He is a current NYPIRG state board representative. I grabbed John, "I want you to meet someone." We hung out. John talked to Jim. Jim and I exchanged old war stories. It was a nice way to end this eventful weekend.



SPECIES UNKNOWN,  
Courtesy of Daniel Hofer

room in Javits and saw *The Village*. That move was better than I expected it. It was a very intelligent movie.

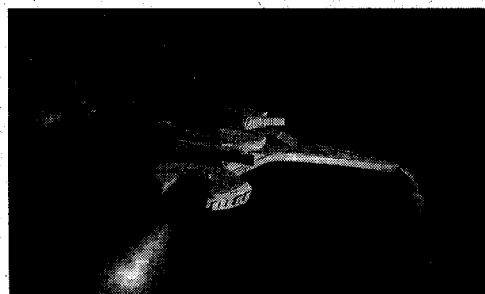
## wIj ram Daq I-CON

By David "Klingon" Ginn

Vam DIS ghaHta'  
wIj wa'Dich DIS  
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ghaHta' law' chu'  
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Trek" tuq ach oH  
ghaHta' QaQ jIH  
ghaHta' ja'ta'. Matt

Willemain ta'be' legh ghaHta' law' QaQ.

"Star Trek" tuq ach jIH mejta' Daq  
ghaH DichDaq Daq  
chu' DIS. jIH ta'be'  
Daq Javits tuq.



jIH DichDaq chenmoH SoH vIp  
Courtesy of The Klingons

Sop I-CON Soj ach  
jIH legha' I-con  
Dochmey. chaH

"Red Dwarf" ghaHta'  
QaQ. jIH ghajta'  
"special clothes" Daq  
jaj ach ghobe' "spe-  
cial clothes" Daq  
ram. I-CON  
ghaHta' QaQ.

# Interview With Jewel Staite

By Rob Pearsall

I like to naively think that I made a couple friends this I-CON. I thought I was going to get my DVD set signed and that would be it, but I ended up with the crazy idea of an interview and delusions of grandeur. No grandeur yet, but I got the interview, and this snazzy new tape recorder. Jewel Staite was kind enough to give us a few moments of her time (thanks again!) and answer the questions I had written hours before. You may know her from that cancelled Fox show *Firefly*, or that other cancelled Fox show *Wonderfalls*. Don't let the "cancelled" bit fool you. They are both great fuckin' shows, and Fox doesn't know shit about quality programming. She is playing Kaylee in *Serenity* this fall, which is a movie based off *Firefly*, written and directed by Joss Whedon. She was also on *Space Cases* on Nickelodeon. She had rainbow hair and an imaginary friend that wasn't so imaginary. But enough filmography, onto the questions!

**Stony Brook Press:** I bought this [tape recorder] today, 'cause I didn't really expect to get this far. It was kind of a...I just decided, I think yesterday, that I was gonna ask for an interview.

**Jewel Staite:** (Laughs) Oh whatever, I don't mind.

**My Friend Dave:** You've been very courteous thus far.

**JS:** As long as you ask me very interesting questions.

**MFD:** Crap.

**SBP:** Well we've got a lot of either/or questions.

**JS:** Do you have a, "Tell me about your character," question?

**SBP:** No, no we don't.

**JS:** Ok, good.

**SBP:** Actually, we have nothing about *Firefly* here...

**JS:** Ok.

**MFD:** I can ask you about *Wonderfalls* if you really want me to.

**JS:** Whatever man, whatever you guys want to ask me.

**SBP:** Well, to start off, we're at I-CON so, *Star Wars* or *Star Trek*?

**JS:** *Star Wars*. (MFD laughs mildly)

**SBP:** Alright, let's see, Superman or Batman?

**JS:** Batman.

**MFD:** Fantastic.

**JS:** He's hotter.

**SBP:** This is going so well! (Laughs all around) *Harold and Kumar* or *Half Baked*?

**JS:** *Harold and Kumar*.

**MFD:** Oh my god!

**SBP:** You're like our new best friend.

**My Friend Joe:** This is like a test with correct answers.

**MFD:** You haven't gotten any wrong. (JS Laughs) very serious.

**SBP:** *American Idol* or *Lost*?

**JS:** Oh my god! How can I...These are two shows that I will not miss, you don't understand. Like, both. *American Idol*.

**SBP:** (Stunned silence) Three for four, that's ok, that's ok.

**MFD:** Hey, I was obsessed with season two, buddy. Alright?

**JS:** Once you get the first, like, two episodes, you're done.

**MFD:** Exactly, you watch, like, any of that stuff.

**JS:** That's it.

**MFD:** The casting specials or whatever, you're in.

**JS:** That's it. But I love *Lost*, it's so good. I love both.

**SBP:** Alright. *Back to the Future*, I, II, or III?

(Laughs all around)

**JS:** Oh my god.

**SBP:** We're just a campus newspaper, we're not

**MFD:** Or...good journalists or...

**JS:** One.

**SBP:** That's a valid answer.

**MFD:** Absolutely.

**SBP:** *Chicago Style* or *New York Style*.

**JS:** *New York Style*.

**SBP:** Um...Alright, do you find dead-baby jokes funny?

**JS:** Sure! (laughs)

**MFD:** (Gives a thumbs up) You're super cool, by the way.

**JS:** I love these questions, they're great. This is the best interview I've had.

**SBP:** I'm very proud of that.

**Guy Walking In:** Are they coming up with good questions?

**JS:** Yeah, they go, "Do you think dead-baby jokes are funny?"

Continued on next page

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# Interview With Jewel Staite

By Rob Pearsall

Continued from previous page

GWI: Yeah, they are actually. May I interrupt you to...

JS: This is my husband. He—he'll stay quiet.

SBP: What's—what's his name?

JS: Matt—Matty.

MFD: That's something worthwhile for the article.

Matty: The best thing about these questions is I can recycle them when your Q&As are boring. Although I don't know about the dead-baby jokes one.

MFD: I think the audience would love it, personally.

SBP: There was, um, there was one question about fan-fiction [at the Q&A] and I want to know how scared you really are of fan-fiction.

JS: It depends on who's writing it. (Matty laughs)

SBP: The general internet public. (MFD laughs) Just the majority of fan-fiction, I know we're scared of it. I want your thoughts.

MFD: I mean is there such a thing as...

JS: A little frightening—it's a little frightening. Little bit. How could you not be a little frightened, come on.

SBP: Like I was saying, I was expecting to be sacked by a PR guy before, when I walked up to you—so, um, the last question is do you want a copy of this interview or...

JS: Sure!

SBP: Alright, that requires mailing information (hands her the envelope that my questions are on). Yeah...my questions are on an envelope. That shows how prepared I am.

(Dead Air)

SBP: For the record she is getting out an address. There's a lot of dead air on that tape.

MFD: It's the best dead air ever. We're in a squash court.



JEWEL STAITE IN THE "SANCTUARY" COURTS, Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

SBP: Yes, we're in the squash courts.

JS: Did I disappoint you greatly? In any of my answers?

SBP: No...The *American Idol* one kinda threw us off.

JS: (laughs) I knew it did!

MFD: Well, mainly him. (Motioning to me)

JS: You got really quiet, there. You were all, like, (Makes nervous face and stays quiet)

Matty: What, they asked what TV shows you watched?

JS: They said, "*Lost* or *American Idol*?"

Matty: You said *American Idol*? (MFD laughs)

JS: Yeah, you would have said *Lost*.

Matty: Shit...

SBP: Yeah, your husband's cooler than you are.

JS: Yeah, well, some days.

Girl In Room: I could see her watching *American Idol*.

Matty: We were at the finale of the first one. With Kelly Clarkson.

JS: This is the first year people have quit. I liked it.

(This part of the tape is a little unintelligible)

Matty: What do the numbers mean? What is in the thing? When the light came on, that was amazing!

(More unintelligible tape with laughter and talking)

SBP: I think we're gonna end it here.





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# I-CON<sup>24</sup>

