

Indicting Libby

By Brian Barash

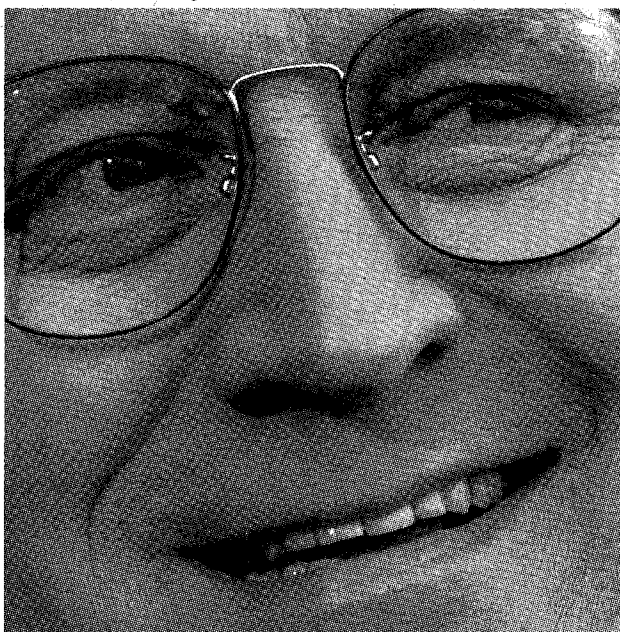
The White House has been reeling this week from the indictment of Vice President Dick Cheney's Chief of Staff, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby Jr. Libby was indicted on the last day of a two-year federal grand jury probe lead by US Special Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald.

Libby has been charged with two counts of making false statements to federal agents, two counts of perjury and one count of obstruction of justice for misleading and deceiving the grand jury about how he learned that Joseph Wilson's wife, Valerie "Plame" Wilson, was a Central Intelligence Agency operative. The Special Prosecutor, as well as many liberal and anti-war groups, has claimed that Libby and possibly others in the White House were involved in purposely outing Agent Plame as political retribution for a report written by her husband.

The report, written by retired career diplomat and former US Ambassador Joseph Wilson, alleged that President Bush's claims of Uranium being sold from Nigeria to Iraq for use in weapons of mass destruction was false information used to inflate the cause for war. After this report was released, *New York Times* writer Judith Miller as well as Robert Novak released columns naming Plame by her maiden name, thus ending her career as a CIA undercover operative and possibly putting her in harm's way.

As a result, the grand jury probe that ultimately ended with the indictment of Libby was launched. During the investigation, many involved parties were asked to testify before the grand jury, most notably reporter Judith Miller, who spent 85 days in jail for refusing to release the identity of her source. Only when her

source, Libby, gave her express permission to release his name did she relent and was released from jail.



SOOO CLOSE TO CHENEY
Courtesy of Powerful Zoom Lense Technology

The probe also put many other White House figures on the defensive against possible charges from the continuing investigation, including President Bush's senior political advisor, Karl Rove. Many liberals contend that these indictments are just the beginning, and that they represent the first insights into a broader scandal. Some even believe the crimes could go as far as Dick Cheney and possibly even to Bush, although it's widely believed that

there is no sufficient evidence for either to be formally indicted.

Many conservatives, on the other hand, have decried this investigation as politically motivated and believe the charges are the result of manufactured charges and an overambitious Special Prosecutor. However, it would be wise to note that Special Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald is also a Republican.

Whatever you may believe, there is no questioning the fact that this scandal has dealt a serious blow to an already weakened White House. The White House has come under fire this year for the lack of progress in the Iraq war as well as the mishandling of Hurricane Katrina, the latter of which eventually lead to the resignation of FEMA director Michael Brown, a political appointee of the Bush Administration.

Most recently the White House has come under fire by Democrat's in the Senate, whose minority leader demanded a rare closed session of Congress November 2nd to deal with the lack of progress in the investigation into whether or not Congress was misled by the current administration in the months leading up to war in Iraq.

President Bush's administration is hurting so badly from all of this bad publicity that the President's overall job performance rating by the American public has dropped to a career low of 39%. Instead of attempting to return the country and politics thereof towards the center, he has chosen this week to nominate an extremely conservative Supreme Court justice that will likely lead to another standoff with Democrats from this already embattled administration.

John Kerry: Hoping to Bring Home the Troops

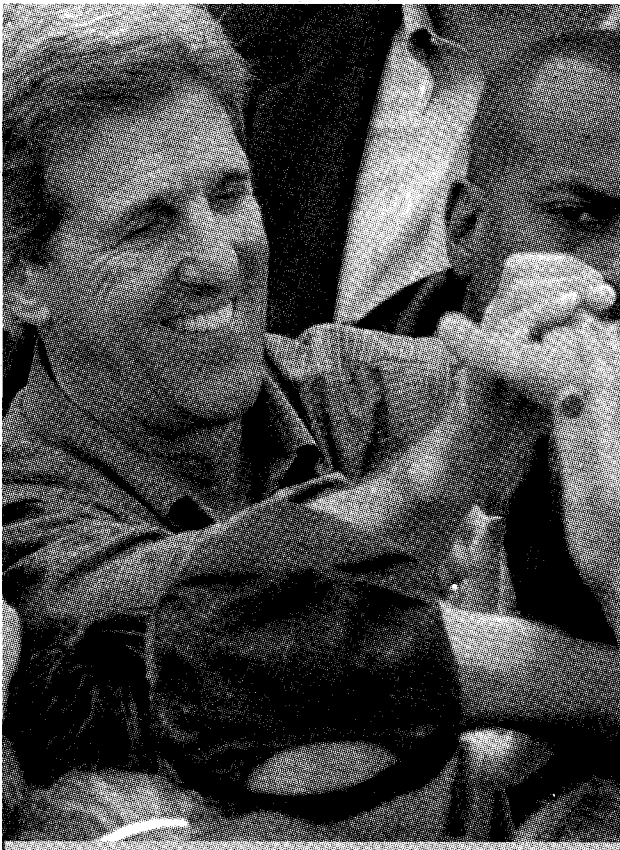
By Laura Positano

John Kerry may not have won the presidency, but he still, as a senator, keeps caring about the soldiers. A frequent topic on his campaign trail was the quagmire in Iraq and how there needs to be an exit strategy to eventually get the soldiers home. Kerry understood how the situation in Iraq was so complicated because of the real potential for a power vacuum, a political abyss, so he knew such a strategy had to be nuanced. Now, a year after his shocking defeat in a close presidential election between the incumbent "war president" and the actual war veteran, the soldiers are still in Iraq.

Over 2,000 soldiers have been killed, and this statistic has angered even Republicans who once were, in the name of party loyalty, outspokenly supportive of Bush's Iraq war. President Bush has a popularity rating in the thirties, a steep unpopularity that has drawn comparisons to Lyndon Johnson during the dismal Vietnam era. John Kerry, who once was parodied by Bush's supporters as an intellectual who was oblivious to what needed to be done in Iraq, has been low on the political radar, but has now begun a campaign to get troops home.

Through e-mails to supporters, Kerry has been mobilizing thousands of signers to his online petition to get the more than 20,000 American troops home before Thanksgiving.

In a speech displayed on the linked johnkerry.com website, which he delivered at Georgetown University, Mr. Kerry expressed angst and frustration, even anger, about the war and its incessant casualties. He discussed how Senators, who were misled into giving Bush the go-ahead for the war, had some responsibility for the casualties, albeit indirectly. He also expressed dismay at why coffins of American



GORE IN '08? NOT ON JOHN'S WATCH!
Courtesy of The Land of Second Chances

casualties were not allowed to be shown by the American media, for the public to see. Here is an excerpt of his speech, in which he expresses both his angst and his solutions to withdraw the country's troops.

"A few weeks ago I departed Iraq from Mosul. Three Senators and staff were gathered

in the forward part of a C-130. In the middle of the cavernous cargo hold was a simple, aluminum coffin with a small American flag draped over it. We were bringing another American soldier, just killed, home to his family and final resting place.

"The starkness of his coffin in the center of the hold, the silence except for the din of the engines, was a real time cold reminder of the consequences of decisions for which we Senators share responsibility.... I wondered why all of America would not be allowed to see him arrive at Dover Air Force Base instead of hiding him from a nation that deserves to mourn together in truth and in the light of day. His lonely journey compels all of us to come to grips with our choices in Iraq.... Now more than 2,000 brave Americans have given their lives, and several hundred thousand more have done everything in their power to wade through the ongoing internal civil strife in Iraq. An Iraq which increasingly is what it was not before the war - a breeding ground for homegrown terrorists and a magnet for foreign terrorists....

"We are entering a make or break six month period, and I want to talk about the steps we must take if we hope to bring our troops home within a reasonable timeframe from an Iraq that's not permanently torn by irrepressible conflict.... To undermine the insurgency, we must instead simultaneously pursue both a political settlement and the withdrawal of American combat forces linked to specific, responsible benchmarks. At the first benchmark, the completion of the December elections, we can start the process of reducing our forces by withdrawing 20,000 troops over the course of the holidays...."

Good Show, Great Seats

By Rob Pearsall

This past Tuesday at the USG Senate Meeting, something amazing happened. It was exciting. There was a palatable tension in the air. The room was sharply divided and the final vote ultimately decided the outcome, the outcome of the Voter Turnout Improvement Act.

This school suffers from some very real apathy when it comes to student government. Students don't vote on issues of Student Government. They don't vote at all. Out of 13,000 undergraduate students, only a handful vote each year. USG is constantly trying to improve voter turnout. Senators Amy Wisnoski and Igor Levenberg came up with a solution.

Their solution was the Voter Turnout Improvement Act. The act consisted of three main points. USG would establish a minimum required voting pool for all USG elections. This pool was to be set at 20%. Senator Wisnoski stated that this was low in comparison to other schools with similar stipulations on voting. Other schools, such as the University of California, require between 25% and 30% of students to vote. I say require because if the voting pool is not met then the election is invalid.

The third part, Article III: Validity of Elections, stated that if the voting pool did not consist of 20% of the undergraduate population then the election would be deemed invalid. Two weeks later a new election would be held. Subsequently, if the pool is not met for this election another election is to be held after another two weeks. This is to recur until the voting pool minimum is met. If the minimum is never achieved then "there shall be no governing body and therefore no disbursement of funds related to the student activity fee." This would mean no USG and no clubs. No LEG for buildings. Nothing.

Before I get to the third part of the act I should take the time to recount the response to

Article III. Senator Ortiz asked if there could be a different approach; she felt this penalty was too harsh. She was on the same page as most of the Senate. Most felt that gambling the existence of USG and of clubs on campus was too big. Matt Willemain of *The Stony Brook Press* stated that certain clubs like the radio station would cease to function completely if the activity fee were not disbursed for even a semester. Clubs, including this paper, would not be able to function without the Student Activity Fee.

Senator Levenberg recalled the senate meeting on October 11th. In the meeting it was standing room only because sports clubs showed up en masse to make sure their funding was not cut. Levenberg said that voters need a kick in the "you know where" to get them active in government. Punishment for not voting would be a reason to vote. As it is now, students take the clubs, organizations, and Undergraduate Student Government for granted. Senator Wisnoski claimed that nothing happens because nothing was at stake.

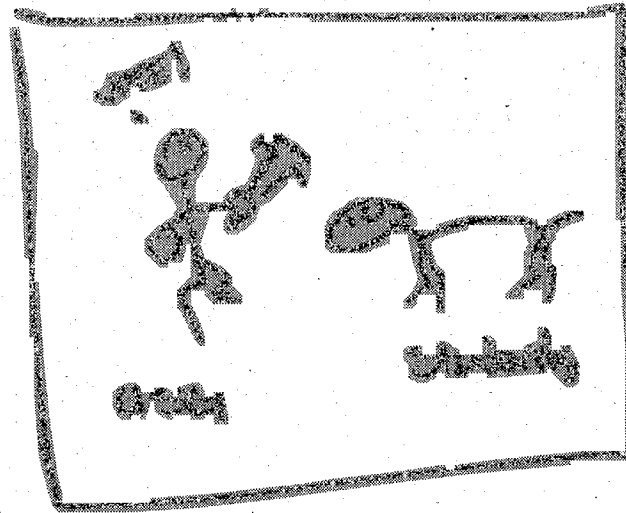
The opposition from the gallery was fierce as well. Robert Romano came to the podium and stated that the 20% stipulation could be unconstitutional. He stated that the constitution would need to be amended if it were to pass. NYPIRG opposed the bill based on SBU's voting history. Cheryl Lynch stated that when SBU was

regarded as the "Berkley of the East" (because it was one of the most activist filled campuses on the east coast) it never got 33% in an election on campus. If they couldn't do it then with an active campus, how could we do it now with our extensive apathy? Opposition didn't exist everywhere though; there was a small bit of optimism in the room.

Jowy Romano of *The Stony Brook Press* said that, with Article IV implemented, we needn't worry about the 20% stipulation. Article IV assured that there would be voting stations set up in Melville Library, the Student Activities Center, and the Student Union. These are the places on campus with the highest volume of traffic. Wisnoski shared the same feeling.

I believe that the concentrated effort of student media, USG, NYPIRG, and the voting kiosks would have made

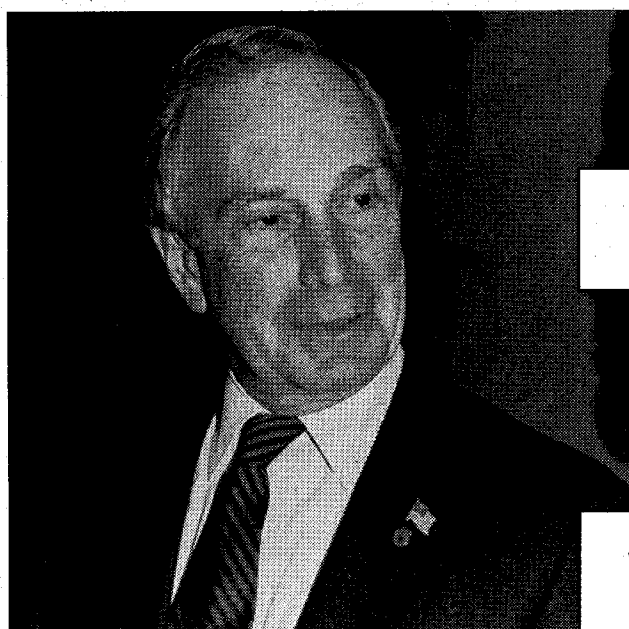
the 20% stipulation nominal at best. I would have liked to have seen the atmosphere on campus after the passage of this act. All of the clubs and organizations on campus is a big gamble. It's not just the institutions but the social lives and recreation of many students here. It might have killed the apathy on campus, it might have killed the life on campus. The act was killed in an 11 to 2 vote.



SOPHISTICATED POLITICAL CARTOON,
Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

Popularity, Money, and Controversy: Kind of Like High School All Over Again

By "Nutrient" Rich Deltortuga

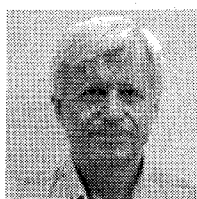
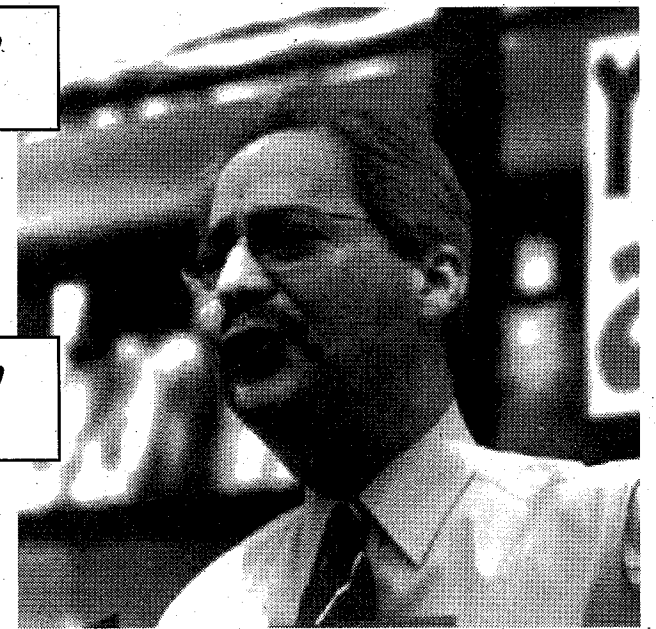


BOOMBERG!

FERRARI!

BOOMBERG!

YOU'RE SUCH A DICK.



**SERIOUSLY, YOU GUYS,
SIGN MY YEARBOOK!**

1000 More Troops Dead and Continued Violence in Iraq One Year Later

By Joan Leong

"Since the start of Bush's 'war on terror' a year and 150-something days ago, suicide bombers, the Iraqi militia and insurgents have killed over 1,000 American soldiers."

That was a line from one of my articles last fall. Another year goes by and I'm still writing the same article with altered statistics. Operation Iraqi Freedom began in 2002 and now the casualties have added up to 2,000. The majority of the deaths are American troops and 15,000 more are on the wounded list. While I was writing this same article last year, I was hoping the situation would have improved by now but in a way it has gotten worse.

Without trying to depreciate the sacrifice these young men and women gave, our casualties do not remotely come close to the Iraqi loss. In the last six months alone, about 3,870 Iraqi citizens have been killed, most of them Shiites and Kurds attacked by Sunni rebels and suicide bombers. Jim Phillips says the Conservative group, the Heritage Foundation, "focusing on American casualties takes attention away from the larger number of Iraqi troops and civilians who have died in the conflict." Both sides have suffered immense casualties and one should not out shadow the other. What these 2,000 deaths bring to our attention is that we still have American people over there losing their lives, people who have family and friends waiting back home who will never see their loved ones again. The citizens of Iraq face an even greater threat as their lives are in danger every day everywhere they go because of the heavy divide between the various groups.

There is now an approved constitution to go alongside with the democratically elected government. It is believed that with this new constitution it will unify the government and is a step toward ensuring law and order. The problem is that while the constitution passed, most of the Sunni-Arabs will refuse to recognize that as the new law of the land. Since the Shiites are the majority of the population, we foresaw that the constitution would be readily passed. The

voting on the constitution had the Sunnis coming out in tremendous numbers to vote against it which was a big difference from them boycotting the voting ballots during the elections. If the Sunnis refuse to accept the constitution, then it is just a useless document to them; they will not sanction it. And so the fighting continues. The Sunnis are viewing this document as further evidence that they will not have a say in the new government. If anything, the new constitution is another building block in Iraq's division not unification.



THUMBS UP! HOORAY!
Courtesy of Teleprompter Triumphalism

The American people continue to push for a timetable for withdrawal and logically, I cannot see one in the nearby future. I want the troops to come home as much as anyone else but the insurgency over there is still on the rise. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice laid out a three-part political-military strategy for completing this task: The Iraqi government must

clear all parts of the country from insurgent control, ensure that those areas remain secure and build durable, national Iraqi institutions. That's a solid plan but unrealistic. Sometimes it feels never ending because the insurgents are readily recruiting. Insurgents do not even need control of a region because it only takes one suicide bomber to walk into a crowded area to kill dozens. There has to be more compromise between the Shiites, Kurds and Sunnis at the governmental level before the insurgents withdraw their fire.

You can't end violence with more violence, not in this situation anyway. Usually that is how wars are won but the difference is that we aren't fighting another army. The Sunnis are fighting their war on much different terms this time around and they *aren't* afraid to die. That's the key difference. Killing some insurgents will give birth to more. The suicide bombers are relentless and until the Iraq government comes to term with this, there will never be unity. It is understandable during all those years under Saddam's regime, the Kurds and Shiites suffered and now they are using their power in the government to disenfranchise the Sunnis as much as possible. That isn't going to help anything along if they don't meet some kind of common ground. These divisions are hundreds of years in the making and violence and unrest will continue unless a significant action is taken by Iraqi leaders. This is the Iraqi people's struggle and American troops are caught in the cross-fire. Until they realize they can't ignore the demands of the Sunnis, nothing will change. Despite many changes and improvements the Iraqi people went through, a new constitution and new secure government, they are still at the same crossroad since last year. All sides will continue to suffer casualties and nothing is going to change anytime soon. Will our troops come home soon? Will the future be optimistic at this rate? I want to say yes, but the answer is probably no.

Montana, Economics, Soldiers, Iraq, Political Science, etc.

By Michael Doggett

In the place where I grew up, there is a strange dichotomy: a high quality of life, low crime rate and growing population, but a per-capita income that ranks 47th in the nation. There are a large number of high school graduates who cannot go to the best state supported schools because of the high academic barriers which restrict enrollment. The state gives generous scholarship support to the top 10% of transfer and undergraduate applicants, but proportionally thin financial aid support to everyone else- at least in comparison to New York.

At the beginning of my junior year in high school, those who had few financial resources or expected to graduate near the bottom half of their high-school class faced tough decisions: begin work immediately and try to climb their way up in the service industry, or take out loans, attend a community college or a less reputable four-year institution, and hope for a job after graduation.

Then 9-11 happened. Some extremist Muslims - most of them of Saudi background - flew planes into some buildings that most of my

friends and I had never seen and didn't care about (c'mon, it was high school). The country was at war, and the military began chatting everyone up like car salesmen. Recruiters set up posts around town, asking any cognitively functioning male or female high school student if they needed a 'job'. I was called by every

"The image they sold was so convincing that he signed the dotted line for a free education."

branch of the military and was invited to join all of the military academies. My best friend joined the merchant marines, my chess club nemesis was convinced by a recruiter that he had the "perfect build" to be a pilot, and the National Guard gave "field trips" so students could check out local military facilities.

After my best friend dropped out of a military academy as a protest against the psycho-physical military model and ongoing war in Iraq, he told me that he had initially joined the academy because he wanted to be professional, respected, and wanted. The *image* they sold was so convincing that he signed the dotted line for a free education. When no one else cared about his future, it *seemed* like the military provided an altruistic guiding hand. They paid for all of his expenses, gave him a stipend, guaranteed him a good job - and it didn't hurt that when he was in uniform, women mobbed him like free Gucci merchandise.

His experience has a happy ending- his grades were good enough to transfer into Montana's top engineering school. But everyone doesn't come back from military service with the same good fortune - like my cousin's ex-boyfriend, who calmly and remorselessly admitted to killing Iraqi women and children - or a friend who saw contracted prisons in Afghanistan worse than Abu Ghraib, and who

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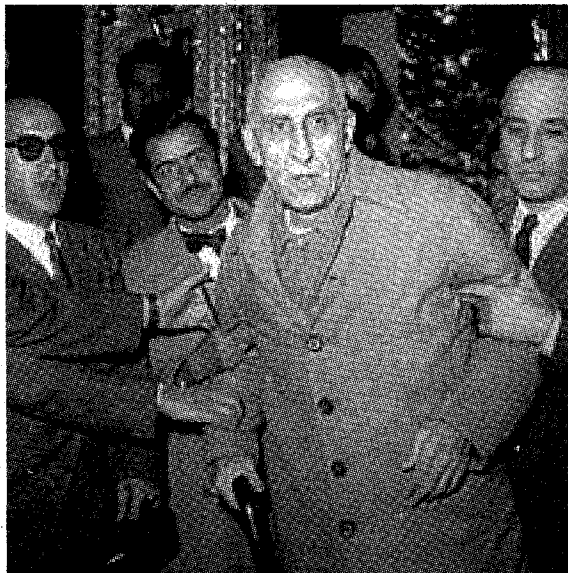
What's New With Iran?

By Alex Walsh

Iran seems to be in the news a lot. Sometimes it can be hard to keep track of everything they're doing over there. So here, just to keep you all up to date on this global attention whore, is a quick summary of recent events in Iran.

Bad News For Israel

While addressing a conference entitled "World Without Zionism", Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad told several thousand students that the establishment of the state of Israel was an imperialist action by the west against the Islamic world. He called for the Jewish state to be "wiped off the map". This statement was met with widespread condemnation from the international community. Leaders of most European and American nations, as well as Secretary General Kofi Annan of the UN, expressed outrage at the call for violence against Israel. Israel even requested Iran's expulsion from the United Nations. Iranian leaders defended the President's remarks, while stressing that Iran had no plans to attack Israel. Supreme Leader Ayatollah Khamenei assured the public: "We will not commit aggression towards any nations". Following the controversy, Kofi Annan has delayed a planned trip to Iran, saying it was "not an appropriate time" for such a visit.



IT'S A GOOD THING WE OVERTHREW
IRANIAN DEMOCRACY BACK IN THE DAY
Courtesy of the memory hole

Government Shake-Up

President Ahmadinejad is still dealing with the formation of a government after he took office in August. He recently announced four new appointees to the Ministries of Oil, Education, Co-operatives, and Welfare and Social Security after his original nominees to these positions were rejected. The most significant appointment here is the head of the Oil Ministry, Sadeq Mahsuli, as Iran is the world's fourth largest producer of crude oil. Mahsuli, a former Revolutionary Guard officer like the President, is not well known and has no experience in the energy industry. A board member of Iran's National Oil Company said "nobody in the Parliament knows him ... presumably the amount of information that we have about him is about as much as he knows about oil."

Ahmadinejad also recalled the Iranian ambassadors to the UK, France, Germany, and the UN in Geneva. These senior diplomats were moderates associated with the old reformist regime of Mohammad Khatami. The recall is seen as a purge of officials out of line with the new conservative administration, and may signal a change in strategy on negotiations over Iran's nuclear program.

Ahwaz, Riot City

Unrest has developed in the Iranian province of Khuzestan, which borders Iraq. The province's largely Arab population is unhappy

with the government's encouragement of ethnically Persian Iranians to move in. The government says that the violence, involving bomb blasts and several arrests, was instigated by agents from the UK. British officials had accused Iran of supporting insurgents in Southern Iraq, where the UK has about 8,000 soldiers stationed. They said shaped charges used in recent attacks were developed with technology and training from Iran's Revolutionary Guard or its allies in Hezbollah. Each side denies the other's accusations. Most of Iran's oil reserves are in Khuzestan.

Nuclear Inspections

Inspectors from the International Atomic Energy Agency have been allowed access to Iran's Parchin military facility, which the US says is suspicious. American officials say the site was host to tests linked to nuclear weapons development. The inspectors were allowed access to the facility to do environmental tests. Iran also granted access to documents and interviews with senior officials. This is seen as a positive sign for negotiations over the country's nuclear program, which it insists is entirely peaceful. The IAEA had previously threatened to refer Iran to the UN Security Council if its inspectors were not given complete cooperation.

Good News For Poor People

Following up on his campaign promises to help Iran's poor population, President Ahmedinejad has announced a plan to offer shares in government-owned companies to low-income families. The eligible investors, identified by government economists, would have 20 years to pay back the shares. This plan is intended to decrease the wide gap between Iran's rich and poor populations. Despite the nation's lucrative oil industry, it is estimated that about 40% of the population lives below the poverty line.

Our Ever Evolving Concept of Muslims

By Karen Shidlo

Since September 11th, Muslims and Islam have dominated the media, causing worldwide attention and fear. A 'war on terrorism' has resulted from the attack on the World Trade Center and Twin Towers, but this does not mean that tension with Muslims has been limited with Americans; Europe has recently borne witness to violence, resulting in numerous casualties and deaths.

The London underground bombings were unexpected and unprecedented by any other forms of international terror attacks, shocking the nation. I have lived in London and always known it to be tolerant of all ethnicities, similar to my experiences here in the United States of America, but since the attacks in both countries, I have seen a shift in attitudes.

It seems that Muslims are being approached more and more with a mixture of fear, hatred, hesitation and intolerance. This is a direct consequence of the images and words we see and hear on television, internet, newspapers and magazines, all of which send out the message that Westerners should be alert because of the unpredictability of the Arab world.

France is the latest country to feel the effect of the dissatisfaction felt ubiquitously in

Islamic communities, having had to deal with rioters shooting at police and setting fire to 1400 cars. The violence also erupted in the form of firebombs being thrown at churches and three schools, giving locals the impression of being in a war zone.

I have lived in France too and saw, in my last year there, growing pressure between immigrant, minority groups and white French; in public schools, it became illegal to wear anything that would distinguish one student from another, by showing their religious preference. This became controversial, as Muslim students claimed that wearing head dresses was a significant aspect of their religion and that they should be free to wear them if they chose. The counter argument for this objection to the law is that students will treat each other with more equality due to the prejudice of appearances being removed.

The fundamental cause of the criminal networks being organized in France is the overwhelming sense of non-integration on the Muslims part. Whether it is their fault or not is a different matter, what counts is that they live in council estates, unemployed and living on the financial aid they receive monthly from the government.

Undoubtedly, some French are reluctant to allow these minority groups to become part of their culture and lives and, equally, some Muslims are reluctant to make the changes and efforts necessary to become truly French. It is hardly surprising that without work or hope of improving their standards of living, a good part of the immigrants turn to religion for comfort and to the French as scapegoats for their problems. Unfortunately, the type of religion they are attracted to is the radical kind; leading to acts of organized violence, carried out by gangs.

France, who is based on "liberty, equality, fraternity," asks immigrants to discard their roots and become French; though immigrants are granted suburban areas in which to live, they have quickly become ghettos, real symbols of the social and ethnic segregation within French society.

It is difficult not to discriminate against Muslims when their reputation is associated with aggression and an impressive fearlessness of death, martyrdom being a widely accepted, even encouraged, aspect of their religion. However, it is important in a world where the media is easily accessible and hence, has an immense power to control our perception of the world, to not condemn an entire religion and its followers. We should keep an open mind and only punish those who have committed crimes against the innocent, because violence only leads to more violence.

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USG and Voter Turnout

This past USG senate meeting was fairly productive. The senators voted on quite a handful of proposed legislation. The first of which was called the Coca-Cola Resolution, brought before the senate by the Social Justice Alliance. The resolution, if ratified, states that USG does not condone Coca-Cola's crimes against union activists in their factories abroad and also strongly urges the administration to find an alternative to the exclusive contract we have with Coca-Cola. This resolution did indeed pass with overwhelming support from the senate.

The next proposed legislation voted on by the senate was an act containing amendments to the senate's rules of order. The amendments touched up their current set rules of order. This also had the support of most of the senators, passing with no problem..

One last bill was voted on before the meetings end; this bill is the Voter Turnout Improvement Act. The act has two main points. Firstly, if less than 20% of students vote in the USG elections, they are considered invalid. If 20% turnout isn't achieved, there will end up being no governing body, which will lead to no disbursement of the Student Activity Fee. This is supposed to give students something they haven't had before—a serious reason to vote. The second part of the act outlines another way of increasing the voter turnout—voting stations in high-traffic areas. Did the senators support this radical proposal? No. In fact the only senators that voted for it were Amy Wisnoski and Igor Levenberg, the two that proposed the act.

Wisnoski and Levenberg have good ideas and good intentions that were not received well by the rest

of the senate. Increasing the voter turnout should be every USG official's priority. If more people voted, the candidates that are elected would be even more representative of the voices of the student body. If more people voted, fewer senators would be elected solely because of people they know. Increased voter turnout would give USG the validation it really needs.

So, why did almost nobody support Voter Turnout Act? They do have some understandable concerns. The act, as is, is sort of radical. 20% is a voter turnout that hasn't ever been achieved since USG was started. Even with the intensive efforts of NYPIRG, last year's spring elections only saw a voter turnout of about 15%. Also, the act states that if 20% isn't reached, there will be elections held 2 weeks later. Currently, the USG constitution sets the spring elections 2 weeks before the end of the school year. This means if there isn't a 20% voter turnout there will no USG in the fall. Students wouldn't even be given a chance to realize that they have to vote or they will lose club funding. Another aspect the act doesn't address is clubs that can be permanently harmed if they can't get their budget, like WUSB Radio who has subscription fees.

Where did the percentage of 20 come from anyway? What percentage of Stony Brook Students is actually involved in clubs and organizations? What will happen to the activity fee if the 20% is never achieved? These are all questions that have to be answered before an act like this is proposed again. On the other hand, the act does have some very good ideas and goals that we hope to see in future legislation.

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Compiled By Claudia Toloza & Rob Pearsall



U.N. Becoming Stricter in its Zero Tolerance Policy

A U.N. official was sentenced to 3 years in jail by a court in Kosovo. The official was found guilty of sexual misconduct with a minor. This sentencing comes at crucial time for the United Nations, which recently faced criticism after a report released by Refugees International, a follow up report to Prince Zeid Raad al-Hussein's report. In his report, Prince Zeid Raad al-Hussein accused U.N. peacekeepers of sexual misconduct in exchange for aid in the Congo. This sentencing shows that the U.N. is trying to enforce its zero tolerance policy which was criticized by Refugees International as not being strict enough.



Violent Riots in France

Over the past week, numerous violent riots have overtaken the city of Paris. The series of riots arose from the deaths of two Parisian youths who were fleeing from the police and died when they were electrocuted. The teenagers ran away and hid near a transformer and were accidentally electrocuted. This incident enraged many minority groups who lashed out in anger over their frustration over issues such as racism, police treatment, and unemployment. Rioters have created a state of chaos and have caused much destruction; it is estimated that more than 1000 cars have been set on fire. These series of riots has hurt France's image in the international arena since it shows a lack of control of the French government. This incident also demonstrates the lack of attention being paid by the French government to resolving issues dealing with immigration.



Anti-Bush Protest in Argentina

On his recent trip to Argentina, President Bush was received with a series of Anti-Bush protests. President Bush visited the Mar de la Plata region of Argentina in order to attend the fourth Summit of the Americas to mainly discuss, among other things, the Free Trade Area of the Americas (F.T.A.A.) trade accord. One of the biggest Anti-Bush protestors was Hugo Chávez, President of Venezuela. Chávez who has made it clear that he is not a fan of President Bush and his policies, especially the F.T.A.A., and has organized a huge rally with 25,000 people in a stadium in Argentina. The series of rallies that occurred during the summit this past weekend at times turned violent and led to many arrests. This incident comes at difficult time for President Bush who is facing low approval ratings in the United States and is obviously not well received in Latin America as well.



Tornado Hits Indiana and Kentucky

On Sunday, a tornado struck part of Indiana and Kentucky. So far, 22 people are reported dead and there have been at least 200 hundred injuries. The tornado caught everyone by surprise because it occurred during the middle of night, around 2a.m., when most people were

sleeping. The powerful tornado was reported to have winds at more than 150mph. The tornado has been classified as an F3 on the Fujita Scale, which ranges from F0 to F5, F5 being the strongest. This tornado marks yet another natural disaster that has hit the United States this year along with the series of strong hurricanes which have caused a lot of damage.



2005 New York City Marathon

Today in the ING New York City marathon, the race for the finish line for the men came down to the last second. The winner of the marathon came to Paul Tergat from Kenya. He was able to defeat last year's winner, Hendrick Ramaala from South Africa, by fractions of a second. The winner for the women was Jelena Prokopcuka from Latvia. This proved to be an important win for Prokopcuka, who received a \$160,000 prize. This is the first time in the marathon's history in which the women receive a bigger prize than the men.

NYPIRG: Tireless...Tonic Salesmen?

Kate Contino from NYPIRG was at the Student Activities Center last Wednesday in full sleazy salesman garb. She was acting out the part of the state in their newest bill to get your dollars for their work. The Higher Education Plan for Guaranteed Tuition Hikes would increase tuition for incoming freshmen every year. The increase would be tied to the Consumer Price Index. Students can hardly afford tuition as it is and TAP remaining stationary. NYPIRG has been spearheading the effort and opposing the hike ever since there was the announcement of public senate hearings on October 6th.



WATCH

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...Because Jack Thompson Won't

By Joey Safdia

Jack Thompson. A man you would think that through all his big talk and his alleged concern for our nation's children that he would care enough about these children to donate \$10,000 to charity, a donation he promised to make. You would think he would care, wouldn't you?

Now this may seem like a very strong allegation if you don't know what's going on (after all, I care about the children but I'm not donating \$10,000 to charity) so let's start this story at the top. Jack Thompson is a Florida lawyer who has embarked on a campaign against violence in video games. He denounced violent "murder simulators" such as *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* and has led a lawsuit against Rockstar Games, the creators of the aforementioned game, claiming that it was the game that led 18 year old Devin Moore to murder three police officers in 2003 (even though part of his defense was that his childhood was full of mental and physical abuse). In light of the controversy around *Grand Theft Auto's* "Hot Coffee" mod, which featured your character having sex, he challenged anyone to make a video game which he called *Modest Proposal*, a pun on Jonathan Swift's famed satirical essay "A Modest Proposal."

The concept of the anti-violent video game lawyer's violent video game is to go around killing video game executives. You play as Osaki Kim, a man whose son was killed by a 14 year old video game fanatic wielding a baseball bat. To avenge his son's death, Kim embarks on a quest to kill the creators of the games, the executives of the companies, the lawyers who defended Rockstar and Take Two Interactive, the store managers and cashiers of the stores that sell the games, video arcades, everyone at the Electronic Entertainment Expo (E3), and the family members of most of the already previously mentioned victims.

Despite being an avid *Grand Theft Auto* fan, even I must say that this game is pretty tasteless, though not harmful to society or America's youth in any way.

But that's not all. He claimed that if someone were to answer his challenge and create this video game, he would donate \$10,000 to the charity of that person's choice. With all that in consideration, one could only imagine how livid he was when someone actually *did* take him up on his offer and create the *Modest Proposal* game.

These anti-game activists exclaim left and right that their purpose of trying to get video games banned in this country is to protect the children, so you would think that after *Modest Proposal* was created, Thompson would have upheld his end of the deal and donated \$10,000 to charity to help underprivileged children. Wrong. Thompson retracted the offer when his idea for a game became a reality, claiming the whole thing to be a joke and a satire, though he originally stated that, "The offer of \$10,000 is real".

Mike "Gabe" Krahulik, one of the co-creators of the online comic *Penny Arcade*, decided to step in at his point, e-mailing Thompson and informing him that he believed Thompson's offer to donate \$10,000 was pretty small compared to the game-based comic's donation of over \$500,000 in its charity event, "Child's Play". Thompson's response was to threaten to sue if Gabe e-mailed him again. As a result, Penny Arcade sent a \$10,000 check to the Entertainment Software Association Foundation with the words, "For Jack Thompson, because Jack Thompson won't" written on the bottom.

This goes to show who is really looking out for the people and who just wants to drag others to the dirt. If Jack Thompson and other anti-game activists really cared about children so much, they would be helping less fortunate

kids around the world and donating to charities with the same goal. They would be helping to put tax dollars into education rather than war, ideally making American schools not something to be embarrassed about. They would be fighting to end wars that take the lives of children around the world, along with the lives of the mothers and fathers of children in this country. But they're not. They are fighting against an entertainment industry which has been proven more often than not to have no link with kids committing violent acts. Their only weapons are wild accusations against the gaming industry and community (such as Thompson's claim that the video game community has "little frontal lobe activity"), and incoherent "logic" just barely linking games to murder. It is this that shows us the sorry state our society is in. Sure every country has the proverbial bad apples that spoil the bunch, for example depraved and psychotic murderers like Devin Moore, but one would think that instead of pointing fingers and casting blame at anything that isn't remotely politically correct, steps would be taken to ensure that these types of crimes don't ever happen again. But this won't happen. While politicians, lawyers, and "concerned parents" bicker amongst themselves about what to do with these violent video games, someone will go out and shoot schoolchildren and police officers for completely unrelated reasons while using video games as their defense. The problem with our society is not what video games our children play, it's what we do, or rather don't do, to address the problems that arise when the bad apples begin to spoil the bunch.

Now that I've got all that out of the way, I'm going to go play some *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*, and to top it all off, I *won't* go out afterwards and shoot cops! Shocking, isn't it, Jack?



Montana... Continued

By Michael Doggett

Continued from page 4

also told me that most of his "engagements with the enemy" were the result of cultural/linguistic barriers, and admitted to using military-provided drugs that kept him awake for more than 48 hours while his company campaigned in Afghanistan with no apparent purpose (alas, they had no loudspeakers blasting Wagner). He was lucky enough to get out of Afghanistan a week before stop-loss orders were issued. As for my other friends who are still in the field, I haven't been able to get much out of them because there are strict limits on what they can tell me.

It is possible to make modern war into something that it isn't, instead of admitting that it's a draining, destructive depletion of human and material capital. If a society doesn't commit to the costs of war before they fight, they end up in financial and political ruin. As Tim O'Brien writes in *The Things They Carried*, "war was like a Ping-Pong ball. You could put a fancy spin on it, you could make it dance."

There's nothing productive about conflict itself. Maybe after this war our oil prices will be a little lower, but probably not. Iraq will likely join OPEC and make as much money as they can. If we really wanted to do something about our oil problem, we could have required companies to make more efficient machines, and spent the billions of dollars allocated for the war on subsidizing the transition, or kept the

same emission standards and developed efficient processes to convert biomaterials into gasoline (gasp...self sufficiency?).

The war in Iraq shows no sign of ending any time soon, despite contentions that the insurgency is in its final gasp. On November 2nd, Robert Reid of the AP reported that October was the deadliest for American troops since January. When the troops that are in Iraq come back and are replaced by in the field by fresh bodies, over 150,000 people will need long-term, military-provided psychological and economic assistance. Cash-strapped VA hospitals have long lists of needy veterans and few resources to deal with three generations of soldiers and

a new version of war that could last well into the 21st century.



In a country that is paying for itself on credit with an economic climate that has brought incredible benefits to the richest in society, it is only right that if politicians *really* support the troops, they should raise taxes on those who can afford to help them readjust to peaceful society. The military *should* be used to rebuild areas devastated by hurricanes, fight a pre-emptive strike against a bird-flu pandemic that President Bush has allocated billions of dollars for, and help local communities. Disciplined soldiers *should* serve practical humanitarian purposes in the United States. We sure could have used them about a month ago.

Rosa Parks: Unplanned Hero... Dies After a Fulfilling Life

By Adina Silverbush

Rosa Parks is known for her act of civil disobedience in 1955, when she refused to give up her seat to a white man and go to the back of a public bus despite segregation laws. To some, this may seem simple but it helped create a great movement towards civil rights. She was an inspiration and led the way for important leaders such as Martin Luther King Jr.

Despite what some may think, Parks was not the first to be arrested for not adhering to transportation racial laws. Eight months before Parks, Claudette Colvin, who was only 15, refused to give up her seat and was detained. Black activists from the NAACP, an organization for which Rosa Parks was a secretary, were upset about this but felt the young girl would not be able to undergo the whole court and press proceedings that would come with fighting the case. A few months after Claudette, another woman named Mary Louise Smith again was arrested for the same offence, yet the NAACP still felt she wouldn't be able to deal with all the scrutiny so she paid the fine and was released.

It was only six weeks later, when Rosa Parks would commit the same act but the NAACP would back her up and the fight would begin. On Dec. 1, 1955, black people had were not allowed to sit in the first four rows, and even if they were in the "colored section" of the bus, if a white person wanted their seat they had to move further back or stand. If you were black you had to pay at the front door then get off and re-enter through the back door. Rosa Parks worked as a seamstress. She had a normal day of work and boarded the Cleveland Avenue bus like she did every day no more tired than usual. She took a seat in the fifth row — the first row of the "Colored Section." The driver was the same

one who had put her off a bus 12 years earlier for refusing to get off and re-board through the back door. ("He was still mean-looking," she has said.) Why had she picked this day? Was it the bus driver who made her angry? Or maybe all the work she'd been doing in the NAACP. She had learned what to do — or more specifically, what not to do: "Don't frown, don't struggle, don't shout, don't pay the fine." Rosa Parks said "I didn't get on that bus to get arrested, I got on the bus to get home".

Civil Rights leaders finally found their "mother" to lead them in their fight, someone who would be able to stand the scrutiny. Parks was perfect, an older woman in with a decent job and a secure marriage, as well as being of highest morals and politically-inclined. Her arrest gave way to Martin Luther King Jr. leading a 380-day bus boycott which ended with the U.S Supreme Court decision to desegregate public transportation. This leap for equal rights was

brought into all areas of living.

Rosa Parks died of natural causes on Monday Oct 25th 2005. She suffered the last three years with Dementia. She became the first woman to ever be honored by lying in state in the Capitol Rotunda. She is also being honored by the Detroit Department of Transportation with a new transit center named after her that will cost \$15 million. However, our President didn't do the best job honoring her because in his speech about her, after her death he missed pronouncing her name calling her "Rosa Park". Rosa Parks is a heroic symbol, she was fearless and showed this world, no matter how corny it may

sound, that one person can make a difference. Thankfully for Parks she lived a long life where she was able, unlike Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X, to see the success of her civil rights struggle.



A Question of a Functioning Democracy

By Miguel Sanchez

Not long ago, I met a few veterans who testified to an audience of people of their experiences in Vietnam. They were not seeking adulation or acclaim; rather, in my view, they sought to make amends for what happened in Vietnam. It is my opinion that the public ill-treated these veterans after Vietnam, that they should have been better treated for their sacrifice and commitment for what they felt at first to be defending the homeland from a much larger evil than themselves. Their experiences, though, were of a different sort, and they wanted to make that public. They were fully aware, as they claim, that the crimes committed in Vietnam were widespread, not isolated, and that in fact they were misled by the government they swore to serve as to the true intentions of the war. Their admittance perhaps angered a few on the far right, but, in my view, they made a greater sacrifice against so-called patriotism and love for king and country to better explain to a largely contemporary public, only of what they've experience and understood to be the truth of the matter. Today, more than 2000 soldiers have been killed and many more wounded, many of them leaving behind families and friends devastated by their loss, and an unwavering political establishment that refuses to see the light of reason and sanity. We face, in the words of a fellow activist, the prospects of a "failing empire", as he explained to a soldier while being interrogated for protesting the records of atrocities and crimes committed by graduates of the School of the Americas. For anyone with a good Jewish education, the word unpatriotic comes from the Bible in the Book of Kings, when the prophet Elijah was labeled an anti-Israeli for criticizing the policies of King Ahab, for his lust for war and ill-treatment of his own people. For example, to be anti-American is often confused with criticizing the policies of the United States government with the culture of the people. Another example is to be labeled an anti-Zionist for what's thought to be criticizing the culture and people of Israel and not its policies, policies which have lead to the death of thousands of innocent Palestinians in the occupied territories. As you've come to salute the flag, who are you saluting, your government and its policies or the people and its culture? Who are the true arbiters of state? Is it the policy makers, the establishment, or the people themselves? There has always been resentment for public participation in the political arena for which they have been largely excluded and the economic arena from which they are excluded in principle. That resentment springs from the fear that the public, if not tamed and not driven back to its cage where it belongs, will take it upon itself to make decisions for the policy makers. The establishment has always made it out to be that the 1960's were a terrible time but in fact it was quite the opposite. It was a time when the public was fully aware of its "class consciousness" and sought to participate in the political and economic arena. It was the beginning for the basis of a functioning democracy, for which today it is largely taken for granted on both sides, Democrats and Republicans. Yesterday, issues of these topics

could not be discussed publicly without severe backlashes and repressions, but today that has changed. With advances in science and technology, individuals can now have access to alternative information away from the private, state-controlled media outlets. But issues of a much larger sort have to be taken into account regarding science and technology. Right now, funding for military projects have sky rocketed, includ-

will be launched simultaneously by us as a reaction to that launch, unleashing a chain reaction that could wipe out the species for good. Officially, two years ago, the U.S. and Russia withdrew from the non-proliferation treaty, making it more possible that such an event might occur, as Russia as well has proposed to modernize its nuclear technology on head trigger alert. But under the Clinton

Administration, to the now current Bush Administration, United Nations weapons inspectors were forbidden from entering American pharmaceutical companies that had contracts with AMRID [American Research Center for Infectious Diseases]. This sparked what would be a trend of events that would lead to where we are today with rogue states seeing no other way to deter a possible U.S. lead invasion than by W.M.D.'s

[weapons of mass destruction] and terrorists finding no other way to counter U.S. military reactions than to attack civilians only and non-military targets. The responsibility of intellectuals today is far greater than ever before because we now exist in a world where the stakes are much higher. But intellectuals have comprised a small sector of the ruling elite's, they are the Harvard or Princeton educated class, the financial giants and beneficiaries, the media and journals which often support the liberal state (by 'liberal', one means the growing view that the public should be excluded from participating in a democracy, a tradition that dates back to Hobbes, Locke, Keynes, and even Strauss. Which is why our system of government is not democratic at all rather it's pluralistic if you want to be serious about it, meaning that we participate every giving years by electing those who will decide policy and after that we move on with our lives without much caring for what they do next. Established by Alexander Hamilton in the United States to protect the wealth of the establishment in his *Federalist Papers*). In their journals they often repeat the same state sponsored motto's as before, "when you're leader says something is true, it must be true" and "when the state beats the war drums, you must hear the calling" (often called logical illogicality). These are the phrases of the right or the state-corporate sector, for which the intellectual elite remains subservient to, ominous at best but quite striking as it gives a profound picture that the claim that universities are left is fundamentally wrong, the private universities, in particular the state universities have remained obedient to the state-corporate sector, since its highly dependent on it for funding and research grants (the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Department of Energy, National Science Foundation, and even the British Royal Society of London, all state-corporate sponsored organizations, largely excluding the public from participating in its discussions with the policy makers). Hence the intellectual class continues



THE PEOPLE SPEAK OUT IN THROGS,
Courtesy of Miguel Sanchez

ing black projects, projects for which even some policy makers don't have access to. The most obvious is the Star Wars program which STRATCOM [Strategic Command] claims is to defend against an impending nuclear attack from a rogue state or terrorists. But Star Wars is not a defensive measure, as most foreign policy



ARE YOU MY DADDY?
Courtesy of Miguel Sanchez

experts around the world understand it to be; it has an offensive capacity. Star Wars is not only a shield, it is also a weapon like a sword. Many military experts have also claimed that with the new head trigger alert system put in place, the probability for accidental nuclear launch is much higher than ever before. Meaning that if Russia accidentally launched one nuclear missile to the United States, 50 nuclear missiles

Continued on next page

...Functioning Democracy Continued...

By Miguel Sanchez

Continued from previous page

to remain out of touch with the traditions of scholarly openness, remaining distant from the public at all times and keeping themselves obedient to the establishment. But the American people (the left) in general don't agree with these assertions. Overwhelmingly, in a Chicago Council of Foreign Relations study, the American people do support adherence to international law, compliance with the World Court, giving up the U.N. veto if necessary, and only going to war if enough evidence is presented. This contradicts many of your leader's statements, like [Former Secretary of State] Colin Powell stating that they have "won a mandate from the people to pursue its [aggressive] foreign policy." In a gallop poll taken late last year, Americans were asked what was the most urgent moral crisis facing the United States, "when voters were asked to choose the most urgent moral crisis facing the country, 33 percent cited 'greed and materialism,' 31 percent selected 'poverty and economic justice,' 16 percent named abortion, and 12 percent selected gay marriage." In others, "when surveyed, voters were asked to list the moral issue that most affected their vote, the Iraq war placed first at 42 percent, while 13 percent named abortion and 9 percent named gay marriage." A clear indication of how the people are far to the left to the intellectual elites, which remain very distant from the public. In other words, the public holds these views in mere isolation, keeping it to themselves, and not capable of the form of organization necessary to make their views stand out. The intellectual elite have gone as far as to suggest the Wilsonian Idealism, such that

it is the "vanguard of history, transforming the global order and, in doing so, perpetuating its own dominance." But to accept any of this, we must accept the stance of "intentional ignorance" as stated by a well-known critic of the worst atrocities in Central America in the



THE CROWD MASSED AND FILLED THE STREET, Courtesy of Miguel Sanchez

sciousness, like the anti-war movement; that could unite the general public for socioeconomic reform. These groups, if better equipped, can modernize and unite the left and bring some light into the severe despondency of the public. If we look at Haiti and Aristide's rise to power after massive political participation by the people of Haiti to get him elected (an example of bottom up, participatory democracy), we realize that through hard work against repression and terror, perseverance is viable. The lessons to the Southern nations throughout the third world is that even in the most terrible circumstances, a growing functioning democratic society is possible against any form of repression, for which the U.S. has long sponsored and supported to keep the third world at bay for economic exploitation under the cover of globalization, an exploitative method meant to deregulate the foreign financial markets and which leads overnight to economic collapse. As a consequence, it imposes structural adjustment initiatives which disrupt the democratic structure of these countries, privatizing the public sector (schools, health-care, and social security), eliminating corporate taxation, and lowering the wages of workers (in a sense destroying any remnant of capitalist democracy in the essential political and economic sector). In many ways, globalization has always been a weapon against socialist nationalism, a weapon that has hit us hard here at home, with trade unions and workers unions continually outcast as communist fronts by the right and wages at its lowest since the Reagan era, if we take into account inflation. But resistance against globalization is growing with nations choosing instead to implement its own economic policies and to disregard the policies of the G8. Growing anger and frustration against the repressive characteristics of globalization and the United States continual need to interfere with the affairs of foreign nations to offset the possibility of capitalist democracy, may as well only marginalize the establishment and financial beneficiaries. Such a global revolution may revitalized the social struggle movement in the United States, as one by one the global financial markets collapse and are reabsorbed into the public sphere. Such a possibility is so real that the establishment has begun making slight changes to its policies, a move that the social struggle movement can earn some credit for, for years of hard work and perseverance. A good sign that bottom up participatory democracy is working. The question of Iraq is not so obvious, but most top retired military personnel indicate that the region has slipped into civil war and the only way to support the troops is not to put them in harms way anymore. Our continual presence in Iraq is only facilitating more terrorist attacks as the region has become a breeding ground for more insurgents. Most likely the region will inevitable break up, with the Kurds taking the North, the Shiites and Sunnis splitting the other half, with Iran taking a leading role in establishing stability in the region. Reality in many ways bites, but so far American and British intelligence have supported these claims that many of the foreign policy experts (many of them with respectable military backgrounds) have claimed. The veterans that I've met signify a good course in the relationship between democracy and the public. One can only hope that we honor the soldiers of the current war by bringing some level of a functioning democracy here in the United States, where the people do have a say in policy. Their sacrifices will not be in vain or loss, it can be won by us if we persevere and let loose the giant beast from its cage, for which now it is not a matter of if but when.

1980's. Adopting such a stance, we can cover up the messes and the inevitable flaws that accompany the best of intentions. Writing in the elite newspaper, the *New York Times* Op-Ed columnist Paul Krugman states: "In that context, it's worth noting two more poll results: in one taken before the recent resurgence of violence in Iraq, and the administration's announcement that it needs yet another \$80 billion, 53 percent of Americans said that the Iraq war wasn't worth it. And 50 percent say that 'the administration deliberately misled the public about whether Iraq has weapons of mass destruction.'"

If the left should gather any consistency that could bring liberalism back in line with the principles of democratic rule, then they must find unique methods for reorganization and communication with the public. In *Reclaiming the Enlightenment* by Stephen Eric Bronner of Rutgers University, he writes that "class interest" must be taken into account to reform the left. What that means is that new novel methods of representation must be considered, for example considering less popular groups who are not part of the mainstream public con-

Expanded Recycling Efforts

West and Schomburg Apartments Expanded Recycling

The Department of Recycling and Resource Management, in partnership with the Division of Campus Residences, has expanded its program to now include the West apartments and the Schomburg graduate apartments. The existing residence hall program has been improved by providing students with an additional bin for trash, as well as posting detailed signage and distributing updated literature.

Looking for Ways to Recycle?

If you're looking for ways to recycle on campus, you will find our Recycled Recyclers in various academic and administrative buildings. They have three compartments, for the convenient sorting of mixed paper, trash, and bottles and cans. Victor-Stanley clusters have also been placed around the academic mall and other outdoor areas. Trash may be disposed of in the green container, while bottles and cans can be recycled in the blue container.

Want to Recycle Inkjet and Toner Cartridges?

We would also like to draw your attention to the inkjet cartridge and toner cartridge recycling program. The required recycling envelopes can be found in many academic and administrative buildings on campus, and can be used free of charge.

Goodwill Drop-off Bins

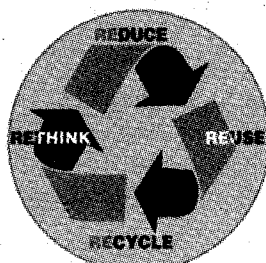
Look for the Goodwill drop-off bins located in each quad if you would like to donate clothes and small appliances.

More Information

Our outreach efforts are not just focused on resident students, but are also aimed at commuter students, faculty, and staff.

For more information and to find out how you can become a part of the University's eco-culture, call the Recycling Hotline at 632-1514. We are always looking for passionate people who care about the environment to help us make our program more successful.

www.stonybrook.edu/recycling



The World Can't Wait...and Neither Can You!

Anti-Bush Rally Takes NYC by Storm

By Marcel Votlucka

November 2, 2005. Had you emerged from the Union Square subway station around noon on that day, you'd have been greeted by a blast of chilly air, the cacophony of car horns, bursts of music and chanting, and the truth. "Thousands of people have been killed in Iraq." "Bush is trying to put neocon fascists on the Supreme Court." "The White House lied to us about the war and terrorism."

I also received the dubious pleasure of being greeted by a police van blocking my path as I tried to cross the street. And then there was the gaggle of pro-Bush protesters I passed on my way into Union Square. They hoisted the Star Spangled Banner arrogantly, as if America was their God-given country alone. One of their signs clearly articulated their opinion of us: "HIPPIES GO HOME!"

In the interest of fairness, there was one hippie-ish dude (complete with long shaggy hair) who gave off the competing odors of reefer and incense as he paraded around with a placid grin on his face handing out flyers. But aside from him, what met my eyes was a mostly young, average, middle class, *normal* crowd. An astonishing number of high school kids populated Union Square that afternoon, along with the usual contingent of college kids, working stiffs, and veteran activists. The kids impressed me with their sheer presence, and the speakers never failed to praise them. They were so full of energy, so full of hope and idealism, so highly informed about the world around them, so noble in performing their civic duty of dissent...

Nah, we were all just a bunch of pissed off New Yorkers who wanted that bumbling usurper out of the White House and had skipped school or work to raise our collective voices against him. That, and to hoist cool signs.

"War on Terror? War IS Terror!"

"The Shrub needs a trimmin'!"

"George Orwell was off by 21 years!"

Amid an image of a sinking ship: "What's the plan?"

Indeed, how fitting that there were so many young people at this gathering—her voice cracking with grief, one of the speakers informed us that the average age of a soldier killed in Iraq is 21 years. I'm sure many of you

"[T]he average age of a soldier killed in Iraq is 21."

reading this haven't even reached that age yet. Just imagine, for a moment, having your young life snuffed out like a candle in the wind...all so Halliburton can make a few bucks and some pig in a suit can win political points from a war justified on a grand conspiracy theory.

How many innocent Iraqi children have been slaughtered? I can't even comprehend that bloody number, it hurts too much. And yet, the Bushites continued to hoist their signs exhorting us to "SUPPORT OUR TROOPS!" Yet another meaningless marketing slogan.

"From Death Row, this is Mumia Abu Jamal."

A rich erudite baritone filled the air, bringing to our ears his words of wisdom. "This is not so much a protest against someone as it is a protest in support of yourself." By this Mumia meant the obvious: dissent is vital to a

free society, and NYC's youth made themselves heard and validated themselves in the face of neocon fascists killing thousands of youth not unlike them...and in their name no less. Despite his voice being an audio recording, the youth in the audience appreciated his words as if he were physically present in the square.



ONE COP TWO COP RED COP BLUE COP,
Courtesy of fred askew at nyc.indmedia.org

Next, an imam took the stage and revved up the crowd with enlightening words of solidarity and struggle. He spoke of the prophet Mohammed's three ways to address evil. "He said, if you can't change things by your own hand, speak out against it, and if you can't speak out for whatever reason, hate it in your heart! But all of us here today are set on one thing; we hate this state of things, we're gonna speak out...and we're gonna *change it!*" The crowd ate it up, feeding off the raw conviction in his voice.

More truth assailed our ears as *Democracy Now!* producer Jeremy Scahill took the stage. Instinctively, I wandered closer to the stage—Scahill is, after all, one of the few remaining *real* journalists in this country. He talked at length about Blackwater Securities Inc., a private security firm (read: mercenaries) working at the behest of the US Government. Theirs is a story of cronyism and murder for profit. As if it weren't bad enough that the US military is being squandered in order to provide Bush and his cronies political and economic profit, firms like Blackwater commit further atrocities in that country, all to make a few bucks.

The icing on the smutty cake, according to Scahill, is that Blackwater traveled to flood-ravaged New Orleans to do its dirty work in advance of the feds. In his words, they are "turning the Mississippi into the Tigris," engaging in the same abuses of power as the police and feds in New Orleans, Biloxi, and so on. They make their living off this without even the flimsy veneer of being a "public servant." At least they're up front about it.

Soon, the speakers, including a livid military mom, departed the stage, and a pack of high school kids replaced them. They'd all walked out of school that day to come to the rally, in the face of suspensions and other disciplinary actions from their schools. The same could be said for most of the youth in the crowd too. A round of applause for their courage melted into a rhythmic chant:

"Join us, joins us the world can't wait!
Drive...out...the Bush regime!"

An imperative drumbeat and a funky (and catchy) electric guitar riff started to accompany the chant, as the march to Times Square began. I wandered through the sea of people marching down 14th Street toward Eighth Avenue, immersing myself in the scene. The air was thick with the acrid stench of diesel exhaust and burning rubber, courtesy of our escort of several police vans and motorcycles. I couldn't help wondering if, under different circumstances, the police might've joined our march. Imagining ordinary folks and the cops rebelling against their piggish masters gave me hope that maybe 1984 will indeed remain fictional and not prophetic.

And yet...I was not at all surprised by the embarrassing lack of media coverage of the rally and march. Aside from Jeremy Scahill and a lone reporter interviewing some high school students, the media failed to represent itself. Even in this overwhelmingly Democratic city—and days before a mayoral election to boot—an anti-Republican protest such as this merited little attention. Despite polls showing that 60 percent of Americans finally realize Bush is an incompetent clown, an anti-Bush protest provoked hardly a whisper. Although two-thirds of the country has come to oppose Bush's insane campaign of mass murder in Iraq, an antiwar protest in the middle of liberal Manhattan garnered hardly a glance. Ludicrous. Pitiful. Shameful. Even when a majority of the populace agrees with the positions taken by the protesters, the damn protest itself was *still* too controversial and *real* for the country to handle.

Hey, is that an elephant in the living room?!

So this begs the question: are these protests and marches and demonstrations worth it anymore? After all, most people don't go to protests, and few seem to notice them in the mainstream media. The public has grown to despise Bush, his cabal, and his imperialistic wars just by seeing the death toll rise daily, by seeing the ruling cabal implode due to scandals, and by seeing the Iraqi rebels kick our military's asses all over the country. Protests that go unseen on TV can't sway any minds, so why do it?

"We want all of you to be like Rosa Parks today!"

Of all the words of validation given by the speakers at the demonstration, one stands out. A student took the stage and mentioned the recently deceased Rosa Parks' brave act of defiance on a bus on that cold day just two generations ago. "We want all of you to be like Rosa Parks today!" she declared.

Indeed, that was the spirit motivating the World Can't Wait demonstration; to spark a flame of defiance and rebellion similar to Parks'. It was in this spirit that we protesters shouted our defiant chant, "Join us, join us, the world can't wait! Drive...out...the Bush regime!"

What are you waiting for?

*visit www.worldcantwait.org for more information on the World Can't Wait project

Phil Donahue and Michael Ratner Visit Stony Brook

By Claudia Toloza

On Thursday afternoon, Stony Brook welcomed Michael Ratner and Phil Donahue to discuss terrorism and dissent as part of the Provost Lecture Series. Phil Donahue is a well-known journalist and former host of the *Donahue Show* on MSNBC. Michael Ratner is the President for the Center of Constitutional Rights and he is also the author of the book *Guantanamo: What the World Should Know*.

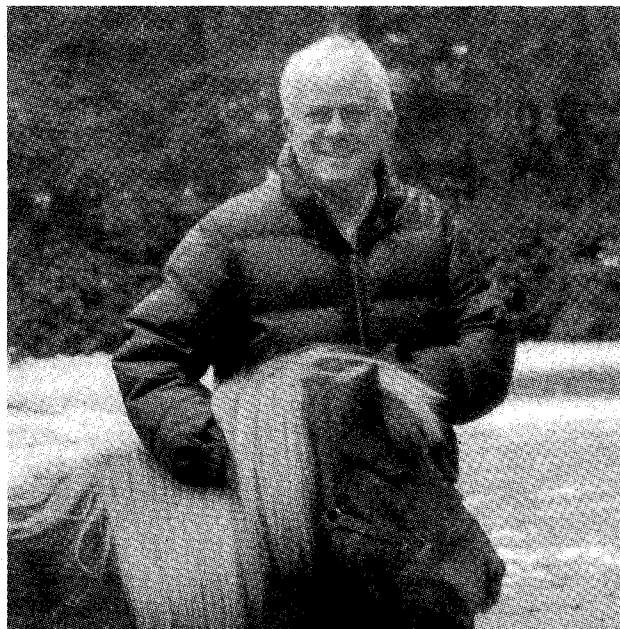
The lecture started out with a brief introduction made by Amy Goodman, host of the radio show *Democracy Now!* The first speaker of the evening was Michael Ratner, who stepped up to the podium to begin the discussion. Mr. Ratner started off the evening talking about the Guantanamo Bay prisoners and about the harsh conditions they are facing while imprisoned. One of the major points Ratner made was the indifference of the media concerning these issues and also the ignorance of the American public about all the occurrences in Guantanamo.

Besides mentioning the case concerning the Guantanamo Bay prisoners, he mostly spoke about them to stress the point that we're now living in what he calls an 'outlaw state'. In his opinion, the fact that people are being held prisoner without any charges being pressed and being tortured shows that law is no longer being upheld. The phrase 'outlaw state' makes one think. Could, as citizens of this country, all of us be living in an outlaw state without even realizing it as such? The fear that the rights we have as citizens could be overstepped by the government for security reasons is a frightening thought. This was perhaps the point that Mr. Ratner was trying to make to the entire audience present in the SAC auditorium, to question our government and not stand idly by when legal injustices are occurring right under our noses.

Following Mr. Ratner, Phil Donahue stepped to the podium. The topic Mr. Donahue focused on was the current war in Iraq. Firmly opposed to the war, Mr. Donahue made it clear that this was a war that could have been avoided and that should not have been fought. This

war, in his opinion, and in the opinion of many who also oppose the war, has put the United States in a very precarious position in the eyes of the foreign world.

Like Mr. Ratner, Phil Donahue's main focus was the indifference that the American public has had on the war on terrorism. One of his big criticisms was on the American media who, in his opinion, is "beating the biggest drum for the war". One good example of this is



WHEN HE'S NOT AT STONY BROOK...
Courtesy of www.piedpiperponyrides.com

the case of the Guantanamo Bay prisoners. Recently a story was run in *The New York Times* about the feeding tubes that are being used to force feed the 200 or more prisoners who have been on a hunger strike. This story was not one of the main headlines of *The New York Times* despite its importance. More importantly, much of the American public is quick to forget that there are in fact prisoners in Guantanamo Bay who have been imprisoned, some since the

September 11 attacks, and have not yet been charged or tried.

It was definitely clear that one of the main points of the night was the fact that the American public is not as informed as it should be on all the matters that surround the war. There is a big distance between the decisions being made by the leaders of this country and the rest of the American public. I am sure that if many people knew that the United States government is imprisoning people without just cause and torturing them, they would not agree with this practice. One important point of the evening was the fact that, as citizens, we should not blindly believe in the decisions of our leaders. Whether a Democrat or Republican, one should question the decisions made by the people we have elected because, in a sense, they are a reflection of us since we voted them into office.

When the evening came to a close and the floor was opened to the audience for questions, the entire point of the lecture was brilliantly made by the question of an audience member, "Why isn't this place [the SAC Auditorium] filled up?" (Although I sort of disagree with the audience member, I was very surprised with the turn out. I thought less people would have been present). However the point that was trying to be made was, how could two well-known personalities, talking about important issues, not draw out a huge crowd that a bigger location would be needed to host the event? This was precisely the point that both Michael Ratner and Phil Donahue were trying to get at. Although these were very important issues being discussed, the auditorium was not filled to its maximum capacity because not everyone took the time to come and be informed. For those who did show up, their time was not wasted at all. The lecture was very thought-provoking and informative; we can only hope that in the future more Stony Brook holds more lectures like this one.

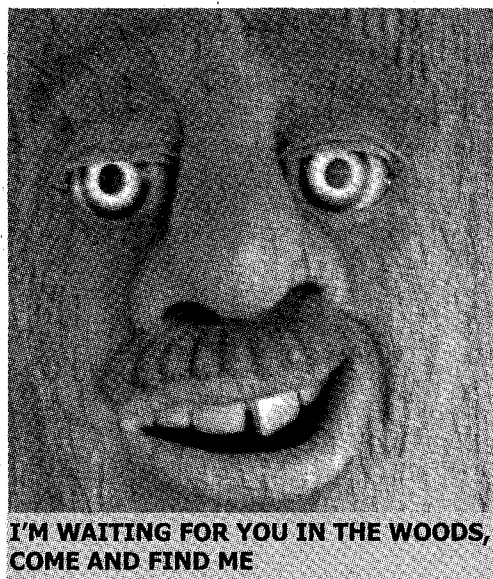
Our Forest Is Alive

By Sean Callanan

At the Wang Center on Friday, The Classic Live for United Nations presented a motivational program, "Our Forest Is Alive, Part III," supporting the Earth Charter.

The Earth Charter is a supplement to the UN Charter enumerating four fundamentals of sustainable development: to respect Earth and life in all its diversity, care for the community of life with understanding, compassion, and love, to build democratic societies that are just, participatory, sustainable, and peaceful, and to secure Earth's bounty and beauty for present and future generations.

The main portion of the program consisted of a dramatic performance depicting a group of enthusiastic teenagers attending a series of sessions at an international conference on the Earth Charter. Right from their entrance, the boisterous protagonists stole the show with their endearing amateurish-



I'M WAITING FOR YOU IN THE WOODS,
COME AND FIND ME

ness. They provided excellent counterpoint for the dreary polemics of the delegates to the conference. Their growing impatience with the conference's lack of results (the delegates invariably got bogged down in petty arguments) perfectly echoed that of the audience.

This alternated with dance numbers by a group of Japanese dancers, who performed various thematic numbers to a backdrop of recorded music and video images. The choreography was very well done, and the dancers, members of the Youth Performing Arts Company Tokyo, evoked some of the natural beauty of Earth that can get lost in environmentalists' histrionics over tenth-of-a-degree changes in global temperature.

The Wang Center's preparations and execution of the performance left much to be

desired, however. The audio system had not been properly tested, as the constant low-frequency hum of a loose audio connection was clearly audible when anything but loud music was playing. The Ambassador from the Maldives was present, and his introductory remarks were almost skipped over before the Japan Center representative realized the error and had the video that began the show rewind. Finally, the piano was over-amplified, leaving the vocals, already difficult to understand because of the chorus's Japanese accent even when they were in English, virtually inaudible.

The material demonstrated vividly the distinction between the core values of environmentalism, which are so universal they almost do not need words, and the pompous rhetoric which makes environmentalism seem like a radical philosophy. The delegates' wooden speeches about the importance of social and environmental justice and equitable distribution of resources seemed hollow and superfluous when contrasted with the ebullience of the teenagers, which symbolized the coming generation and their dreams for the world, and the beauty of the dances, which evoked the complexity and fragility of nature.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Boy Gets Girl

By Karen Shidlo

Another Thursday night at Stony Brook awaited me and instead of going binge drinking, I decided to do something intellectual, which is what brought me to the Staller Center to watch *Boy Gets Girl*.

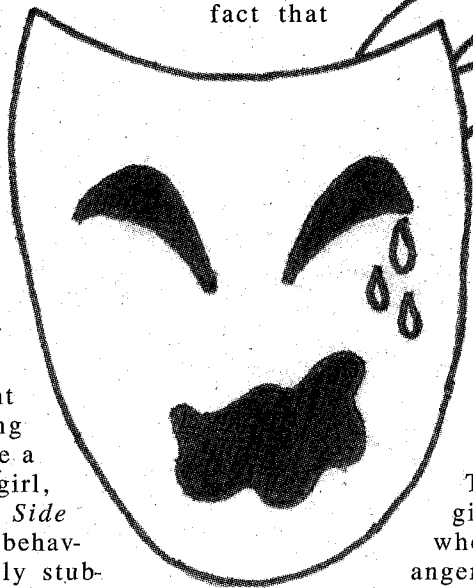
All right, both of those comments are lies – I never binge drink on Thursday nights, nor did I decide to see this play for intellectual reasons. I had to go for a class. Nevertheless, upon arrival, I was excited; yes, the concession stand looked appealing and the crowd of eager classmates, not to mention elderly couples and families, set the mood for a truly enjoyable evening.

Boy Gets Girl reads wonderfully, which is the real reason why I was anxious to see a production of it. Gilman sets the audience and reader up for a romance, suggestions of that coming through the title of the play, as well as from the first scene. The play begins with a blind date and, on the surface, it seems to run relatively smoothly; however, a closer inspection immediately reveals the more suspicious, if not slightly neurotic, side of Tony, the main male character.

The plot is intriguing right away, with the audience being drawn into what they think will be a struggle of the boy 'getting' the girl, like *Romeo and Juliet* or *West Side Story*. It is not long before Tony's behavior crosses the line of irritatingly stubborn into life threatening for Teresa, the woman whom he was set up with.

As the play continues, the tension is increased constantly, with suggested violence from Tony and sporadic breakouts of hysteria on Teresa's part making the audience more and more captivated. Interestingly, the stalker does not have that much dialogue and is only in three scenes, yet he is the dominant force, the creation of conflict and distress. It is for these reasons and several more, that Gilman's play is remarkable.

So, flashback to Thursday night – I watched the Long Island Play Project's production of the play with a bit of disappointment and with a decidedly critical eye. The first scene was acted overzealously, with the audience being made to laugh to the extent that the majority of them missed the aspects of Tony's character that make him 'creepy', important for the progression of the story. I cannot say that I appreciated the additional dialogue that was not included in the original text, simply because it is what was the fundamental problem with the production of the play – the fact that



the comic relief was overplayed and the seriousness underplayed.

This was most evident at the end of the play – when the stalker is scarily close to Teresa, his presence imposing and ominous – which produced yet more laughter. The comic elements were given such dominance that whenever moments of fear, anger or gravity were played out, they seemed out of place and

did not cause the appropriate effects on the audience.

The props and scenery were simple, though not always effective; the bar scene at the beginning of the play was disappointing, for example, because the correct atmosphere was not created. I would have liked to see more people on stage, background noise playing softly and just more furniture than simply a table and two stools. Other scenes set the mood and tone for the actors to work in and gave more of an

impression of real life, exactly what is needed for this play to be successful, for if the audience does not feel Teresa's emotions, the whole fear factor of the play is lost.

This was the other flaw in the production of the play – the acting was not always natural enough for the audience to believe in the action on stage. Body language was not successfully applied, with abnormal postures being taken and awkward, fumbling gestures being made enough times to kill the atmosphere.

The use of sound was used interestingly, with samples of music being played in between scene changes; the most effective one was when the sound of someone typing on a computer keyboard was played loudly and at a steady pace, because it helped build up a sense of tension.

Generally speaking, I feel this production of the play was weak because of its creating a comical atmosphere, straying from the text by adding parts and taking away one important monologue, not using scenery to its full potential and, lastly, for the inexcusable sin of making the audience laugh at the end.

I will never get over that, because the play was not funny at all when I read it; I could see the comic relief sections, used wisely after particularly strained moments in order to ease some tension, however, it seemed that here, the whole message of stalking, fear, the role of women and men were all completely lost on the audience, due to too much emphasis on the jokes and not enough on the serious parts.

In conclusion, my judgment is one of disapproval of this production, because it does not correlate strongly to the written words in the play nor to the images and ideas I had in my head before I came to watch the play. However, no trip to the theater is a waste of time, so I am glad I went there rather than that drinking party, which would have left me feeling utterly numbskulled and rather smelly from liquor, which is never much fun...

Kudzu Wish - En Route (AFH 385 Can Suck My Ass)

By Rob Pearsall

As I sit here before AFH 385 I wonder, "What can I do to pass the time away?" The answer came in the form of Kudzu Wish. I take the time to wonder about the name, "Isn't Kudzu a thick vine?" I look up the definition and it's a vine with red flowers. It's become a nuisance in the southeastern US. I start up the first song, "Do the Woo," and hope that the band doesn't follow its namesake.

The singer's voice isn't whiny like the emo that dominates the music scene. It's got politically charged lyrics. It's a fresh change from "my girlfriend dumped me and I like singing about it because misery loves company." As for the music itself, the riffs aren't as hard as I'd like. The song starts off softer than I'd expect from some who shares the stage with Against Me!, but it kicks into gear during the

refrain. I like this, nice backing vocals, good na-na-na's, good guitar and drums that keep the pace clipping along.

It is a nice hard start and catchy little hook to the next song. Good fast beat, something you can jump in the pit to. It's slowed and there's some counting. That's kinda lame but it makes up for it by counting quickly and picking up the pace of the song again.

Enough of the song by song review. They've got a good sound, I like it but I'm a fan of most punk these days. It's time to go over their song writing. Something that'll keep me coming back is good song writing. Something I love to



THEM GUYS AIN'T BAD,
Courtesy of kudzuwish.com

see in punk rock is a uniting force. A rallying cry. Something that screams unity without shoving it down your throat.

The music has some good hooks and nice riffs. The lyrics have got some good backup. I see some small things in the lyrics that can stick in your head but it's being too literal. The music needs some poetry to it and I don't see much of that. Kudzu Wish has got a good sound going and I can sing along to the backup vocal after a couple listens. I just wish there was a little more to attach myself to in the lyrics.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

I Knew the Ushers

By James Messina

The Long Island Play Project has put together a production of a provocative play (alliteration, ho!) entitled *Boy Gets Girl*, written by Rebecca Gilman and directed by Lauren Rosen. On Thursday, November 3rd, 2005, I came and saw the play on behalf of this fine newspaper and left satisfied. The play is about a woman named Theresa who goes on a blind date with a guy called Tony. There's not much chemistry, but Tony can't take a hint. Theresa flat out denies his advances; Tony's still slow to catch on. Then the stalking begins.

I thought the play was well done. I've never seen a Broadway play, but back Upstate, in the land of cows, I managed never to skip a school trip. *Boy Gets Girl* was a well-done production, not up to par with the touring companies I've seen, but pretty close. The acting wasn't going to win the cast any Tonys, the stage wasn't going to blow you away with its realism and attention to minutiae, but saying the production was passable would be an understatement. I'd tell my friends to go see it, but that having been stated, anyone familiar with the written play will find numerous disparities between the text and the acted play. Whether or not these

differences were to the detriment or benefit of the production probably depends on the individual.

When I read the play, I was impressed by the work's ability to tackle the difficult issues surrounding how we interpret the male/female dynamic. At first, the play had me thinking that it would be a romantic comedy, but I personally felt it took a turn for the serious very near to the beginning. After an initial chuckle or two poring over the text, I quickly became engrossed by its darker side, and I don't recall having laughed once after the second or third scene. While watching the play I ended up laughing a

number of times though, usually to lines that weren't featured in the written version. I personally approve of the decision to try and add a little comedy to this piece, but I think that in doing so it sacrificed a lot of its force by replacing it with levity. There wasn't a deep examination of the implications of stalking, there wasn't as much tension. Another, more specific, difference which affected the play was the inclusion of a tension between two main characters, Mercer and Theresa. In the written version, Mercer is supportive of Theresa and tries to help her. In the acted version this is also true, but there's a very clear

antagonism between him and her. And as a last particular detail which I took strong issue with: at one point in the written version, Theresa receives a letter which threatens to "... fuck [her] where [she's] small." But in the acted version she states it as being, "... fucked in the ass." The first one sounds much more degrading, which was, I think, the point the playwright was trying to convey. Theresa had an element of naïveté in the written version which is destroyed by her awareness in the acted version. I supported the idea to include comedy, but I was less fond of the idea to add the conflict between Mercer and Theresa. The same goes for the change in the letter. I don't think these were necessary changes.

If you haven't read the play, then the divergences are of less note than the overall impressions of the work. And my impressions in this were more favorable. The actors/actresses were all good, though my favor lay towards some more than others. I thought Sophie Vanier, who plays the protagonist Theresa, was overacting at times and that some of her postures/affectations didn't feel natural. Robert Colpitts, who plays Theresa's boss Howard, was also not my favorite. His accent wasn't the best, and at one point he affected a limp poorly. Kat Sarfas portrayed Detective Beck, a woman who helps Theresa with her stalker situation. In the written play I imagined her as almost a mother figure – indeed, at one point, Theresa and Beck hug. This hug was omitted in the acted version, and the general tone Kat adopted was one of brusqueness and almost of dismissal. I don't know whether to blame the direction or the actor for Beck's attitude, but I feel it was a definite misinterpretation regard-

Continued on next page

Zombies? We Don't Need No Stinkin' Zombies

By Joey Safdia

The latest game in the hit *Resident Evil* franchise has finally made its way to the Sony Playstation 2. Being a fan of the survival-horror genre, which was thrust into mainstream with the original 1996 videogame *Resident Evil*, I knew I just had to own this game. *Resident Evil 4* follows United States Government agent Leon S. Kennedy, our favorite Raccoon Police Department rookie from *Resident Evil 2*, as he enters a rural Spanish village in search of the President's missing daughter, Ashley Graham. The game takes place in 2004, six years after the destruction of Raccoon City, in a world where Umbrella Inc. is no more, but the horrors of Raccoon City will come back with a vengeance in this nightmare. It is up to you, the player, to survive this new action-oriented nightmare and complete your mission of rescuing the President's daughter.

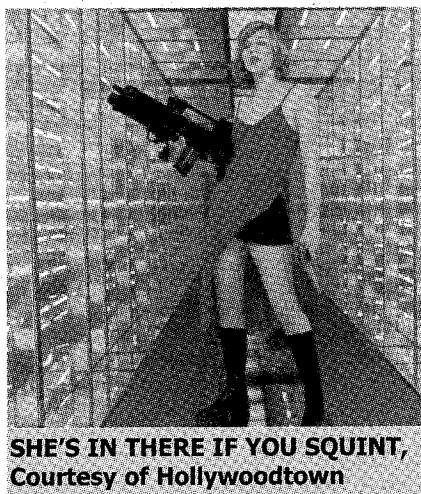
Simply put, *Resident Evil 4* is beyond awesome! Just like the original, it is a unique game that takes the entire survival-horror genre

in a new direction. Perhaps the most shocking revelation is the fact that the game has no zombies, the staple enemy of the *Resident Evil* series. Instead, you fight crazed villagers, as durable and relentless as zombies, but with intelligence and quickness like you have never seen. They will run at you, attack you with weapons such as axes and crossbows, and communicate with each other in Spanish. Even the most hardened *Resident Evil* veterans will find themselves surrounded by over a dozen villagers at any given point of the game with very little hope of survival. The bosses are also something to behold. Giant monsters lumber toward you, many of which make *Resident Evil 3*'s Nemesis look like the Taco Bell Chihuahua. Each one has its own unique and intricate strategy (no more running away, shooting, running away, and shooting again), and just when you think the battle is won, they rise again.

The gameplay is a mixture of old and new. The controls are the same as the core games

of the series, but with a new over-the-shoulder view as opposed to a fixed camera, giving you the feeling that you're part of the action. The X button now has a certain use depending on the situation, allowing you to kick open doors, jump out windows, climb on top of certain large enemies, use a grappling hook, knock down a ladder, roundhouse a villager, and much more. At certain points during gameplay or even cutscenes, you'll be prompted to hit a certain pair of buttons in order to dodge a ferocious enemy attack. Add new weapons that were not in the original Nintendo Gamecube release, the gameplay length and storyline depth of *Metal Gear Solid* as well as radio transmission sequences reminiscent of the Codec, destructible environments, a huge array of unique enemies, plenty of action, and a new "Separate Ways" minigame starring a surprise character, and you've got yourself a surefire classic in the realm of survival-horror.

Resident Evil 4 is a must-have for all *Resident Evil* fans. With faced-paced gameplay and an epic storyline, as well as tons of new additions, *Resident Evil 4* is definitely the best game of the series and may be one of the best games for the Sony Playstation 2.



SHE'S IN THERE IF YOU SQUINT, Courtesy of Hollywoodtown

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

I Knew the Ushers Continued...

By James Messina

Continued from previous page

less. Brian Avery, Eric C. Webb, and Ashley Straw, who played the characters Mercer, Tony and Harriet respectively, all did very good jobs, and I was impressed by their abilities. My praise goes out to Jonah Rosenberg, who portrayed cult film hero Les Kennkat. He received the majority of the laughs, and well-deserved they were. My singular problem with Kennkat was that he was supposed to be an old man, but was clearly in his twenties – this is an error that I can't reasonably blame the actor for. Were I to vote on one particular performer having done the best that night, it would be him. Though once more, this is not to insult the others, who were all talented.

With regards to the other aspects of the play, I was equally impressed. The stage crew moved efficiently, the costumes were freakin' sweet and the lighting was well-done. The props/stage were also very good given the minimal nature of the stage. Of particular note were the constant presence of Dunkin' Donuts around Kennkat, the beautiful posters present for the interview scene between Theresa and Kennkat, and the baseball memorabilia surrounding Theresa. The inclusion of minutiae like these made the play more interesting.

I enjoyed my evening at *Boy Gets Girl* and thought it was quite good. I'd say if you have some time on your hands, it's worth checking out. The play is running November 3rd - 6th, and the 12th and 13th at the Staller Center for The Arts Theatre Two. Tickets are \$7 for SBU students. You can buy tickets upon arrival or call (631)632-ARTS. Lastly, I'd like to thank Steve and Elizabeth for their cordial treatment of two

humble reporters.

Random thoughts:

Jazz was played at most scene switches. I caught punk rock once, some weird breakbeat/trance once, and Fiona Apple once. But mostly jazz. You know how disappointed you are when you keep expecting to hear more Fiona Apple, and you don't?

Sounds from the environs would occasionally be laced into the music used for scene switches. A car alarm was used once. Once too many. Damn that sucked, I hate that noise. I understand the play took a comedic rather than dramatic tone, but there were some times people laughed where the tone was 100% serious as a heart attack. At one point the detective recommended Theresa find an apartment with a doorman. Chuckling ensued... for no reason. Perhaps I'm dumb.

Some girls were loudly stifling giggles in the back for at least five minutes. Were I the sort of fellow who carried a shovel with me at all times, I would've solved that problem. You know, 'cuz I would have hit them.

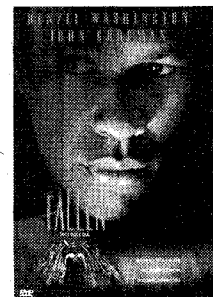
One dialogue was about the kind of underwear Theresa liked. What can you tell about a person from the underwear they have? I wear unadorned cotton boxers in solid colors; get back to me on that.

Mercer said three times, "I'm calling the police." My idea: That's enough frequency to have a drinking game. The phrase, "Where do I get off?" was also used multiple times. Combine the two for...*more drinking!*

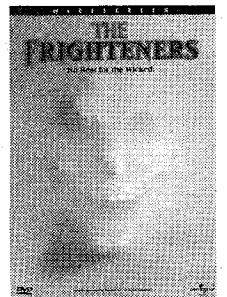
What happens if an actor gets wood on stage? No pun intended, that was serious, and it has got to suck.

Off-Lost Movie Night - *Fallen* & *The Frighteners*

By David K Ginn



LOOK
WHAT
YOU
MISSED
Courtesy
of what
you
missed,
fool!



Off-Lost Movie Night rocked here at the office, and we enjoyed it all by our lonesome. Two weeks ago, we watched the *Idle Hands* audio commentary. That rocked. Last week, we watched *The Frighteners* at 8 and *Fallen* at 10. That also rocked. Both movies kick so much ass in their own way. You guys should have been there. We had food, drinks, and even a bit of love.

The Frighteners is what happened when Peter Jackson came to Hollywood. Enough said. He makes Hollywood look good. *Fallen* is what happens when people read the bible and listen to Mick Jagger. Enough said.

Lost is on every Wednesday at 9. *Off-Lost* is every Wednesday at 8 when *Lost* airs a re-run

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HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

New Zealand Music For Imbeciles (How to "Extend" Your Ear-Drum's Experience)

By Paula Guy

Imbeciles! Here! I am trying to broaden your cultural horizons. Try spinning something other than that stinky-pinky new Stained album in your little walkman (or try shuffling something else in your Ipod). Pick up some New Zealand music.

I have compiled a short guide to this little niche of sound, from the South Pacific, in case your eardrums are keen to embark on some exploration.

New Zealand music is hard to pin-down. It has little exposure on an international stage, and often suffers from being over-influenced by international musical trends (a little garage-rock scene emerged in the wake of the Strokes, etc, although this was more a case of record companies rushing to cash in and sign similar 'trendy' bands).

However, the land of Aotearoa ('Long White Cloud'), does seem to give birth to some rather wonderful, sneaky, sexy bands, many of whom deserve more exposure.

I will try to introduce you to a variety of musical experiences from these shores.

So here goes the guide:

PLUTO – sexy sneaky tunesters

This band is folky and sexy at the same time. Divine keyboards, mixed with heavy, swaying guitars. Their first album, *redlightsyndrome* has a few gems, "Hey Little", and "She's Jive", but does not possess the consistency of their follow up album *Pipe Line Under the Ocean*, which carries some dirtier riffs and makes you wanna dance even more. Pluto generally make me want to stroll through a forest and make campfires and dance around them with a banjo and a disco-ball. No banjos feature in Pluto's music – just instruments that inspire banjo thoughts. They did have a giant disco-ball at a show once though. I danced!

THE MINT CHICKS –Fucking rock and roll.

Scream and holler and jive and scratch against the wall with your rock'n'roll voice. I fucking love the Mint Chicks, they have one of the most energetic live shows around. Their two EPs *Anti-Tiger* and *Octagon Octagon*, were full of taught, elastic little riffs, frantic drums, and the urgent voice of lead singer Kody Neilson, leaping off the studio walls like a gymnastic bat. Their full-length debut, *Fuck the Golden Youth*, recorded in a secluded hut in Northland – New Zealand's home of secret, deserted beaches, was a little weaker – longer songs, more art-rock interludes, straying from the urgency of the EPs. Definitely a band to watch though. Angular, energetic, and tuneful little shits, they are. Check out the singles "Blue Team Go", and "Licking Letters." I want to jump around and throw firecrackers in public spaces whenever I hear those songs. Hell yeah.

FAT FRED-DYS DROP – music for your soul to skank to

Soulful reggae is a popular sound in

Aotearoa. New Zealander's purchase more Bob Marley per capita than any where else. Maybe it stems from the abundance of beaches and the excellent ganja which goes along with many summer experiences.

Fat Freddie's Drop sound like a beautiful boat swaying gently through the South Pacific waters, spreading their lazy lovely sound as they go. They got the reggae beats, they'll make you move your hips without you even realising it. They also got the soul that makes you want to smile so wide that your mouth stretches

permanently into the shape of an upside down rainbow. Listen to the song "Hope." Gorgeous, mellow, sincere, with a slice of that beautiful earthy pessimism, that comes from living by the ocean and watching the world come and go around you. Fat Freddy's Drop's album *Based on a True Story* is a mine of soulful, soothing, fucking divine rhythms. I want to fall asleep every night listening to this band. I want to wake up every morning listening to this album. I am in love.

P-MONEY – scratch-a-licious hip hop man

This guy's got a pretty fast set of hands. He has been placed 3rd at the world DJ championships and supported Public Enemy. He has collaborated with many of New Zealand's hip-hoppers (Scribe, Che Fu...). The man has an ear for danceable beats, and has several of his own albums, *Magic City* and *Big Things*. A talented producer also, P-Money is one to watch out for.

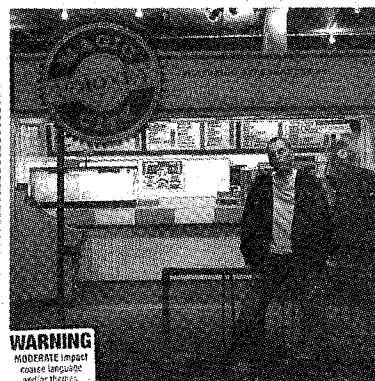
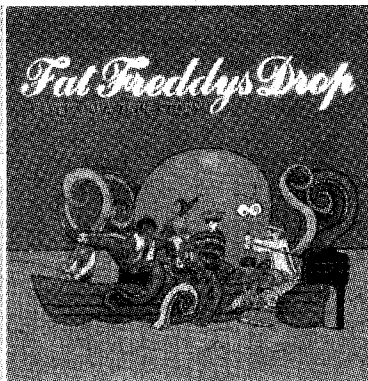
CONCORD DAWN – gorgeous soundscapes, dirty beeps...

Yummy. I am going to be dancing to Concord Dawn (and a plethora of other rampaging New Zealand dance acts), in a few weeks under neon lights. I will be covered in fuzz and probably very happy. Yehe. Concord Dawn are sexy, and make me dance in little circles like a hypnotised kangaroo. On their new album, *Uprising*, there are plenty of tracks to investigate – the opener "Morninglight" is gorgeous – sexy bass, gently distorted vocals. They have musical tastes wider as the Pacific Ocean, sampling Slayer on "Raining Blood", mixing heavy hair throwing riffs with tight skanky drum and bass breaks. Oh! And listen to the stealthy rhythms of the track "Ninja." I want this song as my soundtrack when I turn super-hero/and or start robbing banks.

The delicious list of New Zealand music goes on and on. Some other lovely antipodean bands are the Sneaks, the Rabble, the Blackseeds, Katchafire, Che Fu, King Kapisi, SJD, Dimmer....yes....the lists goes on an on.

Now you have hopefully been encouraged. Go listen to some Kiwi music! Amplifier.co.nz has a lot of information on New Zealand artists, and mp3 snippets of plenty of great tunes. Smokecds.com probably possesses the most plentiful selection of New Zealand music for sale on ze internet. Clean out your tired eardrums! Acquire some South Pacific sounds, my child. Your neurons will rejoice.

Courtesy of Matt Willemain



HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Arrested Development: Season 2 DVD

By David K. Ginn

I watched this show by accident. It was playing in the office, so I decided to sit and watch. I laughed my fucking ass off. Not only is this show unique, intelligent, and creative, but it also maintains a huge cult quality.

In season 2 we see Michael Bluth (Jason Bateman), president of the Bluth Company ever since his dad (Jeffrey Tambor) went to prison for embezzlement (or minor treason). The people who make his life miserable are: his socialite mother, Lucille (Jessica Walter); his spoiled twin sister, Lindsay (Portia de Rossi); her mismatched ex-psychiatrist-turned-actor husband, Tobias (*Mr. Show's* David Cross); their wannabe-rebellious daughter, Maeby (Alia Shawkat); Michael's older brother, and (sort of) professional magician, GOB (Will Arnett); and Michael's younger, sheltered brother, Buster (Tony Hale). The show follows Michael as he tries to run the company, deal with this crazy assortment of people, and find ways to spend time with his meek-yet-charming son, George-Michael (Michael Cera), who harbors a secret crush on his cousin Maeby.

What ends up happening is a circus that in each episode starts small, blows up, and still manages to sew everything up before the credits roll. Each character has their own ambitions, and their own separate storyline that crisscrosses with everyone else's and usually ends with a climax so absurd it keeps you laughing through the credits. Much like *Seinfeld*, which presented four different people with different stories that would all end up coming to a head, *Arrested Development* offers full justification for what, at times, could be called pure absurdity.

The first season picked up a very large cult fan base, but it was never considered to be truly mainstream. There are obvious reasons for this. The show is unlike most of what's on T.V. because it has done the impossible: it has resurrected the T.V. sitcom. T.V. sitcoms dwindled and died slowly because they refused to adapt. It's pure Darwinian logic. Television has changed, and if the programs don't adapt they will die. *Seinfeld* came about at a time when there were few sitcoms that weren't cliché-ridden and formulaic. *Seinfeld* took the formulas and clichés, tore them apart, and put together a jigsaw puzzle that amounted to—well, nothing. That was adaptation. People wanted to see a lack of family values and moral etiquette, because that's where T.V. was headed.

Arrested Development does the same thing, except over fifteen years later. Popular culture has never been static, and with the importance of technology growing exponentially the dynamics move more quickly with each year that passes. *Arrested Development* decides to do



"FAR AND AWAY THE BEST SITCOM ON BROADCAST TELEVISION"

—San Francisco Chronicle

away with the laugh track, emotional family bonding, taboos on content, and... film. The show is shot entirely on digital video, which gives it a very realistic yet captivating style. As I said before, the show's innovation and adaptation actually hold it back, and the reason for this is that audiences need time to realize that the world has changed. *Arrested Development* was not a casualty of this delay, thankfully, and is beginning to pick up mainstream momentum. This show could have ended up in the "not ready for you yet" pile very easily (and it almost did). Luckily, during its hour of judgment, the cult fan base saved the day. Because of everyone who was so obsessed with this show, and their letters to Fox Television, *Arrested Development* was picked up for a third season and is now playing. Woohoo! It just shows that some things (like *Star Trek: Enterprise*, which earned nearly enough money from its cult fans to film another season and still perished) need to die, and others need to live.

Now, about the show.

Every character has their quirks, and the more you get to know them the funnier they get. This is the only show I've seen where predictability is a driving force. You know exactly how each character will react to a given situation, and yet somehow it ends up going far beyond what you'd expected. This is the tool of the show. They put you in Michael's place, the place of the responsible brother/son/father who's surrounded by idiots he's known his entire life. He knows every little thing about them, every quirk...yet still they surprise and amaze him every day.

In one episode, the family believes that George Sr. (Michael's dad) is dead and plans a funeral for him. Unfortunately, there's no body to be found. In this same episode, GOB is ashamed of not making the cover of a magician magazine and vows to top himself. Anyone who knows GOB, and knows the show, can guess immediately that part of the episode's climax will include an elaborate illusion ("illusions, Michael, illusions. Tricks are what a whore does for money... or coke.") that fails horribly. As the family is sitting in grief and discussing what to do about the lack of a body, the diehard fans slap their foreheads as GOB stands up because in that instant they've figured out what he's going to say: that he shall (à la David Blaine) take his father's place in the coffin and survive without food or nourishment in what will be the most acclaimed illusion ever.

What's even better is when it's actually attempted. In the same vein as George-Michael's campaign video (you have to see it to truly understand), the climax completely defies your expectations. At those times, you realize that just about anything can happen on this show.

Season 2 includes a load of regular guest characters, including the famous Bluth family attorney Barry Zuckerkorn (Henry Winkler, in a role that, I believe, shows he can exist beyond *The Fonz*), George-Michael's Christian-conservative girlfriend Ann Veal (Mae Whitman), Lucille's shady housemaid, Lupe (B.W. Gonzales), and the tit-flashing, incriminating-information-holding, ex-secretary Kitty Sanchez (Judy Greer). These regulars really hold the show up when it's needed, and are amazingly talented. Like certain props (i.e. the Stair Car and GOB's scooter), the RGs are called upon at just the right moments to knock things out over the edge. The main cast, in my opinion, would begin to seem isolated and unreal if not for these regular supporting elements. They form their own world, and it's through the continuity of that world and its minor details that you feel totally captivated.

Don't worry if you haven't seen the first season. Definitely see it, but you don't have to watch it to get into the second season. I'm not going to go over any special features because I watched a ripped DVD and had some navigational difficulties on my seven-year-old DVD player. I'm sure they're great, though. Maybe someone else can review them.

Dudes, definitely watch this show.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Great Comic Books #2: Batman Year One and The Dark Night Returns

By Thomas Mets

The Dark Knight Returns
Writer/ Penciller- Frank Miller
Inker- Klaus Janson
Colorist- Lynn Varley
Letterer- John Costanza

Batman: Year One
Writer- Frank Miller
Illustrator- David Mazzuchelli
Colorist- Richmond Lewis
Letterer- Todd Klein

Batman was created by Bob Kane. *Year One*, and *The Dark Knight* owe much to the work of Bob Kane, Bill Finger, Jerry Robinson, Dave Fleischer, Max Fleischer, Joe Shuster, Jerry Siegel, and Dick Sprang

Until the 1950s, Batman was the dark detective of a darker city. Then the book *Seduction of the Innocent* convinced parents that comic books were the only things responsible for the bad things their children did (theft, homosexuality, accepting people of other races & religions as equals, etc) and Batman stories became a lot tamer, and wackier (Batman in space!) to survive under the new regulations of the Comics Code Authority (imposed to assure parents that their children would not be corrupted by comic book stories.) These tales were adapted into the campy adventures of the 1960s Batman TV show, and resulted in the majority of the public thinking that Batman is Adam West. There were a few decent creative runs in the Batman books in the years after that, but it was Frank Miller's run on the character which restored his distinction as the dark knight, influencing the mood of the top-grossing Tim Burton movies, the Timm-Dini cartoons, and every other depiction of Batman since. *The Dark Knight Returns* was published at the same time as *Watchmen* (Great Comic Book #1) and has had a tremendous influence on mainstream coverage of superhero comic books, the eventual darkening of comics, and the publication of comic book trade paperbacks (now referred to as graphic novels.)

Creator Frank Miller first became known as an illustrator, and writer of *Daredevil*, during what has become known as its definitive run (I'll cover it soon in this column.) The man had a love of the Batman mythos since he was a child, and *Daredevil* Editor Jo Duffy often shot down his ideas because they were more appropriate for the dark detective than the blind attorney with super-senses. It's no surprise that he went on to do great things for the character, although I doubt anyone was expecting

Miller to tell the defining stories of the second-most recognizable comic book superhero.

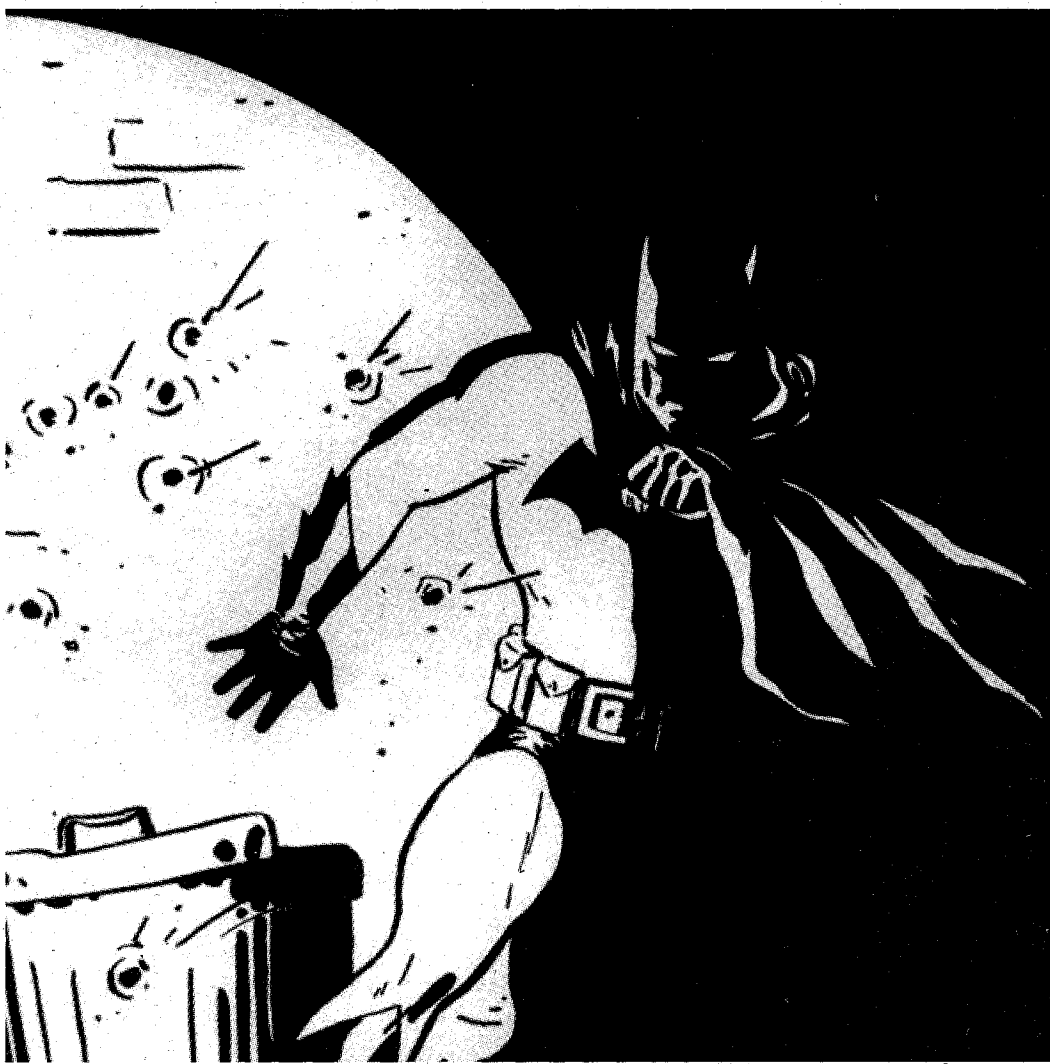
Miller decided to write *The Dark Knight Returns* when, at 30, he became upset at the idea that he was a year older than Batman, and borrowed many of the ideas Alan Moore was using in *Watchmen* (Which he, and pretty much everyone else working at DC at the time got to view before the general audience). He told a simple story about a middle-aged Batman coming out of retirement, after Gotham City goes to Hell without him, and the backlash that follows. However, his Batman is a far darker hero willing to snap the backs of criminals, torture henchmen for information (in creative & enter-

method of breaking the average page into sixteen panels rather than the traditional nine panels allowed him to make the story far denser, use cinematic pacing, and ensured that every splash page would be striking. He was also innovative in his use of moment-to-moment transitions (i.e. the Joker slowly puffs a cigarette over the course of 3 panels) as opposed to just the action-to-action transitions (i.e. the Joker stabs Batman, Batman punches Joker) far more common in superhero comics. These were pretty much non-existent in American comics, and frequent in the manga which Frank Miller was one of the first American creators to read (He later repaid the favor by drawing the covers for the American editions of *Lone Wolf & Cub*). The manga influences may explain why Miller is better than any other American creator at portraying a fight scene, as evident in Batman's battles with the Mutant Leader, the Joker, and Superman. The last match was unexpected to say the least, even though the entire story leads into it. The, "Who would win a fight - Batman or Superman?" debate began here, because Frank Miller was screwed up enough to ask, and answer that question.

While Miller's Batman is a man of absolute morals willing to do what is right and nothing else, his Superman has compromised his principles, and become the minion of a corrupt government which denies his very existence in order to be allowed to continue saving the world. The final battle has been controversial to this day, to say the least. Some believe the story has corrupted the very idea of Superman, while others have declared it the best battle/moment in comics. Miller understands and exhibits the awe Superman should inspire with excellent sequences such as his first scenes with Superman in action (Hell - any of his scenes with Superman in action), and a White House exchange between Superman and

the President, in which the stripes of the American flag slowly dissolve into the second most recognizable American Symbol. These sequences are only made better when Miller illustrates the circumstances under which Batman can stand a chance of beating Superman.

After he wrote & drew Batman's last adventure in *The Dark Knight Returns*, Frank Miller wrote *Year One* about Bruce Wayne's first year back in Gotham, and Lieutenant James Gordon's first year in a very corrupt city (the tale has become my favorite cop drama to date). Miller had the opportunity to tell the stories he alluded to in *Dark Knight*, such as Gordon's attempts to bring down the world's greatest



IT'S A THIN, CHIAROSCURIC LINE THAT THE BAT-MAN WALKS,
Courtesy of MoralAbsolutism

taining ways which put Dirty Harry to shame), and approach a battle with a far stronger, younger, and dumber enemy as if he were a surgeon, and the mudhole they're fighting in an operating table. This Gotham is filled with terrified civilians, psychos who kill for the fun of it, and cops who don't know if this masked vigilante is a hero or a lunatic..

The book has a dark sense of humor, as Frank Miller satirizes everything from ineffective politicians trying to make as few decisions as possible to affluent liberals speaking out for the rights of criminals in neighborhoods they'd never live in, and moronic TV hosts (in one case a perfect caricature of David Letterman) who say "That's just rude" when the Joker promises to kill everyone in their audience. Miller's

Continued on next page

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?



By David K. Ginn



THIS MOVIE BLEW
Courtesy of the movie that really blew

Today, we review the timeless masterpiece:
Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol

"Citizens in Petrol"

That's how I envisioned the end of this movie. Everyone on the set being drenched in high-octane super unleaded grade A petroleum and then being set on fire in front of a live studio audience. That would have at least been entertaining.

There is not much good about the movie. The acting is bad. The writing is vomit-worthy. The characters are so lame that you just want to hit them over the head with a Black and Decker toaster oven. I don't know what happened here, but this movie sucks.

Great Comic Books #2 Continued...

By Thomas Mets

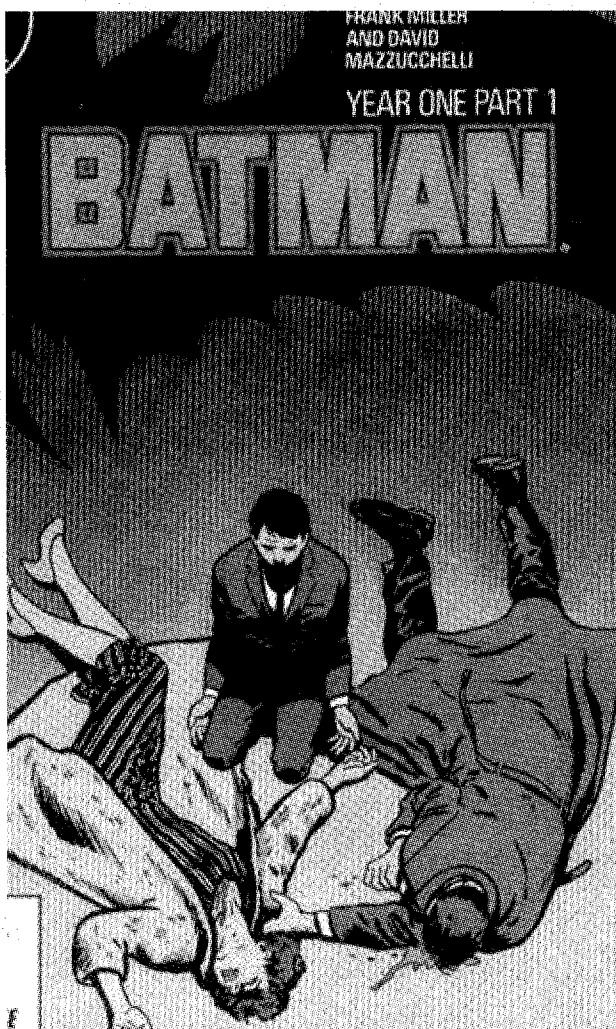
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detectives. The parallels begin with the first page, where Bruce returns to Gotham by train, and Gordon arrives by train, both regretting that they didn't choose the other form of transportation. The tale contains many great moments such as Bruce Wayne's unsuccessful first reconnaissance mission into Gotham City's East End, Lt. Gordon studying a crooked cop beating a suspect "for future reference", the fate of a crime boss's Rolls Royce, Lt. Gordon's romance with a fellow officer who is not his pregnant wife, and Bruce deciding to take the bat as his symbol.

It really doesn't matter what order you read them in, and my personal preferences change every time I read them. On almost every list of best Batman stories that I've ever seen, these two stories are on top. *Year One* is a clear improvement over *Dark Knight* with the exceptional artwork. Colorist Richmond Lewis is instrumental in creating the somber tone of the book, while illustrator (and Frank Miller's collaborator on *Daredevil: Born Again*) David Mazzucchelli is a master of facial expression (particularly the eyes), and memorable visuals. Examples include the arrival of the bats in the third chapter, and the hazy visuals as Batman surrounded by smoke promises upper-class Gothamites whose party he crashes that their feast is over. There's nothing wrong with the artwork of *Dark Knight*, but *Year One* has some of the best art I've ever seen in a comic book. There is a lot of debate over which story is better, rivaling arguments amongst movie buffs regarding whether *The Godfather*, or *The Godfather Part 2* is a better movie, or the disputes Beatles fans have when comparing *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* to the White Album.

Frank Miller's Batman stories have pretty much defined the character for decades to come. The characters introduced in *Year One* (cops, mobsters, and Gordon's wife, and son) played a major role in Jeph Loeb & Tim Sale's *The Long Halloween* (probably the best regard-

ed Batman comic of the last ten years) and it's sequel *Dark Victory*. Batman's relationship with cops was never the same, and ever since the publication of this story Superman & Batman have lost the camaraderie they had in the preceding decades, and comics creators began showing the dangers of Superman's powers in the wrong works (notably in *The Authority* & *Supreme Power*, both of which implemented the



IS THE BAT-MAN EVEN IN THIS ONE?,
Courtesy of stolen pictures!

subversive elements of *Year One* and *Dark Knight*). The movie *Batman Begins* deliberately tried to tell a different story, but still included elements such as crime boss Carmine Falcone, the use of sonar to summon a swarm of bats, the military tank approach to the Batmobile, the final scene, and Batman telling Gordon: "You're a good cop. One of the few." Both *Year One* & *The Dark Knight Returns* are available in almost any book store in soft cover format (ten dollars, and fifteen dollars respectively), and in more expensive hardcovers.

After his Batman work Frank Miller went onto creator-owned work such as *Sin City* (a series I plan to cover soon), *300* (another story I plan to cover soon), *Hard Boiled*, and *Big Guy and Rusty the Boy Robot* (a two part mini-series which became the basis for the cartoon a few years back). He dabbled in movies, working on screenplays for the Robocop sequels (note - his scripts were severely changed by the time the movies came out), and more than a decade later he co-directed the *Sin City* movie with Robert Rodriguez. He returned to Batman with *DK2*, his sequel to *Dark Knight Returns*, and more recently *All Star Batman & Robin*, with illustrator Jim Lee applying the *Year One* approach to Robin. Both have had mixed reviews, and have sold very well (for comic books). In addition to *Sin City* sequels, he's also currently working on an original Batman Graphic Novel tentatively titled *Holy Terror! Batman*. It's in the black & white art style of *Sin City*, and features Batman Versus Al Qaeda. I'm not the only one looking forward to it.

P.S. - I did not know about Entertainment Weekly's five-page article on *Watchmen* when I wrote the last article, as evident by the things they knew that I didn't (such as Neil Gaiman's role as researcher for Alan Moore, and Buffy creator Joss Whedon admitting its influence on his work). And I prefer *The Godfather* to *The Godfather Part 2* and *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* to *The Beatles*, although my favorite Beatles album remains *Revolver*, and all four are excellent.

Next book up: *Maus*.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

R. A. The Rugged Man - *DIE RUGGED MAN, DIE*

By Vincent Michael Festa

By now, if you don't have R.A.'s record, or at least haven't even heard of him through a magazine, website, or even the local press, then you need to be slapped.

Here's a hip-hop artist who has been through everything: delays, blackballs, family tragedy, industry games, and even mental illness, and yet has finally come out with his long-awaited next album, *Die Rugged Man, Die*, to tell about it. There's even a disclaimer on the front of the album cover that makes sure that what you hear from the Port Jefferson rapper is the straight dope with no regrets about it. In that case, R.A. has hiltloads of credibility for the underground to welcome him with open arms.

Throughout the record, R.A. goes through many modes. Whether it's going down memory lane, raising the flag for white rappers, name-calling the legends (so far, R.A.'s batting 1.000), and going a couple of rounds of beatboxing, he's going to do it with some of the sylest and funkiest beats available. And he's got a sense of humor to keep his life-story interesting (check R.A. at the end of "A Star Is Born", calling up a mock radio call-in show giving props to himself...to save himself).

Listening to R.A.'s long-awaited debut, he wastes no time giving credit where credit is due, starting off with "Lessons". "A Star Is Born" has R.A. spitting out horror stories of industry and personal double-crossing through mellow guitar riffs, and also showing just how shallow and short-sighted some hip-hop fans

are. On the title track, he does play out his rough-and-tumble journey where he lays down what he feels about what's around him, earning him some chops.



HE SURE DON'T COTTON TO THAT RUGGED MAN, Courtesy of whoever the published of the CD is

On "Chains", R.A. spits with Killah Priest and Masta Killa of Wu-Tang Clan fame over some shaky, jazzy tracks. He also spits with Timbo King during a lyrical boxing match

using the key words of "Black And White".

Clearly one of the best moments on the album is without a doubt R.A. rhyming over a Kraftwerk beat ("Trans-Europe Express"), something that no rapper should even attempt to do unless they know what they're doing, and R.A. knows well. He also has a Fisher-Price-level kids chorus for "On The Block" while naming the finer moments of what hip-hop was all about. R.A. can also rhyme over xylophone samples while repping and telling like it is on "Brawl".

R.A. also has a reputation to uphold as he doesn't mind getting down and dirty, and being a clown, as he gets Brown Bunny-ed on "Pick My Gun Up". Rounding out the album on "Make Luv", he throws it back in the industry's face, mocking the current trends and real-gangsta' attitude that most mainstream rappers wish they could have. Hearing "Fight! Fight! Fight!" chants alternating with "Lick pussy! Lick pussy!" is a must-hear.

R.A. is truly an original. He goes through some brutally honest terrain that most mainstream hip-hop artists would have trouble backing up. And even going through the worst of times, he does have a sense of humor. R.A. even writes obscure movie reviews for one of the best street magazines out there, *Mass Appeal*. How many hip-hop artists can hold it down like that?

Die Rugged Man, Die? Nah. Long live Rugged Man.

Review of Drew Isleib's *The Build*

By Rachel Eagle Reiter

Bouncing is about dwelling in a secret place where it is possible to be one with the wind and to gaze into clear water, seeing an image of one's self. The purpose of existing in this secret place is to gain perception of time by seeing the past with new eyes of the future so that the past stays in its place—behind us.

All or Nothing is about the struggle of depression and facing the loneliness that often accompanies depression. Two people are in a depressing relationship. If the female is too happy, the male becomes more depressed because he is measuring his happiness according to hers. However, if the female becomes the opposite, too sad, then the male becomes sad also because he cares so deeply for the female.

What You were Not is a twist on Descartes' famous line, "I think therefore I am." The words to this song run, "I don't think therefore I am not." The emphasis is on having a purpose for living and also on receiving recognition after death.

When the Ink Runs is about being weighed down, struggling to survive and feeling suffocated by present circumstances. Time is being stolen away with the fear that the future may not yield all that it is supposed to.

The Victims is about a couple which goes back and forth playing victims with each other. The result is pity or tears on one or both ends of the relationship. When they are at loss for words the dramatics are likely to begin.

Little Pearl is about a musician who expresses himself better in song than in conversational discourse. He needs to play his guitar; music is better to him than any pill and elevates him from his state of depression. His pearl (woman in his life) is jealous of his love for music. She destroys his guitar, possibly wanting him to love her more than he loves music.

Won is about a woman who is a prize. She is warned to be prepared for both up and down time. She

will be greatly affected by her lover's moods. He is likely to humble her because she is used to higher standards of living. He fears that she will not stay with him, so he brings her down so low that she can not go.

Call Me in the Morning is a song about two lovers in a little bit of a mental twist. The male has been dishing it out and feels like a jerk so to feel better about himself he wants his lover to give him a taste of his own medicine. He feels justified only if she does to him whatever it is that he has been doing to her.

8 Stories High is about a man who is

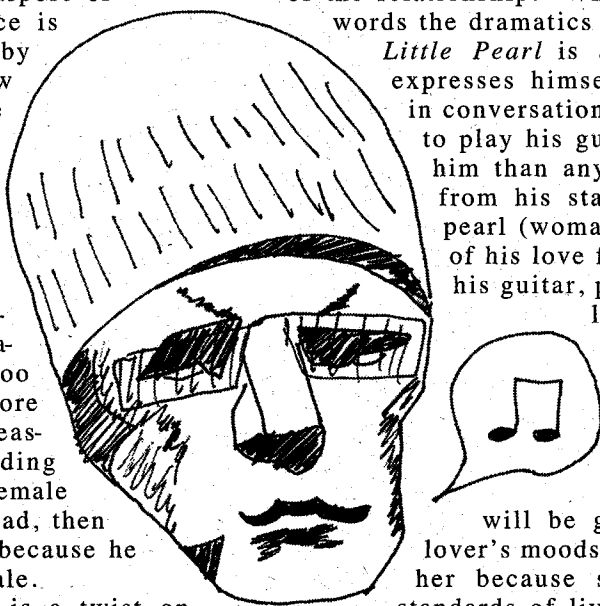
feeling claustrophobic and being under a kind of time-spell that distorts his perceptions of reality. Drinking, sleeping and dreaming are his forms of escape. A woman, who has the figure of an angel in the night saves him from his madness by reassuring him with her presence and words that everything really will be alright.

Pile Up is about the power that is within Mother Nature and the terror that she brings to humankind whether or not we are ready for her changes. Mother Nature can also symbolize a female deity, such as a goddess of sky or water or she may represent, simply, a woman.

Through the Guardrail is about an emotionally crashing couple. The man feels like he can not even rescue himself because he is experiencing a self-inflicted gagging sensation, but the woman seems to need rescuing. However the man, due to his own afflictions, can not guarantee that he will help her through this hard time by holding her hand until they reach the other side.

On Everyone is about the need to be stimulated visually by bright colors and feel sensually alive as opposed to feeling like a dead man walking, reaching for his cup of hope—java. Pleasure is instant gratification, but leaves a bad aftertaste. Human emotions like pity and envy divide one's soul.

You were a Song is for after a split. The departer thinks fondly of the one who he used to spend his nights with. Indeed those nights were like sweet melodies, but he has come to the realization that the song is now over and so is their romantic, intimate relationship.



GET IT? I DREW ISLEIB, Courtesy of Matt Willemain

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Hanson Comes to Campus, and They're More Than Just Dreamy

By Adina Silverbush

Hanson graced Stony Brook University with their presence on Sunday Nov. 6th. That's right, Hanson, those three brothers that sang "MMMBOP" when most of us were in junior high school. Their hair was long and blonde, and



THERE IS NO "ME" IN DREAMY,
Courtesy of Jowy "Fingers" Romano

girls thought they were dreamy. You may have thought they were done, now that their voices were no longer pre-pubescent (yea I totally got to use that word in two articles in a row) but they came to Stony Brook to tell us no! Isaac (24), Taylor (22), and Zac (20) Hanson are back

and brought with them a documentary about their struggle with the music industry.

Sick of being told by the music industry that "you are what's wrong with your music" and fired of being made to feel inadequate because their producers don't understand their music, Hanson, after years without an album release, broke away and formed their own record label, 3CG. I asked Zac Hanson what 3CG meant and he said the 3 obviously refers to the three brothers, and the CG to car garage. He feels that music should be able to stand up in every situation, even with a crappy amp and a less than ideal space. No matter how much money and special effects you add to your music, in reality it all comes down to whether the music is good. "Great songs, great performers and passion and not production value," he said. If you sound good in a car garage then you're good. The band will be signing other artists to their label as long as they feel strongly about their music.

The Hansons really wanted to reach out to their peers, which is why they're coming to universities. They said, "we're all the same people as you are and we have the power to change it [the music industry]." They want to save others from being subjected to what they and many other groups have suffered through;

they weren't good enough for someone, "Jeff", who never even played in a band. Jeff Feinster, their former record executive, continued to give the Hansons non-constructive criticism throughout the documentary. Isaac, said he felt bad for Jeff, saying, "it just wasn't in him, he didn't have the music fan element." The Hansons used themselves as an example in their documentary; there are far too many musicians being drained by these large corporations, who simply don't get what the music is about. Ideally, they want to start a music revolution like that of the 60's. Music is about bringing people together, and artists shouldn't feel muted because of big business.

Whether you enjoy Hanson's music or not, you can't complain about the message they are bringing. Musicians deserve free speech just like the rest of us. Their documentary was long, and the boys now have shorter brown hair, but they still had plenty of giggling girls at their Q and A at the Tabler Arts Center. Overall I was impressed by how intelligent they seemed, plus they treated us *Press* people like real VIPs, giving us a 20 min. private question and answer session. Yea, I got my picture taken with them too! Also, everyone who took the time to come out got a free copy of their new CD, except they accidentally gave us a copy of their greatest hits, and "MMMBOP" is on it, so I'm happy!

Jesu - Jesu, Heartache/Ruined

By Vincent Michael Festa

Godflesh died, so that Jesu can be born.

It makes sense, being that the album is full of biblical references, but by no means this is a Christian rock release. No. Would you think it would be when one of the members of Jesu happens to be Justin Broadrick, one of the founders of Napalm Death?

In any case, Jesu is the newest input from Broadrick (guitars, bass, vocals, programming). With the help of Ted Parsons (drums, percussion), Diarmuid Dalton (bass), and Paul Neville (guitar), Jesu becomes not only a journey of gigantic epic proportions but also of looking into the self-worth of soul. Jesu writes the book on how to aurally climb the greatest ascent and suffer into the biggest downfall while lyrically and vocally getting very deep and personal in 75 minutes.

Jesu is nothing like the speed-demon devastation of Napalm Death or the industrial emergency-calibre sound of Techno Animal. For a very low-tempo project like Jesu, it creates and carries so much technical wizardry and terrain. Although the sonic themes are rumbling guitars, bashing drums, confident riffs, and various moods of programming, Jesu manages to paint different pictures on every track: blame, nothingness, arrogance, fault, and self-reflection. In every sense, Jesu is totally fearless in getting personal.

"Your Path To Divinity" starts off with a march of great promise and hope. From there, "Friends Are Evil" pushes through a little harder, like the sun, until it toggles itself along with some very heavy black-as-night amplified

rumbling thunder and charges only for the positive sounds to pull through again. Ironically, it deals with the reminder that friendship doesn't last.

Jesu then floats through the air on "Tired Of Me" until it falls lightly down from the sky and finally relaxes on itself. Broadrick's vocals may sound uplifting, yet also at the same time they offer a sense of yearning. The lyrics, however, are anything but, as issues of tolerance, dependency issues, and uncleanness may make it sound like it's letting itself down instead. At the halfway point, assertion, arrogance, and blame make its presence on "We All Falter", which has a stark and critical sound of all warning.

By now Jesu makes it apparent that, in the first half, the words do not match the cautiously optimistic outlook of its sound, causing a deceitful atmosphere that also runs through most of the album. By then Jesu sonically changes gears in a more curdling, urgent, and crushing sense when "Walk On Water" comes forth very suspenseful. "Sun Day" brings Jesu its final posi-

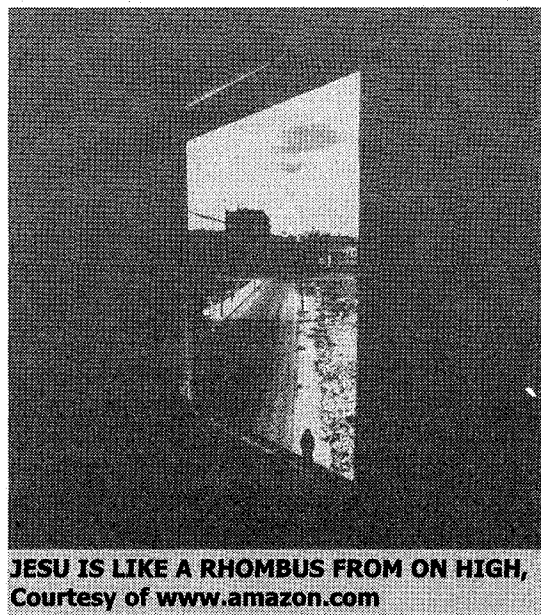
tive moments on the album when self-reflection and desire are evident.

The sun sets finally as ringing feedback makes way for the darkest moments. On "Man/Woman", Broadrick is at his most wrathful, the drums delivering their most crushing blows pushing forward while guitars constantly

trudge along before making a huge relentless assault. It won't be long before "Guardian Angel" reveals itself in all of its horror, as ugly and devastating as it can be.

For those who can get their hands on the Japanese import version, a second disc contains two bonus tracks, extended versions of the first two cuts. And going back further, the 40-minute debut from Jesu, *Heartache/Ruined*, is just a small test of will delivering two massive adventures on one EP. Just as tough to listen to.

Jesu, as a whole, is an excruciating but challenging listen. But once you get to know what the real Jesu is all about, rest assured you can become fearless. It demands a lot all the way through but, in the end, whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger.



JESU IS LIKE A RHOMBUS FROM ON HIGH,
Courtesy of www.amazon.com

C'mon... Be a Sport

Seawolves Men's Soccer Holds Off Catamounts On Senior Night

By Antony Lin

In a rematch of the 2004 America East Playoffs, the Stony Brook Seawolves squared off against the Vermont Catamounts. As in 2004, the Seawolves defeated the Catamounts, who were ranked #19 nationally, 1-0 in front of a home crowd at LaValle Stadium.

Seniors Chris Scarpati, Dorin Djura, Rob Fucci, Chris Megaloudis, John Moschella, Douglas Narvaez, and Mark Zajkowski were all honored during the pre-game for Senior Night.

"What a way to go out," said Scarpati. "It was an all-around effort from the team tonight. We now have to try and take it to another level."

The cold weather and occasional rain did not stop the 400 supporters from being vocal throughout the match. Stony Brook stuck with its usual 3-5-2 formation, while Vermont used a 4-4-2.

"There was fantastic fan support tonight," said Seawolves coach Cesar Markovic. "They were into the game and it helped us a lot."

Stony Brook had the first opportunity of the game in the 5th minute off a set piece on the left. Midfielder Michael Palacio's service found Megaloudis, whose header would sail just high and wide of the near post.

Midfielder and forward Pete Halkidis would end up netting the game-winner for his first collegiate goal in the 21st minute. Off a short corner, Narvaez touched it to Palacio, who returned it to Narvaez. Narvaez sent an inswinging low cross finding Halkidis from 12 yards out. Halkidis' one-timer found the back of the net for the 1-0 lead.

"It was a tough game and an important one," said Halkidis. "The goal was my first collegiate goal. It was a play that we practiced on throughout."

Three minutes later, the visitors would come back with their first opportunity of the match. Defender Justin Geibel made a cut to his right and bended a shot from 24 yards out just wide of the far post.

Vermont's best chance of the game would come in the 25th minute. An attempted clearance deep in the back deflected off of Geibel. The ball sprung towards goal from point blank, forcing Moschella to make a fantastic reflex save.

The visitors would threaten again in the 32nd minute. Off a turnover at midfield, forward Jordan Crasilneck shot one from the right wing within 18 yards out, which was denied by a diving Moschella.

Things would get quite physical starting from the 41st minute on. Defender Martin Lynch's attempt to win the ball from striker Lee Stephane Kouadio, who was not wearing his normal jersey number for the night, resulted in a foul. Not

pleased with the tackle, Kouadio got up and gave Lynch a few shoves. Right winger/defender Zachary Norwood came over and shoved Kouadio. Defender Yahaya Musa would join in as well, as he and Kouadio exchanged shoves. Musa and Kouadio were booked by referee Hossam Saad.

"It was an emotional game. One of their players just happened to be out of control," said Markovic.

On the ensuing free kick, Kouadio continued shoving players in the box as the two linesman, Joseph Carrone and Ken Heller looked on.

The Seawolves had another excellent chance in the 43rd minute, off a cross from Megaloudis on the right wing. His cross was flicked on by Narvaez, which found Scarpati. Scarpati's touch from point blank would go just wide of the post.

The second half would see the Catamounts apply more pressure to find the equalizer. Despite a talk from Vermont head coach Jesse Cormier, Kouadio looked to provoke things for the third time in the second half by running into Moschella, long after Moschella claimed the ball. The home side's supporters began jeering each time Kouadio touched the ball.

In the 59th minute, left winger Tamer Mohamed nearly made it 2-0 off a lackadaisical play by goalkeeper Tom Critz. Mohamed's chip pass into the box, which took quite a hop due to the wet surface, slipped through the hands of Critz, nearly sneaking into the near post.

Two minutes later, Vermont defender

Matt Chew attempted to chip Moschella from 40 yards out, to no avail.

The Catamounts would get their best opportunity of the second half in the 71st minute. With the ball falling right to Crasilneck, Crasilneck made a cut to the right. His shot from 22 yards out would sail only inches wide of the far right post, past a diving Moschella.

Vermont would get one last chance with seconds left off a free kick from 26 yards out. The Seawolves wall was able to do its job as time ran out.

"The game was tough and tight," said midfielder Matt Avellino. "We got ourselves a huge result. We did what we needed to do to win. Hopefully we can get another match here at home."

As the match ended, another brawl broke out, started by Kouadio once again. Both sides gathered to stop the confrontation. The affair ended as Kouadio ran and hid behind several Vermont players.

The match marked the first time the Seawolves were victorious over a ranked team.

"We came out and put forth a special effort," said Markovic. "We played the 19th team in the country and we knocked them off."

With the victory, Stony Brook improves to 4-1-1 in America East, and 9-3-3 overall. Vermont fell to 3-3-1 and 10-4-2.

"It was a great win, an emotional win," said Markovic. "I thank [the seniors] for everything. I am extremely proud of them."

The Stony Brook Press
congratulates the
Seawolves Men's
Soccer team on their
program first America
East Regular Season
Title. You rock them
playoffs, now, y'hear?



It says here on the internet that Chris Megaloudis, Michael Palacio, Douglas Narvaez, and, to a lesser extent, Chris Scarpati and Yahaya Musa were especially good. Noice!

Examination of a Common Lie (Bitterness Ensues)

By Alison Schwartz

"How are you?"

It's such a simple question, but there's a choice you have to make when you answer: to lie or tell the truth. Does anyone really tell the truth when it comes to that question, or do they say what everyone wants to hear? It's truly mechanical, automatic. In fact, you probably don't even think about your answer before it flows from your lips: "I'm good/fine/OK/pretty good."

Does anyone really care how you are, or is it just a courtesy question, as automatic as a comment on the weather, meant to mask reality?

No one wants to hear that you're dying inside, that you're struggling to stay afloat. That you have so much inner rage that you want to take a brick and destroy something beautiful (why does that sound familiar...?). That you cracked your tooth on a half-empty glass, tripped on your shoelace, swallowed your gum, and stepped in dog excrement all in the span of twenty minutes. You'd be a whiner, a downer, brewer of social discomfort (anything but that!).

The closest you can come to a real answer without people looking shocked or appalled or stunned is "I've been better." Does that really efficiently convey inner turmoil? For some people "I'm good/great" IS the honest answer to that question. And I'm happy for you. I applaud you happy-go-lucky winners that lead such a charmed existence. You are truly blessed with the fortune of being happy (or being a good enough actor to feign being happy) all the fuck-

ing time and I wish I could be you just for one day.

But those people aren't me. I wasn't born that way. I ache, I bleed, I scream, I rant and rave, I explode, I melt, I disintegrate, I succumb to the inner darkness within. I smile and laugh when I feel like it, not when others want me to

know how you feel and why. Deal with it.

This question is a force of nature, like urinating, maybe. "How are you?" Why even ask it if you don't really want to know, you just want to be told what you want to hear? Do I plaster on a fake grin and tell people at work that I'm good when I'm as low as the fucking ground? Of course. Guilty as charged. I'm a phony. A sham. A hypocrite.

But that's how you get by in this world, right? You bend the truth. You wear a mask. People like consistency. They don't like change. They don't know how to react to reality. People are plastic. They want to hear that everything is fabulous in the world and that life is wonderful, because how do they react to the truth? They crumble. They don't know how to react. "I'm sorry to hear that." Bullshit. You just care about yourself. You've been programmed to say stuff like that whenever you hear bad news. And then people treat you differently and are awkward around you because you're some depressive invalid that doesn't know how to smile or something.

You tell the truth one day, creating fear (without having to become the drooling zombie that consumes brains for after-school snacks), and suddenly you're an outcast. Well, ladies and gents, I'd rather be an honest outcast than a popular liar (I realize that closing lines are supposed to be stark, inspiring revelations, but I think I've failed miserably). Adieu, my minions (and don't ask me how I am unless you want to know next time, punks!).



MR. BEAR, YOU DO NOT CARE, YOU'RE THINKING, "DID I BRUSH MY HAIR?"
Courtesy of Matt Willemain

feel like it. I'm too analytical not to observe this constant trend and I believe the sustaining of such served as breeding ground for the emotionless drones that walk the earth (Dawn of the Dead, anyone?).

If I ask how you are, I care enough to ask and I want more than a single word. I want to

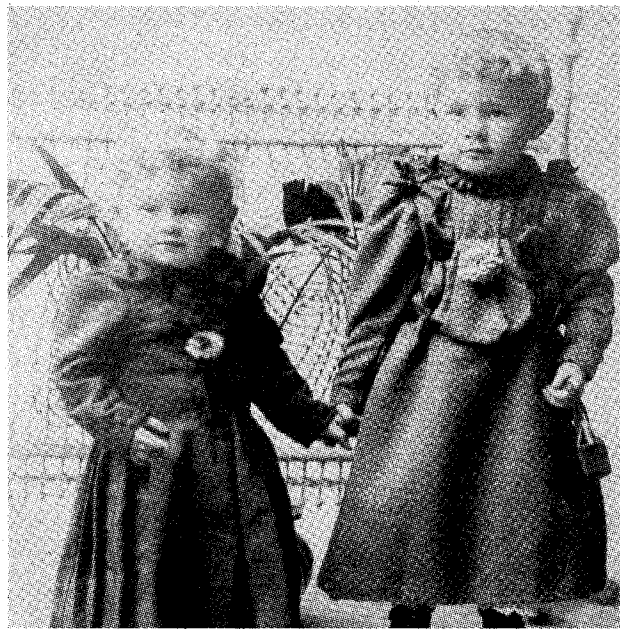
Young Girl

By Jo Ann Campise

All of a sudden, the songs sound like orchestrated orgasms. The grass appears greener-although everything looks greener when juxtaposed with the black hole. The dip of emptiness - well, not empty - just finished. And it is a new day for you. Full of possibilities. You put your best smiling face on - and not because I told you to, but because you just can't stop laughing. Because everything is great. And why shouldn't it be? And then your mind starts to wander and you drift away.

I carry 3 lucky charms with me - souvenirs of great times - actually-fuckin' good times. Times where I feel like I am sitting in front of a mirror staring my soul in the eyes. I'll tell you about soul - when your soul is satisfied everything and is in tune. You can be with a ton of people but you sigh on the inside and your eyes flutter. See, I don't believe you need to just be with one person - if you are in love with that person you can be with 100 people...at a time. And yet when you are with that one person you know it all just feels real good.

Hmm... I'd better start thinking about that shit for school that's due... hmm... some photo prints. Some printmaking prints, and some philosophy studing... ugh. You know, I think I feel more euphoric when I don't think about that stuff, when I just feel.



DAYDREAMING
Courtesy of handholders anonymous

Now I'm daydreaming. The clouds are really cool shapes. I am losing focus.

Your hands aren't hands. They are a body. What's it mean when you walk around campus holding your lover by the hand? Do you think they will run away? Do you need to connect?

Attach? Sometimes, I see people holding hands and they are looking in opposite directions - not even talking - it becomes a leash, a habit, it becomes boring. Hands are what you use to reach, touch, and hold people (notice I didn't say things - that's a whole other issue I'll get into another time).

A palm reader once told me I had good palms - he said all the people in my life now are like running water - and I'll find the real person of my dreams at age 26. He said I'd be successful at age 36 and well-established in my career at 40-something. I would have 1 child most likely - maybe 2. Maybe. He said to write things down and stay focused.

Now, I don't know if I believe him - I believe that it sounds like the average American girl's life. But I've got a little secret - I'm not.

Its possible that this could happen - this old Indian man gave me insight on one path my life might follow - I might do something else - but its only by choice, not by chance. Because, no matter how you live your life you will always live it perfectly, because it is your life, and only you can have this life. Even if you don't achieve what you strive for as perfection, you hold your life in the palm of your hand. I happen to be holding a cigarette, which I'm going to go smoke now.

COMIC UPDATE!

BY MO IBRAHIM

It's Funny Becuase It's True.

So now it's mid-semester – another word for this is 'midterm'. The word 'midterm' is appropriate because it tells you two simple words in one word. It is the middle of the term, hence midterm. If it were two weeks into the semester then it wouldn't be mid-term, it would be two weeks into school. Keeping this in mind, I don't understand why teachers like to call their exams a "midterm". If you have four tests in a class and each one is called a midterm, then I believe there is something wrong with your grammar. Two weeks into a class is not midway, it's not the center of the term, nor is it middle. If the semester is a piece of paper and you fold it in half you would not get a symmetrical figure, no- it would be uneven. In order to solve this problem of epidemic proportions I have defined a new classification system to solve this confusion and utter deviations from proper grammar. Assuming you have a class with four exams, the most appropriate word for the first exam is a 'quarterm', since it is taken during the first "quarter" of the semester. The next test can be the beloved 'midterm', a test smack dab in the middle of the semester. Then you finish it off with another 'quarter-term' and then finally- the dreaded final.

No matter what term it is, I've been partying more often this semester, so that means I've been drunk on many occasions. It's weird because no matter how drunk you are, there is always a sober part of your brain that sits back and watches you make a fool out of yourself. It's like while you drink you give your brain the night off and it sits there eating popcorn and watches your every move. I'm sure you all can relate – it's that little voice that's like, "Oh Mo, you dumb fuck, go ahead see what happens if you step on the gas harder, come on... OHHHHH, hahaha I knew it you dumb fuck, you're so drunk." And it's weird because while you're drunk you can actually HEAR this voice. Your drunken ass body is aware of the sober mind's presence but it ignores it. Your body says, "I know I'm wasted, voice of reason... but I'm still going to do it anyway, I'm going to take advantage of that drunken girl."

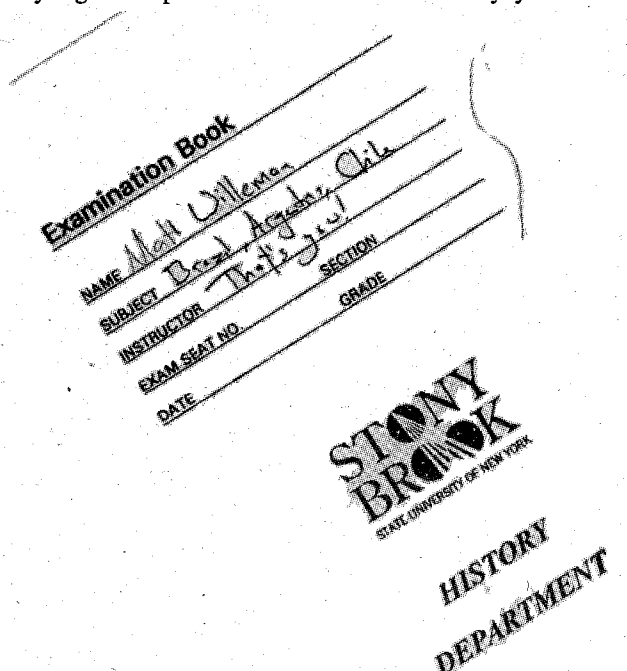
Right now I want to talk about something else – females. Females are what I like to call, an 'enigma'. An enigma is defined as "somebody or something that is not easily explained or understood." If I were the author of a thesaurus, a synonym for 'enigma' would be 'female.' Let me tell you why females are such enigmas. You may not agree, but I'm going to address my issue anyway because I know a lot of guys out there can relate on what I like to call "solving the unsolvable puzzle," a.k.a. "a relationship." Since I just came out of a pretty long relationship I am doing my part for society in contributing my theories on this enigma and maybe one day they will help us get closer to the solution.

You see, when a person is single long enough they lose control. We say things like, "Oh man... oh man, oh man, oh man... I need a girlfriend! I can't go on ONE MORE DAYYYY without a girl in my life!" In their eyes, life begins to suck and seeing everyone else with a partner just adds salt to the wounds. It feels like you just got a huge gash in your chest and someone dropped you in a sea of salty water and then, immediately after, you get slapped right across the chest, with a whip. Have you ever been

slapped with a whip? It hurts!

Eventually, after all of the desperation and searching (oh and you've searched far and wide, you even tried to get that cute blind girl to like you for "you") you find a mate. You get that mate of your dreams and you're so happy that you feel like the world couldn't get any better.

The beginning of a relationship is always so nice and sweet. You guys are like "oh hey, how was your day... You're so funny you crack me up you silly goose... oh don't say that about yourself you will always be pretty to me." You and your new favorite mate are holding hands everywhere you go, showing PDA (Public Displays of Affection) to the point where you need other people to censor you for inappropriate behavior. You know, the PDA goes out of hand when you end up missing your stop on the LIRR, naked, and in a remote part of Long Island, trying to explain to the conductor why you were



HA HA HA
Courtesy of Matt Willemain

caught doing reverse cowgirl in the middle of the car.

But then, but THEN – your new mate changes. You guys are together for a while and then all of a sudden the niceness just evaporates, it dissipates, for use of another appropriate synonym. What used to be a singing dove has turned into an evil crazy three-headed monster. Emphasis on the three heads mind you, because she's not as crazy as a regular monster, that would be an understatement, no – she is as crazy as a monster with three heads. Then suddenly you go from "I want to be with you for the rest of my life" to "FUCK! What did I get myself into??? This crazy bitch gets mad if I say 'hello' the wrong way!"

In my last relationship I said this to my girlfriend, "Hey." Now it seems harmless since it is a standard greeting among English speakers living in America, but to her it was unacceptable: "What? That's it? Just hey? You don't ask me how I am or give me a hug and kiss? Whatever, I guess you don't even like me anymore." How do you respond to that? "Uh... I um, apple." Because nothing can go wrong with apple, who doesn't like apples? No one, apple is just a safe word.

Is it just me or is the female half of a

"courtship" always, what's that word, crazy? The guy is afraid to say something wrong because she'll snap and then cause another relationship fight. It's you against the big double standard monster where it's ok if she does things but fucked up if you do it. You know what I'm talking about, there are certain things that a girl can say that if a guy were to do it, she would flip. For example, one day my girlfriend said, "Wow, that guy is hot." I didn't think anything much of it and simply said "ok." A few days later, I pointed out a girl was hot... bad idea. She turned into a transformer. You know those innocent looking trucks that turn into killing machines, that's what she mutated into right in front of my eyes. I had to find a shield to block the torturous tumult. I like that expression because of the T's. Go ahead, read that line aloud for a second and say "torturous tumult." Don't worry if anyone around you is wondering why you're talking to yourself just tell them it's because you had to say "torturous tumult." And then, encourage whoever is next to you to say it too, it's simple and rolls beautifully right off the tongue, torturous tumult.

No matter what I said, she always had a "torturous tumult". If a beautiful girl ever needed CPR and I was the only person around that was certified in CPR and gave the girl mouth to mouth, she would seriously say, "so did you enjoy kissing that other girl? I know you jumped to give her mouth to mouth so you can have an excuse for kissing someone else, I'm just not good enough for you, maybe if I had plastic surgery you would notice me more!" Girls, you deny it, but you know- it's true. You let the insecurities get the best of you.

[Most] girls have no reasoning, they don't believe in it. When God was making woman he must have said "Reasoning? Ha! They don't need that." I have no doubt that the female sex gets mad on a whim. Just a random urge every now and then to cause another tumult. On some mornings girls wake up and say to themselves, "Hmm, what am I going to do today, I know- I'll pick a fight with my boyfriend and get him really mad." They work out the details as they brush their teeth, they have it elaborately set up so that you fall into the trap and when you least suspect it, they get you! The fight is never over. There is no other way to explain it. I think girlfriends lie in bed after a long day of fighting and think to themselves "That was a really great fight, what should I fight about tomorrow? Maybe I'll tell him he blinked his eyes the wrong way." I don't know why they do it, like I said – females are an enigma: the unsolvable puzzle of the universe.

Then comes the break-up. Breaking up is the worst part because no matter how much anger there is in the relationship, you always want to end it peacefully. What's the most common thing people say when they break up? "Baby, it's not you – it's me." Bullshit, of course it's "you," because if it wasn't "you," then I wouldn't be trying to leave "you." The only time that works is if one of the mates decides that they are gay, in that case it's not "you."

Unfortunately that's not how it happened for me. We were having this heated fight one time and I got so mad at her, I said, "Fuck you I'm going before I do something really bad, like dump you!" And she softly said, "No Mo, It's over..." then I paused and thought – "SWEET! I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT!"

SBU-TV Lineup

Monday & Tuesday

5:00 - 5:30: World Business
 5:30 - 6:00: Think Talk
 6:00 - 9:00: National Lampoon
 9:00 - 9:30: Cooking: for Those Who Don't Know How to Cook
 9:30 - 10:00: Ski & Snow
 10:00 - 12:00: Seawolves Sports
 12:00 - 12:30: Ski & Snow
 12:30 - 1:00: Broken Radio
 1:00 - 2:00: In Focus
 2:00 - 4:00: USG Senate
 4:00 - 4:30: Late Night with Beverly Bryan
 4:30 - 5:00: The Silly Spider Monkey Fiasco
 5:00 - 5:30: Ghoul a Go-Go
 5:30 - 6:00: Ski & Snow

Wednesday & Thursday

5:00 - 5:30: Ski & Snow
 5:30 - 6:00: Broken Radio
 6:00 - 6:30: Think Talk
 6:30 - 7:00: World Business
 7:00 - 8:00: In Focus
 8:00 - 10:00: USG Senate
 10:00 - 11:30: Indi Film
 11:30 - 12:00: Clips & Quips
 12:00 - 12:30: Late Night with Beverly Bryan
 12:30 - 1:00: Cooking: for Those Who Don't Know How to Cook
 1:00 - 3:00: Seawolves Sports
 3:00 - 3:30: Ski & Snow
 3:30 - 4:00: Think Talk
 4:00 - 4:30: Late Night with Beverly Bryan
 4:30 - 5:00: The Silly Spider Monkey Fiasco
 5:00 - 5:30: Ghoul a Go Go
 5:30 - 6:00: Ski & Snow

Friday, Saturday & Sunday

5:00 - 7:00: USG Senate
 7:00 - 9:00: Seawolves Sports
 9:00 - 12:00: National Lampoon
 12:00 - 1:30: Indi Film
 1:30 - 2:00: Clips & Quips
 2:00 - 3:00: In Focus
 3:00 - 3:30: World Business
 3:30 - 4:00: Think Talk
 4:00 - 4:30: Late Night with Beverly Bryan
 4:30 - 5:00: The Silly Spider Monkey Fiasco
 5:00 - 5:30: Ghoul a Go Go
 5:30 - 6:00: Ski & Snow

A Message from the Producer of the Campus Cooking Show, Who is Not Nearly as Talented as the Host

By David K. Ginn

Message: The Stony Brook campus cooking show, **Cooking: for Those Who Don't Know How to Cook**, airs on SBU-TV channel 20 -----

Recipe for Fucking Awesome Cheese Fries

Ingredients:

One bag of French fries
 Chop meat
 Cooking spray
 Garlic powder
 One small bag of shredded cheddar cheese
 One small bag of shredded Monterey jack cheese
 One small bag of shredded mozzarella cheese
 One tablespoon of love

Directions:

4. Once all the Jews are slaughtered, you may try to invade France. If need be, substitute methane gas for cyanide. Once you've created your 'final solution', you can...

Nope. Wrong book.

Ah! Here it is!

1. Preheat oven to 450 degrees.
 2. Spray a large cookie sheet evenly with cooking spray and lay fries in a **single layer**.
 3. Spray fries lightly with cooking spray.
 4. Heat the largest top burner on the oven to 7.
 5. Once oven is pre-heated (that annoying little beep that happens), put the pan of fries in the oven. Make a note of the time, and set the oven timer for eight minutes.

6. When the oven timer goes beep beep it's time to start cooking the meat. **Set the oven timer for another eight minutes after it goes off.** Then take a big-ass frying pan, the biggest you can find, and put it over the big-ass burner. Take as much meat as will comfortably fit on the pan, with enough room to break it up and stir it later, and put that meat on that fucking

more. The smell is the absolute most inviting cooking smell you will create. Truly. Mmmmm....

9. When the oven timer goes beep beep yet again it's time to add some cheese, bitch! Take that fucking pan out of the oven, lay it somewhere where it won't ruin things, especially unsuspecting, innocent flesh. Coat it with half a bag of each cheese, making sure that just about the entire surface is covered. If you use a bit more now it's okay. Put that shit back in the oven when you're done.

10. Stir that fucking meat.

11. When cheese has begun to melt about halfway, it's about time to add your deliciously cooked garlic meat. Make sure you taste it first to test its garlickiness. If it is not garlicky enough, feel free to add a bit more powder and stir it in before applying to the fries. Also remember that 'its' is the possessive form of the pronoun 'it' and 'it's' is the contraction of 'it is'. Don't ever confuse those, or I shall turn you into a eunuch.



MMMM...LET IT DRIP IN YOUR MOUTH
 Courtesy of Gluttony and Lust

pan.
 7. When meat starts to sizzle, it is time to break it up. Do it. Use your spatula and give it hell. Break it up into taco meat, bitch.
 8. When the meat begins to brown just a little bit, but with still a lot of raw and sizzling goods, coat all the meat evenly with a layer of garlic powder. Make sure the top surface is covered. Then begin to stir it in, using the meat's own grease to create a marinade. Stir it very well, until you can't see the powder any-

12. Add the rest of the cheese evenly over the freshly applied meat. After everything is done and taken care of, place the entire pan of fries back in the oven and wait for the cheese to melt above the meat. When this happens, you've scored. Take that pan out, and place it on heat protector thingies on your kitchen or dining room table. Let your commie side come and out and use knives and forks with your friends and dig the fuck in.



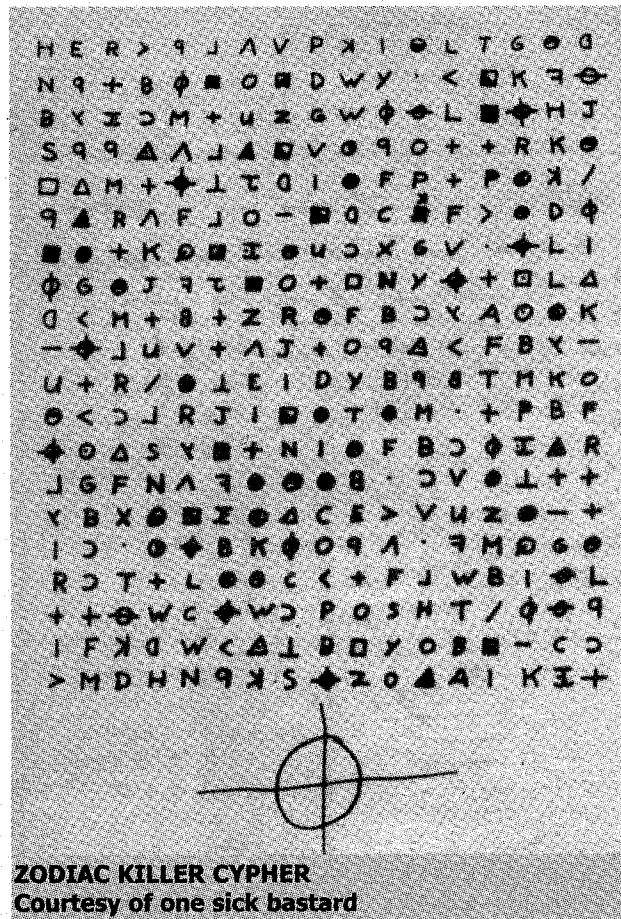
The Reformation in Central Kentucky Scintillates

By James Messina

Cryptography is useful for everybody. It's a real passion for two types of people: paranoiacs and voyeurs. Sure, there are electronic freedom fighters seeking to fight for their rights, there are online outlaws trying to evade the long arm of the law, and there are any other number of people who would find cryptography useful in their everyday lives. I give credit to the paranoiacs and the voyeurs though, because they split crypto into a useful dichotomy. The paranoiac doesn't want to be found out, and the voyeur wants to find. This is the very essence of cryptography, but it applies to much more. Familiar with *Mortal Kombat 2*? You know the guy who says, "Toast-y!" when you do a good uppercut? That's Dan Forden, a lead programmer on the game. And on most DVDs there are hidden features only accessible by manipulating the title menu. Things like these are referred to as "easter eggs" and are especially popular in movies and games. See? It applies a lot of places.

The two broad categories of finder and hider don't always apply, however. Some serial killers/ spree criminals purposely hide information with every intention of being found. The criminals I mention below may or may not have actually wanted to be caught; two of their identities remain unknown, and who am I to read into their motives? But the fact that they taunted the authorities is a certainty, and a good example that there are exceptions. In Victorian England, a killer known as Jack the Ripper had a spree in 1888. He is known to have killed five prostitutes, and many others are suspected of having died by his hand. He wrote letters to the police taunting them, and mentioning details about his killings. Half a century later in the '40's and '50's, a criminal named George Metesky, and popularly dubbed "The Mad Bomber", placed bombs throughout New York City. He included cryptic messages referring to a vengeance against Consolidated Edison, and threats to injure people if they weren't brought to justice. It took the combined efforts of the New York City Police and the esteemed Dr. James Brussel to bring him to justice in 1957. Moving forward in time to a lesser degree this time we come to my favorite, the Zodiac Killer (And no, he's not my favorite in some lameass

TBS copycat-killer detective movie kind of way). The Zodiac Killer had eight definite victims, and boasted to have many more. Included in his letters to the police were details of the murders only the killer would know, taunts, threats, and... code!



The traditional government stance on cryptography is that it belongs with the government, and that the people should feel compliant and secure about this. The traditional government argument for this is that if strong crypto falls into the hands of criminals or terrorists the government won't be able to protect us. Ordinarily, I'm inclined to scoff at such arguments, but the Zodiac Killer has evaded capture to this day, and some of his ciphers are unsolved despite the fact that they're no more complex than the homophonic ciphers which I mentioned last issue. At the end of this article

I'll give some links worth checking out if you're more interested in the Zodiac Killer. A high school teacher named Donald Harden ended up cracking three of his ciphers. Maybe you'll have more luck and finally solve the case, right?

In the next issue, I'll include more on the role of cryptography in treasure hunting and suchlike. But for now, I'm going to move on to the solving of the last puzzle.

PUZZLE THE 4TH.

3+6+2+13+3+2+18-10+19+0+23-8+26-15+34

I hinted that the puzzle wasn't too difficult, and indeed, it wasn't. Of course, once again I say this with full knowledge of the code I'm about to break, so for you the answer might not have been as easily won. The trick to this code was just to read it as it came, I didn't try to jazz things up too much. $3 + 6 = 9$. The ninth letter is "i". There you are. Then for the next letter, you add $6 + 2 = 8 = "h"$. It follows similarly in an iterative method until you arrive at the message: "I hope this works". If indeed it didn't work, you can email me at longinuous@yahoo.com with complaints. Or requests for plaintext to my grand code. Or with salutations... God, I'm so lonely. Of course, with the fine folk at the Press to keep me company I'm not actually lonely, but I was dead serious about needing some curious mathematically inclined folk to solve my code. If you fit the bill, e-mail me, it's no hassle. That being said, here comes the official fifth puzzle. Word.

PUZZLE THE 5TH.

The hat is a sissy, the moan ululatd. Am newt to see to Bullmopp. Or yam on mutt?

Zodiak Killer Links (for those who enjoy typing elaborate key sequences):

http://www.crimelibrary.com/serial_killers/notorious/zodiac/river_1.html

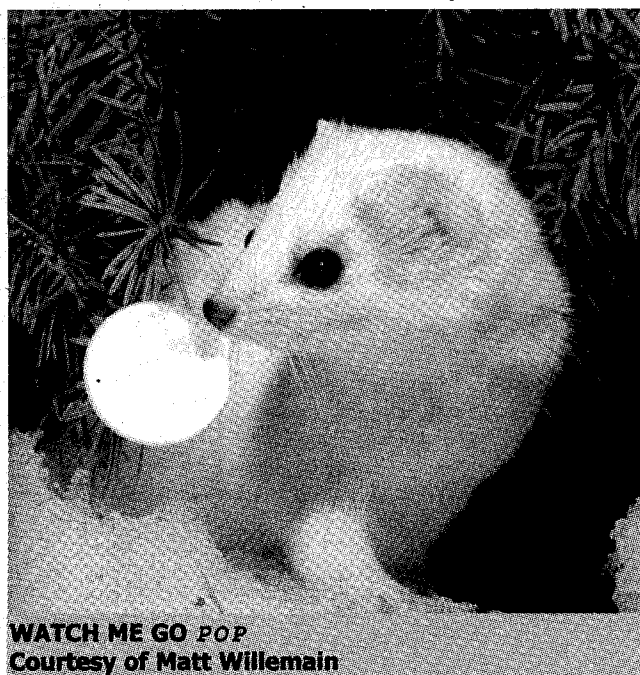
<http://www.zodiackiller.com/Letters.html>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zodiac_killer

Pop Goes the Weasel

By David K. Ginn

Yeah. That little fucker goes *pop*.



Editor's Note:
Can't argue that point...

...pop

Sweating

By Jeremy Falletta

I'm sitting in class and all the windows are open and it's January and it's colder than the arctic in here and I can't stop sweating. It's been six hours since I fixed and I'm starting to get the shakes. My eyelids are fluttering.

I need to get out of here. If I have to listen to one more droning undergraduate commentary on female infidelity in Jacobean plays I'm going to tear my hair out. I think the girl sitting next to me is noticing that I'm acting strange. I need to fix. I need to get out of here.

It's 3:50 and my guy won't be around until at least 7. I'm thinking about hitting the street and seeing what I can scrounge up - I don't like going to another pusher, but it's getting really bad. Last time I fixed, it didn't last nearly as long as it usually does. I need to score, and I need it now.

I'm getting more sidelong glances from the over interested girl next to me. I think her name is Maria, but I wouldn't put any stock in my memory of such a trivial thing. She's openly staring at me now and I'm rubbing my neck like an addict and what I really want to do is roll up my goddamn sleeve

and scratch the inside of my elbow so this fucking itch goes away. But it won't go away. It never goes away, except when I fix.

I'm still sitting there but I feel my body getting up and I'm twitching now and I feel myself walking through the desks toward the back and I feel the professor's eyes on my back and oh god she knows, she knows I'm a user and she's going to say something about it. My legs keep moving and I'm watching myself walk out from my empty desk.

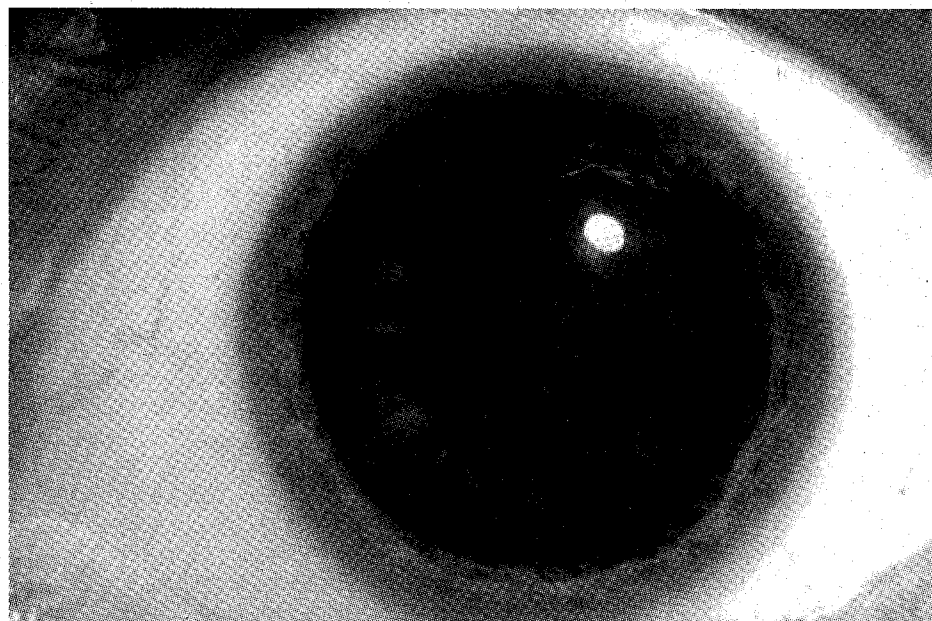
There's a garbage can propping the door open, a little guy, and I'm trying to maneuver my way around it and it's not working. I can't lift my leg high enough to get it over the little bastard and my stomach is gurgling now and I'm

I'm going down hard but it's not me, I'm still watching from over there. Suddenly there's this dull flaring pain in my side and I'm not at my desk anymore, I'm lying on the floor between the classroom and the hallway and I'm scrambling to get up. Some of my fellow students are snickering and my professor's face, I know without seeing it, is ashen.

I'm running down the hall and the door swings shut behind me in the absence of the little garbage can that I hate so dearly at this moment. The door it clangs shut and it's so loud it startles me and I jump. I'm concentrating on trying not to trip over my untied shoelaces and my stomach is doing somersaults and I just know I'm going to puke. My skin is clammy and I can feel the bile working its way up my esophagus and I don't have much time to get outside.

The door at the end of the hallway is painted this brilliant red and it has white lettering across it and there's something funny about it but I can't quite place it and I keep running because there's nowhere else to go. I hit the door running and I'm through and the sunshine is hurting my eyes something wicked.

And then it hits me, I know what was funny about the door as I stand there scratching the inside of my elbow through my sleeve and before I know it the alarm is going off, loud and obnoxious and reminding me of the headache I've been trying to ignore for the past hour. It sounds like some kind of dying duck, trying to bark quack his way into hell or wherever ducks go when they die and get it over with already.



I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW,
Courtesy of Modern Pharmacology

sweating bullets and I can't turn around no not now turning around is not an option, I need to get out of this door. So of course I see myself kicking the goddamn thing and it's falling over and it's banging on the ground and there are fucking soda cans - soda cans! - in the pail and they're clattering all over the linoleum floor of the classroom. Everyone is turning around, seeing what I see from my empty desk, and oh my god Jesus fuck I'm tripping. I'm stumbling and I'm going to fall.

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Editor's Note:

What do you know? It's back by popular demand. Editorial Space. You all know you wanted to see it. Don't deny it. You love the Editorial Space, you need it. This awkward space was brought to you by random article sizes. I will now write whatever is said to me next:

"Shot through the heart and you're too late.
You give love a bad name."

Bon Jovi is on and he speaks to me.

THE STONY BROOK PRESS



**WE HAVE YOUR GRATUITOUS
SLAVE GIRL, AND IF YOU WANT
HER BACK, COME AND GET HER.**

**MEETINGS WEDNESDAYS AT 1 pm
STUDENT UNION ROOM o6o**

Ask Amberly Jane

Let's talk confessions.

Everyone has these greasy little devils lighting afire the inner Chantilly lace. Secrets that blow holes through your 'normal' veneer. Old ghosts, Snickering skeletons. You want to squeeze them up inside, squeeze so hard they extinguish out your fingers, and forget about them completely - but you can't. The memories lurk like prowling pirates in the shadows. They lurk like rogue elephants amongst gazelles. They lurk like the awkward face-touching guy at last night's party.

Maybe you secretly hate your best friend and want them to fail, or found your mom's dildo, and used it. Or cheated, that's a big one. Stolen garbage from someone famous. Hurt others, or privately delighted in their pain. Maybe you rolled your brother's hamster down the hallway like a bowling ball ... and it died. Poked a retarded kid. Rang in the new year in the same fashion as many Americans: masturbating alone with crappy music on in the background. Put a carrot up your ass or a cucumber in your snatch. Or watched as your drunk professor jerked off on your floor.

Guess which confessions are mine.

The impetus for this discussion: I happened upon grouphug.us, an anonymous online confessional. People do some crazy fucked-up shit. Like the girl who, instead of using tampons or pads, uses bread. The dude who really likes the taste of his own cum. A guy who cried while watching a tire commercial. Those who have itchy crotches, are scared of fruit, spend grandma's money on pot, hate their lives and dream of stabbing their bosses in the eye with a pen. Many people feel unloved, inadequate, insecure ... and addicted to socially-unacceptable porn. There are those who wish for simplicity in a complicated world, and one truly sad soul whose greatest moments in life have been with heroin.

It's an addicting website, always someone's car crash to witness. But these miles of confessions drive home several points: 1) Deviance is more normal than you might think, oxymoron be damned. 2) Embrace your inner freak - there is always someone more fucked up than you. 3) This universal fucked-up-ness could help with social relations. Like - I'm fucked up, you're fucked up. Let's be fucked together, and fuck!

But navigating our varied dynamics is a bitch. Many times the ones that you love, and the ones that love you are not the same. I don't know what to tell you. Humans are a wily bunch, even when we get what we think we want, shit falls apart. We are fluid creatures who are curious and kinky, but we pretend to adhere to false

normalcy. All I can draw from is my own scatological trip down the gravy train. (God, that's disgusting. Why do I write these things?)

Here's some confessions for you: Most days I willfully hallucinate. I ride around campus on my bike, imagining the people around me breaking into dance numbers, and then felling each other on the street, while ribbons of taffy cum spool around everyone in orgasmic rapture. Bit of a romp, aye!

I confess: that I realize it's over, - because I'm not the type you bring home to mother.

I confess: it would be hot to fuck a guy who has just gotten into a fight, with a black eye, swollen lip, bloody knuckles...

And I confess that someday I would love to have sex on a school bus. I also confess that I had a pretty fucking wonderful threesome the other night. (The compliments were unnecessary, but thank you.)

Yes. Confess. Unburden your soul. Be accepting of other's deviations. Raise your moistened hands, grab your hamsters, shove the carrot a little higher, smoke grandma's pot, and jerk-off to visions of stabbing your boss in the eye with a pen.

Yay for deviance!

Amberly Jane,

I just wanted to say thanks, yes INDEED, thank you for the porn! It's up on my wall, and I took another one for my friends wall. Well Done. We all need more penetration in our lives!

Ducky88

AJ,

Why is OK that we vote for our 'leaders', go off and die and kill for our country - but we can't have a drink?!? I know this is not sex related, but it pisses me off, and I'm just putting it out there. (Don't know if you'll print this, fuck it.)

Oh, thanks for the nudie pic last week! (Way to tell the senate they should try the position btw.) I have no sex happening right now, so jolt to the pecker was appreciated.

Calypso Joe

Amberly Jane,

I met you at a press meeting this one time and I really wanted to ask you if that was your real eye color. It's bloody amazing. Remember me, I drew the erotic renaissance-style pencil drawings. It was good talking to

you, e-mail me if you get a chance and I'll sketch some of you if you like.

P.A.

AJ,

Long-time reader, first-time writer. I jerk off a lot. Sometimes five, six times a day. I'm not seeking advice or anything, I just wanted to tell you that your picture didn't help. Thanks.

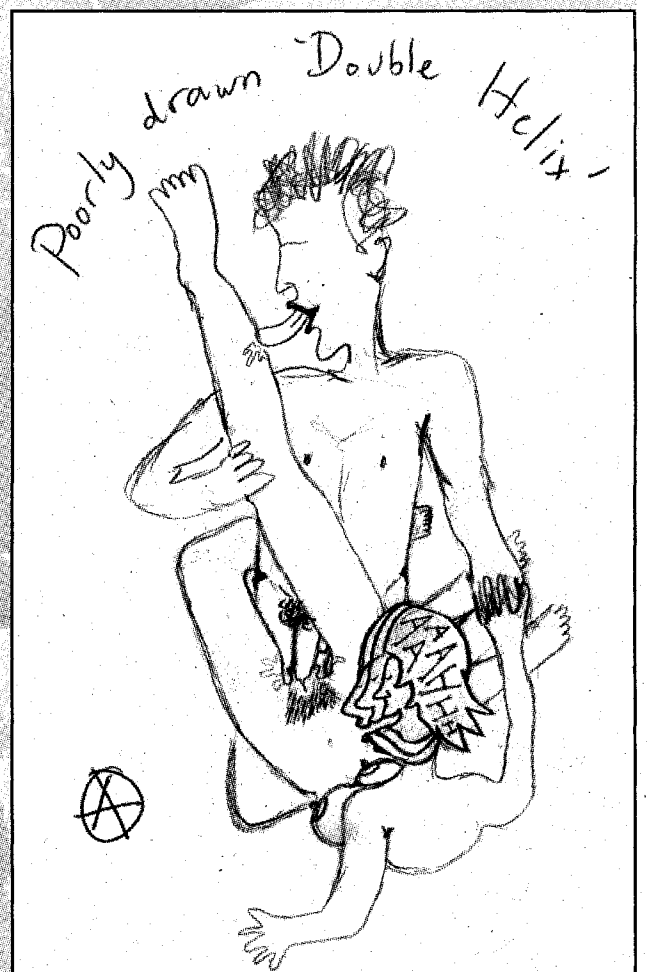
HandsAcrossTheNation

I'm glad I could be of service.

Good Glory, it deserves mentioning that Mr. Breath of fresh air, tasty energy himself, strolled back into town. The load is lighter with you here, my friend.

Keep the letters coming...

AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com



LOVINGLY DUBBED THE "DOUBLE HELIX",
Courtesy of Miss Amberly Jane

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Sex and the Brook

By Rudy Randall

Shots, Oreos and Quiet Study Rooms, Oh My!

There is one time a year where you can get as fucked up, and get fucked, as much as you want. It is the time of the year where the only thing that matters is you and whether you're happy and having a good time. It is also the time year where any alcohol you consume is completely free. That time of the year, you may have guessed by now, is your birthday. In college, not only is it your birth-day, but your birth-week, and you better have a drink in your hand every minute of every hour that week. The only thing better than someone having a birthday, is two people having the same birthday! As was the case with our friends Alicia and Lynn, both girls lived down the hall from each other, and after the first day of school had realized they shared the same day of birth. They had been planning their celebration since then.

Any bad blood between Maria and John regarding their make-out session had been cleared up during a drunken confession where each told the other it had meant nothing and that they wanted everything to be normal. It didn't hurt that Maria had told John that he was a good kisser. Anyways, nobody wants to be in a bad mood for a party, and if there's one thing we all have in common, it is the love of a party. Everything was being taken care of, alcohol was getting picked up, John's suite was empty for partying, and the actual birthday conveniently fell on a Friday.

Alicia woke up Friday morning at 11:30 with one thought in her head. She wanted to get fucked. Later that day, at the mall with Lynn and I, the thought was still on her mind.

"I just really want to get fucked," Alicia said.

"So you've said," I replied.

"No really, last time I had sex was about a month ago," said Alicia.

"Try the last time being before moving in," Lynn said.

"But wasn't your boyfriend here?" I asked.

"Yeah, I was on my period," she replied.

"Fuck, that sucks," Alicia said.

"Yeah, just my luck," Lynn said as we walked into H&M, right before Alicia darted to a rack near the front.

"How much do you love this jacket?" Alicia asked.

"It's cute," Lynn said.

"It's very bright," I said.

"I love that, it's got that bright Irish green. I gotta try it on," Alicia said trailing off making her way to the mirror. She slipped it on. "I absolutely love this jacket!" She exclaimed. The sales people knew they had a sale. "Well, everybody needs to get a birthday present for themselves." She got her purse out and we made our way to the cash register. We got a couple more things before getting on the bus to back to Stony Brook.

"Should I shave?" Alicia asked while we were sitting in the back of the bus.

"I don't think so, you aren't wearing a skirt tonight, and it's getting cold so you probably won't be for a while," Lynn said.

"No, not my legs," Alicia replied.

"Well you should always be shaving your armpits," I told her.

"No, down there. Should I shave?" Alicia asked bluntly.

"Umm, not my territory," I said.

"Well if I'm getting fucked it should be nice right, not that it's not nice all the time, but it should be extra nice, right?"

"Yes, if you think you should shave, then shave," Lynn said.

"It's just I don't really feel like it," Alicia said.

"Then don't shave," Lynn replied.

"But I kind of feel like I have to," Alicia said back.

"Then shave it already, can we not talk about it," I said.

"Fine," Alicia said as she sat back.

"Thank You," I said.

We sat in a couple moments of silence.

"Then who should I fuck?" Alicia asked.

"Shirley Strum Kenney," I offered.

"No really. Who?" Alicia said.

We got back to campus hornier then when we left but still without an answer. I got back to my room to check my inbox. I had messaged Jerry about the party tonight. I had yet to meet him in person and was looking forward to when I did. I opened my mail and there was a response, he had gone home this weekend. Slightly saddened I figured it could only be a matter of time before I did get to meet him in

person. In just a short couple of hours, it was party time.

The whole gang gathered for the celebration. John, Charlie, Ed, I, Maria, Becky, Alicia, Lynn, Janey and her friend Blair, with a couple of people coming a little later after a Chemistry review that apparently was more important than drinking. We immediately opened the bottle of Absolut and poured out some shots. Everyone was ready to toast when Blair made a pretty interesting observation.

"Um, where are the chasers?" she asked.

Nobody really knew what to say. Everything had been set, except the one thing that was probably needed most, mixers and chasers. Instead of running to the vending machine or checking other suites fridges, Alicia decided to go with the next best thing.

"There's Oreo's right here!" she said.

"Will that be good?" asked John.

"Sure, what could be wrong, they're just cookies," she said as she passed out the chasers, "Besides, after a couple shots you won't even need a chaser." So everyone with a shot in one hand and an Oreo in the other toasted to Alicia and Lynn and their birthday. Twenty minutes and several shots later everyone was pretty buzzed and dancing. I was dancing with Alicia, who repeatedly said she couldn't dance and wanted me to teach her, claiming that I could do, "that black girl thing with your hips and butt."

"God I wanna get fucked," Kate said as she grinded me.

"I know," I told her.

"But who?" she asked. Almost like magic, Cindy and her boyfriend Matt walked in. They had brought their single, RA friend Billy, who worked in a different building.

"Bingo," Alicia whispered as she left my arms and made her way over to the door. "Hey Cindy! Matt! Who's this? I don't know you, my name's Alicia."

"Hello Alicia, I'm Billy."

"Hi. You wanna drink?"

"Sure."

"You wanna go somewhere a little more quiet?"

"Okay." He said as the two of them walked into the hallway. They sat down and talked a little while about college and each other. After a little while the two of them got up for a walk. They headed for the elevator, and by the time they were inside they couldn't keep their tongues out of each other's mouths.

"I know where to go," Alicia said as she pulled him into the quiet study room. They lay down as the door shut behind them.

Meanwhile, the party had grown rather out of control. Outside, Lynn was sitting on the ground talking to her boyfriend on the phone, crying hysterically. Janey and Charlie weren't as drunk and were trying to take care of her. Blair was on the ground in the middle of the ground, screaming, "Why God!" while John was taking care of her. ED and I were laughing hysterically, getting people up and trying to get them to bed.

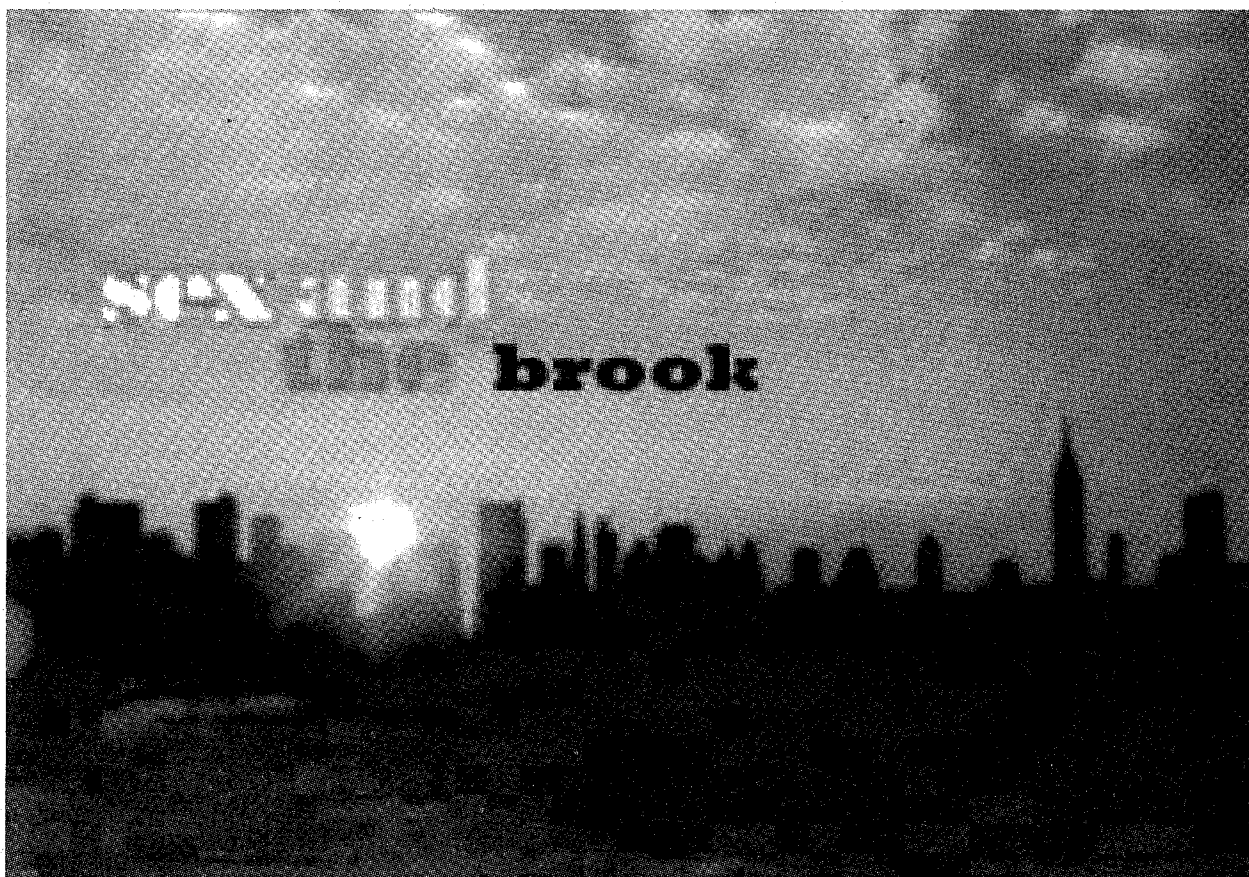
"The next morning John woke up and went outside for his morning cigarette, which was always the best one. Alicia came out a couple minutes after him.

"I think I made out with Blair last night," said John.

"I think I had sex in the quiet study room last night," Alicia replied.

After they finished their cigarettes they walked down to the quiet study room, and there on the floor, next to a stain, was Alicia's Birthday hat.

Alicia turned to John and asked him, "So when's the next birthday?"



Faculty Spotlight: Professor Yuefan Deng

By Huy Huynh

As the editor of the Asian American E-Zine, but more importantly having experienced his teaching firsthand, I had an opportunity to interview Professor Yuefan Deng. Professor Deng is a well-loved and respected professor, as well as an established researcher. As one of the recent recipients of the \$750,000 IBM Shared University Research grant, otherwise known as IBM SUR, he has once again caught the attention of students and professors alike. This interview will give everyone insight into his work and show how he got his reputation as Stony Brook's most popular math professors. For the full interview video go to www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine/videos/DrYuefanDeng2005.wmv

The Galaxy Lab, a supercomputer lab on campus, would not be here if it had not been for Professor Deng. His work on supercomputer design began in 1985. During the course of his work, he attended a workshop in Beijing. This consequently inspired the beginning of his work on Galaxy. Single computers can be connected through switches in parallel to make them perform like a supercomputer, hence the name parallel computing, but at a fraction of the cost. The single computers are connected through different low latency and high bandwidth networks. With no equipment, not even a screwdriver, he had to go home to get the equipment needed to start on his project. Initially connecting 32 processors, the Galaxy supercomputer is now running 600 processors. The lab is utilized by over 50 Ph.D. students on campus for their various projects from biology to chemistry.

One of the professor's more recent projects is a supercomputer in China called the Nankai-Stars, started in 2002. Designed with one of his former students, Alex Korobka, Ph.D., Stony Brook University, it boasts 768 processors that are able to perform at more than 4.5 Teraflops. Located at Nankai University, it is the most utilized computer by young faculty in Biology, Chemistry, Economics, and Physics. Professor Deng has also been involved in a supercomputer project in Turkey. He was at an International Conference in Istanbul and was invited by the President of the Middle East Technical University to build Turkey's first supercomputer. When built, this computer will be listed amongst the top 500 supercomputers in the world allowing

Turkey to vastly improve their computing capabilities.

When he talks about teaching, Professor Deng's face lights up in a radiant smile. Considered the best Applied Math professor on campus by his students, he reveals his secrets about teaching. If you are thinking that it is magic, No! It is not magic that allows him to engage a math class and make it enjoyable. As simple as it may sound, it is his familiarity with the topic and more importantly, it is his love of teaching. Professor Deng truly enjoys what he does. He says that there is a great joy in him to see that students can understand what he is teaching. As a result of his accomplishment, he received the Chancellors Award for Excellence in Teaching.

In the future, he hopes for Stony Brook, Brookhaven National Laboratory, and the other institutions he is working with to improve their computational capabilities so that time required for important research is shortened. The Professor's greatest goal in life, however, was to become a professor. He achieved that and more. Not only can he connect to his students on a multitude of levels, he has instilled a mark of excellence on them. His students are able to learn from him; they are able to learn well. That is the mark, the goal, of a great professor. Professor Deng is certainly a great professor.

For the full video of his interview, visit www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine/



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of Wang Center for 2006 Calendar

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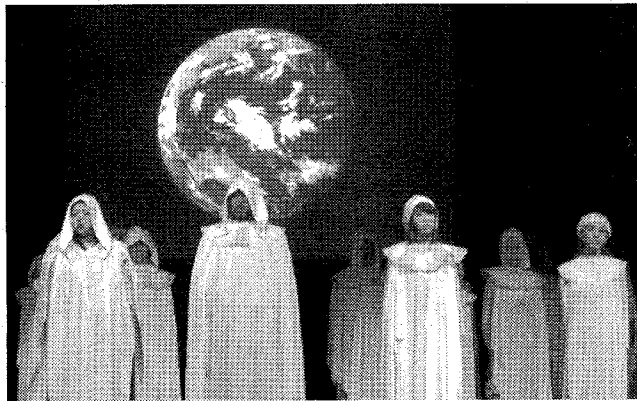
www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine in SB Press Vol 1 No 4 November 2005

AA-EZine, we got it right!

Earth Charter: The UN at 60

By Maria Ng

This past Sunday, "Our Forest is Alive -Part III: Our Earth Charter," directed by Masayo Koike, was presented in the Wang Center. This is a Japanese production aimed to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the United Nations. More specifically, the production is a reenactment of the meeting that occurred a month ago in the United Nations. The topic was the Earth Charter. This charter's main goal is to raise environmental awareness through the varied use of song, dance, and skits.



The Earth Charter recognizes the dangers of humans' continued devastation of the world. Our actions have dire consequences, causing for example, global warming, deforestation, and the extinction of many species. Other species aren't the only ones affected by humans' actions however. A major concern of last month's UN meeting was the 6 billion plus people living on this planet.

Our planet is very unequally divided in terms of wealth, resources, and poverty. There is a sharp distinction between first world and third world countries. The third world countries have a disproportional number of individuals suffering from hunger, disease and environmental degradation. There are millions of people without jobs or the basic necessities of life. In contrast, first world countries have money, a surplus of food, and the medical resources required to cure disease. The real shock is the fact that these distinctions are not always held between different countries. Rather, it may be seen within our own

nations. There is always a section of the nation that is deemed poorer than the rest.

The real question is why these economic differences exist. If the excessive surplus from the wealthier areas were distributed to supplement the poorer sections of the world, it would be possible to eliminate poverty, hunger and disease. Similarly, if the world worked together to become more environmentally aware, our earth could be saved from the pollution and destruction imposed upon it.

This production presented the concerns and questions of the UN meeting

well. Not only was it a source of information, it was also a source of humor and entertainment. The Forest is Alive started off with a basic introduction of the issues. It then broke down into an introductory dance and consequently an "international meeting" scene. The rest of the skit was performed in a continued alternation of dance and meeting scenes.

As the production was performed by Japanese actors and actresses, the performers came up with the idea of using Stony Brook University's diversity to their advantage when they had to conduct international meeting scenes. The UN scenes were graced by four students from the University. These individuals represented the countries of Germany, Ethiopia, and Nigeria.

The dance scenes alternated between modern and traditional dance. It also incorporated ethnic dances to make this a very diverse production. This musical was interesting in that the dances were performed by individuals of all ages. The performers seemed to range from as young as eight to as old as fifty.

The entire performance ended to a chorus of loud applause and appreciation. As an added benefit, at the end of the musical, there were two short featured singing and violin solos. Smiles of satisfaction were abundant from both the performers and the audience as they left the theater.

Art Healing Space II: 11/9 - 11/23

In April 2005, the first art exhibit at the Charles B. Wang Center, Art Healing Space, commemorated the 100,000 lives lost in the Asian tsunami the previous year. The photos are on the SBU AA E-Zine gallery at <http://www.aa2sbu.org/gallery>.

This month, from November 9 - 23, the Wang Center will have Art Healing Space II: Seeing Through Sixty Years. It will once again be curated by Noboru Nagasawa, world renowned installation artist and professor in SBU's Art Department. This time the exhibit will represent the united efforts of a community of artists who have come together to com-

memorate the 60th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

It will also include an installation that will continually be created throughout the exhibit, called 'A Piece of Peace'. Its objective is to have visitors share their ideas about peace, hope, and love with people across the world by creating a post card with a message on it. The post cards will be exhibited until November 23 in the Wang Center's skylight and zodiac lobbies. To learn more about this event go to <http://www.stonybrook.edu/sb/wang/peace.pdf>

Wanted! Writers, photographers, and all students interested in media.

Weekly meetings Sunday nights at 7 PM at our office in Student Union 071.

A person is walking away from the camera down a long, brightly lit hallway. The person is wearing a black t-shirt and light-colored jeans. The back of the t-shirt has the text "WORLD/INFERNO Friendship Society" printed on it. The hallway has a polished floor that reflects the overhead lights, and there are doors on both sides.

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