

The Stony Brook

# PRESS

*The Community News and Features Paper*

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"Oh! Hit in my right asshole!"

April 6, 2006



HEY SENATOR CLINTON,  
TROOPS OUT OF IRAQ NOW! (PAGE 4)



# Immigration -- An Ongoing Debate

By Claudia Toloza

Immigration, always a talked about and important issue, has become a headliner in the news in the recent weeks. This is largely due to a bill, the Border Protection, Antiterrorism and Illegal Immigration Control Act, which was passed in the House of Representatives at the end of last year. The bill would classify illegal immigrants as felons. Currently immigrants living in this country under illegal status are not considered to be in violation of criminal law instead they are considered to be violating civil immigration law. That fact that many illegal immigrants may be considered felons as a result of this legislation has put many immigrants and immigration advocacy groups up in arms.

The immigration issue has caused a mixed response within the Republican Party. Some Republicans feel that in granting immigrants legal status they would be rewarding immigrants for having broken the law. Another factor which has prompted some Republicans to call for tougher immigration laws were the attacks of September 11, 2001. After September 11, national security has become a very important and heated debate in national politics. Many hope that stricter immigration legislation and tougher border security can perhaps help alleviate the national security issue.

Other Republicans, especially those involved in the business sector, are torn in regards to the immigration issue. They realize that immigrants are an important work force because they take up jobs which many Americans usually do not want to fill because of their low wages. One Republican in favor of granting illegal immigrants legal status in the United States is Senator John McCain of Arizona. Senator John McCain and Democrat Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts worked on and drafted a bill which would allow the estimated 11 million immigrants in

this country the opportunity to become citizens. Some of the provisions of the bill would require immigrants to learn to speak English, pay a fine, back taxes, and also work an additional six years.



**Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free."**

*Courtesy of Those Dastardly French*

The McCain-Kennedy Bill was passed by the Senate Judiciary Committee on Monday. Before any immigration legislation actually goes into effect it would have to be passed in the Senate.

As for President Bush and his stand on the immigration issue, he is in favor of a guest worker program which would allow immigrants to come and work in the country but would require them to return home after a certain period. President Bush along with fellow Republicans are being cautious when it comes to dealing with the immigration debate because they realize that Hispanics in this country have become an important voting sector. According to *The New York Times* in the 2004

Presidential Election a 40% greater rate of Hispanics born outside of the United States voted for President Bush than Hispanics born in the United States.

Last weekend many immigrants took to the streets to remind their elected officials where they stand on the immigration issue. There were several large immigration protests in cities like Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Phoenix. Demonstrators were protesting the government's new plans to make immigration laws stricter. This is an issue that not only affects the nation as a whole but it is an issue that affects many Stony Brook students. Just by glancing at the Stony Brook campus one can see that it is a very diverse school comprised of students who come from all over the world. Many students on this campus are immigrants themselves, have family members who have immigrated to his country, or at least know someone who has migrated to United States. Stony Brook junior and History major Matias Ricardo Manzano expressed his concerns about the recent immigration legislation by saying, "Trying to solve the issue of immigration the way the government is attempting to is ludicrous, because no matter how many laws are written to avoid it, the fact is that we will continue to come. Those [immigrants] that are forced out will be replaced by a new wave of immigrants in search of a supposed American dream. Our impact on society is truly unforeseen."

As a response to this debate, several Stony Brook students have taken it upon themselves to organize a protest in reaction to the recent immigration legislation being passed. The protest will be held this Tuesday April 4, 2006 at 2:15 pm in the Academic Mall.

## ETA Ceasefire

By James Messina

On March 22, 2006, the ETA, or Euskadi Ta Askatasuna, declared a permanent ceasefire in their terrorist campaign for Basque independence. The Basque region of Spain is considered an autonomous community under the Spanish constitution, but many Basque people are unsatisfied with this and seek to have self-governance. The ETA is a terrorist organization dedicated to separating the Basque Country from Spain. In their quest, they have killed over 800 individuals in a span of more than forty years, both military and civilian.

The Basque region is located in the northern portion of Spain, particularly Navarre, and the southern tip of France. The Basque people believe in their right to independence because of their unique position in the European community. The origin of the Basque people is a mystery, and they're considered by historians to be the oldest indigenous population in Europe. Their language bears no resemblance whatsoever to the Romance languages, or indeed any known language group. Also, the Basque people claim that there exists a wide cultural bridge between themselves and their neighbors. Basques claim that this position of individuality necessitates their independence.

33% of the Basque people expressed a desire to gain independence in a survey taken approximately two years ago, yet 87% of Basques expressed disapproval of the ETA's methods. A

major factor in the public's opinion has been a series of bombings that took place in Spain in March 2004. The bombings killed over 100, and were initially blamed on ETA. Despite investigators' subsequent announcements that the bombings were caused by Islamic terrorists, the damage to the ETA's campaign had been done and their popularity experienced a steady decline.

The ceasefire announcement has been received with mixed results. Most politicians feel that the ceasefire will be temporary. Organizations representing the victims of ETA attacks note that no apologies were made for ETA's actions in the past, and they claim that the ceasefire will not affect ETA's other criminal endeavors, which are myriad. While most people express pessimism towards the success of the ceasefire, it is seen as a step in the right

direction. The ETA has vowed to resort to diplomacy to further its goals, a course of action that is applauded within the political community.



**A Euskal Herria separatist before the ETA logo**  
*Courtesy of Associated Press*

# “I’ll Have a Big Mac With a Side of Slavery, Pplease.”

By Gina Farber

Sub-poverty wages, sweatshops, and slavery, oh my! Not to mention lack of benefits or the right to unionize – that would be pushing it. You may think this exists in another country, perhaps the land of Oz, but surely not in our star-spangled flawless land. Guess again: all these horrific details that you thought were just an atrocious anachronism exist today! Right here in our very own spring break locale of choice – Florida! Apparently, while the girls are going wild, slavery is in practice in Immokalee, Florida.

Unfortunately, the Immokalee situation is by no means unique. Taco Bell had a similar issue and, thanks to the Taco Bell Truth Tour and four years of protests, Taco Bell created a better policy. This, hopefully, will serve as both a precedent and pedestal for the Ronald McDonald anti-slavery campaign. Awareness is crucial; progress begins when people are exposed to the facts, to what is really behind that regal red face makeup on the creepily giddy grin. Coulrophobia is the fear of clowns, but this is ridiculous.

At the top of this staircase of slavery is Ag-mart. Ag-mart Produce is a large Florida-based tomato producer who is guilty of a myriad of pesticide violations. Recently there are investigations about the correlation between their workers and their babies born with birth defects. Regardless, Ag-mart was fined an unprecedented \$111,200 for 88 violations of pesticide misuse. While other major corporations like Wal-Mart and Costco have ceased to sell Ag-mart’s tomatoes, McDonald’s continues to purchase tomatoes from them. Why does McDonald’s condone supersized slavery?

So, on a cold brisk day, some members from the Social Justice Alliance split up into four

cars with a few people each to confront the *twoall-beefpattiespecialsaucelettucecheese picklesonion-sonasesameseedbun* empire. McDonald’s in Rocky



**You’ve hamburgled human rights!**  
Courtesy of the Social Justice Alliance

Point, Wading River and Middle Island received letters that night; we made sure to target them all. Hunt Enterprises owns roughly 24 of these McDonald’s across Long Island. As we entered through the double glass doors, ‘neath the golden arches, we handed the manager the letter. We explained to them that we were concerned students from SBU. The letter we handed to them, which hopefully was not placed into the deep fryer, asked McDonald’s Corporate Headquarters to implement a raise for the workers, who are currently being paid below poverty wages, and to sign onto a code

of conduct with the workers themselves.

The Immokalee people still live in a world void of the 13th Amendment, the amendment that prohibits slavery. The workers are required to haul, on their backs, two tons of tomatoes each day, approximately \$0.45 for 32 lbs for a mere \$50 a day. The CIW stresses modern-day slavery exists, “When the CIW uses the word slavery, we do not mean “slave-like” or “resembling slavery” – rather, we are referring to conditions that meet the high standard of proof and definition of slavery under US federal laws.” As a result, the CIW, the Coalition of Immokalee Workers came into existence. Since 1997, the community groups who represent thousands of farmworkers have been fighting to curb violations of workers’ rights and cases of slavery. The new plight is getting McDonalds to partner with CIW to “confront the violence and sub poverty wages of modern-day farm labor.” Ideally, we would like to see McDonald’s larger-than-life, international leverage to be used for good; instead of a new ad campaign, they could exert influence as a major produce buyer to end the below poverty conditions.

This anti-slavery campaign, although a few weeks old, proved to be just the spark that bled, the first rung on a ladder to get national attention in the Chicago headquarters. On Friday, students are planning to go to our Stony Brook McD’s on 347 and protest further. A trip to join others in Chicago in a major rally with farmworkers from Immokalee on April 1st is also currently in the making. Until then, can we ever look at Ronald’s ear-to-ear smile the same again?

## Any Opinion is Better Than No Opinion

By Brandon Cole Donohar

Amidst the endless construction, swarms of confident professional women made their way to Stony Brook University’s Staller Center on the morning of March 23, 2006 for a discussion on Equity Pay for Women moderated by New York State Senator Hillary Clinton.

It was immediately clear that the prominent Senator Clinton was what motivated the majority of guests to make the trip. “I’m just here to see Hillary” was the hackneyed phrase repeated by most everyone questioned.

Even still, some were interested in more than the celebrity-like presence of the senator. “It’s an important topic,” one woman asserted referring to the push for gender equality in the business world.

Perhaps surprisingly, women’s rights, specifically in the workplace, are still an unsettled and controversial issue. The event hoped to outline the matter of pay equality for women as compared to men.

In addition to Senator Clinton, speakers included Carol Frohlinger, the founder of a consulting firm focused on advancing women in business; Shirley Strum Kenny, President of Stony Brook University; and Sharon Levin, founder/director of Women’s Prerogative.

Predictably, the majority of guests were strong supporters of the Senator. Most feel she has been an effective representative of New York State

in the lower house of the United States Congress. Furthermore, a mention of the frequent rumors of a presidential run in 2008 appealed to the feminist in everyone. “Hopefully, she does [run], we’d support her,” a young couple agreed.



**Oh won’t you die in next time too?**  
Courtesy of Amberly Jane Timperio

Some were more ambivalent though, regarding her current accomplishments. “I do like her, but I’m a little disappointed – not liberal enough for my tastes,” a young woman in a business suit confessed as she hurried off to meet her

mother.

Rounding out the spectrum, when a professor at Stony Brook was mistaken for an attendee she pointedly responded, “I have much better ways to spend my time; next month a woman who is actually doing something for the world will be here.” A few moments later, she was back with a flyer for an event featuring Native American social justice activist and former vice-presidential candidate Winona LaDuke, being presented by the Music for Peace Project.

And in true democratic spirit, a protest was scheduled adjacent to the event criticizing the senator’s support of the continuation of American occupation of Iraq. The protest consisted of a powerful demonstration where participants laid on the ground in a macabre portrayal of those whom have lost their lives overseas as well as the reciting of names of some of the dead.

People were not offended, though. One student attending the event said, “Everyone has the right to protest, so I think it’s good that people are being active.” One supporter of the senator even admitted to signing a petition last year asking the senator to support a withdrawal of our troops.

Most strikingly, the event brought a healthy sampling of various political points of view, which was refreshing; any opinion whatsoever is comforting in a nation generally perceived as being far too apathetic.



# The Stony Brook CAT Network

By James Messina

There is no accurate way to gauge the number of cats living on and around the Stony Brook campus, but estimates run in the hundreds. The large population is the result of careless pet owners, and the population is expected to increase. Feral cats face an untenable existence at Stony Brook, and indeed in general. The mission of the Stony Brook CAT Network is to provide food and water for the campus cats, and to trap those they're able to. The trapped cats will all be checked for health problems to get fixed, and then they themselves will get fixed. Then, the network tries to find a home for those cats that

prove capable of socialization. I was able to get my questions answered via e-mail thanks to CAT Network President Michelle Pesce.

The Stony Brook CAT Network's purpose is the one I described above. They exist to provide better conditions for the cat population on campus, and if possible, to find them a willing home. There are about 35 stations across campus to ensure the cats receive daily food and water. The Network wasn't always as organized as it is in its current incarnation, however – it began informally, as individuals would tend to the cats by themselves. Eventually, it became systemized as the Stony Brook CAT Network, and the individuals were conglomerated into a cohesive whole. To date, 171 cats have been trapped, and many have found good homes.

Cats living on their own are ill-suited to a life in the wild. Cats were first domesticated in Egypt. Egypt is hot, even in the winter. Stony Brook, not so much. This, combined with other factors, such as the fact that some cats are declawed or weren't taught to hunt effectively, leads to a cat's short life expectancy. A feral cat has an average life span of two years. In comparison, a domestic cat has an average life span of fourteen years, and while the record age for a cat is disputed, it is generally agreed to be well past thirty. In addition to the elements and poor hunting skills conspiring against feral cats, the cats also face hardship strictly related to the daily rigors of their life. Cats deal with fleas, competition for food, disease and injury every day. Many are wounded, and as an animal that relies on the use of a surprise pounce to capture prey, a cat with a broken leg is a worrisome thing.

If the plight of the cats on campus has provoked your sympathies, there is a lot you can do to help. The main jobs are maintaining the food and water stations and trapping cats, but there's much more besides. You can provide foster care, set up winter shelter, teach the cats social interaction, transport trapped cats to the vet, or even raise kittens. (Assuming, you know, you're off campus – don't want to defeat the purpose.) The hours are very flexible, so you needn't worry about a conflicting schedule. Of course, the CAT Network would be ecstatic if you donated all your free time towards helping the cats, but even if you're not that gung ho you can still make a difference. Volunteering isn't something everyone can get into (which is why I'm writing this article instead of getting my hands dirty), but for those who do it's very rewarding. Michelle Pesce provides this

account to explain her motivations: "One morning before class, I went to take care of my feeding station and saw that thanks to a pretty big storm the night before, a bunch of huge tree branches had fallen down all over the place. So I got there to fill the food and water bowls, and where are they? Under all these branches, of course. So at about seven in the morning (not a time of day that I'm

typically what you'd consider awake) I was in this patch of woods with my Leatherman pocketknife, cutting down tree branches (and cutting my fingers a good deal, too). It had to be a pretty weird sight. But hey, to the cats who were able to eat and have fresh water that day, it was time well spent."

Even if you feel you don't have the time or energy to volunteer for the CAT Network, there's still one very important thing you can do. Don't keep a cat on campus. It may seem like a good

idea, or cute, or useful for pissing off your roommate, but it's not worth it. Cats don't enjoy being cooped up in a dorm or apartment all day without freedom to roam, and if they are allowed to roam, some will stray. Similarly, many people who are at first enchanted with the idea of owning a cat become bogged down in mundanity and lose interest. The most important thing you should take out of this article is that while volunteering for the CAT Network to help the cats is an important and valuable service, there would be no need for the CAT Network if people were able to be responsible pet owners. Don't think that this statement somehow fails to apply to you. Raising a pet just isn't a smart idea while you're trying to juggle college.

Interested?

<http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/clubs/sbucat> is the Stony Brook CAT Network website

Meetings are generally irregular, as the Network maintains connectivity via Blackboard and e-mail. Just go to the site, do some navigatin', and you'll be saving cats in no time.

**"Raising a pet just isn't a smart idea while you're trying to juggle college."**

## Clinton Greeted by Protesters Demanding Withdrawal of Troops

By Charlene Obernauer

After getting word that Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton was coming to Stony Brook University's Staller Center to moderate a discussion on Pay Equity for women, the Social Justice Alliance (SJA) took action. Being that Clinton is a supporter of the Iraq War—she voted to keep the troops in Iraq so as not to play into the hands of the insurgents, and she has voted to continue to bring more troops to Iraq—SJA decided to hold a Die-In, in which students, faculty, and community members laid down on the grass terrace outside of Staller to represent bodies of people who have died in the war in Iraq. Other activists who also got word of Clinton's presence stood up during the talk, wearing black shirts with white, stenciled lettering that read "Troops Out Now."

Thirty-five participants stood up, one person at a time, slowly turning their backs to demand that Clinton support the withdrawal of the troops. Activists within the anti-war movement have been consistently protesting during Clinton's speeches, putting continuous pressure on her to stop supporting the war. While no participants who stood up at Stony Brook were arrested or thrown out, many other anti-war protestors were not as lucky.

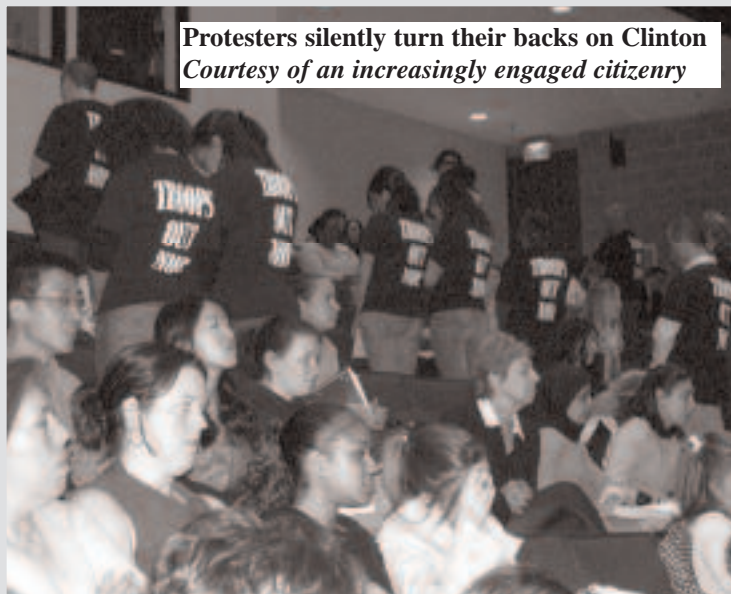
In Portland, Oregon, members of Code Pink started a chant during a Democratic fundraiser and were thrown out as they yelled, one by one.

While no protestors got arrested at this event, they were harassed by a man who hit them with his fist, and the security guards did nothing to stop the assault.

The reasoning behind the protest was simple: to switch the focus from Hillary Clinton speaking about Pay Equity to the War in Iraq. Clinton did not address the protestors, and continued speaking,

even though one man stood up shouting to withdraw the troops. She has defended herself before, in more vocal protests, and was reported in saying, "Now that the troops are over there, we have to support them and *hope for the best.*"

Clinton can "hope for the best" all that she wants, but as long as the US troops are in Iraq, they will be fueling the insurgency and leading the country towards Civil War. And Clinton can "support the troops" all that she wants, but as long as the majority of U.S. soldiers in Iraq want to end the occupation, she is no more supporting the troops than she is the people in Iraq. The occupation of Iraq by US forces has cost over \$250 billion dollars, over 2300 US soldiers have died, and over 100,000 Iraqis have died. It is time to end the occupation, and it is time for Hillary to stop supporting the war.



Protesters silently turn their backs on Clinton  
Courtesy of an increasingly engaged citizenry

# Some Allegedly Liberal Thoughts From a Conservative Mind

By Caorline D'Agati

All right, so here's what I'm thinking. I'm thinking that the French may be right. No, I mean it for real, and not just about cheese or classy handbags. There has been news lately coming out of 'the hexagon' that, while unfortunate, has led me to mull over a number of things.

For the past two months, unrest has been mounting across France in response to a proposal by the government of Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin. This proposal, the CPE (*Contrat Première Embauche* or First Employment Contract), would eliminate stringent job security for workers under the age of 26. The CPE, in an attempt to ameliorate youth unemployment, would give companies the ability to lay off young workers within a two-year period (of their hiring) with no explanation. Due to France's strict employment and job security policies, there are few new job openings and firing workers is complicated and expensive. The CPE is supposed to encourage corporations to hire younger workers without such a substantial risk. However, many in France feel that the policy violates the right to job security and is counterproductive. Consequently, for weeks there have been strikes, protests, and other attempts to stop the passage of the law. Still standing by the side of Villepin, President Jacques Chirac intends to keep the law with a few amendments to help assuage growing disapproval.

Though the country now finds itself in a dangerous state of discord, France should be very proud of itself. Do I share the perspective of the objectors? No. Do I agree with the nation-wide strikes and protests? Not really. Let's just say the French have been known to protest before (nudge nudge, wink wink). So why do I commend them? The greater number of these protestors is people our age. They are high school and college students who have the courage and the interest to fight on principle. They care enough to be involved in their government and the decisions that will shape the future

of their lives. Unlike most of us, they aren't sitting on their asses drinking beer and watching *Anchorman*. Our lack of involvement, mentally or actually, in the events that decide our fate, is appalling. Why aren't we on strike? Why aren't we speaking up? Why aren't we outraged about something? These thoughts were plaguing me.



The new gay fireman carry.  
Courtesy of Those Dastardly French

And suddenly a morsel of hope arrived in a most unexpected form from a most unexpected person. Last Thursday, upon her visit to our campus, Hillary Clinton was my knight in shining armor..... in a peculiar manner of speaking. I attended the forum on equal pay for women sponsored by the SBU Wo/Men's Studies department. I was prepared for a three-hour celebration of feminism, and what I received was a revitalized hope in American youth. Approximately ten minutes after the arrival of Senator Clinton and the departure of my last strand of patience, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a girl stand up in my row approximately six seats down. She then took off her jacket, turned her back towards the stage therein revealing a shirt that said "Troops Out Now." Much to my surprise, she was not taken out by one of the 85 secret service agents, but rather was allowed to just stand there quietly, her back to the stage. When I heard an angry voice from behind me shout at the Senator

about her former policies on the war in Iraq, I turned around only to realize that there were about thirty other kids standing wearing the same shirt, backs all facing Hillary. The same student burst out once more, but his comments were given no consideration by the panel, and everyone else just stood in quiet protest until the presentation ended.

With renewed hope, I approached the first person I had seen stand up, a junior\* named Lauren Smith (she swears that this isn't an alias, but I have my doubts.....). (Lauren Smith is a "junior" in the way that many of us are juniors. We know we aren't freshmen, and from there it's anyone's guess. It's not really an alias, by the way.)

Ms. Smith was very kind to answer some of my questions regarding her views on the war and the objectives of the protest. She said she was interested in the demonstration because she feels "disappointed" by our involvement in the war and its rising death toll. When asked what she hoped to accomplish by the protest, she said she wanted to incite people to develop a viewpoint. "Regardless of whether I agree with them or not, everybody should be voicing their own opinion." She also felt encouraged by the other participants. ".....Now we just don't even care about anything so it's nice to see people standing up for something."

So..... riots in France, Hillary Clinton and the war in Iraq. What does it all mean? It means that you should learn to care. Stand up and defend your opinions, and if you don't have opinions, get some pronto (or I'll share mine with you, I've got bushels of them!). If you're not angry about something, then chances are you are dead or you just aren't paying attention. If we don't take an interest in the world that surrounds us, of what value are we? Life is glorious. If we sit idly and quietly comply while someone else makes our choices for us, think what a waste of life we are. Stand up. Speak out. Get angry. Rock the fucking boat.

## Long Island College Art Competition (LICA) Winners

**Grand Prize:** "City Farming Sonata" by Daniel Richardson of Stony Brook University

### **Awards of Excellence:**

"Lion's Heart" by Sherae Ross of SUNY Old Westbury

"Patience" by Maureen Fass of Stony Brook University

"The Man Suit" by Michael Shaeffer of Suffolk Community College- Selden

"No. 12 Far Rockaway" by Roberto Peredo of Nassau Community College

"A Drop in the Bucket" by Kyle McCourt of Dowling College

### **Honorable Mentions:**

"Pop Corn" by Leo Le of Stony Brook University

"Armageddon Dancers" by Keviin Carroll of Stony Brook University

"Nostalgias of Buenos Aires" by Graciela Carpovich of Suffolk Community College- Selden

"Femtex" by Lauren Fasullo of Suffolk Community College- Selden

"Leaves" by Sandy Silverman of St. Joseph's College

"Don't Stir My Imagination" by Paul Dekans of Hofstra University

"Bleak Reverie" by Louise Balaban of Nassau Community College

"Untitled" by Evan Reinheimer of SUNY Farmingdale

"A Deluded Sense of Security" by Ryan Beckerman of Suffolk Community College- Brentwood

"Self Portrait" by Jonathan Kahn of CW Post Long Island University



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The Man Without a Costume  
Rob Pearsall

Keeping Shit Under Control  
Jowy Romano

Making Sure We Don't Get Sued  
Joan Leong

Taking Care of Business  
Melanie Donovan

Laying This Shit Out  
Joanna Goodman

Bringin' the News to You  
Claudia Toloza  
Alex Walsh

Givin' You the Features You Crave  
Nicole L Barry

The Girl You Turn to for Arts  
Adina Silverbush

Camera and Photoshop Jockies  
Matt Willemain  
Vincent Michael Festa

Makin' Sure This Shit is Good  
Stephanie Hayes  
James Messina  
Andrew Pernick

Website's Good? Thank Him  
Chris Williams

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Gives Us Beerfest  
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Don't Fuck with His Archives  
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The Magical Press Fairy  
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## I-CON-o-clastic

Considering the picture below it was be a disservice to you, the reader, to not have an editorial geared toward the event that campus dwellers look forward to crashing.

To get the newsy news out of the way this is the 25th anniversary of I-CON. The event is as old as the school itself. Judging by I-CON's 25th it's aged better than the campus it's held on.

It was a nice reprieve from the campus politics and mud-slinging. At least it was for this paper. Except for Matt, who was too busy working on the Elections Guide to go see Sulu.



In fact, all the guests gave the staff a quiver in their loins. Some wanted Elvira to sign their chest, others just wanted a slice of pizza with a personal idol.

Some of the guests wanted to be a part of the Press, at least, that's what we'll say at parties. Kevin Sorbo on the back cover totally wanted to be on staff but we were all like, "You gotta contribute to two issues in a row, Sorb." Melanie and Joan walked away sad, but dems da breaks kiddo. Maybe next year.

## Clarification of Judicial Coverage

Last week the Press published our "2006 USG Elections Guide", including an article about decisions, related to election disputes, by the Undergraduate Student Government (USG) Judiciary. Headlined "Judiciary Allows Disputed Candidates on Ballot, Sets April Hearings: Candidates not on Ballot, Fears of Potential Judicial Bias". The article, written by Matt Willemain, dealt with two separate judicial cases both addressed by the Judiciary minutes before polling began online on the SOLAR system. Two USG figures referred to in the article complained about this coverage. Willemain clarifies coverage and responds to the complaints below:

Several leaders and candidates of the USG Reform party brought the first case ([Robert] Romano, [Alexandra] Borodkin and [Nathan] Shapiro vs. Darguin) to the Judiciary. Their brief accused Sam Darguin (USG Presidential candidate of Reform's rival SUCCESS party—Darguin was endorsed by the Press) of illegally campaigning by the misuse of USG facilities available to Darguin in his current office of Executive Vice President. The Reform Party brief requested the Judiciary remove Darguin's name from the ballot. The Judiciary decided to allow Darguin to remain on the ballot and set hearings for 21 April, after the election, to consider the matter in more

detail. My article relayed concerns about the possibility of the Judiciary appearing biased in favor of the USG Reform Party, in the context of speculation that the Judiciary might invalidate Darguin and decide by fiat to appoint Reform Party Presidential candidate Romual Jean-Baptiste (Jean-Baptiste since won the election by a razor-thin nine vote margin).

Two SUCCESS party candidates (for USG Senate and Junior Class Representative, respectively) brought the second case ([Ketty] Dautruche and [Onte] Johnson V. The USG Elections Board) to the Judiciary. The Elections Board had removed those candidates from the ballot, after invalidating them for not attending mandatory candidate leadership training. The training is required of all candidates by the USG Constitution and the Elections Board Bylaws, which govern campaigning; however, the candidates claim that recently appointed Elections Board Chair Max Sequeira gave them permission to miss the training. The Judiciary reversed the Elections Board's decision and ruled that all the candidates invalidated for not attending the leadership training be returned to the ballot. This included five others who were similarly invalidated for not attending leadership training. This decision came fifteen

Continued on page 12

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## Diversity-Celebratin'-Committee

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Dear *Stony Brook Press* Editorial Staff:

The Committee to Celebrate Diversity has recently selected the Program of the Month award winner for February 2006.

*Black Heritage Night* wins Program of the Month award for February, 2006

Please congratulate Greeley College, Roosevelt Quad, for their award-winning Black History Month program, *Black Heritage Night*, a celebration of the history of Black leadership. The event, which took place on February 22, 2006, was chosen as the "Program of the Month" for February by the Committee to Celebrate Diversity and was awarded a \$500 grant. Participants in this evening activity were simultaneously educated and entertained as they competed in a Jeopardy-style quiz game, with a variety of subtopics including civil rights, arts, invention, sports, education, government, and politics. A special note of thanks goes to Nadia Edwards, Resident Assistant, for her role in creating and coordinating the program.

The Committee to Celebrate Diversity sponsors six different diversity-themed calendars during the academic year including: Black History/February; Women's History/March, Asian Heritage/April, Hispanic Heritage/October, Diversity of Lifestyles/November, and Diversity of Religions and Cultures/December. All members of the University community are enthusiastically encouraged to advertise their events at no charge in the Diversity Calendar and submit evaluations of their programs for consideration for the \$500 Program of the Month grant award. For more information about the calendar and the monthly award, please visit the Committee to Celebrate Diversity webpage at [www.stonybrook.edu/diversitycalendar](http://www.stonybrook.edu/diversitycalendar).

Thank you very much for your support,

Mary Beth Powers  
Committee to Celebrate Diversity  
Assistant Director for Freshman Advising  
Academic and Pre-Professional Advising Center

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## Neutralizing

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To the Editor:

I wanted to thank the Stony Brook Press for its election coverage this Spring. Overall, I thought it was very fair to the candidates, and it gave students a reason to log on to SOLAR to vote. The top question the ballot, the mandatory/voluntary question, had 2,966 votes, a USG record turnout! I found Sonia Guttman's letter to be very revealing, too, and all elected members of the USG need to take her advice and closely examine the role of FSA in the USG. Our administrative fee of over \$300,000 to the FSA for being our fiscal agent ought to be a useful bargaining chip in the future...

Though I found the coverage to overall be very fair, I just wanted to set the record straight on my views on viewpoint neutrality and NYPIRG. In the article, "The Elephant in the Room", Matt wrote, "Romano is an advocate of a legal campaign which argues that because student activity fee money must be distributed in a 'viewpoint-neutral' manner, half of the money granted by campus-wide referenda to the nonpartisan advocacy group the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG - statewide student group that fights for affordable higher education, consumer safety, the environment and good government) must be diverted to an astroturf 'conservative alternative' to NYPIRG...To take away half the money student voters periodically confirm should be given to NYPIRG to give to an unproven group would be wrong." The problem here is that while I am a major advocate of viewpoint neutrality in the budget process, I have never stated that any conservative group should be given the same exact funds as NYPIRG.

When I wrote "The Second Clubs and Organizations Bill of Rights", which passed the Senate in Spring, 2005, and which defined and enumerated viewpoint neutrality into the criteria for receiving funding, I included Section 2.F., which states: "This Section shall not be construed to mean that funding levels shall be equal for all clubs and organizations. Any club, organization, or entity recognized by the Undergraduate Student Government and guaranteed the right to funding shall operate with a level of funding deemed appropriate by the Government to function effectively in carrying out its mission, goals, and activities. The Government shall take into consideration the organization's duly adopted constitution, the written plan for expenditure of allocated funds, the past record of the organization's utilization of its allocations, the number of students served by the funded activities of the organization, and whether the organization is in good standing with the Government." If I wanted a conservative club to get the same exact funds as NYPIRG, why would I include provisions that prohibit any interpretation of viewpoint neutrality that requires equal funding for clubs?

In a similar vein, in my capacity as President of the SBU College Republicans (CR's), in our budget request this Spring we asked for \$34,000. If I thought that CR's should get the same money as NYPIRG, then why didn't I request \$150,000 for my club? As a general rule, clubs should request the funds that they need to function effectively. Our funding request includes \$30,000 to bring conservative speakers to campus from the Young America's Foundation, and to balance out the typically liberal speakers that the University offers. If the University actually brought in conservative speakers, the expense might not be justified.

While I am a supporter of the recent Northern District of New York court decision which struck down advisory referenda as unconstitutional, *Amidon v. Student Association of Albany*, and I do not believe we ought to put advisory referenda into our Constitution in light of the decision, and I also believe that any clubs which have previously utilized binding funding referenda to receive funding must not have their previous budgets utilized as criteria for funding, I am by no means an advocate of viewpoint "equality." Just because a club could be the conservative alternative to NYPIRG, does not on its own justify equal funding. To receive as much as NYPIRG does, about \$150,000, a club would need to have as large a member base and reach as many students as NYPIRG does.

So, while I thank The Press for its coverage, I just wanted to set the record straight on this count. In the future, if you have any questions about my views, you should just ask.

Most Sincerely,  
Robert J. Romano



# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

Compiled by Claudia Toloza

## **Christian Convert Given Asylum in Italy**

The Afghan Muslim who had converted to Christianity has been given asylum in Italy.

Abdul Rahman who had converted to Christianity 16 years ago had been in prison and was to be sentenced to death for his conversion. By converting from Islam, Mr. Rahman was in violation of Islam law. Eventually Mr. Rahman was released and charges dropped because he was suspected to suffer from mental illness and also because of lack of evidence. Another force that may have prompted Mr. Rahman release was the international attention given this case.

## **Former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger Dies**

Caspar Weinberger died last week at the age of 88. Mr. Weinberger had been on going dialysis treatment for the last two years, but the cause of his death was pneumonia. Caspar Weinberger had been involved in politics for a long time, he served under three United States Presidents—Richard M. Nixon, Gerald R. Ford, and Ronald Regan—in various positions. Under President Regan he served as Secretary of Defense playing a crucial role in the Cold War. Up until his death the former secretary of defense had kept busy as a chairman of Forbes Inc. Mr. Weinberger is survived by his wife and two children.

## **Duke University Team Suspended**

The Lacrosse team of Duke University has been suspended after a woman accused members of the team of having raped her. The alleged incident took place at an off campus party where the young woman was hired as an exotic dancer to perform. She reported to the police that she was taken to a bathroom by several members of the team where she was then beaten and raped. As a response to the ongoing investigation the President of Duke University, Richard Brodhead, has suspended the lacrosse team. Many students at Duke have begun to protest to make sure that the University takes this matter seriously and punishes those responsible.

## **Talks Begin About Kofi Annan's Replacement**

The United Nations Security Council has decided to begin talks this summer concerning the replacement of current Secretary-General Kofi Annan. Mr. Annan who has served as Secretary General since 1997 will end his second term on December 31, 2006. The election of the new Secretary General will be based on a vote by the General Assembly based on the recommendation of the Security Council. The job of Secretary General is usually rotated by region of the world. Since Mr. Annan, who is from Ghana, represented Africa many Asian nations—who along with Africa have the highest number of representatives in the U.N.—feel it is their turn when the new Secretary General is elected.

## **USG Election Results**

The results of this year's Undergraduate Student Government (USG) elections have come in. Winning the position of USG President is Romual Jean-Baptiste of the Reform Party. The presidential election was very close with Romual Jean-Baptiste being victorious over SUCCESS Party candidate Samuel Darguin by just 9 votes. SUCCESS Party candidate Amy Wisnoski won the Executive Vice President position. No surprises as to who won the positions of Treasurer, Vice President of Clubs & Organizations, Vice President of Student Life, Sophomore Class Representative, and Junior Class Representative, won respectively by Stephen Hui, Ralph Thomas, Trevor Hirst, Jeffrey Akita, and Onte Johnson, all of whom ran unopposed. The positions of VP of Academic Affairs, Vice President of Communication & Public Relations, and Senior Class Representative were filled respectively by Chinelo Onochie, Clifford Pierre, and Samone Rogers. Winning the 17 Senate seats for the College of Arts and Sciences were Matthew Sung Jin Cho, Tae Soo Kim, Simone Grant, Jonathan Hirst, Anupa Dalal, Andrew Weber, Ketty Dautruche, Alexandra Borodkin, Charles Nwabuobi, Matthew Maiorella, Robert Romano, Nathan Shapiro, Andrew Curran, Christopher Dolley, Zoragina Castillo, Ryan O'Connor, and Christopher Flanagan. Winning the Senate positions for the College of Engineering & Applied Sciences were Sheena Joseph and Kenny Hoang. As for the Student Activity Fee, Stony Brook students voted to keep the student activity fee mandatory for all students. Interestingly enough, this is the highest voter turnout in elections – with 3,116 votes – in USG history (since its creation in 2003).

## **NYPIRG Approves of Higher Education Budget Proposals**

NYPIRG, The New York Public Interest Research Group, has just announced its approval of the 2006-2007 proposed higher education budget which was agreed upon by the state's Senate and Assembly. As NYPIRG's government policy analyst, Miriam Kramer, put it, "This is the best budget for higher education that New York has seen in a generation." The proposed budget would allow students among other things to adjust the amount of their TAP grants in the middle of the year if their family income changes. The budget would increase overall funding for SUNY and CUNY schools by providing \$167 million in additional operating aid. It would also allow eligible independent college, SUNY, and CUNY part time students to receive TAP aid. All of these changes seem beneficial for college students but nothing is concrete yet. The budget must first be approved in negotiations between those two legislative branches and Governor George Pataki before any of these changes come into effect.

## INDEX

Immigration	Page 2
CAT Network	Page 4
How to write HTML in English & Spanish	Pages 16 & 17
Mad I-CON Coverage, Yo	Pages 23 - 30
Ask Amberly Jane	Pages 34 & 35
Sports - Soccer	Page 38
Music 4 Peace	Pages 42, 44 - 45
The Best Picture of Kevin Sorbo Ever	Back Cover



# Once a Cheater Always a Cheater?

By Chinelo Onochie, Vice President for Academic Affairs

Why do people cheat, why do they choose to be dishonest, why do they lie? Do they really have a choice, do they do it just for the thrill or are they pressured by certain circumstances? Of course I am not speaking of cheating in a relationship, but what I speak of is something that every university should be concerned about, something that we don't pay enough attention to; what am talking about is academic dishonesty.

Let's face it, growing up from nursery school to middle school to high school, it hasn't exactly been hammered into our heads what the consequences of cheating, plagiarizing and being academically dishonest are. In fact, we never really took it seriously. Now imagine, and I am sure we all can, moving from a setting where teachers never really paid any attention to cheating except for when it came to tests to a setting where we have to deal with this constantly. It will be difficult to adjust except if you were the type who has never thought about cheating once. Let's face it, we've all thought about it, but of course there's a difference between thinking about it and actually doing it.

But now what causes a person to cheat? Often times, students may leave their assignments to the last minute and, in an act of desperation, may find themselves plagiarizing. Can we really blame the students who have two or three science courses in addition to two or three other social sciences who spend 14 hours a day studying and then find themselves writing a paper the day before it's due and then having no choice but to plagiarize that paper? The answer to that question is "of course we can". We can certainly understand how stressful the course work can be but when it comes time to assigning blame, the students who were dishonest should certainly take the blame. This is not to say that professors shouldn't take part in the finger-pointing game but in what situation can we really point the finger at professors? Well, if we take into consideration the scenario of the student who merges from high school to college without the fundamental knowledge of what it is to plagiarize, then can we say that the professors of this institution should enforce lessons on academic integrity in the classroom curriculum and, if not, then they should not complain when students point the finger at them for the student's ignorance.

You have to wonder, amongst all the students who have been caught and accused of cheating, how many times have they gotten away with it before finally being caught? Well, I would say many times. It is rare to find a cheater who cheated just once and got caught but of course it might have happened. But who would really admit when

they get caught that they have cheated plenty of times? Instead students are inclined to defend themselves to the fullest. When it comes to plagiarism, where do professors draw the line on how sophisticated a student's writing could be? Are they then saying that students are not capable of putting together words that are academically challenging for even the professors themselves? Of course not. I think that suspicion arises on the minds of professors when works are written that could be compared to the likes of David Hume, Descartes, Plato and other complicated philosophers. Now, suspicion doesn't mean immediate



Oh, Chinelo!  
Courtesy of Chinelo Onochie

accusal, it only allows the professors to take some of those words, plug them into the internet and find possible matches. Now the real question is, are all students graded on the same writing standards; in other words, are all students judged the same on their level of sophistication? That's not for me to answer.

It's no secret that plagiarism is increasing, especially when we are to write those seven to ten page papers. Some of us hate writing and the number of pages we have to write makes a significant difference. But what happens when we are asked to write a one-page paper and we still plagiarize

that? I would call that ridiculous and if it were up to me, that would serve a higher punishment than plagiarizing a seven to ten page paper, but of course its not up to me.

What do I mean by academic dishonesty? It may be surprising but many students have no clue what sort of acts fall under academic dishonesty. So as Vice President for Academic Affairs, I thought it would be wise to let students know what the Academic Judiciary Committee (AJC) and the Committee on Academic Standing and Appeals (CASA) definition of Academic dishonesty. They define this as: "cheating on exams or assignments by the use of books, electronic devices, notes, or other aids when these are not permitted, or by copying from another student. Collusion: two or more students helping one another on an exam or assignment when it is not permitted. Ringers: taking an exam for someone else, or permitting someone else to take one's exam. Submitting the same paper in more than one course without permission of the instructors. Plagiarizing: copying someone else's writing or paraphrasing it too closely, even if it constitutes only some of your written assignment, without proper citation. Submitting the same paper in more than one course without approval of the instructors. Falsifying documents or records related to credit, grades, status (e.g., adds and drops, P/NC grading, transcripts), or other academic matters. Altering an exam or paper after it has been graded in order to request a grade change. Stealing, concealing, destroying, or inappropriately modifying classroom or other instructional material, such as posted exams, library materials, laboratory supplies, or computer programs. Preventing relevant material from being subjected to academic evaluation. Presenting fabricated excuses for missed assignments or tests

(<http://naples.cc.stonybrook.edu/CAS/ajc.nsf/pages/info>)

Notice that I could have easily plagiarized if I didn't include the website from which I received my information. It's just that simple. Now, of course many students might stop at this article and bypass it without even a simple glance. However, the main point is that students can no longer say that they didn't know about it. Soon enough excuses will be limited and all we have to do as students is to face the consequences of our actions. The information is out there, all we have to do is take time out to read and understand what is expected of us. Ultimately, we can only blame ourselves for our own downfall.

## Are You a Cheater?

1. Do you prefer writing other people's answers instead of your own?
2. Do you like to glance at a text-book while taking a class?
3. Do you write things on your hand?
4. Do you write things on the desk?

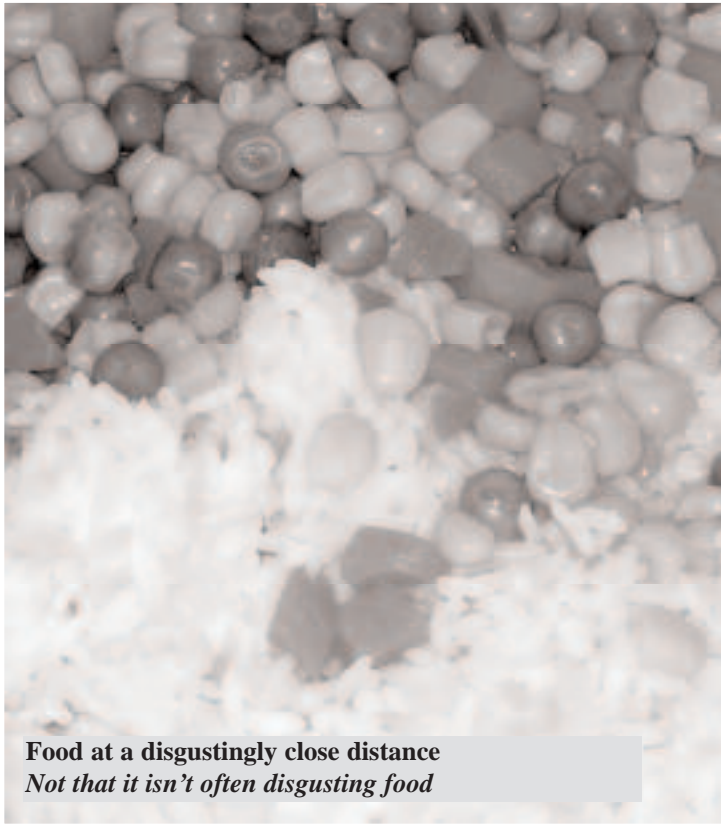
## If You Answered Yes! to These Questions:

1. You're shy.
2. You're taking an open-book exam.
3. You've run out of paper.
4. You want your opinions to actually be heard.



# CRISIS: Meal Plans on Campus

By James Messina



Food at a disgustingly close distance  
Not that it isn't often disgusting food

Preface: I've heard a lot of complaints from people that *The Press* sucks. As I work for it, I'm hardly in a position to present an objective argument to the contrary. But to those embittered souls, think of it this way – piss off. Most people I've heard express this sentiment are older, which means they'll be gone soon. So live with a bad year, then go off and read *The New York Times* like a respectable college grad. And as to those students who haven't been here long, but already recognize our level of suckage, there's light at the end of this tunnel as well. The fact is, as much as we suck, we couldn't possibly be worse, right? So just keep reading, and we're sure to improve. By the way, this article is ridiculously long, and you could probably just skim through it for relevant information. So unless you're sitting down on the john for the long haul, go ahead and skim.

I once read a book called *Good Omens*, by Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman. In it, if I'm not mistaken, a demon named Crowley claimed responsibility for the design of a particularly devious traffic management device that universally provoked rage and frustration in its drivers. Again, if I'm not mistaken, Crowley has been hard at work at Stony Brook. I could point to the falling bricks of the Physics building (and no, the irony isn't lost on me), the Union Walkway, and Hell, the USG elections, all of which clearly display Satanic influence. But I ignore these in favor of meal plans.

Meal plans suck. They suck hard. The food's overpriced, undercooked and generally subpar. And if you eat anything approaching a normal amount, chances are your meal plan will begin to suck for an all-new reason. It'll have disappeared. Worry not, however, for I have a master plan to milk that motherfucker like some proverbial teat. Read closely, and salvation shall be yours. You'd do well not to doubt my credentials on this – having exhausted my meal plan by Thanksgiving of last semester, I used a parental boost of \$150 to last me until the final midterm with \$1.09 remaining. By my own admission, I'm one of the stingiest people I know, but it is this generally derided quality of mine which shall do you and me some good now.

Firstly, advice you should already have

taken and followed at the semester's beginning. If you live in a cooking dorm, you can opt out of having a meal plan. This gets you out of the "processing fee" they stick you with, and from there you can just add money to the card without worry. If you don't already own a Brita-type water filtration system, get one. Its advantages are dual in nature: cheap potable water is a blessing, and more importantly, noxious vodka turns into decent vodka when put through a filter about four times. Get a rice cooker. They're versatile. You can make rice, steamed veggies, what have you. Trust me, this is a good strategy – rice is cheap and filling. And good food items to have on standby at any time are hot dogs, Ramen and peanut butter, two of which don't even require a fridge to store.

I realize there's little sense in me giving you retrospective advice, but what I wrote above is applicable to next semester, and it would be a good idea to do some of that. Don't think that I've ignored the present dilemma, though. Here are some

surefire strategies for economizing, followed later by strategies for individual dining areas. If you're accustomed to eating three meals a day, be prepared to tighten your belt and eat two. If you normally stay on weekends and eat brunch, try not to. When you do attend brunch... Lemme put it this way. There's a sign as you enter saying if you take anything out, you're shoplifting. However, the brunch is all-you-can-eat. So just establish a food debt, whereby you say to yourself, "Realistically, that's just food I was too full to eat when I legitimately paid for it." Get it? Good, then we'll be moving on. If you're foolish enough to be trying to eat healthy, just let that dream die. Fruit is expensive. Fuck it. If you're foolish enough to think cake is a food group, just let that dream die. Cake is expensive. And you're probably getting fat. If you have friends with extra points (typically female), mooch off them like there's no tomorrow. Don't make mention of somehow setting accounts even by way of doing them favors or buying them something of equal value. You're not fooling anyone, so don't try to make it something it's not. You're a merciless remora; repeat that as your mantra and you'll be okay. Speaking of mooching, if you know a club or organization that's offering free food for some function, attend it. Eat. Then disappear like tumbleweed in the breeze. Never eat sushi. Never drink coffee, never get Naked juice. While I'm at it, just stop drinking. Seriously. If you get a sports container thingy, you can get free water from the fountains. Gross? Sure, I concede. But economical? Without a doubt. If you buy just two drinks a day at \$1.10, you'll save yourself over \$400 in a hundred days by drinking exclusively from the fountains. These are the basics, the biggies, the Ten Commandments of tight-fisted misers across campus. But to continue in that analogy, where the Ten Commandments is the broad outline, the Talmud is the nitty-gritty. My Talmud is a quad-by-quad assessment of what to eat.

If you live in North campus, your closest options are the Union, H-quad and Jasmine. Jasmine is a joke. Don't get food there. Everything's expensive, and it doesn't taste that good (though I admit I do occasionally crave Indian

food, I ignore the desire).

If you go to the Union, you can flat-out avoid EOB. It has the restaurant atmosphere, I give it that, but so do actual restaurants. Forget it, move on. I haven't been to Delancey, so I can't comment on its quality of food, but I do know that it's next door to a less expensive deli, and that's all I've needed to know. This leaves you with the Bleacher Club and the deli. The deli's always good, but though the sandwiches are a decent value, I would strongly advise you not to buy grocery items there, and to rely on a weekend trip off-campus for whatever you need. I also can't say this strongly enough: Do not get the pre-packaged sandwiches. My friend got one once that was green. Beware. If you don't follow my advice about drinks, I suggest you get milk instead of water. For whatever reason, milk is cheaper than water, and tastier besides. The Bleacher Club is often a better deal than the deli, but its hours aren't as extensive. When you eat there, I try to remember two things which, when combined, produce a euphoria I rarely have without resorting to pocket pool. Gravy on food is free – this is awesome. Side items are only a dollar, but if managed correctly, you can subsist on them. Perhaps the potato and gravy one-two punch? Yeah, man.

Having analyzed Jasmine, albeit briefly, and the Union, I'm left with H-quad for North. H-quad is a good place to go for cheap food, which is why, God help me, I eat there almost every night. The cafeteria side of H is good, but because of its expense, I'd advise you to eat there sparingly once you run low on points. Avoid fish and only order one side item with the meal. If you use the grill, watch out for chicken sangwiches. Those bastards is expensive. Not to disparage the cafeteria side, but I say if you're desperate to stretch your points, there's no better place than Taco Bell. The bean burritos and hard tacos are dirt cheap. If you need vegetables, you can order a beef burrito supreme. Those guys have thought of everything. Don't let their magnanimity fool you, however, because Taco Bell does have a few tricks up its sleeve. Grill items are overpriced, and meats other than beef cost extra money. Of course, the worst trick of all is probably the sadistic pounding your colon will take, but it's a hazard I'm willing to endure.

Moving from North campus to South, the SAC is a sort of buffer zone. I'd recommend it mostly as a midafternoon meal, and much less so an actual dinner. The pizza is pretty cheap, and this combined with the grill are the only values there. Other than that, the SAC offers ridiculously overpriced salads, a place called Seasons that's too expensive, and a place where you order stir fry. Also, in what I'm sure is a hilarious in-joke to some bureaucrat, there are officially no meal plans accepted during the activity period. This rule isn't carried through, obviously, but when I was an ignorant freshman, that sign proved a deterrent for a week or two.

Continuing, we reach Roth and Kelly, the former being the focus of this paragraph. Roth food court, though much maligned, is a diamond in the rough for the incredibly cheap. Deng Lee's rice is a dollar. It is the same amount if you fill half a plate with it to go with your order or an entire plate, so what I like to do is order my meal and my rice

Continued on page 15



# Game Show Host Dies in Plane Crash

## Game Show Review: Press Your Luck

By Vincent Michael Festa

Game shows in general throughout the years have become one of the more positive, joyous, and exciting types of television programming. However, when a game show host passes away, it is of course met with sadness and a thanks-for-the-memories remembrance. In rare cases, a game show host succumbs to a tragic death that unfortunately dents their great legacy.

Larry Blyden, the host of *What's My Line?* from 1972 to 1975, lost his life in an automobile accident. Ray Combs, the outgoing comedian-turned-host of the late 80's *Family Feud*, suffered through a downward spiral and committed suicide ironic to his mostly successful life. This month, Peter Tomarken, who hosted *Press Your Luck* (1983-1986), was to pick up a needy patient to a nearby hospital as part of the voluntary Angel Flights program. Tomarken and his wife died in a plane crash when the plane he piloted had engine failure, and crashed into the Santa Monica Bay waters failing an emergency landing.

When I heard the news from my radio friend who is a classic TV fanatic, my jaw was locked open for 10 minutes in disbelief. Any die-hard game show fan would never expect or want their favorite host to leave, let alone unexpectedly or tragically, and that would also go for any fan of any genre for their favorite stars.

Peter Tomarken will be remembered for the hit game show *Press Your Luck* (1983-1986, CBS), hands-down one the most exciting game shows created and played. The intro, made of clips of contestants playing past games, showed the viewer what to expect: wild twists of fate, sheer excitement, big losses, and lots of cash and prizes to be won. Cut to contestants ready for action as the larger-than-life game board switches itself on and lights up each square one by one. The title flashes, and it's showtime.

Tomarken took a bow as always at the top of the show. All throughout the game, he showed true enthusiasm and excitement all the way, never scripted, never obligatory. Knowing this would be a fast-paced game, his speedy sense mixed with the games unpredictability pushes for an exciting half-hour. Mixed in with his urgency when a player cut close to winning or losing, and his smiles and you had a game show host with a very powerful on-screen presence.

Three contestants play two alternating rounds of four multiple-choice questions. Players buzzed in with the right answers and got "spins" that they used to take their chances on the "big board", where squares of cash and prizes randomly flash before the three players.

The legendary board stood right behind them with that constant reminder of the name brand all-throughout the question rounds, players then

turn around to the board that displays all the colors. It was the envy of the game-show genre being larger than life, and was made up of projector slides and images that changed altogether simultaneously. Tomarken always showed and told what the board had in store.

A lit square dances around the board and stops on a space when the player hits the buzzer. Cash spaces of anywhere from \$100 to \$5000 jumped on the board as well as various prizes (curse

of the Flokati Rug, anyone?). Novelty spaces such as "Pick A Corner", "Add-A-One", "Double Your \$\$", "\$2000 Or Lose A Whammy", free spins, and the famous "Big Bucks" sent the player out in the lead.

And then there were Whammies. Did I say whammies? Yes, whammies. Those were the

little red mischievous devils that also appeared on the big board's spaces. When landed on, they appeared as cartoons (*Press Your Luck* was the first game show to use cartoons) and took away all of the player's winnings. Four whammies sent the players home with no chance of returning. They were also the reason why besides the big board that the game will be remembered by. The whammies were also why contestants had spin wars where players passed around the same spin to each other in hopes of their opponents hitting the whammy. Tomarken always sympathized with those who hit their whammies. Obviously he wasn't a whammy type-of-guy!

For three seasons (1983-1986) players shouted at the board "Big Bucks! No whammies...and...STOP!" and were found to me some of the more energetic and out-of-control. On many a turn, players went from having thousands of dollars to going broke with one spin, creating the game's excitement and the player's utter disappointment when they realize that they couldn't get away with greed.

Often, games were decided on the final spin. On very rare occasions, games ended in three-way ties that resulted in all three players coming back. One time, there was only one player left in the game "play against the

house" when both of their opponents whammied themselves out.

But nothing compared to *Press Your Luck* contestant Michael Larsen, an ice-cream truck driver who literally studied and predicted the show's seemingly "random" patterns and ended up taking Tomarken, the show's producers, and the CBS network for a ride worth more than \$110,000. It caused a revamping of the show to have more spaces, patterns, and a more complicated variety of colors.

In the end, the player wins the game in all of his or her glory and sails home free to play another day. Relax a bit as announcer Rod Roddy (R.I.P) sends them on their way to wherever vacation destination players won. Games shows like *Press Your Luck* couldn't end on such a higher note.

We think of the 80's where greed was good, and *Press Your Luck* was an example of it. Looking back at the show, it was indeed one of the best game shows of the decade, and still stands today as one of the more exciting. The excitement, the mechanics, the whammies, the strategy, and the style of the show made it a classic. Tomarken's energetic and positive attitude assures him that even after his tragic death, he will always be remembered as a great host who had heart.

Fortunately, GSN still shows *Press Your Luck* on a regular basis, and it's newer version *Whammy!* (2002-2003) is also on rotation. Sadly, *Press Your Luck's* prequel, *Second Chance* (1977) only exists as a pilot episode that is copied on VHS and passed around to game show episode traders across the states.

Just like Tomarken who reads a poem at the end of the show, I will end this article with a poem as well:

*Peter, Peter  
It's sad to see you go  
But in the end  
Thanks for one heck of a show!*



No Whammies, no whammies, don't crash the plane, stop!  
Courtesy of tragic accidents

### 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 060**



# Clarification of Judicial Coverage Continued...

By Matt Willemain

Continued from page 6

minutes before voting was scheduled to begin. The campus Department of Information Technology (DOIT), which runs the election software free of charge as a campus service, had been promised a final list of candidates two weeks prior to voting. Elections Board Member Sharon Weiss, who has been largely responsible for the work of the Board, was unable to communicate this judicial decision to DOIT until just before 3:00 pm, due to other responsibilities including class. DOIT staffers were initially unavailable to change the ballot mid-voting, which they ultimately did. Leadership of this project at DOIT regretted the decision by the staffer to change the ballot, a violation of the Memorandum of Understanding agreed to by the Elections Board and the DOIT, for the obvious reason that candidates would inevitably be treated unfairly in an election in which their names did not appear on the ballots of everyone who voted in the critical first hours. DOIT reports that it is impossible to know how many voters cast their ballots before the full list of valid candidates appeared. Several candidates who got the short end of this unequal treatment performed particularly poorly in the election. Weiss explained that, as a technical matter, it was impossible to do any of the following: correct the ballot any sooner, prevent anyone from voting until the accurate ballot was available, or inform early voters that their votes had been discounted should the Elections Board have wanted to erase the votes and begin anew with a ballot reflecting the judicial decisions.

The decision by the Judiciary to delay a final ruling in both cases until late April, after the elections, is a curious one. As the author of the Elections Board bylaws—Robert Romano—informed me, after my article went to print, those bylaws, which refer complaints about campaigns and elections to the Judiciary, forbid the Judiciary from affecting races already decided by the voters. So it's unclear what "disciplinary action" the Judiciary could take.

The larger implications of these bylaws seem to be that there is no remedy if candidates campaign illegally in the last hours of the election.

Justice Erica Smith complained that there was an inaccuracy in my description of the facts that could lead some observers to suspect bias in the Judiciary in favor of the USG Reform party.

The USG Reform party has ties to conservative activist student groups: the College Republicans and the Enduring Freedom Alliance. The Enduring Freedom Alliance is a nonpartisan issues advocacy group that publishes the *Stony Brook Patriot* newspaper. The leadership and membership of these two distinct student clubs often overlap. The Reform Party was founded by the College Republicans, led by a Chair (Alex Borodkin) and Vice Chair (Robert Romano) from the College Republicans and tabled to advocate their candidates under the aegis of the College Republicans. The College Republicans and Enduring Freedom Alliance (publishers of the *Patriot*) are two of the five student groups that compose the "member organizations" of the Reform Party—the other three being nonpolitical clubs. Five of the Reform Party's ten formally endorsed candidates are members of these conservative activist groups.

My article identified three of the four Justices on the Supreme Court as potentially appearing to be biased in favor of the Reform Party, and included a response from Justice Erica Smith that she felt she could make the decision impartially and that she was prepared to recuse herself if that was not the case. Smith is the News Editor of the *Patriot*, published by the Enduring Freedom Alliance. Justice Aleiya Gafar was a member of the facebook group "Vote for Paley Yin". Yin was the Reform Party's candidate for Executive Vice President.

I reported that Chief Justice Matthew Mroz was a member of the College Republicans. Smith told me that according to the president of the College Republicans, Robert Romano, Mroz was not a member. I wrote that Mroz was a member of the College Republicans because he belonged to one of two College Republican facebook groups. The group Mroz belonged to is the smaller, more elite of the two. It was founded by former College Republican president Jeff Kruszyna and entry is by invitation only. Smith offered that maybe Mroz was simply friends with the other members of the

group. Mroz may not formally be a member of the College Republicans; but Smith's alternate explanation in no way diminishes the potential for the appearance of bias.

I didn't contact Mroz to confirm his membership in the College Republicans. Unlike the vast majority of elected and appointed USG officials, no business cards with telephone numbers, or other contact information for members of the Judiciary, is available in the USG suite in the SAC. Justices, like other USG figures, are required to serve office hours during which they are available to the public. The schedule for the Justices' office hours is not clearly available to those who inquire, assuming they even serve them. Mroz' email address, as posted on the USG web site, doesn't exist, and emails are bounced back to the sender. This is consistent with the Judiciary's poor record of public transparency compared to the other branches of the USG, fuels suspicions like the one described in my article, and explains why I wasn't able to confirm the matter of Mroz' College Republican membership before my deadline.

Smith also clarified, as did Romano, that according to the Elections Board bylaws, which the Judiciary would presumably respect, "the Supreme Court does not have the power to disqualify a candidate after they win an election."

In a separate criticism, Weiss complained about the article's coverage of the other issue, that of the candidates who didn't appear on the ballot until hours of voting had passed. I chose my words poorly, and the meaning of my final sentence was unclear. I wrote, "...Weiss insisted that it was impossible to hold voting." What I meant by "hold voting" was hold up or delay. In other words, Weiss said that it was impossible (for technical reasons outside her control) to prevent people from voting with the illegitimate ballot (the ballot that didn't reflect the Judiciary's last minute decisions to return seven candidates devaluated by Weiss and the Elections Board), and then allow them to vote after the ballot had been corrected.

Weiss reasonably misinterpreted by poor phrasing as a misquote—that I meant to write that she said it would be impossible to have elections at all. I apologize to Weiss and to the Press' readers for my choice of words in that final sentence.



## Do I sound like I'm on olde timey radio?

All the cool kids (for example, W.C. Fields, pictured here) use their resourcefulness to locate the Stony Brook Press' supplementary audio material on the internet. Jowy says it's a podcast but we're not supposed to use that word. I don't know, maybe check iTunes, or something?



No second chances. Let the past drift away with the water. I was headed for New Orleans, the crescent city that had self-destructed on the evening news, the city that had cradled so many of my dreams and nightmares as a teenager. I was going to follow the river south, knowing that the river has no way of making a loop, no way of circling and returning. I was leaving Stony Brook for good, knowing that rivers can do only two things, take you along or leave you behind. No suitcases, or backpack. No friends or colleagues to see me off. Doubts? No problem.

Moon kisses clouds, clouds weep and the night ripples on. I used to float like a ghost down these streets, hollow, faceless and insignificant twenty years ago. Now I float above them, nudging eaves and vent pipes, my paddle making brief whirlpools in the heart of this town. How deep do they go? I don't know. They only push me on and on out of here, and that's all that counts. The light rain has stopped for awhile. Soon the heavy rain will begin again. Somewhere, over this delta, two fronts collide. The weather struggles and tells its secrets to the river. The big easy city on the big flood plain didn't listen, and now it's under water. Happens every hundred years they say. Old timers will show you the water marks in their living rooms, like they're proud of their stupidity. Delusions can do that to you, make you feel snug and dry behind your levies and bulkheads—like you can just ignore a million years of history and geology. Like you can even pretend to tame a river that has drowned forests and mastodons. Sorry, but the Mississippi always has the last laugh.

I pick my way through the TV antennas. The receding waters have swept them into thickets and draped them with odd bits of paper and trash. A dead cat nods and bobs, tangled in their midst, its stiff fur slick with risen oil, its forelegs pointing skyward in submission. The elements always win out. In the end, we only become what we already are. I should have remembered that and been long gone months ago. Regrets are easy. Avoiding them is the hard part. I know where I am now. I'm over the bar where I met and lost her. Her photograph is probably down there, snapped at some drunken party and pinned to a cork board, where her boozy smile could leer through the noise and the smoke — that smile, with all its hints and promises of adulterous delights. That smile, now dissolving in blackness, sinking, settling, joining and becoming sediment, victim and testament to time. If I still had the ring she gave me, I'd pull it and drop it right here. But, I pawned it years ago.

So I paddle on. One stroke follows another. One hope drowns and another rises to the surface. I was always a stranger here, never really a part of this place. My high school years were like that too. Just something to pass the time while I was stuck here. I knew it wouldn't last and it didn't. I knew it wouldn't last with her either. Lust works in mysterious ways. Combined with beer and boredom and the usual Saturday night longings, it will take you into some pretty stupid situations. Honky-tonk

romance, bar stool heaven and your cheatin' heart has run away! Met her at the dart board and lost her at the pool table—dumped me for a paper towel salesman from Baton Rouge.

So long baby. So long New Orleans memories. May you find happiness on higher ground. Me, I'm just following the river and now it's taking me over the Wal-Mart parking lot. At one point, I was so broke and desperate I dropped off an application there once. I filled it out beneath the yellow happy face. Now I'm gliding over the lake where the desperate shoppers used to fight for parking spaces. Once upon a time I was saving for a car so I could join in that fight. Right now, this canoe is a much better investment. It only cost me a fifty-dollar bill.

It's a good one; sturdy and aluminum and almost brand new. The ironic thing is that I bought it off a family fleeing the rising flood. They even threw in the paddle for free. I kind of felt sorry for them. They had just lost their house and were living in their car. I guess they thought their canoe would be a weekend thing; some

little toy to piddle and splash around in between cook-outs and games of touch football. I'm sure they were nice, middle class people, thinking they were living by a nice middle class river. Most people think that until they see those slow, black waters creeping up to their doorstep. Then reality sets in and nature takes over, and it's best to just accept it and get out of its way.

The evacuation center was set up by the Red Cross, way out in the burbs, in the stadium. I spent three days there listening to CNN blare its disaster coverage, but the stench was so bad I moved on to the exurbs, a tent city in City Park, Scout Island, where one standpipe and three toilets served about 200 people. At first the stories were brave faced and heroic: residents and National Guardsmen side by side, manning pumps and tossing sandbags. Then there were the miraculous rescues with the grannies plucked off rooftops by helicopters followed by lost pets clinging to tree tops. Finally, there were the aftermath tales: people wading through their living rooms, sloshing through kitchens and bedrooms and the words "total loss" repeated over and over again. I felt a kinship with these people. I suppose it was because I came down here to escape this nagging in the back of my skull, this feeling I'd had all along, ever since I came here. It was like the river was telling me to pull up and move on, that what I had been teaching for six years at Stony Brook University was pointless and foolish and would only leave me and the students stranded in the end.

So I began to look for work and soon found it. Construction, dry wall and painting. They were going to rebuild this city, make it a resort, a retirement center, and theme park, and make it part of the "New South." The huge new addition I was to work on was to be called The Stratford Estates. It was supposed to be one of those gated, locked down communities where every condo has a river view and a boat launch. All units 100% insulated and air-conditioned. If you had the money, you could seal yourself away from the heat and humidity and pre-

tend you were someplace else. There were also plans for two golf courses, an ice skating rink, and the biggest shopping mall below the Mason-Dixon Line. It was all going to be done up rustic hues and fake magnolias. There was even going to be a restaurant called The Mayor's Place, (after the controversial mayor, Ray Nagin, who had just this day declared his taste for rebuilding a Chocolate City), where they'd serve you pasta with your catfish and corn pone with an attitude. Since Hurricane Katrina, the city's Hispanic population has ballooned from 3 percent to an estimated 30 percent. I wonder if ol' Ray can stomach a sizable portion of creme caramel?

Big plans. Big dreams. The future was now, until the investors pulled the plug and the corporation went bust. The end result was lots of concrete slabs, spectral timbers, and driveways leading into weed patches. The funny thing is that I never liked it here, yet I tried so hard to cling to this spot. For awhile I had done everything I could to stay put here; working odd jobs, selling my belongings and running all over town for worthless job interviews. Maybe I was just trying to fit in, somewhere, anywhere. Maybe I went to Stony Brook in the first place as some kind of insurance policy against the pull of the river.

Well, you can deny your life and you can deny yourself, but you can't deny that pull. It's just going to take you where it's going to take you. Those black waters are going to find you, one way or another and say "ready or not you're coming with us."

Some people are just born to be moving on. There's no explaining it. No whys or wherefores. I only paddle my canoe, it follows the currents, out of this place over the dreams and schemes and dime store nightmares of a submerged city, out onto the broad, slow palm of the old, old river.

And I'm old, too. I feel old, as old as these waters. There's a comfort in that, a release and a drifting away. Fate is not an enemy. Fate is not a friend. Fate is only fate. How far will it take me? Back up north? I don't think so. Out of New Orleans? To the sea? To Tierra del Fuego?

I lift my eyes to the moon for an answer, but she only shrugs away a cloud and the rains begin again.

**"There were miraculous rescues with the grannies plucked off rooftops by helicopters..."**



**USG  
elections?  
You call those  
elections?**

**It's a madhouse! It's a madhouse! It's a madhouse!**



# Technology: Capitalism is as Capitalism Destroys

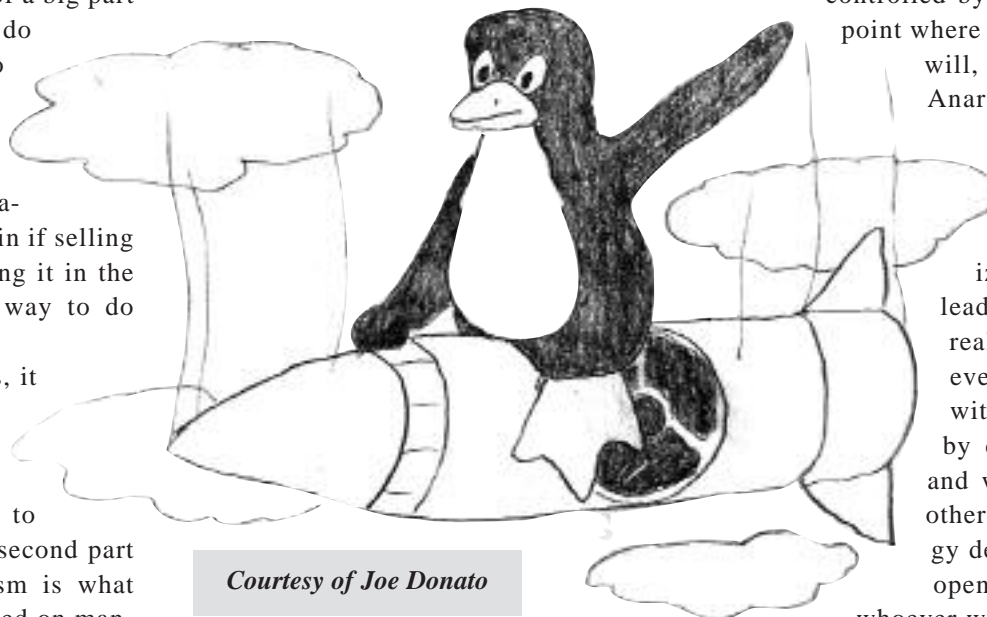
By Carmen Spinoza

I have been going in and out of higher (read “hire” – yeah, if you are keeping up, that’s from Rolling Thunder #2) education classrooms for the last ten years of my life. That should give you a pretty good idea of the level where I am at (not that it actually matters). During those ten years, I have learned everything from the basics of science and engineering to math that can make your head spin, but repeatedly, in almost all the topics I have touched, and actually as the motivation of a big part of those topics, the sentence “We could do x, y, or z to improve this but it is too costly” came up. That led me to wonder not-so-simple but very natural questions: Where would we be technologically if cost was never part of the equation? What kind of world would we live in if selling something was not the purpose of making it in the first place? What if we tried another way to do these things?

To try to answer these questions, it is imperative to look at the bigger picture. It all began in Britain, in the late 18th to early 19th century with the first Industrial Revolution and went on to the second Industrial Revolution in the second part of the 19th century. You see, capitalism is what enabled the replacement of a society based on manual labor to one dominated by industry and the manufacturing of machinery. As we will see, capitalism made technological progress possible, but, in accordance with its fundamental debacle, it will also cause its demise.

Technological advancement was, and still is, fueled by economics. Back in the Industrial Revolution, processes, machines, products, all of it needed to be more effective and efficient in order to either reduce costs or raise selling prices; in fewer words, in order to increase profits. It is also undeniable that war has a lot to do with it, but then again, wars are also about money (more about that in some other article... or not, just do the research). Besides that, in truly capitalist fashion, the means

of production and the decisions are private. Everything is patented and secret just because “they” don’t want someone else cashing on their developments. In this way technology became a means of segregation. It is also important to notice that capitalism controls technological academic research; research programs are not only also bound to the “it would be too costly” clause, but bound to the fact that research in areas that would under-



Courtesy of Joe Donato

mine profitable businesses doesn’t get funded (trust me on that, the government is not funding any grants for the design of more efficient bikes or cleaner fuels any time soon - supposedly the industry does that). It is also important to look into who controls scientific academic research these days: a walk down the halls of the engineering buildings will tell you, the armed forces do and they also won’t be funding anything to save the world from its own destruction any time soon.

Sadly (or not, maybe this is a good thing) we have reached a level of

technological development in which the capitalist model does not work. Yes, we see cheaper products everyday, but this is not due to techno-

logical breakthroughs like the steam engine, it is because of outsourcing or just plain exploitation of weak economies under the infamous “globalization of the economy” (yay for NAFTA and the WTO!). Things need to seriously change if we want to survive the technological revolution we are living in. We will never have, for example, cleaner, more efficient cars if the purpose of making them is to sell them and when the knowledge base to build them is controlled by the few that patented it. This is the point where anarchism should, and most probably will, take over.

Anarchism, despite what the corporate media has told you, is not chaos and masked people throwing fire-bombs. Nor it is an unattainable political stand. It is just the realization that hierarchical relationships lead to no good. Sometimes it is hard to realize that we see anarchy in action every day, like when we get together with friends and we decide what to eat by consensus (even if not consciously) and when people volunteer to do dishes, others to clean the place, etc. In technology development this is clearly seen in the open source software community, where whoever wants to participate is free to do

so, following some guidelines (just like breaking the plates and throwing them out instead of washing them to be reused is a guideline) and where the source of the programs being developed is available to the public, hence the term “open source”. Obviously, by doing this the purpose of selling something gets thrown out of the equation. This kind of non-hierarchical relationship has produced the most solid and advanced pieces of software available; anyone who has used it will tell you how much safer and more stable Linux is over Windows, not to mention it is downloadable for free. Fortunately, the world is looking and learning. According to the March 2006 issue of *Mechanical Engineering* magazine, Sun Microsystems will release the designs of its Ultrasparc T1 micro-processor to the public, free of charge, with the hope that “lowering the barriers will advance the Sparc standard.” Also cited in the same article are projects like RepRap, which involves open source development of a rapid prototyping machine (a manufacturing device) started in England by Adrian Bowyer, a professor in mechanical engineering; and OpenCores, also dedicated to the development of microprocessors ([www.opencores.org](http://www.opencores.org)).

Maybe a microprocessor or a computer operative system will not directly save us from the destruction our current technology causes, but it is a good start at realizing that our current model of technology development, embedded in capitalist (hence hierarchical) relationships, is crippled. As Bowyer points out, “an open-source, low-emission car is another possible project”; we can’t wait for “them” to sell it to us, we can’t wait for the government or the industry to enforce safer, less destructive technology, because as we have seen in the past, if it is not profitable, they won’t.

“When the last river is poisoned, the last fish killed and the last tree is logged, man will realize that money can’t be eaten.” – Chief Seattle (Native American leader).

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# CRISIS: Continued...

By James Messina

Continued from page 10

separately and thusly get more food. Deng Lee's is also great for savings in that it pretty much guarantees you won't be hungry again for a while. (Sure, everyone says Chinese food leaves you hungry in an hour, and I won't dispute that – but the things it does to me, I just can't look at food with my former vigor for a while after eating there.) Also at Roth are an actual cafeteria type establishment and a Burger King. I can't comment on the cafeteria, never having eaten there, but I'm entirely too familiar with Burger King. This is another oasis of economy on campus. Though I strongly recommend your fat ass avoid the pies, they are tasty, and they beckon. No... n-no... No!!! Damn, their power is strong. But if you can avoid temptation, you're left with meal points for burgers. Cheeseburgers and hamburgers are both incredibly cheap. If you load up on them, you save money. I consider anything more elaborate than these and other value items, especially fries, to be a waste of points.

After Roth is Kelly, the final stop on this crazy train of gluttony. Kelly is decent, but its main drawing point is that it's open til 3 a.m. I can't stress that enough. When cramming, and after all the Chinese delivery and pizza places close, you have a choice between 7-11 and Kelly, the latter of which I've chosen on many occasions. Compared to the 3am thing, the other benefits of Kelly pale, but there are a few things to be wary of. Firstly,

DO NOT GET GROCERIES. This establishment's grocery section is better-stocked, but just as ready to fuck you over on prices. Give that thing the finger when you see it, it deserves it. If possible, avoid the pasta, the Mexican, the grill. Just get the pizza. It's cheap. It's tasty. It's calling you... And here's the kicker! Right before Kelly closes for the night, if they have a pizza surplus, they sell the whole pies for \$5 to try to get rid of them. This has only happened to me twice despite my regular patronage, but it's a pleasant surprise. Having gone upstairs, I've neglected the Coffee & Tea House. I assure you, this was intentional. You can be pretentious in your own room, you don't need to drink an overpriced cup of joe to prove anything to me.

This entire article was written in haste to convey my ideas, and it thusly lacks for continuity and pretty transitions. Seeing as the aforementioned quality of this fine publication is already regarded so badly, I feel no guilt in my failure to edit it better, and I give it to you in the form it spewed out of me. If you managed to quit whining and suck it up, you've learned my infallible secrets for living with next to no meal points remaining, a situation I'm sure most of us will be in before the semester's conclusion. Your stomach will complain, your desire to eat new things will live in Stalinesque repression, but you'll be saving money like gangbusters.

## Time for Peace

By Rachel Eagle Reiter

It is written in Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, in Part A, "Consciousness", Section 1, "Sense Certainty", "What is Now?", let us answer, 'Now is Night.'... If now, this noon, we look again at the written truth we shall have to say that it has become stale."

Hegel continues, "The Now that is Night is preserved, it is treated as what it professes to be, as something that is; but it proves itself to be, on the contrary, something that is not."

Replacing 'Night' with 'war' gives us the following:

The Now that is war is preserved, it is treated as what it professes to be, as something that is; but it proves itself to be, on the contrary, something that is not.

The only way for war to become something that is not, is for peace to become something that is.

As surely as night will (in a matter of time) turn into day, it is just as sure that war will (in a matter of time) turn into peace. In time, the war that we are now in will be transformed into its opposite, peace, so that war will become something that is not and peace will become something that is. Time is the transforming force that will turn a period of war into a period of peace.

The time of peace is a time in the future, but how far away that future is, is determined by our perceptions and actions. Peace begins in the mind. If our minds are transformed to expect peace and pursue peaceful endeavors, then a time of peace

will be brought into our present. Transformation of the times begins in the mind.

"There is a time for war and there is a time for peace," said Solomon, the Philosopher King (that is how I refer to him). With time, we can turn a season of war into a season of peace.

During the night we can anticipate that the sun will rise and dawn will break again. Likewise, during the war we can anticipate with great hope that peace will present itself even though everything around us suggests that we are stuck in war. Rather than to allow our present circumstances to dictate to us what the future times will be like, it

seems more productive (considering the nature of time on a much larger scale) to adopt an attitude of peace (which is a future force) so that this mentality of peace replaces the (present) mentality of war.

Let us not be disillusioned by the fact that the sky is pitch black and the moon and stars are the only lights that shine. Those that only see the night and do not with great anticipation and hope, look forward to the coming of a new day, are more likely to forget that we live in a world where there is both a time for night and a time for day. Being in a time of war is like being in a time of night. Let us anticipate the coming of a time of peace, for that anticipation will keep us hopeful. As surely as day follows night, a time of peace follows a time of war.

"With time, we can turn a season of war into a season of peace."



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# How to Write Really, Really Ridiculously Simple Webpages

By Chris Williams

Many people want to make webpages, but they believe that webpage design is difficult. It can be. However, to make simple webpages, only basic understanding of HTML is required.

HTML, or HyperText Markup Language, is the language that is used to write many pages for the World Wide Web (WWW), or “the Web”. (Note: The World Wide Web is not the same as the Internet. The Internet is a collection of interconnected computers. The World Wide Web is a collection of interconnected documents.) HTML also controls the structure of a webpage through the concept of enclosure and the use of “tags”. A “tag” is a command with specific features.

To make an HTML page, an HTML tag is required. The HTML tag is a “less-than” symbol, the letters “html” and a “greater-than” symbol: `<html>`. In general, when a tag is opened, it must also be closed. To close a `<html>` tag, a closing `</html>` tag is needed. The closing `</html>` tag has a forward slash: `</html>`.

```
<html>
</html>
```

The content for an HTML page is included in a “head” and a “body”. The “head” is created with a “head” tag. The “head” tag looks similar to the `<html>` tag: `<head>`. The closing `</head>` tag looks similar to the closing `</html>` tag: `</head>`. Similarly, the opening “body” tag is: `<body>`. The closing “body” tag is: `</body>`.

```
<html>
<head>
</head>
<body>
</body>
</html>
```

That’s it! That is basic HTML.

These six tags are the skeleton of an HTML page. An HTML page can be written in a simple text editing program, like Microsoft Notepad or Mac TextEdit. An HTML file is saved with a period and the letters “html”: `.html`. For example, an HTML file can be named “`mypage.html`”. The file is opened in a web browser, such as Microsoft Internet Explorer or Mozilla FireFox.

Updates to this information will appear on <http://www.thestonybrookpress.com>. To be more adventurous, you can continue reading this article.

To give the webpage a title, a `<title>` tag is put in the head. The words for the title are placed between the opening and closing `<title>` tags.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Your Title here. </title>
</head>
<body>
</body>
</html>
```

To put words in the “body,” a paragraph tag can be used: `<p>`. Similar to `<title>` tag, the words are placed between opening and closing `<p>` tags.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Your Title here. </title>
```

```
</head>
<body>
  <p> The words here. Word! </p>
</body>
</html>
```

To put images in the “body,” an image tag is used: `<img>`. The image tag is different from the previous tags. When the letters “src” are included, the image tag refers to the name of an image file. For example, to use the `.gif` file named “`mepics`”, the image tag is: `<img src=“mepics.gif”>`. Unlike the previous tags, the `<img>` tag does not require a closing tag.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Your Title here </title>
</head>
<body>
  <p>The words here. Word!</p>
  <img src=“mepics.gif”>
</body>
</html>
```

Webpages refer to each other through hypertext links, or, simply, “links”. A link to another webpage is created through the use of an anchor tag: `<a>`. Similar to the `<img>` tag, the anchor tag to locate a webpage has the tag `<a>` and the letters “href”. Unlike the `<img>` tag, the `<a>` must be closed: `</a>`. The name of the link appears between the opening and closing anchor tags. The hypertext link to access the website <http://www.testlink.com> is: `<a href=“http://www.testlink.com”>www.testlink.com</a>`.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Your Title here. </title>
</head>
<body>
  <p>The words here. Word!</p>
  <img src=“mepics.gif”>
  <a href=“http://www.testlink.com”>www.testlink.com</a>
</body>
</html>
```

An anchor can also be an image. An `<img>` tag just appears between the anchor tags. To make the image file “`testlink.gif`” into an anchor, the image file is located with the `<img>` tag. Then, the `<img>` tag is placed between opening and closing `<a>` tags:

```
<a href=“http://www.testlink.com”><img src=“testlink.gif”></a>

<html>
<head>
  <title> Your Title here. </title>
</head>
<body>
  <p>The words here. Word!</p>
  <img src=“mepics.gif”>
  <a href=“http://www.testlink.com”>www.testlink.com</a>
  <a href=“http://www.testlink.com”><img src=“testlink.gif”></a>
</body>
</html>
```

```
href=“http://www.testlink.com”><img src=“testlink.gif”></a>
</body>
</html>
```

To be accurate, basic webpages are now more descriptive. The following text is an example of a page written in XHTML version 1.0:

```
<!DOCTYPE html PUBLIC "-//W3C//DTD XHTML 1.0 Transitional//EN"
“http://www.w3.org/TR/xhtml1/DTD/xhtml1-transitional.dtd”>

<html>
<head>
  <title>Your Title here.</title>
  <meta http-equiv=“Content-Type” content=“text/html; charset=utf-8” />
  <meta http-equiv=“Content-Language” content=“en-us” />
  <meta name=“author” content=“Chris Williams” />
  <meta name=“description” content=“Learning Basic HTML.” />
  <meta name=“keywords” content=“html, xhtml, learning, webpage design” />
</head>
<body>
  <p>The words here. Word!</p>
  <img src=“mepics.gif” alt=“Picture for HTML example.” />
  <a href=“http://www.testlink.com”>www.testlink.com</a>
  <a href=“http://www.testlink.com”><img src=“testlink.gif” alt=“Another picture for HTML example.” /></a>
</body>
</html>
```

Now that you know the basics, you can now move forward on your own. You can do it! Now, go! Go! Write some pages. Yes, go!

Editor’s Note:  
Check out the next page for this article in Spanish.

I was going to try to say something cool in spanish but who the fuck am I kidding?  
I took Italian in high school.

Spanish this a-way for your edification.  
I *do* have a good grasp of English.



# Como Crear Páginas Web Fácilmente

Escrito por Chris Williams

Traducción de María Lopez, Hugo “Flava Flav” Rojas, Guillermo Robla-Vicario y Chris Williams

Mucha gente quiere hacer páginas web, pero piensan que diseñar una página web es difícil. Esto puede ser verdad, pero para hacer páginas web sencillísimas, solamente se necesitan conocimientos básicos de HTML.

El HTML, o Hyper Text Markup Language, es el lenguaje que se usa para escribir la mayoría de las páginas de la World Wide Web (WWW), o “la Web.” (La World Wide Web no es lo mismo que Internet. Internet es una colección de computadoras interconectadas. La World Wide Web es una colección de documentos interconectados.) El HTML controla la estructura de una página web a través del uso de etiquetas (en inglés, “tags”). Básicamente, una etiqueta es una orden con características específicas.

Para hacer una página, lo primero es crear una etiqueta HTML. La etiqueta HTML es un signo de “menor que” (“<”), las letras “html” y un signo “mayor que” (“>”): <html>. En general, cuando una etiqueta está abierta, hay que cerrarla también. Para cerrar una etiqueta <html>, la </html> etiqueta de cierre es necesaria. La etiqueta de cierre tiene una barra inclinada hacia adelante (“/”) que sigue al signo “menor que”: </html>.

```
<html>
</html>
```

El contenido para una página HTML incluye encabezamiento y cuerpo. La encabezamiento está delimitado por etiqueta “head”. La etiqueta “head” se parece a la etiqueta html: <head>. La etiqueta “head” de cierre es obviamente: </head>. Igualmente, la etiqueta “cuerpo” es <body>, con su correspondiente cierre: </body>.

```
<html>
<head>
</head>
<body>
</body>
</html>
```

¡Eso es todo! Esto es HTML básico.

Estas seis etiquetas son el esqueleto de una página HTML. Una página HTML puede estar escrita con cualquier editor de textos simples como el Bloc de Notas de Windows (Windows Notepad) o el TextEdit de Mac. Un archivo HTML tiene la extensión “.html”. Por ejemplo, un archivo HTML puede llamarse “mipagina.html”. El archivo HTML se abre en un navegador como Microsoft Internet Explorer o Mozilla Firefox.

Esta información está actualizado a la página web <http://www.thestonybrookpress.com>.

Para ser más aventurero, puedes continuar leyendo este artículo.

Para darle un título a la página, tienes que poner una etiqueta <title> entre las etiquetas de <head> (inicio) y </head> (cierre). Las palabras para el título deben situarse entre las etiquetas <title> de inicio y de cierre.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Tu titulo aqui. </title>
</head>
```

```
<body>
</body>
</html>
```

Para poner texto en el “cuerpo”, se pueden usar etiquetas de párrafo: <p>. Como en la etiqueta <title>, tienes que poner el texto entre las etiquetas de <p> y </p>.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Tu titulo aqui. </title>
</head>
<body>
  <p>Tu texto aqui!</p>
</body>
</html>
```

Para poner imágenes en el “cuerpo”, se usa una etiqueta imagen: <img>. La etiqueta imagen es diferente que las etiquetas anteriores. Cuando la etiqueta esta acompañada de las letras src, la etiqueta imagen se refiere al nombre de un archivo de la imagen. Por ejemplo, para usar la imagen .gif con el nombre “mecuadro”, la etiqueta imagen es: <img src=“mecuadro.gif”>. Al contrario que el resto de las etiquetas, la etiqueta <img> no requiere una etiqueta de cierre.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Tu titulo aqui. </title>
</head>
<body>
  <p>Tu texto aqui!</p>
  <img src=“mecuadro.gif”>
</body>
</html>
```

Las páginas web se relacionan entre sí a través de enlaces de hipertextos, a los que llamaremos simplemente enlaces. Un enlace a otra página web se crea mediante una etiqueta de “enlace.” Similar a la etiqueta <img>, la etiqueta “enlace” para localizar una página web tiene la etiqueta <a> y las letras “href”. Pero al contrario que la etiqueta <img>, esta etiqueta se tiene que cerrar con: </a>. El nombre del enlace aparece entre las etiquetas <a> y </a>.

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Tu titulo aqui. </title>
</head>
<body>
  <p>Tu texto aqui!</p>
  <img src=“mecuadro.gif”>
  <a
href=“http://www.pruebaenlace.com”>www.prueba
enlace.com</a>
</body>
</html>
```

Una imagen puede ser tambien un enlace . Para hacer que el archivo de imagen “pruebaenlace.gif” sea un enlace, el archivo de imagen debe ser colocado con la etiqueta <img>. Después, se pone la etiqueta <img> entre la etiquetas <a> y </a>: <a href=“http://www.pruebaenlace.com”><img

```
src=“pruebaenlace.gif”></a>.
```

```
<html>
<head>
  <title> Tu titulo aqui. </title>
</head>
<body>
  <p>Tu texto aqui!</p>
  <img src=“mecuadro.gif”>
  <a
href=“http://www.pruebaenlace.com”>www.prueba
enlace.com</a>
  <a
href=“http://www.pruebaenlace.com”><img
src=“pruebaenlace.gif” ></a>
</body>
</html>
```

Para ser exacto, las páginas básicas son mas descriptivas. El siguiente texto es un ejemplo de una página escrita en XHTML version 1.0 (sin tildes).

```
<!DOCTYPE html PUBLIC “-//W3C//DTD
XHTML 1.0 Transitional//EN”
```

```
“http://www.w3.org/TR/xhtml1/DTD/xhtml1-tran-
sitional.dtd”>
```

```
<html>
<head>
  <title>Tu titulo aqui.</title>
  <meta http-equiv=“Content-Type” con-
tent=“text/html; charset=utf-8” />
  <meta http-equiv=“Content-Language”
content=“es” />
  <meta name=“author” content=“Chris
Williams” />
  <meta name=“description” content=“Para
aprender HTML Basico.” />
  <meta name=“keywords” content=“html,
xhtml, aprendiendo, diseno de pagina web” />
</head>
<body>
  <p>Tu texto aqui!</p>
  <img src=“mecuadros.gif” alt=“Cuadro
para ejemplo HTML.” />
  <a
href=“http://www.pruebaenlace.com”>www.prueba
enlace.com</a>
  <a
href=“http://www.pruebaenlace.com”><img
src=“pruebaenlace.gif” alt=“Otro cuadro para ejem-
plo HTML.” /></a>
</body>
</html>
```

Ahora que tú sabes lo básico, ya puedes continuar y crear tus propias páginas web. ¡Ahora puedes hacerlo! Escribe unas páginas. ¡Pruébalo!

Agradezco a Lidia León-Blázquez, Alex Salinas, Neica Shepherd y Dr. Hector Sepulveda por su ayuda con esta traducción.





## Thirteen Ways of Looking at an Academic Essay

Jon Plaisted

### Reincarnation

by Luz Raven

I've cleared my head  
 I don't remember  
 all the things  
 I used to be.  
 I start anew  
 each and every time  
 trying to find  
 what I keep searching for.  
 I don't know what it is  
 but I believe it vital.  
 Will I find it in this life  
 or must I keep up  
 the search?

March 31, 2006 (4:52AM)

by Yve Koon

### No Rest

And I wish I had never met you  
 Wished I Never knew you existed  
 Maybe then I'd be able to sleep  
 To eat  
 To live  
 Without thinking of you  
 Without the agonizing memories  
 The horrible feelings  
 The Burned  
 The Scarred  
 And the callused over internal damage you've  
 inflicted  
 I want you out of my thoughts  
 Out of my mind  
 Out of my fucking head  
 So I'll push myself  
 Harder  
 Further  
 Away from you  
 But no matter where I go  
 What I do  
 How hard I try  
 You will always be there  
 Taunting me  
 Haunting me  
 Reminding me  
 Of the pain I so desperately want to escape

I  
 From brown paper bags  
 We ate our lunches  
 And feasted on orange deliberations.

II  
 I was of two minds  
 Like the human species  
 In which there are replicated opinions.

III  
 Among twenty students once,  
 whirled one moving thing—  
 A free mind at play.

IV  
 A student and a teacher  
 Are one.  
 A student and a teacher and an essay  
 Are one.

V  
 I do not pretend to know,  
 But when I was a child  
 I strolled through my mazy mind  
 Not meant for barricades  
 Or heroic landmarks.

VI  
 Now after polemics and praise,  
 Education and reason,  
 Sociopolitical play—  
 All conviction, to and fro,  
 The essay finally turns  
 To agree with Me.

VII  
 Agreement seduces agreement  
 For the brief hour we give to it.  
 We fall, we surrender.  
 Skeptical rationalist,  
 Advanced biochemist  
 —Persuade me.

VIII  
 Never mind these noble accounts  
 And capacities to coerce,  
 Something else more  
 Striking yet  
 Catches our attention.

IX  
 An essayist unexpectedly  
 Stumbles over a pair of  
 Old blue boots.

X  
 A writer remembers when  
 She last wore blue boots  
 Twenty years ago  
 On a trip to Paris.

XI  
 A poet stops to watch  
 An old fellow sketching  
 With a box of colored pencils  
 At his side.  
 Threads of a sunset,  
 Like reins of a fairy cart.

XII  
 The sky is a grayish pink.  
 The pencil wiggles over the writer's sheet.

XIII  
 From one impression to another  
 The mind meanders  
 From reality to memory  
 To dreamscape  
 And back again.

March 31, 2006

by Yve Koon

### GO-GO's Intentions

I smile in delight  
 As I make you moan  
 Then scream  
 The warm flowing feeling I get  
 When I make you squirt  
 I just want see that prize winning look  
 on your face  
 As I crawl deep inside you  
 And then twist the rusty serrated knife



## Dances of Korea

By Jin Woo Cho

The Charles B. Wang Center presented Dances of Korea in the theatre on March 19th as part of its programs

showcasing Asian and Asian American cultures. The dances were performed by the Korean Traditional Performing Arts Association, a performance group that endeavors to preserve, promote, and disseminate Korean cultural



**Buchae-chum, or fan dance**

arts in the United States. The members of KTPAA consist of individuals from New York's Korean-American community who are devoted to cultivating intercultural appreciation and understanding of Korea's cultural history and heritage. KTPAA has played an important role in instilling pride of Korean culture to second generation Korean Americans and Korean adoptees as well as raising ethnic awareness within American society.

For the first performance, the program began with the rapid beating of many janggo (hourglass drum) that made up the first section, which is called samdo suljanggo, originating from the tradition of the celebration of the full moon festival chusok. This performance was followed by the second session called samul nori, which is an ensemble of various types of percussion instruments that demonstrate different kinds of



**Playing of the janggo, hourglass drum**

rhythmic cycles. Samul nori consists of four different instruments; janggo, kwaeggwari (small gong), buk (band drum) and jing (medium gong). It is a relatively new genre of performance that is derived from nongak, which is a celebration of harvest performed outdoors by farmers.

The second performance was salpuri, which is a traditional folk dance based on ancient shamanism of Korea. The solo dancer wore a white outfit with a long, white handkerchief around the hands. She danced to the salpuri rhythm from the southwestern region of Korea, which was believed to have power to exorcise evil spirit and bad luck. The delicate up-and-down movement of the dancer from heel to toe represents the sentiment of han, a mixture of grief and longing.

Heung-chum (dance of joy), as well as janggo-chum, are both well-known Korean folk dances. However, the two dances were different in nature. The former was an improvisational, yet almost acrobat-

ic folk dance performed by three female dancers with each holding a fan. Their suspended position, balancing one foot and moving the other foot while the shoulders rise and fall gently like a wave, produced a sensual quality of feminine. In contrast, the latter was much more energetic, in which two females and two males each form a team and have some kind of a match of beating janggo that were strapped to their bodies.

They expressed the dynamic aspects of Korean dance as they confronted each other by going back and forth.

The second part of the event started off of the famous buchae-chum (fan dance). The dancers were dressed in fancy outfits with decorated fans, which were thought to expel evil and bring prosperity. The exotic geometric shapes created with the formation of dancer's moves and fans was enough to receive enthusiastic applause from the audience.

The following performance of twenty five string gayagum, which is similar to guitar, also generated acclaim as the solo performer played "Arirang Variation." Arirang is a Korean traditional tune that describes the han of farewell to loved ones.

The performer expressed this melancholic sentiment very well with the modified gaya-gum, which normally has twelve strings. The mood abruptly changed as the performers entered the stage, performing so-go-chum and sam-go-moo. They demonstrated an elegant yet powerful drum dance as they moved dynamically with beating drums in controlled, unified movements. The beating of the drum is meant to instruct the evil-minded by the ways of Heaven and to save creatures from suffering in hell.

The evening concluded with nongak, the farmer's dance that originated from the farmer's celebration of harvest and the wish for prosperity. The audience eventually came together with the dancers and danced to the rhythm of kwaeggwari as the host encouraged them to come up to the stage because the essence of nongak is participation, and everyone has to have fun taking part in this celebration.

Photos are on the Zine gallery at <http://aa2sbu.aasquared.org/gallery/KoreanDanceWang2006>

## SASA Sholay 2006

By Vanessa Gopez

Sholay is a term in South Asian culture associated with flames and burning. I must say that is a great symbol for the show SASA put out at the SAC auditorium last Friday night. It was one of the most exciting and enjoyable performances I have ever seen. The South Asian community definitely knows how to have a good time.

Everyone rose as two students, Amrisha and Harleen Gill, sang the National Anthem a cappella to begin the evening's program.

It was followed by a tribute to the late Christopher Samaria and a fellow Iota Nu Delta brother, SBU alumnus Hamel Patel. Both of them had died in car accidents last summer. Christopher was the President of the IND chapter at Stony Brook, having helped start the first recognized Indian fraternity on campus. In honor of him, IND dedicated a step dance and a slide presentation of memories they had of Christopher and Hamel.

Jerrold Stein, Dean of Students, spoke of Chris as an aspiring young man with a great deal of potential. Afterwards they honored Christopher's family with certificate of graduation because he had been only a few credits short of graduating.

In addition, a \$1000 scholarship was created in his name to a person who was involved in the South Asian community in Stony Brook and who had an interest in going to medical school. The award was presented by Chair of AAAS Prof. S.N. and his wife Kamal, Director of the Center for India Studies, to Syna Jose, who expressed her desire to follow in Christopher Samaria's footsteps.

Then the cheerful festivities began. FLO, also known as First Last and Only, started the crowd up with their variety of dances including break dancing, hip hop, and reggae. The three dancers were both stylish and talented.

The incredibly charismatic MC then introduced the remaining part of the show by explaining that this year's Sholay would be a competition in which the audience choose the finalists. They would show us three groups of three or four performances, and the audience would choose their preference by clapping or shouting. It was a sure way to get the crowd going.

The audience was introduced to a great variety of performers. The dancers varied in style and dress. There were more traditional dances such as those seen in Bollywood films or that of the culture of Punjab. There were more modern dances like hip-hop and reggae. There was belly dancing as well. Singers added both culture and comedy to their pieces.

In the end, the third place winner was Ultsavam, a group that attempted to exhibit their culture and traditions of Kerala using drums, classical dances, and cinematic



**The Winners!!!**

dances in which they used elements of romance and comedy. The second place winner was Just Shake It, a group of very talented modern dancers. In their finale, they even spelled the word, SHAKE. The first place winner was undoubtedly an audience favorite. A group of guys in very colorful outfits danced in a traditional style that represented the culture of Punjab. Within their vibrant smiles, their performance got the audience dancing too. It was a fun performance.

SASA put out an excellent show. Both their dancers and singers had immense talent. Their MC kept the crowd on their feet. In addition, they made good use of strobe and colored lights to add extra to an already enjoyable production. I was truly impressed with their efforts in putting this night together. It was a night to remember and I would definitely recommend this show to anyone for next year.

Photos are on the SBU Zine gallery at <http://aa2sbu.aasquared.org/gallery/SASASHolay2006>

**VIDEOS ARE NOW ONLINE!!!**  
**CHINA NIGHT 2006 - BENGALIS 2006**

**CHECK OUT I-CON 25 ARTICLE AND PICTURES**  
featuring George Takei, Kevin Sorbo, a Host of Costumed Characters, Incredible Gaming, and Lots More! Pictures like this one here...

The race of this geisha is easy... but the gender is ?

**Coming in April sponsored by AA E-Zine:**  
4/18 - Kai Yu of the Coalition Against Hate Media  
4/29 - APA Career Day where alumni meet students  
For more information, check out the calendar - updated daily with new events - <http://www.aasquared.org/calendar/calena.r.pl>

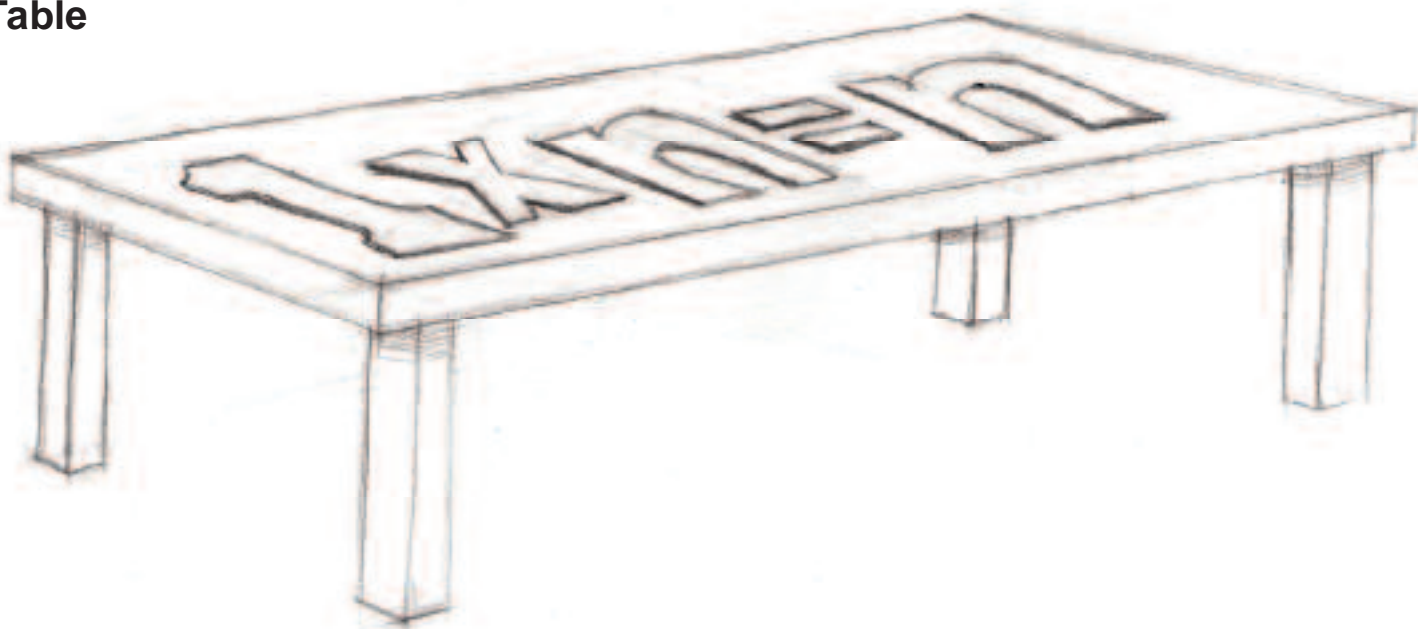






Brain Puke  
Multiplication Table

by Chris Williams



Think Out Loud

*They told me what had happened*



*I sort of laughed, nervous*

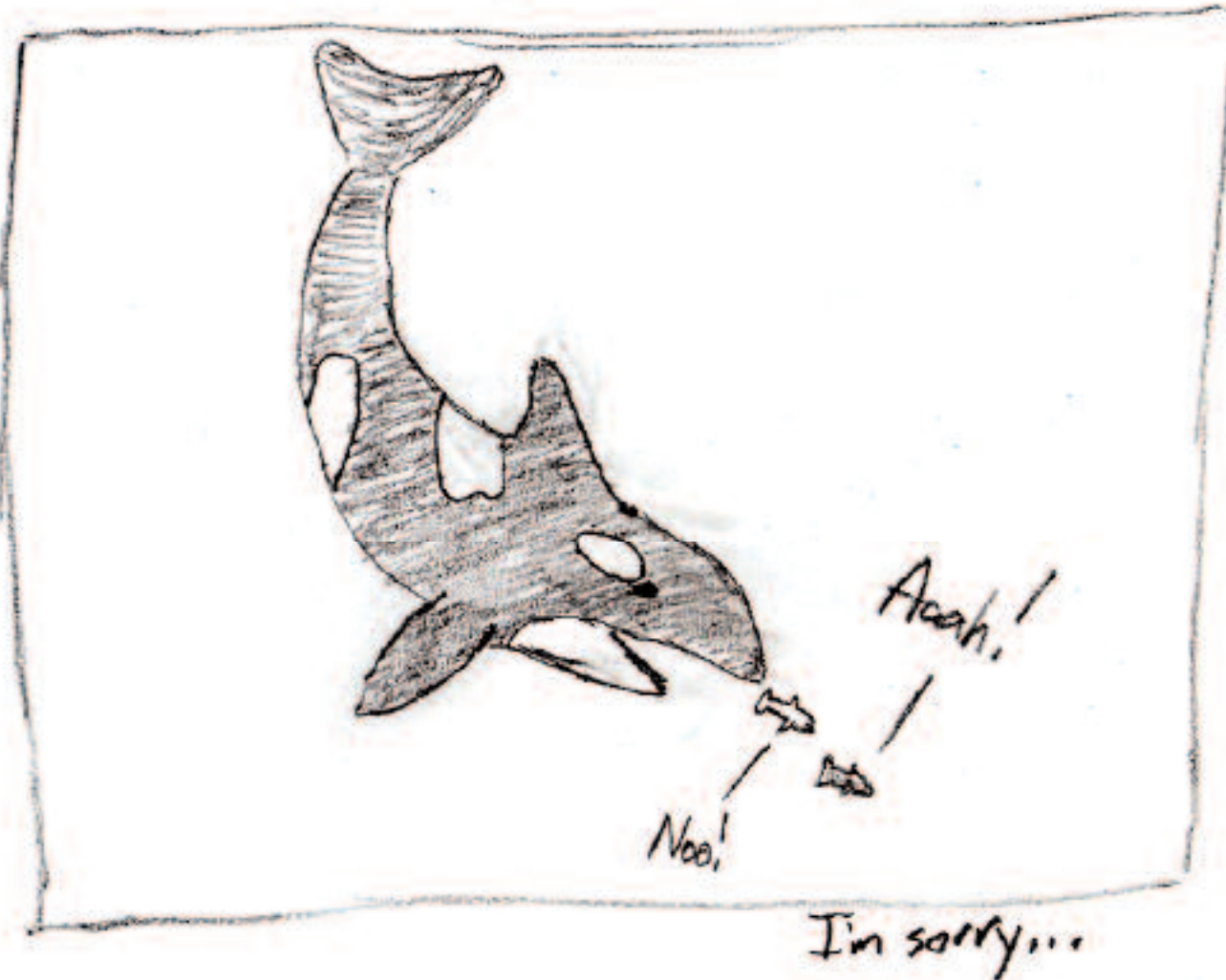
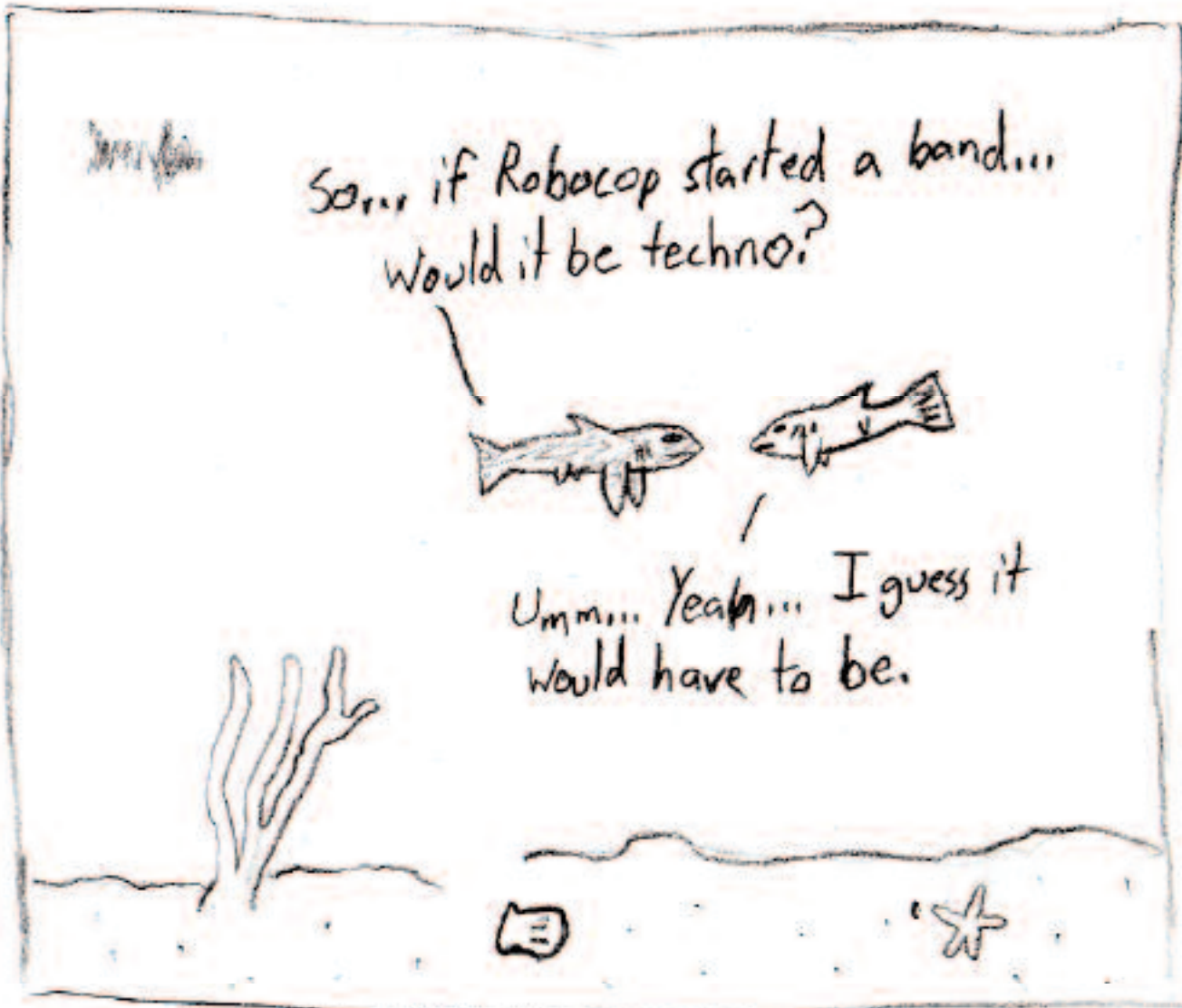
*Then there was the Hospital,  
and the funeral  
But I still wait for you.  
I know its crazy  
Yet I always find myself  
Here...*



M. Augusthe - ThinkRevolution@gmail.com  
J. Bevis - jbevis@gmail.com



Brilliant comic' by Alex Walsh  
Title by Stephanie Hayes





Fir efly and Ser enity's  
**Ron Glas s**



## Ron Glass Speaks to Us About Television, Movies... and What a Mom Joke Really is.

Ron Glass most recently starred in *Serenity* reprising his role from *Firefly* as Shepherd Book. He's also done other shows like *Teen Angel* and he's been acting since the 70s. He took the time out to have an interview with us on Friday, the first day of I-CON. I think it speaks for itself so here you go.

SB Press: "Like I said, I just wanted to hang out."

Ron Glass: "Uh huh."

SBP: "That's why we have a lot of people. I don't know how many of them are going to ask you questions, but ok."

Melanie: "Only you."

SBP: "So the Lakers really are your favorite TV show?"

RG: "Well, that's the thing on television that will make me get to the television for sure, if I can't get to the game."

SBP: "Ok, if you're already sitting at the TV and something's on, what won't you change the channel from?"

RG: "Lakers."

(Laughs all around)

SBP: "Alright, let's move off the Lakers."

(More laughs)

SBP: "If you have cartoons on and you were watching cartoons, do you like Looney Tunes, are you a Looney Tunes kinda guy or do you like, like, South Park?"

RG: "I've never seen South Park. Um... I guess I have a nephew who's eight and a half so a few years ago Sponge Bob was just like really kicking ass for a while. So that's like usually Sponge Bob. And um, what was that thing about um, something about blues."

Me, Melanie, Joan: "Blue's Clues."

RG: "Blue's Clues (laughs). Yeah, so I'm *very* juvenile, (awesome laughter emits from Ron Glass) I'm very juvenile in my cartoons."

Me: "That's ok, all of are too."

(More laughs all around, we're all having a ball!)

Me: "A nephew who's eight?"

RG: "Eight and a half, yeah. He'll be nine as a matter of fact on the fourth of May."

Me: "I have an almost-nephew. My cousin's kid. Do you like being an uncle? 'cause I think it's awesome."

RG: "Well I've had a lot of experience being an uncle, I started out being an uncle when I was twelve... eleven."

Me: "You were one of those people in like sixth grade asking, 'You want to see my nephew?'"

RG: "Well, I mean, I had them in tow dragging them to school in the snow when were little kids. So I mean I've had a lot experience with that but in recent years, it's interesting. I get to choose who my nephews are now. (laughs formidably)"

Me: "You definitely need to explain that one."

RG: "Well, you know, traditionally, nephews are blood. So now I get to choose, they don't have to be blood. They can be friends of friends or, you know."

Joe: "Can I be your nephew?"

(Ron Glass laughs explosively)

Me: "It'd make his day. (RG laughs more) It's not like we're recording your answer, no one's gonna hear."

RG: "Well the thing is you've got the answers but what we may not get are the questions."

Me: "No no, we printed the last interview verbatim. She said it was her best interview ever."

RG: "Who was it?"

Me: "Jewel Staite."

RG: "She's a big liar."

(Whole table erupts in laughter)

RG: "Huge."

Me: "So she didn't talk about us at all?" (This question elicits more laughter from Ron Glass)

RG: "No, she's sweet. She's sweet. The liar is Morena."

Me: "Really?"

RG: "Oh, just stinks of dishonesty." (Laughs more)

Me: "The look in your eyes tells me you're not serious."

(More table laughter)

Joe: "She better be here next year."

Me: "For the next nine years we need a guest..."

RG: "No no, they were a great bunch."

Me: "None of you can get too popular because then it'll be too hard to get you down here." (Laughs) "How does I-CON compare to other CONs you've been to?"

RG: "So far, you know, I'll probably be able to speak a little more about it a little more conclusively tomorrow. But you know it's not as big as DragonCon."

Me: "You can say anything you want about I-CON, I'm here from the newspaper. So, is you say it's small and... I can't think of another word. Usually

when I'm writing I have a thesaurus in front of me."

RG: "No, I, I think it has... It seems to me that, maybe because it's on this campus but it seems to have a little edge on the intellectual side of things."

Me: "Really?"

RG: "Yeah."

Me: "Cool. I've never been to any other CONs so I'm taking your word like grail here. I've been to a few I-CONs and I talk to some other people and they say whenever they come to I-CON, they always find something new that scares them. Something frightening. Like last year we introduced one of our friends to hentai and that was hilarious for us, kinda scary for her. This might be a better question for tomorrow but. what's the scariest thing you've seen at I-CON?"

RG: "I haven't seen anything scary yet."

Joe: "You will."

(Everyone laughs)

Me: "You should go see the Voltaire show. I hear that's... offbeat. I have one thing I wanted to say, it was, have you seen any book-alikes? Any people dressed up like your character from *Serenity*. Really, I just wanted to say 'book-alikes' because I like the pun."

RG: (Laughs) "You mean, here?"

Me: "Yeah."

RG: "No."

Me: "Oh."

Jowy: "Have you seen anyone dressed up as you at other CONs?"

RG: "Yeah."

Joan: "She was going to."

Melanie: "I was gonna puff up my hair and spray paint it gray."

(RG laughs)

Me: "I still think we should have done that."

Joan: "I know."

Melanie: "Maybe I'll do it tomorrow."

Joan: "We need the time!"

(RG laughs)

RG: "So, you guys part of the sci-fi club or...?"

Me: "No, we're from the newspaper, The Stony Brook Press."

RG: "How often does that come out?"

Continued on page 25

# I-CON Art Show

A Review by Adina Silverbush



This year was my first I-CON experience. My fellow editors were interviewing Ron Glass and I was without a green press ribbon so, instead, I ventured by myself to the art show. (I'm the arts editor after all so I figured it was my duty!) As I walked down the long hallway following the arrows to the "Art Show", I was nervous as to what I might find on the other side. After some turns and double doorways, I found myself in the Pritchard Gym surrounded by a collection of art that I'd never seen anything like before. There in front of me were dozens of artists work all under the theme of sci-fi and fantasy. The art was of Star Wars, robots, fairies, mermaids, monsters, knights, astronauts, and sphinx. They were abstract, realistic, colorful, and black and white. Paintings, photographs, sculptures, collages. I thought last year ignorantly that I-CON was something I'd have no interest in. Seeing an art-show of this nature with so much variety really made me see that all different types of people can find something for them in a convention so large.





# Ron Glass Speaks to Us About Television, Movies... and What a Mom Joke Really is.

Continued from page 23

Melanie: "Twice a month."

Me: "Every two weeks."

RG: "Twice a month? What is the name, this is driving me crazy. I have a friend, a guy I went to high school with, he and his wife both teach at a school in upstate New York that's a part of the..."

Joan: "SUNY?"

RG: "Yeah, and I can't think of the name of it."

Me: "Oneonta?"

Joan: "Plattsburgh?"

Melanie: "Purchase?"

Joan: "Buffalo?"

Melanie: "Albany?"

RG: "And it's not the name of a city."

(Silence)

Me: "And now you've got us stumped."

Melanie: "Yeah, we usually know a lot of them."

RG: "He said to me, because I invited he and his wife to come down and have dinner with me tomorrow night and he said that they had just been here for some reason in Brooklyn."

Me: "So that's why you couldn't have an interview tomorrow. You had to go to dinner."

RG: "No no no, they didn't come, they didn't show up! They don't care about me."

Me: "Do you want to grab a slice of pizza?"

RG: (Laughs) "But he said that at one time the school that he teaches at was like, ahead of, you know, had a really great reputation and was kind of like leading the pack. And now Stony Brook is kinda like, taken over that slot. (We all sit back and wonder at this comment) But I can't remember the name and there's a, this is probably not helpful to you guys but there's a city in Florida that is very similar to the name of that city. (general laughs) I don't know, I just might have to make a call tomorrow, 'What the hell is the name of that damn school

you teach at?'"

Me: "Be sure to let us know"

RG: "I think I've been there actually. This happens as time goes on."

Jowy: "Where are you from?"

RG: "Originally from Evansville, Indiana."

Jowy: "Spend any time in New York?"

RG: "Very little. Actually when I left college I went to the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, which at the time was like the best classical theater in the country and then when I left there I went to West Springfield Mass, did one show, then I came to New York and stayed in New York for about five months. And um, in June, already my mind had started thinking about the fact that winter was going to come. And I thought if I was going to be outdoors in a park that it should probably be California instead of New York. So I went to California. I was only here about five months or so. I come back to New York quite a lot though."

Me: "When *Serenity* had uh, the first sneak preview, the one in ten select cities, there was one in Boston, we drove to that one, there were a couple cast members at ours. Were you at any cities for that one?"

RG: "Mhmm."

(Everyone waits for the rest of the answer)

Me: "Which city?"

RG: "I don't remember."

Me: "Is the name like the name of a city in Florida?" (Laughter erupts from Ron Glass)

RG: "I don't remember, umm, I don't remember who it was with but I know there was another person. It might have been Nathan. I know Nathan and I went to Austin but I don't think that was the first one. I think there was one before that."

Me: "If you're having trouble remembering your casts members, do you have trouble remembering your lines?" (Laughs all around) "If you watch the bloopers, we don't see many of your bloopers."

RG: "There aren't any."

Me: "Oh."

RG: "You know when they make the gag reel or whatever you know at the end of the show. I was looking at it and I was like, they just dissed me totally. I mean, you know, I'm not even represent-

ed here. And then I talked to the makers and they said, well, it's 'cause there wasn't anything. You didn't mess up. One of the things about that is because I work in a little different way from the younger set works. They're considerably more playful than I am. (Laughs)"

Me: "With a laugh like yours you seem like you'd be right there with them."

RG: "Well, I'm a great audience." (Laughs again)

Jowy: "Speaking of his laugh, do you remember the extras of the *firefly* DVDs? I guess, the *Making of Firefly*, possibly. On the DVD you laughed quite a bit and it stuck out in my head."

RG: "Yeah, yeah, yeah, I do remember that."

Jowy: "I definitely wanted to ask you why were you so laughy that day?"

RG: (Laughs) "I laugh a lot, what can I say, I mean... (words fall away into laughter)"

Me: "Speaking of laughing a lot."

RG: "I'm giving you all the segues you need aren't I?" (Laughs)

Me: "All the segues. We have a podcast and I was wondering if you'd be able to do a bumper for our podcast. Just say, 'You're listening to the Stony Brook Press' and then laugh. (Joan and Melanie laugh) Because we're recording right now so we could totally get it on there."

Jowy: "Maybe you should say your name." (Melanie laughs)

RG: "Hi, this is Ron Glass. You're listening to the Stony Brook Press podcast (laughs for the podcast)" (Laughs for real)

Me: "My other question was, did it suck to die in the *Serenity* movie?"

Jowy: "Book is my favorite character by far so..."

RG: "Well, thank you. Thank you. It was a real honest pain when the whole was just clearly not going to go on. You know, I really loved this character a lot so."

Me: "Was your script 58 pages or something?" (RG laughs)

RG: "Fewer." (Laughs some more)

Me: "Oh."

RG: "They actually let me read the whole script."

Me: "I should hope so."

RG: "Yeah, I was finished about 60, 68. The cast was really, really special to me. The way we got along with each other and that stuff, it was just, it was great. It was fun, I've looked forward to doing the work, it was really good. By the way, I was at a Laker game the other night and I was, the laker



Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Continued on page 28



THE WHACKY PRESS GIRLS IN...

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# THE STONY BROOK PRESS



# WE DO I-CON



# Ron Glass Speaks to Us About Television, Movies... and What a Mom Joke Really is.

Continued from page 25

girls had just run off the court and I saw this person waving at me and it turns out it was Lawrence Fishburne who is Gina's husband."

Me: "Wait, who's husband?"

RG: "Gina Torres."

Joan: "She's married to Lawrence Fishburne?"

Me: "I had no idea."

Joan: "Me neither. Do you keep in contact with all your cast members?"

RG: "Pretty much, pretty much. I guess maybe two weeks ago I was over at Nathan's, he was getting ready to leave to go to Canada to do another film and he had invited folks over and stuff. We hung out a little bit."

Me: "He seems like a very genial man."

RG: "Nathan is, Nathan is... he's just like, I can't say all these nice things about him so strike that. (Laughs) He's great, he's great."

Me: "I have one last question and I'd like to make it the Stony Brook Press staple question for an interview. Do you find dead-baby jokes funny?"

(Ron Glass stares at me blankly, silently judging with unflinching eyes. I don't remember what I said and the tape is a little unintelligible but I got him to laugh again. Crisis averted.)

RG: "Did you get your answer?" (Laughs)

Me: "Is that a no?" (RG laughs more)

RG: "Actually, you know what? I don't think I've ever heard a dead-baby joke. Did I respond to that properly?"

Me: "How do you make a dead-baby float?"

RG: "How?"

Me: "It's rootbeer, two scoops of ice cream and a scoop of dead-baby."

(Thank god he laughed at that one)

RG: "That's, that's heinous." (Laughs again)

Me: "Are you interested in meeting any of the other guests, do you get star-struck at all? Like, do you swoon over Kevin Sorbo?"

RG: "Not as of yet. No, I was actually with Kevin at DragonCon. So, I met him, seems like a really nice guy. As a matter of fact he doesn't know it yet but (slides the microphone away from himself) he's going to be playing golf with me."

Me: "Can we print that?"

Jowy: "Are you going to tell him this weekend?"

RG: "Yeah, I'm going to tell him this weekend."

Me: "Yeah, we're not going into production again until next week. This issue just came out and yeah, we got the date right. I love it when we do that."

RG: "I play this tournament sometimes and one of the guys I play golf with told me that, maybe it was a month or six weeks ago, a friend of his invited him to play with some guys he didn't know and one of them turned out that Kevin was one of those guys. He said that Kevin is a really good golfer so it's a no-brainer. He's going to play in my golf tournament."

Me: "Is there anything you're particularly good at? Like sports-wise?"

RG: "Not anymore."

Me: "Are you really good at bridge or hearts? I'd love to have a story where like, we all played poker and you took us for all we had."

RG: "Well, in that vein, I'm very good at bid-whist."

Me: "Come again?"

RG: "It's kind of a poor man's bridge. You cannot be\*...Well I shouldn't say that but um, but I'm really good at that, it's a card game and I'm really good at that."

Me: "Bridge was a poor example. I don't anything about Bridge except for what I read in the newspaper. It gives you like bridge clues."

RG: "You play Su-Doku?"

Me: "No, no I don't but I've heard a lot about it."

Jowy: "Didn't you print that puzzle in the paper?"

Me: "Oh, we printed one because a rival paper that we were making fun of printed one. So I just took theirs and moved all the numbers around and I found out that it was impossible to win."

RG: "I don't play Su-Doku."

Me: "Is it peer pressure because there are five of us and one of you?"

RG: "I'm accustomed to that."

Me: "You know, there are so many things we do in the office. We'll make 'your mom' jokes at each other and I've got to hold back because some of the things you say, I'm just itching to fire a 'your mom' joke and well, I haven't. I stopped."

RG: "That's a wise choice. I probably, would really, not find that amusing. (Stares at me sternly,

then laughs) Give me one, do one."

Me: "Nah, you have to say something. You have to say something that can be taken as an innuendo and then I flip it around and say, 'Your Mom...'"

Melanie: "Demonstrate with Jowy."

Jowy: "Uh... What should I say?"

Me: "I don't know."

Jowy: "I don't know, you just say anything and he'll be like, 'Your mom says anything.'"

Me: "It's more vulgar in the office. Let's get off your mom jokes..."

Jowy: "I'll get off your mom."

Me: "See? Just like that, a simple twist."

RG: "Mmm, yeah."

Me: "Everyone in the office just rolls over laughing."

RG: "I missed that, in my development."

Me: "You guys have any questions?"

Melanie: "Um, no. We're too shy."

Joan: "You were that guy on Teen Angel, it's so weird. I'm the only one that watches that show. No one else watches it. I remember. Do you still talk to Mike Damus?"

RG: "Oh, no."

Joan: "That was a good show."

RG: "I saw him on another show, he was doing another show for a while. A while back, I haven't seen it in years."

Joan: "That show was really funny."

RG: "He's a very talented guy actually. For different tastes."

Me: "Just not yours."

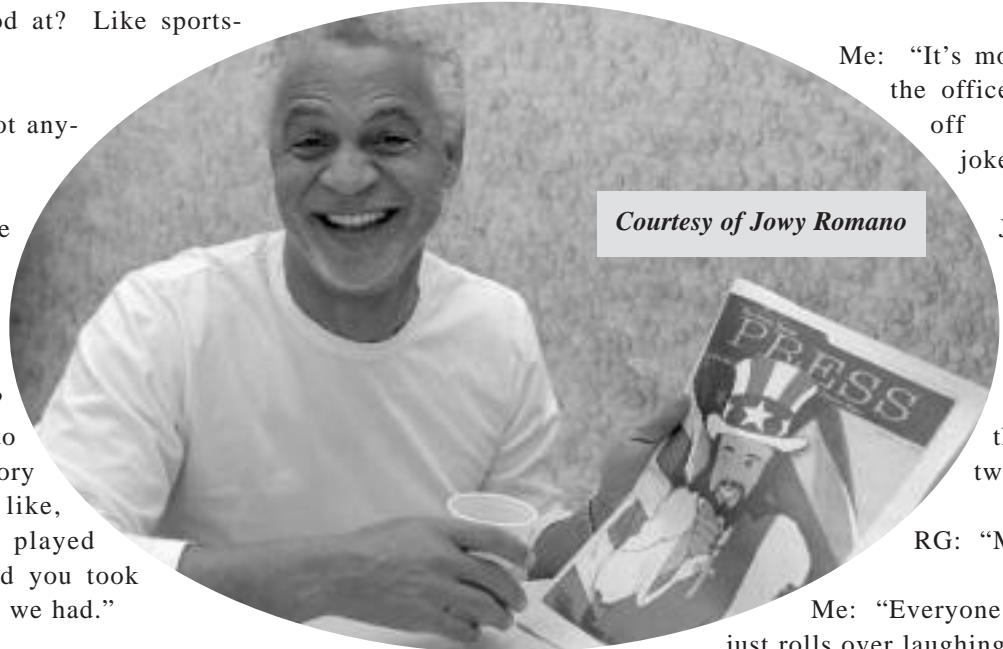
RG: "Well, not enough people to keep the show on the air."

Melanie: "Just Joan."

Joan: "Just me."

RG: "Well, all the best to you guys."

Me: "Well, we're gonna need a few things like a picture for the paper for the interview. Just a pic-



Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Continued on next page



## Ron Glass Speaks to Us About Television, Movies... and What a Mom Joke Really is.

Continued from previous page

ture of you. It doesn't have to be with us."

Melanie: "Hold the paper."

RG: "Hold the paper?"

(Various poses and faces make everyone round the table laugh)

Me: "Last thing is, do you want a copy of the interview we could send you an issue when it goes to print."

RG: "Are you really that desperate to sell issues of this?"

Me: "It's free, we do it out of our own spare time, none of us get paid or anything. If you wanted a copy of the interview, I don't know... Maybe if you hate the interview you could just like flip me off right now and we could go..."

Jowy: "Let him forget about this one, it's the worst interview he's ever had."

RG: "What good would that do?"

Me: "What, flipping me off or getting a copy?"

RG: "Either one."

Me: (dejected) "Thanks, thanks a lot."

(Ron Glass explodes with laughter one last time)

RG: "Your mom says thanks."

(I died laughing and continue to do so whenever I listen to this interview)

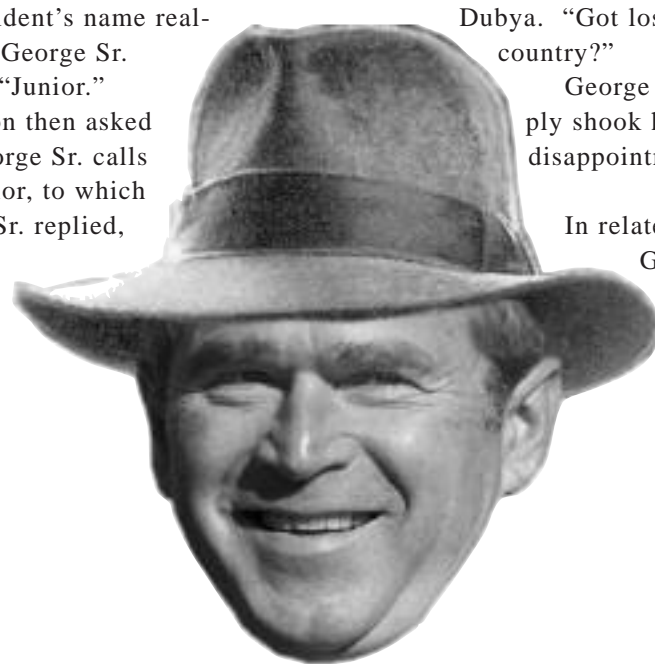
Melanie: "That was a good one!"

Jowy: "You can definitely hang out with us in the office now."

RG: "I'm sorry I shouldn't have said that, I really didn't mean it."

That's all of it. Just want to let you know Ron, that slice of pizza is still up for grabs.

<p>Whilst riding on horseback into the great beyond, George Bush Sr. announced to the desert sand and cacti, "We named the <i>dog</i> George Dubya." An accompanying horse-man, Richard Limpyson, asked what the President's name really was. George Sr. replied, "Junior." Limpyson then asked why George Sr. calls him Junior, to which George Sr. replied, "That's his</p>	<p>name. George Bush Junior." Vice President Dick Cheney, who was among the travelers, took off on his horse. "I'll lead the way!" he yelled. George Sr. turned to George Dubya. "Got lost in his own country?" George Dubya simply shook his head in disappointment.</p> <p>In related news, Gandhi is alive.</p>
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# Top Ten

Top Ten lists that "Tits" would be a funny entry on

10 Jedi Council Members Not Seen in Revenge of the Sith

9 Words That Can Be Made by Removing One Letter From Shakespeare Character Names

8 Locations For Nipples

7 Resources in the Next "Warcraft" Game

6 Apocryphal Gospels Left Out of The Bible

5 Possible Food Sources In A Post-Apocalyptic World

4 Things Sue Storm Can Turn Invisible

3 Rejected Slogans For Las Vegas Tourism Council

2 Subjects of Pope Benedict's Nightmares

1 Suggestively Named Songbirds



This report proceeds from the belief that America should seek to preserve and extend its position of global leadership by maintaining the preeminence of U.S. military forces. Today, the United States has an unprecedented strategic opportunity. It faces no immediate great-power challenge; it is blessed with wealthy, powerful and democratic allies in every part of the world; it is in the midst of the longest economic expansion in its history; and its political and economic principles are almost universally embraced. At no time in history has the international security order been as conducive to American interests and ideals. The challenge for the coming century is to preserve and enhance this “American peace.”

Yet unless the United States maintains sufficient military strength, this opportunity will be lost. And in fact, over the past decade, the failure to establish a security strategy responsive to new realities and to provide adequate resources for the full range of missions needed to exercise U.S. global leadership has placed the American peace at growing risk. This report attempts to define those requirements. In particular, we need to:

**ESTABLISH FOUR CORE MISSIONS** for U.S. military forces:

- defend the American homeland;
- fight and decisively win multiple, simultaneous major theater wars;
- perform the “constabulary” duties associated with shaping the security environment in critical regions;

- transform U.S. forces to exploit the “revolution in military affairs;”

To carry out these core missions, we need to provide sufficient force and budgetary allocations. In particular, the United States must:

**MAINTAIN NUCLEAR STRATEGIC SUPERIORITY**, basing the U.S. nuclear deterrent upon a global, nuclear net assessment that weighs the full range of current and emerging threats, not merely the U.S.-Russia balance.

**RESTORE THE PERSONNEL STRENGTH** of today’s force to roughly the levels anticipated in the “Base Force” outlined by the Bush Administration, an increase in active-duty strength from 1.4 million to 1.6 million.

**REPOSITION U.S. FORCES** to respond to 21st century strategic realities by shifting permanently-based forces to Southeast Europe and Southeast Asia, and by changing naval deployment patterns to reflect growing U.S. strategic concerns in East Asia.

**MODERNIZE CURRENT U.S. FORCES SELECTIVELY**, proceeding with the F-22 program while increasing purchases of lift, electronic support and other aircraft; expanding submarine and surface combatant fleets; purchasing Comanche helicopters and medium-weight ground vehicles for the Army, and the V-22 Osprey “tilt-rotor” aircraft for the Marine Corps.

**CANCEL “ROADBLOCK” PROGRAMS** such as the Joint Strike Fighter, CVX aircraft carrier, and Crusader howitzer system that would absorb exorbitant amounts of Pentagon funding while providing limited improvements to current capabilities. Savings from these canceled programs should be used to spur the process of military transformation.

**DEVELOP AND DEPLOY GLOBAL MISSILE DEFENSES** to defend the American homeland and American allies, and to provide a secure basis for U.S. power projection around the world.

**CONTROL THE NEW “INTERNATIONAL COMMONS” OF SPACE AND “CYBERSPACE,”** and pave the way for the creation of a new military service – U.S. Space Forces – with the mission of space control.

**EXPLOIT THE “REVOLUTION IN MILITARY AFFAIRS”** to insure the long-term superiority of U.S. conventional forces. Establish a two-stage transformation process which • maximizes the value of current weapons systems through the application of advanced technologies, and • produces more profound improvements in military capabilities, encourages competition between single services and joint-service experimentation efforts.

**INCREASE DEFENSE SPENDING** gradually to a minimum level of 3.5 to 3.8 percent of gross domestic product, adding \$15 billion to \$20 billion to total defense spending annually.

Fulfilling these requirements is essential if America is to retain its militarily dominant status for the coming decades. Conversely, the failure to meet any of these needs must result in some form of strategic retreat. At current levels of defense spending, the only option is to try ineffectually to “manage” increasingly large risks: paying for today’s needs by short-

changing tomorrow’s; withdrawing from constabulary missions to retain strength for large-scale wars; “choosing” between presence in Europe or presence in Asia; and so on. These are bad choices. They are also false economies. The “savings” from withdrawing from the Balkans, for example, will not free up anywhere near the magnitude of funds needed for military modernization or transformation. But these are false economies in other, more profound ways as well. The true cost of not meeting our defense requirements will be a lessened capacity for American global leadership and, ultimately, the loss of a global security order that is uniquely friendly to American principles and prosperity. Since the end of the Cold War, the United States has struggled to formulate a coherent national security or military strategy, one that accounts for the constants of American power and principles yet accommodates 21st century realities. Absent a strategic framework, U.S. defense planning has been an empty and increasingly self-referential exercise, often dominated by bureaucratic and budgetary rather than strategic interests. Indeed, the proliferation of defense reviews over the past decade testifies to the failure to chart a consistent course: to date, there have been half a dozen formal defense reviews, and the Pentagon is now gearing up for a second Quadrennial Defense Review in 2001. Unless this “QDR II” matches U.S. military forces and resources to a viable American strategy, it, too, will fail. These failures are not without cost: already, they place at risk an historic opportunity. After the victories of the past century – two world wars, the Cold War and most recently the Gulf War – the United States finds itself as the uniquely powerful leader of a coalition of free and prosperous states that faces no immediate great-power challenge.

The American peace has proven itself peaceful, stable and durable. It has, over the past decade, provided the geopolitical framework for widespread economic growth and the spread of American principles of liberty and democracy. Yet no moment in international politics can be frozen in time; even a global Pax Americana will not preserve itself.

Paradoxically, as American power and influence are at their apogee, American military forces limp toward exhaustion, unable to meet the demands of their many and varied missions, including preparing for tomorrow’s battlefield. Today’s force, reduced by a third or more over the past decade, suffers from degraded combat readiness; from difficulties in recruiting and retaining sufficient numbers of soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines; from the effects of an extended “procurement holiday” that has resulted in the premature aging of most weapons systems; from an increasingly obsolescent and inadequate military infrastructure; from a shrinking industrial base poorly structured to be the “arsenal of democracy” for the 21st century; from a lack of innovation that threatens the technological and operational advantages enjoyed by U.S. forces for a generation and upon which American strategy depends. Finally, and most dangerously, the social fabric of the military is frayed and worn. U.S. armed forces suffer from a degraded quality of life divorced from middle-class expectations, upon which an all-volunteer force depends. Enlisted men and women and junior officers increasingly lack confidence in their senior leaders, whom they believe will not tell unpleasant truths to their civilian leaders. In sum, as the American peace reaches across the globe, the force that preserves that peace is increasingly overwhelmed by its tasks. This is no paradox; it is the inevitable consequence of the failure to match military means to geopolitical ends. Underlying the failed strategic and defense reviews of the past decade is the idea that the collapse of the Soviet Union had created a

“strategic pause.” In other words,

until another greatpower challenger emerges, the United States can enjoy a respite from the demands of international leadership. Like a boxer between championship bouts, America can afford to relax and live the good life, certain that there would be enough time to shape up for the next big challenge. Thus the United States could afford to reduce its military forces, close bases overseas, halt major weapons programs and reap the financial benefits of the

“peace dividend.” But as we have seen over the past decade, there has been no shortage of powers around the world who have taken the collapse of the Soviet empire as an opportunity to expand their own influence and challenge the American-led security





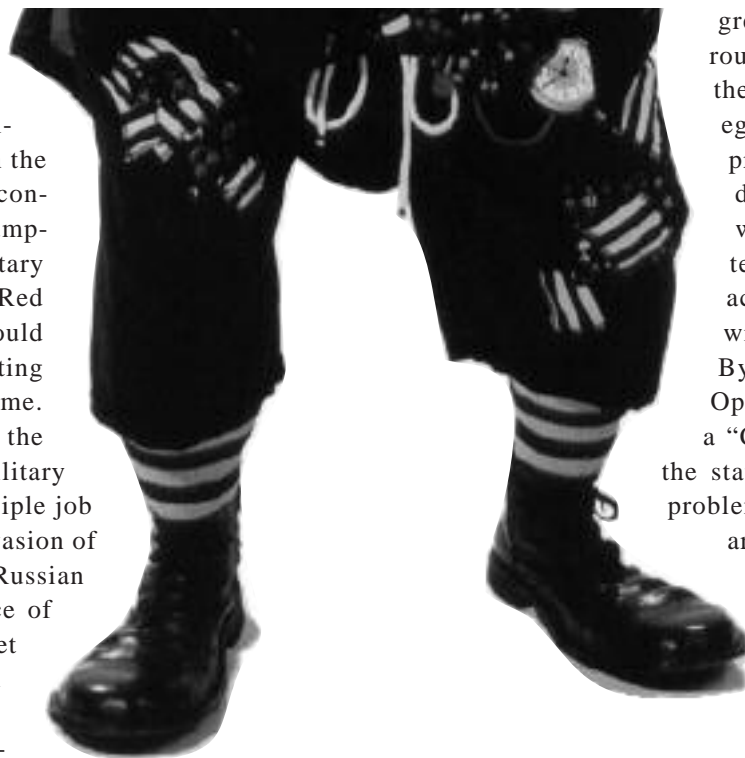
order.

Beyond the faulty notion of a strategic pause, recent defense reviews have suffered from an inverted understanding of the military dimension of the Cold War struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union. American containment strategy did not proceed from the assumption that the Cold War would be a purely military struggle, in which the U.S. Army matched the Red Army tank for tank; rather, the United States would seek to deter the Soviets militarily while defeating them economically and ideologically over time. And, even within the realm of military affairs, the practice of deterrence allowed for what in military terms is called “an economy of force.” The principle job of NATO forces, for example, was to deter an invasion of Western Europe, not to invade and occupy the Russian heartland. Moreover, the bipolar nuclear balance of terror made both the United States and the Soviet Union generally cautious. Behind the smallest proxy war in the most remote region lurked the possibility of Armageddon. Thus, despite numerous miscalculations through the five decades of Cold War, the United States reaped an extraordinary measure of global security and stability simply by building a credible and, in relative terms, inexpensive nuclear arsenal.

Over the decade of the post-Cold-War period, however, almost everything has changed. The Cold War world was a bipolar world; the 21st century world is – for the moment, at least – decidedly unipolar, with America as the world’s “sole superpower.”

America’s strategic goal used to be containment of the Soviet Union; today the task is to preserve an international security environment conducive to American interests and ideals. The military’s job during the Cold War was to deter Soviet expansionism. Today its task is to secure and expand the “zones of democratic peace;” to deter the rise of a new greatpower competitor; defend key regions of Europe, East Asia and the Middle East; and to preserve American preeminence through the coming transformation of war made possible by new technologies. From 1945 to 1990, U.S. forces prepared themselves for a single, global war that might be fought across many theaters; in the new century, the prospect is for a variety of theater wars around the world, against separate and distinct adversaries pursuing separate and distinct goals. During the Cold War, the main venue of superpower rivalry, the strategic “center of gravity,” was in Europe, where large U.S. and NATO conventional forces prepared to repulse a Soviet attack and over which nuclear war might begin; and with Europe now generally at peace, the new strategic center of concern appears to be shifting to East Asia. The missions for America’s armed forces have not diminished so much as shifted.

The threats may not be as great, but there are more of them. During the Cold War, America acquired its security “wholesale” by global deterrence of the Soviet Union. Today, that same security can only be acquired at the “retail” level, by deterring or, when needed, by compelling regional foes to act in ways that protect American interests and principles. This gap between a diverse and expansive set of new strategic realities and diminishing defense forces and resources does much to explain why the Joint Chiefs of Staff routinely declare that they see “high risk” in executing the missions assigned to U.S. armed forces under the government’s declared national military strategy. Indeed, a JCS assessment conducted at the height of the Kosovo air war found the risk level “unacceptable.” Such risks are the result of the combination of the new missions described above and the dramatically reduced military force that has emerged from the defense “drawdown” of the past decade. Today, America spends less than 3 percent of its gross domestic product on national defense, less than at any time since before World War II – in other words, since before the United States established itself as the world’s leading power – and a cut from 4.7 percent of GDP in 1992, the first real post-Cold-War defense budget. Most of this reduction has come under the Clinton Administration; despite initial promises to approximate the level of defense spending called for in the final Bush Administration program, President Clinton cut more than \$160 billion from the Bush program from 1992 to 1996 alone. Over the first seven years of the Clinton Administration, approximately \$426 billion in defense investments have been deferred, creating a weapons procurement “bow wave” of immense proportions. The most immediate effect of reduced defense spending has been a precipitate decline in combat readiness. Across all services, units are reporting degraded readiness, spare parts and personnel shortages, postponed and simplified training regimens, and many other problems. In con-



gressional testimony, service chiefs of staff now routinely report that their forces are inadequate to the demands of the “twowar” national military strategy. Press attention focused on these readiness problems when it was revealed that two Army divisions were given a “C-4” rating, meaning they were not ready for war. Yet it was perhaps more telling that none of the Army’s ten divisions achieved the highest “C-1” rating, reflecting the widespread effects of slipping readiness standards. By contrast, every division that deployed to Operation Desert Storm in 1990 and 1991 received a “C-1” rating. This is just a snapshot that captures the state of U.S. armed forces today. These readiness problems are exacerbated by the fact that U.S. forces are poorly positioned to respond to today’s crises.

In Europe, for example, the overwhelming majority of Army and Air Force units remain at their Cold War bases in Germany or England, while the security problems on the continent have moved to Southeast Europe.

Temporary rotations of forces to the Balkans and elsewhere in Southeast Europe increase the overall burdens of these operations many times. Likewise, the Clinton Administration has continued the fiction that the operations of American forces in the Persian Gulf are merely temporary duties. Nearly a decade after the Gulf War, U.S. air, ground and naval forces continue to protect enduring American interests in the region. In addition to rotational naval forces, the Army maintains what amounts to an armored brigade in Kuwait for nine months of every year; the Air Force has two composite air wings in constant “no-fly zone” operations over northern and southern Iraq. And despite increasing worries about the rise of China and instability in Southeast Asia, U.S. forces are found almost exclusively in Northeast Asian bases. Yet for all its problems in carrying out today’s missions, the Pentagon has done almost nothing to prepare for a future that promises to be very different and potentially much more dangerous. It is now commonly understood that information and other new technologies – as well as widespread technological and weapons proliferation – are creating a dynamic that may threaten America’s ability to exercise its dominant military power. Potential rivals such as China are anxious to exploit these transformational technologies broadly, while adversaries like Iran, Iraq and North Korea are rushing to develop ballistic missiles and nuclear weapons as a deterrent to American intervention in regions they seek to dominate. Yet the Defense Department and the services have done little more than affix a “transformation” label to programs developed during the Cold War, while diverting effort and attention to a process of joint experimentation which restricts rather than encourages innovation. Rather than admit that rapid technological changes makes it uncertain which new weapons systems to develop, the armed services cling ever more tightly to traditional program and concepts. As Andrew Krepinevich, a member of the National Defense Panel, put it in a recent study of Pentagon experimentation, “Unfortunately, the Defense Department’s rhetoric asserting the need for military transformation and its support for joint experimentation has yet to be matched by any great sense of urgency or any substantial resource support....At present the Department’s effort is poorly focused and woefully underfunded.” In sum, the 1990s have been a “decade of defense neglect.” This leaves the next president of the United States with an enormous challenge: he must increase military spending to preserve American geopolitical leadership, or he must pull back from the security commitments that are the measure of America’s position as the world’s sole superpower and the final guarantee of security, democratic freedoms and individual political rights. This choice will be among the first to confront the president: new legislation requires the incoming administration to fashion a national security strategy within six months of assuming office, as opposed to waiting a full year, and to complete another quadrennial defense review three months after that. In a larger sense, the new president will choose whether today’s “unipolar moment,” to use columnist Charles Krauthammer’s phrase for America’s current geopolitical preeminence, will be extended along with the peace and prosperity that it provides. This study seeks to frame these choices clearly, and to re-establish the links between U.S. foreign policy, security strategy, force planning and defense spending. If an American peace is to be maintained, and expanded, it must have a secure foundation on unquestioned U.S. military preeminence...Further, the process of transformation, even if it brings revolutionary change, is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalyzing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

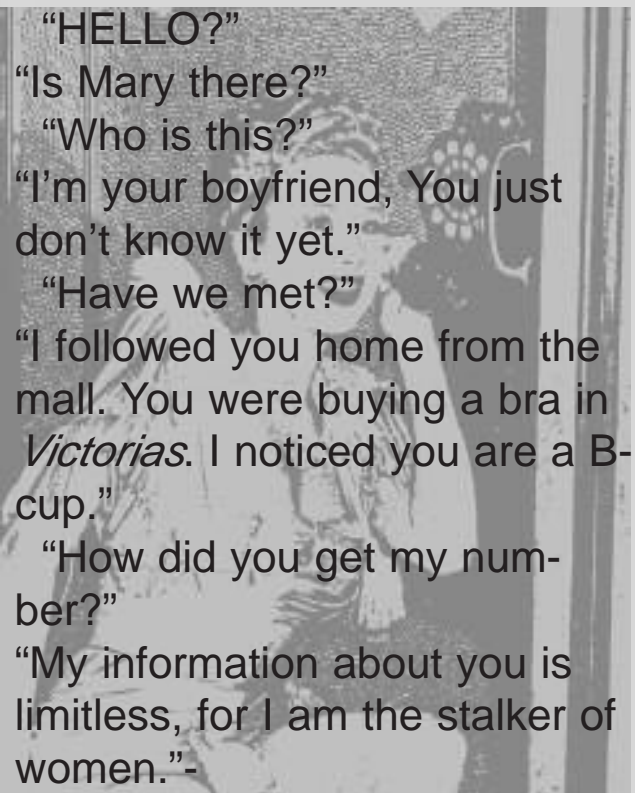




DANCE



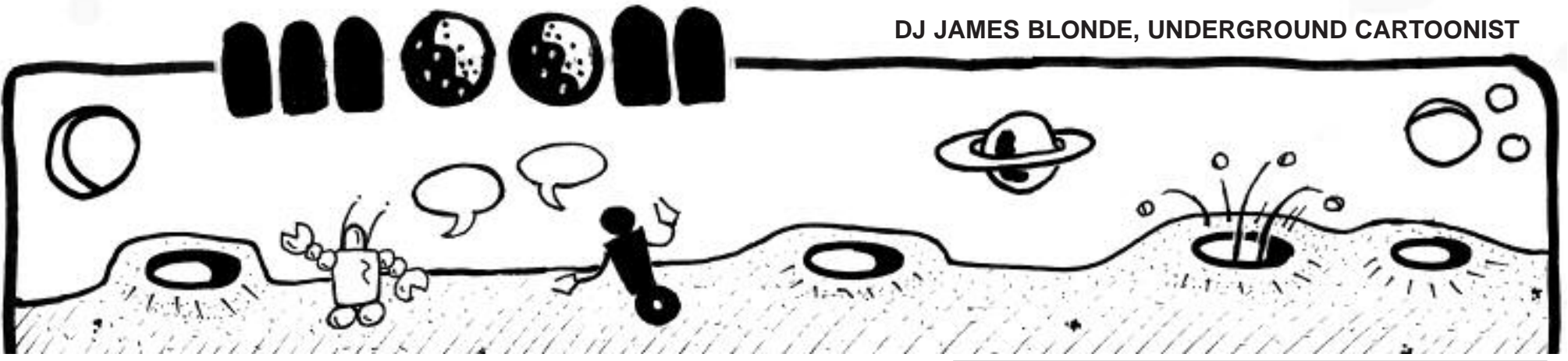
YOUR AD  
HERE



“HELLO?”  
“Is Mary there?”  
“Who is this?”  
“I’m your boyfriend, You just don’t know it yet.”  
“Have we met?”  
“I followed you home from the mall. You were buying a bra in *Victorias*. I noticed you are a B-cup.”  
“How did you get my number?”  
“My information about you is limitless, for I am the stalker of women.”-







Now Junior, while we're out on vacation visiting Saturn, make sure you don't have any parties, and whatever you do...

Yes, MOM, I know, whatever I do...

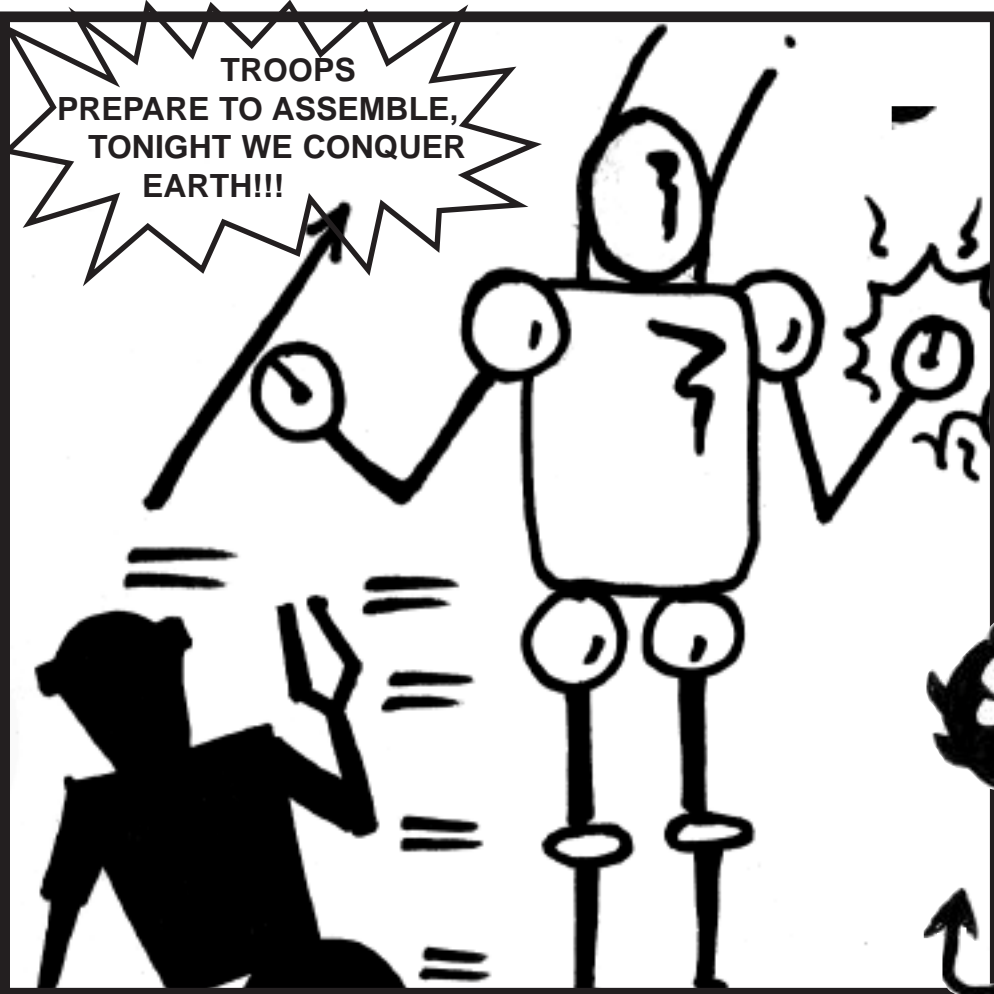
**DON'T TRY TO TAKE OVER THE EARTH!!!**



I can't wait to show earth who will be their new master!!

Oh Brother, not again.

SOMEWHERE, deep in space, on the other-side of the galaxy, on a floating asteroid, manufactured by an intellectually superior race of aliens, a family leaves it's teenage son home alone for the first time. What will he do? Under-age drinking-alien party, with loose women from MARS? Or maybe late-night drug parties with the finest Venetian foot-powder available. To be administered between the toes, by midget hookers, at half-price? NO.....



Will this snot-nosed brat invade earth?  
Will his parents return early and thwart his plans?  
Will the invasion be a success, and we will all be slaves to a bizarre alien race,  
and hey what happened to the loose women from MARS?



---Tune in next week, when we find out the answers to these, and other strange questions. Like, is SASQUATCH real? Who invented the INTERNET? Is there life on the moon? And if there is...how's the real-estate? Where is the body of JIMMY HOFFA? And where is the body of NATILY HALLOWAY, and all those people that disappear off of cruise-ships(could it be ALIENS?) And other strange questions like, why do men have nipples? Which came first? the chicken McNugget, or the EggMcMuffin? Which came first? I DREAM OF JEANNIE, or BEWITCHED? THE MUNSTERS or THE ADDAMS FAMILY? The BEVERLY-HILLBILLIES or ANNA NICOLE SMITH?



# Ask Amberly Jane

Let's go for a ride.

Into the deep we go, split-nail all over the freeway, careening in excess of 95 past the blurred and abandoned, clutching the arm next to you as if the very fate of your lives rest in the pressure of your grasp, in and out of consciousness, approaching the edge – the roller-coaster plummet – before finally plunging down the tear-drop loop into frantic oblivion.

Everyone's hands up, we're going down.

And such is life. Some days are wine and roses, and some days it's not worth chewing through the leather straps. Yeah, no column last week, trouble on the home front; our deepest ulcers' originate from the ones we love the most ... strange paradox, and an obvious low on the roller-coaster rodeo of life.

But this week is special.

As three+ years of Ask A.J. winds down, and as my own accumulated years start to explicitly accumulate, I've come to truly appreciate how much I owe my friends. I clutch their arms for stability, motor-boat their breasts, they keep me sane and functional. So this column is for you.

I'm naming names. I'm telling stories.

We are going to ride a day-in-the-life together.

This one's for the hometown fans...

Our journey starts in Greeley – built by an architect who designed prisons, it's a testament to all things institutional. Though it was 'renovated' last summer, they didn't pull the carpet up because of the asbestos underneath, they just laid new carpet over top ... so it's strangely squishy. (Nothing like freshly laid carpet tho.) There's an infamous tomato slice that has been stuck to a window – we've been tracking its progress for the last 2 years; now green-brown, moldy, and half its original size, no one bothered to clean it during said 'renovation'. (A metaphor for SB, perhaps?) And it doesn't help that 2 weeks ago, someone shit all over the downstairs couch. Yes, you read that right. Merde!

However, this column isn't about Stony Brook, per se, or the building I live in, but the remarkable group of misfit hooligans that this institution brought together. Going back to school, coming to Stony, was one of the best decisions of my life ... because of the people. Because today I hung outside on a big blanket with Jules; we looked up at the tranquil blue sky, at once vast and dense. It was seamless azure, the only mark, the only dimple – a sliver of moon, like a pale dancers leg thrust outside the curtain right before a big number.

Jules, the adorable Brooklyn sprite, tough and vulnerable all at once. I love wheeling her around in a broken shopping cart, her razor wit, and the way she feels the need to grab my breast nonchalantly while we're watching a movie. "I just had to do it," she said. "They look so good." The only thing missing to complete our usual Trifecta of Doom is Emily (who's at work), my partner in crime and Paris – my most trusted friend within these hallowed halls. Together we delight in freak-ing out squares with our secret language! (We were destined to be in each other's lives.)

Jules and I walk to Kelly, grab an iced cof-

fee (from sweet nymph Natalie – thanks for always taking care of me), and then walk back to Greeley to see a handful of our friends with instruments in hand, free-styling around the bell on the hill.

Spring fever.

Giacomo is there – he's got a grin like the Beer Barrel Polka – another Italian with a bigger heart I have never met. "You're doin' great kiddo," he always says. And Stasi and Danny Love, with their respective instruments, alternate between goofy and quiet, but together they fuse and ooze through co-mingling melodies.

It could be one of a million times, when we pass around the peace pipe, listen and share stories of drinking contests, sexual encounters, and run-ins with cops gone awry. Maybe beautiful Ashley tells about the porn she saw where the guy came for an entire minute, strand after strand of hot stickiness in a never-ending geyser. "I saw a porn with a propane torch," someone says ... and we go on from there, etching stained glass stories, bouncing around topics like a jaywalker dodging taxi cabs.

Desi, who I will describe with much affection as a Hobbit hippie, tells me about the previous night when he participated in a case race – a race to finish 30 beers. His partner was Nancy (his special lady who has the most perfect breasts I've ever seen, thanks to Ashley's toga party). They were competing against Andrew, a fantastically large Canadian specimen who is also coming with me to Paris, and Cezar, who is a master of the drum no matter how drunk he gets.

Fifteen-odd beers later, Desi has turned into 'crazy eyes', and projectile vomited across Cezar's desk and printer. The (working) printer gets tossed off the second story balcony, and becomes yet another scene of destruction below.

That's when the fighting starts.

Andrew prevailed and won bragging rights – of course he is a much bigger cat, and physics is not optional. His normally gentle nature dissolved and he called Desi, a proud Irishman – Welsh! Them's proverbial fighting words, being the Welsh are a historically lazy bunch of pussies who've never fought for their independence. Crazy Eyes saw red – it was David and Goliath all biblical on someone's ass, it was the Peanuts dust-cloud with random hands and flip-flops poking out. Desi defended his Irish honor through the body slams and bruises and back aches the next day ... the next day being April Fools Day.

I was recuperating from a party the night before – Kate's party, a girl who works insanely hard at NYPIRG, but may remind you that she's not all business. At the party was Chris 'everyone-knows' Manley (his hair alone is infamous), and Rob and Melanie, two exquisite *Press* souls who I can never get enough of; and Melissa, who shares my pain in French class, and could be a doe-eyed cocoa porcelain doll. And Jaime who is just as likely to stand on a chair and recite poetry as he is to play with people's noses and laugh in their face and generally test the bounds of each person ... much to the delight of me, I might add. And Isaac, who I bumped into at the Hilary Clinton demonstration last month, who observed, "Why do neo-conservatives always look constipated?"

So I'm recuperating after said party.

Jeremy, a charming lad with 'Carpe Diem' tattooed on his arm, calls to invite me in on a 16 gram joint. (Always love spontaneous drug invitations.)

Can't. Deadlines piling up.

He shares a story of his suit-mate Ben. Another Hobbit, Ben is a small Frenchman with fantastic dry wit; although whenever I hug him, I feel like he's screaming on the inside. Ben was walking around the parking lot on campus, during ICON weekend, when he sees Kevin Sorbo. He decides to fuck with him. "You're the guy from Gladiator, right ... or Titan?" Sorbo can only snort and say, "Actually, Hercules." Ben remains disaffected. "Yeah, that was a good show," he says as he walks away ... laughing on the inside.

I get off the phone with Jeremy and head down the hall. Past Ashley dancing the robot to "Satisfaction". Past the tomato, and the guys playing hockey in the hallway. Past Aline's room – who had the best Halloween costume – 'Apathy' scrawled across her bountiful breasts under a regular T-shirt. And then around the corner, past a hallway saturated sour with young buck testosterone – I hear, "No! You don't need pants!"

I decide not to investigate; I knew from the voice it was Kelvin. Maybe Kwame's around, or Ricky or Alex or John. All great guys I've seen sloppy drunk in togas and towels.

I continue my journey for yet another coffee, and who do I see randomly outside Kelly, but a dude who doesn't go here anymore, who I haven't seen in a year+, who always had the most pungently delicious Buddha. "I've got 20 dollars in my pocket," I say, after exchanging pleasantries. "That's funny, because I have something for you. It could be a 20," he says; his companion looks over with apprehension. "You don't understand," he reassures him, and nods to me. "This is peoples." Done and done.

I walk into Kelly, fingering the treasure in my pocket, unable to relax my wicked grin. When I get back, folks are chilling, as always, making music and procrastination. The bong was summoned, packed with treasure, and passed around.

It smelled like Christmas.

Desi, always a dynamic storyteller, tells about the sketchy Indian reservation where he purchased blunts and stoges, where there were a handful of guys sitting in the middle of the asphalt at a fork in the road. Just sitting there in the dark. We hypothesized about the Indians, talked about how to hallucinate on Robitussen, the despicable Welsh, and Nancy's perfect breasts ... and laid back to inhale our youth.

Damn. So there was a ride inside my deeply-loved Greeley brood. Random memories on this furtive evening ... I'm still trying to effectively encapsulate everything through this byzantine conduit in my mind.

I sure went all over the place – but such is a good ride. Or, at least a good trip.

Dear Amberly Jane,

My girlfriend and I read you column and we love love LOVE you!!

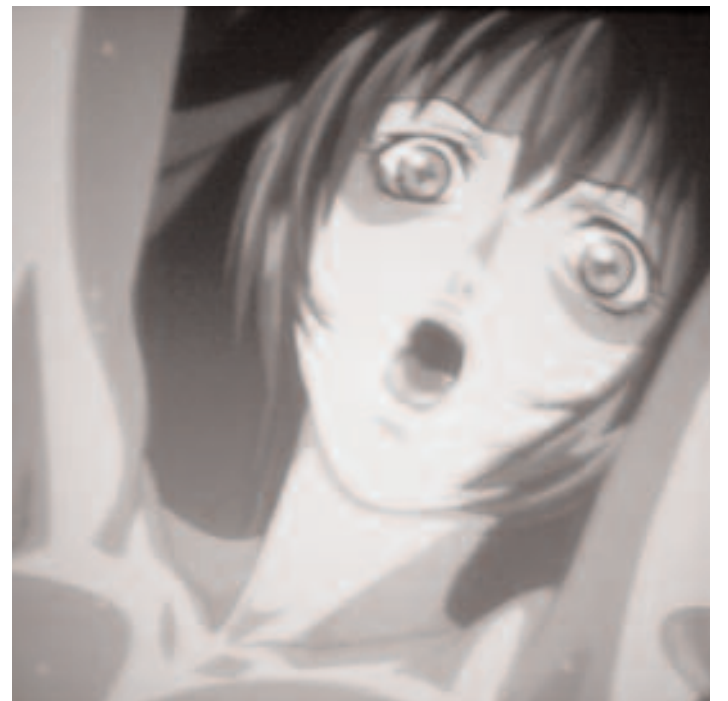
I wanted to write to you to tell the world



# Ask Amberly Jane



Hentai at ICON was a treat as always. In this movie, the girl above decides she wants to use a book of magic to conjure up Satan. She gets more than she bargained for when Satan, with his multi-toothed-phalli, rapes her 8 ways to Sunday. The final frame is the face of realization.



about her and her sexy ways. My girlfriend and I sometimes go tanning together at this salon. She likes it, and I like the way her hot body looks with those sexy high hipped tan-lines that remind me of summer (and also frame her sweet pouty coochie). We had just booked a session for each of us and went to our separate rooms to get undressed. Our rooms were adjacent and she called out to me to go over to hers; she needed my help. I knocked and walked in. She already had her bikini bottoms on and wanted me to rub some tanning lotion on her back before she got in. She handed me the bottle and turned her topless body around and pulled her hair to one side and in front (I always liked when she did that 'cause it exposed those sexy soft hairs and babyskin at the nape of her neck).

For a moment, I admired her rounded curves and caught her peach-fuzz hairs (that also ran down her back) in the light of that room, it made my heart jump. I squeezed some lotion onto my fingers and rubbed it on. It was cold though, and caused her goose-bumps and being up-close like that I could smell her perfume and the sweet coconut smell that reminded me of our summer days coming. I couldn't help but kiss her shoulders and breathe in that heady scent. As I worked down her back and legs there I was half standing, with her turned-out ass in front of me and I could see the edges of her pussy under her bikini and soon, I was set on fire.

We both knew it was an erotic moment and she turned to the bed and bent over. As I kissed her between the legs she would wave her ass back and

forth, that little slut. The changing timer had gone off and the bed flickered on, and we were both lit by the tanning bulbs. The room quickly got warm and I knew to turn out the lights and let us both slip into our purple ultraviolet dream. She then took off her bikini bottoms and climbed in. She looked unearthly beautiful in that light and I was making love to an Angel it seemed.

We don't know if anybody knew what had happened when we walked out of that room, and we didn't care: It was our moment.

With much love, from Ultra and Violet

Dear UV,

Wow. Thanks for the erotica. Just thinking about that last part makes my cornea burn, though. Eye protection isn't a bad idea; you don't want cataracts with your coitus.

Dear Amberly Jane,

I need your advice and I know that only you will answer me truthfully with none of that P.C crap. This is my first time writing to your column. I even opened a new email address to do this.

I work in an office in Stony Brook that I won't mention here, and we've recently hired some new employees into our department. In particular there is one hottie that keeps driving me crazy by walking around our carpeted office in her sheer black stockinged feet. And to add to my torture, she has an ankle charm under them and sometimes walks on her pretty toes (which of course arches her feet and puts a flex into her beautiful calves). I've

deliberately turned my desk so I can catch a glimpse of her when she passes by.

I've tried to keep my stares discreet but I think she knows. I know she knows. Because I've been so busted by her. I got to work one morning and saw a manila folder on my desk. I settled down and opened it only to find several photocopies of those angelic feet, with pretty views from every angle, which led me to visualize how she had languidly put herself on the copy machine and pushed that green copy button. I don't know what will come of this, I don't want to make trouble. But she drives me crazy! Should I take the hint or expect to be fired? Sole Man

Dear Sole Man,

It sounds like you would know her tootsies anywhere - if it is her, she definitely wants to party! Quick dragging those cold fish, fuck your job at this paltry university and plunge feet-first into a stride-right office romance. And then maybe one day after the others have left, you can hoist her atop the copy machine, smear glistening fluids on her feet and make love to her arches!

...Also I must thank NEUROS for all the great shit on DC++!!

To summon the forces of darkness, e-mail:

[AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com](mailto:AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com)



# Party Like It's 1913

By Joan Koh

Equality under the law shall not be denied or abridged because of sex, race, color, creed, or national origin, says Article 1 of the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights.

This was crucial to the decision in *Goodridge v. The Department of Public Health*, a case set before the Massachusetts Supreme Court in 2003 which ruled that restricting same-sex couples access to the institution of marriage was a denial of basic rights and privileges as defined by the states Constitution.

According to the ruling, these restrictions would be equivalent to demoting same-sex couples to second-class citizens, frowned upon by the court and forbidden by the state's Constitution.

Furthermore, not only would these same-sex couples be denied legal rights (social security benefits, property laws, etc.) but, because marriage is a social institution implying a sense of mutuality, companionship, intimacy, fidelity, and family, "as well as security", the ruling says, same-sex couples denied the right to marry would be essentially excluded from the majority of society in the privilege to experience these very human benefits.

Why is it, then, that this same court has so recently affixed a new set of restrictions to same-sex marriage, declaring that, if your state of residence does not allow same-sex marriages, Massachusetts can no longer help you?

The new ruling, *Cote-Whitacre v. The Department of Public Health*, may have evolved to stand on two legs, one being the fourth article of the United States Constitution which holds that each

state must hold the judicial proceedings and records of every other state in good faith. This is, admittedly, a double-edged sword, or at least the means of a possible stalemate in the state-by-state struggles; on one hand, Massachusetts cannot grant marriages to those from states which prohibit them. On the other hand, however, this could just as easily apply to those multiple states who prohibit same-sex marriages: those restrictive laws are a blatant violation of any constitution upholding gender equality.

Yes, we're talking about the other kind of sex, one that has nothing to do with what goes on behind closed doors.

In the state of Massachusetts, a state resident can get a commuter's marriage to an out-of-state resident of the opposite gender. If the marriage is to someone of the same gender, however, whose state of residence prohibits same-sex marriage, no commuter license is granted.

This is gender discrimination, a violation of the state's own constitution.

Then there's the matter of the second leg to

hold the case's weight. The rest of *Cote-Whitacre v. The Department of Public Health* rests squarely on the shoulders of The Uniform Marriage Evasion Act, first adopted in 1913.

What does a case from the start of the Wilson administration have to do with same-sex marriage?

Ask your formerly second-class citizens.

Section 11 of the ninety-seven-year-old act outlines the basic principle already adopted by a handful of states before the latest Massachusetts ruling in effect restated the same idea: if your residential state prohibits your marriage, for whatever reason, you cannot be married in a state that allows it.

Section 12 specifically states that a clerk may check that [the out-of-state resident] is not prohibited from intermarrying in their resident state.

The main purpose of The Uniform Marriage Evasion Act, of course, was to attempt to quash interracial marriages throughout the country.

Last time I checked, there's no national uproar about the negroes marrying the whiteys.

So I'm left with one question remaining: what year is it again?



Woman Carrying Woman, over threshold  
Courtesy of The Bay State

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# You Don't Matter to the Government Unless You Have Money

By Lukasz Chelminski

If you didn't know this yet, let me tell you a story. You might think I'm stupid for blowing it out of proportion, but I think it is a great example of how even small matters like this have an effect on people's lives. With that out of the way, let's hop into a time machine to September of 2005.

One of my school books was at my friend's house. This was bad since I had an exam coming up on September 20<sup>th</sup>, and it was 9pm the night before. I jumped in my car thinking about nothing but grabbing my book and getting some studying done. On the way west down Rt. 347, I pulled into the parking lot of the Duane Reade on the corner of Stony Brook Rd. to get something caffeinated.

On the way into the parking lot I saw a valiant officer of the law putting his life on the line for our society as he waited to make a right from Stony Brook Road onto the highway. Of course, the Duane Reade was closed. Things were looking up! Being pissed that I had just wasted precious time, I got back into my car.

At this point I should mention that my car is really small. It only seats two people and I'm constantly avoiding death by oblivious motorist. This makes me drive defensively and carefully. As I was driving out of the parking lot I barely got on my brakes. There was no need to. The view from the parking lot is clear and unobstructed, and I could see that the light at Stony Brook Road was red, and the cars that were making a right on Rt. 347 were passing the exit of the strip mall as I drove out.

Unfortunately, one of these cars was the police car. I merged into the right lane, parallel to his vehicle in the middle lane and, being a paranoid 21 year old, didn't pass him even though he was going 30 mph at the time. He deliberated for about 5 seconds then dived behind me and pulled me over within 100 feet of the exit.

I was kind of dumbfounded as the lights went on. Let's review the situation. The exit onto the road is set up so that you merge into traffic at speed. I'm sure many readers have been through there. It is a semi on-ramp kind of thing with absolutely no traffic devices. No yield sign. No white line. Nothing. According to the New York State Vehicle and Traffic Law, this means I need to yield to oncoming traffic but if the way is clear I do not have to stop.

So there I am, sitting in the Friendly's parking lot (I wasn't feeling the McDonald's lot and the bagel place looked too uninviting). I flip my interior lights on and lower the music. The fact that police officers get to carry guns and suffer from paranoia that put any regular citizen's to shame suggests that everyone should do this.

Anyway, this guy takes his sweet time getting out of his car and over to me. He asks me if I'm in a hurry (a tip to all you future criminals: never say yes to that. In fact, speak as little as possible). Unfortunately I said that, yes, I was in a hurry; I had a test the following day and needed to get my book from a friend's house. Honesty is the best policy, right? Haha, ok, maybe if you live in some wacky alternate dimension (If you do, please contact me immediately).

With that completed, the officer goes back to his car. I began to wonder if I would get a tick-

et or not. I was sure that I was not getting one. After all, I hadn't done anything wrong. I went through all the possibilities in my head. There was nothing, and I was getting kind of annoyed since this quick trip was turning into quite an ordeal. Roughly 25 (twenty-five) minutes later, the cop comes back to my car, ticket in hand.

Even though I jokingly thought to myself that he was taking so long because he was scouring his law book looking for something to stick me with, I was convinced that there would be no way I would be getting a ticket. Seven months later, this would become much funnier.

I asked the officer what I did wrong. He told me that I did not come to a complete stop. I politely mentioned that there was no stop sign there and, according to the law, it was a yield intersection. He then changed his story, and said that I almost "creamed that car". I asked the officer what car he was referring to, at which point he told me that if I didn't like it he would see me in court (Remember that thing I said about keeping your mouth shut? Keep in mind I was polite the whole time).

**"Assume that all police officers are liars."**

Ok, back in the time machine. I obviously chose to contest the ticket. My first court date was in February. The officer decided not to show up, and I got rescheduled. There is a lesson to be learned in this, but I'll save all the lessons for the end. If I'm boring you, just skip to there because I want everyone to learn from my misfortune not grow old and weary before finishing this.

March 24<sup>th</sup>, 2006: a day... that will live... in infamy. But seriously, this would be the day that a dumb traffic ticket convinced me that the opinion I had formed of life and society was absolutely correct. In the past weeks, I braced myself for the inevitable by thinking that, if anything, I would learn from this experience.

I showed up to court, thrift store tie and all. I was clutching a nondescript black dossier containing my evidence, which was a series of pictures of the area and a print out of the traffic law that I had been accused of breaking. Once the officer said that he had just made a right onto the road, I would pull out the photographs of the "No Turn on Red" sign, the photos of the exit, and it would be over. Well, it kind of was.

After waiting for one and a half hours, and for every single other person in the court room to have their turn (if you hadn't figured this out yet, I was the last person to go before the judge), I was up. The officer had conveniently shown up about 15 minutes before I was called. Wish they would have told me what time I would actually be heard.

The judge was pretty old. In my post-hearing fury I forgot his name, which is unfortunate because I need it for the appeal form I'm currently filling out. Now hold on readers, because I'm changing the tense of the story for your benefit.

Anyway, at this point all this guy wants to do is go to lunch, which is made evident when he gets all flustered as I pause in stunned disbelief after the officer reads his 'evidence' against me. Why has my jaw just hit the ground? The officer had just completed telling a fictional story. Nothing he said had actually taken place, except for the presence of his cruiser and my vehicle within sight of each-other. In addition, he trampled my moral judgment by implying that I endangered other human beings for my benefit.

Apparently, he had been driving down Route 347 at ~50 miles per hour, when he saw me drive out of this parking lot. Now, as I was obviously in some sort of drug induced state, I swerved into the middle lane as I was merging and proceeded to run a car off the road. The car in question was a "white sedan". I have to admit, this was a masterstroke by the officer, as my car is also white. Way to trip up the judge. He conveniently places himself several hundred feet behind this whole incident (so... in the intersection of the preceding road. Running a red light then, officer?)

The farce of a trial became deliriously funny to me as the judge asked the officer questions like 'did you see the car's brakes?' (Which car? Didn't matter!), to which the guy answered 'No, but I saw the front end dip slightly'. If anyone can tell me the value (aside from comic relief) of that exchange, I'd love to hear it. At this point, I know it is over, but I try to tell my story anyway. Of course, with the officer's story in the judge's head, none of what I am saying is making sense. He says, and I quote, 'you're not convincing me'. Several seconds later (I got to speak for roughly 40 seconds) it is all over. Sweet: ninety dollar fine and 3 points on my license.

At this point, I'm tempted to regale you with stories of the other cases the judge handled in the hour and a half I sat there, but I will resist. hilariously, this cop had also screwed some other guy even worse than he had gotten me. This poor guy mailed himself photographs (to date them) showing that a sign he had apparently disobeyed was not there on the day in question. Short story short, the judge believed the officer's word over physical evidence.

I've learned several things from my experience that I'd like to pass on to you:

Assume that all police officers are liars. I'm not saying they are, but from my experience, it is better safe than sorry. Not only are they liars, but they can do so under oath with no repercussions.

Traffic court is a joke. I think everyone knows this. Let me qualify it for you a little. See point one about officers lying under oath. Unless you have enough money so that this system of law doesn't apply to you since you don't need to worry about fines and insurance, get a lawyer. Ironically, if you have enough money to not worry, you will be able to afford a lawyer. God Bless our capitalist society! This brings me to point three.

Get a lawyer. A stupid traffic ticket isn't worth the aggravation, and you're going to get screwed anyway. This thing sat over my head like a rain cloud for seven months, and look what I got as a reward. Even if you're guilty, get a lawyer.

Continued on next page



# You Don't Matter to the Government Unless You Have Money Continued...

By Lukasz Chelminski

Continued from previous page

Traffic tickets are nothing but a road tax and should be fought no matter what (unless they're criminal, like drunk driving, in which case you should drive your car off a cliff with you inside it).

Even if you did something and can't afford a lawyer, contest the damn thing. You have nothing to lose. The choice is between paying up immediately and putting our hilariously ineffective judicial system to use. Sure, the system is only a litmus test for how much money you have, but if you're lucky the officer won't show up and your case will get dismissed.

If you're slightly less lucky, you will get a chance to speak to a DA, during which time you can make an agreement for a lesser punishment. Seek this out. I didn't, thinking that since the officer had nothing to stand on I would easily win. Next time (hopefully there won't be a next time), I am pursuing this course of action.

Lie, cheat, or make use of anything you can think of to win. The government's representatives sure will. Reschedule hearings multiple times to attempt to confuse the cop, plead to have your case dismissed even if the officer has only missed the date once, etc.

I think that is about it. If anyone is in my position right now, email me or something and I'll talk to you about it. I know I wanted people to ask things about the proceedings. After the fact, I see it as one expensive joke. I'm going to conclude with the effect this has had on me.

As I mentioned before, I now assume that all police officers are liars and are out to get me. This has been true in my experience, especially out here on Long Island. If you didn't know, our police department is one of the highest paid in the nation.

A lot of officers get paid over \$100,000 to do what they do. Now I'm sure some of you are saying 'but they deserve it! They have a dangerous job: To protect and serve and all that good stuff!' Yeah, right. Who's the one with the gun and radio again?

The police have only one job, and that is to maintain order so that our governmental and corporate institutions can continue to do whatever they please. I feel bad for the officers that don't get paid a decent amount to do what they do in areas that actually are dangerous. All that indoctrination will do a number on you in that you refuse to realize that all you are is a tool protecting your masters, while all your service can at most have a trivial effect on those that you would like to think you serve.

I don't know about you, but I most often see our valiant protectors sitting around in parking lots in tandem playing Gameboy. I can only wonder how the wireless Nintendo DS has affected this ritual.

I think my feelings on our institutions are clear at this point, but let me go into a bit more detail. The trial I was offered proved to me what a farce our judicial system is. You are not equal, but rather divided by how much robbery by the government you can afford, and your ability to purchase legal counsel. There is also the hilarious fact that if you can afford a lawyer, you can likely afford the fine anyway.

What I am talking about is far more evident in actual criminal cases like the recent Abramoff verdict where this guy, after ruining thousands of lives, got five years in prison. That kind of sentence is easily within reach of recreational drug users. God Bless America! If it isn't covered this week, maybe next issue I can tell this wonderful story!

In addition to all the great opinions about our government that this experience has reinforced in me, I also got to have this thing nagging me for months. Ask anyone that knows me; this really stressed me out. I just don't have the money to deal with stuff like this. Taking into consideration a not at fault accident in December, and a minor ticket I was stupid not to contest last February (2005 was a bad year for me), I have a feeling that I should be preparing to sell my car since I won't be able to afford insurance on it.

As if insult and injury weren't enough, the government decided to take back the money it had just granted me on my tax return by mailing me a 'Driver Assessment Statement', which is a criminalizing way of saying that I need to give them \$300 over the next three years for getting two tickets within 18 months of each-other. As the judge sentenced me he said "it's only three points", which was apparently supposed to make me relax.

Maybe if I were a short-sighted idiot I would have, but I knew at that time that the combination of insurance and fines would end up costing me a large percentage of my annual part-time income. Considering the nonchalant attitude of the proceedings, I think the system needs just a bit of tweaking to even come close to making sense. In the end, nothing got accomplished except for a rather not so well-off college kid getting exploited by his masters, er... government.

P.S. For those of you that want to tell me to leave the country if I dislike it so much: I can't afford it, but pay for my plane ticket and I'm out of here.

## Seawolves Men's Soccer Win A Pair Against Puerto Rico Under-21

By Antony Lin

The Stony Brook Seawolves return to the field for the first time since their magical 2005 season. A good turnout was on hand to witness the two scrimmage matches with thirty-minute halves against the Puerto Rican U-21 team. The home side would be victorious in both physical encounters by scores of 2-0 and 2-1.

"It was interesting to have brought these guys down," stated Stony Brook head coach Cesar Markovic. "It is the first time out since and it gave us a whole new look at our team."

### Match 1:

The first match was played by mostly the regular starters from the 2005 season. Stony Brook would get on board off a set piece taken by left winger Tamer Mohamed from the left. Mohamed's service would find midfielder Michael Palacio, whose header found the lower left corner of the net.

The lead would nearly double ten minutes into the second half. Forward Erion Qoku was able to slot a through ball to Ciklic. Ciklic was able to beat one defender only to have his point blank shot brilliantly saved.

The home supporters got a real treat on a sequence where sweeper Yahaya Musa dribbled

one-third of the field, getting past three Puerto Rican defenders to earn a free kick.

The Seawolves would get the insurance goal minutes later. Right winger Zachary Norwood was able to nod down a cross from Mohamed, right to forward Qoku. Qoku would easily finish from 7 yards out.

Seawolves keeper E.J. Xikis finished the match with the shutout.

### Match 2:

In the second match, Stony Brook would take the lead thirteen minutes in. Norwood was able to juke a defender on the right. His cross found forward Josh Breitmaier, who was wearing a Douglas Narvaez uniform, for the finish.

About four minutes later, Puerto Rico would equalize. Off a misclearance, the visitors capitalized on a goal that left no chance for Seawolves goal-

keeper Brian Tepfer.

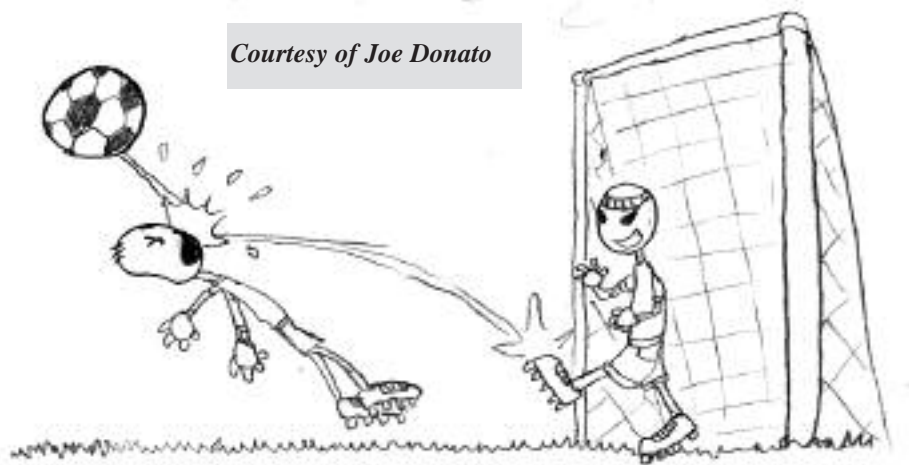
Forward Pete Halkidis would net the game-winner with about six minutes remaining. Norwood's outswinging cross was one-timed into the net with the right foot from 7 yards out.

"I just got the ball in good position. Josh (Breitmaier) and Pete (Halkidis) were able to finish perfectly," said Norwood.

Stony Brook begins its preseason campaign 2-0-0.

"We had a bit of trouble finishing. But I thought our guys played well," mentioned Coach Markovic.

Courtesy of Joe Donato



# The Reformation in Central Kentucky Scintillates

By James Messina

I'm sure I left many of you in quite a suspenseful state last issue, what with my amazingly devious cipher. No? Well, too bad, I've solved it anyhow, and I have some more stuff, besides. This issue I'll focus on an organization very near and dear to me, the NSA. I must confess, this article isn't too comprehensive, but what it lacks in content it makes up in vitriol. Enjoy, readers.

The NSA, or "No Such Agency", is a shadowy organization in charge of monitoring essentially every bit of communication that passes through the aether. Their actual activities are, of course, a mystery, but from publicly available data they can claim a few distinctions. The NSA is the second largest energy consumer in Maryland and has a parking capacity of over 18,000 at its main site. It is claimed that the NSA is the world's largest employer of Ph.D. mathematicians, that it is the owner of the largest group of supercomputers, and that the entire place is crawling with guys who have very lame weekends (that last one is mine). To actually delve into the history and intrigues of the NSA is something way, way beyond the scope of this article, so I won't be doing it. (Not to mention the massive amounts of research required, and the sheer stupidity of baiting this particular bull.) Nonetheless, I figure I'll include a major slip-up or two, so you get a taste for these guys – for me, mostly, it's a bad taste, like that one pistachio you wish you could forget.

The NSA officially came into being on November 4, 1952. President Truman authorized its creation, and it's flourished ever since. The NSA is the result of a conglomeration of older wartime organizations, chunked together for bureaucratic purposes and to increase efficiency. Oxymoron, anyone? When the NSA entered the world as a suckling babe, the public was none the wiser, and indeed the very creation of this organization was considered a secret for a generation. Oh, what tangled webs we weave...

The NSA's involvement with cryptography has had a remarkable impact on every facet of global culture. Information security as we know it is based upon policies instituted a half a century ago. The publications on cryptography were notably stilted until the '70s, especially in the academic sphere, based upon the decision by the NSA that cryptography should not be an acknowledged course of study or be allowed to progress beyond

basic cipher techniques. Thusly, when computers were becoming popular, there weren't many resources available to developers to show them how to implement information security. Essentially every major idea developed with regards to information security was made in a vacuum and against the wishes of the government, which fought advancements in the field of information security tooth and nail. In fact, an important technique known as differential cryptanalysis was known to the NSA for many years before it became public knowledge.



**Boss Motherfucking Hog**  
*You wish, Burt Reynolds*

The NSA's need to maintain its top dog cryptographic spot has led to numerous other screw-ups. Here's a short list for your enjoyment. IBM, working with the NSA, released the Data Encryption Standard. The DES is said to have included a backdoor for the NSA to have easy access to all encrypted material. The NSA got behind the Clipper chip, a failed endeavor to monitor American communications. It was a flop of epic proportions, declared dead and done in 1996. The NSA failed to warn of India's nuclear tests in 1998; the Clinton administration became aware of it thanks to CNN. In 1976 and 1977, the NSA tried to stop the dissemination of a paper on public-key cryptography, a system that is now implemented on most any Internet browser I care to think of. The NSA, citing arms regulation laws, attempted for many years to stop the export of strong cryptographic algorithms, and still does, albeit weakly. When Netscape released its browser with the encryption algorithms tailored to the NSA's specifications, the SSL protocol got haxored hard. And in the latest and greatest in a series of monumental fuck-ups, on December 16, 2005, *The New York Times* released a story stating that the NSA had been carrying out wiretaps without a warrant under the executive order of President George W. Bush and under the aegis of the Patriot Act. George Bush himself was indignant that the public would dare to question his actions, stating that the "unauthorized disclosure of this effort damages our national security and puts our citizens at risk." On an unrelated note, sales of *1984* have increased 150% since Bush's December 17 announcement. I hope this account has proved informative. Now, on with the show! Let's have some puzzles.

**PUZZLE THE 11TH:**

This code was ridiculously long, and won't

appear in this issue. My apologies. I will, however, attempt to present an understandable and concise account of how I went about its encryption. This was a code based on two things: bigrams and factors. Below is an account of the encryption itself, but before that, I will include a brief tutorial on factoring.

Every number can be represented in terms of its factors. These factors, when multiplied together, produce the number from which they were decomposed. A prime number is a number whose only factors are one and itself; however, it is a rule that one and the number do not appear on factorizations. Prime factorization is a form of factorization whereby a number is separated into its factors, but these factors are only composed of primes. For instance, the number twelve's factors are 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 12. However, its prime factorization is 2, 2, 3. The reason is that when you make a prime factorization, you don't need to repeat redundant factors. As 4 is composed of 2 and 2, and 2 already appears as one of the factors, you can scratch off one of the twos that appears, because it's redundant. Similarly, six is composed of 2 and 3, both of which appear already, so you can scratch them both off as well. An excellent tool for factoring by hand is the Sieve of Eratosthenes. There isn't space to explain it, so I'd recommend you wiki it. But rest assured, that algorithm's the shit – I can find the factors of any number under 1,000 within about a minute, just in my head. This little trick has the benefit of being both lame AND useless. Oooo.

Now that you know what a prime factorization is, I can explain the code I made up. It's not too tricky, admittedly, but I was proud of it when it came to me. Firstly, separate the plaintext into bigrams, tagging an X onto the end if the message doesn't contain an even character length. Convert the letters into their numeral equivalents, with A = 1, Z = 26, etc. List the prime factors of the numbers, one below the other. Note that the highest number of prime factors in a number that is 26 and below is 4, so if the number has, say, three factors, simply add the number 1 to this list to round it out to 4. The number one doesn't affect the factorization. The next step is to multiply together the factors individually, from top to bottom. Finally, convert the products back into letters. Note that if the product is greater than 26, there's a trick required. Divide the number into 26, and find the remainder. List it by how many times it went into 26, and let the remainder be the letter. Thus the product 105 is represented as 4A. Below is the first bigram of the message: "Ripe for the picking."

Ripe for the picking = RI PE FO RT HE PI CK IN GX  
 RI = 18, 9 = 2 2 3 1  
           3 3 1 1  
           6 6 3 1  
           F F C A

Continued on next page



# Great Comic Books #6:

## The Adventures of Barry Ween Boy Genius

By Thomas Mets

Writer/ Artist: Judd Winick

I found out about *Maus* because it won the Pulitzer Prize. Various comic book magazines recommended *Watchmen*, Frank Miller's *Batman*, *Marvels*, the work of Will Eisner, and the majority of the truly great comic books I've read. This is how *The Adventures of Barry Ween, Boy Genius* has become the best comic book I've discovered without anyone else's endorsement, which is not stopping me from exalting its praises to anyone I know. This is the comic book that I push on people who don't usually read comic books for simple reasons. It's accessible, I love the main characters, and it may be the funniest comic book ever.

Barry Ween is probably the best comic book character created in my lifetime (I'd say he's topped only by Spider-Man, and maybe Scrooge McDuck). He's a witty, sometimes callous, ten year old boy with an IQ of 350, tremendous resources he hides from his parents, and elaborate plans to get them out of the house when necessary (involving faking a phone call from the boss, and robot duplicates of babysitters). And he's got some hilarious, usually quote-worthy, lines. How could you not like someone who compares a five year old to "a hummingbird on crack," or says Thomas Edison was "a smart guy, but also a patent thief that had an ego to almost eclipse the mountain of self-importance I possess." He defines brutal honesty when he corrects a friend who said his uncle had to "go gay" to survive in prison: "Your uncle Malcolm was arrested for unpaid parking tickets and was in a holding

cell for an hour. Why he was blowing that guy is his business, well, and the business of the guy he was blowing." And he's got great insults, telling enemies, "You guys aren't tough enough to be prison bitches! You're not even the pussies that prison bitches beat up and rape! You phlembags are the sissies who get reamed by guys who get reamed by the prison bitches! You are bitches thrice removed! Fuckos!" And he says this while beating the hell out of them.

*Barry Ween's* spoiled me for any cartoons involving awkward geniuses, mostly cartoons like *Dexter's Laboratory*, or even *Pinky & The Brain*. He is sometimes awkward, but this is never conveyed in a clichéd manner. He does make mistakes (that's how five of the stories begin), but they're never ridiculous for a character that smart. In all fairness, Judd Winick gets away with more than the creators of any network TV show could hope to do. He did prove that stories with the character can be done without profanities in a three page *Barry Ween* cartoon he did for *Wizard* (featuring nothing that couldn't be found in a *Calvin & Hobbes* strip). The series still works best marketed towards the "Mature Readers" who could appreciate a good porn joke. Cussing happens often in the tales, but it's understandable. When Barry Ween knocks the Earth out of the Sun's orbit, or finds the defenses of his house disabled by alien mobsters, he's entitled to say "fuck". And most ten year olds curse like drunken sailors with Tourette's anyway, so it's simply a more honest portrayal of pre-adolescence than anything G-rated can provide. The quality of the

stories also helps, with new twists on old clichés, and occasional moments of pathos, revealing the darker side of Barry's genius (such as the probability he'll go insane before he's 21). If any characters I ever come up with for my own stories bear a suspicious resemblance to Barry Ween, it's probably because I've learned to steal from the best.

Brilliant iconoclasts like Barry need more relatable sidekicks, and just as Holmes has Watson, Barry Ween has a great comic relief accomplice in Jeremy, a whiny, horny profane ten year old with a tendency to wet himself when overexcited, and worry about his dick more often than Freud. Jeremy has the time of his life on the adventures, getting access to unaltered pics of naked celebrities, asking a giant talking monkey about its love life, teaching children on another world the many synonyms for "boobs", and getting a shrunken dinosaur for a pet (it's worth noting that he's lost eight hamsters in his lifetime, and the dino hasn't been seen since). While Barry takes advantage of him often, and promises to always do so, there's a great camaraderie between the two. When Jeremy promises to laugh at an embarrassing situation when both are old men in a nursing home, there's every indication that they'll still be friends that long. The most common ending for an issue is the two of them ribbing each other, just like ten year old friends do. One great exchange:

*Jeremy:* I'm running babysitter interference? At least Scully gets to cut up bodies and shit while Mulder does stuff.

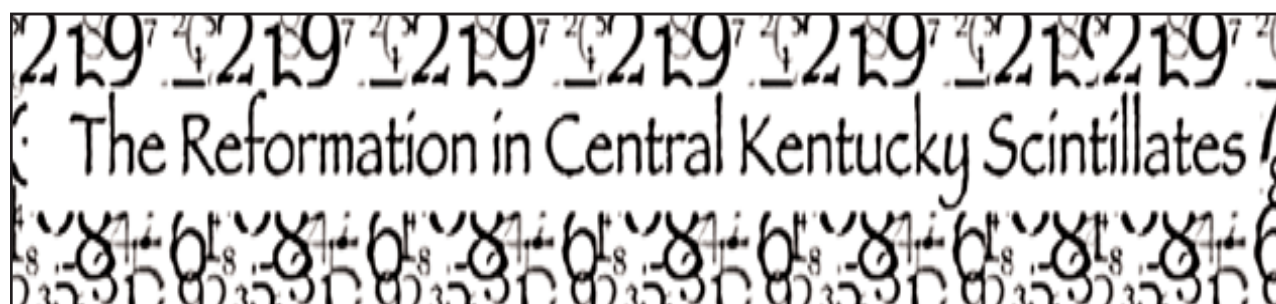
*Barry:* If they had sex, Mulder would probably let her come along.

*Jeremy:* If you're thinking what I think you're saying, I really don't want to go that bad.

*Barry:* No, c'mon, be my bitch. I need a love monkey!

Jeremy's also effective as Barry's conscience, pushing the often apathetic genius to do the right thing, be it not allowing a mutated babysitter to drown, helping a stranded alien, or reminding Barry of the problems with neural-disrupting everyone who discovers too much about him. Later stories show that Jeremy understands more about Barry than he lets on.

I bought the first volume (and promptly gave it as a Christmas gift to my younger brother) because the first two panels (featuring Baby Barry's first words) made me laugh my ass off, and convinced me that this was the type of project that I (and Michael, of course) would like. The rest of the story's an ordinary adventure for the two kids, as a giant vagina-shaped hole to an alternate reality opens in Barry's basement, an assortment of individuals from many dimensions congregate in his house, Barry's dimwitted father transforms into a Neanderthal (a change his mother likes) and the boys learn that centaur shit is hard to clean. In the second tale, Jeremy eats a chemical Barry's working on, and turns into a rapidly growing dinosaur, and Barry realizes he can't solve the problem by just killing him. The last tale has Barry traumatize, and blind, bullies, features a battle with armed art thieves as a field trip goes horribly wrong, and introduces Sara, the girl of Barry's dreams who suspects there's something weird about him.



By James Messina

### Continued from previous page

Knowing this, you can decipher the message, getting a passage from a favorite story of mine.

I wouldn't recommend using this to encode anything. The letter A is repeated often enough that it can be readily discerned that the letters are grouped by fours, and there are enough common bigrams present to interpret the course of the message quickly. And from the perspective of the intended recipient, it's no better. Bigrams such as DH and HD have the exact same conversions, and can only be interpreted through context. Perhaps you, dear reader, have the ability, wherewithal and tenacity to build upon this general method to devise a better cipher, but I doubt I do.

### PUZZLE THE 12TH:

Unfortunately for me, I am an idiot. I attempted to devise a code at the last minute, and I've only now realized that it won't work. There's no time to come up with a new one of my own design, so I'm just going to devote a few words to

explaining the pitfalls I face in attempting to conquer my own sheer stupidity. I thought to myself that making a code based on color wheels would be an interesting idea. I still think that. But my entry into this theme was doomed from the start. The idea was to use a primary color wheel. The letters would be subdivided so that A-I would equate to values of 1-9 red, J-R would equate to values of 1-9 blue, and S-Z would equate to values of 1-8 yellow. I would then use a bigram system to encrypt them. Knowing that blue and red, when combined, produce purple, and so on, I realized there were six combinations available based on the primary color wheel. I thought I would sum up the bigrams and combine the colors to arrive at a unique result. For instance, AM would be 1R + 4B = 5P. And here's where the system crumbled. 5P could also be arrived at with the bigram BL, or JD, or CK, or... yeah. After becoming aware of this GIGANTIC hole in my system, I sat weeping like a little girl and proceeded to produce this brief explanation. I'm really sorry I didn't come up with anything for this issue, but rest assured, I'll have something next time.

Continued on next page



## The Adventures of Barry Ween Boy Genius Continued...

By Thomas Mets

## Continued from previous page

The second volume's even better, beginning with an excellent parody of science fiction movies, with the revelation that all Alien-Human contacts are the result of camera crews filming nature specials (or drunken extraterrestrial jerks), Jeremy finding an alien and imagining that it's just going to be like the movie *ET*, a raising of the stakes as the alien's enemies threaten everyone in Barry's house (including Sara, who Barry has to quickly, and awkwardly get rid of), and a lightsaber duel. The next tale has a teleporter mishap send Barry & Jeremy to the West, and skewers everything from the space-time continuum (with Barry promising that he could kill anyone he sees, and it wouldn't have the slightest impact on history), and the filthiness of the real west, as there's horse shit everywhere, and the two kids are mistaken for boy-whores. In the last tale, a secret government agency known only as Foliage Census abducts Jeremy mistaking him for Barry. He has the time of his life, as they offer to get him anything he wants (mostly Oreos, and porn), while Barry goes against the government agency to rescue his friend. I may really like that issue because I have a soft spot for rescue mission stories, especially when it's one hero against many enemies, and the one hero's got the upper hand.

The third volume has three stories related mainly by the appearance of monkeys (because, as legendary editor Julie Schwartz noted, monkeys sell comic books). The first tale has Barry acting strangely after seeing the world's biggest primate, one of his friends discover the truth about his intelligence, and a battle to the death between Barry and alien warriors (Spoiler Warning – Barry wins). The second tale has Barry's parents abducted by Sasquatch (portrayed as a hippy-like group that knows how to hide), and a love interest for Jeremy's new friend for Barry in Roxie, a Sasquatch girl who doesn't like the laziness of her people. The last tale's the best, as a monkey with a mutated version of the ebola virus and a general willingness to kill anyone it comes into contact with causes chaos at a school dance, a social event necessitated after an oral sex scandal in a local high school forces the school to strive "for co-ed inter-

action in a controlled environment." The chapter's made sweeter by the complications with Barry and Jeremy's "dates" for the dance, and Roxie attempts to blend in with ordinary people with, need I say it, hilarious results.

The fourth and last (so far) volume features the book's longest tale to date, and the best comic book published while I've been reading comics. It begins with monkey-related flashbacks to Barry's first meetings with Jeremy, all pretty damn funny, and answering the question of why Jeremy's allowed to know Barry's secret. It quickly becomes a fantasy epic, as Barry and his friends find themselves in a new world, with Winick exploring the complications of a single change (energy burning up too quickly to be utilized). There's a major change to Barry's relationship with Sara, when she's stuck in the new world for longer than a decade before he can get there, and Jeremy gets his best scene explaining what'll happen when they return to Earth. It all concludes with Barry's greatest loss, greatest achievement, and one of the best moments in comic books.

You may have noticed that I haven't written anything about Judd Winick's skills as an artist, and that's only because the characters, scenes, and witty lines are just more interesting. Winick's cartoony style's appropriate for the series, and he's good at storytelling, and even better at facial expressions (generally a necessary skill when writing a comedy), especially in the ending of *Monkey Tales*. In recent years, Winick has decided it makes more sense to write three books a month for DC, than write, and draw a single "independent" bimonthly, but I doubt it's a coincidence that his DC work with other artists hasn't been his best.

Every *Barry Ween* volume has a list price of nine bucks, and can be found in well-stocked comic book stores, or online retailers like Amazon.com or Overstock.com. Go buy them now, and find reasons to chuckle for the rest of your life. Artist/Writer Judd Winick is probably still best known as a cast member on *The Real World: San Francisco*. *Pedro & Me*, his graphic novel about his relationship with castmate/AIDS activist Pedro Zamora remains one of the best introductions to the medium of comic

books, and the only reason I didn't cover it first was that I enjoyed the Barry Ween comics a tiny bit more). *Exiles*, a Marvel comic book he started in 2000 is currently on its 78th issue, and has survived three subsequent writers, the most recent being Chris Claremont, the man who's written most of the best X-men stories. He's been DC exclusive for the last few years, and currently writes *Green Arrow* (following best-selling runs by director Kevin Smith, and bestselling novelist/Winick's former college room-mate Brad Meltzer), *the Outsiders*, and *Shazam*. He's also the creator of the cartoon *The Life & Times of Juniper Lee*, based on a character remarkably similar (design-wise at least) to Sara. All of this may explain why the *Barry Ween In Space* mini-series, and *Barry Ween/Frumpy the Clown* one-shot (a crossover with a comic strip he did in the late 90s) have yet to materialize, despite being announced years ago. I suspect they'll be worth the wait.

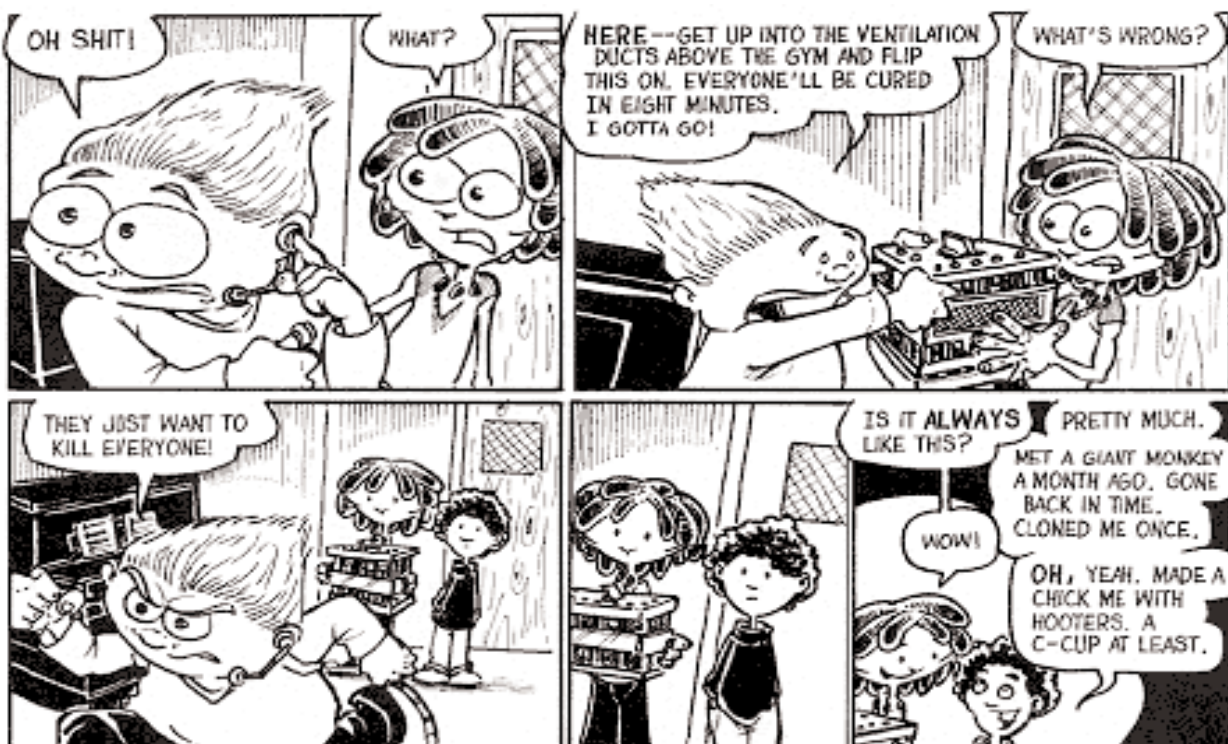
## "Interpreting Freedom"

By Stepnaie Hayes

After the eyeful of awesome I got at the LICA show, my expectations were pretty high for "Interpreting Freedom", the new exhibit in Tabler Gallery. Granted, the LICA show had considerable advantages: the competition was open to more students and held in a larger space which allowed more exposure. A comparison between these two juried exhibits is unfair, but seriously, the walls for "Interpreting Freedom" seem so sparse!

Of course, the work on display is worth checking out. The competition encouraged the use of any medium, although most entries are black and white photos or paintings. The paintings provide little color to the exhibit; most are done in subtle yet bleak tones. The lack of color makes freedom seem like a very grim thing indeed. However, each piece is appealing in its own right. Some standout pieces: a collection of photographs, showing a woman's back with lines from the Declaration of Independence and a crazy drawing of something that looked like chaotic, jumbled thoughts. I thought the paintings of body parts were especially thought-provoking (and no – I don't mean something cheesy like strewn body parts of a drawn and quartered person). There is an arm chilling on one wall and a face composed of sad, bluish squares hanging further down. So, freedom is like disjointed with the blues? I don't know, but the room made me depressed... in a good way, I suppose, because it got me thinking. My interpretation of freedom obviously requires sophistication but I recognize that there was *something* effective in these pieces that stuck with me after I left the gallery – impressive stuff.

"This is a good representation of creative opportunity here on campus but more people need to be involved," said Nathan, a participating artist. No doubt, Nathan. It would have been nice to see more work presented. "Interpreting Freedom" will be in the Tabler Gallery until April 23, the opening reception is on the 5th, from 6-9pm.





## Matisyahu: Youth

By James Messina

Hey, kids! Do you like Jewish hip-hop reggae? Then I have awesome news for you! Matisyahu, a Hasidic reggae artist, released his second CD, called *Youth*, on March 7. I was only able to get my hands on the single, "Youth", but if it's any indication of the rest of the CD, I'd heartily recommend it.

There's no easy way to describe Matisyahu's sound. It's an eclectic blend, the end result of which is a strange and awesome mixture of reggae, rock, dancehall and many other styles (including beatboxing). The music is upbeat and lyrically exceptional, well worth keeping around for the occasional listen. I've listened to his previous CD, *Shake Off the Dust... Arise*, and was much impressed, especially by his song "King Without a Crown". In comparison to that song, which is a favorite of mine, I don't think "Youth" is as complex with its lyrics or as powerful with its message, but that's not to say I didn't enjoy it. It's just, well... One of the lines from "Youth" is: "Youth is the engine of the world." Usable, yeah, but hackneyed. I'd say that you'd be doing yourself an immense favor by checking Matisyahu out, but to perhaps find another song of his to ease your way into the deep end of the pool. Matisyahu is a damn good artist, but "Youth" isn't a damn good song.



## Brazilian Girls, 2005

By Lena Tumasyan

Listening to Brazilian Girls' self-titled debut CD is like opening up a can of worms, the sweet and sour kind. I didn't know what to expect, as there is no indication by the cover art as to the type of genre this CD might be. What it ended up being is a compilation of different styles and languages.

Tracks on the disc include trumpets, saxophone, piano, and synthesizer creating a range of sound from ska, to jazz, to reggae, to pop, and even some sounds reminiscent of 70's retro/funk. Some of the songs are in five different languages, which are attributable to Sabina Sciubba's German and Italian heritage. None of the four members is from Brazil. Sciubba was born in Rome, but the group got together and recorded their album in New York. I especially liked the French "Homme" for its melodies and the German "Die Gedanken Sind Frei" for its non-stereotypical-German quality. Other songs on the album were less interesting and didn't have enough fullness of sound for my taste. "Corner Store" got me, surprisingly, but more so for its lightness and quirky lyrics. Listen to this album if you wanna try usual or if you need to mellow out without whininess.



## Baikithi Kumalo Sets it Free

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

Baikithi Kumalo describes music as a "miracle" and a means of survival. Perhaps his wife Robbie, who sang with his band for their performance in the University Café, best identified the feeling of the entire Music for Peace Festival. Speaking candidly to the audience, Robbie reflected on her thoughts concerning music's ties to all races. "Drums are the universal language," she stated.

The band itself is fronted by Kumalo, who you might have heard playing the bass on Paul Simon's album *Graceland*. As a Zulu growing up during Apartheid, Kumalo was forced to live in the notorious shantytown of Soweto, in Johannesburg, South Africa, and was not allowed to travel without a pass. On the other side of the spectrum lays Morris Goldberg, a saxophone and penny whistle player in Kumalo's band, who grew up in a affluent white neighborhood in Cape Town. Each agreed that music was one of the most prominent forces in bringing different races together in South Africa, although it was extremely frowned upon for them to perform together.

Baikithi Kumalo's band is a true example of music for peace. Their performance, entitled "Set it Free: A Journey Through Apartheid", actively encouraged audience members to get on their feet, clap along, and even speak some Zulu. Their eclectic mix of beats and utilization of Kumalo's home language managed to move through everyone in the audience.



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# Oblivion Will Eat Your Life

By Alex Walsh

A few years ago I fell in love with a game called *Morrowind*. I poured hundreds of hours into it and the expansions that followed. As a person who's never been able to muster the dedication to get past the first disc of *Final Fantasy 7*, that's really saying something. So obviously, the buildup towards the release of *Oblivion*, the next game in the series, had me very excited. It was sort of like the hype for the *Star Wars* prequels, except without the massive let-down.

Unlike *The Phantom Menace*, *Oblivion* is a worthy installment in its series. As the fourth *Elder Scrolls* game, it continues the hallmarks of the series: a massive, detailed world, absolute freedom, and a good storyline. I haven't finished the game yet, so my judgment of the story could be premature.

Honestly, though, how bad could it be? Patrick Stewart is in it. Emperor Uriel "Picard Xavier" Septim. *Oblivion* is a completely open-ended game, unlike the mostly linear games passed off as RPG's by other companies. I've played about 15 hours, and just barely started the main quest. In that time, I've explored fort ruins, taken a corrupt legion officer out of power, become a professional assassin, hunted mountain lions, killed a peasant so I could live in his house, battled a boatload of pirates, fought in the Imperial

Arena, robbed a wizard blind, and studied the fine art of potion making. This is what I mean when I say "absolute freedom."

Bethesda Softworks made a lot of changes between *Morrowind* and *Oblivion*, almost all of them unquestionably better. The most noticeable change is the visual quality of the game. Simply put, on an Xbox 360 or a decent computer, the game is beautiful. There is a slight issue with

foliage and other scenery details loading in a relatively close circle around the player. Things seem to pop into view abruptly as you run through the wilderness. I've been able to crank up the view distance a bit without losing much performance, but that isn't an option for 360 players.

Combat was also improved to make it more interactive than the old hack & slash system. Blocking is controlled by the player, instead of being automatic, and more special moves have been added. Lockpicking and persuasion are also based more on player skill than the character's stats in the new game.

The character creation system in *Morrowind* wasn't particularly inspiring. It's been completely overhauled for *Oblivion*. I can honestly say I've never seen a more complex, customizable

tool for character creation. Every facial feature can be tweaked in several ways. I once watched a friend carefully craft his character for forty-five minutes before even getting into the game. The downside of this is that it's remarkably easy to make weird faces, while making one that looks natural is about as easy as teaching amputees to knit. I didn't even bother making the effort to try to make my guy attractive. Who do I have to impress, anyway?

"But what's it all about?" you ask. Basically, some asshole decided it would be a good idea to assassinate the Emperor of Tamriel (the previously mentioned, always awesome, Patrick Stewart) and his heirs. That may sound fine and dandy, but when there's no member of the Septim family on the throne, the Dragonfires in some temple or other go out. And when the Dragonfires go out, the gates of Oblivion open up. Oblivion is basically Tamriel's version of hell, complete with demons, barren wastelands, and fountains of blood. The fountains of blood are a personal favorite of mine. Your character, recently freed from prison, has to track down the Emperor's last heir and get him and his amulet (the Amulet of Kings, appropriately) to the throne. Complications, of course, arise.

The biggest downside of *Oblivion* is that it's very aptly named. A game this big and involved draws the player in for hours at a time, leading to significantly less time for anything else at all. One finds it hard to justify doing things that won't benefit his character. Things like, you know, eating. Or working. Or talking to people. I clearly remember lying to my mother so I could stay home from school to play *Morrowind* back in the day. My mom isn't here this time. I think I'm screwed.

Your new life

Courtesy of Bethesda



## The Young and the "Reckless"

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

The cover of a recent issue of *Newsweek* features a full picture of Sigmund Freud with the headline "Freud is (Not) Dead". Inside, Jerry Adler argues that while many reputable doctors believe that Freud's theories have no credible evidence, psychoanalysis is rapidly gaining popularity in their offices. Repressed childhood memories are quickly becoming our key resources in discovering why we act the way we do.

Craig Lucas explores the budding concept of childhood's interaction with sanity in his dramedy "Reckless". Although it was first produced in 1988, the points in which it attempts to prove have never been as relevant as they are today. This was actively demonstrated in a recent Pocket Theater production of the play, which was directed by Jessica Di Carlo and performed in Theater Three. Our protagonist, who begins the play as Rachel Fitsimmons (played by Giuseppina Vitetta), has a love affair with Christmas until a series of unfortunate and entirely too coincidental events befalls herself and her family, beginning with her husband (Michael Hemsworth) taking out a contract on her life. Rachel then leaves her family and relies on a variety of screwballs and therapists (complete with their own set of psychoanalytic methods) to accompany her throughout her journey of differing names and places. Although Rachel's own childhood could have been Freud's ultimate wet dream, she does not seem to understand the heavy impact of these childhood events until she becomes a therapist and ends

up treating her long-lost son, who is now in college, and discovers that he is holding onto the unreasonable guilt that her choices placed upon him.

P o c k e t Theater's interpretation of "Reckless" proved that minimalist techniques were the only way to make some sense of the irrational situations that the text presents. Ms. Di Carlo's small decisions concerning props and the set itself allowed for Rachel's true character to shine through. Through the first four scenes, Rachel is dressed in a fluffy pink robe and slippers, and is carrying a plush snowman, even as she slogs through the snow on the side of the road. This, combined with Ms. Vitetta's rapid-fire, sputtering dialogue, showcases that while she is an adult in years, she is still a child at heart, and not always in a good way. Joining her on her journey is the lovable couple Lloyd and Pootie (Nelson Diaz and Gina Robinson), who believe in the power of honesty only because they are completely dishonest to each other. Like every character, Lloyd and

Pootie each own a less than desirable past, and are completely unaware of the repercussions in the present moment. Ultimately, repressed guilt acts as

a catalyst for the unfolding of future connections and events, plaguing them wherever they go no matter how many times each character attempts to run and change their name.

The play itself, while enjoying a solid run due to acting that seemed effortless and fluid, must have presented a challenge to a small theater company with limited resources.

However, the Pocket

Theater group coped with the brevity of scenes by composing an eclectic montage of songs and providing minimal resources for a set. While the text itself seemed jumbled and completely unrealistic, it was exactly what the nature of the material called for. We never find out the exact reasons why any of Rachel's circumstances came into being. Like Rachel, all we know is that the past is gone and the present is quite a bit unpredictable, no matter how hard we try to fix it.



The cast of "Reckless"  
Courtesy of "Reckless"



# Our Lady Peace: Why You Should Listen

By Alison Schwartz

For readers who watched the Canadian music network MuchMusic circa 1994, Our Lady Peace is an influential quartet hailing from the post-Grunge era that has maintained an international presence for over a decade. For others, OLP is known for *Gravity*, their most commercially successful and mainstream release to date, from which the catchy, radio-friendly pop-rock tune, "Somewhere Out There" emerged, in the summer of 2002.

Three years later, in August of 2005, Our Lady Peace released their sixth studio album, *Healthy in Paranoid Times*. Their latest effort reveals the band's progress and maturity, displaying outrage toward the world's current political climate without sounding preachy or compromising musical integrity. Our Lady Peace has always created music with a message, focusing on contextual quality over meaningless noise. While the lyrics of lead singer-songwriter Raine Maida's have previously been quite cryptic, OLP's latest album's message is blatantly anti-war.

Maida's work with War Child, an international charity aimed at delivering aid to children affected by war, has evidently impacted his songwriting to an extreme degree. *Healthy* serves the listener some food for thought – from the actual music down to the CD booklet. In place of the typical artwork and lyrics found in a CD's accompanying insert, there are handwritten statistics of what transpired during the 1165 days in which *Healthy* was created. The statistics start off with the trite – "58 packages of guitar strings were used," – and slowly shift to the startling – "30 active wars were fought across the globe." Fully aware that he is reaching an expansive audience via CD sales, Maida presents global issues as a means of garnering a reaction to ignite progress; while "9 billion dollars was all that was needed for all the third world to have clean water," the next statistic remarks on the extent of insensitivity in consumerism, as "27 billion was spent on music in the U.S." He uses his celebrity status in society to

spread knowledge and enlighten others.

The album contains infectious, heavy pop-rock hooks that are characteristic of the band's sound, yet their latest creation is more polished, experimental, and assertive than most of their previous releases. Covering the full range of emotions that emerge from a time infused with paranoia and uncertainty, the contents of *Healthy* are boldly provocative. "Wipe That Smile Off Your Face" particularly stands out with its delicate riff contrasting the intensity of Maida's mock-hatred while lyrically illustrating the hypocrisy of war with lyrics such as, "The time has come to drop the bomb on all the pain you've been selling." The track entitled "Boy" is a landmark of Our Lady Peace's maturity, with a killer hook, edgy and vibrant electric guitar overtones, and a vigorous beat, reminiscent of U2's earlier music. This album can lead any listener to

believe that OLP could mirror U2's success, and Maida's anti-war efforts could make him the Canadian Bono.

Perhaps the most memorable track, lyrically and musically, is "Will the Future Blame Us." The song presents the listener with an insightful quandary regarding the aftermath of war and the decisions made out of fear. The memorable and catchy chorus features Maida bellowing, "I don't ask why anymore." This hook accurately features the widespread sentiment of

the people preferring not to know what horrors constantly unfold in the world and what will occur in the future due to the chosen blindness of today.

*Healthy in Paranoid Times* not only documents the times in which we currently live, but also accredits the listener with the ability to think critically and question the state of our current and future political landscape. The fact that it is supremely captivating and the hooks linger in the listener's mind long after the CD has been played only enforces the successful reception of the music's message. Our Lady Peace had the courage and tenacity to deliver a defiant message that is necessarily haunting. I truly suggest that it be heard.



# Pianos for Peace

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

Who knew that you could beat a piano and call it music? According to today's composers, the only rule is that there are no rules. The work of many of these composers was explored through Music for Peace's Piano Project, which was held in Staller Center's main theater on March 28. The recital, which was titled "Rite of Passage: Music at the Dawn of the 19th, 20th, and 21st Centuries", explored a wide variety of composers and demonstrated how societal change and upheaval plays an integral part in shaping the music of the time.

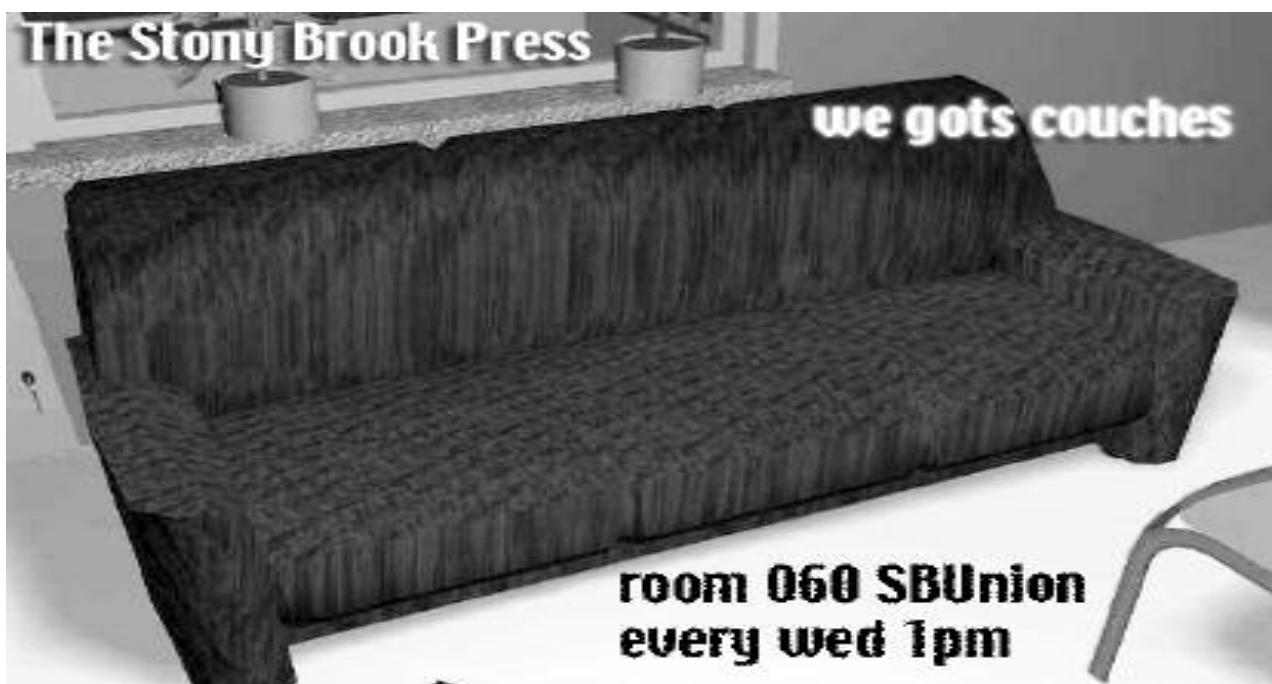
Just before the last concert, a lecture was held in which the panelists from the Music Department attempted to explain what exactly the title "Rite of Passage" meant to the festivities of the day. Perhaps Associate Professor David Weymouth best described this change as a "scientificism [of music]", particularly of that in the late twentieth century. Composers sensed the changes that scientific discovery brought onto a population, thus drawing on new technologies for inspiration. Like the composers of the eighteenth century, who drew upon the beauty of nature, newer composers were able to choose from a wide array of societal light bulbs. Weymouth also mentioned the newest belief in the Chaos Theory as playing an integral role in the most current work. This becomes evident through new piano techniques such as odd chords, sustained pedal use and, as Professor Joseph Auner states, "fragments of melodies".

Courtesy of Joe Donato



The last concert, which covered the period from 1985 to the present, proved many of these various theories. With pieces such as Moritz Eggert's "Hammerklaiver III: One Man Band", where the musicians rely on stamping their feet, playing with their chins, and beating the top of the piano to hear the reverberations from the belly, the performance becomes more theatrical. Rapid crescendos as well as frightful harmonies that can't help but sound out of tune plagued many of these pieces in the best possible way.

The Piano Project is performed partly to advertise for The Piano Fund, which takes private donations and utilizes them through resources for The Music Department. They also accept donations through the form of instruments, including pianos. For more information on how you can help the struggling department, contact Judith Lochhead, Chair of the Music Department, by email at [Judith.Lochhead@stonybrook.edu](mailto:Judith.Lochhead@stonybrook.edu) or call 631-632-7330.



Editorial Space: At 2am, I deem white space enigmatic and deserving of our study



# MFA Thesis Exhibition

By Stephanie Hayes

Even if you consider yourself completely out of touch with your art sensibilities, you *must* see the MFA Thesis Exhibition. Nowhere else on campus will you find art so accessible and interactive. The MFA show features many pieces that invite viewers to physically observe and respond. The clearest example may be Fumito Hiroaka's artificial intelligence creation in which people walk into a metal box and "talk" to a bunch of blinking

lights. It's a little unsettling to have those harsh lights accompany the verbal reply of the computer (maybe it shouldn't be called a computer?); I sort of felt like I was under attack. But overall, it was really fun. Nicole asked,

"What is the meaning of life?" HAL Jr. replied, "Life is the opposite of death." To my mind, this is extraordinary. I mean, how often do you get to (literally) communicate with artwork through *language*? It's typically one-sided, ya know? A really stirring but inanimate painting or print might say something to you but there's no way you can respond.

Near the back of the room is Amy Bagshaw's "Unravel and Thaw", one of Nicole's favorites. It was really the only spot of femininity

in the gallery. Bagshaw drew inspiration from Penelope, Odysseus' patient and loyal wife in Homer's *The Odyssey*. The artist says she begins her process "by manipulating burlap fabric in a tactile effort to produce sensory and textured sets of memories." As usual, my personal critique is too shallow to write up an intelligent interpretation but I will say that watching that heavy block of ice dripdripdrip away, surrounded by this dark veil of

burlap, was like meditating upon something very... sad.

David Grozinsky's work was focused on "the idea of sculpture that suggests ways of experiencing architecture." (Crap. I just lost the booklet of artist statements so I apologize for not having any of David

Grozinsky's titles.) The columns of wood discs reminded me of chess pieces, really depressing chess pieces. The illustration of sculptures is a little less somber. It's a proposal for pretty glass structures to stand along the Hudson River. I wish someone would pretty-up the Hudson River.

Max Liboiron kind of dominates the gallery space just by having sooooo many pieces but they all work together so it's cool. "Ecosystem" is a strange mountain of miniature dioramas. I don't know why, but I've always been fascinated by

miniatures, and probably could have stared at this for a long time. Liboiron informs viewers that they determine the outcome of "Ecosystem" by choosing to simply observe, purchase a diorama and take it, or purchase a diorama but leave it. "Abundance" was great as well. I think it was in the library gallery but the doors were always closed when I walked by so I was happy I got to see it here. There's uh... a lot of overt phallic imagery (I know-artists *never* use phallic imagery or anything). The stark black and white illustrations and videos are neat though; I liked being able to walk through and around everything. Tucked behind "Abundance" is "Dirty Taxidermy". I realized around this point that I am too immature to look at something like "Dirty Taxidermy" without the mentality of a pre-teen. (Doesn't it feel sinful to giggle childishly, in a gallery that is as silent as death?) My favorite piece at the show was "The Aurora Borealis and the Melting Tundra". It's another walk-through environment and man, I loved it. Along the "path" you can stop and wind up these music boxes and lemme tell you, they are some badass music boxes. They look like ferocious hybrids of some kind, furry artichokes with blossoms. So, there are music plants peppered all over a ground of glittery white rocks. Then you look above and the northern lights are composed of a gazillion hanging aqua colored bags, it's like glass heaven. The effect of Liboiron's "tundra" and "aurora borealis" is breathtaking.

The MFA Thesis Exhibition is a real treat. When you go, you are exposed to such creative pieces, you leave feeling as though your brain has absorbed something really special (no, I couldn't think of a non-sappy way to say that). The ideas are rousing, fresh and unique; I can't imagine a disappointed audience.

Aesthetes digging Stony Brook artistry—in the Staller Gallery now!  
Courtesy of Jowy Romano



## Music 4 Peace - Art Show

By Adina Silverbush

Now hosted in the Wang Center, Skylight lobby is the international art show: "A Mantra for Peace". Brought to campus by the Music for Peace Project, there are works by artist of various (mostly Latin) countries around the world. The goal of the whole week's events was to promote peace through people uniting with music and art. The Music for Peace Project hosted such outstanding concerts throughout the week and I guess my expectations were heightened when I came to see this art show which, although it was worth seeing, gave me some disappointment. I feel the work for the most part lacked passion. It didn't effectively promote the immediate need for peace.

One of my favorite aspects of the show was postcards drawn by children in America to others in Spain and vice versa, a project called "Pieces of Peace". The idea is to "share your ideas about peace with people across the world by exchanging postcards." One child drew the twin towers with hearts in the background and pictures of planes with lines slashed through them, like you would see in a no-smoking sign.

Another nice piece was "Decomposicion del Blanco" by Sofia Boterso of Colombia, a very colorful crayon and ink work. The color work was impressive and the artist made me think of the diversity of the world and how much more interesting and exciting life would be for us all if we break down color barriers between people.

I met a student at the opening who expressed great interest in one of the works entitled "Links" by Ines Szigueti of Argentina and Canada. The work featured map-looking drawings with circles connected with various line designs. He felt the art symbolized the connection among people and the saying that there are "six degrees of separation between all of us". This theme we can all use to help see our relationship and dependence on others which ultimately may cause more understanding.

The "Mantra for Peace" show was mediocre in my

opinion but art affects everyone differently and just because I didn't personally love the show, you might have a different opinion, so I encourage you to go see it, as I do with all the campus art shows. They don't take long to look at and are always free. This particular show is in a beautiful location surrounding one of the many Wang Center fountains, and before you get your Jasmine food you could take a look; it'll be up till April 30th. As you walk into the Wang Center, just walk down the stairs and you'll find it.

Pieces of Peace  
Courtesy of Adina Silverbush





# Frankie D Goes to NYC for St. Patty's Day, Turns Classic

By Frank Nobiletti

I've never been a fan of useless holidays. As a matter of fact, I am completely disturbed by the preposterous elements of their celebration. We eat turkey in memory of a farcical event in American history, we exploit love by pawning off candy and hallmark cards as tokens of endearment, and we even dedicate an entire 24 hours to useless and arguably subhuman beings or in simpler terms politicians. However, my cynicism is not without a weakness. I had never particularly indulged myself on St. Patrick's Day. Why? I HAVE NO FUCKING CLUE. For all my life, I passed on this beautiful opportunity to join fellow alcoholics on a day where it is not only expected but tolerated for a person to urinate on government property, make exceedingly exaggerated claims of ones sexual prowess, and altogether act like a raging dickhead; aint humanity grand? You could say it's my idea of a good time.

As said before, year after year I've ignored the true comedic potential of this wonderful festival. But this year was different: this St. Patty's Day I decided to treat myself and venture into the arms of a holiday vacationed on the objective of eliminating useful brain cells in the event that you sleep with someone whose face or body type you will most likely not recognize in the morning. But instead of enjoying St. Patty's Day with friends (like most normal people do), I decided to drop it into 5th gear and break the law of conventionality. I decided to spend my first celebration of St. Patty's Day alone- testing the hands of fate, seeing where the night brought me- and of all places amongst the denizens of New York motherfucking City. With the help of my trusty cell phone I recorded the night's events through obscure text messages detailing my encounters and behavior. Here is how it went:

**11:07** I wake up and crack open the last beer left in my fridge. You might say that I have a "drinking problem."

**11:15** I finish and put the covers back over my head.

**11:40** I get up dress myself in a torn, stained, yellow T-shirt and sweats and begin walking to my last midterm.

**11:57** I show up to my midterm late.

**12:34** I finish my midterm detailing the indications of Nathaniel Hawthorne's sentiment of feminism and puritanical traditions on woman and early American society arguing how the offices of Hester Prynne's scarlet letter have both failed in the story and humanity. Yes, I am condescendingly intelligent and all the better for it.

**12:57** I pick up a 12 pack of Bud and call my dad before the night begins. He gets worried if I don't speak to him before the weekend begins. He obviously knows his son and lives a life in perpetual anticipation of my destruction

**1:44** I arrive back in my room and eat breakfast: a junior whopper and 5 piece chicken tender from Burger King. It tastes good, I am satisfied.

**2:12** I crack open the first beer, shotgun it and call some of my friends informing them of my plan. I attempt to convince my best friend Twiggy that he should accompany me, he declines. I chastise him for his insolence and question his masculinity, he retorts with concerns about my sanity.

**2:25** I inform him I will murder his entire family if he doesn't comply with my wishes. He ignores

these threats and advises me that my plan is a bad idea. I open another beer to drown his vain attempts to convey some sort of rationality.

**2:34** Our conversation is going nowhere, he argues he has an important work day on Saturday. I begin to grown angry as he is distracting me from drinking. I realize Twiggy is a raging pussy that needs to shovel the sand out of his vagina, I consider telling him this.

**2:35** But I don't, figuring it will damage his sensitive character. What can I say? I'm a good friend.

**2:58** I am disappointed in myself as I am only on my 4<sup>th</sup> beer. I compensate this feeling by doing what I usually do when confronted with thoughts like these; I blame other people, such as Twiggy.

**3:15** I have another. One of my other roommates asks me for one, I slap him with the label of being a worthless grubbing sea urchin who will most likely end up on welfare despite his college education and respectably responsible life style.

**3:23** Another of my roommates ask for a beer, I actually like this one as he is a veteran. I decide to be generous and give one to each of them. I know, it is a moment of weakness but I believe in Karma.

"We arrive, she seems grateful our relationship is coming to a close."

**3:41** I open another beer. At this point, I began to feel good about the night to come. I marvel at my optimism.

**3:56** I take another beer with me to the bathroom and take a piss, my urine is clear. I relish in this. At this point it is unnecessary to flush. I love being lazy.

**3:58** I open the beer and admire myself in the mirror. I feel that there should be a billboard dedicated to my physical features. The wheels in my brain slowly turn. They tell me I have become "slightly buzzed".

**4:12** I drink.

**4:56** and drink some more...

**5:30** I am "nice". Another of my roommates, Dipstick, calls me and tells me that he is in the city and that I should call him when I get there. It is an attractive prospect that I will use at my disposal. I smell something awful. It is me, I need to shower.

**5:40** I am there. The torrent of warm water invigorates my dulled senses. I stand there and contemplate masturbation.

**5:45** I give in and masturbate. I might as well be a relaxed walking maniac tonight.

**6:00** I am in my room and dressing.

**6:15** I am out the door drinking my last beer.

**6:30** I am at the train stop, the schedule says departure is at 6:49. There is enough time for me to run to the 7-11 down the street and get more beer.

**6:45** I am back on the train with a 40 comfortably nestled under my arms. I choose between the first and second floor. Nobody is on the first. There are people on the second. I sit on the second.

**6:49** I begin drinking, the train lurches forward. It has begun.

**7:00** I get up to take a piss. It is on the first floor of the next cart. On my way there, I find a friend of Dipstick who is traveling with two guys and two girls, he recognizes me. We greet each other. He

says I should sit with him and his friend. I've discovered company.

**7:15** I am sitting with Dipstick's friend and his entourage. On one side of the cart are me, Dipstick's friend, and another guy. On the other are a guy and two girls. They inquire as to the purpose of my visit to the city. I explain my plan to them. They stare at me with blank expressions. Girl #2 remarks that it is the "stupidest idea she has ever heard." Oh Girl #2, I wish you didn't say that...now I have to destroy you.

**7:16** Dipstick's friend and the others are ignoring me, I am not happy with this. I decide these people are my enemies and begin to pick on the girls. Girl #1 has legs like a rhinoceros, and a face that looks like it has been set on fire, put out with a rake, and covered with silly putty to veil the damage. So of course she is looking at me seductively. I turn to Dipstick's friend and point at Rhinoceroslegs, "Since when does the LIRR transport cattle?" Girl #2 makes the mistake of coming to her rescue. I must admit she is "attractive," but then again I am moving towards intoxication. I notice something on one of her exposed legs, it resembles a tear in a panty hose, it occurs to me she maybe a whore, "You are a worthless tramp, your panty hose is ripped, so which of these lucky guys did you just screw in the bathroom?" Upon closer look, I realize it is dead skin.....

I'll pause here to let you gather yourself from being disgusted.

**7:17** The expression that materializes on all of their faces can only aptly be described with the words "horror and shock," Dipstick's friend replies to my queries, "Excuse me these are our friends, you can't talk about them like that". There is an aroma of weakness in the air and it smells delicious.

**7:25** I get on the phone with Dipstick to organize a rendezvous and begin to complain of his friend's choice in women, he laughs. I begin to think there is a chance we will remain friends.

**7:29** He asks to speak to one of his friends. I remember these exact words from their conversation, "Dude we are not hanging out with your friend, he's being an asshole and told Girl #2 that he would rather filate a leper than talk to her." I have now finished my 40 and am reeling towards drunkenness.

**7:37** Me and Dipstick are talking, he is pleading with me using terms such as kindness and respect and throwing around unfamiliar phrases like "keep yourself under control" and "stop drinking." I begin to think that me and Dipstick are not going to make it as friends.

**7:39** There is a marginally attractive girl some seats down who is monitoring my antics, laughing at all my insults. I look at her. She smiles at me. I have an audience. I hang up on Dipstick halfway through the conversation and sit down next to her. She identifies herself as "Lisa." She recognizes my drunken state and informs me she is carrying around a pink handbag with liquor in it. I have found a new friend.

**7:45** I proclaim my love for whiskey and she shows me a cheap handle of Kentucky bourbon. There is a god and he hates me.

**7:46** She tells me it is for her friend. I am safe. She

Continued on next page



## Continued from previous page

pulls out a pint of Malibu rum and tells me I can have some. We begin to drink, Lisa tells me the people I was previously sitting with look like "douchebags." I have found an ally, I begin to like her. She attempts small talk with me to which I reply, "Less talkie more drinkie". She laughs, I push forward boasting that my penis is large enough to be declared a small country. She laughs more and replies that she is happily in love with her boyfriend. I tell her I hope she dies. She calls me on it and says I am "bitter." Lisa is smart.

**7:50** I have become drunk. I consider that if I've gotten this far I must be bulletproof. I'll label this under "obvious foreshadowing."

**7:56** We switch trains at Huntington, I leave with Lisa. The Douchebags pass us without looking at me. You might classify their movements as "fleeing in terror."

**8:10** I am sitting with Lisa. There is a train conductor who is checking tickets. Upon looking at this person, I become perplexed but Lisa finishes my thought, "I can't tell whether that's a male or female," I begin to think Lisa is my soul mate.

**8:15** The train conductor approaches me and asks for my ticket- OH SHIT. I am so drunk I forgot it in the last cart. I explain my dilemma. IT does not care. I plead for mercy. IT mocks me and demands money. All eyes of the cart, especially the Douchebags are now fixated on me and IT. Lisa is offering to pay for my ticket, but with a wave of my hand I refuse. IT is blatantly being rude and I feel an attitude adjustment is in order, "Are you related to Hilary Swank?" Lisa begins to laugh. IT looks angry. IT has obviously heard this before, "I don't give money to ambiguously gendered strangers." It is a crushing blow, the cart erupts with laughter. I am William Wallace. I will liberate the train from the tyranny of this hermaphrodite. IT knows it has lost the battle but continues to fight the war. IT shouts at me, "YOU ARE GETTING OFF THE TRAIN" and proceeds to walk away.

**8:20** I have heard threats like this before and must admit that it frightens me. My arrogance has jeopardized my plan way before it has had time to unfold. I become angry at myself. I remember who I am.

**8:21** I am no longer angry.

**8:23** The train stops. It is time to act. I get up and rush towards the opening door. Lisa is screaming behind me, "BE CAREFUL." Don't worry, I'll be back.

**8:24** I exit the train and run to the front and duck into the first cart. There are three aged women sitting there. They pay no attention to my reckless entrance.

**8:25** The train moves.

**8:30** Still no sign of Swank, I congratulate myself. I hear typical drunken jargon amongst the three aged woman. I decide to keep quiet and listen. One of them exclaims, "Tonight is going to be an experience out of reality," she looks at me, recognizes my drunken state, and asks for confirmation, with which I reply, "My dear when you are an alcoholic, there is no such thing as reality, only altered states of perception." They laugh. I have found new friends.

**8:33** The train arrives in Mineola, I have eluded the hermaphrodite's clutches. Nothing can stop me.

**8:36** I hear the clicking of a hole puncher. I had not

calculated the event of another search and seizure. I realize I am drunker than I thought I was three minutes ago. I get up and move towards the door, resisting the urge to make eye contact with the conductor.

**8:37** The train stops I step out attempting to feign departure. I look around. From three carts down I can see Swank staring at me with her arms crossed in front of her. Our eyes meet, we have a moment. I slowly back towards the door. Swank is confused, IT doesn't know whether to run after me or catch me through the train. This has turned into a game of cat and mouse. I am excited.

**8:38** The train moves, I stand next to the door. My arms are crossed and there is a smile plastered on my face.

**8:39** Swank approaches me with a larger, blacker train conductor.

*Other Conductor* "Sir, did you ask if she was a male or a female?"

*Frankie D* "I most certainly did not. I've never seen this before in my life."

*Swank* "I'M A FUCKING HUMAN BEING!"

(I see a slight smile attempt to emerge on the surface of the other train conductor. He obviously shares my confusion and is being entertained by my coyness.)

*Other Conductor* "Where is your ticket?"

*Frankie D* "I left it back in Huntington. I can have an entire cart contest my paying for a ticket to Penn Station. This is absurd and wouldn't be such a problem if IT (motioning to Swank) wore a name tag."

*Swank* "We have to kick him off the train."

*Other Conductor* [completely ignoring Swank] "Look you're getting off if you don't pay for another ticket."

**8:45** The other conductor obviously has rank. I am moved by his composure and applaud his diplomatic skills.

**8:46** I pay 13 dollars, a dollar less than I originally paid. I consider this small difference a victory, always being taught to see the glass half full rather than half empty.

*Frankie D* 1

*Swank* 0

**8:49** I return to the cart I came from. Lisa smiles, she is happy to see me. The Douchebags even throw me an approving glance. I ignore it, they suck and I refuse to forgive them for it. I sit down. Lisa tells me I am one of the funniest people she has ever met. I have a fan.

**9:09** I arrive at Penn.

**9:15** I climb the escalator to the entrance to Penn Station. The city smells of stale pretzels and its lights are screaming at me. I feel at home. I call Dipstick, he is not answering his phone. I now hate Dipstick.

**9:16** There is a man behind a fold out table asking pedestrians to deposit nickels in a empty water jug for some homeless foundation. I approach him. He smells like cat piss and is in serious need of an orthodontist. I peer into the water jug, it contains mostly pennies and a few crumbled up dollar bills. I decide he needs my help. I begin to shout, "FOR ONLY A QUARTER YOU CAN HELP THIS MAN PUT A DOWN PAYMENT ON A HOME FOR HIM AND HIS FAMILY, STAPLES IS HAVING A SALE ON PAPER SUPPLIES," "FOR JUST A QUARTER

WE CAN HELP THIS MAN AFFORD A SHORT VACATION AT THE BOTTOM OF A BOTTLE."

**9:20** People are laughing, some are stopping to give change. One deposits a dollar bill. I begin to think college is worthless. There is a crowd forming. The homeless man is just standing there with a perturbed stare. I assume he is taking a break after working so hard.

**9:21** The homeless man complains that I am losing him money. I inform him that I did not intend to keep my profits. He asks me to leave. I begin to feel sober.

**9:25** I get in line for a taxi. I do not know where I am going. I consider it unwise to leave my destination up to a cab driver. A girl in front of me jumps into a cab. She looks old enough to know where I can find alcohol and people. I climb in with her. She asks me what I am doing. I tell her, "leaving it up to you where I end up tonight". She doesn't understand the joke, I yell at the cab driver, "THIS THING AIN'T DRIVING ITSELF". She senses my drunken state and tells the driver, "St. Marks Place." We are off.

**9:30** Me and the girl talk, she is nice. I detail my plan for her, she says I should be careful. I am not convinced of her concern. She tells me where I can find some bars when we arrive at our destination.

**9:45** We arrive, she seems grateful that our relationship is coming to a close. I let her pay for the cab. She walks away without saying good bye. I forgive her for sucking.

**9:50** I am in an Irish Pub. It is crowded. There are college kids in pink polo shirts sporting green Mardi Gras beads. I am not impressed. I order a double Jameson on the rocks. It is my first drink since in almost an hour. I am slacking.

**9:51** I begin to drink.

**10:00** I begin to feel the effects of the whiskey wash over my nerves. I am happy.

**10:15** I finish my drink. The bar is too loud. I go outside. I immediately notice a group of girls standing outside a Chinese restaurant next to the Irish pub. They look young and are dressed in your average undeserving city kid outfits: Seven Jeans, talking on Razor cell phones, sporting Coach handbags. I mistaken one of them for a Stunt Dummy draped over a lawn chair. She has either been drinking or mainlining heroin. I investigate.

**10:16** She begins to throw up. Yep she is drunk. I begin to yell at her, "Well look at you! Aren't you just precious? I guess those 'I'm-an-ungrateful-rich-kid' lessons are really paying off huh. I'm sure mom and dad are gonna feel real secure sending you off to some ritzy private college." I feel a tap on my shoulder. It is a police officer. He asks me if I know this person. I literally laugh in his face.

**10:20** He asks me if I am drunk. I lie. He advises me to leave. I agree with him.

**10:21** I am walking down a street. My stomach rumbles. It is hungry. I must abide by its demands. I duck into a restaurant on some corner. It is busy and very loud. I approach the hostess stand.

**10:35** I begin pounding on the hostess stand, demanding food. This makes them uncomfortable. They are slow in their response. They are all cowards.

**10:36** They advise me that in the front of the restaurant there is an area for takeout orders. I storm in their specified direction. I pass a bathroom. I

Continued on next page



# to NYC for St. Patty's Day Continued...

By Frank Nobiletti

Continued from previous page

realize I have to piss.

**10:50** I approach the take-out counter. There is a man that strangely resembles Carlos Mencia, I immediately hate him. I demand food. He begins communicating with me in broken English. There are two bags on the counter. I make some grunting noises gesturing to one of them. He gives me a blank stare. I wave a 5 dollar bill in front of his face. He pushes the bag towards me. I guess they are right when they say "Money talks".

**11:00** I am sitting on the steps of a basement apartment eating someone else's food. It is delectable-fried chicken with homemade barbecue sauce, rice, and a piece of cornbread that God himself must have put on this earth for my pleasure. I eat with my hands and throw the demolished remnants of this fine meal all over the tenant's concrete porch.

**11:15** My hands are stained with rice and barbecue sauce, I walk down the street. On the next corner is a pizza shop. I duck in and use the bathroom.

**11:20** I walk out and look around trying to determine my whereabouts. I am sober enough to discern this but my attention is directed to two "Hot Girls" eating pizza near the window of the establishment. I decide to gain their attention.

**11:21** I lift up my shirt up and throw myself against the window. Hot Girl #1 and Hot Girl #2 laugh. Hot Girl #1 starts licking the window where my baby bare nipple is exposed. I have found potential prospects.

**11:22** I re-enter the pizzeria and approach the two Hot Girls. They are smitten with my introduction. They ask me if I am hungry. I do not feel hungry. I do not know why I am not hungry. I realize that I am very drunk. They are amused by my bewilderment. I urge them to leave the restaurant with me. They tell me they want to finish their pizza. I take the slice from Hot Girl #1 and shove the rest of it in my mouth. The gauntlet has been thrown down. She responds, "Ok, dickhead, now you're gonna get me drunk". We are finally on the same page.

**11:30** Me and Hot Girls exit the pizzeria. They ask me where I want to go. I tell them someplace that has alcohol. I am not subtle in my suggestion. We walk, Hot Girl #1 on one arm Hot Girl #2 on the other. I am Hugh Hefner. It is good to be the king.

**11:40** We arrive at another Irish pub. It is a sordid establishment smaller than a drunk tank. I forgive this at it is much quieter than the last Irish pub. I order three vodka clubs. We begin to drink. Hot Girl #1 is into me. She has tan skin, straight white teeth, modest size breasts, and straight brunette hair. She asks me why I am alone. I tell her my plan. She asks how it is going. I tell her it is rearing its climax. She smiles.

**12:15** A man with a bagpipe enters the bar. The crowd is cheering. I order three more vodka clubs. Hot Girl #1 and #2 place their arms around me shouting and hollering at him. I grab their asses, they are laughing. This is fucking awesome.

**12:00** Hot Girl #2 begins talking to some other guy. She is a good wing-woman. Hot Girl #1 begins telling me her occupation. I am staring at her breasts. I am not discreet. She grabs my hat and puts it on her head and yells at me to pay attention to her. She needs a time out. I tell her I need a cigarette. I exit the bar.

**12:10** I see another girl who resembles Kiera Knightly in *Domino*. I tell her she looks like a lit-

tle school boy, she is offended. I rebuttal this with "I desperately wanna make love to a little school boy." She laughs. I can do no wrong tonight.

**12:15** I re-enter the bar and go to where I left Hot Girl #1.

**12:16** Hot Girl #1 is not there..

**12:17** I look around. I can't see either Hot Girl #1 or Hot Girl #2.

**12:18** I look at the bar. There are the three vodka clubs I had previously ordered sitting alone on the bar. Only one of them has been touched. My intuition screams that they have left. I am confused as to how I didn't notice this. I realize that I am almost completely shit-faced.

**12:19** I become infuriated. MY FUCKING HAT.

**12:19** I storm out of the bar. I literally knock over a girl on my way out. I burst out into the streets. My head is hung low, my fists are clenched. I have turned from happy drunk Frankie D to Charles Manson drunk Frankie D. My rage is sobering me up. This catapults me into "HELL HATH NO FURY" anger. Only one thing can be done. I must hunt down these soulless beings. They are worthless bowery prostitutes and must be destroyed for their crimes against man.

**12:25** I give up my search. I am upset. It was my lucky hat. I do the only thing I know how to do when confronted with feelings of sadness. I walk into another bar.

**12:30** It is a respectable establishment with a retro style atmosphere. It is lightly dimmed and there are leather couches littering the sides and corners of the wall. There are girls dancing on them. I begin to like this bar.

**12:35** I order a vodka club.

**12:40** I survey the scene. My eyes meet with a girl standing in the back. She is brandishing a body with clothes that look like they are literally spray painted on her. She has short black hair and a fair complexion. Her eyes are wide and staring at me. Her ovules are obviously dilated from a night of hardcore cocaine use. I decide she resembles a deer caught in headlights, but I am drunk, so she is hot regardless.

**12:41** I approach her. I know there are words coming out of my mouth but I recognize none of them. I put down my drink.

**12:42** We begin to kiss. StunnedDeer is grabbing my head and pouring her tongue down my throat. I taste cheap cigarettes and alcohol on her breath. I like the taste.

**12:43** She is throwing me up against the wall and whispering obscenities in my ear. I play it cool and tell her she's going to get me kicked out. She grabs my penis. She has made her point clear.

**12:45** I pick up StunnedDeer and carry her to the bathroom.

**12:47** The bathroom is about the size of a Cracker Jack box. She positions herself on the sink. I am literally standing next to the toilet. She begins to unbuckle her pants with one hand while at the same time unbuckling my pants with the other. She is grabbing at my crotch like it contains the generous inheritance to some arranged marriage. And then it happens.

**12:48** My subconscious begins speaking to me.

*Subconscious:* Hey Frankie....what are you doing?

*FrankieD:* nothing

*Subconscious:* Rrrreeaaaalllllyyyyy, well that doesn't look like nothing to me. Hey did you bring

that condom with you? You know the one I've been telling you to carry around since day one?

*FrankieD:* Of all the fucking times you can interject in the actions of my life, you choose this moment. After tonight I'm gonna go home, take a wire hanger, and dig you out of my fucking skull.

*Subconscious:* Shut up and listen...what's the loud banging noise?

**12:49** Me and StunnedDeer look at the door. It sounds as though a professional wrestler is using it as a punching bag.

**12:50** The door bursts open. It hits me in the arm and I am thrown against the wall with StunnedDeer on top of me.

**12:51** StunnedDeer begins to scream. I look up. There is a black bouncer. I believe the most accurate description of his expression is "enraged".

**12:55** I am escorted outside the bar. The bouncer tells me I am not allowed back. I request him to bring forth my prostitute. He looks at me like I have grown flowers out of my ears. I further my request with "It's only fair". The bouncer threatens me with violence if I don't leave now.

**12:56** I begin to walk back towards the bar I came from.

**1:05** I am back in the bar. People are shouting and screaming. I order a double Jameson on the rocks. I feel that my plan has succeeded. I consider going to Twiggy's. I realize that from this moment on anything else that happens is pure bonus material.

**1:20** I finish my drink.

**1:30** I walk back towards the bar that I was asked to leave in the first place. The bouncer isn't there. In his place is a marginally attractive female. I ask her what she is doing, she replies the bouncer is getting drunk and left her in charge to ID customers. I consider the likelihood that he will not recognize me.

**1:31** I begin to ID random people. I do not take my job seriously. There are obviously aged people entering the bar now, I am IDing them anyway and questioning the validity of their ages. Marginally attractive girl is amused by my comments. I feel it is safe to re-enter the bar. I have been working hard and need a drink.

**1:35** I re-enter the bar and order a vodka and club.

**1:40** There is girl looking at me. She has tan skin and black curly hair. I approach her.

**1:45** There are indiscernible words coming out of my mouth. I am speaking in tongues.

**1:46** The girl laughs at me. I lean in to kiss her.

**1:47** We are making out. I feel a tap on my shoulder

**1:48** It is StunnedDeer. I stare at her for a second, "Where the fuck have you been?" You might say I was surprised to see her.

**1:49** There is inaudible gibberish being traded between the two girls. They begin yelling at me. I am confused as I am unable to comprehend speech at this point of time. My eyes catch the bar. My eyes meet with the black bouncer.

**1:50** I am outside the bar and running in an unknown direction.

**1:55** I recognize where I am. It is the pizzeria. I remember that my hat has been stolen from me. I become angry. I walk into the pizzeria.

**1:56** The smell of New York pizza reawakens my hunger. There is a long line. People are speaking loudly. I become agitated. I reach into my pocket

Continued on next page



# Turns Classic Continued...

By Frank Nobiletti

## Continued from previous page

and pull out a wad of cash. I walk to the side of the counter.

**1:57** I walk behind the counter and pick up a slice of pizza. It is Sicilian- amazing. A staff of four is shouting at me. The pizzeria has almost fallen to a silence. I wave around my wad of cash and grunt between my chewing. They don't appear to want my money.

**1:58** Two of the staff members approach me.

**1:59** I sense a threat so I throw the pizza at them and stuff my money back into my pocket.

**2:00** I back towards the door. The two staff members follow me outside.

**2:01** I begin cursing at them. Staff Member #1 is the shorter of the two. He lunges at me. He has his arms around me. He is weak. Staff Member #2 begins to throw badly aimed punches towards my face.

**2:02** I respond, fending them off. People involve themselves immediately.

**2:03** Staff member #1 is pulled off of me. He and Staff Member #2 return to their pizzeria. They are worthless, not worth the diseased air they breathe every day. I gather myself and realize my favorite shirt has been ripped. I become infuriated. They must pay.

**2:10** One of the windows of the pizzeria rests on top of a metal window. It is where they serve pizza to people who wish to eat outside. Architecturally, it is a piece of New York art. I decide it is missing

something.

**2:11** I pull down my pants and sit on the window. Now it is a masterpiece. The crowd in the pizzeria notices my bare ass. They begin to cheer and shout. I have won the crowd. I am a star. The pizzeria's staff is nothing.

**2:12** The same two staff members come out. This time they synchronize their attack. I immediately hit Staff Member #2 in the face. He desists. He is injured. Staff Member #1 pummels me. I am not prepared for this. I hit the ground. He begins chocking me. Staff Member #2 is back up and his foot is descending upon me. I feel no pain. I begin to laugh. I am having fun. I am Tyler Durden.

**2:13** A group of spectators intervene and separate us. I am on the ground. I am mocking them. They run back to the pizzeria. I begin to believe they may call the cops. I am scared.

**2:15** I am running down the street. I do not know where I am going.

**2:30** I ask for directions.

**2:45** I am calling Twiggy preparing him for my arrival. He sounds worried. I tell him I am fine.

**2:55** I am on a bus slated for Weehawken, New Jersey.

**3:30** I enter Twiggy's place. Upon the sight of my torn clothing and beet red face, he begins to laugh. Oh yeah, he was really concerned. I recount the night's events as best I can. He tells me I need help. I tell him he's a good friend.

**Note:** The events that occurred in this night are as listed as accurately as possible. Considering the fact that I lived them under the state of copious amounts of alcohol the integrity of its recording is open for debate. This being said we must remind ourselves that we live our life according to our own perception. It must also be understood that I do not advocate behavior like this. My plan did not revolve around how many women I could fuck, or how much I could steal, or who I could fight. In this night were prevalent all the elements that make us human beings; fear, greed, love, anger, pride, sadness, and lust among other things. What is not present are attributes that serve to destroy us from the inside, like envy or insecurity. Under the influence of alcohol I managed to stay true to the one theme that encompassed the night; I believed in myself and arose victorious with a holiday I will never forget. On the other hand it came at other's expense and, for this I might certainly spend an eternity shoveling guano in hell. So here it is for everyone who passes judgment on my behavior. It was very wrong to do the things I did and say the things I said, I am ashamed and should have probably never written this...but you gotta admit, some of it is pretty fucking funny.

**Note 2:** Dipstick has informed me that Girl #2 cried all the way to New York City and spent her entire St. Patrick's Day complaining how I ruined her night. Hey, if she can't take a joke, fuck her.





# COMIC UPDATE!

BY MO IBRAHIM

What does one do when he doesn't have enough time to write a fresh new article for *The Press*? He digs through his personal archive, that's what he does! Comic Update has really been around since 2002, back when I was in high school. It was only since last semester (Fall '05) that all new articles to the Comic Update series have been written for *The Press*. The following is a revised version of one of the classic Comic Updates originally released in May 2004 (but has never been in *The Press*). Hey, if you haven't read it, it's new to you.

## -The Vicious Cycle

Life is all just work. Work, work and nothing but work and waking up early. Ever notice that for the most part of our lives we have to wake up early to fulfill some obligation? From age 0 to around 4 or 5 we did whatever our feeble bodies wanted to do before the time came to enroll in school. And then from that point on it feels like school never ends, sometimes staying in school until your mid to late twenties for those people that plan on going to grad school. But just when you think life gets easier after school is over, God kicks you in the ass. Why? Because now you still have to get up early everyday, but not for school but for work, so you can actually make your own life and pay off that tuition debt. Working from morning to night, you go to work too early to do anything worthwhile, and go home too tired to do anything else but sleep. It's a vicious cycle up until about the age of 65, assuming of course you would live that long without getting cancer simply by breathing the air. By that age you just feel tired and useless so you can't really do all the things you could have done while younger (i.e. travel) because in your youthful, more energetic days you had to go to WORK! So it's hard to enjoy life before school started because you were too little and young, and it's hard to enjoy life to the fullest when you retire because you're too old.

And if they're going to make us wake up early for school, they can at least make school enjoyable. Think about it, wouldn't school be a lot more fun if there were a twist on things? Imagine watching other students get shocked by electricity whenever they don't know the right answer to a question, or shooting basketballs into a hoop in English class to earn extra credit. Sex would also be good to help you learn. For example, a hot, money-hungry stripper can teach an all-boys class where she'll strip whenever the class does well. To make it even more interesting, the kids that get 100's on all of their tests will get laid. However, if

the class does badly, they have to be exposed to a big fat ugly naked man that will make even the gayest of students turn straight. Obviously the same would apply for the all girls' class, except their reward would be a Chippendale's dancer and they would be punished by having to watch a naked old man and old woman having sex on the teacher's desk for a week during class.

However, sometimes horny teachers are just not good to have. See, back in high school, my English teacher wore tight clothes, had muscles (especially breast size pecs), wore a fanny pack, and had the world's biggest bulge. He sounded annoying and loved to spontaneously sing and dance in class. You might have already guessed it: he's either Wayne Brady... or just a really gay white teacher. Unfortunately he's no Wayne Brady. If you went to Brooklyn Tech you might actually catch on to which teacher I'm talking about. Of course it's not a bad thing that he's gay, but one can only put up with a certain degree. Before you judge let me explain, here are some "fun facts" about my high school English teacher:

- Whenever I glanced at him he made a kissing sound with his lips.

- He has told me several times to turn around so he can bite my ass. MY ASS,

PEOPLE!

- If I talked to him outside of class, he would put his arm around me and drench me in spit because, when he talked, all that came out was spit.

- He constantly made fun of fat people. Mind you, the "fat people" category consisted of everyone but him.

- Whenever I talked to him privately, he had to manipulate the conversation into something sexual. I could have been talking about baby vomit and he would turn it into a sexual comment. "Why don't you rub it all over your body during one of your sex romps?"

You may think that I'm making this up, and I wish I were, but I guarantee you that the above was not lied about at all. Oh and according to him, most of the authors we read in class have some sort of homosexual tendencies.

**Teacher:** He's a brilliant author, did you know he was a queer and that passage was actually about being in love with a man?

**Student:** Uh, but that passage was about his dead mother.

And if it's not teachers, it's the bosses. I wonder, do managers like to be assholes, or is that

just their job description? Either way the answer is not good. How do they choose who's to be a manager or not? The managers in the retail business are not smart. I had a manager once that used to write signs all over the break room and employee only areas, you know, signs like "Make sure you punch out on your brakes." Well almost every single sign had grammatical, spelling, and punctuation errors on them. So, on my break, I would just take a pen and correct all of his idiotic mistakes.

This is something I've always wanted to do at my job but never had the guts to. Maybe after reading this someone will be inspired to actually fulfill this little dream of mine that I conjured up while pretending to be working. When I worked in retail we had those things at the exit doors that sounded off an alarm either if you stole something or if a tagged item set it off by accident. You know those anti-theft devices. I think the next time the alarm goes off by accident, everybody working in the store should run up to the door, tell the frightened customer with a stern voice to "back away from the door with your hands up", demand to search the bags, and then pat her down - front, back, left and right. She should be battered with a stream of questions "Where did you come from?" "What did you steal?" "Who's your daddy?" Then for added effect someone should tell her that "because of the nature of the circumstances and with what's going on with our country overseas, we have to put you in handcuffs, because if we're not secure, then we might as well let the terrorists win."

At that job, I just felt like telling my manager off. He would say "Mo, go clean up your mess" and I just wanted to respond with, "Fuck off. It's not my fault that you discovered it after I tried covering it up." Then when he walked away I'd talk on my cell phone during work just to spite him, because throughout life we all learn a valuable lesson: stick it to the man.

## Thought Bytes

- You know, I'm getting sick and tired of having to give head just to keep my job.

- Next time you're waiting for a train, find some random person near you and with an intense and scary voice yell "I'm gunna push you in front of the train!" When that person walks away, just follow and stare

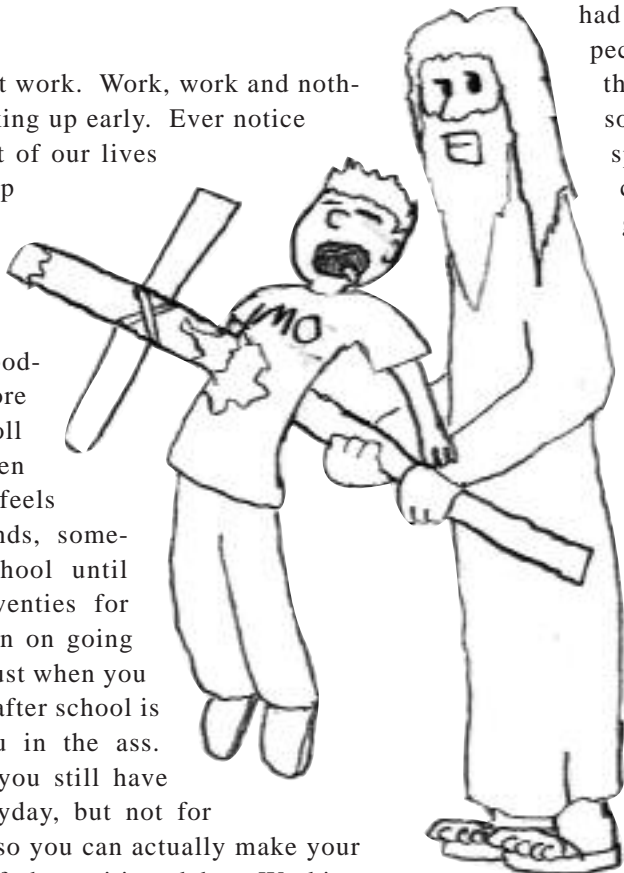
- Random quotes coworkers have said to me... *during work:*

"Is she sloppy... I like them big and sloppy."

"Would I taste her fart, oh hell yes."

"I can braid my ass hair."

"I asked her what her favorite position was, and she said giving head. I said, "Oh my God she's the one."





# Should I Have Kids?

By Matt Rammelkamp

This flyer will hopefully help you decide by addressing the pros and the cons.

## The top 10 pros:

- 10) You just can't wait to be embarrassed by a baby screaming in stores and in restaurants.
- 9) You love fecal matter and can't wait to change diapers.
- 8) You're filthy rich and can't wait to pay for doctors, college, cars, food, clothes, etc.
- 7) You feel that there are not enough traffic jams and can't wait to see another car on the road.
- 6) You love to worry about grades in school; in fact you'd like to do the homework for them.
- 5) You need more laundry to do.
- 4) You can read into the future and know you'll never get divorced.
- 3) You don't mind the risk that there is a chance the baby will be born retarded or deformed.
- 2) You are immortal - so the child doesn't have to worry about losing a parent.
- 1) Your child is immortal too. In fact, there is no chance your kid will ever get abused, raped by priests, or kidnapped.

## The top 10 cons:

- 10) The irreversible choice of having kids means that you are sentencing yourself to at least two decades of slavery. By this I mean, you have NO CHOICE but to commute to work, punch in, work a long shift, punch out, and drive home in rush hour traffic. The amount of hours Americans spend at work and commuting to work are at an all-time high and increasing. Americans spent 40 million hours in traffic last year. The amount of days off, vacation time, and pensions are all going down. Americans retire later and later every year. By forcing yourself

to support your children you are only going to work a longer, more stressful day for more years. Stress is a major contributor to cancer, and what a surprise! Cancer is now the number one killer; half of all Americans will die of cancer.

- 9) More congestion means more air pollution and the decline in quality of life for all of us.
- 8) The world's fresh-water aquifers will dry up by 2025.
- 7) Every day, 500 million people are starving or malnourished. Why not solve global hunger and poverty before we use our money and time to create more people?
- 6) Most of the world's original forests have been wiped out for human activities. Many of us believe the earth by itself has intrinsic value of its own and is not simply here for human exploitation.
- 5) Even if you don't believe the last reason, you can't deny that we are making the world increasingly unlivable for ourselves, and as we increase in numbers, the quality of life decreases accordingly.
- 4) Most of the world's original forests have been wiped out for agriculture, homes, and other human activities. Rainforests are being destroyed at a rate of two football fields per second - for paper, lumber, gold and other mining activities, oil and natural gas exploration, and to create pasture for cattle being raised for food. Rainforests serve as the earth's lungs.
- 3) The world could end in many ways - an apocalypse as described in Revelation, a comet or meteor hitting, etc. Natural disasters like hurricanes, tsunamis, and energy shortages are happening around the world. You want more people alive to suffer through all this?
- 2) So many major corporations are responsible for pain and suffering, from child labor to environmental destruction, human rights violations and cruelty to animals. It is almost unavoidable to not consume

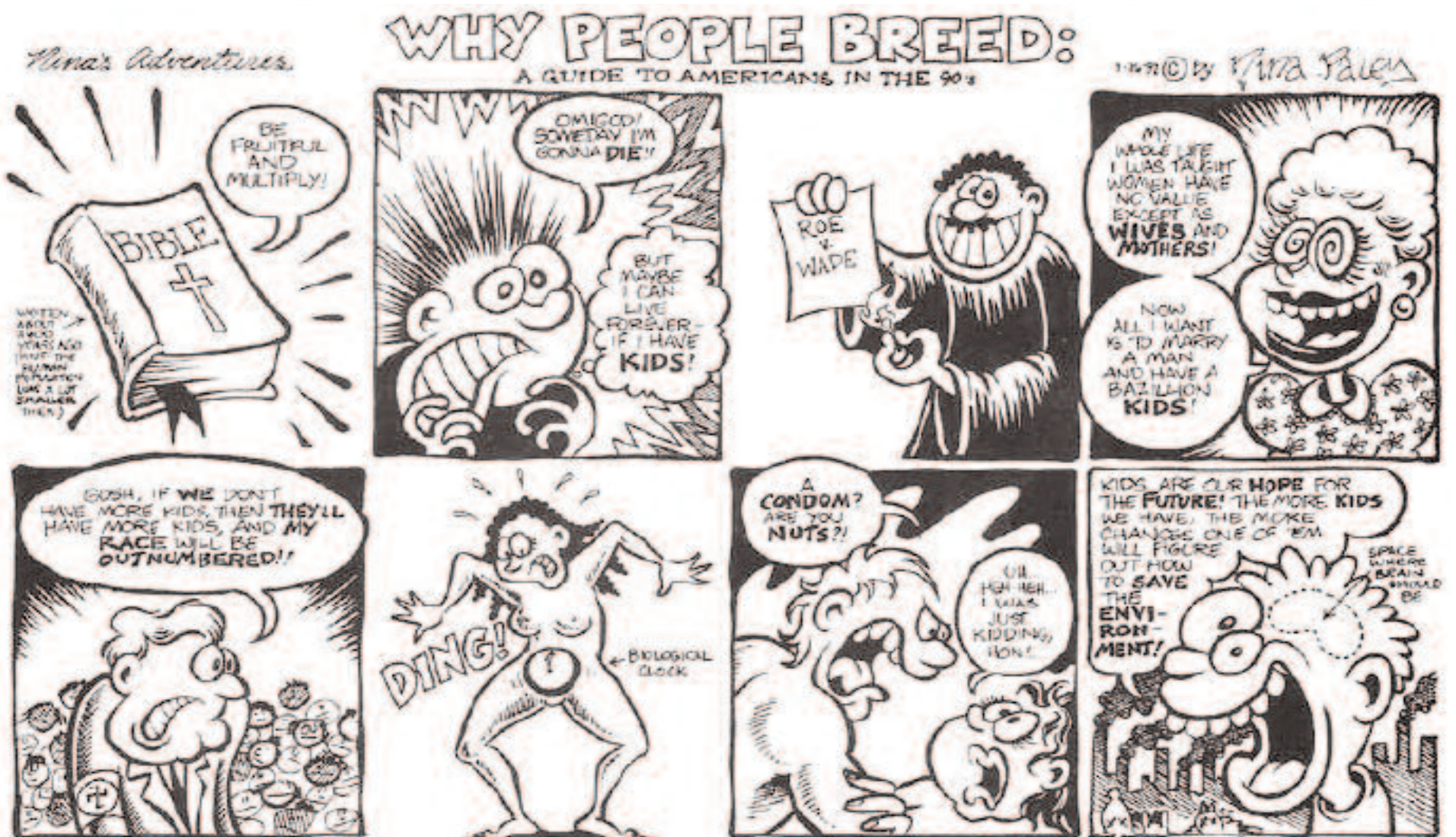
all of these products. Therefore, by making more consumers, we are contributing to more suffering.

- 1) Unloved children wait to be adopted while people selfishly breed!

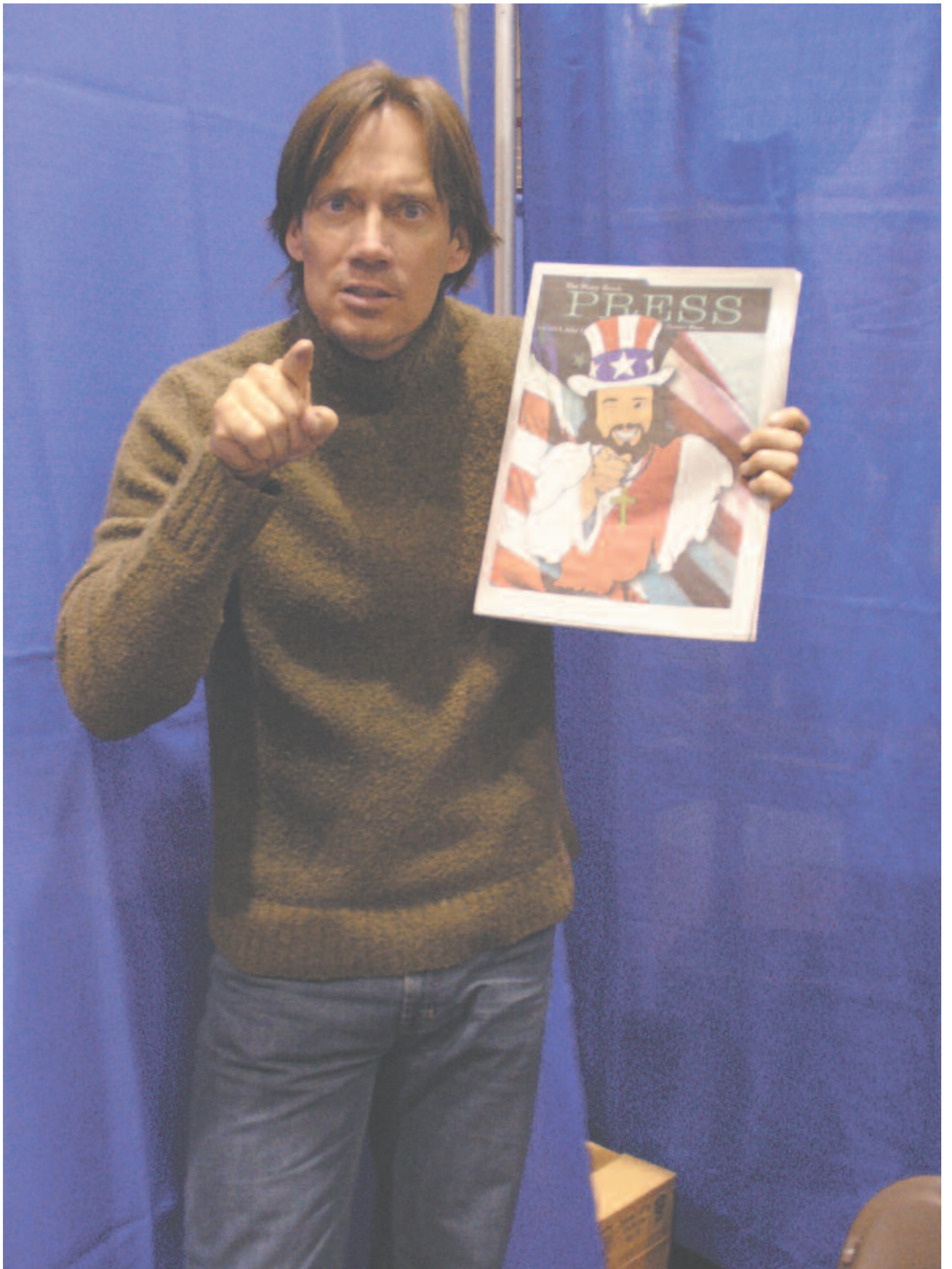
## Our Advice:

- \*Already have kids? Don't have any more. Educate your kids and others not to breed.
- \*Want kids but don't want to torment the Earth and every being on it? Adopt.
- \*Sign the pledge never to reproduce! [www.VHEMT.org](http://www.VHEMT.org)
- \*Get a vasectomy or tubal ligation (permanent birth control for men or women), always use protection (consider using multiple types), practice oral/anal sex, masturbation, or abstinence.
- \*In case of an accident call the Emergency Contraception Hotline at 1-800-584-9911. You have 72 hours to take care of this without the risk of being pregnant! Do it as soon as possible to reduce the risk! If you do get pregnant, you can only get an abortion within the first three months.

To get a vasectomy or tubal ligation, go to a family planning clinic (cheapest), a public health department, or a private doctor. If you do not have insurance or money, ask about loans or other financial help. You may be able to get coverage through Medicaid or a military medical plan. For more information about help with payment, contact your local social service or welfare office. Dr. Yefim Sheynkin, from Stony Brook, NY provides vasectomies and is available at (631) 444-1919. Visit [www.engenderhealth.org/wh/fp/cnsvdr.html](http://www.engenderhealth.org/wh/fp/cnsvdr.html) for a list of no-scalpel, non-invasive vasectomy providers in your area. Family planning clinics include Planned Parenthood - look them up in the phone book or 411 or on [plannedparenthood.com](http://plannedparenthood.com).







*death egg zone*