

PRESS

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"That'll happen on a nutyard pass."

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Kansas Board of Education Redefines Science. That's Dumb.

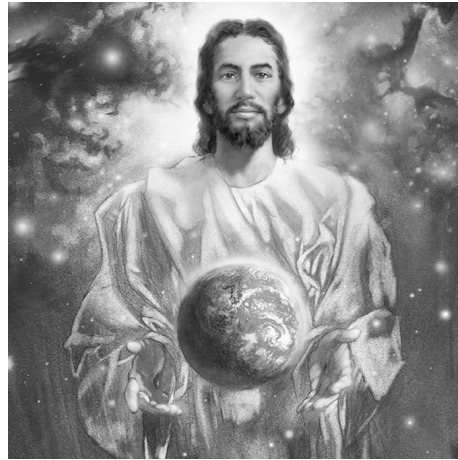
By Alex Walsh

The Kansas state Board of Education recently voted to approve a new set of science education standards, requiring teachers to tell students that evolution is not a fact, and that design by an intelligent creator is an alternative to the theory. The standards also officially redefine the word "science" itself, such that it is no longer limited to natural explanations of phenomena. At the same time, the Dover, Pennsylvania Board of Education is involved in a lawsuit concerning its requirement for teachers to read a prepared statement concerning evolution and to discuss Intelligent Design in class. The Dover statement reads as follows: "Because Darwin's Theory is a theory, it continues to be tested as new evidence is discovered. The Theory is not a fact. Gaps in the Theory exist for which there is no evidence. A theory is defined as a well-tested explanation that unifies a broad range of observations. Intelligent Design is an explanation of the origin of life that differs from Darwin's view."

Intelligent Design is the idea that certain features of organisms are too complex to have been generated by random mutations. According to supporters of ID, there had to have been a designer behind these structures. They say that Intelligent Design is a scientific explanation of the origin of life, and can account for the state of nature just as well as Darwin's theory of evolution. This view is being fought by people who are concerned that it is an attempt to bring teaching of religious beliefs into public schools. Intelligent Design is nothing but Creationism masked with a thin coat of scientific language to slip past the people who are supposed to catch that sort of thing. After all, what could the Designer referred to by ID be, apart from God? Teaching this idea in public schools would ultimately amount to government-sponsored religious education, unless mention was made that life on Earth could be the result of careful design by aliens, super-intelligent robots, or perhaps leprechauns. One must be willing to accommodate "alternate points of view."

Regardless of the ID supporters' claims, there is no scientific basis behind this explanation. This is evident when one looks at their strategy for advancing their cause. Most efforts to expand ID's influence are targeted at politics and education, not the scientific community.

Proponents of intelligent design are so far from the mainstream of science that, for the most part, they don't even try to convince their colleagues. Alan Leshner, the head of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one of the leading organizations in the scientific community, says that intelligent design is "not even a theory." Even Rev. George Coyne, the director of the Vatican Observatory told the ANSA news agency that "Intelligent design isn't



"BRING YO A-GAME BITCH, CHECK"
Courtesy of God's loins

science even though it pretends to be." According to the Associated Press, the high-ranking Catholic official said placing intelligent design theory alongside that of evolution in school programs was wrong and was akin to mixing apples with oranges. Members of the Center for Science and Culture (CSC), a group which contains nearly all the "big names" in intelligent design, are often referred to as Wedge scientists because of their Wedge strategy, which aims to separate science from atheistic naturalism. According to Dr. Barbara Foster, a writer for *Natural History* magazine, "Wedge scientists have no empirical research program and, consequently, have published no data in peer-reviewed journals (or elsewhere) to support their intelligent-design claims."

If Intelligent Design is based in science, as the school boards in Kansas and Dover seem to feel, why won't its supporters work through normal scientific channels? The movement seems to feel that publicity is more important than credibility. By exaggerating the importance of a few cases, manipulating the controversy-hungry media, and focusing on the largely uninformed public rather than scientists, they have established their position in the American consciousness. The CSC's "Teach the Controversy" campaign seeks to portray evolution as a theory in crisis, even though a vast majority of scientists support evolutionary theory. The CSC produced a list of 100 scientists who agreed to the statement "We are skeptical of claims for the ability of random mutation and natural selection to account for the complexity of life. Careful examination of the evidence for Darwinian theory should be encouraged." The American Association for the Advancement of Science passed a resolution that "to date, the ID movement has failed to offer credible scientific evidence to support their claim that ID undermines the current scientifically accepted theory of evolution." The AAAS represents approximately 120,000 scientists.

Quite a crisis.

Intelligent Design is not science, and should not be taught in science classrooms. Science is a rational process based on the scientific method, which uses evidence to formulate conclusions. ID theory starts with a conclusion and manipulates evidence to support it. Divine creation has as much place in a biology class as British history, regardless of any claims of first-amendment rights or openness to alternative ideas. If ID is allowed into public schools, how long will it be before other pseudo-scientific religious theories started to slip in on its precedent? Meaningful and accurate science education is absolutely necessary to maintain the leading position America holds in science and technology development. Acceptance of Intelligent Design is a step back from this standard. Kansas Board of Education member Janet Waugh said the Board's decision made the state "a laughingstock of not only the nation, but of the world." Without opposition to the spread of ID, the same could eventually be said for the whole nation.

LIPA's Hypocrisy

By Brian Wasser

Politicians and companies are increasingly talking the talk when it comes to renewable energy, using refined PR tactics and trite "eco-friendly" jargon here and there to appear to be steadily advancing something the vast majority of us fully support. You'd think that, maybe, long-past-due progress in this area is beginning to take hold, that institutional change is finally beginning to reflect popular demand. But, that's not what evidence suggests when you look at the changes that are happening on a day-to-day basis, here on Long Island and everywhere. It's not news that the rosy scenario portrayed by ads and public statements is meant primarily to pacify and mold opinion, not to reflect reality. LIPA and its affiliates are no exception. Just take a look at LIPA's website, <http://www.lipower.org>. There's a lot about "green choices," conservation, "clean" energy, and so on. Or Caithness Energy, LLC, whose main PR claim is that they are one of the

nation's largest renewable energy producers. The issues, events and decisions the public tends not to hear about, at least, until it's too late to do anything about it, comprise that which will actually impact us, and therefore, that which these companies would rather not have us see. That is, until it can be spun in a way that people will begin to say "well, of course we need energy," even when that's not the issue. This disconnect is an extremely serious issue with dire consequences, especially on the local level.

Unfortunately for LIPA and Caithness, the proposal to build the Island's largest fossil-fuel power plant in decades, in Yaphank, isn't exactly being met with the public opinion that was their strategic aim (partly because there isn't much public knowledge on which to base any opinion). Unfortunately for the rest of us, and for the continued hope that the institutions with the sway will, by their very nature, ever be significantly, genuinely interested in taking

the offense on initiatives that produce solid results in the best interest of the people of Long Island (and not just their bottom line), it's probably too late to galvanize any effective opposition. And, if it comes as a surprise that a large fossil-fuel power plant is scheduled to be built in January in the middle of Brookhaven Town, it seems they've done their job.

But why would the construction of a facility that would generate "much needed" electricity to Long Island need to proceed with minimal public outreach on the part of LIPA, and why would consent need to be largely manufactured?

First and foremost are the obvious environmental reasons, especially for the neighboring communities, who will see around 450 tons of various chemical oxides, 15 tons of Sulfuric Acid, and 63 tons of VOC emitted annually, to

Continued on page 5

No Pat On the Back

By Rachel Eagle Reiter

If Pat Robertson has a problem with rainbows, he should talk to his God, the one who gave the rainbow to Noah as a sign that He will never destroy the earth by flood again. What a joke: right-wing religious threats are being made because intellectuals prefer scientific evidence to religious superstition. The intelligent design theory has been rejected in Dover, Pennsylvania – rejected, perhaps due to lack of evidence. Belief in an intelligent designer of the universe, even belief in any supernatural deity, requires faith, and faith is a force that exists without evidence. Intellectuals, and especially scientists, like evidence. Just having faith in something does not make it true.

For example, I can have all the faith in the world that the earth is flat, something our religious predecessors believed, but there has since been revealed evidence to oppose this narrow viewpoint. If science is controlled by religion,

false presuppositions are likely to reappear in high school and college curriculums.

It frightens me to recall that Robertson was once a presidential candidate. This is a person who puts fear into people using methods of religious intimidation: “If there is a disaster in your area, don’t turn to God, you just rejected Him from your city,” warns Robertson. “Don’t wonder why He hasn’t helped you when problems begin...Don’t ask for help because he might not be there.”

Robertson’s statements make me wonder what sort of higher connections he thinks that he has; he apparently presumes to know the mind of God. Robertson has given the good people of America, as well as citizens of other nations (since these statements were aired on *The 700 Club*), an image of an uncaring, heartless, ruthless, uncompassionate higher deity, who punishes innocent human beings for thinking rationally.



EVIL, SO VERY OLD,
Courtesy of his mom’s virgin vag

Pardon me, all fundamental right-wingers, but this is not the sort of God that America wants to recognize – especially not Liberal America!

According to an article by Alan Elsner, televangelist Robertson warns towns of God’s wrath (accessible via news.yahoo.com). “In 1998,

Robertson warned the city of Orlando, Florida that it risked hurricanes, earthquakes and terrorist bombs after it allowed homosexual organizations to put up rainbow flags in support of sexual diversity.” If Robertson has difficulty accepting a diverse and colorful United States of America, one which includes racial, gender, religious and sexual differences, he has no business attempting to represent, in his run for presidential candidacy, a nation whose people are a fusion of such contrasting lifestyles. These differences are what make America beautiful, just like the rainbow to which Robertson is so opposed.

The homosexual community seems to embrace the signs from God, like the rainbow, a bit more than Robertson does. Since these organizations, who show their rainbows proudly, frighten and intimidate Robertson, he should take the issue up with his intelligent designer.

We Will Not Walk In Fear Of One Another

By Pizda Huyova

It’s funny how something you see connects in your brain to something else that’s seemingly so very different from what you say. Our brain makes interesting analogies, I guess.

Last week I went to see *Good Night, and Good Luck*, the movie detailing Edward R. Murrow’s standoff with Commie-obsessed Senator Joseph McCarthy in the 1950s. As I was going home, you would think I was thinking about how great a newsman Murrow was, or how different journalism was in those days (Murrow smoked cigarettes on the air!), or how much of a schmuck McCarthy was.

But no, I was thinking about torture.

Many people have interpreted the movie in terms of Murrow’s profession – an ode to a time when journalism wasn’t about flashing graphics and rising decibel levels – and to the extent that director George Clooney wished to accentuate these points by the almost claustrophobic on-air environment and Murrow’s steely delivery, they would be right. But a deeper context lies within the battle between McCarthy and Murrow itself.

Senator Joseph McCarthy believed that safety and strength were this country’s most important attributes. He thought that to preserve American ideals, he had to break a few eggs, and intrude on a few people’s freedoms. He believed that anything, *anything* was okay as long as it kept America safe from Communism.

Murrow rejected that. He felt that American ideals were not things to be abandoned in times of convenience or beliefs that could be ignored in the name of prosperity, safety or strength.

Of course, using this as a foundation, you could probably talk about anything from the Patriot Act to the rise of multi-global soul-sucking corporations and everything in between. But I wish to focus on torture, because it is as blatant a violation of American ideals of human rights as it is disturbing and harmful to this country.

Torture, which for these purposes will be defined as the infliction of severe physical or psychological pain as a tool for (among other things) the extraction of information or confes-

sions, is considered to be an violation of human rights by all but the most violent warlords and dictators, and there are treaties upon treaties on file that pledge that prisoners of war would not be tortured. It’s also unreliable, as people will sometimes say anything to stop the pain (in a recent article, John McCain recalled that, to stop the torture inflicted on him by his Vietnamese captors, he told them the names of the Green Bay Packers’ offensive line, knowing that would be enough to get them to stop). It is sick and inhumane and wrong by any standard.

And yet, Bush administration officials have not only justified torture as an interrogation tactic, but have, over the past several months, fought harder to allow torture than they have fought for any other policy initiative of any kind.

It says volumes about our leaders that they are so hell-bent on finding ways to make the use of an interrogation technique they *know* to be immoral and unreliable palatable to Americans. They have consistently attempted to use loopholes and semantics (oh, they’re not prisoners of war, they’re enemy combatants) to make torture seem okay. They have consistently attempted to justify their actions to Americans by saying “well, if it was your family in danger, wouldn’t you do it?” which is not only shamelessly manipulative but attempts to apply moral relativism to an idea whose immorality is absolute – yeah, I might torture someone to save my family, but that doesn’t make it morally right, and America is supposed to ascribe to ideals which are far above and beyond that of a 25-year old Brooklyn journalist. Perhaps most heinously, they have taken perhaps the greatest achievement in the history of the United Nations and attempted to put in the trash through the continued hiring of attorneys who spend days and nights trying to figure out how to make the Geneva Convention treaty not apply to us. And why? Because, just like McCarthy, anything, *anything* is okay as long as it keeps us safe and strong.

Just like McCarthy’s Commie fetish did irreparable harm to so many in his crosshairs and made the country a laughingstock abroad,

Bush and Cheney’s torture fetish harms America much more than it helps it. Using torture no longer allows the United States to claim the moral high ground, meaning it harms foreign policy initiatives (such as China recently telling us that we aren’t in any position to lecture them on human rights violations), and gives other nations *carte blanche* to torture U.S. Armed Forces men that they capture in this war or any future wars. Not to mention the psychological harm that is often inflicted not just on those who receive torture, but those who deliver it. And, to top it all off, news of the torture of enemy combatants harms the ability of the United States to present itself as the good guys to the millions of Middle Eastern men and women debating whether or not they should strap on some dynamite and walk to a crowded square – or worse. All this, again, for an interrogation tactic of debatable usefulness and undeniable immorality.

An apologist might say that, because their hearts are in the right place and they want to keep us safe, they shouldn’t be looked upon as being evil people. Funny; McCarthy’s heart was also in the right place and people think he was evil. A fearful person might say that their actions are necessary because they fear a situation like one that happened around this time of year four years ago. I hope that I have demonstrated to you that the use of torture exacerbates that situation more than it prevents it.

So don’t give the Bush administration the luxury of a free pass. Do as Murrow did: take a stand, and make it public. This is more important than the Patriot Act, more important than Valerie Plame, secondary only to the war itself, and even those who believe the war is just should take a stand against what is with question a trashing of the American ideal that everyone, no matter how deprived or sociopathic, will never be treated as nothing less than a human being. To quote Murrow, the continued efforts by George Bush to condone torture “have caused alarm and dismay amongst our allies abroad, and given considerable comfort to our enemies.”

America Outsources The Terror

By Michael Prazak

According to a *Washington Post* news report the existence of CIA internment camps within the European Union nation of Poland, and possibly in the EU potentiate Romania, was revealed. Subsequent investigation has revealed that other nations such as Spain and Sweden, although not specifically housing internment camps of their own, have been nonetheless utilized as stopover and extrication points for delivery of prisoners to said camps. The housing of these camps violates Article 6 of the European Rulebook, which states that no EU member can willfully allow for the existence of any organization that allows for the violation of human rights. The penalty for violating this entails revocation of voting rights on the EU council, as well as stiff economic fines.

As tempestuous a political storm as this situation creates in Europe, its relative impact of the American psyche has been virtually nil. No forward moving investigation has been called for, no examination into the factual information provided by both the *Washington Post* and Human Rights Watch has been engaged. Instead, the people's reaction has been apathy, and the governmental reaction has been blame. Blame, not at the nations harboring these camps, nor at the branch of the government endorsing it, but at the fourth estate itself. The media has been called to task for doing its duty of delivering the truth to the people, and the government is enraged because they have a leak in their bureaucratic wall. No, to them the true task at hand isn't correcting their policy of torture and deception, but instead, keeping this informa-

tion from the people.

This is the world we live in now; torture and fear are used by each side against each other, nearly indiscriminately. If our nation



TORTURE OF THE PAST SHOULD BE REMEMBERED, Courtesy of Tyranny, and Fear

relies on deception and pain as a means to an end, are they not in danger of becoming that which they fight. This is not intended in the overly reductive manner that it may seem. It is meant in the fundamental way that our nation relates to its people, the presumed source of its

power and base of its mandate. We hear every day of the increased measures our country is willing to undertake in its crusade against its "enemy." But they battle the attitude of the terrorist and the zealot, in essence the mind of the oppositional. This war can not be won, ever. No amount of torture, desecration of rights and bodies, or white phosphorous can ever change. These incidents only fan the flames of intolerance, and spread the image of an impending Empire, bent on destroying the ways of life people cling to in order to survive.

There were mistakes made. This has become the apologetic mantra of the wealthy and powerful Americans responsible for past terrors and injustices allayed. The history of our country is riddled with such situations, stone jetties of indecency amidst a superficially triumphant landscape. But what can be done about these historical inequities, are they forever relegated to apocryphal dramas impossible to change? After all, the childhood maxim of crying over spilled milk seems to reverberate throughout the life of peoples, as well as nation. We are forced, by no choice of our own, to look forward to a time when social, political and yes even racial tensions are all but a memory, or so we are told. This, however, is a practice in futility, when the victims of national mistakes are ignored, and laid to the wayside, when, in the march toward safety, our step is stiffened, and we notice too late our boots and uniform are made from the flesh of others, and our neighbors' bones are grinded into the pavement upon which we march.

Controversial Terrorism Bill in Britain Defeated By Parliament

By Joe Safdia

On November 9, 2005, the British Parliament struck down the controversial Terrorism Bill proposed by Prime Minister Tony Blair. The bill called for an increase in the amount of time a person could be held by the authorities, without probable cause or a trial, under suspicion of terrorist activities. Along with the new "90-day rule", the Terrorism Bill would have given the British Government power to shut down mosques as well as to disband certain Muslim organizations it deems as a danger to society. While this legislation was defeated in the House of Commons, an amendment was passed that would allow the Government to hold terrorist suspects for 28 days without trial, twice as long as it had been previously allowed to do.

The vote also brought about very unprecedented results. It was the first legislation proposed by Blair that has been shot down by Parliament since 1997. But more importantly, 49 of his own Labour Party members voted against the Terrorism Bill in the 323-290 decision.

Many believe that as a result of this, Prime Minister Blair will be seen as a weak leader, basically giving the go-ahead for members of his own party to vote against his legis-

lation without fear of the whip system designed to keep the parties in line. The Labour Party would no longer be Blair's "poodle", as Labour Party backbencher Paul Flynn put it. It will now be harder for Blair to push his proposals through Parliament, especially the ones concerning education and health care.

Others, however, believe the defeat means nothing but a piece of legislation that just didn't make it. According to Charles Clarke, who attempted to take the blame for the failed proposal away from Blair by claiming personal responsibility, "I think this was a very particular case, where you had a combination of genuine civil libertarians of the likes of David Winnick and Chris Mullin, who are not serial rebels but were opposed on this issue, combined with a group of ne'er-do-wells, people like Bob Marshall-Andrews, Ian Gibson, who will vote against the Government on any issue when it comes along."

The provisions of the would-be-law also raise questions about the balance of security and freedom in Great Britain and around the world. A sizable amount of the British people are actually in favor of the Terrorism Bill and

the 90-day rule, hoping it would have made the country safer. But how safe is a country where any citizen can arbitrarily be picked up off the street and imprisoned, without any charges or probable cause, without even telling family and friends of the whereabouts of the detainees, for three months? Opinions about the Terrorism Bill are greatly split as many people become more willing to sacrifice civil liberties for the sake of national security after the train bombings of July 7, 2005. While many want to see potential terrorists stopped before they can commit an act of terror, others are not willing to give the British Government and police forces that much power. As a citizen writing a letter to the editor of the *London Times* put it, "Deprivation of liberty without transparent cause or charge is punishment and contrary to our civilized traditions and law."

Great Britain, as well as the United States and France, have to take a step back and think about not just what must be done to keep their people safe from terrorism, but also what must be done to keep their people safe from their respective governments. A country that sends its citizens off to a war that creates terrorism rather than fights it is not a safe country to live in. A country that gives its police the power to enter the homes of its citizens or place them in prison only under "suspicion of terrorism" is not a safe country to live in. A country that treats terrorism as a war that can be fought via conventional military tactics rather than addressing the root causes of terrorism will continue to be a target for terrorist activity for years to come.



THE RIGHT GOOD SIR FROM FUNKYSTONIA, Courtesy of any good iTunes playlist

LIPA's Hypocrisy (cont'd)

By Brian Wasser

Continued from page 2

name a few. But this story has a twist. In 1994, an Executive Order was issued, committing all federal agencies to the concept of Environmental Justice for all minorities, often located in poor neighborhoods. The Order was designed to energize low-income communities to be as tough as other, more affluent communities, in organizing and galvanizing opposition to exploitation and public health concerns. The issue is still very much alive today, since low-income communities are still almost always the ones who suffer most from public health and environmental hazards, from power plants and landfills to water quality and consumption trends. The proposed area for the energy facility is between Yaphank and North Bellport, both of which are low income, and the latter of which is heavily minority. The area is thus definitely an Environmental Justice community. But for several complex reasons, LIPA has been successful in overcoming the added hurdles established to protect such populations, in an area that is already disproportionately stressed by Brookhaven Landfill, whose expansion went through due to strategic inclusion of higher-income, non-minority South Bellport as part of the area that "would be affected." Fortunately for LIPA, the increased awareness in the issue of Environmental Justice since the Executive Order wasn't enough to create so much as a peep from these communities. The plant would affect Yaphank, Medford, Coram, Bellport, East Patchogue, Gordon Heights, Brookhaven and other areas, but even the neighborhoods within a mile radius of the plant, the communities whose air quality even LIPA admits will be affected, received notifications that were sparse at best, just enough so that LIPA and Caithness could cover themselves. This was the first many of these residents even heard of the plant. That is not to say people shouldn't make a greater effort to stay informed (some people have known about the plant for a while), but it's not really the responsibility of citizens to know the details of projects proposed in a complicated legal jargon, especially low-income citizens, who rarely have the means or time to be informed in the first place, hence the entire concept of Environmental Justice. In fact, the sheer irresponsibility on the part of LIPA, evidenced by the real-world events of the past several months, stands in sharp contrast to the glowing portrayal in the Environmental Justice section of LIPA's Environmental Impact Statement, as well as to their portrayal of efforts

towards public participation and community support, which are minimal at best. In fact, after the personal experience of going door-to-door, in the immediate area and beyond, public opinion is almost entirely in opposition. In LIPA's own page for community advocacy, the only reason for the support that does exist seems to be the creation of "a few jobs," an overstatement at best.

In fact, the facility would employ only 25 skilled individuals, almost none of which are likely to come from the surrounding area. This is perhaps the most troubling component of the issue as a whole, and cause for the most poignant opposition. This is because the plant is to be built in a 96-acre Empire Zone, one of 72 in the State. Empire Zones were created by New York State to encourage economic and community development and job creation in low income and struggling communities, by making the zones tax free for businesses. Unfortunately, a

"...non-minority South Bellport... 'would be affected'"

massive power plant employing only 25 workers almost entirely defeats the purpose of this much-needed Empire Zone, one of only three on Long Island. But again, in these areas, awareness is low and opposition is unorganized. Not only would a significant portion of the economic potential for this "distressed" area be taken away, ensuring less potential for opposition to future proposals, but the communities would get the air quality degradation as well. This stealthily carried-out injustice validates claims that racial and economic inequality is still very firmly institutionalized, especially when in the shadow of profit-based paradigms.

That said, for the rest of us, we need power, right? Aren't LIPA and Caithness only trying to do what's best for us and the continued progress of our communities? It doesn't take a cynic to see the truth. First and foremost, the new energy facility would do nothing for electricity costs on the Island, according to a representative at the town meeting last week. It would only give us more to use, which can be argued as beneficial. But there are other, less exploitative ways to do so. The new plant would

operate with "combined-cycle" technology. In contrast, almost all other power plants on Long Island use older steam-cycle technology, which is less efficient. Upgrading those plants with the new technology would almost double the Island's 5000 MW generation, and would actually decrease emissions. The Caithness facility would only generate 275 MW for us. It would be a temporary, short-sighted, exploitative, destructive solution to a long-term problem, and is proving itself to be a project that is extremely irreverent of the concerns of citizens, a project that veils its irresponsibility with makeshift arguments of meeting almighty demand. Although it may take a little more effort in the short-term, and require the relinquishment of the opportunity for the one of the largest energy-generating companies in the U.S. to be *exempt* from taxes here, it's time for both LIPA and Caithness to take the initiative, so that Long Island's economy and environment can flourish, sustainably. After all, for LIPA (or any political or economic entity) to portray itself to the public in a way that sharply contrasts to what it does behind our backs, only serves to undermine and cheapen the facets of the progress they're so quick to take up as their own, thereby spoiling the hope that such progress will ever significantly manifest. What's more, in an age of scare-tactics on the national level, as a way of fabricating support for everything from more oil refineries, to deregulation of environmental and consumer protection laws, diminishing civil liberties, and even preemptive war, we see the same tactics being used locally, convincing many people that we need more new facilities, and that we're always "on the verge" of more blackouts, thus creating, and feeding, a culture of resource recklessness.

As it stands now, as far as can be ascertained from a Brookhaven Town Council that hasn't been able to give direct answers this past week, the final hurdle before approval is a vote by the Council at a date they haven't been able to provide. It seems ironic that, one, the majority of residents are only starting to learn of this proposal now, at the tail end of LIPA's scheduled "permitting period," and two, that this final obstacle for LIPA and Caithness is timed to be shrouded in the chaos of a changing guard in Brookhaven Town government. If you would like further information on the status of the decision, or to tell the Council how you feel about this surprise, please call the office of James Tullo, who represents District 4 (where the plant will be built), at 451-6968.



Sprechen sie Press?

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In The Center Ring

"You Can Do It, We Can Help" made us at the office happy last week. It was an act that placed two voting stations in the SAC, Melville Library, and the Student Union. This would have a positive effect on voter turnout.

Why don't you vote in USG Elections? It's because you're a lazy fuck. What happens when you're told to vote? You go home, eat something, watch TV, and forget to vote in the election. Imagine, when you're on your way to class; you brush past a person standing at a computer. There's a line waiting for something; you can't quite see what just yet. It's a voting station. All you have to do is take five seconds out of your day and vote on your way to class.

People say that you can vote in between classes by going into the SINC sites. That's bullshit. I don't mean voting in the SINC sites; I mean people won't go out of their way to another room (Gasp, I have to go 25 feet down the hall!?) to vote for an election they don't have much interest in.

Anyway, the act passed, we were going to have voting stations and better voter turnout (more than likely). Were. The executive council, after receiving a price quote from the Elections Board, decided to veto the act. At the last USG Senate Meeting, the Senate tried to override the veto. They needed a two-thirds vote to override the veto and it didn't happen. How does that happen when the bill passed unanimously? Everyone voted "yea" a week earlier- why not now?

No one asked for an answer to that question because it was overshadowed by the rampant stupidity that took up half an hour earlier in the meeting.

USG has more money than they thought. An email was sent out to all clubs and organizations saying

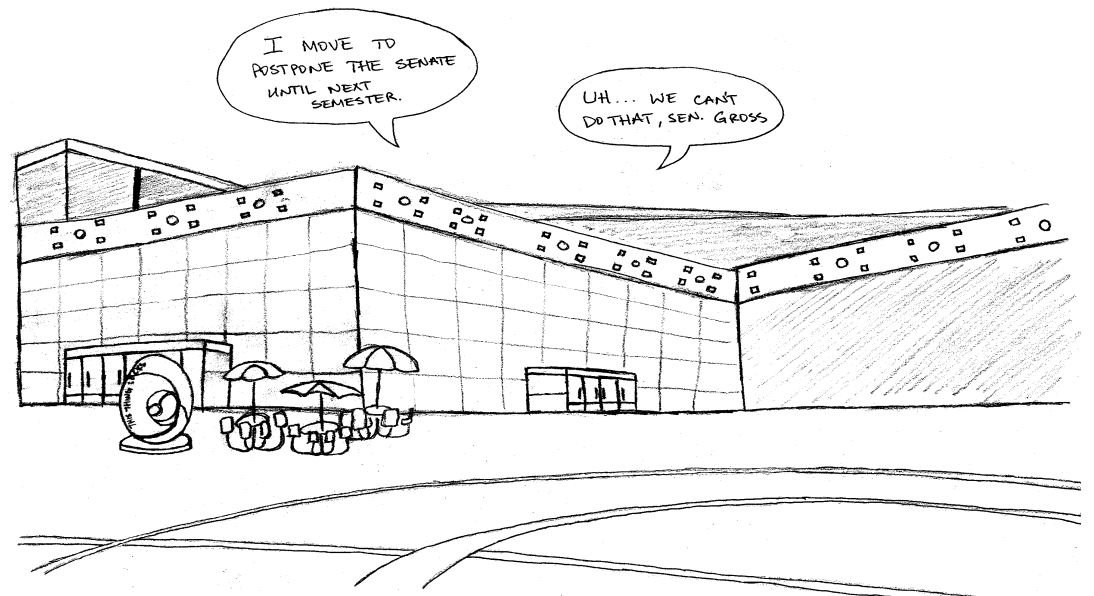
that if they met certain criteria they could be entitled to more funding. Boatloads of clubs applied. Noah would have needed a second ark.

The stupidity set in when the USG Budget Committee, made up of Senators, hadn't spoken to USG Treasurer, Jackey Wu. Jared Gross made a motion to reassign the committees in the Senate. This would, in theory, put all new committee members in all the committees. Amy Wisnoski immediately objected to the motion citing that it was Jackey who was lagging in getting in touch with the Budget Committee, not the Senators involved, herself being one of them. During the twenty minutes of debate, Senator Levenburg and Senator al-Shareffi stated that reassigning the committee was futile because the Senate does not determine the committee members. It is left up to the Chair, Sam Darguin, and the President Pro-Tempore, Amy Wisnoski.

They can reassign the committees to be the same people that are already there. The motion failed when put to a vote but if it had passed, there's nothing saying that the committees be made of new members. After the motion failed, Michael Cohan made a motion to reassign just the Budget Committee. Did you not hear the argument the Senate had minutes before Senator Cohan? Go back to your keg, Mike.

This motion passed because of a couple key votes. Senator Levenburg voted for the motion this time. When asked why, he responded that nothing was going to change. He wanted the Senate to realize that the debate and motions in this case were futile.

After the meeting Sam Darguin and Amy Wisnoski reassigned the budget committee...with the same people. Thank you Senate, for wasting our time.



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Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

(Hint: It rhymes with "Stained-Glasshole")

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NEWS-IN-BRIEF

Compiled By Claudia Toloza & Rob Fucking Pearsall

International

France Trying to Diversify its Media



A state-run French television station recently made Audrey Pulvar, a black woman, a news anchor. This makes Ms. Pulvar one of first black television anchors in France. French television is not really known for having a diversified media, most television anchors are Caucasian. By making Ms. Pulvar a primetime anchor, French television is trying to be more representative of its very diverse society. This

decision comes at an especially important time in France because, several weeks earlier, many French minority groups took to the streets and partook in some of the biggest protests France has seen since 1968.

Troops to Remain in Iraq



Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, while appearing on many television news shows, defended his position that troops will continue to remain in Iraq. Recently, John P. Murtha, Democratic Representative from Pennsylvania and also a Vietnam veteran, called for the removal of troops from Iraq within six months. Mr. Murtha argues that the presence of U.S. troops has only facilitated insurgent

groups in getting more unified. He also added that continued presence of the U.S. would hinder Iraqi troops by not letting them have more control of their security. Donald Rumsfeld did not give a specific plan as to when troops will begin to be removed from Iraq. He did explain that the presence of U.S. troops at this time was necessary because of the upcoming Iraqi elections which are to be held in December.

Ex-Salvadorian Colonel Ordered to pay \$6 million in Damages



Nicolas Carranza, a Salvadorian military colonel, was found guilty for having committed crimes against humanity in the 1980's during El Salvador's civil war. A Federal District Court in Memphis ordered him to pay \$6 million in damages. During the trial, Mr. Carranza revealed that he had been a paid informant of the CIA for two decades. This verdict

proved to be a victory for human rights groups who have been seeking to prosecute military officials involved in the wars in Central America, who have later settled in the United States.

Rape within a Marriage Declared Illegal in Mexico



Mexico recently declared that rape within a marriage was a crime. This decision marks the conclusion of a more than 10-year battle over the issue. In 1994, a majority of justices claimed that, because the purpose of marriage was procreation, rape within a marriage was not a crime. This is a landmark decision because it gives married Mexican women a more equal role in their relationship. Furthermore, this decision ensures to all Mexican women that just because they get married, it does not mean that they lose their rights.

HIV Case Postponed



In Libya, the decision on an HIV case has been postponed until January of 2006. In 2004, five Bulgarian nurses and a Palestinian doctor were sentenced to death by a firing squad after they had been found guilty of infecting 400 children with HIV when conducting an experiment. The families of the children were outraged when the postponement decision was announced. A lot of issues surround this case.

There have been reports of torture from the accused. The international community, the EU and the United States in particular, have also criticized the trial for not following international protocols.

Campus

USG Senate



The Senate has a new arrival, Esam al-Shareffi. Esam was appointed to the Senate by USG President Diana Acosta and by President Pro-Tempore Amy Wisnoski. Esam was up for appointment to the USG Judiciary in the meeting before last. His appointment was met with a vote of ten in favor and eight against. He needed two thirds of the vote in the room to confirm the nomination. After being appointed to USG

Senate, there was a resolution in the meeting that was never brought up. The resolution was against al-Shareffi being appointed, citing that it was not the will of the students. He was not voted in but rather appointed. Presumably, this resolution is brought by the same senators who voted against him a week earlier. The resolution never came up for discussion in the meeting and it is likely to show up during the next meeting.

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Why I'm Vegan

By Matthew Rammelkamp

I have been living vegetarian for 7 years and vegan – one who excludes all animal products from one's life – for 4 years. After becoming aware of the cruelty involved in factory farming, this seemed like the only lifestyle to which my conscience could lead me; however, I was concerned about getting the proper nutrition. I looked to see if one could possibly maintain a healthy lifestyle while excluding two entire parts of the American food pyramid that has been shoved down my throat in elementary school, and I found that it was possible, and that millions of others do so. So, I had no excuses. After seeing footage in videos, online, in person, or even just pictures of the way that over 30 billion animals are treated each year, I was touched personally by the animals' cries of pain. They seemed to be saying, "How could this possibly be happening to me?" This is why I'm vegan: I am opposed to the inherent cruelty of these practices and am against condemning a living being to a lifetime of suffering. The animals are not able to have the sunlight warm their delicate skin or have the grass tickle their precious feet: they are only exposed to dim lights or darkness, and concrete. Above that, it was the helplessness of the animals that motivated me to take action. Once again, as I looked into the eyes of an animal that had blood dripping down its neck, it seemed to be saying, "How could this possibly be happening to me?"

All animals are unique and special, and, yes, they have their own languages. They are so special that they have languages and ways of communication that we cannot understand, even the ones that don't so much as squeal, such as fish, or dolphins. We do not face the gas chamber, electrocution, or a lifetime of torture for speaking up for the animals. However, the animals do face this, so we must speak up for them. The sheer number of animals killed every year for humans' demand for meat is uncomprehensible: 30 billion, or over three times the amount of people on the planet today (about half of the number of humans who have EVER existed on earth throughout history). Imagine taking half of the people who EVER lived (including those alive now), putting them into cages in which they can barely live (ones in which they cannot even turn around), and then, by the end of the day, slaughtering a few ten million of them. By the end of the year, they would all be killed. Within 2 years, we would kill everyone who ever existed. Is there an end in sight for these animals?

The end will be when we no longer breed animals by the billions, or even by the millions, in order to satisfy our taste buds. As a vegan, I can honestly say that I do not deprive myself, or my health. It may be inconvenient at times, but after the first month of getting used to it, it has now become no less convenient than answering my phone or stopping at a stoplight. It's something that I do without questioning. I go down the health food aisle or to the health food store (when it is open), rather than go to the butcher or the steakhouse. When I eat out, I usually go to an Indian, Mexican, Chinese, or Thai restaurant rather than to McDonald's or KFC. If I've ever found myself, on a rare occasion, at the steakhouse for a family event, I've ordered the vegetarian item from on the menu, or have asked for a plate of steamed vegetables, lentil or tomato soup, or a veggie-burger, if they have one. If there was nothing on the menu, I just asked for something vegetarian. I'd rather speak up than order an animal's ribs or buttocks. I cannot picture myself paying for then swallowing meat (I consider this murder) and dairy (which is, in all its essence, obtained through rape). Yes, dairy cows are RAPED in order to get them pregnant so that another species, humans, can drink their milk. The calves that are

born as a result are taken away from their mothers at birth and never get to drink their mothers' milk. They are instead fed an iron-deficient diet so that their muscles will become tender: this is what we call "veal."

Veganism is not a doctrine of perfection or a list of ingredients to avoid. It is a way to decrease the suffering to which we each contribute on a daily basis so that it is closer to a reasonable, negligible amount. We all contribute to suffering just by being alive, unless we live in the woods and eat dirt.

Animal products are in everything because of the massive number of animals butchered each day. Those of us who are drivers have probably accidentally run over an animal or have driven into a moth or butterfly. Even the tires that we use on our cars contain animal fat, as do the tires on the public transportation system's buses. The paper we use when we buy books or newspapers has probably come at a price to the animals that called the once-forest their home. By eating any food that is not organic, we are supporting pesticide companies that torture animals in labs in order to test the toxicity of their carcinogenic products. Many animals are shot by farmers who eat their vegetable crops. Just by existing, humans are taking a huge environmental toll on the planet and all of the life on it, including ourselves, through sprawl, pollution, water shortage, starvation, deforestation, mining, etc. Also, so much of our food and other consumer goods are wasted each day that many people actually live off of the trash of others. These "freegans" try to only eat or collect goods that would otherwise go to waste. By digging through dumpsters, they have

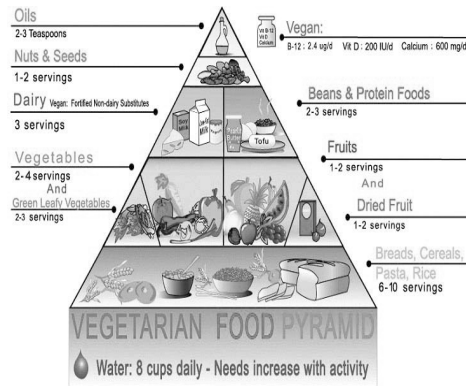
actually found an alternative to working eight hours a day in order to make a living. Just think, instead of going to school AND working to pay for school, we could all just quit now and live off of everything that is being wasted by other careless and overly-consumptive Americans.

I am not a freegan because I admit that I like some of the luxuries that come along with owning a car, eating out at nice restaurants, going to concerts, and purchasing new clothes and other goods. However, I am vegan, since I feel that, although it is impossible to avoid contributing to animal suffering, it is not too much to ask of me to avoid directly eating animal flesh and dairy. I also have no need to purchase anything with leather, fur, suede, or wool, as it is easier for me to avoid these products that it is for the animals to escape from slaughter. I go out of my way to purchase cosmetics, toothpaste, household products, and deodorant that are NOT tested on and poisoning innocent, defenseless, and hopeless animals. It is easier for me to boycott those companies than it is for the animals to escape from their cages.

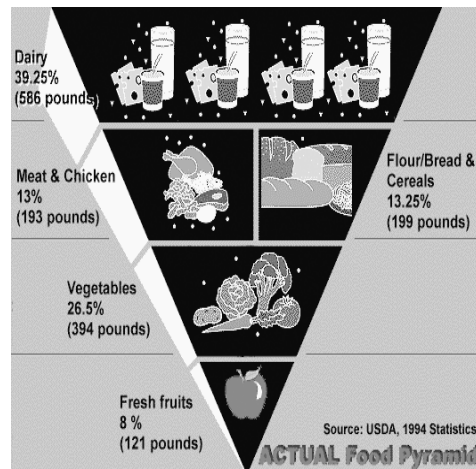
Each day, more and more people of this generation are choosing to avoid animal products and are pursuing vegetarian or vegan lifestyles. Each day, it becomes less and less inconvenient to be one of these people. The vegetarian food industry is growing dramatically each year, and if you walk into any restaurant, marketplace, college dining place, and, especially, supermarket, you may notice a huge increase in the variety and amount of vegan and vegetarian products as the truth about factory farm cruelty gets out to more and more people. I have fun with my friends educating people around campus about factory farm cruelty (and the tasty healthy alternatives to meat and dairy consumption), and I see the rewards as my fellow students demand more vegetarian food on campus. Here on campus, we now not only have vegetarian versions of hamburgers, but also vegetarian chicken, beef, jerky, ice cream, and even cheese doodles. You not need sacrifice your favorite foods, you need not inconvenience yourself to the point where you go hungry, and you need not memorize a long list of ingredients to avoid. Veganism is about reducing your part in the suffering to which

we all unavoidably contribute and about joining a larger movement to end factory-farming completely by demanding with our consumer muscle that more cruelty-free and vegetarian alternatives be made available everywhere, so that they will one day take over the marketplace more than they do today. Once faced with the cruelty of factory farming and the popular, healthy alternatives that exist, the general public will have no need to continue to eat anything that walks, screams, blinks, or has a mother.

See: www.tryveg.org, www.goveg.com for more info.



VEGGIE FOOD PYRAMID,
Courtesy of Matt Rammelkamp



THE REAL FOOD PYRAMID,
Courtesy of The Man

Iraq: The Story You'll Never Hear

By Lena Tumaysan

On Monday November 7th, Stony Brook's Student Activity Board (SAB) sponsored one of its first lectures in a series that will continue through this and next semester. Advertisements for the event stated that Rusty Wilson would tell "a unique story and give a sense of life in a war zone unlike any you've heard." My initial thought? "Violence, brutality, horror - I must go see this lecture." It ended up being very different from what I anticipated it to be.

Rusty Wilson is not your average journalist, in fact he isn't one at all. He is a regular civilian whose past jobs include working as a cruise line director, a psychology teacher, and director of activities at a university. His story begins with an advertisement online for a Morale, Welfare and Recreation (MWR) position that was sponsored by Kellogg, Brown and Root (KBR), a subsidiary of Halliburton. Halliburton is a multinational corporation based in Houston, Texas with revenues exceeding \$20.46 billion (in 2004) and over 95,000 employees. It delivers and builds engineering, construction and maintenance projects such as a 7 billion dollar no-bid contract (with the US government) for restoring the oil fields.

KBR was looking for an individual to create recreational and morale-boosting activities (MWR) for the soldiers we have stationed in Iraq. Because of Rusty's (as he prefers being called) previous jobs, he fit the bill. He was warned of the dangers and conditions of living in such a place for a year - mainly scorpions, snakes, sand finding its place everywhere, extreme heat, and general lack of cleanliness. After a battery of tests and further warning, he decided to go for it anyway, with a proper salary, of course.

Rusty arrived to live in a tent with 20-30 other men, and barely an air conditioner if one was available at all. He went on to design activities such as games, contests, and athletic events to keep the soldiers entertained and busy. All the while, he kept regular journal entries of his progress in the Orange County Register of Southern California.

There are some important points that I was interested in learning about from the lecture. Rusty mentioned three things to remember about Iraq: One, it is a war zone (although not "your father's" war zone), Two, the US will be there for a really long time, Three, life is more normal than you think. He did a good job of describing all the air conditioners that were being donated to keep the civilians and the soldiers on the military base cool. He described some of the better living quarters that are

equipped with showers, beds, and desks intended for one person only, as compared to large bunkers. He specifically pointed out how well-nutritioned all of the soldiers are and what a friendly atmosphere they keep in the cafeteria. But to make sure the people there remember they're still in a war zone, he pointed out the numerous concrete shells that they can run under in case bombs start falling on their heads.

The women in his camp, he claimed, were treated quite warmly, especially considering that 20% of the army was women. From his interviews with some female soldiers, he learned that sometimes their guy friends might become overly protective, but not mean, because they all know how to kick butt. To give themselves a sense of normalcy, some female soldiers will even get together bright and early on their only day off to get several computers next to each other to go shopping online. What better way is there for female bonding than shopping? (I have a few ideas that are way less stereotypical.)

Rusty warned us of the "image" the media throws at us - especially that "the entire country is NOT on flames." If people watching the news would realize that the country is a desert, I do not think they would assume it is in flames -

what would there be to burn (oil is too precious)? However, he does remind us that the country is one huge ammunition dump. Special military Chevy SUV's (only the Chevrolet kind) are equipped with antennas that blast off radio waves in all directions hopefully detonating bombs known as "Improvised Explosive Devices" (IED's) before one drives or steps onto them. It just so happens that the number one military target in Iraq is a good old American made Chevy IED detonator. Whereas, the number one non-military target in Iraq is civilians.

Here are some things we should know: 75% of Iraqi people hate Saddam. The American military bases provide paid jobs to Iraqi civilians to keep their morale up and to show we're not just there to tear the place up, but that we do really care and want to help them stand on their feet. Those same Iraqi's feel much safer on a military base than in their own country because on the base they won't be shot for barely a reason, and their bodies won't be tortured sadistically and killed anyway for one's pleasure.

We should also not freak out at the number of American soldiers that died, because according to Rusty's data, "even though we had

150,000 troops there in the last 22 months, only 60 were killed per 100,000 by firearm whereas in Washington DC 80.6 per 100,000 were killed by firearm." I guess if you want to be safe, you need to get out of the ghetto and ship yourself over to a war zone. At least there you'll have air conditioning, shopping, and friendly Iraqi's. As a side note, I found that there were 1,475 US soldier deaths (not just from firearm reasons) per 100,000.

What remains to be done concerns the government of Iraq. I agree with him when he said that according to what he's seen and people he's spoken to, "Iraq is not ready to be a democracy. George Bush wants to set up democracy there so he can show off and others would copy and use it, but most people around the world can't and shouldn't be a democracy - they are NOT READY." So for now, rebuilding infrastructure (schools, roads, hospitals, etc) would be of greater benefit than to hurrah at elections.

As Rusty summarized, "I am not unhappy that I went, neither did any soldier I talked to regret their experience." His only regret is how grossly over-indulgently KBR is charging the US government with its prices. For now at least, his experience paves the way as a visiting lecturer in college campuses across the US and for a publication. Rusty's previously published journal articles as well as new information will be in a book called "Letters From Iraq: The Story You'll Never Get From The Media."

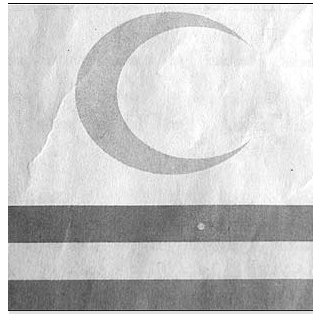
As I reflect upon this lecture I wonder if this story of Iraq is one you won't only not get from the media but also not get from your school. I only found out about this event because I was bored and browsing through theFacebook.com "parties" section Sunday night. The lecture was the following day in SAC Ballroom B 8-10pm. That day I saw only one small poster near Javitz of this event. Then, later on, the SAC lobby had another larger poster advertising it - a shitty job by SAB if you ask me. So many political science, history, and pre-law students (as well as any other curious souls) would have wanted to go to this lecture if it was better advertised, if students had known about it ahead of time. Yes it was up on the university's main calendar website, but not enough was done about giving people notice before the weekend. I just hope SAB does a better job of announcing its events if it anticipates to make the lecture series a success. I and the other 10 or so students (plus additional 5-10 members of the SAB) appreciate him coming out here and giving us a friendlier and more optimistic situation of the war that is going on in Iraq.

To contact Rusty send an email to: Rusty_in_Iraq@yahoo.com

For more information:

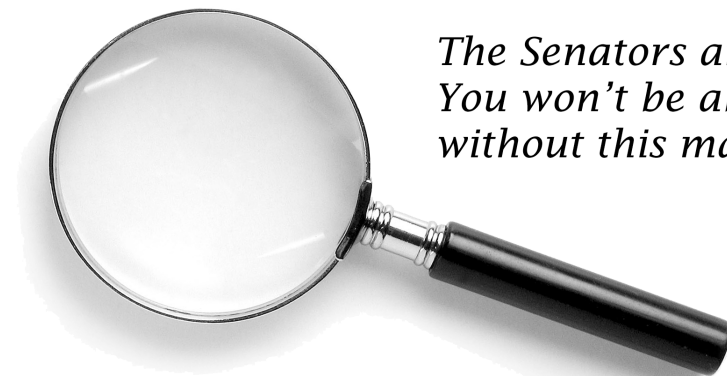
KBR <http://www.halliburton.com/kbr/>

Army's MWR <http://www.armymwr.com/>



MUSLIM FLAG,
Courtesy of Islam

*Every Tuesday
night at 7pm
in the SAC
Ballroom your
USG Senate
holds itself
a meetin'*



*The Senators are very small.
You won't be able to see them
without this magnifying glass.*

*Won't you
please join
us there?*



Anna Yiu: Inspiration to Find a Career You Love

By John Cordero

Have you questioned yourself time and again, what do you truly want to do with your life? After working for a few years many post-graduates often pose that question to themselves. After four years in the corporate world Anna Yiu, Stony Brook Class of 2000, was one of them. She chose to follow her dreams.

Her words are good food for thought for all students and alumni struggling with the 'what I want v. what my parents want' or the 'I thought I liked this but classes and the real world do not match' scenarios. Both struggles can grow even deeper in the management world of 10 to 12-hour grinding work days.

Anna graduated with a double major in Business Management and Economics. She was one of the founders of the first recognized Asian sororities on campus, KPL, Kappa Phi Lambda, and was actively involved with CASB, ASA, and various local community service projects.

Anna continues to play a vital role in her community and encourages others to get involved within theirs. She believes that there are no limits to what you can accomplish. She proves this through her own story. You can 'visit' Anna's and her partners' 'dream' at their online store website www.beadazzlenyc.com.

Some words from Anna:

Not many people have the courage to follow their dreams. I, however, was fortunate enough to be able to embark on a journey of entrepreneurship to pursue mine. A dream can be as simple as doing something you have a passion for. For me, that passion is jewelry design and arts & crafts. But arts & crafts is considered a hobby and people rarely make a living from hobbies.

Well, my partner and I thought otherwise and now Let's Beadazzle NYC, an e-

commerce jewelry store, is a reality. We both worked in the corporate world for over four years and gradually, as the politics involved unveiled itself, realized we were not entirely content with what we were doing.

But as easy as it was to complain about being part of the rat race and remaining in our comfort zones, we felt that if we were to be happy with our careers and our lives, we had to make a change. It certainly was not an easy decision. It required serious thought, sacrifice, and risk. It meant giving up a steady income and investing time and effort on something that might not come through.

We began by dissecting the pros and cons. We realized that in every situation, whether you succeed or fail, you gain valuable experience that you can only get through taking that chance. Our love for

jewelry and arts & crafts is how we came up with the idea of a jewelry arts & crafts store. As we focused more on starting this business, we realized that it was important to be as realistic as possible.

The first step was to minimize our start-up costs so we did not deplete our funds. The idea of selling our handmade jewelry online instead of instantly opening a retail outlet made sense. This would also give customers a general idea of what they can eventually create themselves. Our e-commerce store does not compromise our dreams but is actually a smarter stepping stone towards it.

This is still a learning experience for us. And one thing we have learned so far is that it is imperative to stay focused on our mission: to welcome creativity and individuality through jewelry designs while we maintain a flexible and realistic approach to reaching our goal. Entrepreneurship requires hard work, but when it is something you enjoy, that difference makes it all the more fun and worthwhile.



When SBU Gets It Right... It Really Gets It Right!

By Joy Dutta and Ja Young

The 23rd Annual Distinguished Alumni Awards Dinner was held November 17th and for only the second time an Asian American was honored. Dr. Kedar Gupta, founder of GT Equipment Technologies (GTi), was chosen for the Distinguished Benefactor Award - for all that he has given back to Stony Brook!

By the time the evening was over, in a beautiful setting with great food, other worthy award winners, and a large crowd of supporters, you knew that for all her never ending growing pains, you are proud to be a part of Stony Brook.

And Kedar Gupta is a perfect example of why. He said he was humbled to have been chosen. "I could have never dreamt... what I thought was a simple living of every person and a \$5.50 journey to a dreamland almost 37 years ago will result into this celebration." When he finished his acceptance speech, everyone was humbled by his words.

In a humorous story describing the chances one takes, Gupta talked of his trip here. On a stopover in Europe with only \$8 in his pocket, he was faced with the opportunity to eat his first chocolate bar, but at a cost of \$2.50. "I bought it," he said. "If you can make that kind of journey with only \$8, you can make it with five and half dollars."

Gupta made that same kind of decision when he founded GTi. Already a VP of Ferrofluidics Corp and with a family to support, with a mere \$1000 he and partner Jonathan Talbot began in the basements of their homes. Today GTi is a recognized world leader in materials processing and

manufacture of equipment for the photovoltaic and semi-conductor industries.

On the trip from India to SBU in the summer of 1968, Kedar met Chandra Khattak, another grad student on his way here. They began as strangers but from that meeting they would have the same advisor and become roommates in Roth and lifelong friends. Chandra was at the dinner to celebrate too. Kedar said Chandra was a meaningful part of his success; that Chandra's work and ideas were incorporated into GTi's products.

this award should not be Kedar Gupta but Renu Gupta, my wife. It is her choice for staying with me for so long, from day one. She pushed me to do the right things. Supported me when things were getting tough, when the kids were getting big... she took care of the family by herself while I was shuttling all over the world, trying to find some more business. I could not have survived without her."

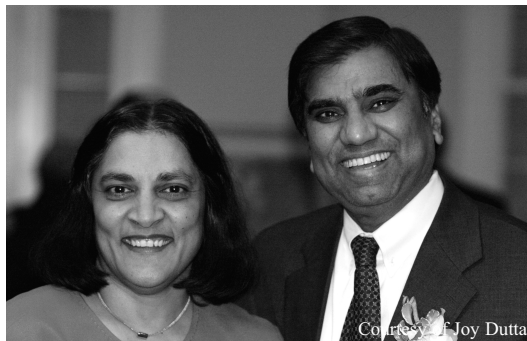
Kedar's idea of "simple living" is an achievement few attain but it is the classic immigrant success story that defines America, and as the SUNY center closest to the classic gateway city for immigrants, defines our Asian American community as well.

But Kedar took it a step further. He joined in the great American tradition of philanthropy. Currently working with Dean Yacov Shamash, he has given huge donations, created a scholarship, gives internships, and hires alumni!

Thank you Kedar Gupta for showing the best of what a person can be - achieving success but giving back to help others once like you - and reminding us that success is more than what you achieve by title and wealth. It is also the value of family and friends. You are an inspiration to everyone!

As for the Awards Dinner, it was an excellent affair. There are many who deserve credit but two without a doubt did the lion's share of the work. They are Preeti Priya, Alumni Board member and Chair of this year's dinner, and Sandra Skinner, Alumni Association Interim Director. Kudos to all!

Photos by Joy Dutta of the celebration are at www.aa2sbu.org/gallery/GuptaAward



Courtesy: Joy Dutta

As a student in CEAS' Department of Materials Science, Prof. Frank Wang was their advisor. He continued to be that long after Kedar graduated and until Wang's death. Unfortunately an opportunity that undergraduates rarely get to experience, the passing of the 'torch of knowledge' often creates lifelong partners between Ph.D. students and their faculty mentors.

But it was to his true lifelong partner that Kedar finished his thank-you speech to. In touching words that the following speakers referred to as being unable to match, he melted the heartstrings of every woman there. "And finally, the truest recipient of

Network

[AA]2 - ASIAN AMERICAN NETWORKING - SOCIALIZING VOLUNTEERING

Monthly events from singles socializing to career networking, family outings, and cultural and sporting events.

[AA]2 was formed by Stony Brook University alumni, former student leaders in Asian interest clubs. Now they have 'special others', co-workers, and friends who were not from the Brook - but all want to be involved with each other and the Asian American community.

So beginning **December 8, 2005** there will be something each month for everyone.

First up for the city 21-34ish crowd is **Happy Hour at Bar 515** in Murray Hill - the ultimate sports bar with wide screen TV's in front and a waterfall wall and music in the rear. Check it out on the AA E-Zine calendar at www.aasquared.org/calendar/calendar.pl

Besides monthly happy hours planned events include dim sum in Chinatown for the Lunar New Year, ski trip, Philharmonic in the Parks (Big Apple and LL), apple picking upstate, wine tasting on the North Fork, and lots more!

Enjoy the rivalry second only to Mets v. Yankees - the Islanders v. Rangers! [AA]2 block booked seats at MSG on April 11 at 7pm. First come, first served. \$45 for tix that would cost \$48 and \$5 is a tax deductible contribution. [AA]2 is a 501(c)3 charity too! Not only for fun things, but giving students internships, putting on workshops and events, and lots of other good stuff. Reserve your tix by e-mail to aa2aezine@yahoo.com

Lost? Not Exactly Forever

By David K. Ginn

Actress Maggie Grace, who played Shannon Rutherford on ABC's hit drama *Lost*, is optimistic about her future. This comes just days after her final appearance as a regular on the show.

Towards the end of last season, we saw Shannon's step-brother, Boone Carlyle (Ian Somerhalder) perish after being crushed by a Beechcraft plane he was investigating. For the rest of the season we saw a different side of the character, as she learned how to deal with loss, love, and maturity.

But then she died. Some people are sad. Some people are happy. But what about Maggie? Grace has said in interviews that her future looks bright, and that she's happy that she has a chance to explore a career in film, which she wouldn't be able to do otherwise.

THERE SHE IS. THOSE ARE, APPARENTLY, REAL. SHE'S GONE, BUT HER BODY WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN. ...FOR THE BURIAL, PERVERTS. FOR THE FUCKING BURIAL.
Courtesy of Lost-media.com



Entertainment News



Jackson's *King Kong* Remake a Heavy Risk for Universal

By Dr. Albus Fistfuck

Peter Jackson's remake of the classic film *King Kong* is approaching its December 14 opening date. Universal Studios has invested heavily in this movie. The budget for the movie, starring Naomi Watts, Jack Black, and Adrien Brody, was originally set at \$175 million, but has run up to \$207 million, including \$20 million for Jackson. The 1933 original, by comparison, cost about \$8.8 million in today's dollars. Major merchandising and tie-in partners include Volkswagen, Toshiba, Burger King, Nestle, Kellogg's, Chase bank, the City of New York, Pringles, and the New Zealand Post.

Although signs point to this film performing very well, some people are concerned about being able to make back the cost of such an expensive film after a summer that saw several big-budget flops. Others are more optimistic, saying that the strong lineup of holiday movies, including *King Kong*, *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* (which cost about \$150 million to make), and *The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe* (with an approximately \$170 million

budget) will draw crowds to theaters.



Desperate Housewives Actor Fired for "Improper Conduct"

By David K. Ginn

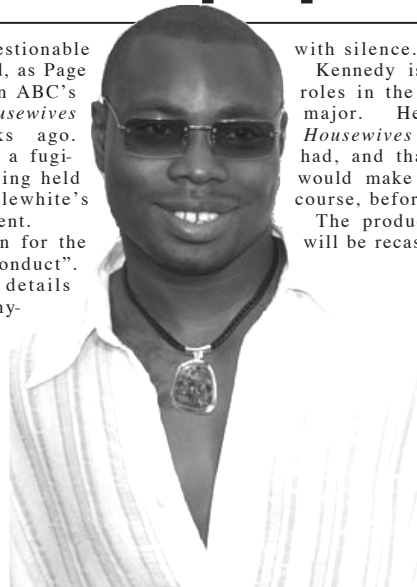
Random and questionable shit going on in TV land, as Page Kennedy, a guest star on ABC's hit show *Desperate Housewives* was fired two weeks ago. Kennedy played Caleb, a fugitive either hiding or being held captive in Betty Applewhite's (Alfre Woodard) basement.

The reason given for the firing was "improper conduct". Although no further details were provided, an anonymous source has said that no other actor was involved in the alleged misconduct. Even with that bit of information it's difficult to know exactly what happened. Any attempts to get more information from the producers or spokespersons has been returned only

with silence.

Kennedy is an actor who's had a few roles in the past few years, but nothing major. He's claimed that *Desperate Housewives* is the biggest role he's ever had, and that it would be the role that would make him famous. That was, of course, before he was fired.

The producers have said that the role will be recast. Ugg.



In the next Entertainment News, we find out why Finland loves Conan O'Brien so damn much. Melanie Donovan gives us the exclusive report. *Exclusive.* And in the next EN Editorial Space, we talk about what happens in the issue after that.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Movies

WAL-MART: The High Cost of Low Price

By Lena Tumasyan

Wal-Marts are popping up everywhere, from the eleven we have on Long Island (Nassau and Suffolk Counties) to the remaining 3,232 stores across the United States. There are three types of Wal-Marts: Discount Stores, which are very large (100,000sq ft) and do not contain a supermarket; Supercenters, which are ridiculously huge (187,000sq ft) and do contain a supermarket; and Neighborhood Markets (43,000sq ft), which are kind of like a King Kullen or Shop & Stop (grocery plus pharmacy).

The regular Wal-Mart commercial features a smiling associate claiming how happy he or she is to be working there, how much Wal-Mart does for families and communities, and how the bouncing, happy, smiley-face continues to "cut back prices everyday."

A film presented at the Huntington Cinema Arts Center this Monday, November 14th, revealed the truth about the highest-grossing company in the world this past fiscal year. *WAL-MART: The High Cost of Low Price* is a shocking documentary of the hideous practices that take place in this slave-labor corporation.

I found out about this movie through a friend of mine who is working for Jobs With Justice, a Long Island-based coalition of unions and community organizations that campaign for worker's rights. Jobs With Justice sponsored the release of this film at the Cinema Arts Center. Jobs With Justice is also sponsoring events in the region to protest against Wal-Mart by mobilizing many other organizations. You can find out more about this organization and their various campaigns on their website (see below).

The event started out with the director of Jobs With Justice, Jim McAsey, who gave a short, yet effective, speech as an introduction to the film. Jim has been with the organization since 2003. He listed some stunning facts, informing the audience, "there are 36 million people in the US who live below poverty (which is considered to be \$19,350 for a family of four)." He mentioned how many grassroots organizations (more than eighteen) are getting together to protest Wal-Mart's practices. He stated, "This week, the campaigns against Wal-Mart mark the biggest week of action by all grassroots organizations combined. Grassroots empower local community members by informing them about issues which otherwise might have gone unnoticed." Finally, he requested that people to sign up for listed events. One such event was a mock "Bake Sale" where cookies would be sold and the protesters would act out one of Wal-Mart's nasty practices: hiring only healthy people so that they didn't have to give workers health insurance.

The movie started with the CEO of Wal-Mart, H. Lee Scott, lecturing on a platform in front of thousands of cheering people in a stadium or concert venue. He was saying bright, happy things, the same quotes heard on the television's Wal-Mart commercials. These happy clips were interspersed with longer scenes about stories of families struggling. They are struggling for many reasons. For example, there is a ghost-like absence of family-run businesses because they are being edged out by

Wal-Mart's low prices and high profits. There is also the problem that individuals working full-time can barely feed their families (their paycheck sometimes cycles back into the Wal-Mart coffers, since their meager earnings can only afford shopping there). In addition to this, the workers have no health insurance and are in fact encouraged to apply for government health care (Medicaid). Sometimes they must choose between health insurance and food, and, all too often, despite working full-time, they may still need to be on welfare. Wal-Mart takes in enough revenue to be considered the 33rd highest economy in the world, and its GDP would be between those of Ukraine and Colombia. So, what is going on?

The managers who work at Wal-Mart illegally change the time workers put in per week so that the company is not obligated to pay overtime wages. Wal-Mart refuses to put video cameras onto the exteriors of stores that have incidences of crime, even though customers are raped, shot, and carjacked in the parking lots while there are more cameras than necessary inside the stores themselves. Some Wal-Marts have bags of chemicals (pesticides, fertilizer, etc.) sitting in the rain, leaking into the local town's water supply. When environmental agencies confront Wal-Mart, no one responds to these phone calls or inquiries.

In summary, Wal-Mart performs repetitive, widespread, blatantly illegal and immoral activities, greedily cheating its way into sky-high profits at the cost of people's lives. Then again, maybe we can't be too surprised, since this is how many high-grossing companies profit. So far, I have not mentioned the conditions of workers overseas, especially those in countries like China and Bangladesh, which is another long discourse. In addition to the examples I mentioned here, the movie gives many more. As one campaign against Wal-Mart states, "Wal-Mart: Low Wages, Low Morals, Always."

So what about other franchises, corporations like CVS and Target? Do those get wiped out too? In rural America, yes, they are being taken over, but in many other places they still have their share of customers.

People are fighting against Wal-Mart moving into their towns. The film featured an interview of one such woman (the scene was shot inside her large, affluent home). It seems like you need to be rich in order to start a campaign to rally against a corporation. The poor can't afford to sit at home planning activities like

these. In the end, rich or poor, people who join together to fight against the movement of these giant corporations into their community get results. In the U.S. alone, hundreds of successful local campaigns have prevented even more Wal-Marts from springing up.

I was surprised to learn that Queens County (NYC) has also fought and won a battle to keep out a Wal-Mart. Legislation was passed in Suffolk County to limit the amount of square feet that any single company may own at a time. Similar legislation was brought to Nassau County, where results are yet to be determined.

The film leaves the viewer to wonder whether founder Sam Walton (1918-1992) intended an all-encompassing corporation. The documentary is an effective one, shot and edited very well. The hall in which the showing was held (it had seats for at least 200 people) was full, with many people standing. I wish I had seen more youths there, but, alas, the elderly (65+) made up a large percentage of the audience.

You can join the fight against Wal-Mart or find out about other local actions by:

1. Contacting Jim directly: Jim@jwj.org (preferred method) or
2. Joining Stony Brook's Social Justice Alliance.

To visit the Jobs With Justice website go to www.jwj.org

Everyone should visit Cinema Arts Center's website <http://www.cinemaartscentre.org/> (or call 631-423-3456) to see locations and calendar of lectures, events, festivals, independent films and popular features.



HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

M o v i e s

The International Film Series: More Than Just Free Food

By Stephanie Hayes

A few weeks ago, ravaged by hunger, I dredged up an announcement that Perry Goldstein, director of Stony Brook's Arts and Humanities Department, had made to my LIA class. He'd started up the International Film Series at the Tabler Café which airs a foreign film each Friday at 7. Well, lemme just say that I was won over when he mentioned that *after* the movie, the audience is invited to discuss what they've just seen over free pizza. "You should start going to these screenings," growled my stomach, an organ that more or less dictates my life.

Not expecting much, I finally dragged myself and a friend (who rules) to the November 1st screening of Federico Fellini's *Amarcord*. What a fool I was to go into this event with only food on the brain! This movie kicked ass. I laughed and laughed and then felt discomfited that I was still trying to breathe through stifled giggles, the joke having long since passed. It was funny and sad and lovely. This was a film rich with indelible characters and images.

The last screening, Pietro Germi's *Divorce - Italian Style*, was (I couldn't believe it) even better. In between snickering about the goofy protagonist, Ferdinando Cefalù (Marcello Mastroianni), the audience is exposed to a sharp critique of Sicilian culture. Under the Italian law, in which divorce is illegal, Ferdinando plots to kill his wife so that he may be with the doe-eyed teenager, Angela (Stefania Sandrelli).

Oh yes - this movie is about murder but it's hilarious and, personally, I always found Ferdinando to be a sympathetic character. Who cares if he's going to murder his wife? She's annoying him so she clearly has it coming.

Afterwards, Professor Jacqueline Reich went over key points in the movie and brought up some neat fun facts. Did you know Mastroianni was really against showing his legs on footage? That's right; Mastroianni had skinny legs he did not want to flash around. The things you learn on an otherwise wasted Friday evening...

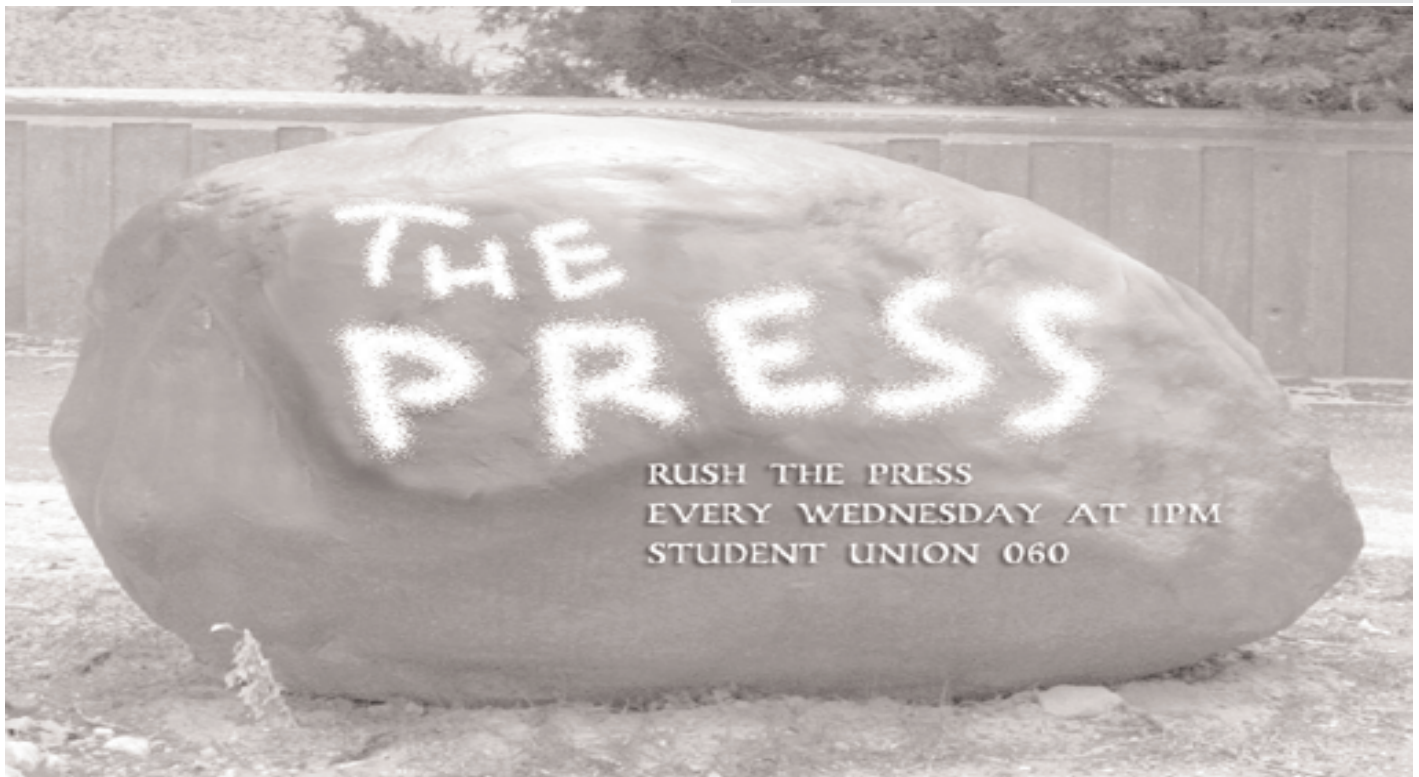
Prior to attending, I'd read a few uninspired reviews of the series, of which I'll refrain from citing the source. Seriously though, do *not* pass this opportunity over. I've missed all of September and October's screenings. Why? Because I'm lazy and I wasn't expecting much. Don't make the same mistake. Go check out the

International Film Series on December 2nd to watch the Bruce Beresford film *Breaker Morant*. This one's in English so you needn't even worry about craning your neck around the tall guy in front of you to read subtitles.

How do you spell Pedro? P. E. D. R.
Oooooohhhhhhhhh!



THIS WAY TO PROFOUND CINEMA,
Courtesy of Matt Willemain



HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Theater

Escape from Happiness: A Happy Review

By Adina Silverbush

Oh yes! A play like this is the reason I enjoy going to the theater. *Escape From Happiness* by George F. Walker, let me escape from reality into happiness. The play was put on by the Long Island Play projects Nov 10-11, 17-20. A dysfunctional family, corrupt cops, lesbians, criminals, porn, drugs and an overall compelling story left me in hysterics. This show was not only really entertaining, it also had a good message about one's personal responsibility to create their own good fortune.



YOU KIDS STOP KIDNAPPING AND GO TO BED!
Courtesy of Steve Marsh

I'd like to give a personal congratulations to everyone involved in this production because they truly gave me something worth while. This show was one of the best I've ever

seen! To Jaclyn Bouton, Katelyn Gleason, Kim Furano, Megha Nabe, Kevin Villaran, Alex Geissbuhler, Michael Hemsworth, Roberto Tibureio, Rob Walsh, Odalis Hernandez, Louisa Johnson and their director Deborah Mayo, I felt the acting was phenomenal. The choices that were made were clear and consistent. I was close to the stage, and never saw a moment of anyone slipping out of character which let me really be drawn into the story.

The set was a kitchen and it was incredibly realistic – so detailed that I never got bored looking at it for the two-hour duration of the play. The lighting aided the set and the costumes were well-designed. All the scene changes were done quickly and quietly, accompanied by pleasant classical music.

I sat in the audience wishing I could be a part of that play. The actors seemed like they were really enjoying themselves, which helped me, as an audience member, enjoy myself. Being involved in a play takes a lot of work, many long hours spent every day after finishing hours of classes. Thankfully for the folks in this play it has

all paid off; they truly came together and made theater happen. *Escape From Happiness* was awesome, a really fun play.

Unfortunately, the run of this play is over but there'll be much more in the line of great theater to look forward to from students in the Theater Department. The next show that there is no way you should miss will be in Staller's Theater III. Pocket Theater presents *The Shape of Things* Dec 2-4 and it's only a \$3 suggested donation!



WE'VE GOT GUNS AND WE'RE JUST SLIGHTLY AFRAID TO USE THEM!
Courtesy of Steve Marsh

Boy Gets Girl: Let's Clear Things Up

By Adina Silverbush

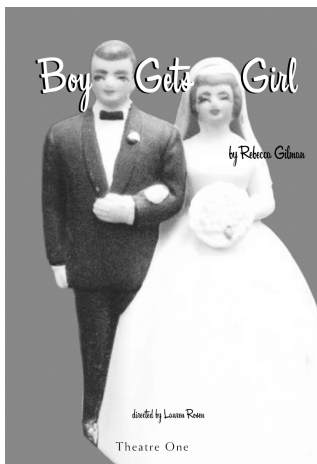
It was your typical story: A blind date turns into a life threatening stalker situation. Ok, well maybe not that typical. *Boy Gets Girl* by Rebecca Gilman, directed by Lauren Rosen was presented in Staller's Theater II on Nov. 3-6, 12, 13. I attended the show's last performance as an Usher. I can't say this is a show for everyone as it left me with a feeling of eeriness. Not what I typically go to the theater for but definitely memorable.

Let me start by clearing things up... in the last issue of *The Press* two articles were written reviewing this play and they were valid reviews except that they made one major error; Gilman has made three versions of *Boy Gets Girl* so, the version those reviewers read was actually not the play performed. All that stuff about lines being added and such is, in fact, not true.

Another point before I get into my opinions of the play... I was ushering for the first time and excited about it (I had to for my THR 115 class) and you wouldn't believe how many people came late to the show. At least 20 people came well after the show started. This is pretty rude to the actors and disturbs other audience members. After all, this is live theater. There are real people on stage and you

can't rewind them! This particular play had a very important first scene that they, unfortunately, missed!

The play is about a New York reporter Theresa (Sophie



CONSUMPTION TIME!
Courtesy of Horny Newlyweds

Vanier) who goes on a blind date with Tony (Eric C. Webb). Things seem great and the two hit it off. However, after a second date and flowers and phone calls in-between, things no longer seem so great. We only see Tony one more time but his presence, through letters and phone messages, are scary to say the least. Tony was really good at being creepy. I was on the edge of my seat just like Theresa, afraid of his presence. Theresa's co-workers Howard Siegel (Robert Colpitts), Harriet (Ashley Straw), and Mercer Stevens (Brian Avery) added very unique and different perspectives to Theresa's stalker situation. Each, I felt, were very well-suited for their roles. Les Kennkat, played by Jonah Rosenberg, was an elderly adult video director specializing in "enormous breast". I got that he was a sweet, lovable, pervert, but it was hard to imagine this full, brown-haired man as someone in their 70s. If they'd said 40, I wouldn't have questioned it. Kat Sarfas played Madeline Beck, a female cop

who specializes in stalkers. It was a good choice by Gilman to make this character a female because we see the bond this creates between her and Theresa. She's very procedural in the way she handles the situation, which adds to the eeriness of the play, that stalking of this nature is far too common to even raise an eye. Theresa was played extremely well by Sophie, who gave her a realistic character pairing strength with fear and power with meekness.

The stalking progresses so much throughout the play that Theresa can't go home, has to change her phone number, can't ever be alone, and eventually has to change her name and leave the state! Scariest though is the fact that Gilman based the story on reality. Gilman wrote the play because "as a society we tend to dehumanize each other through prejudice, sexism, economics, or the Internet. At some point we need to stop...". The play seemed like something that maybe would be shown in one of those high school life classes to show people the severity of stalking. It was scary and, although very well acted and produced, left me with a bad feeling, which is of course what it was striving for. The message of the play was quite loud and received.

The play ran smoothly and I'm sorry to the cast for some louder audience members. When you are going to see live theater it's not recommended to shout out how you feel about the play to the rest of the audience. I heard "bad acting" yelled by this one girl, and "Oh My God he's 70!" by her friend. Save your opinions for after the show. Hey! Why not write a review about it for *The Press*?

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Fine Art

SBU Faculty Exhibition

By Adina Silverbush

It's nice to know that the professors, who are teaching you and critiquing your artwork are very much accomplished in their own work. Every two years the Stony Brook's art department's faculty puts their artwork on exhibit. The SBU Faculty art show is currently running in the Staller Art Gallery through December 14th. There are a wide variety of artwork mediums, as there are many different types of art offered for study. Paintings, sculptures, electronic mixed media installations, and other works on paper. Every piece won't be your favorite but the show is exciting in its variety. Here's a chance for everyone to see what Stony Brook's faculty really has to offer. From robotic butterflies, traditional landscapes, colorful sculptures, and a skeleton filled net- there is something for all to enjoy. It's awesome because if you see something you really like, you may be able to learn how to do it. It's free and it's something to do on campus! Gallery hours are Tues-Fri. 12pm-4pm, and Sat. 7pm-9pm.



WHERE'S WALDO?,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano



CERAMICS BY
TOBY BUONAGURIO,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano



COME TO THE GALLERY TO SEE
THE OTHER 20% OF THIS PIECE
BY CHRIS SEMERGIEFF,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

All Images Poorly Cropped By
Matt Willemain

Books

Brookhaven Voices

By Laura Positano

If you ever wondered what it would be like if you were to step back two centuries in time into 1800's Brookhaven, this book is for you. The editors of this book have covered a massive amount of sociological and historical ground, including manifold photographs and first-person accounts dating back hundreds of years.

Native Americans were the original inhabitants of Brookhaven, who, according to the book, liked to call Long Island *Paumanok*, meaning "fish-shaped," noting the shape of the land. Long Island was part of the territory given to the brother of the English King Charles II in the seventeenth century, during England's rush for colonies in its early imperialist days. People from New England colonies, such as Massachusetts, moved to towns like Setauket and there implemented the agricultural practices and cultural norms learned in both Britain and New England. Even the architectural styles of early Setauket houses mimicked the architecture of New England. Settlers of Brookhaven at the time were farmers, and the population continued to mainly comprise farmers until the twentieth century.

Though Brookhaven may appear to be a relatively mundane town, the fact is that it has

served as a microcosm of the rest of America, as national events occurred in Brookhaven throughout the town's history. The witch-hunts associated with Salem, Massachusetts didn't just happen there, they happened here, too - in Setauket, to be exact. The Revolutionary War was fought all over Brookhaven; the first American commando raid was launched from Mount Sinai on the North Shore to take over a British fort in Shirley on the South Shore. George Washington journeyed through

Brookhaven, thanking its residents for their support in the Revolutionary War; he stayed for a while in Coram and enjoyed a Patchogue tavern.

One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, William Floyd, who was also a member of the first Congress, resided in Mastic. In the 1900s, before radio was fully developed as a technology, Nikola Tesla tin-

kered with it in Shoreham. As radio was emerging in the 1920s, Guglielmo Marconi improved upon it in Rocky Point.

The Great South Bay was used during the Prohibition to transport bootlegged alcohol to people in Port Jefferson and Stony Brook. Al

Capone took advantage of the bays of the North Shore to conduct illegal bootlegging operations: a safe hideaway for him indeed.

The 1930s saw not just a worldwide Depression, but also the emergence of the Nazi party. Though it had more power in Europe, the Nazis did have a foothold in Long Island. In Yaphank there was Camp Siegfried, led by a man supported by Hitler himself, which became a playground of sorts for pro-Nazi Americans. The camp was closed down because the members of Camp Siegfried refused to admit they were treasonous (they had allegiance not to America but to Germany). Their support for Germany was so strong that in 1941, when there was an attempt by German saboteurs to attack New York City factories making munitions for World War II, three of the four saboteurs were Camp Siegfried members.

The book notes that culturally significant Americans, such as the artists William Sydney Mount and Alonzo Chappel, as well as actress Maude Adams, lived in Brookhaven. William Sydney Mount, an artist who was among the prominent realistic painters of the nineteenth century, resided in Stony Brook. One wonders how many art history students attending local colleges, particularly Stony Brook University, are aware of this. Alonzo Chappel, another important nineteenth century artist, made his home along Artist's Lake in Middle Island. Maude Adams, a famous actress of the 1900s who was the first to portray Peter Pan, lived in Lake Ronkonkoma.

Brookhaven Voices: 1655-2005 is being released on the 350th anniversary of the founding of Brookhaven.



I'M GONNA GO BACK IN TI-E-IME,
Courtesy of The Flux Capacitor

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Comics

Great Comic Books # 3 - Maus

By Thomas Mets

Maus
Writer/ Illustrator- Art Spiegelman

Pretty much any list of "Great comic books" includes *Maus* somewhere near the top (if not at the Number 1 spot) and this column is no exception. To begin with, it is the best regarded comic book ever, with the normally superhero-centric *Wizard* magazine deeming it the best graphic novel ever, and *The Comics Journal* (which generally favors Golden Age newspaper strips, autobiographical comics, and more experimental work, while *Maus* fits two of those criteria) deemed it the fourth best work ever in the medium (this made it the best single story on their list of the 100 greatest works in the medium, as the top three choices were the classic, and decades-spanning comic strips *Krazy Kat*, *Peanuts*, and *Pogo*.) It also has the curious distinction of being the first book about the Holocaust to make *The New York Times* bestsellers list, and is the only comic book to have won a Pulitzer Prize (a Special Award and Citation- Letters in 1992). Google it, and you will quickly find links to scholarly articles (in case you're interested in its symbolism or information on the postmodernist structure as I can't get into any serious detail regarding those without committing serious plagiarism.) Finally (and this should go without saying) it is a pretty damn good read.

Maus is difficult to summarize, as it primarily tells two stories at once. The first features cartoonist Art Spiegelman while he interviews his father Vladek, a Holocaust survivor, and tries to convey his father's horrific experiences in the comic book medium. The rest of the book reveals what Vladek went through in late 30s/early 40s Poland and Auschwitz. The material becomes visually distinctive thanks to Spiegelman's curious artistic decision to portray the Jews as mice, the Germans as cats, the Americans as dogs, the Poles as Pigs, etc. It certainly serves the intended effect of shocking the reader out of any familiarity with the events of the Holocaust, and allows for great visuals such as mice wearing pig masks when Vladek pretends to not be Jewish, or an Auschwitz scene in which Vladek steps over the corpses of mice, pigs, and cats, the ultimate method of demonstrating the diversity of concentration camp victims.

This approach has led to some complaints, beginning with those who believe it trivializes the horrors of the Holocaust. Professor Stephen Spector will not use the text in his Christianity & Jews class (I should note that it is used in another Holocaust class) because he believes the cat and mouse allegory has the fundamental error of insinuating that the Holocaust was natural as it is normal for cats to attack mice, when the Holocaust was anything but ordinary. A relative of mine (who has never read the book) has argued that it demeans Jews by portraying them as vermin, while the Germans were portrayed by nice cats. She may

close to Spiegelman's reasons as the cat & mouse analogy provides a variety of visual references, including George Herriman's early twentieth century comic strip *Krazy Kat* (which used a similar art style to tell the story of a mouse named Ignatz, who enjoys throwing bricks at the lovesick Krazy), Mickey Mouse (probably the most beloved cartoon character ever, and there is a scene in which Vladek associates Art with

when the Germans begin rounding up the Jewish people, Auschwitz and trying to find his wife afterwards. The Auschwitz chapters may just be the most famous of the book, and they do not disappoint. Spiegelman perfectly portrayed the horrific conditions his father survived with a combination of luck, skill, and ingenuity. When necessary, the comic book format allows Spiegelman to seamlessly add visual aids such

as diagrams & maps (which may explain why excerpts of it were used to teach the Holocaust in my high school.) Vladek's experiences reveal an intensely harsh reality, where a Jewish man in hiding who suggested an intruder (another Jewish man) be killed may have had the right idea (when it seems that the intruder may have informed on him) a mother who kills herself and her children rather than go with them to Auschwitz may have done the right thing, the decision to trust a nephew's letter leads to a trap, and Concentration Camp survivors still die horrible deaths after they are released from the camps.

Critics have said that Art Spiegelman's favorite subject is himself, and anyone who enjoys that idea will not be disappointed with *Maus*. The rest will be pleased to know that his experiences are consistently entertaining, and illuminating from his problems with an exceptionally aggravating father to artistic dilemmas such as the question of how he should portray his wife Francoise, a French woman who converted to Judaism, and complications such as the search for primary material, and the realization that his father really doesn't like thinking about his Holocaust experiences. It demonstrates how Art was affected by the Holocaust especially a child, including nightmares in which he had to choose which of his parents would be allowed to live (he always picked his mother) and a strange case of sibling rivalry, which results in a subtle, awkward, and memorable ending for the book. If you've read it and don't know what I'm taking about, it may be time to read it again more carefully.

While the Vladek sections of *Maus* have gotten the most attention, the Art Spiegelman chapters do not bring down the quality of the book. There are many worthwhile scenes in Art's story, including great visuals when he & his father become overwhelmed & surrounded by photographs, while discussing the fate of Vladek's family, and friends, and a funnier scene in which Art reveals the liberties he takes in the creation of the comic book by telling his wife, "In real life, you'd never have let me talk this long without interrupting." Brief interludes include "Prisoners of the Hell Planet," an intensely personal comic Spiegelman created for an underground comics magazine about his reactions to his mother's suicide (causing complications when his father found and read a copy), and a scene in Volume 2 in which Art works on later chapters of *Maus*, after his father had passed on, while dealing with the success of the early



TIT-maus... t'heehee,
Courtesy of Penguin Book Ltd.

the only cartoonist he knows - Walt Disney, and the book contains an excerpt from a German editorial criticizing the popularity of Mickey Mouse) and the Antisemitic propaganda portraying the Jewish people as Vermin (Google Jews & vermin to find examples of that association being made today.)

Vladek Spiegelman's flashbacks begin with the story of how he met his future wife Anja, and this romance provides a structure to his experiences. These include getting drafted into the Polish Army, becoming a Prisoner of War under the Germans, returning home under restrictive new laws, being forced to hide with a slowly dwindling group of friends and relatives

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Comics

Great Comic Books # 3 - Maus

By Thomas Mets

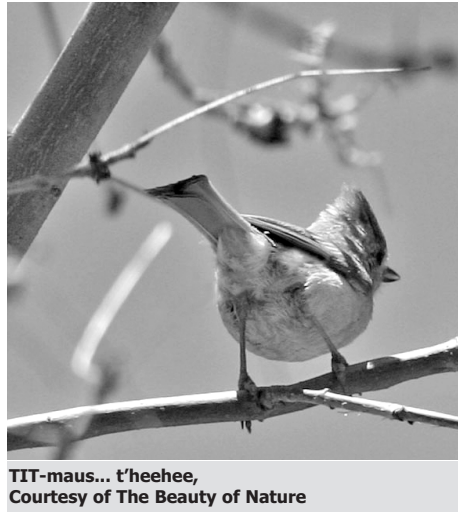
Continued from previous page

chapters, his inability to answer some of the questions the book has raised, and writer's block.

One of the problems which has confused librarians, and book-store owners is how to classify *Maus*. The oft-used term "Graphic Novel" describes the medium, and not the genre, and the book really doesn't belong in the Science Fiction/Fantasy, or humor sections other comic books are placed, as it is not a work of science fiction or fantasy, and it would disappoint, and/or depress someone who buys it expecting a charming anthropomorphic animals story. It's not really an allegory because there is no attempt to hide what the mice and cats signify (I doubt anyone wonders if the mouse named Art Spiegelman somehow represents the author.) This definition would hardly help as the book stores I've been to don't really have allegory sections. It's not historical fiction, because the individuals (I hesitate to call them characters as that would imply that the author made them up) and events portrayed in the book were real. If you say it's nonfiction, people will argue that it doesn't belong on the list, as the individuals portrayed don't really look like mice (I've gotten into surprisingly vicious arguments over this.) The best two genres I can find for it are memoir (differs from an autobiography as the focus is on Art's relationship with his father, and his father's concentration camp experiences rather than his entire life) and the nonfiction novel (a different genre than regular Nonfiction, and *Maus* fits all the criteria, except it's not pure prose.)

Maus is brutally honest, even with the portrayals of the key characters. Vladek Spiegelman is a racist, a suffocating husband to his second wife, and a miser who tells a store owner about his experiences in Auschwitz in order to get a discount on groceries. He wasn't perfect before he went into Auschwitz, and flashbacks include several examples - such as his explaining that he wouldn't marry the first girl he slept with because her family couldn't afford a dowry. Narrator Art Spiegelman admits to spending time in a mental hospital, and often portrays himself unfavorably (especially dur-

ing his outbursts against his father). His mother Anja is portrayed as a nervous and frail woman in Vladek's flashbacks, and the book does not ignore her severe postpartum depression after the birth of her first son, or her later violent suicide. Even with this honesty there are ambiguities as we never know what anyone is thinking, just what they tell other people, just like in life. An example is the question of why Vladek's second wife leaves him. We can infer from the text that she wanted some independence, but there's nothing to disprove Vladek's belief that she was after his money. The book makes it clear that Vladek is also not an entire-



TIT-maus... t'heehee,
Courtesy of The Beauty of Nature

ly trustworthy source. There are times when his experiences contradict well-documented events (for example - he doesn't remember an orchestra playing during the forced marches in Auschwitz), and his sense of time regarding Auschwitz turns out to be flawed when Art counts the number of months he said he spent there, and realizes that it doesn't add up (Vladek responds by telling his son "We didn't make watches.").

Maus is available as two 14 dollar trade

paperbacks, or a single 35 dollar hardcover, all of which are published by Pantheon books. Before he worked on *Maus*, Spiegelman was instrumental innovator of underground comix (his word, not mine), such as *RAW*, a magazine which he founded and where numerous talent such as Mark Newgarden, and Charles Burns (*Black Hole*) first appeared, alongside chapters of *Maus* (because of *RAW*, some people believe he is the best editor the industry has ever seen). He has worked on everything from *New Yorker* covers (his best known images include a black on black Twin Towers shadow cover commemorating the September 11 tragedy, and a Valentines Day Cover with a Hassidic Jew kissing a black woman) to children's books (examples include *Open Me I'm a Dog*) and other stuff (he did a lot of commercial work for *The Garbage Pail Kids* series of trading cards.) His most significant recent comics work was *In the Shadow of No Towers*, about his emotions after September 11. He's the only man I know of who can make a 20 dollar book with a dozen or so pages of reprints of vintage newspaper comics, and 20 pages (they're on fairly expensive oversized cardboard but it's still three dozen pages of content for 20 dollars) of a liberal *New Yorker's* musings post-9/11 into a bestseller. *Maus's* influence may seem minor, as it's such a distinctive (and difficult to imitate) work, but can be felt in autobiographical comics such as Marjane Satrapi's *Persepolis*, and in strange places (such as the German UNICEF's antiwar ad showing a village of Smurfs getting bombed.) He has had a tremendous impact upon modern comics creators such as Chip Kidd & Chris Ware, and had a well publicized feud with cartoonist Ted Rall, which began with Rall's *Village Voice* article "The King of Comix" (which was a cover story, and can easily be found on-line.) Spiegelman has received numerous offers to adapt the work into other mediums (notably movies) but has rejected them all (and he got story material during the process, as he parodied the offers in a chapter of *Maus*.) There have been exhibits on *Maus* in the Museum of Modern Art, and the National Museum of American Jewish History.

Next Great Comic Book (Probably): *Martels*

The Fine Arts Organization Presents:

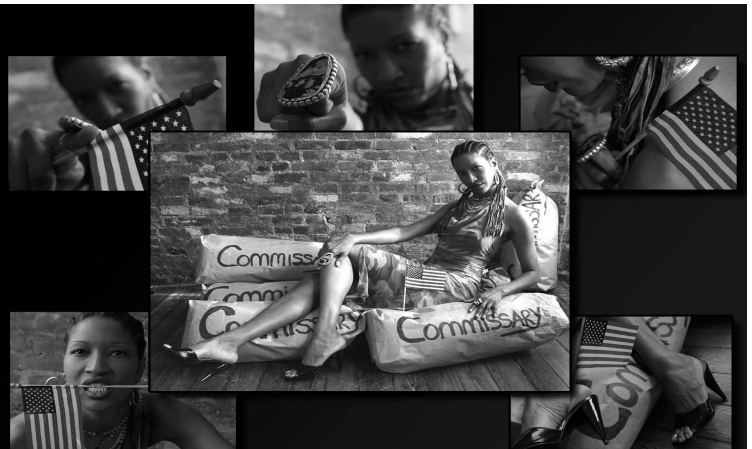
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HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Music

Into the VAST

By Alison Schwartz

When peering into the kaleidoscope of present-day mainstream music, the color gazing back is predominantly monochromatic. At any given time in the music world, a trend will strike, resulting in an overall wave of similitude. Such circumstances cannot be avoided, I suppose. The American musical palate is simply accustomed to consistency; if a certain formula is successful, musicians and record labels alike will capitalize on it. This is why it is called the "music business."

Like a bully in a schoolyard, music coinciding with current trends dominates the market, throwing careless punches in the direction of any musician who ventures forth with novel elements. This is why there are artists who, although mainstream music's fickle arms have not yet embraced them, have blossomed and thrived on an underground level. Jumping now to the main point: you should feel truly deprived if you've never listened to VAST.

"VAST is one man and one man only," realvast.com, the official site for all things VAST, states emphatically. Visual Audio Sensory Theater, or VAST, features one multi-talented individual: singer/songwriter/multi-instrumentalist/producer Jon Crosby. While there have been additions and deletions to his accompanying band, Crosby is the creator and center of VAST. Stylistically, the music of VAST is particularly hard to pinpoint due to an eclectic meld of influences, which could explain why VAST appeals to such a diverse audience. While Crosby has been suspected of being Trent Reznor's musical successor, his voice bears a likeness to that of U2's Bono. Such comparisons testify to VAST's multiplicity. With a template of various breeds of rock, classical orchestrations, metal riffs, synth mixes, electronica elements and sound samplings that accompany Crosby's darkly reflective lyrics and passion-

ate vocals, VAST defies musical labels. *Visual Audio Sensory Theater* (1998), VAST's debut album, experiments heavily with fusion between melodies and various sound samples. "Touched," for example, is a hypnotic melody



TO BED, BATH... AND BEYOND!
Courtesy of Saturated Television

transformed into a new creation with a sample of monks chanting. This song serves as a prime example of how Crosby's interjection of distinctive elements creates a hauntingly unique effect. Crosby also repeatedly implements the technique of layering random sample-segments in VAST's debut.

While admirable effort is demonstrated in the pivotal debut, VAST's sound evolves as Crosby expands his horizons with every suc-

ceeding record. VAST's sophomore release in 2000, *Music For People*, is noticeably more polished than the previous album, relying on profound lyrics and catchy melodies rather than the novelty of sampling. Against the advice of record label execs, the samplings are toned down, with Crosby fitting them into the background framework of his songs rather than forcing them to serve as the centerpiece. This is the beauty of VAST: every album is a new journey, a new experience, as Crosby's work never gets redundant. One senses Crosby's sense of desolation in "I Don't Have Anything," as he sings, "Show me the places where I can forget your name. I can't find anything except the void inside."

VAST's most recent release, *Nude*, came out in 2004. Crosby's array of expressed emotions coincides with the album title. We get to experience Crosby's ominous tone, completely unrestricted and articulated quite vividly in unforgettable lyrics. "I can't get any lower. I can't find all the pieces of my broken life," Crosby laments in the beautiful, sorrowful landscape of "Winter In My Heart."

The balance of superior lyrics and remarkable musicianship is enhanced with each album, making VAST breathtaking. Every VAST album is bursting with enchanting tunes that are consistently good yet thoroughly varied, and the songs will hold the attention of even the most finicky listener. The music of VAST is meaningful, audacious, and striking without sacrificing musical integrity. After diving into VAST, one wonders why this group's music has not gained more recognition. Regardless, VAST remains one of the most popular underground acts to date. I highly recommend experiencing VAST if you want something new and different. Prepare to be blown away.

The Blur Division Has an Edge... And That's a Good Thing

By Blake Wind

Although The Blur Division performance that I attended was on October 19th, you shouldn't let the time lag between then and now fool you: their performance was among the best live music I've yet seen at Stony Brook, and you can look forward to their upcoming exposure on WUSB, which I sincerely hope I can cover just a little more quickly.

The Blur Division is, by definition, an improvisational jazz trio, but that label is more than a little misleading. James Bennett, Chris Cuvier, and Chris Howard don't play the kind of music you're used to hearing as background noise at the mall:

"[A]t the mall..."

their versatile sound has a rock-inflected edge which lends them to a wider audience, and should gain them greater recognition outside of the kind of cozy, intimate performances custom-

ary in their tradition of contemporary jazz. That's not to say the University Café was a poor setting for a debut performance. In fact, having been so close to the band itself highlights exactly what differentiates them.

All three of the musicians are excellent in their own right: James Bennett, on bass, gives an excellent sonic foundation to the group, Chris Cuvier, on piano, is the group's primary composer and an excellent soloist. What I find most interesting about The Blur Division, however, is the style of its third member, Chris Howard, on drums. His attitude towards percussion takes its lead not only from the usual array of smooth jazz and Latin influences, but often veers into much more sonically forceful territory, which all three performers seem perfectly comfortable in. I never expect-

ed a jazz trio to cover Stone Temple Pilots, but what surprised me most was that when it was over, I wanted to listen to it more than once. The feeling that I came away with more than anything else was a great respect for musicians who were able to manifest so much versatility. The group slid easily back and forth between cool Miles Davis-style pieces, extended excursions into salsa and merengue, and even some tunes ever so slightly reminiscent of an earlier, more swinging generation of jazz, which has always been my personal favorite.

If, on the other hand, you know nothing about jazz, and you just skimmed through the past couple paragraphs, I'd just like to let you know you'd probably like these guys anyway. If your regular playlist only gets about as soft as Nirvana's "Bleach", you might want to look elsewhere, but for a general SBU audience, The Blur Division has an edge to offer just about everywhere.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Music

Can You Hear Me Up Here? Cecilia's At Scenic

By Andrew Pernick

Matt Nathanson once said, "New York City has the most violently attractive women." Matt is not the focus of this story, although he was right; nor are the women of New York City, although they are beautiful. Unless, of course, you are talking about Laura and Alison Veltz, the voices behind New York's best-kept musical secret, Cecilia. Making music and merry wherever they go, their latest stop was an intimate venue that is also one of New York's little musical secrets. Scenic, a bar and concert hall on Avenue B in Alphabet City.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, KEVIN, LAURA, DREW, KEN AND ALISON
Courtesy of Ceciliatheband.com

Opening the set was the fan-favorite, made-for-jamming-out song "Stay", an eight-minute festival of musical stylings, improvisations, and three-part harmonic crooning led by the siren's call that is Laura's voice.

If "Stay" was designed to bring the crowd to its feet, the next song on the set list, "Everyday Dream," was designed to go straight to the crowd's hearts. And if Laura's voice is a siren's call, Alison's is a siren's phone bank - a rockin' heavenly choir. The love song is a veritable workout for three-part harmony, courtesy of Alison on lead vocals, with sister Laura and mother Jeannie providing backup.

Next up was "Dreaming of You", followed by "Red Bird", which will be on Cecilia's newest record, *This*, due out later this year. I live in anxious anticipation of that day. The song is another marathon for the vocalists, and was delivered with expertise, as was evident in the fans' overwhelming reaction.

Following "Red Bird" was a personal favorite, "Come On, Love," written by Laura. The song was performed beautifully and it was clear that Cecilia was playing the crowd just as well as they were playing their instruments - perfectly.

Moving away from the expected and standard constraints of rock, the band moved on to "SNL", Laura's love song to *Saturday Night Live* star Jimmy Fallon, on whom she had a crush. The song, witty and whimsical, was delivered with all of the charm it requires.

Keeping in the theme of pushing the boundaries, the next song on the set list, "Are You With Me", a quick-tempo blend of the spoken word and vocalism. It delivered a healthy dose of fresh air and a Thanksgiving dinner-sized feast of talent, as Alison's skill with the insanely fast lyrics that verge on being a tongue twister shone through.

Further showcasing the band's talents

for all things musical was "All Right," another example of the vocal harmonic decathlon this band has made one of their hallmarks, this time led by Laura. The song, which became a nine-minute jam, segued into a refreshingly original take on "No Woman, No Cry" for several refrains before it segued back into itself. In the end, the crowd felt refreshed and energized, and their loud appreciation showed it.

Another example of the spoken-word/vocal mix, "E u r e k a Wagontrain", was next, and it made Alison's performance of the spoken

scrap of energy into this performance, into this song, and it showed. The audience was bopping around, people were dancing, people were shouting, chords and harmonies were flying. Like all good things, it ended, but it ended with the audience feeling alive and happy. There are, in truth, few things more beautiful than when a band has successfully performed this well.

The night also featured a juicy tidbit of extremely good news: Cecilia guitarist Drew Veltz is going to be a father! *The Stony Brook Press* congratulates Drew and his wife and would like to extend a special welcome to the world to the newest member of the Veltz clan. Special thanks also go out to Drew for giving me a set list. You rock!

For those of you who haven't heard Cecilia before, do your eardrums and heart and soul a favor. For those of you who haven't heard of Cecilia, what planet have you been hiding on? Go to www.ceciliatheband.com. Go now. If you can't make it to their shows, or if you want to hear them before you invest the time and (negligible!) cover charge, pick up a copy of *Take Tonight Home*, a recording of this year's Memorial Day concert. It's almost as good as being there. What are you doing still reading this? GO! GO BUY! GO LISTEN!

parts of "Are You With Me" look easy by comparison. This piece, an absolute nightmare for lesser performers, required and showed Alison's Olympian levels of vocal skills. The crowd, fully enthralled, began moving and dancing like morons due to the level of thrills they were wrapped up in.

Closing out the set was another personal favorite, "Hey," a song about life in New York. Like "Stay," it was performed by Laura, and it also evolved into a jam-fest, clocking in at a hair over 15 minutes. This song, the set's last, had it all - a drum solo by Ken, a bass guitar workout by Kevin, scat singing by Laura, a segue into a three-part rendition of "Starlight", scat singing by Alison, and a final, frenetic and energetic segue back into "Hey". It was as if the band was pouring every

The Stony Brook University Debate Team presents A NON-PARTISAN DEBATE!

Issues to be debated:

**ABORTION
DEATH PENALTY
IRAQ WAR**



**Wednesday, December 7
1:00 - 2:30, SAC ballroom B**

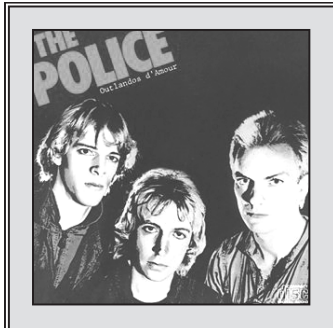
**Judges: Professor Frank Myers, Professor Helmut Norpoth
and Professor Albert Cover**

FREE PIZZA!!!

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Music

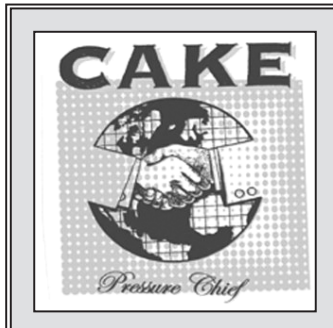
The Worst Albums by Great Artists - Vol. 1



The Police Outlandos d'Amour

By Nicole L Barry

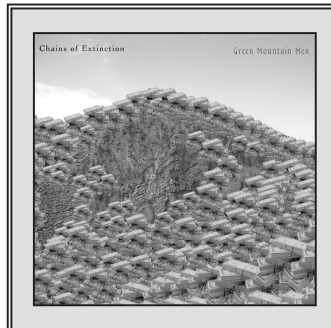
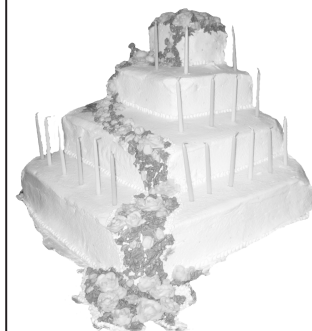
First things first, all of the Police albums are fantastic, but that's speaking as a rabid Police fan. If you're not a huge Police fan, there's not going to be much for you to enjoy here besides the fantastic "Roxanne" and the almost as great "Can't Stand Losing You." But that aside, *Outlandos d'Amour* is the Police at their not so great punk roots. In the category of punk, the Police falls short, although musically, you can see where the alt rockers would eventually emerge from. It's just too bad that half of the album is not enjoyable. If you're going to buy an album for it's collective and cohesive whole, buy Zenyatta Mondatta, which goes beautifully alternative without feeling weak. What you expect from the Police you won't find in *Outlandos d'Amour*, I know I bought it because I wanted to have the whole collection. It's not to say the album is bad- in fact, there's a refreshing honesty and brutality in the way they execute their songs; before Sting went all pretentious and tantric sex on the world. Roxanne is one of the best songs in existence, so I figure that it's worth the cost of buying the whole album. Actually, maybe that's why I think this album is the worst album by a great artist, since Roxanne is so brilliant and while most of the album is good, (excluding Peanuts, which is freaking horrible, and the last four tracks of the album) you expect more. This is the first of five albums by a great band, so I guess slipups on their first effort are forgivable. I wonder what he was like as an English teacher?



Cake Pressure Chief

By James Messina

It's like a wedding?
I love Cake. They're awesome. They have a song for just about every mood, and they're good for both background music and rocking the fuck out. But I don't like their newest album, *Pressure Chief*, as much as I did the two preceding. I think the reason for this is their lack of a real single, and their more synthetic feel. There's a very clear synthesizer element to many of the songs that's discordant with the trumpets. Perhaps my biggest gripe is there's no rocking the fuck out... Where'd it go? Each previous CD has one song you could rock the fuck out to; "Sheep Go to Heaven", "Comfort Eagle", "The Distance". I swear one time I saw a coma patient rocking out to Cake. But while I enjoy their placid songs very much, i.e. "Friend is a Four Letter Word", sometimes you just need to go nuts, and this album left me in the lurch.



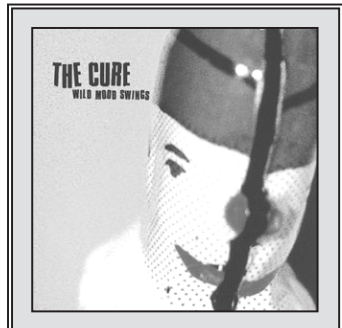
Chains of Extinction Green Mountain Boys

By "Nutrient" Rich Deltortuga

No four-piece slash metal/funkadellic/slip-hopabilly outfit rocks the most like the all-Vermont-native power popsters *Chains of Extinction* rock the most. Devoted 'Stinction Stallions won't hesitate to boast of celebrating and accumulating the quartet's entire catalog, but probe up and deeper and you will find one solitary festering sore on the woven tapestry of sonic foundations patterned by the rapid-fire released of albuminal messages. Not all is well in the oeuvre.

2003's dollar-dollar-billy'allin' rock/rap offering *Green Mountain Boys* fell flatter than Lara Flynn Boyle if you left her out all night with the cap off. A whimsical attempt to combine materialist gangster rap with a George Clinton-style mysticization of New England colonial history produced a soupy mess of misanthropic loops and less-than-dope dropkickers. Adopting the pseudonyms Ethan Allstar, Ira Allanwrench, Deth Warner and Superfly Funqtrophonia, the old gang boast of their drive-by hits on British troops with General Benedict Arnold, their philandering ways and, most of all, their piles and piles of cash monies. RunDMC meets Aerosmith this is not. It's not even Eminem meets Dido.

Inexplicably, like a fish out of water, midway through the album is the brazenly commercial "Me and my IV Part III", a "Let's do the Twist Again" style attempt to cash in on the wild popularity of that ubiquitous hit single about the saline drip.



The Cure Wild Mood Swings

By Stephanie Hayes

This really cool person was talking to me about *Wild Mood Swings* this past summer. They consider it to be a favorite album because The Cure surprised everyone with a lot of new arrangements and happy songs. Unexpected and wonderful? Well... no. I always think I'm going to pop this into my CD player and finally get it but I never do. Was the band trying to accommodate all of their fans with this mess of "wild mood(s)"? Because there's nothing on here that I would classify as wild and/or moody. Songs like "Mint Car" and "Return" are fantastic, catchy tunes of joy but there seems to be something, something very central in other great Cure songs, missing from the rest of the tracks. There are a few dreamy, beautiful moments in "This Is A Lie" and "Jupiter Crash" but most of them feel more like the first draft of an incredible song than something that's complete and astonishing. Sometimes, and it pains me to say it, songs are so near the line of touching and cheesy but come closer to the latter. Lyrics are, for the most part, unmemorable; apart from "Mint Car", I can only remember words from painfully repetitive choruses. Of course, nothing sounds terrible when it's being sung by Robert Smith, but *Wild Mood Swings* is a collection of emotional songs that are ineffective in moving one emotionally. Quite frankly, this is a bland album.

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Television

Lost - The Best Damn Show on T.V. - Vol. 3

By David K. Ginn

Alright, Lost fans. It's here. The article that recaps what's been going on, and let's you know what I think of it all. Are you ready? Good.

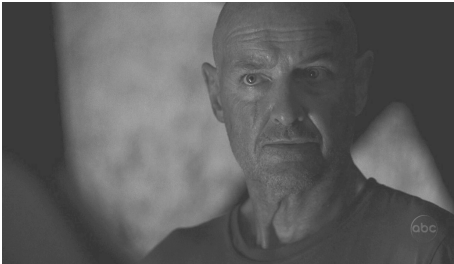
Alright, non-Lost fans. It's here. The article that recaps what's been going on, and let's you know what I think of it all. Are you ready? Good.

This season started out with pure

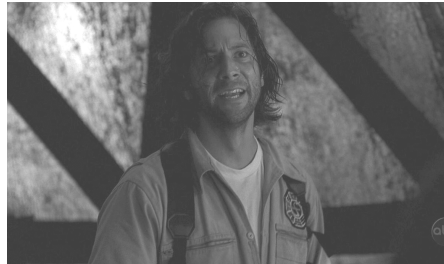
creepiness. Season one's finale was explosive and breathtaking, but this was just plain mesmerizing. Things are looking very promising for the show's future.

Here we go, episode by episode:

No, I don't want to do it episode by episode. It's good. Watch it. I'm tired of trying to explain it to people. If you want to talk about it, come find me.



THE LOCKE-ROCKE
Courtesy of Lost-media.com



LISTEN UP, BROTHER
Courtesy of Lost-media.com



FUCKING AWESOME
Courtesy of Lost-media.com



FUCKING BITCH
Courtesy of Lost-media.com (she's really not)



LOST

(Every Wednesday night at 8pm in the Press Office, Union Basement 06, or movie at 8pm if there's no new LOST episode)

THE PRESS' OFFICIAL LOST DRINKING GAME

Everytime Locke says "destiny" Drink Twice

Everytime Kate stares in a moment of inward thought Drink Once

Everytime Sun stares without talking Drink Once

Everytime Jin seems to think people understand him Drink Once

Everytime somebody hits the roof of the plane (in episode 2, you're fucked) Drink Once

Everytime Hurley says "dude" Drink Once

Everytime Charlie says a uniquely British slang word Drink Bloody Twice

Everytime Sawyer calls somebody a Sawyer-nickname Drink Twice



C'mon... Be a Sport

Seawolves Men's Soccer, First America East Championship, First NCAA Tournament Berth!!

By Antony Lin

In just his second season since taking over for Scott Dean, Seawolves head coach Cesar Markovic led the Stony Brook Seawolves to capture the school's first ever America East league title over the Binghamton Bearcats. With a record Seawolves soccer crowd of over 1,050 present at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium, the match would be decided by penalty kicks after a 1-1 draw.

"It was a tough game. They (Binghamton) completely took our rhythm away. They play a tough style," said Markovic.

Stony Brook stayed at their usual 3-5-2 formation and Binghamton used the 4-4-2. The home side was in control for the beginning portion of the first half, while Binghamton looked to counter.

The first opportunity of the match would come for the Seawolves in the 6th minute off a cross from midfielder Michael Palacio on the left wing. His outswinging cross found forward Chris Scarpati, whose header sailed high of the crossbar.

Binghamton would get its first golden opportunity coming in the 17th minute. Collecting a through ball, forward Peter Sgueglia's shot from 14 yards out to the near post was parried away by goalkeeper E.J. Xikis.

The Bearcats would get on board four minutes later off a set piece from midfielder Adam Chavez. His set piece from 40 yards out found an unmarked midfielder Kyle Antos. Antos' header found the lower right 90 for the 1-0 lead.

"We knew it was going to be tough because of Binghamton's style," said Seawolves assistant coach Dariel Collazo. They play lots of fancy football. We knew they were dangerous on set pieces."

In the 38th minute, the visitors would gather another opportunity. Off a short corner,

midfielder Danilo's shot from 24 yards out fell right into the hands of Xikis. Stony Brook's best chance in the half would come five minutes later. With the Bearcats unable to clear the ball, right winger Rob Fucci's point blank shot hit the cross bar and sailed out of play.

The second half would pretty much be identical to the first as the Seawolves would come out strong, before the Bearcats took control.

The home side would get its first chance of the second half from striker Chris

Megaloudis. His low shot from 23 yards out was saved by goalkeeper Ryan Berton. Stony Brook's next chance would come in the 62nd minute. From the left wing, Palacio took on two defenders and made a cut to his right. His shot sailed wide of the far post.

The Bearcats nearly added an insurance goal off a counter attack in Kyle Antos' shot from 23 yards out was denied by the left post.

Binghamton would threaten once again in the 82nd minute. Off a 2-on-1 breakaway, forward Peter Sgueglia's shot from 17 yards out sailed high of the crossbar.

The Seawolves would finally find a way to penetrate the Bearcats' back four in the 87th minute off a free kick by Palacio from 35 yards out. His free kick resulted in a scramble. Megaloudis was able to pounce on it and put the ball home from 11 yards out for the equalizer.

"It was a tough game. They (Binghamton) are a great team. Fortunately we tied the game," stated Narvaez.

The visitors provided a huge scare in the

final minute of regulation. From 26 yards out, Sgueglia's low shot bounced off the left post and trickled along the goal line towards the right post.

The momentum would begin to swing towards the way of the Seawolves in the first overtime.

Only two minutes in, the home side threatened. Scarpati laid one off to Megaloudis just outside the box. As Megaloudis took the shot, he was taken down from behind. Nevertheless, play continued.

In the 96th minute midfielder Douglas Narvaez on the left wing made a cut to his right. His shot from 22 yards went right to Berton.

The second overtime would see the Bearcats with the majority of possession, but to no avail as the match would then be decided by the shootout.

For the Bearcats, Antos' penalty kick sailed high while midfielder Yusif Ibrahim's low shot to the right was denied by Xikis. As for the Seawolves, Palacio, defender Yahaya Musa, and midfielder Erion Qoku all buried their penalties, while Scarpati would net the game-winner giving the Seawolves a 4-2 victory in penalty kicks, as fans stormed the field in celebration.

"It was very challenging. Both teams played well. We believed in ourselves and we did it," said Seawolves assistant coach Jack Stefanowski.

Narvaez, Fucci, Palacio, and Megaloudis were named to the All-Championship Team. Narvaez would also end up taking home the tournament's Most Outstanding Performer.

"Winning the Most Outstanding Player Award was something I worked hard for," said Narvaez. "It will help me work harder."

Stony Brook became the eighth different team to win the America East Championship in the past eight years. With the tournament championship, the Seawolves have earned themselves an automatic bid for the NCAA College Cup tournament, which is also the first ever for Stony Brook.

"Just fantastic," said Markovic. "It was everything we were trying to do. I am so proud of our team. It was incredible."



FUCK THOSE IVY LEAGUE MOTHERFUCKERS, Courtesy of Matt Willemain

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The Stony Brook Press

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C'mon... Be a Sport

Stony Brook Rugby Dominates

By Ali Nazir

At the end of the regular season, Stony Brook Men's Rugby found itself on top of the Division undefeated. Although a 4-0 season might seem to be a very short regular season, SBU dominated each of the teams that they played throughout the match. Blowouts such as a 35-0 defeat of Drew University, in which SBU was unable to convert 5 free kicks but still blew out the visiting team, are now commonplace.

On October the 30th SBU faced a playoff game in which it yet again flexed its muscle, consisting of a high-powered offense and a cut-throat defense, defeating Bard College 20-0. In the Championship, after a brutal battle in which it seemed that the team had finally met its match, SBU scored in the last minute to take the lead and win against a very determined team of SUNY Maritime Merchant Marines. Finishing the Championship takeover of the Division with an undefeated season, another feat that they accomplished was allowing only two goals by the opposition.

Now the Wolf Pack is headed to the University of Massachusetts at Amherst where they will be battling for the Northeastern crown against other juggernaut teams from the North.

They are also going to be playing to become a nationally ranked team in Division III. The credit for success has to go to the coaches and the players, because even though sometimes shunned by the school when it came to funding and facilities, they overcame these drawbacks, putting on a showcase type season together. Coach Danny Yarusso and Jeff Krabel practiced with the team day and night, devoting much of their time to bring the Club to Super Power status. Long time players such as Daniel Holzhauer, John Feminella, Jeff Carey and Mike Barnett made sure everyone kept their composure and tenacity during the many excruciating practices and during the heat of battle in games. SBU is also sparked by many Rookies who have come into their own, such as John Gemma and Jon Isles.

Stony Brook's stats basically speak for themselves and look for them to be the deciding factor in the NRU Championship in New England. Winning would mean that SBU would have to go on to spring and play for the National Title, which is where the players and coaches aspire to be, because they believe that the quality of Rugby being played here is something that should be put in the national limelight.



CLOTHESLINE, BITCHES!
Courtesy of Ali Nazir

Men's Div. III			W-L-T	
Pts For	Pts Against	Bonus	Pts	Pts
SBU Men				
67	17	1	17	4-0-0
Maritime Men				
83	13	3	13	2-1-1
Montclair State				
54	25	2	8	1-1-1
Bard Men				
51	56	2	6	1-2-0
Drew Men				
10	154	0	0	0-4-0

Men's Div. III Playoff games

Maritime Men 30 - v. Montclair State 0

SBU Men 20 - v. Bard Men 0

Men's Div. III Championship Game

SBU Men 5 - v. Maritime Men 3

*Stony Brook ends regular season with an Undefeated 6-0 season and the Division Championship and a berth to the National Northeastern Championship Tournament mid-November.

For the latest Info log on to STONY-BROOKRUGBY.ORG

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BETTER THAN MAN

CHARLTON HESTON

THE USG SENATE MEETINGS

RODDY McDOWALL • MAURICE EVANS • KIM HUNTER • JAMES WHITMORE • JAMES DALY • LINDA HARRISON

FRANKLIN J. SCHÄFFNER • MICHAEL WILSON • ROD SERLING



C'mon... Be a Sport

Golden Goal Puts Seawolves Men's Soccer Into America East Final

By Antony Lin

Over 520 loyal fans saw striker Chris Megaloudis' golden goal in the 97th minute send the Stony Brook Seawolves past the Albany Great Danes 2-1 on a rainy night at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium. The Seawolves move on to the America East Final for the first time in school history.

"Unbelievable feeling," said Seawolves head coach Cesar Markovic. "Great crowd and an emotional night. We got it done."

The rain continued to fall throughout the entire match up until the end of regulation. Stony Brook would be in control throughout the first half. The Seawolves used the 3-5-2 formation, while the Great Danes used a 4-4-2.

"We handled it (the rain) well. We lost a bit of possession late in the second half. But overall we had control of the ball," said Markovic.

The home side's first opportunity would come just three minutes in. Midfielder Douglas Narvaez dribbled through the length of the field. His shot from 22 yards out was saved by goalkeeper Steward Ceus.

In the 5th minute, the Seawolves would threaten again off a free kick from midfielder Michael Palacio. His direct shot from the right side sailed inches wide of the far post.

Megaloudis nearly scored off a fantastic bicycle kick in the 17th minute. Left back Mark Zajkowski sent the ball into the box. As the ball was miscleared and popped into the air, Megaloudis' attempted bicycle sailed just wide of the left post.

Seconds later, Albany would get their first chance of the match. Forward Eric Zekiroski shot to the near post from the left wing was parried away by goalkeeper John Moschella.

With the rain continuing to pour, it looked as if Stony Brook would get its break in the 29th minute. Collecting a long ball, left winger Tamer Mohamed decided to cut to his right off his first touch. On the cutback, Mohamed was taken down in the box. Referee Lou Labbadia immediately pointed to the spot for a penalty kick. Right winger/defender Rob Fucci stepped up to take the kick. His low shot to the left had Ceus guessing correctly to make

the save, as the Great Danes' defense cleared the ball.

The visitors would get one final chance with seconds remaining in the first half. Midfielder Vadim Ivanyushchenko sent in a long ball into the box from the right. Perhaps due to the wet surface, the pass took an awkward bounce towards goal forcing Moschella to make a diving stop to the far post.

The second half saw the Great Danes applying a bit more pressure.

Two minutes in, midfielder Michael McNamara's low shot from 24 yards out sent Moschella diving to his right for a splendid fingertip save.



THE CITY OF ALBANY CRIES A SINGLE TEAR IN UNISON, Courtesy of Interstate 787

In the 53rd minute Zekiroski attempted to chip an onrushing Moschella to no avail, as Moschella stuck his hands up to make the stop.

Despite the Albany pressure, the Seawolves moment would come in the 63rd minute off a set piece on the left wing. Palacio laid it on the ground for a sprinting Narvaez. Narvaez sent a low cross to forward/midfielder Adam Ciklic. Ciklic's one-timer found the lower right 90 for the 1-0 lead.

The visitors would threaten to level the

score twice in the 69th minute. Forward/left winger Yan Gbolo's free kick from 22 yards out from the left was knocked over the bar by Moschella.

On the ensuing corner, the Seawolves defense cleared the ball right to forward Gaby Seguin-Gauthier. His shot from 26 yards out would be denied by Moschella once again.

The Great Danes would level the game at 1-1 in the 77th minute. Midfielder Stephen sent a cross finding an unmarked Gbolo from the right wing. His header found the back of the net to put the game into overtime.

Gbolo's goal celebration would earn him a yellow card after removing his jersey and celebrating in front of the Stony Brook bench.

"I saw that my defender was not there. I decided to come out as fast as I could," stated Moschella. "The ball hit me in the chest and it just trickled in."

The home side would be more in control in overtime. The first chance came in the 94th minute. Narvaez's crack from 27 yards out sailed right into the hands of Ceus.

Two minutes later, Palacio's shot from 32 yards out from the right was tapped over the bar by Ceus.

The well-deserved golden goal would come in the 97th minute. With possession of the ball, Mohamed sent a fantastic inswinging cross into the box finding Megaloudis'. Megaloudis' one time effort went past Ceus for the game-winner, erupting the crowd.

"I saw Tamer [Mohamed] get the ball on the left. I made a run that coach told me to take, and Tamer just gave me a great ball," mentioned Megaloudis.

The win matched the school record of 12 wins for Stony Brook. With Binghamton winning the other semifinal, the Seawolves will host the Binghamton Bearcats on Saturday at 7PM in LaValle Stadium.

"Binghamton is a great team. They are the only team that beat us in the conference and we wanted to face them," mentioned Markovic. "We are playing on Saturday for everyone."

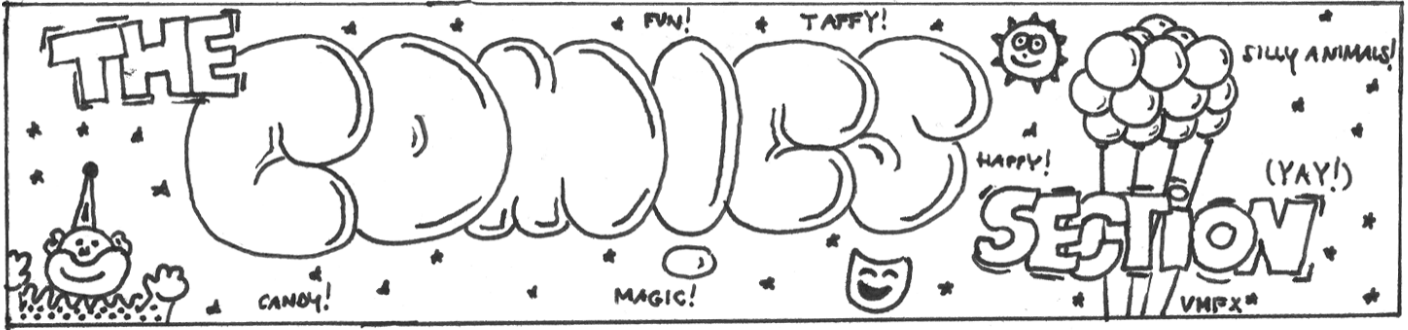


Do I sound like I'm on olde timey radio?

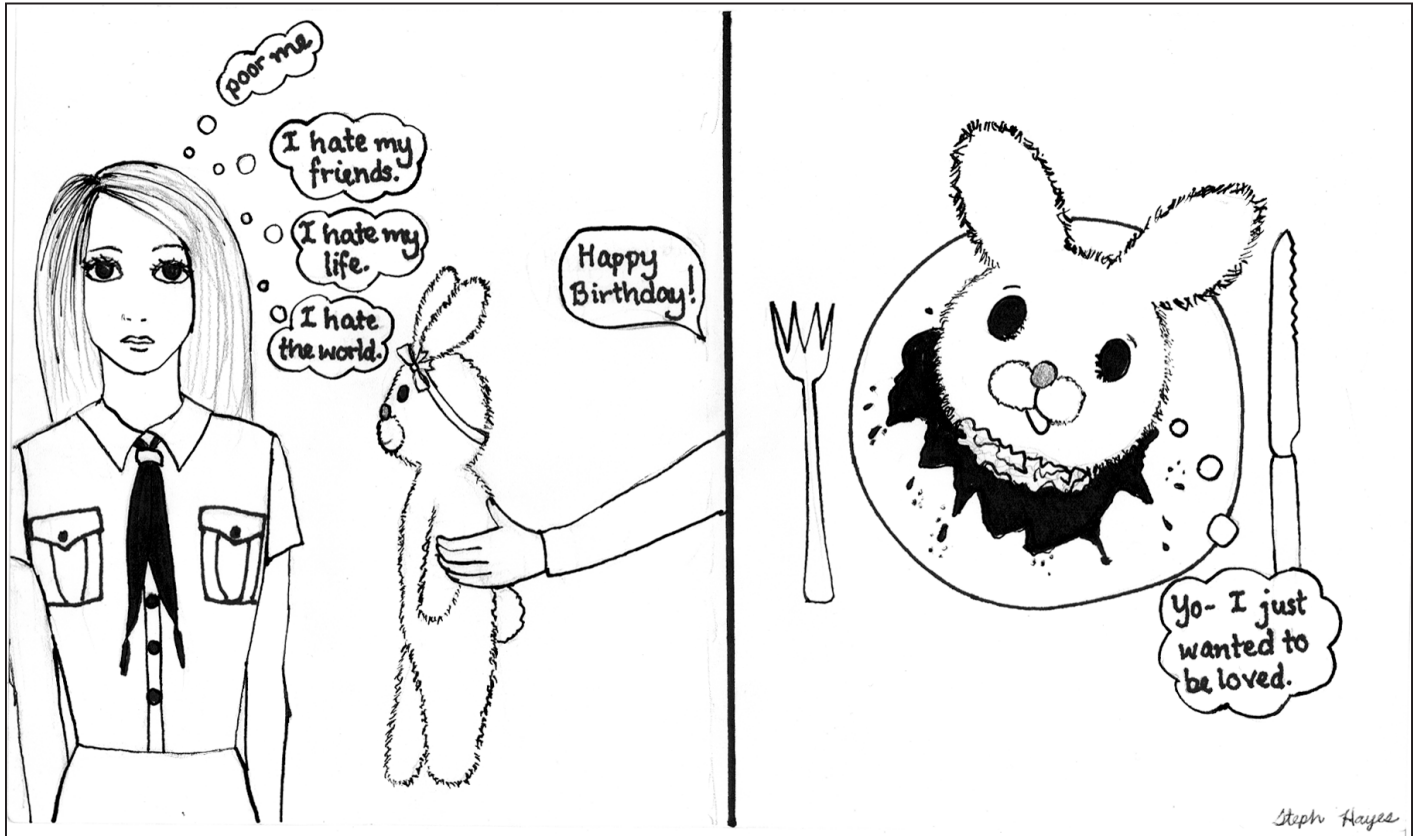
All the cool kids (for example, W.C. Fields, pictured here) use their resourcefulness to locate the Stony Brook Press' supplementary audio material on the internet. Jowy says it's a podcast but we're not supposed to use that word.

I don't know, maybe check iTunes, or something?

COME ONE, COME ALL (COME WITH YOUR MOM!), IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...



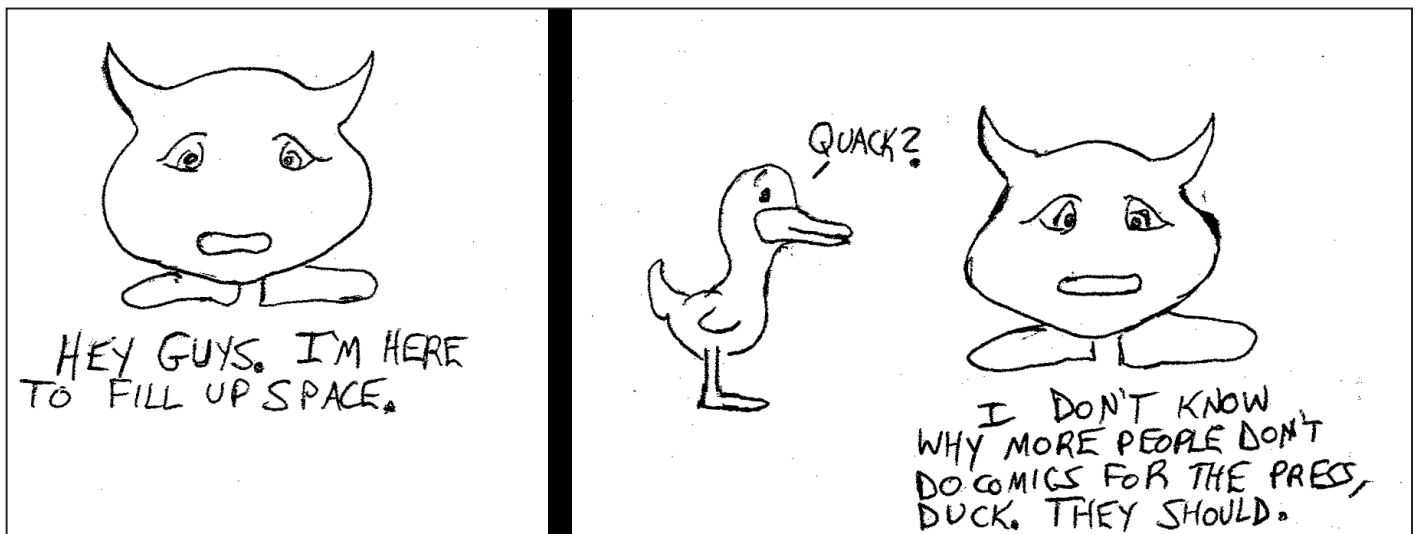
OMAHA, NE -Steph Hayes



Steph Hayes

Mooble, or: The Rise and Fall of Modern Logic

By David K. Ginn



COMCIS!!!

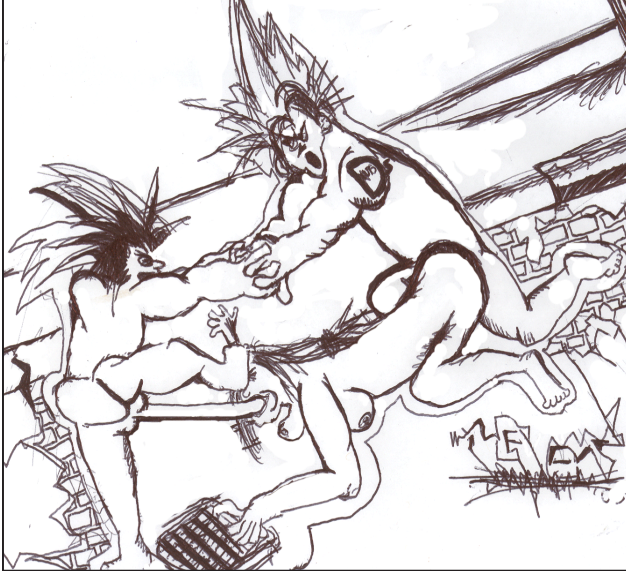
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Ask Amberly Jane

Sunrise. Sunset. Another day, dollar, set of circumstances.

Time blasts its vapor at us. We sprint to Kelly at 2:48 a.m. with all the other bleary-eyed miscreants. (Yeah, I mean you.)

Hello there. It is your friendly neighborhood Amberly Jane with a message for you all. There are many people I would love to speak to. After many moons of promising to write, I have decided to drive the gravy train down the route of efficiency. Therefore, please circle the following word or combination of words that best suits you! It's like personalizing your very own letter.



**EIFFEL TOWER POSITION,
Loving conceived by Shawn, the Man, the Legend...**

Hi (friend/neighbor/relative/mortal enemy who I've sworn to defeat). How are you? How (is/are) your and your (family/posse/goiter)? I'm (happy/sorry) to hear it. Are you still with (him/her/them/it/the dark side of the force)? Gee, that is (great/terrible/the worst news I have ever received since the Mets lost the 2000 World Series). Well, they always were (a great partner/ somebody to look up to/ a total hee-hore of a cock-teasing simpleton).

In any event I hope that (you/you all/ some of you more than others) are (well/excellent/burning in the pit of Beelzebub's intestines) and that we can get together (real soon/ really, really soon/ never, I've never liked you, you think you're hot snit, but you are nothing more than bubble gum stuck at the bottom of a fat lady's leather pants) so we can (hang/chill/write/fight to the PAIN).

Be (well/excellent/ trodden under foot), Your (friend/partner/ally/very doom, beware!) Amberly Jane

On to other concerns: Vagina.

Just a lovely thing to put out there.

Vagina.

When was your last whistle in the weeds?

I'll tell you some things people have asked me in person. Always the same inquiries. I promise, I do indeed exist, this *is* my real name, everything is **true**, and that was *not* me in the porn pic (I got me 100% god-given tits).

I get a lot of people who pull me aside, give that furtive look back and forth, and then

carefully whisper the words of fate and euphoria in my ear. Stories of secret rendezvous, crushes, and sexual harassment. But then they tell me, "OK, but you can't print that..." If I were able to recount all off-the-record juice and slippery gossip, this would be a much better, more lubricated column. But I can't divulge.

In any case, people often ask why I don't believe in monogamy. I tell them there's a reason they call marriage an institution. I don't want to have to call someone and tell them where I am, or be chained or balled to anything. And guilt is a wasted emotion.

One time, I was with my old boyfriend at his family function. Everybody rushed up to him, to tell him to marry me at once. This scared both of us. Hello? (wave) We were together for only one month! No rushy rushy!

My grandma, God-rest-soul, used to say, "Why buy the cow, when you can get the sex for free." She was wise. But honestly, and to my continual chagrin, when I talk to you guys on campus, a lot of you are concerned with being alone. No one wants to be alone. We all want to have people who care about our stupid bullshit, will listen to us whine about our idiot professors, and rub our backs, do our comp sci homework, and run to Kelly for us at 2:48 a.m. You don't usually have to worry about STD's with a monogamous partner, but I think that has less to do with monogamy, and more with not screwing dirty motherfuckers.

In any event, my friend Cesar upstairs could sleep with the variety of girls who throw themselves at him, yet he said that he just wants a girlfriend ... bottom line because when he's old, he wants someone to hold his hand.

It's sweet, dammit, and why not, we all want to be loved. One guy, one girl, right?

But here's the thing. Society wants me to get married. To settle down. Take care of a husband and 2.5 kids. The system is designed to perpetuate this oiled machine, with me as a greasy cog. Well, you know what, fuck that. I've turned down several marriage proposals because I started feeling like a trapped animal ready to gnaw off its own anus.

A settled down woman is settling for the conventional life. It is another woman who will devote her time not to the revolution of changing a flawed system, but to a time-honored path down a well-traveled (and already overpopulated) road.

But we want someone to hold our hand when we are old, right?

Who's to say ... for now variety is the spice of life. Everyone has something to share and teach you. Am I too fickle for just one?

Don't know, I do know vagina. Have I mentioned it? Not nearly enough.

Also happening in my life ... during the

full moon, my friend brought a male cockatoo around, with green mohawk - a long erectile crest, if you will, and bright orange cheeks. I met a Russian girl (those crazy Russians. You feel me.) Lucy in the sky with diamonds, who takes copious amounts of drugs, parties until she believes she has urinated herself, delights in brownies stuffed with marijuana, and downed straight opium tea in .3 seconds. Long drives ahead, perhaps?

And thank you to a special rejuvenating influence, who does not go to school here anymore - you are my guiding star. My touchstone. Thanks for being you...

On to letters, which take the form of confessions this week...

Amberly Jane,

When I pee in a toilet already containing pee, I always imagine the piss mixing together, making some sort of noxious concoction, with a mushroom cloud that wafts out and carries small children to hell.

Betelgeux

Miss Jane,

Here's a confession for you. Today I ate all my roommates cookies and used her towel to dry my astroglide covered nether regions after sex with my boyfriend. And I don't feel bad about it.

KrownAngel

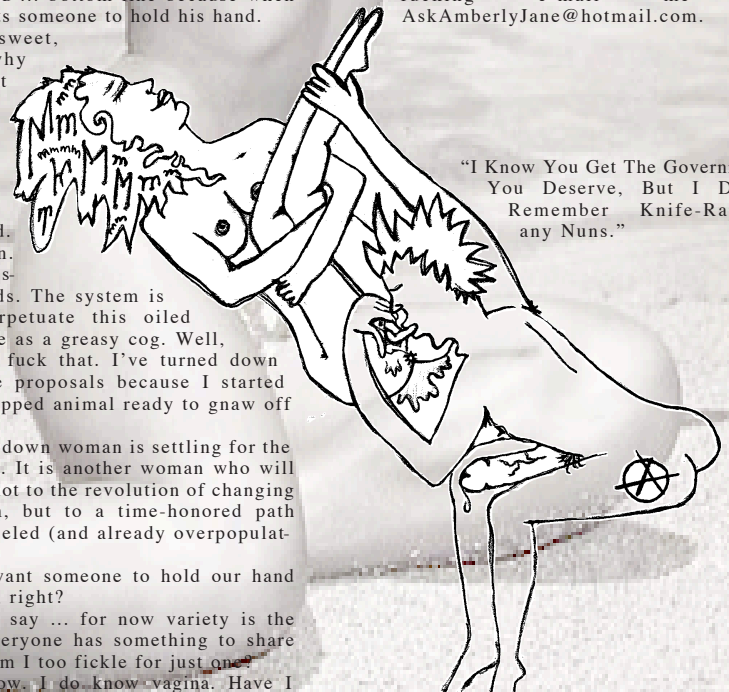
Amberly Jane,

Loved the last column. I have a confession: I feel guilty when I sing "Smack my bitch Up" by Prodigy. I'm a girl.

Eponymous

*Truth is subjective.

Does anyone read this shit at the bottom. If so, fucking e-mail me at AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com.



"I Know You Get The Government You Deserve, But I Don't Remember Knife-Raping any Nuns."

**YOU GOTTA LICK IT, BEFORE WE KICK IT,
Pre-Game Courtesy of Ms. Amberly Jane**

The Reformation in Central Kentucky Scintillates

By James Messina

In the last article I stated I would focus on the role of cryptography with relation to treasure hunting/ prize seeking, etc. Here I am with some follow-through for your ass.

We are conditioned from an early age to think if someone is hiding something, they have something worth hiding. In the classic novel *Treasure Island*, a map with an 'X' is the impetus to find hidden treasure. The short story "The Gold Bug" by Edgar Allan Poe, is another classic; I can't divulge many details about how code is featured without ruining it, however. It's considered one of the best pieces of fiction to feature cryptography, and well-deserved of the acclaim. (Side note: If you want a novel that features crypto and rocks your socks, look no further than *Cryptonomicon* by Neil Stephenson.) A character coming across something hidden and the subsequent changes that occur is a ubiquitous plotline for a good reason; it's exciting stuff. People like puzzles, and the thought that if one were to devote enough time to one, great rewards could be reaped is one that keeps many up at night.

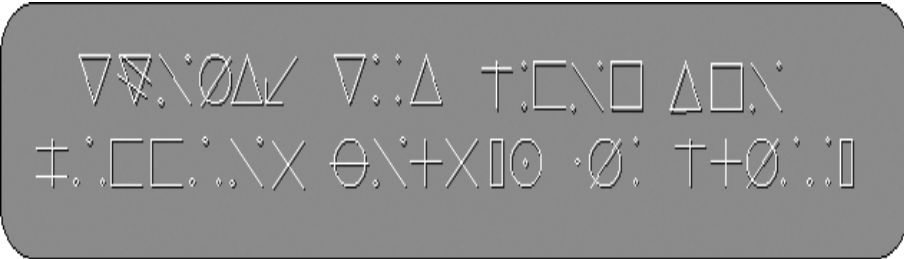
Proof of this statement can be found in the fact that puzzles are everywhere. Sudoku, crossword, blacksmith's puzzles, word games, and many others exist to amuse us and stimulate us. In my opinion, it is again useful to use a dichotomy to illustrate two broad categories with regards to cryptography's position in treasure hunting. There are those who create ciphers in order to hide what they have: if the cipher is cracked, the prize can be found. There is also a second type, who uses the puzzle as the prize: if the cipher/puzzle is solved, then the solver of that puzzle will receive an amount of money in remuneration. Examples of both are given below.

Among those ciphers whose solution was meant to be kept a secret, three stand out to me as the most interesting; the Beale Ciphers, the Oak Island stone and the cipher in the aforementioned story "The Gold Bug". Again, a combination of laziness and not wishing to reveal the work prevent me from going into detail about the story, but the other two I can describe in ample detail.

The Beale Ciphers are famous among cryptographers as a matter of hot debate. Sometime in the nineteenth century, a set of three ciphertexts was given to an innkeeper named Robert Morriss, on the condition that he deliver it to someone else. The other party never surfaced, and Morriss attempted to solve the ciphers on his own. He failed, and passed it on to a friend. This friend cracked one of the ciphers after guessing it to be a book cipher (I'll describe what that is next time, perhaps). In 1885, a pamphlet called *The Beale Papers* began circulating, detailing the nature of the ciphers and the solved plaintext, in an effort to solve the remaining ciphers. Skilled cryptographers have investigated the remaining ciphers, and they're largely regarded today as nothing but a hoax, but the promise of over \$20 million in today's money has prompted many to investigate anyway. Anyone want to road-trip it with me to New Mexico? Bring a shovel.

Oak Island is a small island in Nova Scotia with an interesting history. The facts

below were gleaned off wikipedia, and in truth, I wouldn't put too much stock in them, as any or all of the details could be false. It's said that in 1795, a boy named Donald Daniel McInnis discovered a strange depression in the ground of the island. He and a few friends of his, under the glamour of rumors about buried treasure, managed to dig into the pit some thirty feet, discovering reinforcing beams at every ten foot interval along the way. Subsequent attempts at excavation by more professional treasure hunters revealed more of these beams, as well as coconut fibers, charcoal, putty, and other miscellanea going down more than a hundred feet. At roughly 90 feet, a stone bearing an inscription was recovered. As far as I could ascertain, the stone isn't around any longer, but here's what it said:



The code is a simple substitution cipher, which when decrypted reads, "Forty feet below two million pounds are buried." That hole's been dug and re-dug, and flooded more than a few times – it's anyone's guess what was originally down there. Despite the shaky evidence, treasure hunters are optimistic. They're a very glass-half-full bunch.

Alright, back to my earlier point. I mentioned that there were also puzzles whose creation was intentional, the solution of which will garner a prize. Whether the creator of this puzzle is motivated by hubris, the desire for publicity, an interest in testing their work, or something else, the prize money draws people in droves. Think of the Sword in the Stone – if there's a prize in sight you can rest assured everyone will give it the ole college try.

In a 1939 book entitled *Codes and Ciphers*, written by Alexander d'Apageyeff, a challenge cipher was included. This particular cryptogram is unique among the others I mention in that there was no prize for its solution, and that d'Apageyeff himself didn't remember the solution, which has considerably hindered its decryption. Professional cryptographers who have analyzed it think that the author, being no professional himself, may have made an error in the code's encryption, and that this has stopped its elucidation. The reason it has continued to remain a point of interest is mostly academic curiosity, but I felt it worth mentioning due to its relative fame in the crypto community.

In another book, this one a memoir published in 1953 and entitled *Silent Years*, J.F. Byrne published 23 full pages of ciphertext, and challenged anyone to solve it. He did offer a prize, unlike d'Apageyeff, of \$5,000. Not in the book, but in other formats, he also included numerous chosen plaintexts – meaning that there are multiple instances in which he would translate a given plaintext to a ciphertext. Despite this, no one's discovered his method to date. The secret rests with Byrne's son, but the real secret rests in a mechanism the size of a cigar box, the device which is used to encrypt messages. It boggles me to think that cryptana-

lysts haven't cracked a 50-year old code dependent on something that small, but there you have it.

This next cipher was solved, and is one of the most famous ciphertexts ever produced. In a 1977 issue of *Scientific American*, a staff writer named Martin Gardner published a code created by three guys at MIT, whose initials spelled the name of the algorithm, RSA. Due to the fact that the message's method of encryption was known, so too was its method of decryption. The only difficulty was the sheer computational power required to break the code. The power was finally mustered in a six-month period between 1993-4 when over 1600 computers were networked together so that they searched for potential solutions during idle time. The gynomous \$100 prize? It went to charity.

\$100 you ask? If you didn't, you should. I seem to be including prizes so small the main prize is the cracking itself. But I have good news. In a 1999 book called *The Code Book* by Simon Singh, there was a prize of ?10,000. It would go out to whomsoever cracked ten encrypted messages included in the book first. The code was cracked a year later, after concerted and devoted effort. The author on his website noted that the 5th stage seemed the hardest to many, despite his intent for the codes to progress in difficulty. Difficult codes ain't no thang, however, as cryptanalysts can usually perform insanely well. Most of the unsolved ciphers I've mentioned are the exception, not the rule.

As my last example, and perhaps the best one I have about the relative facility with which the dedicated mind can apply itself to cryptography and conquer challenges, I use *The DaVinci Code*. *The DaVinci Code*, written by Dan Brown, is a famous thriller chock full of conspiracy theories. I'm going to flat out tell you I didn't read it and I consider it the poor man's Umberto Eco, but it's still worthy of note because of its relation to cryptography. In the book were four codes. If they could be solved, then a trip to Paris could be had. Dan Brown's one cocky bastard, isn't he? Well, I think he is. I think this because a few thousand people ended up solving his code, so he copped out and only one person was chosen at random for the Paris trip. Alright, it's just about puzzle time, but before I begin, one last thing.

I forgot to include three notes before. I blame ignorance. The first is this. When working with cryptography, it is often convenient to substitute a little-used letter, like Z or J, to be space. Even if you know how to decrypt the message and you're familiar with the language, it's not easy to interpret where words begin and end without any indicator. Also, most every code works on the premise that A = 0, B = 1, etc, rather than the A = 1, B = 2 system I've introduced. If you ever happen to need to cryptanalyze something, be sure to remember this convention. And lastly: My code will have to be revised. I probably won't get around to it for some time, but I can still provide plaintext to ciphertext under the old system upon request. I assure you there's no fault in the method, I'm merely changing so as not to inconvenience myself.

Continued on next page

The Reformation in Central Kentucky Scintillates (cont'd)

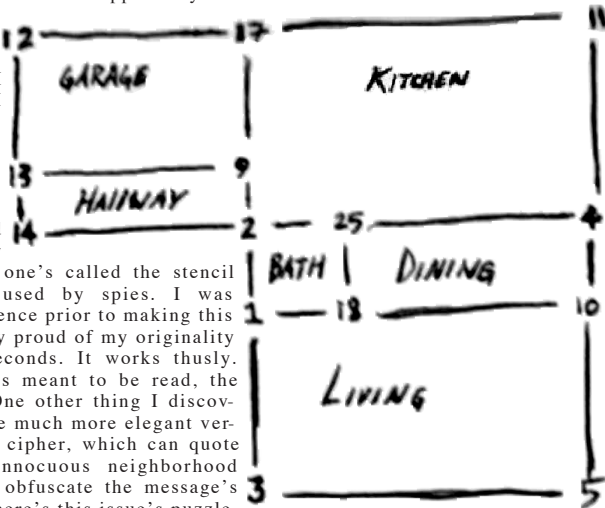
By James Messina

Continued from previous page

PUZZLE THE 5TH:

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

What the hell is that? Have I gone crazy? Am I suddenly experimenting with stream of consciousness? The answers are it's a message, nope, and nope. It's merely another code. This one's called the stencil cipher; it's been used by spies. I was unaware of its existence prior to making this code, so I was pretty proud of my originality for all of thirty seconds. It works thusly. Every third letter is meant to be read, the rest is just filler. One other thing I discovered is that there are much more elegant versions of the stencil cipher, which can quote Shakespeare and innocuous neighborhood events and such to obfuscate the message's purpose. And now, here's this issue's puzzle. This one's super cool, because I wrote it as though this were some puzzle book for retarded kids. Seriously, it's *that* condescending – you'll love it.



PUZZLE THE 6TH:

You have an eccentric uncle. It looks like he's well on his way to being gripped by death's icy hand. He's accumulated a fair amount of wealth over the course of his life, however, so you're willing to accept his idiosyncratic behavior on the hope that he dies and leaves it all to you. Fat chance. You visit his poorly designed house, and he immediately launches into a tirade, which goes as follows:

"The shift is three, man! The shift is three! That's the key.... Keys. Hmm, yes. We're going to the lake today? 'Fraid I can't, seems as though I've lost my keys. Here, help me look! Avanti!"

The crazy bastard throws on goggles, and runs. He goes to these places, shouting obscenities along the way.

SE corner (C) Hallway. SW C Hallway. NW C Garage. SE C Kitchen. SW C Dining. SW C Hallway. NW C Hallway. SW C Hallway. SE C Living. SE C Garage. SW C Hallway. NW C Kitchen. NW C Dining. NE C Kitchen. SE C Dining. SW C Garage. Checks, then double-checks SE C Kitchen. NE C Kitchen. SW C Bath. NE C Dining. SE C Living. SW C Hall. NE C Garage. NE C Dining. NE C Bath. SW C Hall. SW C Living.

Good luck finding out the secret meaning. Bet you're interested.

What Was Good

By Vincent Michael Festa

When I have money to burn for new shirts I usually look to the magazine ads that help me be me. While reading the latest issue of YRB (a hip-hop, street, fashion, and celebrity magazine) I came across an ad for a place called Sedgwick and Cedar in the Bronx. In 1973, it happened to be the birth place of hip-hop music as most of us not know it.

Seemed interesting. I love vintage hip-hop and all things 1970's. So I looked it up on the net and decided to take a look at their clothing line. I was taken aback at what I saw.

Two t-shirt lines that I saw and ordered from were vintage flyer tees and the pioneer tees. Now, the flyer tees had the original advertisements for the early hip-hop shows dating from 1982 and back to the very first flyer from 1973. One flyer that caught my attention was one from 1979: it had a very pretty woman in a striped dress dancing against a well-dressed man. Authentic 1970's artwork, the way I like it. So I placed an order for shirt number one.

The other type of shirt I also ordered was one of the pioneer tees. There were shirts that had Grandmaster Caz, Melle Mell, Sha Rock, and Afrika Bambaata, mostly the firsts of hip-hop. And then there was that one shirt I ordered that I couldn't possibly pass up: the one with "The Father", DJ Kool Herc.

With these shirts, I'm going to kill two birds with one stone. One, I'm going to show all these kids who are wearing 2-Pac, Notorious B.I.G., or any other cash-money idols on their shirts that they probably got on a street corner for five dollars what's up. Two, either a DJ Kool Herc shirt or that flyer shirt most definitely

makes me feel special amongst everyone else wearing Metallica, Pearl Jam, or Che Guevara.

More important than everything else, I'm representing what's good: the birth and innocence of hip-hop. 1520 Sedgwick Ave. and Cedar Park in the Bronx. DJ Kool Herc. 1973.

Back then, Herc was the first one to take two turntables and spin them together. He also was the first one to repeatedly loop the break beats of those records, as well as the first DJ to shout-out over the records and create the b-boy dance movement. Herc was to hip-hop like God was to Earth. Before them there was nothing, after them? The rest is history.

Back then, hip-hop music was never about how flashy your cars should be, how much money and champagne the record labels and today's artists would throw to entice the average fan, or how many women in thongs you could fit in for three minutes of video. It also was never about bullet holes, warning labels, rap sheets, recording albums behind a jail cell, and shoot-outs.

Which is why right now as I'm typing this, I'm listening to what's good: 70's jazz and soul, Ronnie Laws' "Tidal Wave", Hubert Laws' "Family", Lonnie Liston Smith's "Sunset", Gil Scott-Heron's "A Very Precious Time", Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly", Les McCann's "Valantra", the list goes on. Because I can't be bothered with what the industry considers hip-hop anymore. That's just a façade to hide and distract people like myself from what it was supposed to be. What I'm currently listening to has more soul, emotion, and realness than what is considered 'music' nowadays. All those artists I just mentioned are genuine 1970's, possibly what Herc was spinning. Listening to them, I could understand what it felt like to take

part in the hip-hop culture in the 70's.

Very rarely does anyone who appreciates old-school like me hear of *Wattstax*, *Wild Style*, *Style Wars*, *Electric Boogaloo*, or *Krush Groove* anymore. Anyone? You'll hardly hear Kold Krush, Sugarhill Gang, Scorpio, Liquid Liquid, Sequence, Whodini, or even Grandmaster Flash mentioned anymore because unlike Lil' Jon, Nelly, or Shyne, they don't have energy drinks, criminal records, a blatant disregard for what it's about, or a golden jewelry lifestyle to offer. Ain't that a shame. Authentic films and styles are being pushed away for flashy riches and risky, yet 'promising' lifestyle.

We have Jay-Z, Nas, KRS-One, A Tribe Called Quest, Jungle Brothers, Company Flow, Eric B and Rakim, Big Daddy Kane, Quasimoto, Gang Starr, Kool G Rap, and even some West Coast heads such as Hieroglyphics. I know there's more but it's not enough space for me to mention. Sure, only a couple here and there might have flashed their money or guns and broken the rules, but they never forgot where they came from, nor failed to give credit where credit is due, and maybe that's what separates the legends from the one-album wonders. Yes, I do listen to the above listed. And that's all good, too.

If only more people who listen to hip-hop and rap music were more aware of the true elements of what made the music memorable, then we'd still have an appreciation of what was supposed to be good in the first place. It's never too late to start appreciating it while you can.

In the meantime, I'm waiting for my shirts in the mail. You'll know who wrote this when you see me wear the Herc shirt.

COMIC UPDATE!

BY MO IBRAHIM

Never too late to quit

The end of the semester is rapidly approaching with less than a month left of school, which means less than a month left of agony. This is that time of year where term papers are due, studying has begun for final exams and this might just be the last chance to fuck that TA. For any normal person, these are the first few things that immediately pop into one's head when thinking of this painful time. However, there is still another factor that seldom comes to mind but can still affect those of us who are residents: the dwindling and inevitable decline of meal plan points.

This is the time of year where dieting is mandatory, because if you don't conserve your meal plan points, you will be forced into anorexia. I've been in the situation where there were maybe three weeks left in the semester and I only had about seventeen dollars on my card. We all know that there is no way in Hell seventeen dollars can last three weeks at any university. Seventeen dollars isn't even enough to buy a bottle of water every day for three weeks on campus. Seventeen dollars is the fee the school would charge you for using their online service that lets you know you have seventeen dollars left on your card. In this case, what do you do? The rule is simple: anything goes.

When you're low on meal points, you actually start reading the flyers around campus – you know, the ones that read, "Come listen to this boring lecture on microbiology of yeast yadda, yadda...free food!" Or the ones sponsored by the Chabad or Hillel houses that usually offer some sort of edible reward for attending an event. Eventually, you may end up going to those Chabad house events so much that people will actually think you're Jewish (not that it's a bad thing, don't fret). Hell, I even knew people who frequently went to Waldbaum's for several hours a day, eating as many free samples as possible in order to have at least a hint of what food tastes like. You're probably thinking, "What? No, you're exaggerating." I kid you not my friend: they go to Waldbaum's, and, like vultures, eye any free morsel offered that day, then take as many as they can over and over again. I know that's sad – I had to share a suite with one. I've also seen people go into other people's fridges and steal food right before my very eyes, all due to the driving force of starvation. If your fridge has a lock, I advise you to use it, at least towards the end of the semester.

Even if you don't live on campus, even if you don't have a meal plan, the end-of-semester famine will get you in one way or another. You'll find yourself regretting the purchase of that \$1,500 statue of Hendrix for your room. Sure, it's cool now, but towards the end of the semester when you find yourself looking for pennies under your bed so you can buy a cookie from the school's bake sale for sick children, I doubt the statue will do much for you. Maybe

you decided you wanted to "be your own unique self," (just like everyone else, ironically) and decided to get 10 new body piercings at \$50 a pop at some seedy looking hole-in-the-wall on St. Marks place in the East Village. You went with your close friend so someone could comfort you and sit there watching while you got new holes in your nipples, genitals, and other exotic places all over your body to express yourself (I'm still trying to figure out what they mean, but hey).

I know what you're thinking. You're saying, "Well, you're wrong Mo, I have a job." Of course you have a job, but seriously, how many times have you said to yourself, "Where did all of the money I made go?" It's like you went to work, you saw your check, and that was it. It never seems to stay with you. You're either buying beer so you can party every chance you get or you spend it all on some extravagant purchase, such as a PowerBook, when you know that the Dell laptop you have is good for now (yes, I'm guilty too). Sometimes you just have a needy girlfriend who demands that you buy her nice things all the time to make her feel happy. By the way, if you ever find yourself in that situation, get out fast. She's not in love; she wants

but how can I say no to drugs? Only they know me better than anyone else."

The other day I was on the phone with my mother and she surprised me with something she said. You see, she was talking to me about how stores tell you things are free with a coupon, except they really aren't free: even if you have a coupon you still have to pay the tax. Well, she perceived the tax as a significant expense. She saw 34 cents as something precious she lost, and it bothered her – because it wasn't free. I told her, "That was just 34 cents mom, I can find 34 cents on the street. Heck (you don't say 'Hell' to your mother, you have to be respectful: "We do not say 'Hell' in this household!"), I can loan you 34 cents anytime you want. Don't worry, I won't ask for it back. It's fine, it's OK...you can keep it." She didn't find that very funny; in fact, she lectured me, and told me, "If you think like that, you're never going to have a lot of money." However, you, the reader, must agree with me: dude, it's only 34 cents.

In the end, you're happy the semester is over. No more money to worry about, no more studying for tests (I doubt the drug habit will end, though). No more waking up early in the morning to finish some last-minute homework that your bitchy teacher decided to assign during the previous class, the assignment you couldn't do because you were working on twenty other things for all your other classes. Think of it, no more staying up until five or six in the morning, studying and finishing papers, finally feeling the calm relief of completeness, then discovering two seconds later that tiny assignment you forgot to do... that assignment from Hell your teacher so last-minutely assigned at the worst time possible... the assignment to which you say, "Fuck this."

That is exactly how the end of the semester feels, knowing that in the spring, you're coming back to do it all over again.

Thought Bytes

- If you happen to be an RA and you take pleasure out of looking for things you can use to write-up people, then screw you to Hell. We don't need the likes of you here: we need RA's that aren't concerned with our partying habits and don't mind walking into a room among microwave ovens, a bonfire and three kegs clearly labeled "Bud."

-Here's an event I'd rather not experience: walking in on your roommate...who is naked, watching porn, and, yes...jerking it.

-No matter how cold it is outside – it could be twenty degrees below zero – if you're thirsty, you demand cold water, none of that lukewarm stuff. You demand ice in your glass.

-Are your friends on Facebook really your friends? Or are a lot of them acquaintances that you met through a friend's sister's friend?



SHE JUST READ THE LATEST COMIC UPDATE, "GIMME YO CASH B!"
Courtesy of Mo Ibrahim's Antics

what you can give her. Oh yeah, buddy, it's true: she's having an affair with good ol' Benjamin and all of his clones with the cash that you've earned by slaving at some minimum-wage job that makes you want to bring a gun in and shoot everybody. That's right, the job where you are out there working your ASS off trying to scrape a few pennies together as your boss sits in his plush office playing with the paperweights on his desk. Oh, but they're lovely paperweights, ones which his buddies got him as "congratulations" gifts for making it up the corporate ladder to the point where he has time to sit and play with the lovely paperweights. Look at that bobble head go! Or maybe you were trying to support your drug habit. That's a very expensive pastime, you know. You know you have a drug habit when you have a hard time deciding on whether to buy food or drugs: "Well I know I'm hungry and haven't eaten in two days,

The Internet Is Rotting My Brain!

By Joe Safdia

According to one song in the Broadway play, *Avenue Q*, the Internet is for porn. While many people “grab their dick and double click” for porn, there are also a good number of others who see cyber smut as vile, disgusting and pretty much the worst the Internet has to offer. Well, I have news for these pseudo-Puritans. I’ve seen worse on the Net. Much worse. Much, much worse.

You wouldn’t believe how mind-bogglingly stupid some of the websites I’ve found on the Internet are, nor would you believe how mind-bogglingly retarded their creators are. I’m not talking about bestiality porn or scat sites or anything else that would make you cry tears of blood, I’m talking about websites that were put up for a purpose, to make some sort of difference in our world, but were made by people lacking a minimum IQ and/or any basic moral values—you would literally think that these are joke sites. That’s what I thought about each one. Without further ado, here is a very short list, and description, of some of the worst websites to ever infect the web, and you will see why the Internet is rotting my brain.

In the last issue, I wrote about anti-video game Nazi (oops, I meant “activist”) Jack Thompson. What I didn’t cover then was a terrible one-page website called stopkill.com. This little masterpiece, which I first mistook

for a viral infection in my laptop, praises him as if he were the next messiah, “fighting the good fight” for the hearts and minds of our children.

Bullshit.

I’ve already written about how he went back on his word to donate \$10,000 to a children’s charity, but now you, loyal readers, can sit back and enjoy more examples of gushy,

anti-gaming propaganda quotes, courtesy of Thompson’s religious Christian friends, including a Jesus quote taken entirely out of context.

Stopkill.com and

Jack

Thompson

want “you to

get up out of

your chair

because you’re

as mad as Hell

about the video

game industry’s

assault on our

children and

you’re not going

to take it any-

more.” They warn

that the video game

industry “mentally

molests minors for money,”

and that video games like

Grand Theft Auto are “murder simulators”.

If video games teach kids how to effectively and proficiently kill people, then why even send the U.S. Marines through boot camp?

Apparently, we can just let them play *Grand Theft Auto* for a few months, and they’ll have all the skills needed to defend our country. After

all, in that game you can use machine guns, tanks and even Harrier jets. So, of course, anyone who plays it will be able to use military technology with the proficiency of those who’ve had years of training. And apparently, the soon-to-be-released game *Bully* (in which you take over your school with weapons and tactics such as slingshots, “swirlies” and your bare fists) is a “Columbine simulator”. Gee, I didn’t know Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold were murdering their classmates with weapons used by Dennis the Menace and Bart Simpson. Could that mean that *The Simpsons* television program is just a series of training videos for would-be killers?

Again, that website is called stopkill.com, and if you want to contact Jack Thompson and tell him what a moron he is, his phone number is (305) 666-4366 (I find it fitting that “666” is in his number). Unfortunately there is no email address. Just beware, he may threaten to sue your ass if you disagree with him on anything. Ever.

Another website that should be wiped out by Norton Anti-Virus is citizensagainst-thetroops.org. Its creator, Michael Crook, who also ran the now defunct forsakethetroops.info and forsakethetroops.net, seems to have a major vendetta against our men and women in uniform. Crook—I mean Crook, actually celebrates the deaths of U.S. soldiers in Iraq, claiming them all to be morons who go to war to abuse taxpayer money. He also states, “All of the extra allowances must be eliminated. Soldiers should be made to pay all of their expenses (food, rent, uniforms, etc.) from base salary, just as it is in the real world. The soldiers should be made to pay 100% of the cost of medical insurance, and

Continued on Next Page

Allez Cuisine

By Vincent Michael Festa

When I found out that world-renowned “Iron” Chef Masaharu Morimoto was invited to Stony Brook University to demonstrate his legendary cooking skills, I couldn’t believe it.

It used to be that every Sunday in the living room I’d sit down and watch *Iron Chef* religiously, always very interested in and eating Asian cooking culture. The appeal was that two chefs, one invited and one chosen, dueled each other in an hour-long cook-off, using a main ingredient (could be rice, salt, tofu, bell peppers, or *live* squid) that was the focus of each chef’s dishes. Ingredients were remixed, cut-up live, strewn, boiled, and carefully crafted for voiced-over judges to score the winning chefs and their dishes.

Chef Morimoto’s cooking experience, now seen on *Iron Chef America*, came here November 9th at the SAC, when mostly students and faculty showed up to see Morimoto do his work. Above the action of the cooking area busy with Morimoto himself, his sous chefs, student helpers, and constant scrambling and cooking was a huge projection screen showing his meticulous hands at work.

He sliced, he diced – he slit open a fish, inverted it, staked it through its head and tail in crescent moon fashion, and decorated it with

other vegetables and Japanese delicacies. Joining it was a lobster, cleaned out from the inside. That dish was a pure example of Morimoto’s talent of never creating the same

dish twice; as always, works of art. Students and faculty who were lucky enough to be picked enjoyed the fish and lobster formation with square plates, sauces, and chopsticks. Morimoto also cooked rice bowls, enjoyed again by a lucky few.

His translator was there to help with on-coming questions from the students. Yes, he is a Yankees fan, gets along with Bobby Flay, and also travels back and forth between New York and Philadelphia to oversee his restaurant progress. He also works with custom knives ranging in price from \$4,000 to \$15,000 a piece, a *small* step ahead of Ginsu.

He wasn’t nervous at all as he wasn’t televised and in competition. In fact, Morimoto was in great spirits, laughing, chuckling, and sharing jokes with the crowd, always garnering a laugh.

His demonstration came to a close after two and a half hours and had a meet and greet, signing autographs and happily took pictures with the students. I was very excited to meet him and it was worth it. He had that same energy and smile all along and was very kind and gracious. *Hell’s Kitchen* star chef Gordon Ramsay he isn’t!

In the end, Morimoto’s arrival was well-received by all. Clearly he was the winner that day.



ME AND MORIMOTO, HE’S GOT FAST HANDS, Courtesy of Vincent Michael Festa

The Internet Is Rotting My Brain! (cont'd)

By Joe Safdia

Continued from Prior Page

co-pays should be doubled from their current rate." Mmm-hmm, food and uniforms are extra allowances now, are they Criminal—I mean Crook? These people work in the most high-risk workplace of all, the battlefield, and we shouldn't even give them food?

This guy is as much of a prick as President George W. Bush, and it is obvious (at least to me) that something is wrong with his mind. Don't get me wrong, I don't support Bush's war against Third World countries in any way, but it's not the soldiers who decided to go to Iraq and murder countless civilians. This depraved douchebag (and that's the nicest term I can think of to describe him) shifts the blame of the Iraqi people's deaths to where it isn't due. I don't advocate murder, but I personally would feel better about the world around me if Cock—damnit I meant Crook, were to die in a head-on car collision with Charlie Rangel, the New York Democrat who proposed a draft for the current Iraq War in 2003.

Again, that computer virus, I mean website, is citizensagainststhe troops.org. You can go to the site to send him a scathing email, call his number at (315) 295-2602, or visit him at his home in Syracuse, NY. The address is 420 Berwick Road South. Tell him to stop advocating and celebrating murder! And while you're at it, if anyone wants to do me a personal favor and send a very nasty letter to Charlie Rangel telling him that he should be jailed for attempted murder for introducing a bill that would bind men and women ages 18-26 into state slavery, I would be very gracious. The phone number for his office in New York is (212) 663-3900 and the address is 163 W.125th Street #737, New York, NY 10027.

The next website is brought to you from the Lord Almighty himself, which explains why my atheist brain feels like it's going to force its way out of my skull. Bible.com, brought to you by Bud and Betty Miller, has answers and solu-

tions regarding all the problems faced by American society today. Unfortunately, every single one of them was figured out using the Bible, thereby destroying any shred of credibility the site could have had. It's an example of traditional Christian dogma where everything and anything is a sin. I swear, the only way to go through a day without sinning is to not get up in the morning, and I'm sure bible.com would find a way to argue that that, too, is evil.

According to the site, which would have been the number one site on the web, had there been computers during the Dark Ages, the Bible has something to say about everything. Not just about the roles of men and women, or the morality of pre-marital sex, or homosexuality, abortion, euthanasia and masturbation, but even the stock market, Yoga, and Pokémon. Apparently, Pokémon is a biblical issue that God denounced in the Bible. The site continuously demonizes other non-Christian religions. For example, one of the dangers of the "Pokémon fascination" is that "children are subtly being indoctrinated into the theory of evolution and mysticism of the eastern religions." Now, I used to watch Pokémon religiously in junior high school, and I must say that Pokémon evolution has nothing to do with Darwinian evolution. Besides, we would just hate to have our children learn any other viewpoint that's not Christian and creationist. Tolerance towards other cultures is obviously not something we want to teach our children.

Betty Miller actually writes, "Pokémon is short for "Pocket Monsters". When I was growing up, we were taught monsters were evil, not something to play with. When I was a little girl, the "boogie man" or monsters caused us fear and we did not want to be around them." Yeah, like that's not a system of thought that's not going to transfer over to how we view people of other religions and nationalities, for example, Muslims and Arabs in a post-9/11 world.

That's only the tip of the iceberg in regards to this unholy website. Everything that

is harmless but is rejected by the Roman Catholic Church is regarded as a sin and not something God wants in this world. Meanwhile, war is justified by the website. Gender discrimination is endorsed, as Miller writes that, "A necessary ingredient for a compatible union, in spite of the abuses that occur when men are wrongly taught about their headship, is that women submit to their husbands." I kid you not, and Miller also writes that one of the most prominent dangers to modern-day American marriages is the female-headed household (this last piece of information can be found in her article "Duties of a Christian Wife", which is found on the site). She's obviously a stranger to the Women's Rights movement in America that began in the Seneca Falls Convention over a century ago. Every problem in America in regards to our youth seems to stem from the Supreme Court's decision to remove prayer from our public schools. Why do school shootings occur? Lack of prayer in public schools, that's why (as a corollary, rebellious children are a sign of the Apocalypse).

That's only some of the medieval religious propaganda you will find at bible.com. There is just so much that I can't even touch on everything. Be sure to log onto the website and send them a polite email requesting that they join us in the wonderful world that is the 21st century, or if you are pressed for time, you can pray to God to smite this site.

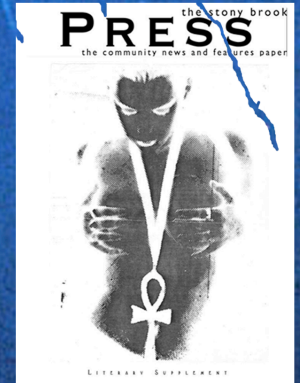
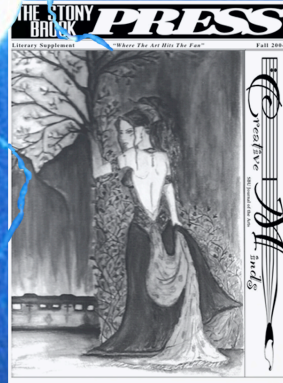
This is only a very short list of the worst of the World Wide Web. There are obviously many more sites out there that try to push some sort of wacky belief or value upon Internet surfers (I'm waiting for the day a Neo-Nazi website finds me). Apparently, pornography is one of the classier genres of websites on the Net today, which shows the sorry state humanity is in. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to return to downloading tasteful video clips off of horthornyincesteensandgoats.com (not actually a real website...I hope).



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saying about the
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