

**THE STONY
BROOK**

PRESS

Vol. XXII, Issue 11

"Where has all my cream gone?"

March 21, 2001

**WHITESNAKE
ROCKS SUNY
STONY BROOK**

**WHERE
WERE YOU
WHEN THE
'SNAKE'
CAME TO
TOWN?**

Spring Breakery!

pg.10

Holy F*ing Christ! We Had
A Concert On Campus!**

pg.3



Have Bush: Will Have Guns Too

By F. L. Livingston

"A disgraceful act of cowardice," is how George W. Bush described the recent massacre at Santana High School in Santee, California.

Great. A troubled fifteen-year-old boy, allegedly harassed by his peers for years, now discovers that his president looks down on him, too. Often criticized for "not standing up for himself," this apparently miserable high school freshman takes the "advice" a horrible step too far, only to find that the highest official in the land sees him as a hopeless wimp. Thus did Bush magnify the very image that may have driven the kid to this reckless behavior in the first place. Good going, Dubya!

Yet, I have to admit that I know where Bush is coming from. When he was growing up – and when I was growing up – the act of shooting an unarmed person or group of people was, indeed, seen as the height of cowardice. Shooting someone was illegal, regardless, but targeting people who lacked the time or the weapons to defend themselves was considered gutless, as well. Somewhere amidst the changes and upheavals of the last half of the twentieth century, we lost that value. Maybe it's time to bring it back. Perhaps, that attitude is the reason why angry kids of the past were not as likely to seek such unexpected and violent revenge. And maybe, it would stay a few "trigger fingers" today.*

Maybe. But I also know that there's a hidden assertion in Bush's statement, the kind of unspoken words that shout their meaning out loud and clear. "Don't blame the gun!" he seems to be saying. "Don't think for a minute that this proves that we need greater gun control! Don't assume that the commercial interests of the gun business should be brushed aside even by an inch! And don't expect me to take a stand against the NRA or any other pro-gun organizations!"

Okay, I get that he's probably also trying to put the responsibility for the crime "where it belongs" – on the kid who pulled the trigger, Charles Andrew Williams, known as "Andy" by his friends and relatives. Never mind that he was supposedly a victim of peer abuse. Never mind that his school did not appear to provide an effective way for kids to air their personal grievances and/or work out conflicts with each other. ** Never mind his parents' divorce and his long separation from his mother, either. Bush, I suspect, will not tolerate anyone's trying to "explain away" the horror of such a murderous rampage.

But I doubt that it's really the school, the parents, or the "bullies" that he's trying to protect. Instead, I'm guessing it's the national gun lobby. It's the gun lovers and the gun sellers and the gun defenders that he's attempting to shield.

No surprise, really. Whenever another major incident occurs involving guns, the division between the pro-gun and the anti-gun forces widens. Each time the cry for tougher gun legislation gets louder. But the protest against that movement gets louder, too. Rather than unite to find a solution to this terrible problem, each side finds ways to reinforce its own position, digging in its collective heels.*

And it's obvious what side our president is on: the side of the gun (and the gun owners and the gun lobbyists, etc.). Oh, he may tell us that his heart "goes out" to the victims and their families, and I'm sure it does. But not enough to make him support the effort to stop the spread of guns. Not enough to propel him to put the interests of safety ahead of those of the right-wing, conservative, pro-gun activists (who, of course, are also usually pro-Republican). Not enough to prompt him to see that current gun laws are strictly enforced, or to aggressively push for new gun legislation and child safety devices.

Granted, Dubya isn't responsible for making or changing the laws. That's up to the legislative branch of government. But his leadership is clearly and quite pointedly not in the direction of stricter gun control. Remember, this is the guy who signed into law a bill that allows Texans to carry concealed handguns, even in houses of worship.

Sure, I know that "guns [by themselves] don't kill" and that "people do." And I know that Andy's gun, or rather his father's gun that the boy somehow appropriated, didn't commit this notorious crime. Andy did. The deaths of his two fellow students and the wounding of thirteen others, both teens and adults, were all a direct result of three choices made by Andy and only Andy. First, he chose to remove the gun from the cabinet where his father reportedly kept it locked up. Then he chose to bring it to school. Finally, he chose to start pulling that trigger. If he had said "No" to even one of those



possibilities, the deadly incident would not have occurred.

But if the gun weren't in the house. Or if it were so well hidden that he didn't know about it or couldn't find it. Or if it bore a safety device that he couldn't undo. Then this tragedy wouldn't have happened, no matter what choices this apparently sick child made. Do we really want to continue to put our fate in the ("trigger happy") hands of such a tortured mind? I don't think so.

No, guns don't kill people. People do. But people with guns kill and injure more people more readily than those without. We need more control over the spread and use of guns.

Enough said, I think. Yet, I'm certain that Bush and the pro-gun faction will find reasons to disagree.

*New York's Senator Charles Schumer (Democrat) is trying to bridge the gap between the two groups by developing a specific code for gun use.

** Even now, the best that Santana High could seem to do for Andy's close friends was to tell them to transfer to another school. Admittedly aware that Andy fantasized about bringing a gun to school and firing at people, they thought it was a joke and failed to report it. School officials are concerned, and rightly so, that other students might take vengeance on these few kids and beat them up. But note that they have no other method for dealing with this problem than to try to make it "go away."

TheSpot/ThrFriSat/600to200

MusicPoetryBeerCulture

2ndFloor/FannieBriceTheatre

3 Doors Down

By Daniel Hofer

It all started when my friends and I saw a small sign outside the Seawolf Market:

3 Doors Down, 3/6/01, Tickets: \$25, on sale Monday.

None of us owned the 3 Doors Down album, and none of us paid much attention to them, but since they were coming to the ever-lively Stony Brook, we had to go.

That Monday morning, our group was one of the first people to buy tickets. Not knowing how fast they were going to sell out, we arrived early to wait on line to buy them. There was no line. In fact, we could have bought the tickets two days before the concert and not had to worry. My friends and I wondered how full the concert was going to be.

The big snowstorm everyone was talking about came a day before the scheduled concert date. It was rescheduled, but for some reason the second band, Fuel wasn't going to be there. Fuel was replaced by a band named Shades Apart. The night of the concert, there was a line from the front of the Sports Complex all the way to the Student Union. The show may not have sold out, but there was a nice sized crowd attending.

Before the show, getting in was an ordeal for me. I was told that I had a press pass/ticket waiting for me at the will call desk. I went to the front of the line to ask a staff member where this desk was. I spoke to a police officer who told me they had not yet set up the desk and to come back later. I thanked him and left. I returned later and spoke to a student staff member. He told me the will call desk for the newspapers was in the Union. I ran to the Union box office only to learn the officer I first spoke to was right. I ran back, talked to a different staff member, and managed to get myself to the will call desk.

Now I did all this running around for a reason. I figured, representing a student newspaper, I would be able to take some pictures of the bands on stage. Well was I wrong. After talking to the concert staff, it seemed we needed the bands themselves to give us explicit consent before bringing in a camera.

Eventually I made it in. After an unnecessarily vigorous pat-down from the security guard, I managed to weave my way through the crowd to find my friends.

By this time, Shades Apart was well into their part of the show. I seemed to miss some really great musical talent. Their songs are a mix of pop and punk rock styles. From what I was told, they got the crowd chanting along with their opener "100 Days" and humming to the chorus of "Edge of the Century." Shades played their rendition of the Soft Cell Classic "Tainted Love" which breaks from the original feel and strongly incorporates their punk sound. I also seemed to have missed the screams of "fuck you!" and "get off the stage" from a few angry Fuel-hungry people.

Oleander (My all-informative Microsoft Word dictionary defines oleander as, "a poisonous shrub native to the Mediterranean region." Well well, you learn something new everyday...) came on after a short break. They started off hard mainly because I remember the mosh pit that opened up right around me. Once security noticed our little hole of craziness, they rudely blinded us with flashlights until we stopped. In the middle of the crowd however, security was unable to quell the larger pit that formed, so our group moseyed on over and continued to damage our fragile bodies.

I guess Thomas Flowers, front man for Oleander, started to worry about the safety of the "little girls" in the crowd. He asked the moshers to be careful around them or he would "kick our ass." I'm not criticizing Flowers for caring about his

fans, but maybe he should have told those "little girls" to watch out for the males. I saw certain girls in the pit more than

most of the guys. Oleander shook the Sports Complex with songs like "Stupid," "Are You There" and quietly rocked the audience with "I Walk Alone." Of course they had to play their big hit, "Why I'm Here" which begins almost just like Nirvana's "Heart Shaped Box." By the end of Oleander's set, I was quite impressed with their music and doubtful if 3 Doors Down -- who has the smallest number of released albums of the three bands -- would be able to top the second band's show.

3 Doors Down sure made us wait. I tried to take a nap between acts, but that proved to be an endeavor standing up. A man from WBAB came on during the intermission to talk about how happy he was to have a concert at Stony Brook, and how happy he was to be working with 3 Doors Down and nice stuff like that. But he was not playing music, so I paid little attention to him.

Abruptly, the lights dimmed and from the ceiling, two screens in the shape of Superman's breastplate were slowly lowered. Around the screens where the stage lights and in the middle of the screens, the number 3 was continuously being flashed. A slow, spacey guitar noise was emanating from the speakers. If the band walked off the edge of the screens like aliens in a "close encounter" situation, the opening eye-show would have even cooler than it already was. 3 Doors opened with the title track of their album "The Better Life," and quickly moved on to play other songs off the hot-selling musical collection. They played their first hit "Kryptonite" earlier than expected and scared some into thinking the concert was going to end early. Not the case at all. The band switched around and played a couple acoustic versions of their songs.

Before the acoustic portion of the act, the moshing was getting pretty intense. I took a break from the pit to join in the fun of crowd surfing with some other daring concertgoers.

Now I've been to other concerts where crowd surfing was a common thing. If you made it to the front of the crowd, security would pick you up and let you go. None of them made a big deal out of catching someone, it was part of their job. I guess the guards at this concert were used to covering the Backstreet Boys or something. The one time I made it to the front, the guard who caught me unnecessarily grabbed my shirt collar tightly and barked at me to not go over again. Then he passed me off to a second guard, who politely choked me and dragged me to the side where I was pushed into the standing audience.

If that wasn't rude enough, I managed to get crap from some punkass while I was passing through the crowd to get back to my friends. I was working my way through the standing crowd,



attempting to be as polite as possible by saying, "excuse me" and tapping people on the shoulders. Maybe this genius didn't hear me over the blaring music or feel my tap, but he felt offended that I was passing by, and decided to punch me! He punched me in the back because I was passing by! Well jerk, I hope you felt better after that little display of anger.

Anyway, 3 Doors Down was playing strong while I was taking this all around abuse from people. The band was slowing down, and the audience noticed this. They wanted to hear the popular hit, "Loser" and consistently chanted it during the latter half of the act. It seemed like 3 Doors Down was not going to play the song when they thanked the audience and walked off stage. For a minute or so, the audience waited to see if the band would come back.

Coming on soft, 3 Doors Down began to play the intro to "Loser." The short cliffhanger before the song made the crowd ecstatic when the group came back on stage. By this point anyone who thought 3 Doors was really a loser, didn't mind. The concert went down excellently, and anyone who did not go missed a great time.

After all this you may be asking yourself, why no concert in ten years? Well here's the low-down on what I found out from the Stony Brook concert man, Mr. Dennis Lozanne.

Like any large organization -- of which Stony Brook is -- there is a lot of paperwork and procedures required to host a large event like a concert. On top of that, there is a lot of time that needs to be put into something like a concert. Without major help, the band or musical group would just go to another venue.

Here's a question you all may be itching to know the answer -- Where was Fuel? I heard rumors that Fuel wanted more travel time because shows on the tour were very closely scheduled, and when Stony Brook's date was rescheduled, Fuel said they wanted to rest instead of coming here. Mr. Lozanne told me a different story; that Fuel simply had a show scheduled at another venue, and they couldn't make it here. Well I took a look at both the 3 Doors Down website and the Fuel website, and unless I read it incorrectly, both bands had the same concert itinerary. All I can say is it's still a guess why Fuel was absent the night of the concert.

Mr. Lozanne said the concert went over "real well" considering it's the first in 10 years. Any plans for future concerts? "Not yet, but we are taking considerations," says Mr. Lozanne.

Well, whatever show comes to Stony Brook next, I hope they are able to rock the house as well as the 3 Doors Down concert did.

Editorial: Rock The Casbah

For the past ten years Stony Brook has neglected its spectacular history as a concert venue. Where once musical greats like Jimi Hendrix, U2, Elvis Costello and the Grateful Dead (in their first East Coast performance no less!) played we have had silence. Sure, the Spot has put on some great shows and every once in a while a 2nd string DJ on the last legs of his career has appeared; but this just couldn't suffice.

Many people have traced the root of the musical vacuum back to the harsh restrictions and draconian requirements placed upon performers that were instituted in the wake of a poorly organized Fishbone show in 1991 where ten people were injured (reportedly due to incompetent crowd control). Often people have coupled this instance and it's repercussions with the observation of the cultural homogeneity that has often existed in the Student Activities Board.

At any rate, our past ten years at Stony Brook has been dismal to say the least. Yes I enjoyed Biz Markie and Ani DiFranco (before she rose to stardom) as well, but something about these events just wasn't satisfying.

Hopefully in light of the recent concert this campus can begin to climb back to its status as a musical venue and begin pulling in top shelf talent again.

What? You love Three Doors Down? Well I'm sorry to offend your sensibilities. But let's not kid ourselves into giving them more credit than they're worth.

In order to improve our situation we need a few things to happen.

1. Administration needs to ease back their requirements on performers.

2. SAB needs to work harder to consider and program for a more culturally diverse constituency.

3. We as students need to make our voices heard to both of the above parties. Contact admin to tell them how you feel and call SAB and put in a vote for your favorite musical act.

Supposedly administration and those chosen to head SAB are responsive to the requests of students. Perhaps, though, we should not leave well enough alone.

We must make our opinions on this matter known. *The Press* invites any suggestions you might have as to how to alleviate this situation. Send us your gripes, observations and requests for musical acts. We will do our best to pass them along to the powers that be and serve as cultural indicator of the students' musical taste (our musical tastes notwithstanding) for SAB to look to.

Personally I vote for Weezer.

-- Glenn Given --

E-Board

Executive Editor
Russell Heller

Managing Editor
Glenn Given

Associate Editor
Jill Baron

Business Manager
Shari Goldsmith

News Editor
Ellen Yau

Features Editor
Senor' No-one el Fuego

Arts Editor
Naomi Edwards

Photo Editor
Issac Pflaum

Coppil Edeeta
Christopher Gennari

Production Mngr.
Jacklyn Yeh

Ombudsman
Walter Boot

STAFF

Kevin Cavanaugh, Tim Connors, Cheryl Edelman, Rob Gilheany, Angelos K. Hannides, Jen Hobin, Daniel Hofer, Brian Kate, David Klein, Gregory Knopp, Brian Libfeld, F.L. Livingston, Jamie Mignione, Steve Preston, Diana Post, Craig Schlanger, Brian "Scoop" Schneider, Katie Sinnott, Chris Sorochin, Chris Stackowicz, Debbie Sticher, Sharon Sung, Donald Toner, Hilary Vidair, Joanna Wegielnik, Michael Yeh, Daniel Yohannes

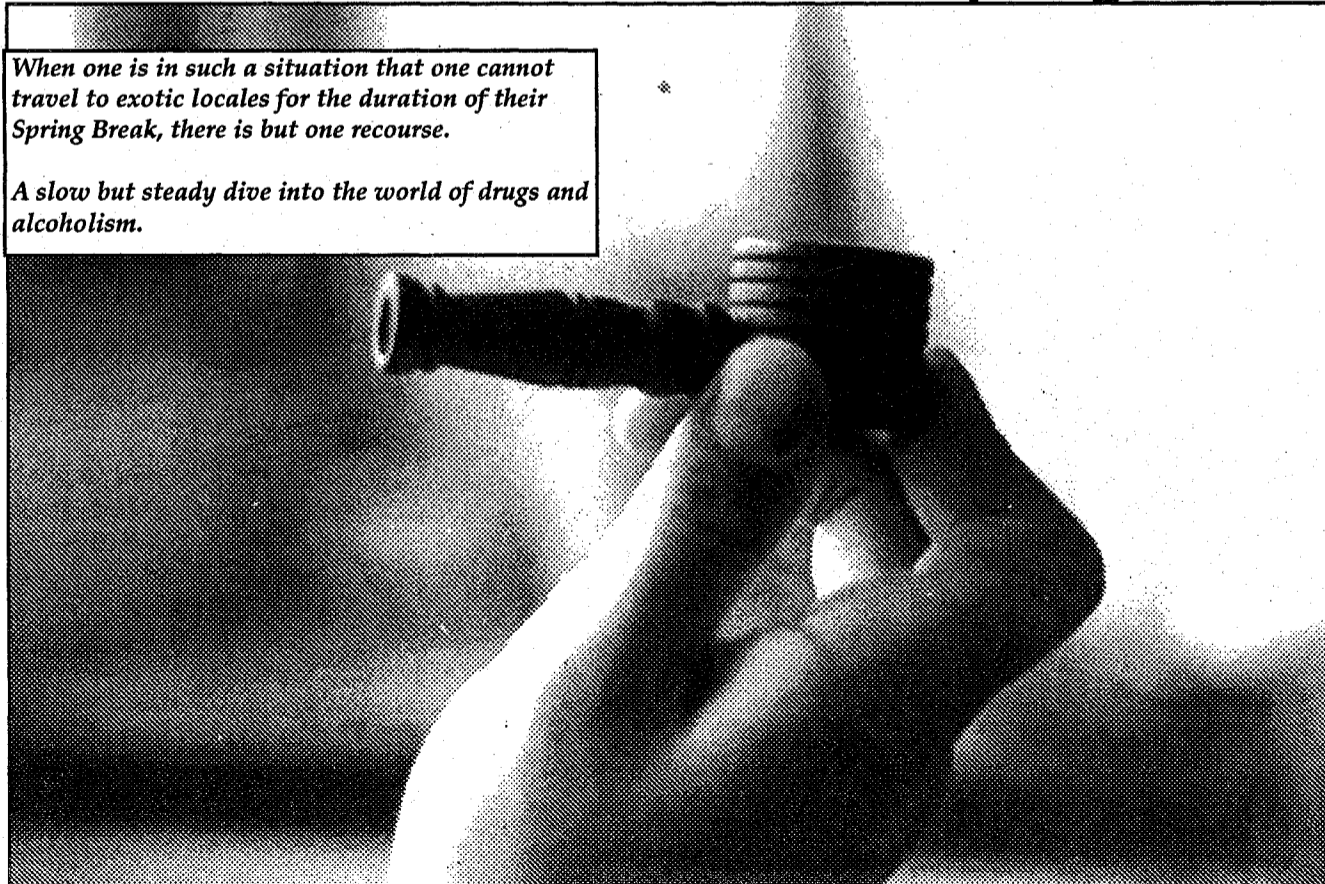
The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press, a student run and student funded non-profit organization. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. For additional copies contact Business Manager.

The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(516) 632-6451 Voice
(516) 632-4137 Fax
e-mail: stonypress@hotmail.com
www.sbp.org

Editorial: All Alone For Spring Break

When one is in such a situation that one cannot travel to exotic locales for the duration of their Spring Break, there is but one recourse.

A slow but steady dive into the world of drugs and alcoholism.



Hand In Pants

By Angelos K. Hannides

As a Research Foundation Graduate Student Employee, I recently received Shirley's memorandum on Sexual Harassment. The only cool thing about "harassment" is that it contains "ass". Other than that, the whole thing is just a pain in the aforementioned body part, because what not only is commonly deemed as harassing causes a lot of pain and stress, but also because there is a certain subjectivity involved in its assessment. What is worrying, vexing, annoying, distracting, and exhausting (Webster's Dictionary) to one might not be to another.

Of course, all this would not be necessary, if it were not for the all-too-confident, testosterone-saturated chauvinist pigs (beg pardon of the cute creatures for the expression) who think they are holding the Ancient of Days by the balls. This is where I would like to comment on some of the aspects of the pamphlet released by the Office of Diversity and Affirmative Action of the University. I have to say that they do a great job describing the University's duties and responsibilities on the issue. That way, Shirley and Co.'s booties are well covered: they told you so. The pamphlet also describes what to do for yourself in case you are subject to sexual harassment. Suggestions range from saying "'No' loud and clear ... firmly, without smiling, without apologizing", to keeping a journal of incidences, communicating to the harasser your objections, and reporting such conduct. All this is great, but let us think here... Could the message be passed on more efficiently? I will assume that most harassers are male, and, no, I have no statistic to back this up, but I would bet on it. Males come with testicles, which are wired with very sensitive pain-detecting nerve cells. So, folks, in case you are being cornered, position your selves appropriately and kick really hard below the waist. A good kick in the balls will constitute the lover boy breathless for several minutes and speechless for several hours if not days. After the kick, publicize the event to your colleagues. And, sure, report it to the school, why not? But there is no reason to be subjected to anything to expose a case, like there is no reason to sit and die to take someone to court for murder. Self-defend!

My real problems with such issues usu-

ally arise when people who are defined by precisely their sexual orientation are involved. As the pamphlet informs us, sexual harassment might occur "through continuous sexual comments", "sexual remarks or jokes" and "pornography on

walls and computers". Although there is wider acceptance of homosexuals today than a few years ago (but still in a way forced), unfortunately the same cannot be said for transgendered and intersexual people. With the work of people such as the articulate Anne Fausto-Sterling of Brown University, the notion of humans being a purely dimorphic species, with people bearing either vaginas or penises and anything otherwise being an abnormality, has been shaken from the bottom up. However, it is far from being even the subtlest of knowledge. Consequently, intersexual people are often seen as transvestite, that is - to put it simply - appearing male for example while actually being female. Some very vocal representatives of the group such as Leslie Feinberg suggest that they are being defined exactly by this particular di-(or poly)-chotomy.

Inevitably, in the work place this will come up. And then, how will insecurities, com-



Jennifer Benson/James Benson

plexes and other sores of this society unravel? Can talk of this sort be deemed harassment, and who's to protect these persons? Along the same lines, any personal concerns about sexually transmitted diseases, sexual emancipation, discriminatory law etc. and the tendency to talk about them might provide grounds for harassment claims. Also, the wonderful sculptures by the equally wonderful Rodin show individuals engaged in various amorous embraces and postures. I know of at least three persons who deem those pornographic!

Perhaps the Office of Diversity and Affirmative Action should provide (along with their sexual harassment prevention training courses) speeches and presentations by intersexual, transgendered, Homo-, Bi- or Poly-sexual people. These would serve to slowly help shed the gray area of the issue and isolate those who try to force upon others a primitive show of power.

Little Ditty

By Angelos K. Hannides

Now that the wildebeest have stopped running around like mad and the dust has settled, I'd like to briefly comment on two responses to the secret service's visit to our paper's offices by two other local media. It is important to record their reaction, because it shows real intentions or actually the lack there-of.

I would like, then, to commend the *Stony Brook Statesman*, not only for the coverage of the little melee, but also on the very clear stand they took on the case. Not being secretive about their reading and interpretation of the context of the article at hand, they separated opinion and principle and stood by both. Thank you to the *Statesman*.

I would also like to vomit in disgust at the appalling sight of an editorial and an article in a local paper those same days, both presumably written by the owner and publisher of the paper. This person related how it did him good to be censored by the "campus newspaper" when he was at Stony Brook as a student. Also, he (or any one else who wrote the

editorial) claims that the article is not protected by the first amendment and calls upon the university to state that Glenn Given was irresponsible and abused his rights to the first amendment.

Well, as far as the censorship issue being concerned ... My dear friend, cutting your article was censorship, nothing less, nothing more. Now, you say they did so, because it was not objective, because it was one-sided. Well, the majority of journalists today do not necessarily practice history in the making. I admire the in-depth investigative reports that one reads in magazines like "Harper's". However, the purpose of the printed press is not to solely describe news and events. It can also describe ideas, images, experiences, deeply personal information. I understand that your piece was cut because it was presenting one side of the story. So, it probably wouldn't make the Associated Press. And the campus newspaper at the time was an AP-type of paper. Now, just flip through this paper here. It obviously caters to the needs of

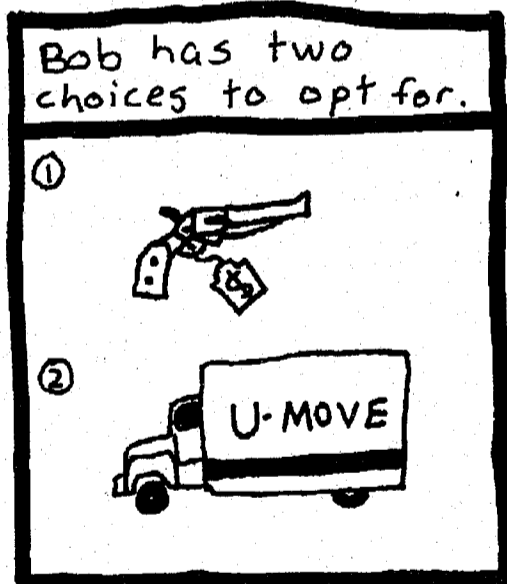
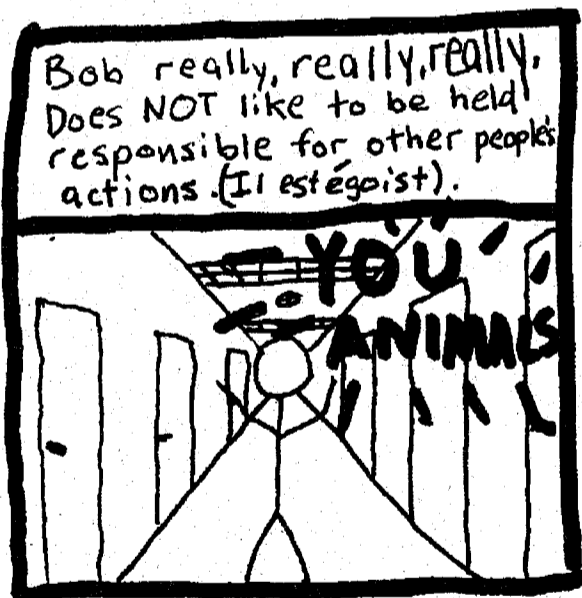
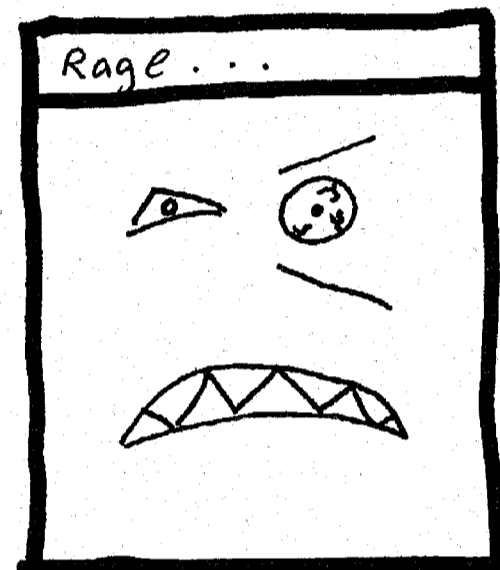
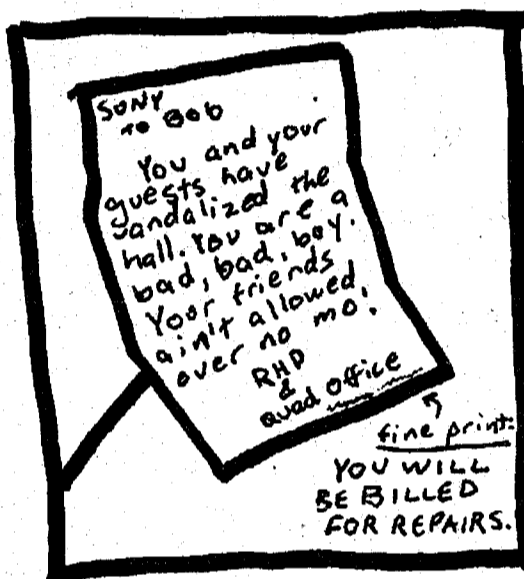
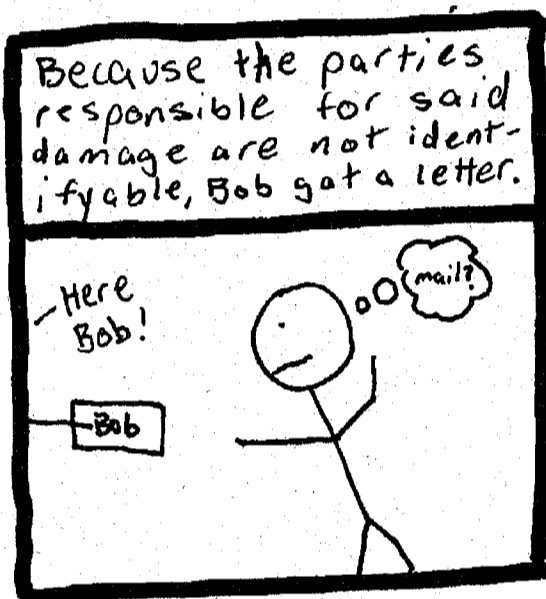
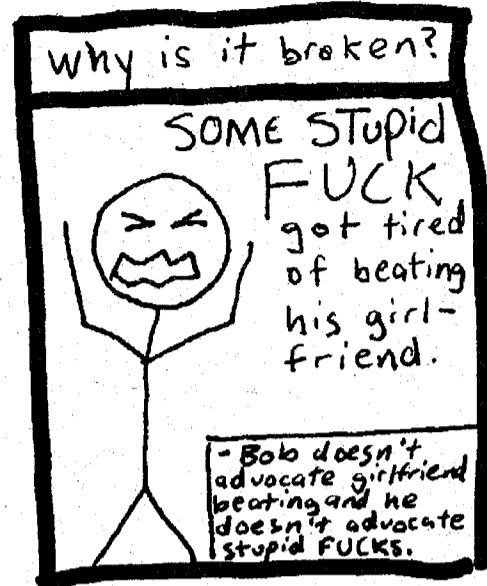
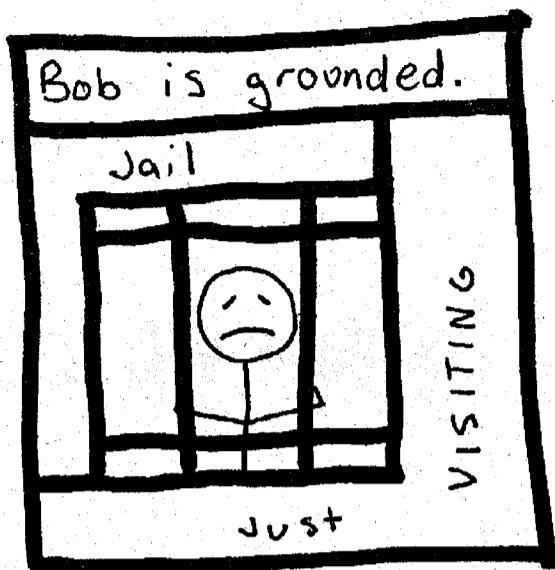
a much wider variety of writers and audience. This is not just a newspaper - this is a medium.

As far as abusing First Amendment rights (and actually it is not being "even clear that the Constitution gives people the right to express views like this"), unfortunately you are wrong, according to the Supreme Court of the US. In the case of *Watts vs. the United States*, the statement "If they ever make me carry a rifle the first man I want to get in my sights is LBJ" (L.B. Johnson being the president of the US at the time) is supported by the First Amendment. That's that. Let me suggest that you should not abandon your rights just like that. Take advantage of them and speak up.

To close, let me add that it is fairly obvious from the above contradiction that the *Statesman* has intentions and principles. This other paper appears to have neither (ads, classifieds, coupons?), but they might have opinions. They should be allowed to present them freely, and let others present theirs in peace.

Bob is Cool

by Jamie Mignone



The Arcade/Mon-Sat/1000toMidnight

PoolMovie rental Videogames Lounge



TV = Horse Manure

By Mohammed Rahman

Sitting in my dorm room listless as usual, I had a revelation. I was flipping through the TV channels and I had a sudden awakening of how much TV programming sucks with the exception of few shows. The boneheads who decide what should be on need to be put in a mental institution. The networks obviously don't have a clue on what a tasteful show is. Once you channel surf, it is a repetitive disappointment.

Even if a TV isn't at your convenience, you had to have heard of "Survivor". A show about group of people stranded on an island. Their days on the island are recorded, and at the end of the show a member is voted out. The last to remain wins a million dollars. According to the ratings, people actually took an hour out of their week to watch this filth. The question is, should we be more disgruntled by the network or the viewers who actually dignified this show by tuning in to it?

If CBS was to have show about observing people at their most private moments, NBC had to have "Big Brother". It's a show about a group of people who live in a house and their every move is recorded. Although the ratings were low and the show was languished throughout the season, the thought of a show such as this even being aired was disturbing.

Among these shows, FOX reached a new low with, "Who Wants to Marry a Millionaire". Fifty beautiful women compete on winning a stranger's heart. This sets the women's movement back 50 years. I really can't make a distinction between this show and prostitution with FOX being the pimp. After one episode the show was cancelled. But the tyranny of awful programming perpetuates. FOX delivers "Temptation Island", where many couples are sent to an exotic island with beautiful people and are tested if they stray.

Popular cable TV channels such as MTV and VH1 are atrocious. I don't even know why MTV is still called music television. With all things taken into consideration, all of what is on MTV is pure horseshit.

The essence of MTV is "Total Request Live", and the music that is played during this hour is all teenybopper music. I understand that



young kids enjoy this stuff and I don't think it should be obsolete, but at other times they could play some good rock music such as Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains, Guns N Roses, Stone Temple Pilots, Dream Theater, etc. I am totally aware that I didn't mention Limp Bizkit, Korn, Kid Rock and other turntable oriented shit rock. But instead they have more garbage such as "Say What Karaoke". Yes, it is as stupid as it sounds. Not to mention "Real World" and "Road Rules", which dominate the channel for most part. I mean who gives a F#%K about total strangers being put in a house together for a month and anticipating the outcome. Shows such as these led me to believe that all of the MTV staffs are either related to Satan or they were dropped quite a lot when they were babies.

Everytime you tune to VH1, it's Behind the Music, the ABBA story. And the worst case scenario, it is being aired ten times a week. Instead of playing music, all they do is Behind the Music. Do people really care that much about Celine Dion's life struggle and her history or why Poison isn't around anymore?

Among this land fill known as television programming, only little quality television exists. HBO delivers great drama and suspense in "The Sopranos" and the "OZ". Comedy Central supplies few episodes of

SNL and "Kids in the Hall" a day and reruns of the "Critic" every Sunday. ABC has "The Practice", which is show with standards and very accurate at mimicking the law profession. And last but not least, "The Simpsons." It is a unique and brilliant show and is created by people without a brain damage. Despite these few praiseworthy shows, TV in general is tasteless.

To this day I am baffled by the cancellation of shows such as "The Family Guy" or the "Critic" yet shows like "Popular" on WB are on their third season. At this rate, I wouldn't be surprised if the Olson twins are given another show where their best friend is a "robot driving instructor from the future with side kick that is an apple pie". But I kid you not, the day "The Simpsons" are taken off the air, I will no longer have use for Television at all.

TheStonyBrookPress

Spring "Literary Supplement"
Deadline draws nigh

Fri March 30th
Fri March 30th
Fri March 30th
Fri March 30th
Fri March 30th

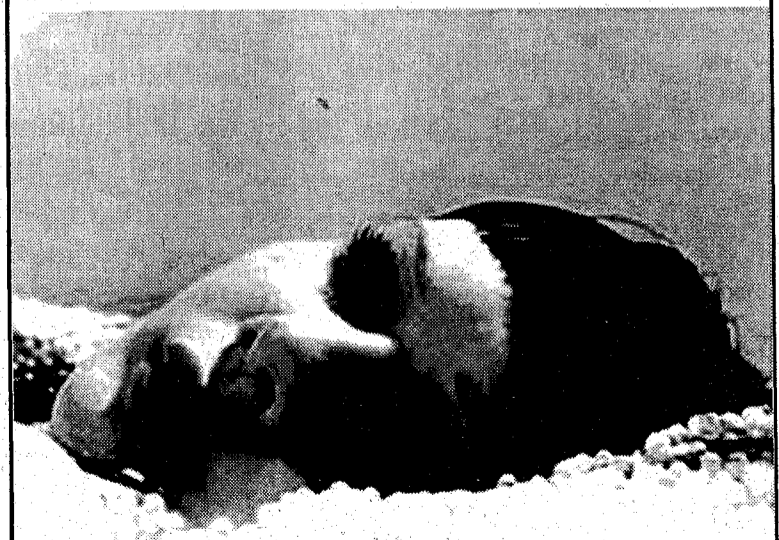
sendit:
Rm060&061
/StudentUnion/
SUNYStonyBrook/
StonyBrook/NY
11794-3200

sendit:
stonypress@hotmail.com

JonesSoda
isFarFarMore
RefreshingThan

BeingPackedUpToTheNeck
InColdColdIce

AvoidHypothermia
DrinkJonesSoda



avail: @LocalEateries
&FineConvienceStores

Sublimity in Soft Voices: A review of Nikki Anderson's *Soft Voices*

By Chris Stackowicz

The latest show in the Graduate library Gallery, created by Nikki Anderson, is an experience that rotates on the axis of sublimity. Nikki has created a piece that brings the viewer to a limit, both of terror and pleasure. Her installation consists of multiple conic shapes, some placed on a bed, another on a small bedside table, others across the gallery on a small rocking chair, and the rest dispersed on the floor. The conic shapes move between exaggerated largeness, and the smaller shapes with more of a drastic shift in diminishment from opening to interior. Softly glazed in colors that are pastel without being simply sappy, the objects resist falling into the placid banality of crafty clay work. Their resistance is based on a shift. This shift occurs within the recognition of the audio device strategically placed within the cones absolute interior. The sound emanating from these shapes, both large and small, is woman's voice. With slight vocal inflections, each object becomes both a speaker and microphone, some bordering on the megaphone. The volume is turned down and the mood, enhanced by the palatable blue walls surrounding the gentle voices, becomes intimacy. But it is an intimacy of a level unexpected in an art exhibit. Nikki forces us to get down on our knees, place our head within the opening and listen. We are not hearing her voice. We are hearing her thoughts. Some simple and others more complex, they rotate their symbolic function as objects and become more than their very form, they make the move from object to subject. A subject that is more than what the definition of Nikki's forms at first seems to offer.

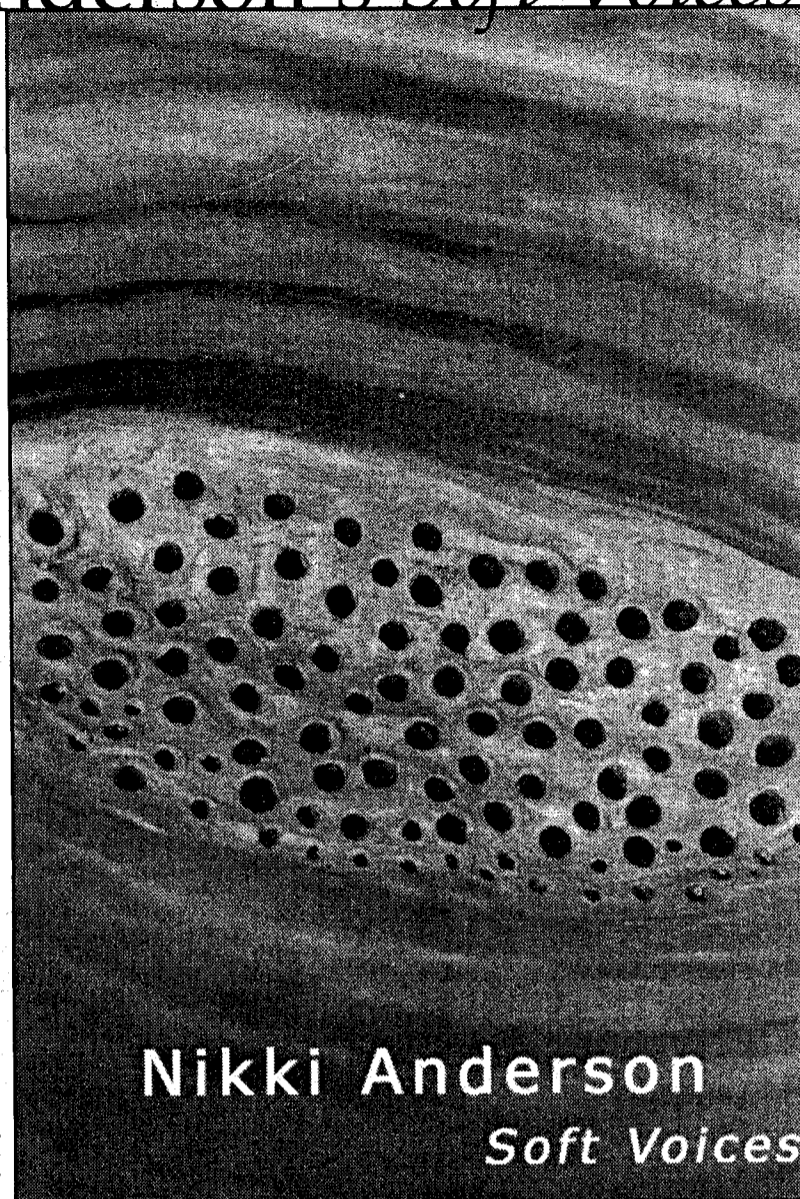
Upon entrance into the room, there is a barely perceptible cacophony of the same voice looping itself back and forth. No one voice overpowers the rest and thus, the imagination moves to a state of curiosity wondering where these voices, these sounds are coming from. The curiosity mounts and one is forced to move closer, to get down on their knees, and, really listen, really pay attention. The interaction silences the other voices and makes each one become an individual thought, resonating against our own thoughts. If one sticks their head into the larger figures opening, not only do the other voices dissipate, but our own our thoughts and inner voices get lost as attention is focused on the discernment and audibility of this particular voice. The viewer makes out 'thoughts' that state things such as, "I'm not shy", and "Hi, I'm Nikki." The voices/thoughts become even more interesting when they are recognized for their relation to the size of the form, the placement of the form, or even the object, (bed, rocking chair, table) that they are on. The voice on the rocking chair hums "Mary had a little lamb." The big pink one in the back of the gallery says,

"Well, I'm the biggest one." My personal favorite, the one on the small bedside table, complains in relation to its proximity and relative size to the bed, "I'm too short, I can't see what's going on, I wish I was taller."

I consider Ms. Anderson's show an effort in sublimity. Whether she was conscious of it or not, she moves the viewer to the sublime. We have form that becomes formless. We are given a voice that is both singular and multiple, repetitive and distinct. The motion the viewer makes in order to hear these voices changes the initial read of the piece. The viewer at first sees cones, then hears sounds, and finally discerns what exactly these microphone and speaker shaped objects are saying/thinking. I hesitate to make the comparison between Mel Gibson in "What Women Want" for admitting that I saw it, and too for hinting at any type of quasi-political critique, but nonetheless parts of the movie do relate to her installation. The simple ability of this person, Mel G., to hear the thoughts of each individual woman isn't very interesting.

What is interesting is what the voices are saying, how they are said, how the themes repeat, and what relation the voices have to our image of the woman and the stereotypes that go along with that kind of particular woman. Unfortunately, even with Helen Hunt in the cast, the movie doesn't really fare well in comparison to Nikki's piece.

The movie solves a problem, or pretends to; the exhibit thinks a thought and shares it with the viewer. The intimacy of the gesture to closer inspection as well as the intimacy of being in a semi-surreal representation of bedroom is scary, bordering on terrifying when you really think of it. For this reason, I can say with marginal justification that it is a sublime experience. In the exhibit, I am on multiple borders and facing multiple limits. The shapes have form and are thus objects, but in the inclusion of audio, become formless and subjects. To hear the voice/thought I must enter the shape, I must give up my standing position and almost enter into the objects qua subjects. This



limit of entrance into the objects subjectivity (can I say this more clearly, I wish) faces the viewer with a terrifying dilemma. To really grasp what is being said/thought we must silence; give up, our own thoughts to make possible the act of hearing these voices. And that silencing of our voice, transforms us, rotates us upon the axis of the sublime and for one infinite moment we become Nikki, and her thoughts speak resonantly within our own minds, and hence we have a terrifying recognition of our own subjectivity, and the loss of it for that moment. As I moved away from the piece, I felt a simple delight. Delight in that I retained myself. I had come close to that border or limit of becoming someone else and had survived intact as myself, and hence, had apprehended a sublime moment in my viewing experience and had come away with, delight, not only in my survival, but most importantly in my having experienced something so wonderfully terrifying as this show.

TheSpot/ThrFriSat/600to200

MusicPoetryBeerCulture

2ndFloor/FannieBriceTheatre

No Peace in Stony Brook

By Gregory Knopp

I don't understand why students dorming on USB campus are treated with the same regard as third graders. In my two years in this school, I've found myself in situations so ridiculous that I couldn't help laughing out-loud, receiving looks of disapproval from the persons responsible for me being in them. Just last night me and a couple more people were hanging out, relaxing, and drinking a little beer. This was a relief, since I was finally done with my midterms and other responsibilities. Two RHD's noticed us on the balcony, and in a flash were knocking on the door. They greeted us the same way a kindergarten teacher greets a kid who she just caught doing something forbidden. Sinister smiles of deep satisfaction reflected the pleasure they take in their jobs, which is a rarity in this modern age. After establishing that most occupants were under 21, received as an admission of guilt, they proceeded to intimidate us with the dire consequences their higher position allowed them to inflict on us. I could see the joy growing inside them as we began to give in, acknowledge their dominance, and play the role of a kid who would rather be humiliated than punished. Proudly they ordered us to leave the premises, citing their acquaintance with my employer, and his likely disapproval of this behavior. We agreed, feeding their ego, and complied with their order to disperse, and cease this kind of activity for good. They remained in the room a few unnecessary minutes in order to display their absolute mastery, and left satisfied, filled with a vigor of a young boy in love.

The question 'Why?' is the only thing that circles in my mind, besides frustration, rage, and a willingness to kill. What was the point of last night's episode? Apart from the gratification experienced by the RHD's, this incident served absolutely no purpose. It was a waste of time, and only reminded me of how stupid shit gets on this campus.

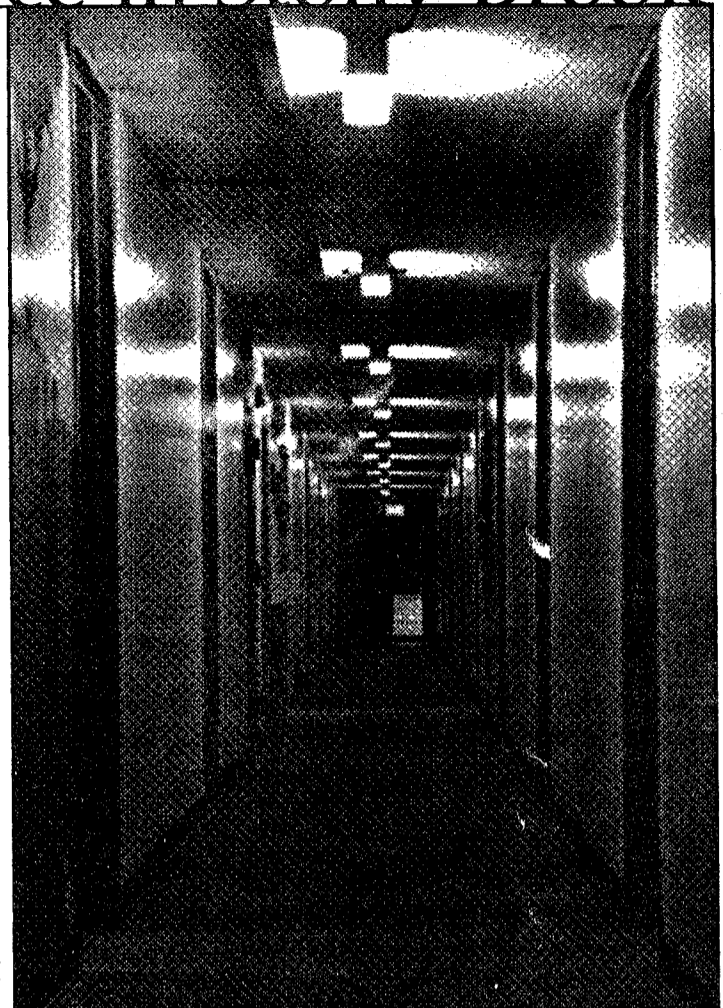
Over time I've learned to tolerate all the

little activities that occur in school, regarding them with pity and contempt. L.E.G., and the R.A. programs, with their attendance sign up sheets, and their inner circles though which people progress with corporate-ladder style politics. I try to steer my life clear of all this bullshit. But there come instances where this self-propelling force interferes with my life, and that's when problems occur.

A few weeks ago I found an unidentified piece of paper on my refrigerator. On its Xerox green 'The Following Violations Were Notices' was checked off, and under it, in sloppy handwriting, 'fridge on pedestal' was scribbled. This was dated and initialed. I took this as a joke, and put the note back where I found it. A few days later I noticed that this paper's been turned over, with something written on the back. The note reminded me that this was a violation, and that I have 48 hours to correct it. I could not believe that a fridge on a nights-stand was a violation of health and safety, and that it would cause such frequent visits to my room.

With time running out, I found out from some people that I can actually get written up for this, and have future problems finding housing and employment on campus. I asked the R.A. that left the note if I actually had to take my fridge off. I told her that I had it in that position for two years, and never encountered a problem. She said that I had to comply, and if I wanted to challenge this I had to take it up with campus residence. In the end I put my fridge in the living room, concluding all this was not worth the effort.

The stupidity of all this still boggles my mind. I pay a lot of money to live on campus.



This money pays the RHD's salary, it lets the RA's live for free, it pays for all those little activities they constantly hold and try to drag me into. Why can't I just be left alone? I'm paying rent on my room, so why can't I have some privacy? All the bureaucracies on this campus make me sick. Go ahead, hold your meetings, have your little celebrations, pretend that what you do actually matters, even it is funded with my money. I don't care. Just stay out of my private life, and don't bother me in my fucking room!

TheStonyBrookPress

Spring "Literary Supplement"
Deadline draws nigh

Submit
Art

Submit
Photos

Submit
Poetry

Submit
ShortStories

Submit
DigitalArt

FriMarch30th
FriMarch30th
FriMarch30th
FriMarch30th
FriMarch30th

sendit:
Rm060&061
/StudentUnion/
SUNYStonyBrook/
StonyBrook/NY
11794-3200

sendit:
stonypress@hotmail.com

TOP TEN Battle of the Century

Things You Did In Florida Over Spring Break That You Don't Remember But Will Live To Regret

- 10 Gave Birth
- 9 A Midget
- 8 Tequila Shooters Off Of Jeb Bush's Man-Cleavage
- 7 "Dimpled A Chad" *If Ya Know What I Mean!*
- 6 Pursued International Terrorists Through The Swamp In An Action-Packed High-Speed Fan Boat Race (Okeefenokee Only)
- 5 Two Words: *OraGluttial Autofistalingus*
- 4 Rushed TKE
- 3 Went To Disney World (Probably while on Acid) Opted For "Pleasure Island" Instead Of "The Haunted Mansion"
- 2 Thought That Having a "Mullet" Would Be Cool
- 1 Kissed Your Sweet Anal Virginity Goodbye!

Spring Break
@ Stony Brook

Spring Break
Anywhere Else

VS

The Stony Brook Press!

Quiet Time

Uhhh... *The Stony Brook Press!*

Seriously People, Get The F out Of Here For Spring Break, Don't Squander Your Youth On Sex and Drugs and Music Here. Squander it on Sex and Drugs and Music in the Carribean

PRO

Mr. Rourke and
Tattoo

Wanton
Debauchery

Libidinous
Carousing

Hijinks, Exploits,
And Shenanigans

Lying To Strangers
In Order To Get
Laid Without The
Fear That You Will
See Them Again

Shirley Strum
Kenney Sunbathing
in Her String Bikini

Jack Nicholson
Chasing You With
An Ax

Shirley Strum
Kenney Sunbathing
OUT of Her String
Bikini

The Biting Chill of
Loneliness

Nothing To Distract
You From The
Mountains Of Work
That Are Due.

CON

MTV Coverage

Venereal Diseases
Out The Wazoo

Roofies

Shame

Sexual
Disapointment

More Shame

The Realization
that Everyone
You've Surrounded
Yourself With Are
Fools

GRAIG SCHLANGER'S BIG MOUTH

Impaled: *Choice Cuts*
(Necropolis Records)

Requiem of Revolution: *A Tribute to Carcass*
(Necropolis Records)

Defiled: *Ugliness Revealed* (Necropolis Records)



Three new slabs of gore/death mayhem from the Necropolis Records Horde. First up to bat is Impaled with their new collection of outtakes and demos called Choice Cuts. A California based death metal band that specialize in sickening gore imagery. In fact it would be unfair not to mention the album cover. Definitely a contender for one of the most stomach turning graphics I've ever seen. See if you can make out the image (assuming these Press hacks didn't fuck up the layout). It definitely caught me off guard. No surprises musically. With influences drawn from Impetigo, Carcass and Exhumed (Impaled is ex-Exhumed members) you can expect mid-paced to fast metal with sick and twisted lyrics. Deep vocals and plenty of guitar shredding. Good package from a very promising act.

Requiem of Revolution: A tribute to Carcass combines 18 Carcass influenced bands playing covers of their favorite Carcass songs. Guess what the end product sounds like? Yep. Carcass. Good stuff though since Carcass was a very unique band in their day with their medical dictionary references and insane song structure. Bands include Pig Destroyer, Nasum, General Surgery, Vulgar Pigeons and Disgorge to name a few. Carcass fans will likely find this in constant rotation.

Japan's Defiled aren't really new on the metal scene but Ugliness Revealed is their first proper US release. Defiled also aren't rewriting the book on death metal, but their sound is unique because of the emphasis placed on bass which is far too often forgotten when mixing metal records. Make no mistake about it. Defiled are some angry motherfuckers and they're coming for your ass. They plan to gore you and hang your spine in their window; obviously after dinner.

Any of these records will appeal to the most sick and depraved Stony Brook students. Highest recommendations for the TKE and ZBT guys. These will be right at home snuggling with their Dave Matthews discs. Some serious dingery going on here...

**Electric
Frankenstein:** *Annie's Grave*
(Victory Records)



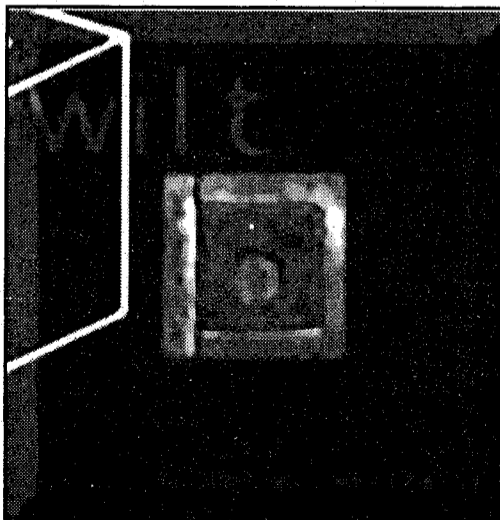
Electric Frankenstein is one of the few remaining punk bands to have survived the bastardization of the music and culture. They play straight up punk that could have easily come out in the early '80s and make no apologies for doing so. We're talking mohawks, spikes and studs. Ok, I really have no idea what they look like.

Annie's Grave is full throttle punk for the people. Verse/chorus/verse song structure. Sing-a-longs galore. They even cover the fucking Dead Boys! This is some hot shit right here. "Just Can't Kick" is absolutely one of the catchiest songs I've heard this side of Avail. Their Dead Boys cover ("Third Generation Nation") also keeps that punk spirit that EF's forefathers struggled to establish. Straight up and down, this is punk rock. For every Electric Frankenstein there are 100 Blink 182's.

Oh yo! There's even a picture of Frankenstein carrying a naked chick on the back! Nothing says punk more than that. Electric Frankenstein is for the children.

Wilt: *The Black Box Aesthetic* (the Rectrix)

Eerie dark industrial is the name of the



game here. The Black Box Aesthetic begins with a short intro track (1:32) that can best be describes as Hendrix's "Star Spangled Banner" after large doses of morphine. Track two uniquely employs a cowbell to create an almost sensual aural attack. A fucking cowbell. Genius. Cascading soundscapes and layers of samples add to the simple yet intense



atmosphere of Wilt. Track six begins to shape into the sound of a chainsaw cranking into overdrive adding to the already organic environment. Wilt captivates the listener by boldly testing the boundaries of modern electronic music. Much zing-ery takes place here. Wilt is art.

Warhorse: *As Heaven Turns to Ash* (Southern Lord)

After being beaten into submission both times I had the chance to witness Warhorse's live



assault I was quite eager to see if they could capture the same intensity on record. Not only do they succeed, they conquer. As Heaven Turns to Ash successfully combines the blues-base of bands like Black Sabbath and Kyuss, the sheer heaviness of EyehateGod and Cathedral, and the catchiness of High on Fire into one unholy entity.

"Dusk" is a fitting intro for the record with it's acoustic composition, leaving the listener totally unprepared and vulnerable for the aural assault about to take place. It's likely that you're next move will be a dash to the volume control as the low-end dirge "Doom's Bride" begins. Out of the blue storms Warhorse's unique barrage of plodding bass and fuzzy guitar effects. Warhorse makes a notable point of burying the vocals in the mix to put nearly all focus on their dismal sound.

Check out "Amber Vial," a long acoustic instrumental that shows Warhorse don't hide behind absurd levels of distortion. Whether unplugged or electric, Warhorse has come for your young.

CONCERTS AT STONY BROOK ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

CALL YOUR ADMINISTRATORS AND THE STUDENT ACTIVITIES BOARD AND DEMAND YOUR FAVORITE ARTIST.

Unless pressure from the student body is placed upon the Administration and SAB to bring more musical acts (especially those reflecting a broader cultural make-up) we will surely slip back into the ten year trend of only fifth-string musical has-beens traipsing into Stony Brook while the real talent flocks to more accessible and open-minded venues.

No offense to The Spot of course.

We cannot afford another ten years of tertiary performers. We cannot afford another ten years where the musical high-point is the likes of Biz Markie (of "Girl You Got What I Need" fame).

If we wish our college memories to be a blur of lonely dorm bound nights then by all means: DON'T call your Administrators. If you want to feel culturally alienated by the few shows that do appear here then

most assuredly: DON'T call SAB.

For those of us who actually want Stony Brook to reclaim it's former glory as a musical venue and to live up to it's fullest cultural potential: CALL THEM.

Call in praise of the recent concert. Let them know that for once this campus didn't feel like the corporate meat-grinder that it appears to so many of us to be.

Most of all give them suggestions on how they can continue to impress you by providing a further exploration of our musical culture. Let them know that it is events like the recent 3 Doors Down show that can create a fun, healthy and interesting atmosphere in which students wish to be a part. Let them know that the word of mouth surrounding these events are worth more than any slick ad campaign.

Don't Let The Musical History Of SB Go To Waste:
CALL AND TELL ADMIN/SAB HOW YOU FEEL!