

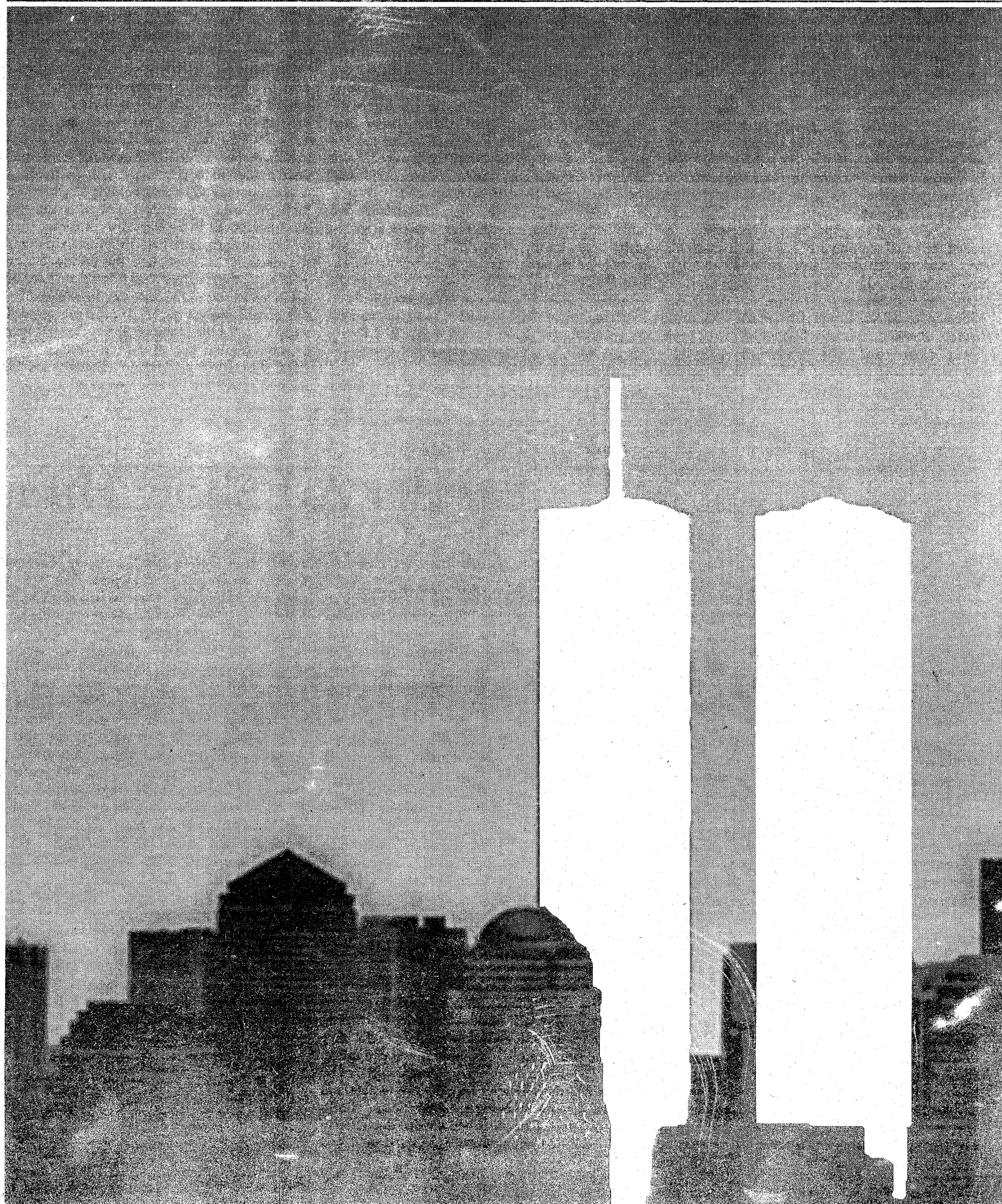
THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIII, Issue 1

"Somehow, This is All Marilyn Manson's Fault"

September 12, 2001





Polity in Search of Budget, Council

By Bev Bryan

At the beginning of this school year the student organizations on campus find themselves without their budgets for the year and no one elected to the Polity Council. Few individuals seem to see this as any real cause for alarm.

The problem with the budget is a routine one. During the spring semester the Senate had split into a number of subcommittees in order to come up with the numbers for individual clubs. The work took a very long time and the semester simply ended without the budget being completed. Mike Bernardin, Commuter Student Association VP has said, "As far as I know, for at least the past two years the budget has gone to an eight person committee for lack of time."

The Senate convenes twice during the summer to determine the budget for each session. Because these conventions are unable to vote on any issues not pertaining to the summer sessions an emergency budget committee was appointed by the spring convention to decide on a budget for the coming school year.

The eight-person committee was composed of equal numbers of commuter students and residents. These senators revised the original working budget plan by cutting approximately 80,000 dollars from what was originally allocated to SPAB (Student Planning Activities Board). 40,000 of this sum were assigned to the dorm LEGs and the Commuter Student Association while another 40,000 went to reduce the Polity budget overdraft. This would have reduced the organization's debt from 60,000 dollars to only 20,000.

Fred Preston, VP of student affairs, has rejected the work of this committee on the basis that it lacked executive input and tended to favor the special interests of those appointed. This leaves the various Polity sponsored student organizations on campus working with a quarter of the money they received from Polity last year until a budget can be chosen by the Senate.

To make matters more difficult the results of last semester's Polity Council elections were thrown out by the Polity Judiciary. This is largely due to the petition submitted by Senator Andrew Murray to Polity's Supreme Court. Adam Zimmerman petitioned to be on the ballot but not included in time for elections. There would be no time for the Supreme Court to convene before the results of the election were posted. Rather than compromise the elections process for the sake of expedience the Supreme Court voted to order that results of the elections should not be posted until the matter could be properly addressed.

The trouble has had to do with the petitioning process itself. In order to get on the council ballot for a particular office hopefuls must obtain a certain number of signatures indicating student body support for the candidate. One thing that complicates this is that a matching student ID number must accompany each signature. In Zimmerman v. Elections Board, the preceding court case addressing this issue, the Supreme Court decided that the Board of Elections had not been checking the signatures of students against the numbers for validity.

This is how the results of the elec-

tions came to be invalidated at the end of the spring semester. At this time Fred Preston stepped in to appoint an interim government. Interim president Natalie Hodgson won the office of vice president in the discarded elections. Interim treasurer Sasha White and interim secretary Shaniqua Williams both ran unopposed.

Hodgson has expressed the hope that with a small agenda at the Senate meeting on September twelfth, a new budget will be passed. The meeting will be held at eight P.M. in the Student Union B-Level. She is also optimistic about resolving the issue of the Polity Council. Hodgson has said "Hopefully, we can have a smooth election process done in a few weeks and then we can have a new council." She was reluctant to discuss how closely the new ballot might resemble the old

One refrain heard repeatedly with regard to both of these issues is the need for more realistic time frames in which to perform such tasks as establishing a budget and holding elections. Mike Bernardin said "The budget process is something that's supposed to be started a lot earlier than it is." Chief Justice Talia Paul in a memorandum on the decision to invalidate the spring elections writes, "... the elections schedule should have been set much earlier in the semester since elections on this campus have a history of problems associated with them. Yet the Elections Board, Council, Senate or some combination of the three bodies fail, for some reason, to take this into account when creating and approving the elections schedule."



By Chris Gennari

Faculty Art Show Hung

Occurring once every two years, the Faculty Art Exhibition is again taking up residence in the Staller Center Art Gallery. The Exhibition is a long standing tradition for the Art Department, running for more than twenty-five years. This year's edition features multiple works by twenty faculty and staff members. Many of the works will be presented to an audience for the first time, while others have already been internationally exhibited.

I was lucky to get a sneak preview of the Exhibition (provided by Ms. Rhonda Cooper, who to her credit, answered all of my questions and introduced me to the present artists) while it was still under construction. The cavernous hall contained an assortment of displays in progress. Some displays were finished and on display resting comfortably on a stand or hanging on what must be tremendous nails from the wall. Ms. Toby Buonagurio pleasantly illustrated her impressive ceramic works, presenting the narrative structure of each of the three pieces (two hanging and one standing sculpture) which imbued them with a deeper meaning than I would have been privy to by myself.

Most of the displays were not yet finished. Mr. Mel Pekarsky, not having yet unwrapped his tremendous canvas of the Nevada desert (it measures some eight feet by twelve feet), showed me a slide of the work. While Fascinating as a slide, Mr. Pekarsky's explanation of the work, and its display, made it clear that the presentation was as much apart of the art piece as the canvas. Mr. Carl Pope, using an assortment of tools to

maintain precise angles and distances, hurriedly assembled his large collection of photographs while Mr. Adam Labe quickly set up his cast iron/aluminum sculptures representing material culture. The rapid set up misrepresents the time which Mr. Labe obviously spent in creating each of the pieces which he estimates at between 60 and 80 hours. The exhibition is worth attending just to see the results of such labor intensive devotion by all the artists.

The piece I was most intrigued by and the display which seemed the most unfinished was done by Ms. Christa Erickson. The fact that three people had worked on the display for days illustrated to me the enormous enterprise of the piece. Ms. Cooper gave me an impressive description of video cameras and projected LCD displays which made me think of being immersed in Liquid CNN. Walking around the Gallery I had the same feelings I had as a teenager walking through the auditorium while the Players rehearsed for the Spring Play. I was impressed by all the scurrying work by so many different people which intended for a beautiful and precise result.

The exhibition is a vast array of different art types, using different media, promoting different narratives. Most of the works are obviously contemporary in their mode and presentation. Several have very pronounced political symbolism.

A collection of Video Drawing pieces by Ms. Howardena Pindell had the immediate and visceral response of being recognizable and shockingly political. One piece had a video depiction of piled skulls in Cambodia with the stark, bold, text

"WAR" displayed right in the middle of the piece. Mr. Pekarsky explained his works' clear ecological meaning saying that he wanted his work to illustrate the fragility of the earth through the representation of the desert.

Not all of the pieces have monstrous dimensions. Ms. Lisa Mackie's hand made artist books were small, delicate and ornate. They reminded me of the child picture books of my youth which had an animal divided into three parts and by changing the pages of any part, you created an entirely new animal: a moose headed, beaver bodied, lion tailed mystical creature. While I wanted to turn the variously (and precisely) layed out images, which fell from the book proper in all directions, the sheer delicacy of the material forbade me in the same way as I still put my hands in my pockets when I enter a crystal shop.

The displays, even at this early stage, promise an impressive exhibition. The Reception on 29 September promises to be very interesting since most of the artists will be available for commentary on their pieces (plus there's food). This is an excellent chance for students to see the fruits of their teachers' labor and to understand their teachers' artistic perspective.



Housing Revisited

By Isaac Pflaum

Over-assignment, or tripling as it is more commonly called, is accepted as a part of dorm life at Stony Brook. Freshmen, late housing applicants and even upperclassmen know from personal experience the inconveniences of living in overcrowded housing. This year, four dorm buildings did not open as planned. This has displaced almost five hundred students including many upperclassmen who had rooms in the uncompleted undergraduate apartments.

Dallas Bauman, Vice-President of Residences, explained the extent of the tripling. "Every building has some degree of over assignment. At max it was 305 rooms tripled and 150 people in lounges...its already lower than that, that was the peak." Although this level of tripling is nothing new, in the words of Fred Preston, "For a variety of reasons I think it comes as a surprise."

Fred Preston, vice-president of student affairs stated his frustration with the dorm completion at a press conference with student media on August 31st, "even at this late date we can not tell you when even one of those buildings will be completed." In defense of the University Preston stated, "Up until very recently during the summer...we progressively found out that first off that not all four buildings would be done, then maybe two buildings would be done, and just a week before school started...we were told that not even one building would open on time...we had to find space."

According to Preston "The Campus doesn't really have any control," over what he described as a "construction nightmare." Dallas explained the process of dorm construction, "The sale of bonds is how money is provided and in that approach the authority to sell the bonds and manage the construction of the project is the Dormitory Authority." When asked why this particular project went so badly Dallas stated "I don't think that the Dormitory Authority and this particular contractor worked well together."

The contractor in question is JF Dennis of Wantagh who has two projects besides the dorms on campus. According to Dallas, JF Dennis was fired by the DA in August because of concerns that "they could not complete the project in a timely manner." This means that currently there is no company contracted to complete the buildings.

Dallas speculated that the DA might attempt to hire subcontractors to complete the buildings. He stated that one building, capable of housing 108 students, could be completed in two to three weeks "if work started tomorrow." When asked who was accountable for this situation Dallas responded quickly "The University hired the Dormitory Authority to handle the project." Although he would make no further comment he and Fred Preston were adamant in their assertion

that the University was not to blame. University officials were "sitting on the side line watching the worse case scenario."

Why Fred Preston was surprised by the incompleteness of the dorm buildings is a mystery. When asked what percentage of campus construction is completed on time, Fred and Dallas laughed, and responded "Zero." It hardly seems a laughing matter. The Charles Wang building, SAC II and stadium are all over budget and over due. Optimistically, Dallas commented that "In a year from now when those apartments are fully occupied, people will have substantially forgotten about the hassles and the hardship that have come as a result of what has happened this year...the apartments are wonderful and they are going to be a real asset to the campus."

In the past the university has moved students into dorms that were not completely finished. Light fixtures, doorknobs, etc. can be installed while people are living in the dorm. "Lots of construction projects don't end up being completed on time.", a university official stated, "Year, after year, after year...we've squeezed by with work not complete...we were hoping we'd be able to pull that sort of situation out in this case, but it didn't happen."

The issues, which most directly effect students, are the lack of adequate telecommunications, furniture and compensation. Some students placed in lounges in H, Mendelson and Roosevelt quads were given cell phones. Others just make due without phones and all without cable and Ethernet. "Telecommunications will be available for students occupying lounges in Mendelson by the 14th of September.", according to Dallas, and lounges in H and Roosevelt will be wired as soon as possible after that. All students occupying lounges have a full complement of furniture but those in triples share two desks and two closets among three people. Two people in each triple must sleep in a bunk. The lack of adequate workspace has many students seeking refuge in SINC sites. Tripled students and those in lounges are compensated \$100 for every three weeks of over-assignment. This token compensation hardly makes up for the inconvenience but it seems to keep students quiet. Some students will be getting relief soon as 130 rooms reserved for no-shows will be made available the week of the 14th. That's just the tip of the iceberg though. Many students will be in over-assignment for several months.

Although this year more attention is drawn to the problem of campus over-crowding because of the incompleteness of the dorms, tripling and lounge squatting is nothing new at Stony Brook. Dallas stated the University "actually had more people over-assigned last fall than we do

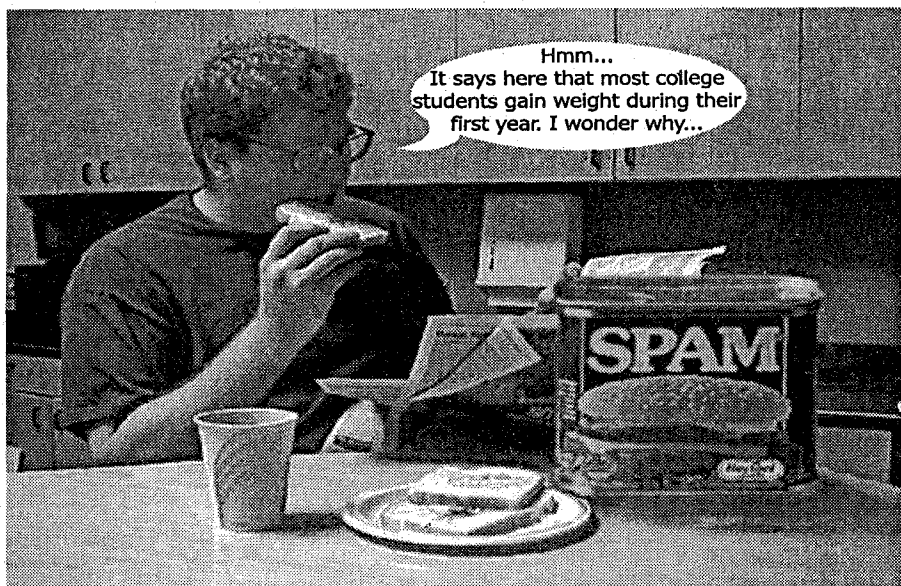
this fall." In the past few years USB has increased its enrollment by leaps and bounds, although there was no such increase this year. The university accepted 71 fewer freshmen this year than last (2,203 vs. 2,274) Steve Preston said "we had a bigger increase [in enrollment] last year."

According to Dallas the housing crisis was worsened by "demand for campus housing that has really out passed the increases in enrollment." When asked if prospective students were informed of the possibility that they would be tripled Dallas responded "Its in the guide to enrollment...information that goes out to [all students applying] indicates that there is the potential that people will be over-assigned." but as Fred Preston pointed out "When you enroll...its not the kind of thing you pay attention to."

The University was planning to triple a small number of students before it found out that the dorms would not be complete. Dallas said, "[Office of Campus Residences] were going to do some level of over assignment in triples and lounges. We had planned to do that" The Office of Campus Residences over booked the dorms, expecting that around 130 people would not show up to the rooms they had reserved. Tripled students would then be moved into vacant rooms.

The issue of over crowding lends itself to a review of dorm fire codes. Pat Calabria, University Public Relations stated at a press conference with student media "a review has begun but up till right now the review indicates that there is no violation of fire codes." William J Finamore, Chief Fire Marshall at USB stated in an interview that "yes, preliminary review has begun...based on the information [Office of Campus Residences] have provided us it appears that there is no violation." Apparently the diffusion of over-assignment across the campus insures that no one building goes out of code, "it appears to be very spaced out" When asked when the review would be complete and what, if any limits, were imposed on dorms by the fire code, Fennimore replied "its almost complete...there would be a limit but I couldn't give you a specific number...it really goes by square footage and the size of doors." As Dallas stated, "[the dorms] were designed for two people, that doesn't mean that it is a violation of code to have more than two people."

According to Fred Preston, "the problem [with completing projects] is all the levels of bureaucracy." He said he thought the problem of completing construction projects on time could be solved if "institutions like Stony Brook... were allowed to manage their own projects."



The Stony Brook Press, part of this low-fat complete breakfast. Meeting every Wednesday at 1:00 p.m. in room 060, in the basement of the Stony Brook Union.

Schulz's Art Comes "Into the Open"

By Philip Grandin

It seems that most people, or at least the ones I've talked to, are somewhat oblivious to the fact that there's an art show down at the Stony Brook Union. Heck, I didn't know about it until I was told to write an article on it.

Apparently, Stony Brook has its very own artist-in-residence; ceramicist Rebecca Schulz currently has her work on display at the Union Gallery (2nd floor) Monday through Friday, until September 14 from noon to 4 p.m.

"My sculptures," says Ms. Schulz, "are heavily influenced by my passion for botanical life." Schulz's art looks like the kind of garden that only shows up in Little Shop of Horrors, except not as witty, or as man-eating. Not that this is a bad thing, of course. It's modern art, which makes it avant-garde, so that's cool.

Schulz is a graduate of the Maine School of Art, as well as Franklin Pierce College, in which she majored in biology and minored in environmental science (kind of explains the plant theme, doesn't it?).

In her art, Schulz strives to create "intimate moments within larger forms," as to invite the onlooker into the botanical pieces. The three-dimensional effects of a giant flower coming out of the wall at you does have this bizarre, hypnotic effect if one looks at it closely enough. The artist sees her wall hangings as a challenge, to visually jump off the wall the out at the viewer, and then pull them into the piece itself. Her large, creviced artwork plays in the third dimension well. One can look upon any of the works from multiple angles, from each one seeing a different aspect of the art, as well as another position to be drawn into the piece.

Schulz's art, however, is not limited to the shiny, twisted flora. Schulz's ceramics cover a much broader range. Although the exhibit at the Union is dominated by her tentacle-like flowery swirls, there are many other non-floral works at

the show. There are a few sharp, geometric forms, as well as some pit fire pottery, which has the unique appearance of ancient millennia-old pottery, yet has the air of modern art.

Schulz's artwork not only gives a different perspective from the vantage point of an onlooker, but as well as one toward nature in ceramics. In her modern-art style, Schulz shows us the every-day flora, which is largely bypassed by the average person, through the unique perspective of both pit fire ceramics and modern art.

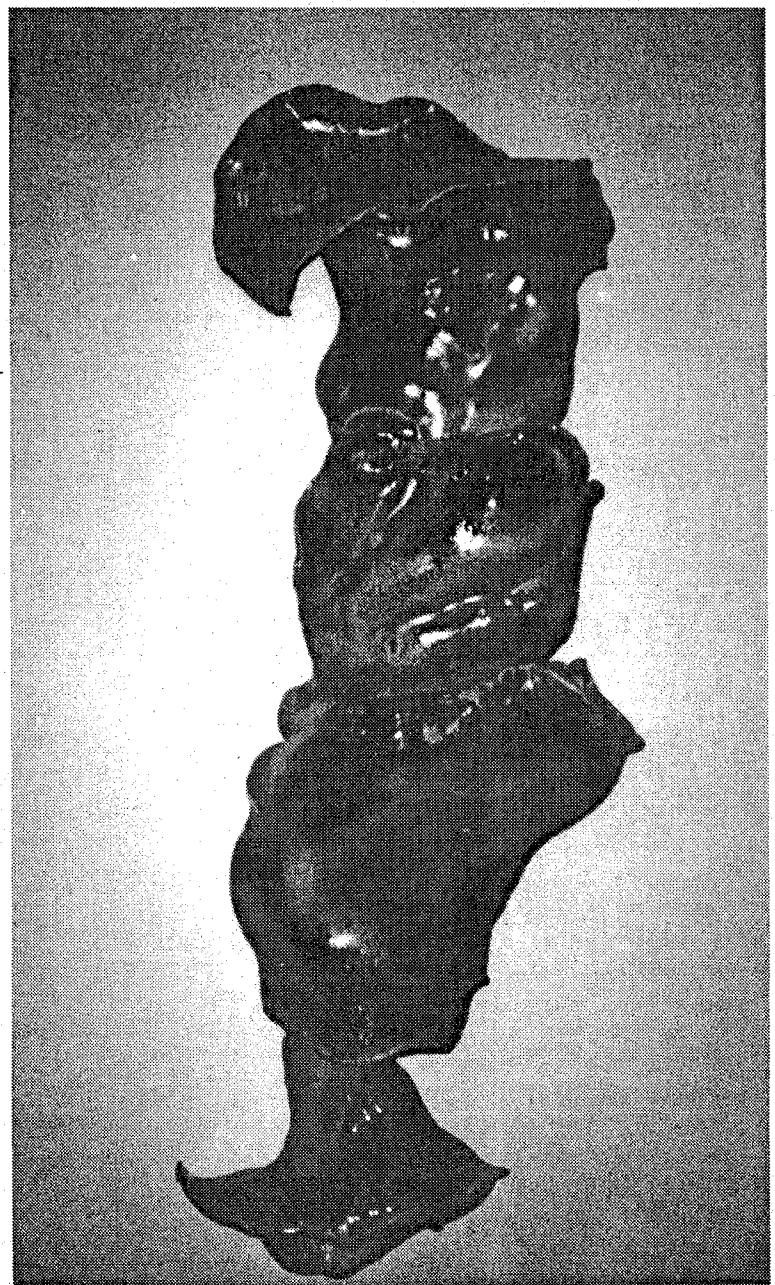
As with most modern art, however, the opinion may slide either way on the scale of approval.

On the converse of praise (because this newspaper is all about giving equal voices to conflicting opinions), one could see the art as the same form over and over, with little stray from the ceramics medium.

Other than look at the various works and follow the depths of the flowers, one may finish the exhibit with little taken away from it. Notwithstanding, Schulz is a very talented artist with an obvious passion for her art as well as her uncommon style, and I look forward to seeing what else she will produce in future galleries.

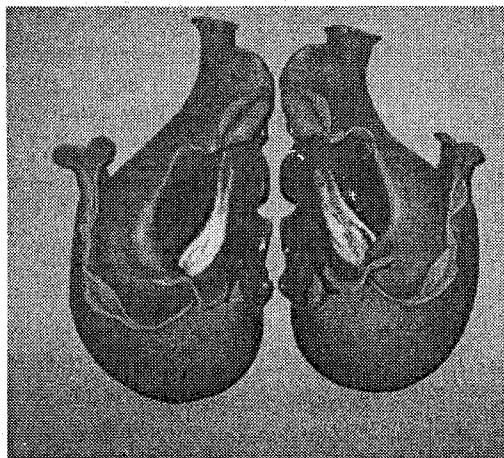
Stony Brook's resident artist program gives young artists, such as Schulz, a place to work and exhibit. Ms. Schulz has been at Stony Brook since last November. While in residence at Stony Brook, Schulz has made all of her displayed art on campus through the Crafts Center, as well as teaching two courses at the Ceramic Studio: Beginner Pottery Making, and Pottery Making II.

Either way you take modern art, I'd definitely suggest checking out this exhibit. Even if this type of art isn't really your style, it would pay off to at least find out where the Union Gallery is. There's bound to be something there sooner or later that you could enjoy. Besides, there has got to be something wrong with you if you don't like art. See art. Have fun. Be Happy.



The Union Gallery plans to host four other art shows this year, including "Pre-Sculpture Period 1920-1940," (September 24 through October 9) "Unseen America," (October 15-31) and both senior student art shows. (November 6-16 and November 29 through December 12).

For more information on the Arts, Crafts, & Leisure Program's classes, find the orange "Arts, Crafts & Leisure Programs" pamphlet in the Crafts Center Office in the Union basement (open 9am-5pm Monday through Friday), or call (on campus) 2-6820.



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Editorial: So, Who Else is Sick?

From what I hear, at the beginning of every school year, as thousands of students from wherever they're from, coalesce at Stony Brook, bringing with them a delightful cross-section of communicable illnesses, just about everybody gets sick. So thanks a lot you plague-ridden flock of bastards.

It feels like there is a gym sock stuffed between my brain and my face. Blowing my nose has been a fruitless toil so now I've just shoved two tissues into my nostrils to stop the tidal flow coming from my nose. I'd rather eat glass than move right now.

On the lighter side, we have CVS brand multi-symptom non-aspirin severe cold congestion without drowsiness. It's good for what ails ya, and as an added bonus, it makes you quite a bit loopy at the same time. Pseudoephedrine and DXM: being sick was never more fun. As my symptoms fade I get to fully enjoy the sounds of my friends starting to sniffle. No one is safe from my super germs.

Hey speaking of communicable diseases, how are all you folks in the tripled dorms? Damn if there was ever someone on this campus getting the shaft (and believe-you-me, there WAS) it's you. You might as well be making Nikes in an undisclosed overseas factory, at least you'd be get-

ting paid 50¢ a week. By the way, the president of this fine university lives in a mansion.

For the freshmen: drop USB 101 right now. It is a waste of your time, money and dignity. Look over the deadlines to withdraw from classes. They will sneak up and bite you hard on the ass. Rule of thumb: you probably shouldn't be drunk while watching Saturday morning cartoons. Oh, and no matter what anyone tells you, "energy" drinks (e.g. Red Bull) will not make you a better lover. Only having a lot of money can do that.

Has anyone else noticed that the in-progress Charles Wang Center is shaping up to be remarkably phallic? Chuckle. Chuckle.

Swivel chairs and legal pads are the only things you need to manage a productive office. We at the Press are big fans of both. We recommend buying at least a half dozen of each before even pursuing the office space that these items will eventually reside in.

In conclusion, the sculpture show upstairs in the Union is incredibly vaginal and anyone who says otherwise is lying.

Editorial: The Ivory Tower is No More

I was lying on the couch when Katie woke me up. "You gotta wake up, somebody just blew up the World Trade Center!" I didn't know what the hell she was talking about but I got up anyway and made my way to the TV station next door where some people had congregated around the television. What I heard the newscaster say next was unbelievable. Somebody had flown a plane into the Twin Towers, no, two planes, one into each. Where the hell am I? After staring at the box for a while, one of the buildings collapsed. It just fell straight down upon itself into a cloud of smoke. It didn't seem real. I have not been a New Yorker for a long time. I have never been inside those towers, but I had seen them from the BQE going into Staten Island, and I knew that they were terrific in size. How could they simply disappear? I didn't know how to feel, but I knew I felt strange and angry. It was a hell of a thing to wake up to.

When presented with situations like this, where one is so shocked as to be barely able to comprehend what is going on, it is easy to jump to conclusions. Sometimes events like this bring out the best in people, as the block-long lines of people waiting to give blood vividly illustrate. Sometimes with the good comes the worst in us. It would be a tragedy if people reacted to this act of hate with hatred of people who look like those we think are responsible. Racism is an American legacy and just as Japanese-Americans were persecuted after Pearl Harbor, it is likely that Middle Eastern-Americans will be persecuted now. We must fight to stop this from happening. As Americans we are collectively

the target of this attack, and as Americans we must all stand up for the values, and the freedoms which this attack threatens.

One of those freedoms is from Fear. No American should fear that because they look Middle-Eastern that they will be held accountable for the actions of a few, extreme terrorists. No American should forget that either we all have freedom or none of us are truly free. There is always somebody, or some group of people which can oppress any individual, unless they are opposed.

Americans must look to the policies of our Nation and try to understand the source of this intense hatred which has taken so many lives. We must remember that tragedy, death, and destruction happen all around the world, and often by our own hand. We must realize the horror of such violence now that it has been brought into our very backyard, and endeavour that no one anywhere in the world suffers this sort of terror.

Americans must appreciate the suffering of other people across the globe because their suffering is now ours as well. The Ivory Tower has crumbled and laid waste our complacency. Our nation is not removed from the world's problems, and we must learn why this hatred was brought to bear upon us in such a horrible way. We must learn why we are hated so bitterly, and what we can do to heal these wounds not only at home, but across the world. Most of all, we must not let an act born of Hate beget Hate amongst us. This is a time for understanding, for love, and for healing.

Future Was Then

By Sarah Stuve

Chances are if you weren't at the Union Bi-level on Friday night then you had no idea that the Future is Now Festival was even going on. Well, for those of you who ignored the flyers, who don't listen to the radio, or who just didn't have the three bucks to get in, here's a re-cap of what the future was like on Friday night.

The Future is Now Festival on Friday, September 7th, occurred at the Union Bi-level at 8pm. The night's festivities consisted of some really great bands, some really strange instruments and one can-

celled act. Oh, and some free pizza if you were sneaky. The cost of entry was three dollars for Stony Brook students and eight dollars for non-students. All proceeds from the show went to benefit Stony Brook's WUSB 90.1. The whole shebang was painstakingly put together by WUSB's own Dave Kline. Those on the night's performance list included Encounter Box, Nano Frog, Space Robot Scientists, ZIA and Earthling. Unfortunately, due to an excessively anal police staff and a late start to the show, the closing band, Earthling, was forced off the roster. In addition, most of the bands had to cut their performances short to meet the twelve midnight cut off time. WUSB's Dave Kline was denied a twenty minute extension onto the show. Despite the help and cooperation of building management (thank you), nothing could be done about the cut off.



Zia band member and her space-age musical triangle

Ok, enough of the bad stuff. Regardless of the cancellation, the show was great. All the performers were extremely talented and I was impressed, to say the least. Future is Now turned out to be a cleverly fitting name for the show, considering the array of electronic instruments used. The most outstanding of these instruments being the Theremin, an electronic instrument which uses electromagnetic interference to make crazy noises, played by Matt in Space Robot Scientists. Also, all of the instruments played by the members of ZIA, look like they either came from outer space or an old science fiction movie.

I met Elaine and Liz from ZIA after the show and organized an interview with them over the internet. After handing in my film to the Press office and grabbing a bite to eat at the Kelly Deli, Jamie Mignone (writer of "Bob") and I walked our friend Trida to her car and went to my dorm sweet dorm. There I put

together a Three AM and exhausted interview. Then I fell asleep while Jamie killed zombies on Resident Evil: Code Veronica X.

The next morning, after my car broke down on North Loop Road and was towed off to the mechanic, (that's ok, it's not like I really needed to leave campus anyway) I came home to an excellently finished interview from the members of ZIA. So without further ado... the interview...

Q: What are your names, and what instruments do you play?

A: ELAINE: My name is Elaine Walker and I mostly sing lead and play my planetaur, and occasionally play midi triggers and keyboards on the other stations.

LIZ: I'm Liz Lysinger and I sing back ground vocals and occasionally lead vocals, play keyboards and MIDI triggers (a.k.a. I whack circuit boards, equipped with piezo transducers, with sticks.). Outside of ZIA, I play piano and pipe organ.

MATT: My name is Matt, I play a lot of instruments, however, in ZIA, I hit MIDI triggers.

Q: Where are you all from and where do you practice?

A: ELAINE, LIZ and MATT: Elaine is from Las Cruces, NM, Liz is from Detroit, MI, Matt is from Commack, LI and we practice in Elaine's bedroom in Brooklyn, NY.

Q: How did you get involved in the future is now festival?

A: ELAINE: That sounds good, what is it? I wasn't aware that we were involved.

LIZ: What is the future is now festival?

MATT: But, the future IS now!

Q: If you could give a name to the music you play, what would you call it?

A: ELAINE, LIZ and MATT: Electronic pro-space pop music.

Q: What albums do you currently have out, and are there any more on the way?

A: ELAINE, LIZ and MATT: Currently, there is ZIAv1.5 released in 1994, SHEM (EP) released in 1996, and Big Bang! from 2000. We are currently working on a new album, so stay tuned!

Q: So what did you think of Stony Brook?

A: ELAINE: Great, except the police searched us illegally. We witnessed them searching other people's equipment without the band members being anywhere in sight. They searched our bags right in front of us with out asking for permission. Our friend, Mike asked the security guards why they were doing that and they said that they had direct orders from the police. So, he asked the police and they said, "It's policy." So, he got their badge numbers and names. This is completely illegal and unconstitutional. These kids are going to grow up being used to this type of infringement on their rights. This is bad.

LIZ: We played there twice before, for the ICON science fiction and fantasy conventions. It seems like a straightforward university campus. It needs better signs telling you where you are and where you are going, though.

MATT: *shrug*...played there...done that.

It's Rock & Roll, baby...

Q: Who do you think would win in a fight between Hulk Hogan, Joseph Stalin and Tom Cruise?

A: ELAINE: Hulk Hogan
LIZ: Stalin.
MATT: Tom Cruise

Q: Explain those strange looking instruments you play. They're great.

A: ELAINE, LIZ and MATT: They are electronic MIDI triggers. The Circuit boards were discarded from AT&T and we put a piezo transducer on the back of each one. They are all plugged into the DrumKats, which we used to program them for each song. We play all the notes and samples with sticks by hitting these circuit boards. They have different notes and sounds set up for each song.

Q: What are your bed times?

A: ELAINE: 5am
LIZ: mmmmm.....between 4am and 6am, depending on what I have to work on.
MATT: I sleep?

Q: Which are your favorite bands?

A: ELAINE: Missing Persons, Garbage, Bjork, Billy Idol, Nitzer Ebb, Front 242, Front Line Assembly, New Order, Space Robot Scientists
LIZ: Orb, Orbital, David Bowie, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Rolling Stones, I just started getting introduced to the music of Konflikt...
MATT: Tom Waits, Velvet Underground, Devo, Subhumans, X Ray Spex, Talking Heads, David Bowie.

Q: What band(s) if any have had the greatest influence on your music?

A: ELAINE: Front Line Assembly.
LIZ: For my solo project, Rachmaninoff and Victor Borge. For ZIA, it's Orb and Orbital.
MATT: Me, personally? Danny Elfman and The Talking Heads, mixed with lots of Devo.

Q: Ok, here is where you can include any new releases, show dates, website addresses, booking info, and announce ments. Plug/include anything you want...it's up to you.

A: ELAINE: www.ZiaSpace.com (ZIA - Official Website), www.BlueZiaProd.com (BlueZiaProductions - Elaine and Liz's production company), www.ZiaSpace.com/nssnyc (The New York Chapter of The National Space Society)
www.WorldSpacePartyDC.com (This is The World Space Party event occurring in Washington, D.C in 2002.)
LIZ: www.LizLysinger.com (my website), www.pokemon.com and www.ny.pdse.com (Pokemon and Rave Music - I am one of the music editors for the Pokemon animated television series).
MATT: www.SpaceRobotScientists.com (Space Robot Scientists - my band), www.aWillLinkFilm.com (for the promotion of the film, "Hack", which I scored the music for).

UPCOMING SHOWS:

SAT. -SEPT. 8 @ Downtime, NYC - 11pm
FRI. -SEPT. 21@Triad Lounge, NYC - 8pm
SAT. -SEPT.22@Narrows Center for the Arts, MA
FRI. -SEPT. 28 @ The Kitch Inn at True, NYC
For booking in Long Island or anywhere, really, contact: Matt Dallow at mattpd2@aol.com. For booking in Manhattan, Boston, or anywhere else, contact: Liz Lysinger at zia@chaoscontrol.com



TOP TEN Battle of the Century

Ways to Dump Your High School Girlfriend

10 Lobster-Boy-O-Gram

9 Via "mix-tape"

8 Join a frat. (Oh, my bad, I thought this was top ten ways to RAPE your high school girlfriend.)

7 Send her a PFLAG pamphlet.

6 Tell Her: "There's only room for one love in my life; and that room is rented by Jesus Christ."

5 Pawn her off on your other High School girlfriend.

4 Kindly let her know that "college is about experimentation, experimentation fucking other women that is."

3 Kindly let her know that "college is a voyage of self-discovery, self-discovery fucking other women that is."

2 Combine 1 part bitch, 1 part kick and 1 part curb. Shake vigorously. Serve chilled.

1 Forward to Phone mail.

News from before the World Trade Center was exploded

News from after the World Trade Center was exploded

PRO

Yankees were on the way to another World Series win.

World Trade Center: doin' fine!

Powerball Jackpot up to \$280 million!

John Stuart ends vacation from the Daily Show!

Nintendo announces launch of it's next generation console: the Game cube.

People are coming out in droves to donate blood

The Latin Grammys are postponed indefinitely

The Emmy "awards" have been postponed indefinitely

Pres. Bill Clinton is doin' fine!

Giuliani experiencing temporary bout of humanity

CON

America had yet to "legalize it."

Dick Cheney tenaciously holding on to last moments of life.

P. Diddy has not been exploded.

N'SYNC: doin' fine

Microsoft announces launch of it's next gen console: X-box

WWF merges with WCW and ECW.

World Trade Center got exploded.

Finally realized that Bush is actual President and not April Fools President.

Pentagon also got exploded, kinda.

P. Diddy has not been exploded.

MTV Video Music awards not cancelled, or exploded.

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Bare Bones is Pretty Raw

By Adam Kearney

The goal of a public university is to provide quality higher education that is affordable to students of all economic levels. To accomplish this goal, tuition costs must be kept at a minimum and financial aid programs must have adequate funding. However, this is the total opposite of what is occurring in the New York public university system.

Students are outraged at the "bare-bones" budget that was passed last month by the State Senate and Assembly. This budget allocates even less funds to higher education opportunity programs than the previous proposal from Governor George Pataki. The steady increase of tuition costs and inflation in New York calls for an appropriate increase in funding for educational programs. Now with the beginning of a "bare-bones" era they may barely be able to operate, because they have been continually stripped of their already meager resources.

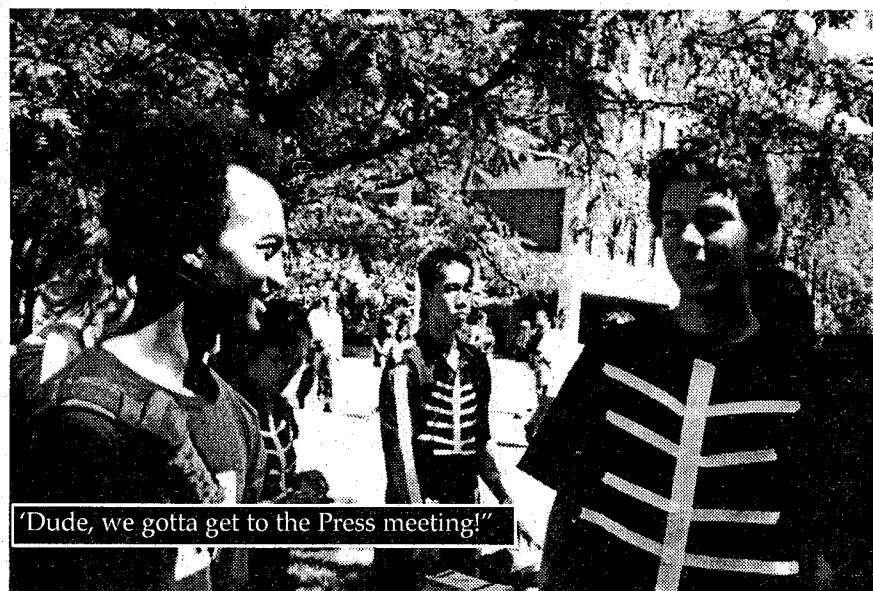
The largest cuts have been made to educational opportunity programs such as EOP, SEEK/CD and HEOP, totaling \$13.8 million dollars. EOP stands for Educational Opportunity Program, which is SUNY's assistance program for New York State students who show promise for mastering college-level work. "Bare-Bones" reduces the EOP budget by 16%, a \$2.7 million decrease. SEEK, (Search for Education, Elevation and Knowledge), and CD, (College Discovery), are two programs for the City Universities of New York that focus on financial aid, specialized counseling, remedial instruction, tutoring and book expenses for those students who could not successfully complete their higher education without such assistance. SEEK/CD funding has been cut by 19%, which is \$2.7 million less than what they received last year. HEOP, (Higher Education Opportunity Program), is provided at independent colleges throughout the state and involves testing, tutoring and financial assistance for disadvantaged students. The HEOP budget has been cut by a staggering 25% which translates into \$5.6 million less for students. STEP is another poorly funded program that just recently lost 25% of its budget. The Science and Technology Entry Program prepares minority students or those who are economically disadvan-

tagged for professional study in scientific or technical areas. New York State's 108 independent colleges also rely on Bundy Aid, or Direct Institutional Aid. The colleges receive payments from the Bundy Aid program based on degrees actually conferred to students. This program lost \$3 million due to the new budget, reducing it to \$44,250,000, when according to state mandated levels the total sum should be \$130 million.

Childcare for parents attending classes has been cut by \$3.9 million by the New York State Assembly. These public funds are sometimes the deciding factor whether a parent obtains of a higher education. This "bare-bones" cut is a detrimental factor for their learning experience of many students with children.

Students have not just sat by and watched the growing decline in their educational standards without a word of protest. Activists, notably those belonging to the NYPIRG organization, have engaged the political powers that be to the point of dressing up in skeleton costumes in a mockery of the whole "bare-bones" rip-off. The New York Public Interest Group conducted press conferences along with these protests in an effort to have the Governor restore and increase funding for higher education. Students initiated phone-in drives whereby thousands of informed, motivated people directly communicated with their representatives in the State government and urged them to restore funding to important programs.

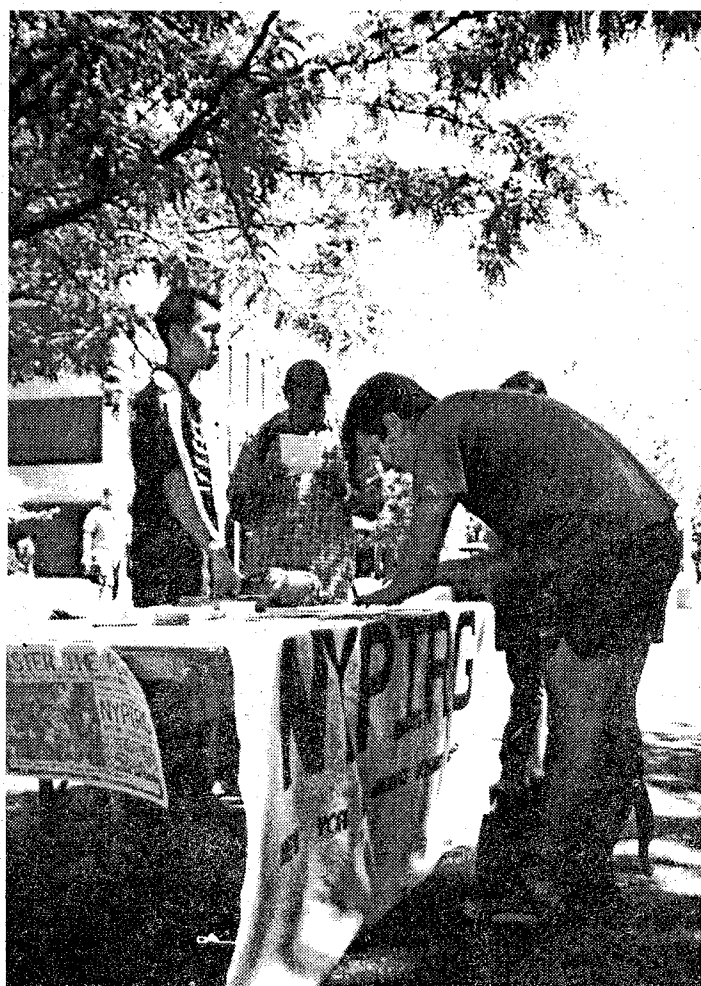
Representatives should get the idea that current funding levels are insufficient for students and for a fully functional university as a whole. The programs being stripped of meat are essential to create equal opportunities for students regardless of



their family's income. One would think our leaders would be more than willing to invest our tax dollars in higher education, that way graduates can earn more money by getting better jobs and end up paying higher taxes, but these old men and women are generally not inclined to think too much about the future. This becomes the job of the student.

Those in NYPIRG and elsewhere have appealed to the Governor to introduce a supplemental budget that would restore the cuts declared in the "bare-bones" budget. That would mean restoring the \$13.8 million to opportunity programs, the \$3.9 million to campus childcare, the \$13 million from cut from CUNY's full-time faculty budget, and the \$3 million from Direct Institutional Aid.

There should not be a need to implore the governor to pass a supplementary budget in order for programs to operate as they have been for years. The "bare-bones" budget should have never been passed because it is plainly ridiculous and stupid to cut funding for higher education. Not only should the budget cuts be restored, but the State government must be forced to recognize that it will not be a good idea to mess with our educational standards in the future.



Electrocuted for the Good of Science

By Gregory Knopp

Why do I have this scar on my left arm? Why did my hand twitch when I tried to use the phone? Like anyone else taking a psychology class I was required to participate in a psych experiment. Since I waited till the end of the semester, there weren't that many options left. Actually only a couple experiments were posted up that were not full. I found one that was two hours long (I needed two hours worth for my class), so things were looking promising. Besides the fact that I was going to have to cut my class to attend, there was another problem: slight electric shock would be involved in the procedure. This made me pause and think for a second. I looked around, seeing that there were no real options, and considering that it might be somewhat interesting I signed up.

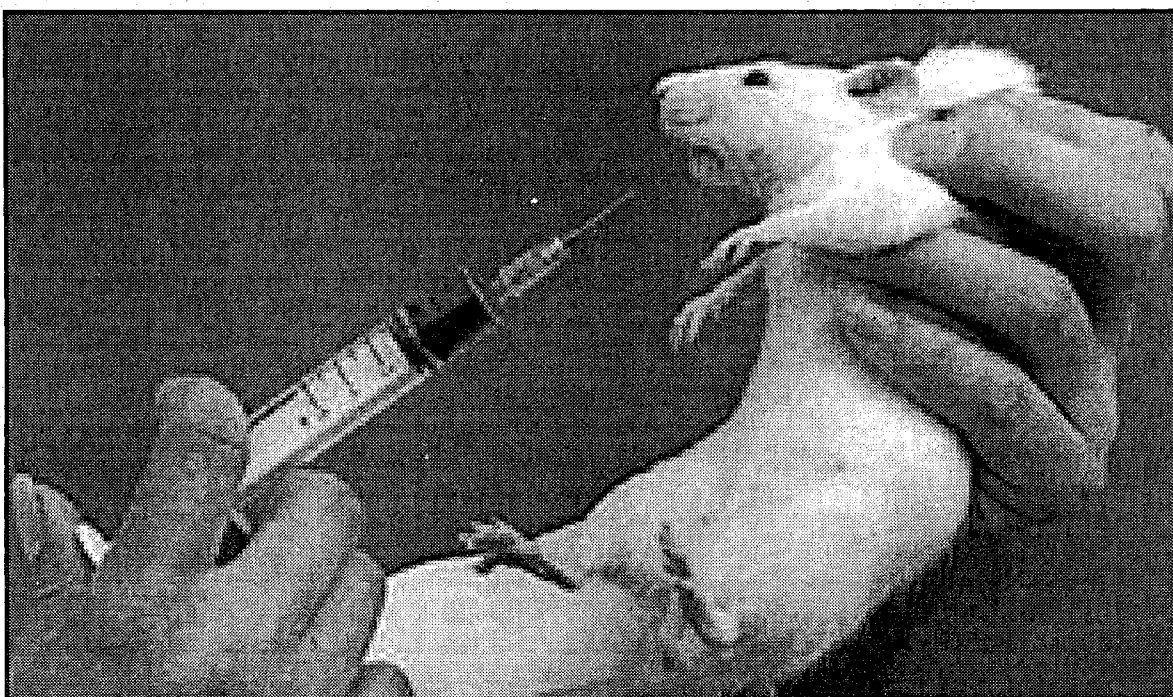
Tuesday afternoon I showed up to the psych building and found the office that my little slip indicated. Inside a man in his mid-twenties, and a lady about the same age were walking around, looking occupied. I identified myself, was seated and given paperwork to sign. It stated that I was going to be involved in an experiment and mild electric shock would be delivered occasionally.

First, they would determine a volume that was painful, but not intolerable and that amount would be delivered. With some hesitation I signed. The two were acting very professional and distant. I couldn't help but inquire about the shock, and was reassured that it would be very infrequent.

The girl turned on the water and asked me to wash my hands and arms. As I put my hands in the stream I found the water to be rather hot, but not intolerable. Being a paranoid person, specifically with medical personnel, and having some knowledge in psych experiment procedures, I figured that this was part of the test, and she was seeing if I would adjust the water. With a feeling that I had figured out their little trick I continued to wash my hands in the hot water.

After I was done she asked me to follow her to the room of the experiment. We walked down your typical hallway with wooden doors, until we reached a strange and scary entrance. This door was elevated some inches off the ground. It was large and metal. On it was a lock that could only be unlocked from the outside, resembling a medieval gate. We stepped in. Inside was the size of about half a dorm room. The walls were cushioned and padded. The girl asked me if I knew "What this is." To my reply of no she stated it was a soundproof room. "No one can hear you scream," flashed in my mind. One side of the room contained an armchair, and across from it an old computer with a little white projection screen on top of it. I was seated and given a thin wooden board with a computer mouse atop it. The girl then picked up a few metal plates with rubber straps attached to them. She asked me if I knew what they were. She explained that they were a device to measure my heart rate, and applied some blue jelly to them. She strapped one to each of my legs and one to my right arm. I noticed thin wires protruding from the plates. She indicated a camera in the upper right corner, claiming that I would be watched the whole time. A microphone hung from a nail on the left wall. With that she left the room.

I'd heard of experiments like the Stanford Prison, and Milgrams authority obedience experiment. So I figured that they were trying to trick me, and concluded that those straps were really the shock-delivering mechanism.



Some time passed. I would glance at the camera. Everything was very silent. I started to tap the board with my fingers, making a beat. After a few seconds of this the lady's voice emerged from a speaker and asked me to sit still.

I stopped tapping and sat still. Some more time passed. The computer screen lit up. A computer voice proceeded to explain what was to come. It stated that they were going to observe my ability to monitor my own heart rate. I was to be shown a beating heart and hear a sound, then using the mouse I was to decide if the tone was delayed. I did this for a while, anxious of being zapped. I was never shocked.

The man came in and began to prepare me for the second part. He attached something to my finger, claiming that it was a device to monitor my skin. Then he introduced the electric device to me. It was O-shaped and the diameter of a golf ball. He said that a salt-water drenched sponge would be placed inside the grooves of the device. This would help transmit the shock. He warned me that the salt was likely to irritate my skin. He was going to leave the room, and test out my capacity for pain. He said he was going to increase the strength, and I would decide when enough was enough. He suggested that I should try to pick the strongest shock I could withstand. This was going to be the shock I would receive during the experiment. With slow increments I settled on a shock that hurt, but not a lot. I was trying to see what they would determine about me, depending on how much I could take.

After the technicalities were (literally) settled, I was ready to participate in the real experiment. This was the debriefing: a laser pointer would appear on the projection screen accompanied by a noise. This would be followed by a picture and depending on that picture I was to decide (using a scale 100% SHOCK to 0% NO SHOCK, incremented by 10% on the computer) if I was going to be shocked or not.

I'm sitting in the armchair, one hand on the mouse, the other held upside down for the benefit of the shocking device. I hear a rough noise, and a red dot flashes on the monitor. A few moments later a picture flashes on the screen. It looks like a 3D puzzle, just a bunch of shades of yellow, which disappears right away.

Now I was to decide if I was going to be shocked. I put 40% no. Few seconds later, the noise, the red light, then a pause, then the same picture. This time I put 60% no shock. Then the same thing happened, now I put 80% no shock. A couple of seconds passed and I felt a tightening

of my left arm, it stung for a little bit, and let go. Then the noise, flash, the same picture. Now I didn't know what to do. I put 40% no shock. ZAPP!!! My face twitched in pain, and disapproval. I was a bit distressed, then zzz! The noise, then the red flash, and bam, the same picture. So I put 50% shock, a couple of seconds of nothing, and ZAAPP!! I murmured "Fuck" out loud. Then again with the noise, the red dot and the same fucking picture. This time I guessed 20% shock, and no shock followed.

This went on for a while. I tried to figure out the logic. Did the picture subtly change? Did the noise and my heart rate that those fucking bastards were monitoring have something to do with each other? I attempted to notice a pause between the heart beat and the noise, but this yielded no results; I was still shocked at times.

I tried to adjust my guess depending on an array of things including the imagined differences in the pictures, the previous shock and my own fucking heart beat. Nothing worked! When I guessed that I was not going to be shocked, I felt a relief, and if that followed a shock it tended to hurt more, and was more devastating morally.

I hoped that all this would end, I would glance over to the camera. I tried to figure out what they were getting at. I barked obscenities. I wondered if this would only end when I asked them to stop. Was this some fucking cruel test of conformity and fear of speaking up? I figured they wanted to destroy me mentally. They would do things that would not correspond to logic, and ask me to guess logically if I was going to be shocked again. I considered taking off the fucking strap, but I did nothing. Did I please those fuckers? Did I prove them right, support their little evidence? I don't fucking know.

After a long, long while this ended. There was another short part to the experiment where I would see the same picture, and had to guess if it was a snake or a spider. It didn't look like either. No shock followed this time. They took off the straps and sent me on my merry way, crediting me for two full hours. The paper they gave me at the end claimed that they wanted to see if people who were good at monitoring their own body would be more likely to predict an upcoming shock of pain. This made some sense, but offered little consolation.

What's New About DJ Kim's New

By Cris Stackowicz

Last year, I began the challenging task of writing reviews of art exhibits on campus. Some readers were absolutely bored by these and others were upset about the way in which I write. I suppose it's to be expected. Nonetheless, I will continue reviewing again this semester unless someone out there feels like taking the pen away from me. The goal is not to bore you when writing about art. Instead, I try to show little things that may make the art on campus actually have some kind of value, and actually be worth seeing. I don't try to change your opinion. I just try to give some kind of interpretation of the work, whether it be good or bad, right or wrong. And maybe that sparks some kind of interest in actually seeing the work done by the graduate students.

If you've had an art history course, you know the boredom of which I'm speaking. You're tired. The lights go down. The slides start, and that unfortunate head snap begins. Sometimes you just give up and let your head lie on the pillow/notebook and wake up with a pile of drool encrusted to the side of your face. I know the feeling; I've been there before. So, I start to think, what makes art even worth studying if it bores the good bulk of students and potential viewers? What makes the work on campus even worth seeing?

There's this little gallery on campus. It's located in the Melville Library, adjacent to the lounge. It's the Graduate Gallery for those poor souls seeking out their MFA degree. It's a chance to showcase one's work with the expectation of something. What do we do as artists when we show our work? What are we expecting out of it? Do we have some kind of responsibility to the viewing public to make something worth seeing?

Occasionally it's open. Most of the time it's not. Sometimes there's a packed house, and other times not a soul in sight. Ideally the place

would attract numerous visitors, curious to see what the next generation of artists' work will look like. I suppose one goes in there expecting a transformative experience. As if walking into the gallery would broaden your perspective, show you new things and excite you in some kind of way. A little like walking into a quasi-Disneyland, or shopping mall, or thrift store for that matter.

But then you go in and see a handful of paintings, pseudo-impressionistic and pseudo-expressionistic, and say, "What's so exciting about this?" I can see paintings a million times better at the Metropolitan Museum only two hours away by train. What audacity the artist has to show these works here and call them New Paintings. There's nothing new about them.

Is there really anything new for the public about DJ Kim's paintings? Probably not, unless one is an avid fan of DJ's and has seen his past work or paid attention to the show's in the gallery last year. Then carefully tracking his genealogical artistic lineage, it could be said that what he dubs new paintings really are new, to him at least, and maybe to those of us who know his work. So you can't go in there and expect to see a new style of painting that you have never been witness to before. Instead go in there with the realization that this style is completely new for the artist, and when we think of it in this way maybe we can form some kind of dialogue with these pieces in question.

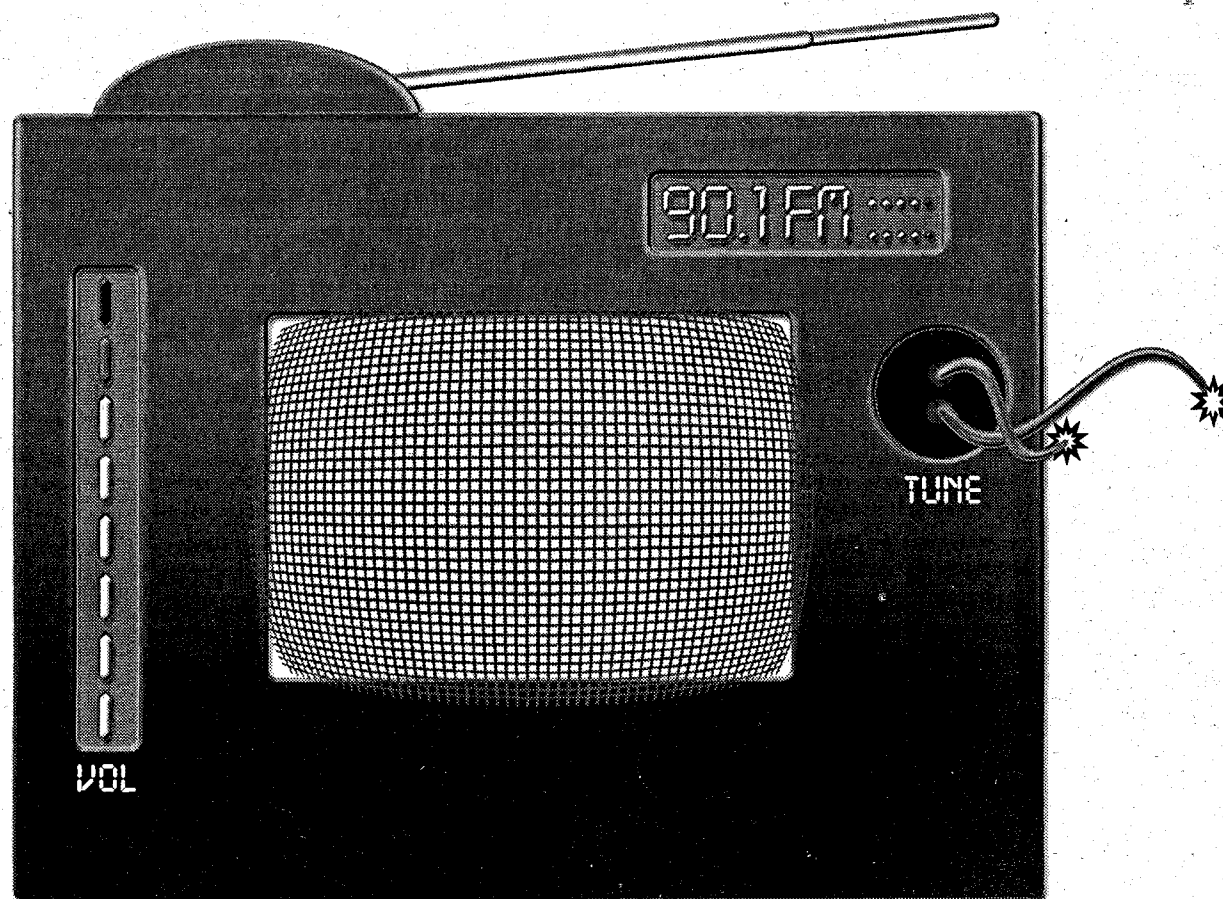
If you saw DJ's show last year, you can tell the difference. Last year he painted these exquisitely slick sperm paintings that seemed to flow through the canvases and across the walls. They were painted as if one had shown a fluorescent light under a microscope and seen the highlighted spermies on the slide. They were pretty much surface glitzy gallery paintings that pretended to have a depth but didn't. Basically, his paintings looked like commercialized prostitution of artistic skill. There was no emotive

quality and absolutely no excitement. You might know the kind of painting I'm talking about, they are in every office building in America, trying to brighten up a boring space and only boring you more. The kind of thing you specifically try not to notice when you walk in.

Now the paintings have changed. In DJ's past year, he has opened up to himself and the viewer. This is what is new to the viewer and to DJ as well. The paintings, whether good or bad, signal a change in the direction of the artist. He no longer seems to be interested in selling himself out to a gallery, making work for the soul fact of selling it. Instead the paintings seem to effervesce with a necessity for the artist to paint, and to paint as an expression of himself, not as an expression of the commercialized desire for gallery and contemporary art acceptance.

The paintings are assumably trees, yet they become something much more when looked at with a wide angled opinion. The branches of the trees look more like cracks in glass, as if the slides from which he used to anal retentively look at sperm. And out of the cracks of scientific observation appears real life; an actual human who looks at things: analytic observation becomes naturally emotive experience.

This is what is new about DJ's paintings. Imagine a scientist who just realized that the life he studies in his little lab is part of a much bigger picture, and he just needs to crack the slides and open the petrie dish to really see it. I think DJ has cracked open those slides in these paintings, and what has revealed itself really is new to him, giving every bit of justification for him to call these "new paintings."



W-USB

the dial is broken. you have no choice.

Warped Tour

By Daniel Hofer

The summer is the greatest time of the year. This can be attributed to the fact that there is no school. There are other reasons: the beach, string bikinis, seeing old friends, string bikinis, crazy house parties, string bikinis, and of course, summer concert tours. One of these amazing summer tours is the popular "Van's Warped Tour."

The Warped Tour started as an all day punk rock show and has grown to encompass other music and acts. With multiple stages, tents and arenas at any given time, a person has a large selection of what to see and do. The bigger, well-known bands play thirty-minute sets back to back on the main stages. Less known and local bands play on assorted stages on the edge of the field. Many extreme-sports personalities such as skaters, bladers and BMXers show off their skills on makeshift half-pipes and blocks. The center of the Warped Tour is a village of tents, each promoting a band, company or organization.

Many people who say they don't want to go to the Warped Tour use the excuse that they don't like punk rock. To be honest, I didn't think much of punk until the first time I went to the Warped Tour. I left having seen about ten bands I had heard of before and with a much greater appreciation for the music. Each time I go I think I won't have a good time, but I keep proving myself wrong.

Every year the concert takes place on Randall's Island, right near the Triboro Bridge. The MTA sets up special buses just for the event. The fun begins once you step on the bus. Screaming, yelling and other mob like acts often occur on the bus and on line before the concert.

Of course there's more bands than there is time to see them. The best plan for a tour-goer is to find the list of bands and see who is playing and when, and set your day around that schedule. The tent village is a good place to walk around and see what is on sale or what is being given away. Most bands sell their CDs much cheaper at the Warped Tour Village than you could get in a record store. The Yoo-Hoo tent features free Yoo-Hoo among other things, and free hair cuts. Oh, and don't think you

could get a real hair cut there, the Yoo-Hoo barber only knows cuts like "the forward mullet," "the reverse mohawk" and "the monk." It was interesting seeing truth.com giving away stuff right near the booth selling pro-weed patches, flags and other marijuana oriented merchandise.

Yet, that was defiantly not the strangest of things I have seen at the Warped Tour. In recent years, the collaborators of the concert have been introducing new musical styles to the line up. This year Kool Keith and Morgan Heritage took the stage. Kool Keith is known for his rambling, lewd and generally insane rap lyrics. I was surprised as to how many punk rockers knew about "Dr. Octagonynocologist" and the "Half shark/alligator half man." Yeah, he's crazy. The reggae group Morgan Heritage taught us some patois (pronounced pat-wa), which is Jamaican dialect. Unfortunately, I don't remember what we learned, but it was interesting to see the crowd repeating after the lead singer.

These non-punk rock acts usually go up against a bit of opposition from hardcore punkers. This year during Morgan Freedom's set, some fat, long haired, white piece of trash turned his back to the stage and put both his middle fingers up high so everyone could see them. He was ignored and finally he gave up and walked away.

Of course what's a punk concert if you can't get dirty and sweaty? The mosh pits at Warped are the place to be. During the main acts, dust can be seen rising up from the crowd. In the pit, moshers can be seen wearing dust masks and bandanas to protect their lungs. I've seen a few morons wear a full-fledged gas mask. Seriously, that's going a little overboard. It's amazing how there are so many people who don't give a damn about getting dirty. And I'm not talking a little dirty. If you are in the pit for a while, your hair becomes stiff, your nose and throat gets clogged and your skin gets a tan. The pit is what makes Warped so much different from other concerts. Here most people want to get out their energy and have a good time. If someone falls over, everyone stops to help pick the person up. Everyone

crowd surfs and everyone gets a crowd surfers body landing on their head. Unlike other concerts (like say, the Three Doors Down concert,) no one gets mad, not even the surfer catching security guards.

This year's tour had a better lineup than most people expected. Pennywise had one of the greatest sets, and one of the craziest pits. They got the crowd to split into sides at one point and run into each other. They also started a gigantic "circle pit." The only band with a crazier fan base was Rancid. Everybody knows Rancid. Their songs "Time Bomb" and "Ruby Soho" have been on Z100 and MTV.

A Spanish girl from EMs was standing on the other side of the barrier near where one of my friends was moshing. She asked him how anyone could listen to such noise and choose to run into other people. He told her, "It's fun, you just gotta get into it." When Rancid got into "Ruby Soho," my friend saw the EMT girl bobbing her head to the music.

I spent some time this year at one of the local stages. These local bands were very appreciative of the small crowd they got, and talked and thanked everyone. At points it seemed like they would rather talk to the crowd than play. One of the better local bands called Ten Times A Day was really good. They covered some famous artists (Sting and Weezer if I remember correctly), and played some good original songs. I wouldn't be surprised if one day you hear them on the radio.

The Warped Tour is an amazing day of punk rock and fun. By the end, everyone is quite tired. Every year, I leave knowing a few more bands and songs. The greatest part about the train ride home is the look on other passengers' faces when they see your sweaty, dirty ass sitting down next to them. Even more so when you spit a nice dirt loogie between your feet.

Freshman Woes

By Dustin Herlich

At one point or another, everyone on this campus has been a freshman. Right now, it's my turn to go through all the trials and tribulations of starting my college career in Stony Brook. I'm quickly finding out exactly how badly I was lied to in selecting Stony Brook as my school of choice.

Before you even enter into your studies here, you have to go for freshman orientation, also known as the worst waste of time possible. Will someone tell me how a multiple choice scantron test takes 3 hours to grade? In high school we could grade those bubble sheets at a rate of 1 or 2 a second. 3 HOURS AT STONY BROOK? If that was not bad enough, now you had to listen to the most stupid and useless lectures possible given by professors. These included such babble as, "You will only have 3 hours a week of free time," and "You're getting a good education." I always wondered how it was so easy for some people to lie. I guess professors have to take training courses on that sort of thing.

After wasting an entire day at "orientation" and learning absolutely nothing, you have new student orientation when you move into school. If you thought programming was bad, this is torture. Useless lectures upon useless lecture about the same things they already told us at our first orientation session. How many times do they need to remind us that we should get to know our professors? If all the anti-

drug and alcohol speeches in high school did not stop you, why would some stupid play suddenly and magically work?

They scanned your Stony Brook ID at the new student convocation, which was a good way to scare us into going, but then we promptly fell asleep. Even the things that might help, such as the tours around campus proved to be wastes of time. As the RA's did not know there way around as well as I did. Very pathetic if you ask me. To make matters worse, all these little activities are ones that we have to repeat in our USB 101 classes they suckered us into. Isn't that wonderful?

At night after a long day of useless activities, all you want to do is go to bed. Not the easiest thing to do if you are in a triple and the other two residents insist on blasting some sort of horrible noise they want to call music. Even better is when your mattress has holes in it and springs coming through. When I asked about getting a new one, I was told there are none. Another beautiful lie. If you look into the windows of what is supposed to be the Tabler café, you can see very clearly that there are piles and piles of brand new mattresses... our college dollars hard at work.

After a weekend of impossible sleep it's time for class. But that's ok, because they are little more than nap time anyway! How sad is it when you are

close to a year ahead in ALL your classes? AP credits are great, except that Stony Brook University still does not let you skip a lot of your intro classes. So now I'm stuck in Environmental Geology, learning things that I actually helped teach as the TA of the advanced placement environmental science course in high school. Having to show my chemistry TA how to do a problem she assigned us in recitation makes me feel all the more special. So maybe it's good that I don't get to sleep much at night. I have nap time most of my day in the classes.

Everyone says you're getting a great education at a great price. So far, I'm not getting anything for my money. Including food which has made me violently ill twice. Not to mention how I can't use my meal plan at the SAC during the only times I'm actually around the area.

One of the few joys I have so far is the Ethernet. This wonderful thing has let me keep some of my sanity by letting me video conference with friends far away having much more fun.

Even though I'm complaining, I have had some fun in this school. Largely it's been with my old friends from high school who are also here. Meeting friends has not been the easiest thing to do. Hopefully, as time goes on, I'll find my classes more interesting, and I'll actually meet friendly people. For now, I'll just have to write to pass the time...

George W., Mike Bloomberg Long Lost Brothers

By Ross Rosenfeld

Yesterday, a most shocking revelation shook the nation, when it was discovered through secret documents uncovered by *The Press*, that Republicans George W. Bush (our unelected defender of democracy) and Mike Bloomberg (billionaire candidate for mayor of New York) are actually long-lost brothers. The documents, both of which *The Press* currently has in its possession, were discovered between the Kennedy Assassination and Alien Lifeform files of the Don't Go In Here cabinet at The National Hush-Hush Building in Washington, DC. They are undeniable.

"The President was shocked," said a close Bush aide, "Completely shocked. He didn't understand how this could have happened - even after we explained to him what sex is."

"This is unbelievable," Mr. Bush noted, speaking-out at a late-night press conference. "This is an unbelievable thing. But I believe that leavable things are usually good things, and I believe that I'm good with this thing."

The President went on to cite the event as "serpendicatus," and added further that he would work hard to "bridge the gap" between himself and his new-found brother.

Mr. Bloomberg, meanwhile, who was stopped and asked about the discovery while campaigning in Manhattan, said that he felt that a "quality of life crime" had been committed, but that it would not deter him from joining forces with his new brother. "Eight years ago," Mr. Bloomberg declared, "Rudy Giuliani said we don't have to have so much crime in the streets, we don't have to have so much violence - and he stopped it. Now I have a new brother. That is

why I want to continue with Mayor Giuliani's policies. I'm also for education."

Asked what connection these matters had, Mr. Bloomberg said that he did not know, but was sure that Mayor Giuliani had the answer. Mr. Giuliani was unavailable for comment.

"It's truly miraculous," said Psychiatrist Sigmund Piaget, the originator of the Bush-Bloomberg Brother Theory. "I had thought that there were similarities, but the rest was pure speculation," he admits.

The connection between the two men was first made by Piaget when he noticed that each man exemplified what psychiatrists commonly refer to as "Idiotic Tendencies": the slurring of words, the mispronunciation of names, the fact that neither man seems to have read the Constitution. "The similarities are remarkable," Piaget noted, "Both men are Republicans, both men are about the same height, with the same color hair and eyes. Both men are dumb as door-knobs - the connection was obvious."

Piaget eventually called *The Press* with his theory, and a covert operation was immediately set up, led by the notorious Ross the Red.

"It was a matter of truth," The Red said, "It had to be done."

And so, bravely, with the truth as his shield, the Red led a band of subversives into the Hush-Hush building late that night, and recovered the lost documents.

"I couldn't believe it myself," said Russ Heller, Editor of *The Press*, "But the evidence was there. It was undeniable."

The Bush Administration, meanwhile, set to welcoming the President's new-found rel-

ative.

"This was a matter that was not on the Agenda," Vice-President Cheney noted, leading the well-wishers, "But it is one that we embrace. It is a matter of family values, and we are the party that values family values."

Mr. Cheney then had to leave to recharge his heart.

How this will effect the mayoral election is, as of yet, unclear, though President Bush did offer his endorsement to his new-found brother's campaign. "I support the candidacy of Mr. Bloomberg," he stated, "or Mr. Bush, or Mr. Bloomberg, if he prefers. - I support them both. And will continue to support them."

Mr. Bloomberg welcomed the endorsement graciously, and said that he was looking forward to meeting with his new brother, the President, soon. When asked whether he would go to the White House or wait for Mr. Bush to come to New York, Mr. Bloomberg replied, "I'm from Boston."

The possible effect of a powerful Bush-Bloomberg alliance, meanwhile, has not escaped the minds of political analysts. "With both New York and Texas in their corner," George Carville has observed, "The two could easily turn the political tide their way and take the nation by storm. We could be dealing with these fellas for a very long time to come."

Scary. Very scary.

The Press will keep you updated.



the spot

open thur-sat
6pm-mid
music+beer+cabaret

2nd floor
fannie brice thtr.

Space Rock

By Adam Kearney

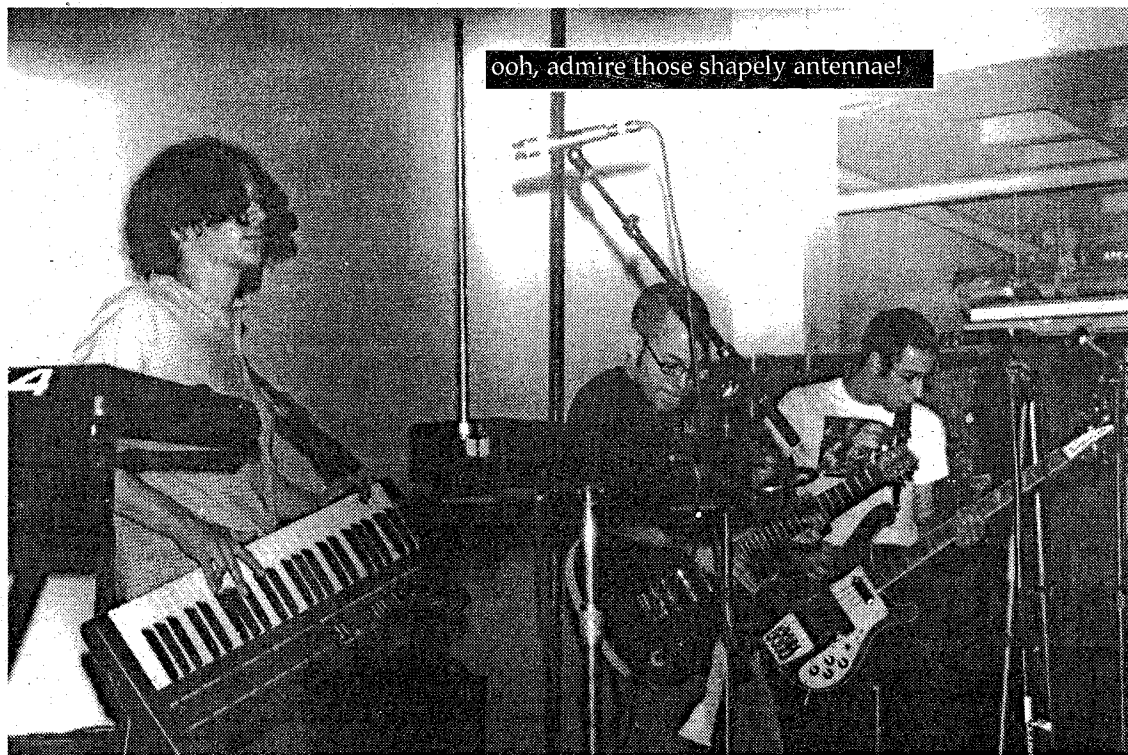
On September 7th in the Union Bi-Level at eight o'clock p.m., "The Future" did occur. As a benefit for WUSB 90.1 FM, Radio Free Long Island, "The Future Is Now Festival" included popular "space rock" bands such as Encounter Box, Nano Frog, Space Robot Scientists, Zia and Earthling.

The show, according to the flier, was supposed to begin at eight o'clock sharp, but we were not admitted until about a quarter to nine. This was not a problem for me except for the fact that it gave the bands less time to play and eventually resulted in the last band on the list, Earthling, not being able to go on stage. No explanations were given for the delay.

The first band to perform was Encounter Box. They were two guys, two microphones, synthetic instruments, and intellectual rapping about alienation in an assembly line society. One guy who had dreadlocks stayed onstage and spit some hip lyrics while the other galloped around the basement screaming into his wireless mike. He eventually crawled under the stage and roared out even more of his organ juices. My favorite part of the performance was the mannequin they had wrapped in electrical tape and hanging upside-down at the front of the stage. It was totally unnecessary, but a good effort at something.

Next on the lineup was Nano Frog. They are a creepy, trippy, electronic sounding band composed of Joe, who does vocals while punching his Roland JP2000 and 2Korg Electrog, Carol, who religiously chants lyrics while laying down beats from her drum machine and Maria who also uses a drum machine. This band has been together since '93 and like the others they originated on Long Island. Carol and Maria appeared to be in some sort of costume, with matching jeans and frilly shirts, while Joe wore blue jeans and a black Guinness T-shirt. I'd rather see him in a solo act. He was once a student at Stony Brook and was excited to be doing a benefit for the radio station. I never asked them what the hell a "nano frog" was and I don't regret it because I've found that it's a waste of time to ask stupid questions.

Space Robot Scientists kicked ass. I mean the name says it all. They have the hi-tech attitude, the radio shack flavor, a theremin, a guitar and



netic field, which is disturbed by the movement of objects, such as hands, around it. These disturbances are received by an AM radio that is built into the unit and then they are amplified to produce some very strange effects. Every american must have one. The Scientists have three members: Andre Bermudez, who plays lead guitar and sings, Matt Dallow, who plays the keyboard plus the much esteemed theremin, and Sean Corkery, who plays bass and does backup vocals. They are interesting characters as some excerpts from our interview will reveal.

They had a little metal robot guy with a microphone as their mascot. Sean claimed it was his sex slave and the only living being that understands him. Sarah Stuve and Jaime Mignone conducted this part of the interview. Andre and Matt were the original members from Commack, LI. Sean, from Bayport, thought they were the best band on Long Island and he "wanted to be able to get on stage and rock-out with them, sweat a lot, and beat the shit out of my bass". They have been together for three years. When I asked Matt about the origins of his space robot style he told me how

he would often wear his lab coat around town during his phase as an "eccentric teenager". Sean told us that "sometimes when I play, I wear a suit made entirely out of duct tape. If it is hot I don't wear it though, cuz it's hot and made out of duct tape." They called their style "aggressive disco" and their goal, in the words of Andre is "to make excit-

ing music that's different but not boring and artsy."

They played ICON last year here at Stony Brook and they were at Warped Tour over the summer. They say that they are not touring but they will be at CB's gallery on October 16th. For more information about the band you can check

out their web site at www.spacerobotscientists.com. The impression I had was that their instrumentals were not of this sphere. It appears that another new wave era is coming this time under the title of Space Rock and when it starts to get the widespread appreciation it deserves, I'm sure the Space Robot Scientists will be the definition of the sound.

Zia was next to perform. Zia consists of Elaine, Liz, and Matt from the Scientists. Elaine's been at it since '91, singing and twisting the knobs and dials of her guitar-. They sung of space and self-destruction, but it was not until their equipment failed and I watched them rush to get it back online that I realized the true extent of their professional talent and creativity. The sound they produced from those strange machines cannot be replicated.

Earthling really got screwed. They came all the way to the boondocks of Stony Brook to give us a show and not get paid and were cut off from performing because of the late start and the uncooperative building management who refused to let the show continue after midnight. I had the chance to listen to their CD and give them an interview so that they can get a little exposure. They formed Earthling two years ago as an electronic rock band. On the disk jacket was a list of their "alter-egos". George Reynolds, a.k.a. "Alexander Supertramp" is the lead singer. Tracy Jorg, a.k.a. "Trayling" is the female vocalist. Jon Ox, a.k.a. "Jonox" is the lead guitarist. Dave Case plays bass. Mike Liota, a.k.a. "dead mike" takes care of keys, tables, and programming. Jay Robinson, a.k.a. "J-Booty" is the drummer.

Some songs sound like I have heard them before on K-Rock or MTV, but the male and female vocals plus synthesizers and a new approach to song structure gives the band more of a futuristic appeal. Songs deal with typical, post-teenage angst: drugs, love, and the meaning of life. They will be playing a free show at Long Beach Skate Park on September 23 where there will also be skateboarding competitions.

The Future Is Now Festival was a definite success for the bands that performed and for Stony Brook Radio, which will be playing their material in the near future. All our gratitude goes to Dave Kline who arranged the whole thing and is promoting these bands as well as the station, 90.1 FM. Lastly, in regards to Space Rock, "Live Long And Prosper!"



songs that are actually fun to listen to. "What is a theremin?" you might ask yourself if you're anything like my word processor. Well, it's only the newest-in-new, do-it-yourself, super gadget that makes cool noises when you move your hands around. It consists of one horizontal antenna and one vertical antenna that produce an electromag-



Abort the President

Preperations
are almost complete

Ohhh,
yes my pre-
cious. We'll get
the nasty little
Bushous. Oh
yesss, my pre-
cious soon.
Soon.

In an effort to save all of humanity, a powerful consortium plans to abort the most dangerous man on Earth. They enlist the help of mad scientist, Imanuel Von Balderbaulm. Baldy builds them a time machine which they will use to prevent the birth of George W. Bush!

But something goes wrong!!

When
am I?

Next time whitey...

Oh, that Bush is Crazy!

He eats babies!

That Bush has shit for brains.

Oh, that Bush is totally insane!



The Common People Arise Part II

By Ross Rosenfeld

Hark, fellow students! Beware of rebels! Subversives from the evil land of Sensibility have attempted to curtail the power of Lord Kenny Nienhuser of Schick in the past weeks, forcing him to take drastic measures to preserve his vast seat of power.

These rebels are armed with intelligence and are potentially very dangerous. If you should spot them, please, report them to the authorities immediately. King David Scarzella, the ruler of all Kellyland, was called in to fight the Rebellion, and did in fact succeed in capturing the leader of the Anti-Idiocy Movement, Ross the Red. But the Red has evaded his captors, and is currently a fugitive on the run.

When last spotted, the Red (bandit that he is!) was going around Schick College with a red-hot petition in his hands, blatantly calling for a review of the great Lord Kenny's conduct. The petition was made up of paper and was unconcealed, for the fugitive was presenting it to fellow students for them to sign. This was an exercise of the First Amendment of the Constitution, US, and therefore a complete and utter violation of Lord Kenny's policies.

Sheriff Melissa Chung discovered the violation and reported it to Lord Kenny, who immediately took action. His Greatness, along with the ever-faithful Sheriff, tracked the Red (accompanied by an unidentified accomplice) to a location within the first floor of the Schick College building, and demanded to know what was going on. The Red then further incriminated himself by brandishing harsh terms in the face of such authority, claiming "rights" guaranteed by the "1st Amendment" of the Constitution of the United States.

Lord Kenny, in order to prevent damage being done to his sacred reputation, made certain to continually harass the Red and his compatriot in their Pro-Democracy efforts. Lord Kenny sent Sir Rohan Griffin (previously of sniffing fame) and Sheriff Melissa after the culprits, but when these efforts again proved unsuccessful, it was decided that King David himself should be called in. King David, in his haste, left without chariot or guard, appearing with only his pomp to distinguish him. He confronted Ross the Red with an "Official Directive," which is directly official of his direction as an official in an officially directive official manner (it's very official stuff).

The Official Directive was that the Red and his compatriot were to immediately cease in their attempts to establish a Pro-Democracy, Anti-Idiocy front through means of their peaceful petitioning. The Red (defiant character that he is) refused the Official Directive, citing and/or making references to the US Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and various other rebellious, Anti-Kellyian documents. The King, however, satisfied that his Official Directive had been officially directed, officially left the scene of the crime.

Ross the Red and his accomplice, meanwhile, continued to push forth, collecting signature after signature from their fellow common folk. Drastic measures were needed, and so Lord Kenny, sharp as a spoon once again, brought forth his gestapo force in the form of Sir Rohan and Sheriff Chung. The two went knocking door to door, demanding to know which common folk had signed the petition and warning those who had not yet signed to avoid doing so, otherwise risk the wrath of Lord Kenny and his subordinates.

This was a very difficult mission, for any one of the common folk the two Gestapos visited may have been familiar with the Constitution in the US and therefore part of the Pro-Democracy, anti-idiocy Movement. Yet, the two lingered on, not resting until they felt that our Kellyian, Stony Brook way of life was safe from such Pro-Democracy freaks.

As of yet, Ross the Red and his crew are still on the loose, and may in fact be continuing with their Anti-Idiocy petition. If any of these people should confront you, be careful - signing onto their petition would be a clear exercise of "Constitutional Rights" and obviously against Stony Brook standards. We must capture these insurgents and put them behind bars where they belong.

Furthermore, it is my belief that Stony Brook has become too lenient. If "innocent," Pro-Democracy freaks can run their rampant Freedom Campaigns in our buildings and on our campus, then truly we are in a dangerous position.

It is time then, I think, to strengthen our borders, to build fences and guard towers around our territory, so as to prevent these Pro-Democracy freaks from entering our country from the US. These people represent freedom, democracy, and sensibility, and must be stopped from deteriorating our school. Those already here should be rounded-up and hanged, ridding us of such incorrigibles and acting as a warning to those looking to cross the border. I feel that this suggestion is reasonable and just, and hope that my fellow students will join me in commanding it. Otherwise we run the risk of letting Pro-Democracy, Anti-Idiocy people take over the school, and then it would be too late.

the Arcade

open mon-fri
games all day
pool 5-11pm

basement, student union



Some Thoughts on Campus Motoring

By Robert Wong

Some colleges have a rigorous screening process for their applicants. Some colleges go to whatever lengths possible to assure that their campus contains only the brightest, most dedicated, hard-working and honest students. Some colleges have level-headed, industrious young students that do their degrees proud. Some colleges have student bodies full of intelligent students that truly define what "higher education" is supposed to be all about.

SUNY Stony Brook is not one of those colleges. Here's the thing about Stony Brook; I've been around this school for a while now, and I've come to one rather sweeping conclusion: everyone in Stony Brook is an idiot, especially YOU.

OK, just take a deep breath. The truth is hard to swallow, I know, but admitting you have a problem is the first step on the road to recovery.

Here's a perfect example of what I'm talking about. Just take a look at the way you people drive. I mean, look at the way you drive out of the parking lots (and I use the term "drive" loosely). You slam the gas to pull out of the spot-without looking, mind you. You slam the gas to get to the end of the aisle which is about 10 yards away. Then you slam the gas to get to the stop sign. I repeat; you accelerate...to stop.

And by the way, geniuses, it's called a "stop sign" for a reason. The stop is not OPTIONAL. It's not a suggestion, as you paragons of intellectualism have surmised. Then you get on the road. First off, I should point out-and make a careful note of this: opening your windows and blasting "Big Pimpin'" loud enough to give Dowling students nosebleeds DOES NOT MAKE YOU COOL.

I realize that the roads are very narrow, but please, always remember: You drive on the right side of the road. I can't stress that enough. Wait, I forgot to whom I was speaking. Extend

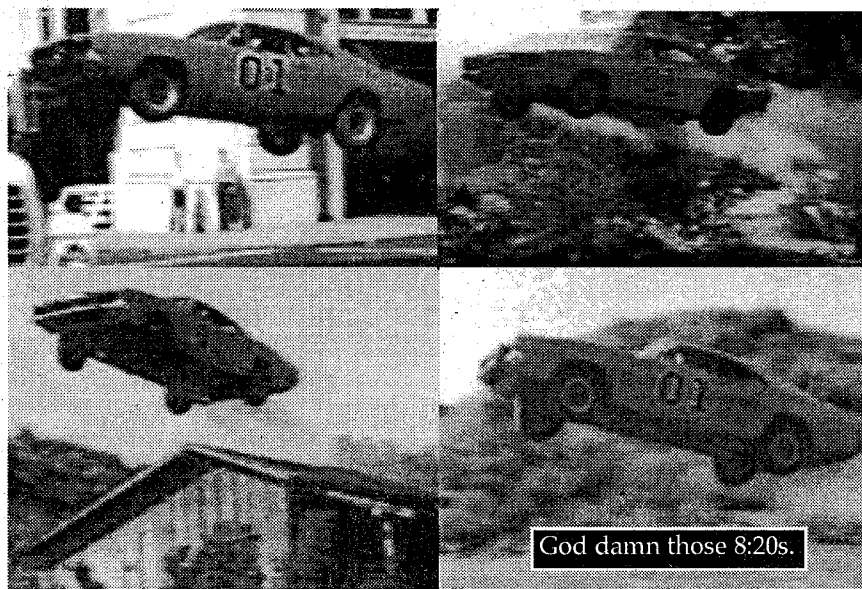
your thumbs and forefingers. The hand with the "L" is the left one. Drive on the other side of that hand. Glad I got that cleared up.

Cutting some one off to get to a red light does not help you get to your destination any faster. This falls under the same category of "accelerate to stop." And while we're on the subject, when you go through the merge on the South Entrance, YOU HAVE TO MERGE. Deciding at the last split second to slam the gas and zooming ahead of the twelve cars in front of you is not an option.

Here's a note on dealing with pedestrians: if someone is crossing in front of you, it's generally considered a rude thing to inch up to them as much as possible. If you really want to show what an idiot you are, use the gas and really make those walkers sweat.

I know I've gone over this before, but if a bus is coming from the opposite direction and puts up its stop sign, it means STOP. Not GO, as you all think. Furthermore, if I'm in front of you and I actually am stopped (which I always will be; in fact, I'm the only one I know who has ever stopped at the bus stop sign, thus I use myself as the example), please don't honk at me like a jackass (which you inevitably will, because you are a jackass). Even worse, don't cut out to the left and cut in front of me. Yeah, you people really have respect for each other.

Allow me to reiterate: STOP at stop signs



(complicated, I know, but you'll get it eventually...maybe...ah, who am I kidding). Drive on the right. Jay-z does not equate to coolness. Merge means merge. Don't act like you're going to hit people. By the way, before you go and accuse me of being hypocritical, let me point out, I practice exactly what I preach. I think I'm the only respectful person on campus (yes, I'm even respectful to you, even though you don't deserve it). Not surprising though, is that when I drive with people, they often get irritated and tell me to drive more recklessly. Think about that one for a second. That's all for now, ignoramiacs. Don't worry, I'll be back, sooner than later, pointing out your latest acts of stupidity, recklessness, and general disregard for the well being of humanity. Until next time, don't blame me, blame yourselves...



By Yan Belensky

The Art of Triple Living

As a new fall semester starts many freshmen are enjoying the benefits of living in a triple. We once again have Shirley Strum Kenny to thank for a massive influx of eager-beaver high school graduates. This is the largest incoming freshman class yet. What President Kenny forgot to do is provide enough housing for all of them. Many of these new students have to reside in triples. The rooms that house these triples were not built to hold three people.

I myself have been a victim of Stony Brook's irresponsible booking policy. Last fall I began my college career living in a triple. I had many concerns when I discovered this. The RHD held a special meeting just for triples to try to address some of these issues. He began the meeting by giving us some background on how this problem occurred and why we were stuck in this vicious mess. When he was asked how long our stay in the triple would be, his answer was simple, anywhere from two weeks to the whole semester. He then proceeded to say that it was not very likely that anybody in the building was going to stay in a triple for the semester. The RHD and the RA's tried to make it up to us by treating us to cookies, juice and free t-shirts. I came away from the meeting feeling a little relieved expecting at

the most to be in the triple for a month. Of course, I ended up staying for an entire semester in the triple.

My roommates seemed like good people when I met them. They were for the most part. I really had no idea that they would turn out to be such perverts and deviants. For anybody who hasn't lived in a Kelly room, or been in one the rooms are "L" shaped and just about as small. The first day of check-in I arrived late. My roommates were already in the room with most of their belongings unpacked. I took what was left to me; a dresser, half a closet, a fourth of a table and the top bunk. There was no space left for my books or PC. Now I was set. I had the top bunk that worked out pretty well. I am only 6'1" so every time I sat up straight on my bed, I bumped my head on the ceiling.

It gets interesting rather quickly living with two roommates, especially when their girlfriends decide to take up residence in the room. Why they wanted to sleep in the room was beyond me. Both of them lived exactly eighty feet down the hall in non-tripled rooms.

To add to the already increasing madness my bunk buddy and his girlfriend decided that the most appropriate time for them was copulate is when I was trying to fall asleep directly four feet above them. The

humping wasn't an everyday thing it was more like three times a week. Their humping would shake my bed violently causing me to hold onto the bed railings in order not to fall six feet down face first. Eventually, after many perverse conversations on the topic, it was agreed upon that there would be absolutely no humping on the bunk below me while I was lying on my bunk except in the rare instance that I would be invited to join the fun. In case you're wondering, I never did get that invitation.

The five people in a room thing was really hard for me to deal with. Several times I came back from class only see one of the girls still sleeping on the bed. There was very little room to move and very little privacy. The other roommate didn't annoy me as much except that he was a fan of the Backstreet Boys and thought it was best to play them at three in the morning as loud as possible. You can imagine between the humping and the loud music it was tough to get a little shuteye. My experience in a triple pales in comparison to some of the horror stories I have heard. The best possible advice I can give to someone who is living in a triple is; learn to get along with your roommates, give them room and if you have a problem get it out in the open and try to work it out right away, don't let it fester.

From Fan Boy to Art Snob

by Glen "Squirrel" Given

My lifelong love of comic books began four years ago. That is to neither say that I had never seen nor read the occasional Incredible Hulk in the years prior. But I certainly had not adopted the lifestyle of a voracious comic consumer until my 2nd year at college. I would call my earliest forays into the medium of comic art a combination of passing fancy and Easter basket presents (my mother preferring gifts of a less sugar-oriented nature for her ADHD child)

To make a long boring childhood short, my comic affection began, as many an anecdotal adventure does, in my local bar. Being the burgeoning alcoholic that I was in my early college years, I was a nightly patron of The Spot -- our on-campus, beer, music and Middle Eastern food mecca. And when you drop twenty or thirty bucks a night on import beer, local indie rock and hummus, you cannot help but get to know the staff. Critical in this story being the doorman, Wilbur. Wilbur was an obstreperous, dreadlocked grad student with an encyclopedic knowledge of Marvel Comics -- and a penchant for buggery. Brothers in libation, surly-ness and fiercely held opinion, we soon found our numerous debates (re: screaming matches) turning to the topic of comic books.

Soon enough Wilbur's appetite for comics, still a mild amusement for me, rubbed off. In turn, I felt the need to express my appreciation for his transference of comic fervor in the only way I knew how: a violent opposition to any of his beliefs on the subject. We tossed off critiques of Marvels (DC to a lesser extent) superhero titles as quickly as we tossed of empty bottle of Harps, Bass and Sierra Nevada Pale Ales. We found our conversations (re: barely intelligible drunk-talk) slowly but surely turning to a more philosophical discussion of the medium in general. Little did we know that we were woefully under-prepared for such a debate. This is ridiculously evident seeing as how Wilbur's ammo consisted in his aforementioned omniscience of all things Spider- and X- manned, and my larder filled predominately with intellectual pretension and a 2.3 GPA in Media Studies.

It was borne out of a necessity for reference material that I first, seriously, shopped for comic books. Wilbur had turned me on to the near by mall and its numerous, inconvenient, buses. Therein one could find the generic comic/video-game store that crops up in most suburban-mall-scapes. Or were I feeling more of a discriminating taste I could finagle a friend to drive me thirty minutes away to a neighboring comic/collectable specialty shop run by creepy 40 year olds that bore a striking resemblance to "carnies". Armed with ample bus fare and an inexhaustible well of gullibility in my friends I proceeded to fill my coffers with the comic equivalent of Charmin's famous toiletries.

The source material for these early debates consisted entirely of Mainstream American (re: superhero, a connection angrily rallied against by writers such as Warren Ellis) books, ala Marvel, Image, DC, etc. What had never entered our mind (or as I was later to find out my mind) was that there even existed an alternative to this lackluster lineup. Not knowing any better, I forked over a hundred or so dollars each month on the spandex and the superpowers. That is money that I will never get back.

Gradually, very gradually, our discussions were taking on such a nature as to clue me into the existence of alternative comics. Many argue that had these discussions not taken place over the keg and pint that this revelation would have come months earlier. It was naive to believe that the comic market could be so wholly com-

prised of XXX chromosome men shooting lasers from various orifices -- although for all appearances that certainly is the case.

It was circa, winter, 1997 when I published an article in the local alternative newspaper, The Stony Brook Press, vigorously railing against the mainstream comics while half-heartedly defending those few titles that I believed redeemable. In that same issue an editor of the paper had written a letter decrying my poor taste in comics, undermining my entire diatribe by throwing names like Miller, Moore, Spiegelman and the ilk around willy-nilly. My layman sense of comic elitism was summarily deflated.

The realization that I had been wading through the artistic little leagues of the comic medium was an ego killer. It dawned on me that the absence of "other-than-superhero" comics was, in part, because of my utter laziness in searching them out. As I should have known, the most innovative and artistic of works within comics, as in any media, were to be the most deeply hidden. Confronted, Wilbur confessed to his knowledge of so-called "alternative" works; works where concepts alien to Mainstream American comics like "plot," "character development," and "rationale" existed. He had chosen to keep these titles safely tucked away from our debates as the limited playing field we had employed allowed greater support to his pro-superhero opinions. Of course, I was livid. My assertions, still largely uncluttered with the crutches of proof or example, became increasingly cantankerous.

Rewind to 9th grade. As a latchkey kid with a miniscule social-circle, I spent a great portion of my time exploring bookstores. On one such venture into the neighborhood Waldenbooks, I happened upon a collected edition of Ben Dunn's Ninja High School. In a puberty-fueled purchase I left with the book. I went through the requisite ogling of the anime schoolgirls and over the top violence, but the epilogue stuck a note with me. Dunn relayed his experiences with Japanese manga and the influence that it had on his work and his view of comics in general. He painted a picture of a country where comics were a respected medium, one read by many segments of the populace and one that was not limited to the steroidal escapades of Freudian archetypes. I was not impressed at the time. Ever increasingly though, those pages began to creep back into my consciousness and I, smitten with the possibility of a new aesthetic elitism in which I could revel, traveled further and further in search of said alternative comics.

Of course it is a bit naïve to assume that manga held all the maturity and depth that American Mainstream has forsaken. This fact became increasingly evident as I digested page after page and video after video of demon-schoolgirl rapes, giant mecha showdowns and schoolgirl driven mecha facing down demons hell-bent (no pun intended) on rape. Well, okay, admittedly it is not as limited of a field as I make it out to be, but I tend to exaggerate for dramatic emphasis. It was limited enough that by the 10th grade I was feeling particularly let down by manga so I did what any young American would do in the face of disappointment and adversity: I gave up on comics altogether.

Thankfully, as I grew, I fulfilled my grandparents curse on my parents and gained a stubbornness beyond comprehension. Taken down a peg by a fellow comic book fans letter, I, full of vim and vigor, dedicated myself anew to the discovery of comics worth the paper they are

printed on. Taking the bull by the horns, I confronted the author of the aforementioned fateful letter. Out of either pity or condescension, he gave me a list of the major milestones in the battle for comics as art. One week and a few hundred more in the hole and I became the proud owner of The Watchmen, The Dark Knight Returns, Maus, Strangers in Paradise TPBs and many other such firm bound works. I began to believe that this iteration of comics was the end all and be all, and as such I was crestfallen to find them, while certainly of a higher caliber, lacking.

I felt a bit of the old déjà vu when comic bit me in the ass again.

1 year and a half (or so) later: I had a stack of funny books on my shelf, gathering dust and shooting down my "chances" with women. I came to a few startling realizations. I was a poor artist with a bad academic standing, few prospects career-wise, and a pretension that prevented the "lowering" of my actions beneath my principles. The one capacity in which I saw no ineptitude lied in my philosophical/artistic debate and theory. But the life of a critic is an unfulfilling one at best. After all, who can feel good about spending his or her waking life out assaulting someone else's art; a practice often borne of jealousy and anger at ones own artistic failure. It just reeks of bad karma. So it seemed that the self-perpetuation of teaching Philosophy was to be my field. No harm no foul in this choice I rationalized. My only regret in this resignation being the burning hatred I felt towards Philosophy students.

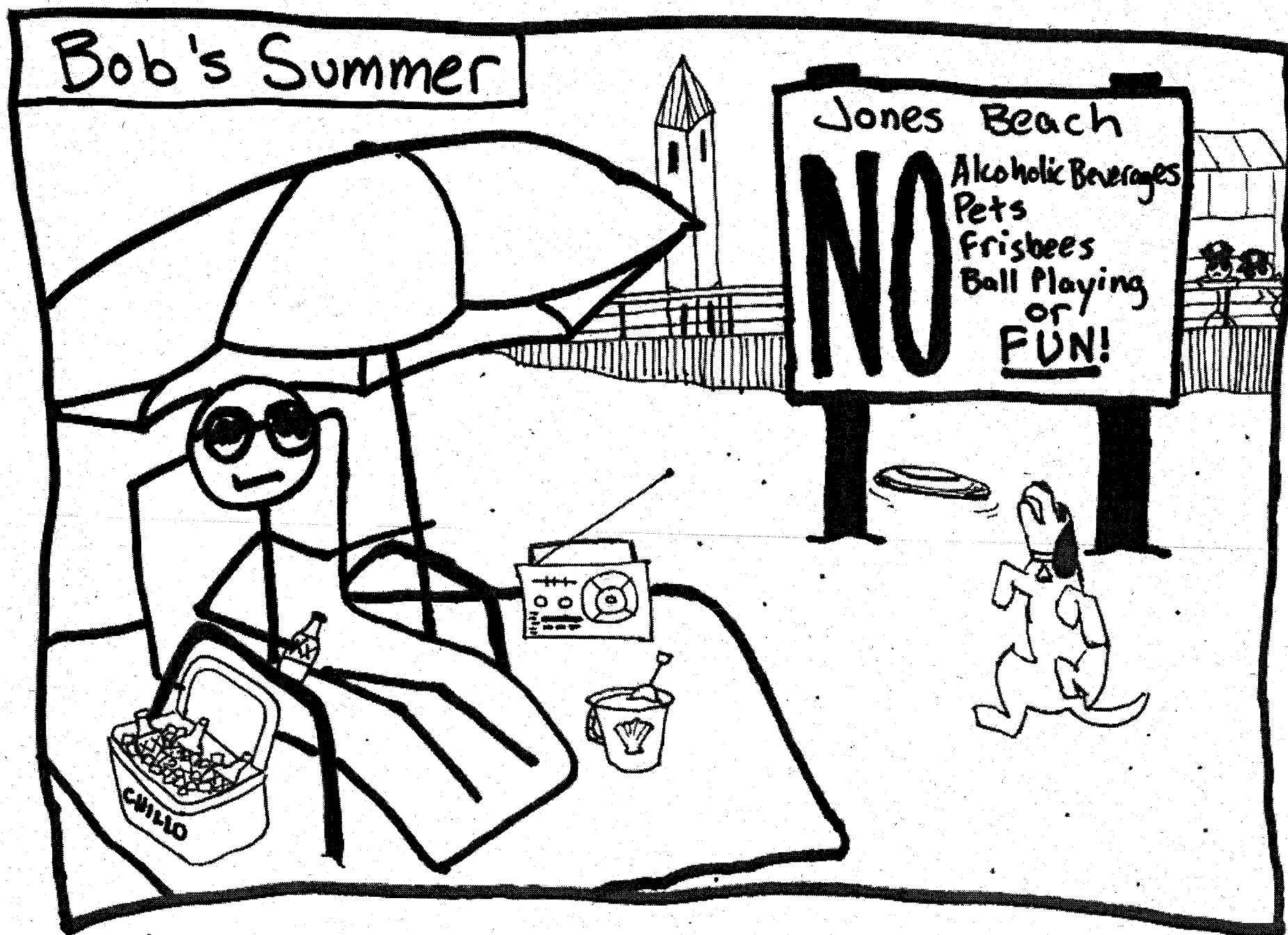
If only there were some area to which I could apply my overbearing opinion that would not bore me to tears. Hmm...

In what must stand as the penultimate triteness of divine interventions in the history of divine interventions, I stumbled upon Scott McCloud's Understanding Comics. The book struck me. "What better and more noble way to spend my life than to vivisect a dying art form in it's last few years of life?" I asked. Sure. Yeah! Doing so, would provide the justification and evidence necessary to convince a Grad program to enroll me; thereby paving my way into a life of academia. Perfect. Well, almost perfect. McCloud's book is impressive, but flawed, a good first attempt at the formative theory of comic art. If you can take it (and especially its follow up Reinventing Comics) with a grain of salt, separate the wheat from the chaff there is something off which to build. My decision, much to my dismay, involved a re-rededication to reading comics: a field that I knew had burned me before and looked to do so again.

It has been a while since I devoted my free time to sacrificed my social life through boring diatribes on the operation of time in the comic format and other such nerdish foolery.

Bob is Cool

by Jamie Mignone



"musicians" wanted:

bring your instruments
for outdoor shenanigans
in front of the Union
wed. from 11:00-2:00

influences include: the pixies,
radiohead, duran duran, amps,
sugarcubes, weezer, go-gos,
bis, pink floyd, the clash

ATTENTION!



Division of Campus Incompetence

To: The Stony Brook Residential Suckers
From: The Division of Campus Incompetence
Subject: Undergraduate Apartments Construction Delay

Due to the fact that we don't have a clue as to what we are doing, none of the buildings of the Undergraduate Apartments were ready for occupancy by the start of the fall semester.

In fact, nothing was done over the summer! You know that really nice sports stadium we're building? How about the second part of the SAC? Your grandchildren will be able to use it if they're lucky!

Hey freshman- you'd better get used to never ending construction, lies, and the complete bullshit we love to spew at our students! Temporary can mean a long time, baby!

You think we actually care about our students? Hell no!
You think we'll put your tuition money to good use? Hah!
Get ready for a great year suckas! BWAHAHAHA!!!

STONY BROOK, NEW YORK 11794-4444 TEL: 631-632-6750 FAX: 631-631-9211
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CAMPUS INCOMPETENCE
Education Beyond the Classroom