

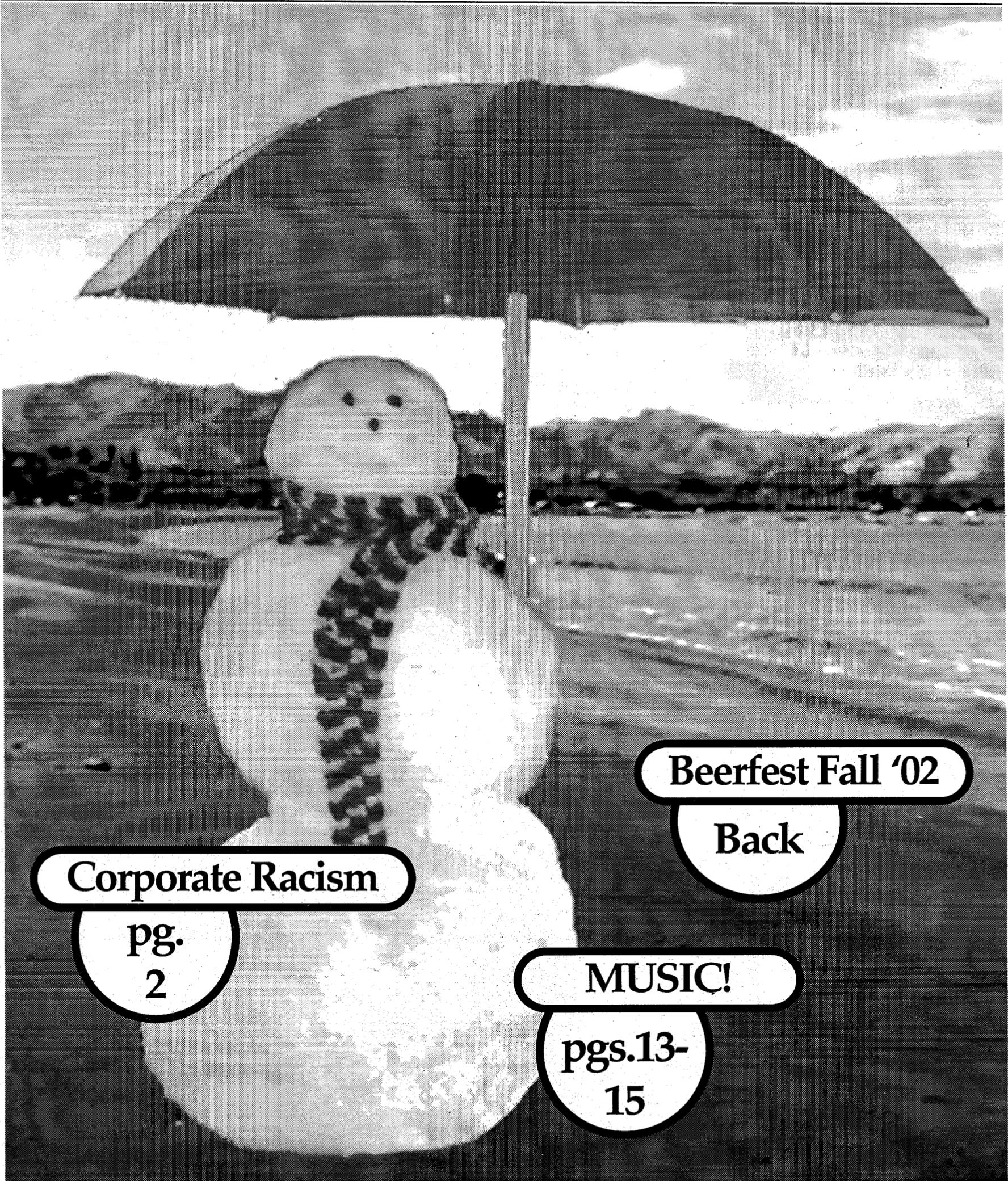
**THE STONY
BROOK**

PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 7

"There's walking sex, and then there's walking birth control."

December 13, 2002



Corporate Racism

pg.
2

Beerfest Fall '02

Back

MUSIC!

pgs.13-
15

Corporate Racism

By Jackie Hayes and Rich Drummond

When people think of racism, generally images of race riots from the sixties are the first thing that comes to mind. Another unfortunate myth is that racism is "a thing of the past." Knowing these are falsities and helping to dispel the rumors or myths surrounding them is often a daunting task. Indeed the last place that comes to mind when talking about racism is the workplace. Rampant racism is often thrown around the office with reckless abandon, with little or no people sticking up for their individual rights. Thankfully due to numerous class action and individual lawsuits stemming from such incidents, the ability to bring to light this corporate malfeasance has never been more apparent.

One of the most brazen displays of blatant racism in the corporate world stems from none other than the family store Target. Over the past two years, Target stores have been carrying t-shirts and hats bearing the logo "EIGHT EIGHT", "88" and a Fu Manchu Chinamen inspired bowling shirt that reads "China Bowl Imperial Bowling and Dim Sum Establishment/ Lucky Balls Strike Hard/ With a Strike You Get an Eggroll." While the latter of these t-shirts is obviously racist toward the Chinese, most people do not know the symbolism of "EIGHT EIGHT" or "88." When you look at the alphabet from A to Z, H is the eighth letter. "HH" is short for "Heil Hitler", a ludicrously racist Nazi remark. When confronted about these two separate issues back in August of 2001, Target personnel told the concerned citizens that the said products would be promptly removed. True to its own corporate deviance, Target lied to the consumer as three weeks later the merchandise still remained on the racks being sold. When Target was confronted with 2,300 signatures on a petition, they officially recalled the merchandise, but sources report that these shirts still linger on clearance due to oversight.

In another instance of fucking people (not literally), Coca-Cola shows its true colors, which are bleach white. On this campus of red and white splattered corporate "in-your-face" advertising, I'm sure most of you recognize the

oppression in which they force upon their would-be consumers. As one of the latest incidents in the world of corporate shame, Coca-Cola has again lowered the bar for corporations to act upon grievances brought against them. As of November 16, Coca-Cola agreed to a \$156 million settlement on top of an additional \$36 million allocated towards "structural programs", the biggest settlement in corporate history. The federal lawsuit was brought by a group of black employees who pointed out major discrepancies within the company. Proof that black workers (about 2000) were paid an average of \$26,000 less than white workers, was rejected by Coke as institutional racism. Despite the fact that top company officials continue to deny that this was done intentionally, the settlement is proof that they maintain propagation of racist sentiments.

In the no-hold-barred world of white stupidity, a shining example would be Texaco. Far and away, this corporation has most turned the clocks back about a hundred years on stereotyping and overall equality toward their fellow men and women. The first of their many sordid instances began in 1988, when a black secretary named Sheryl Joseph told her co-workers that she was pregnant. When the office had a birthday party for her, her boss busted in with a cake with a black pregnant woman sporting an Afro. The cake also had the inscription, "Happy Birthday Sheryl- It must have been the watermelon seeds." This incident was exacerbated when in 1991 a black woman named Mary Devorce, an accountant in Texaco's Denver office, complained of being subjected to racism. After she reported this to her white manager, he directed her comments toward his white supervisor. The supervisor advised him to "fire her black ass", to which the manager responded that it wasn't in the best interests of the company to handle the incident in such a way. The supervisor then responded that "I guess we treat niggers differently down here."

In August of 1994, Richard A. Lundwall, senior coordinator of personnel services in Texaco's finance department, began recording meetings he had with executives in the company,

unbeknownst to them. When these tapes were released, their tone was likened to that of "a Klan meeting" and that "nobody objected to what everybody was saying." Beri-Ellen Roberts, a black manager, filed a \$520 million lawsuit with about 1,500 other black workers charging Texaco with blatant racism, resulting in an oppressive working environment. After hearing the said tapes he stated that he "wasn't surprised at all" and that the tapes were similar to "what I heard in the office."

A few statistics illustrating this point are as follows:

- Accountants from a minority group took an average of over six years to gain their position, while their white counterparts attained the job in an average of a mere four and a half years
- White employees were chosen as financial analysts after an average 14 years, whereas blacks were given the job after an average of a grueling 18 years
- Along with other minorities, blacks had to wait an average 15 years to become an assistant accounting supervisor, where whites were given the job after an average of 9.8 years
- When it came to the subject of promotions within the company, their record of giving the highest accolade to blacks was an average of a staggering .02%

This information is very pertinent to students like yourselves, who should understand the environment of the corporation in which you wish to be employed, prior to attaining a job there. Be very wary about the corporation for which you seek to be employed, as the environment may be hazardous to your overall job satisfaction and may hinder you from climbing the corporate ladder to success. If you are pissed about the shit these companies have pulled and the disrespect with which they have approached their employees, please complain to them directly, as we have already done.

Coca-Cola: 770-989-3246

Sign the petition against Target online @ www.petitiononline.com/target02/petition.html
Texaco: comment@chevrontexaco.com

USB FENCING CLUB

foil, sabre, epee, electric scoring equipment, lessons for beginners, interested parties stop by, intermediate and experienced. all are welcome, equipment can be provided or use your own. competition. trips. poking. slashing. fun.

Fridays: 7:30pm
Sports Complex
Dance Studio
Sundays: 7:30pm
Union Bi-Level

for more info:

www.sinc.sunysb.edu/stu/khom usbFENCING@yahoo.com

Photo courtesy of Daniel Hofer

Mandel Leads the Push for Reform

By Jackie Hayes

Sweat dotted Dan Melucci's brow as about 50 students filed into President Kenny's office on November 20th, led by Mandel Julien. Dan Melucci, who is president of FSA, seemed stunned and upset by the sudden occupation of the shared office. When asked to comment he stated, "disrespect is disrespect." Fifty angry students teamed with a well-spoken, intelligent leader is enough to make Dan Melucci sweat, and hopefully is also enough to change the meal plan.

The protest began in the lobby of the student union with over fifty students. A student advocate from the Resolutions Committee handed out fifty surveys to students frustrated with the meal plan. There was a buzz of discontent as students discussed shared problems with the meal plan. One student, a current RA, stated, "RA's were told we couldn't go to the protest," referring to the fact that many RA's were warned against speaking out against the meal plan. At about 1:30, Mandel delivered inspiring words to the crowd and outlined a plan of action. The students, led by Mandel, Prisile Stinvile, and Sandy Curtis, marched through the SAC cafeteria and across campus, ending in President Kenny's office. The students occupied the office chanting, "FSA go away, the food sucks anyway." President Kenny emerged from her office with a smile and offered to speak with the movement's leaders. After twenty minutes Kenny again greeted the crowd promising to work with Mandel.

Mandel Julien, the leader of the movement for a better meal plan, began organizing over the summer. He is a dynamic leader, Vice President of the Haitian Student Organization, an active member of Polity, and one of the four founders of the Coalition. Upset with the \$40 increase he began asking questions. Met with dead ends and backwards reasoning, Mandel finally decided to organize. In October he started meeting with the Resolutions Committee and FSA to push his proposed reforms. He carefully laid out his objectives, including getting rid of the \$40 point shave, having points rollover to the following semester, lowering prices, and expanding choices for vegetarian and Muslim students. Along with reforming the meal plan Mandel has a larger purpose. He

stated, "I am trying to bridge the gap between the students and the administration. Administration knows everything and the students know nothing."

So far Mandel has been frustrated by administration. In his first meeting with the FSA he stated, "They threw a lot of numbers at me." This was interpreted as an attempt by administration to confuse or deter Mandel. Other tactics to deter Mandel have included postponing meetings, taking excessive



amounts of time to gather facts and figures about the meal plan, and directing him towards staff members having little power in regards to reform. Yet Mandel states, "you can't fight common sense." When Mandel questioned the automatic \$40 point shave every two weeks the administration used multiple arguments. First they argued that the point shave pressured students with eating disorders to use their points, later they stated it ensured students didn't end the semester with a bulk of points, and finally they said it encouraged students to eat at residence halls. Yet, as Mandel argued, students will eat at residence halls because of proximity. Also most students, even without the point shave, will not have a bulk of points at the end of the semester. In fact, it is quite the opposite. Currently over 4,000, out of 6,000 students on the meal plan, have a low amount of points and numerous others have run out of points.

Mandel has also met with the Resolutions Committee, which he states, "is a bullshit organiza-

tion." The organization includes Ken Johnson, Lisa Ospitale, Angela Angello, Dawn Valacci, and four or five students. The Resolutions Committee was established to resolve student issues regarding the meal plan, review new items, and ensure that prices are consistent throughout campus. Yet the Resolutions Committee is given little power, all major changes have to be approved by the FSA and the administration. Student representation is minimal at the meetings, with only four or five students present to represent the over 6,000 students on the meal plan. Mandel questioned why the meetings weren't well advertised and they argued that measures had been taken to advertise meetings. Yet this argument did not make sense to Mandel, who brought up Strawberry Fest stating, "all other events are well publicized, but basic information is not." Almost every student on campus is aware of Strawberry Fest, but only a few students are aware of the Resolution Committee meetings. Resolution Committee meetings are held every Wednesday at 1pm in the Kelly Dining Conference Room.

FSA is a not-for-profit corporation, which runs campus dining as well as bookstores, Computer Corner, the Spot, the student health insurance plan, campus identification cards, student employment, and vending services. Any profit made is supposed to be routed towards renovations or maintenance. Mandel questioned what the profit is going towards, stating, "the FSA gets a raise every year." He also pointed out that students pay for Strawberry Fest through tuition and the meal plan, yet they have to pay an additional \$6.49 to attend. It is hard to say how revenues generated by the FSA are allocated given the fact that there is little student involvement in the process. Perhaps reform is needed in the FSA and Resolutions Committee as well as the meal plan.

Mandel plans to meet with FSA again this coming Monday to continue talks on reforming the meal plan. He plans to carry the movement into next semester and continue the movement until real changes are made. If there is hope for reform it is through the leadership of Mandel and with the help of an active, well-informed student body.

The Scarlet Emoticon

By Chris Sorochin

I recently had my first encounter with being pulled aside for an additional up-close-and-personal search before boarding a plane. I got to step up to a table, surrender my bag for another inspection and empty my pockets one more time. I was instructed to be seated and remove my shoes. Good thing I had selected one of my more respectable pairs of socks that morning. The so-called Shoe Bomber will most surely burn in hell, if for no other reason than inspiring this new, humiliating wrinkle in an already quite invasive battery of security procedures now de rigeur at airports.

I was finally allowed to re-don my sneakers and then asked to assume the attitude of the crucifixion for one more "wandering," while being instructed to keep my eyes on my belongings. I fought back the urge to inquire as to whether these new non-unionized federal inspectors could be trusted not to relieve me of toiletries or articles of clothing. The wandering complete, I went to gather up my pocket effects. As I reached for my wallet, I was told, "Wait—we haven't cleared your wallet yet."

I really wanted to ask why something as personal as my wallet needed to be "cleared," but I didn't. A friend once related the story of how she once made the fatal mistake of expressing doubt as to the efficacy of an airport search. She responded to those stupid questions they used to ask by say-

ing, "If I really were a terrorist, would I tell you?" Her reward for this heresy was to have her boarding pass emblazoned with the letter "Q." Like Hester Prynne's scarlet "A" for "adultery," the "Q" must stand for "questioned search," and, like Hawthorne's heroine, my friend has had her mark follow her and she can now look forward to extra attention every time she flies.

This little anecdote is pre-9/11, mind you. Today, anyone foolhardy enough to question the validity of airport security might very well find him/herself tasered and hog-tied by a phalanx of air marshals in Darth Vader getups.

So I didn't protest the incursion into my wallet, which, I might add, was cursory. Americans may not care if all our constitutional rights are taken away, but tread lightly on where we store our credit cards. Nor do I tell them what they doubtless already know and even the government admits: anyone who's determined to mount a terrorist attack on the US will find a way to do it, no matter how much "security" is in place.

Anyone who needs real-world proof of this has only to look at Israel. That nation has a highly sophisticated and omnipresent internal security apparatus and daily life is an unending procession of checkpoints and searches (What the Palestinians go through on a daily basis is far worse.). And



none of it guarantees that your morning bus to work, the market where you shop or the catering hall for your cousin's bar mitzvah won't explode at any given moment.

There was man waiting to be searched after me, and I heard one agent remark that he'd been "flagged." How, I wonder, does one get flagged?

Continued on page 8

E-Board

Executive Editor
Daniel Hofer

Mismanaging Editor
Dustin Herlich

Associate Editor
Adam Kearney

Business Manager
Diana Post

News Editor
Joe Filippazzo

Features Editor
Joe Hughes

Photo Editor
Ceci Norman

koppi edetur
Michael Prazak

Production Mngr.
Adam Schlagman

Webmaster
Rich Drummond

Ombudsman
Russell Heller

Staff

Jason Amoroso, Jeff Blanch, Tim Connors, Mike Fabbri, Aaron Feingold, Vadim "Lefty" Gedzberg, Chris Genari, Rob Gilheany, Bill Gioconda, Glenn "Squirrel" Given, Sam Goldman, Pam Gradowitz, Jackie Hayes, Allan Katz, Gregory Knopp, Brian Libfeld, Rich Mertz, Jamie Mignone, Walter Moss, Alex Nikulin, Ejima Oyibo, Andrew Pernick, Ana Maria Ramirez, Derrick Prince, Brian "Scoop" Schneider, Chris Sorochin, Brian Tovar, Doug Williams, Nina Zakharenko

The Stony Brook Press is published fortnightly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by *The Stony Brook Press*, a student run and student funded non-profit organization. The opinions expressed in letters, articles and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of *The Stony Brook Press*. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (631)632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. For additional copies contact the Business Manager.

The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(631) 632-6451 Voice
(631) 632-4137 Fax
e-mail: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu
www.sbpress.org

Editorial: Consumer Culture Has Consumed Sanity

In modern American culture, it can be said that quantity is paramount to quality. Many often cite this as an example of capitalism in its finest form: the great abundance of all things. A better way to cite this would be the demise of humanity, for in all our grand wealth we find the immensity of things we possess have little intrinsic value. We have mountains of pitiful products that do almost nothing to improve our lives, beyond that transient, shallow bliss that accompanies the unwrapping of a candy bar. Our motto, as a nation, has become "If it is cheap, then it is good." Pathetic as we are, it makes no sense why any other culture would want to "be like the US," apart of course from starving countries that would kill to have access to even half the food we throw away.

American culture is trapped in a vicious cycle of consumerism. We buy things because we are told we have to; we accept this to be reality, and in turn, it does become reality. We are guided by coupons and discounts, anything to make us forget we're getting ripped off. The pursuit of happiness has been misconstrued and replaced with the pursuit of sparkling, plastic, electro-matic boxes with bells and whistles that can download porn and mp3's one hundred meters below sea level. We shouldn't worry if they break (they are designed to) because the newer model will be out by next December. And thus our true class structure emerges: those with the most toys on top, and those making the toys on the bottom. Except we little elves have not succumbed to the illusion that the perfection of society is defined by the extent of our credit limit.

Occasionally a product comes along, like Star Wars, that is worth spending a dime or two on, even if you're only getting a piece of junk resembling a character from the SW "Universe." It will make you very happy forever. The sad truth is that most of the other non-utility consumables on the market are complete crap, and we are compelled to purchase it. The reason for this is fear. We are afraid to be different, to disobey. The multibillion dollar media and marketing organizations have us programmed like VCR's. They say, "must have," and we say, "how much." They say their products are fashionable, safe, and essential and we believe them. What's worse is that the corrupt, corporate arm of consumerism reaches beyond the market and into our homes and families.

Americans are made to feel that they are

ignoring their children by spending time with them and not pawning them off to various after school activities. By not conforming to societal standards of how their children should be reared, they are considered, and actually begin to believe themselves, that they are bad parents. If you're not a soccer mom with an SUV, there must be something wrong in the home, and you might one day receive a visit from Child Protective Services after some nosy neighbor decides to do your offspring a "favor." Look around, and you'll see that what we're saying is not all that far from the truth.

No longer are parents going to spend thirty seconds actually making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, no, that takes too long, and of course, our children don't deserve thirty seconds of our time, the tasks we have provided for ourselves are far more important. So, instead, you reach for the pre-packaged peanut butter slices. Yes folks, they have peanut butter packaged like processed cheese slices. So far, it's only going to be sold in Wal-Marts in Texas, but the rest of the world can't be far off.

Deep down, we can almost promise you that no one really likes Britney Spears, N'SYNC, or any other abominable product that has suddenly been called music. The only reason you would ever buy it is marketing. Marketing is when people are told that if they don't listen to this drivel, they will become outcasts of their entire generation because something has to be wrong with them. Talk to anyone who actually studies music, can play an instrument or even knows what music really is, and they will probably projectile vomit at the mention of any sort of current pop music. It's not music. Stop lying to yourself. If the music went out "style" tomorrow, nobody would even pretend to miss it, or any of those involved.

This is just a symptom of the greater problem of consumer culture. Americans are not picture-perfect, nuclear families decked in Old Navy fleeces, smiling out the polished windows of a sport utility vehicle- in fact some of us are quite miserable with the current state of our culture. In the transition from a nation of visionary rebels to quiet, conforming consumers something has been lost- the value of having something with it's own worth, and not a worth arbitrarily assigned to it by the corrupted, hypnotized masses. So burn your Pop Rocks 3 CD, buy and then eat a hot dog, and have a nice day.

Editorial: Diversity is The Spice of Life

Stony Brook University is one of the most ethnically diverse universities in the country. Almost half of our undergraduate student body is from New York City, and most from the Tri-State area. From the look of it, one may note that the general makeup of our college student population is similar to our old grade schools.

In grade schools however, the mingling and making of friends relied less on race and religion and more on character and similar tastes. As students move to the college level and seek new friends, more often than not it seems people are sticking to their own.

Look around you and take note of your own friends. Note how you view other people these days as opposed to your younger years. Racism is an issue that has been plaguing us since the beginning of humankind and will be around for a very long time. It is human nature to distrust the things we do not understand. Yet it is easy to break down these ignorant barriers that infest our society.

Talk to people in your class. Visit your neighbors in your dorm. Share a piece of your heritage with them. Learn about theirs. We at *The Press* have had some inter-

esting conversations in the office and individually in our dorms.

Read the culturally oriented publications on campus. Pick up *Blackworld*, *Shelanu*, or *En Accion*. Log on to the *Asian American E-Zine*. Look at the world through someone else's eyes. Many clubs on campus exist to promote their cultural heritage. Frequently these groups sponsor events. Go to these events, surely you will learn something, and maybe you will even have a good time.

On another note, maybe these clubs should come together and sponsor interracial events. Recently there was an event about Hollywood's depiction of Blacks and Asians in movies and television. This was a great idea, an idea that needs to happen more often. The more cross culture events that occur on this campus, the more we learn about each other.

When we chose to go to college, we chose to expand our minds, and to better ourselves. Diversifying our cultural understanding of others is a great way to do this. This is beneficial to ourselves, and to the human race as a whole.

Letter: NAACP Chapter Opening On Campus

"Founded in 1909, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) is the nation's oldest and largest civil rights organization. Its half-million adult and youth members throughout the United States and the world are the premier advocates for civil rights in their communities, conducting voter mobilization and monitoring equal opportunity in the public and private sectors." (See <http://www.naacp.org/news/releases/collegeprep111602.shtml>) The list of achievements, tribulations, and hopes of the NAACP membership are on their website, so there is no need to recapitulate them here. Instead, we bring you some local NAACP related news.

Some people on campus would like to start a chapter of the NAACP. The surrounding community has a long-standing minority population. The University also has a large minority population, and so a local branch of the NAACP would benefit town-gown relations. Likewise, given that the University is a place of higher education, the enhanced access to information that a local chapter of the NAACP would create will increase the educational and cultural opportunities at Stony Brook University. If the

University's true goal is to compete with schools like NYU, then we should have a local NAACP branch just like NYU does (<http://www.nyu.edu/clubs/naacp/>). There should be no explicit or implicit opposition to the formation of such a group from any administrators because we know their commitment to excellence in higher education is more than "skin deep."

Upcoming articles on this topic may include the following subjects:

Clear Issues - Numbers Don't Lie

Why "the man" Need Not Be Worried

Leadership - Sellout, Wimpout, or Dropout?

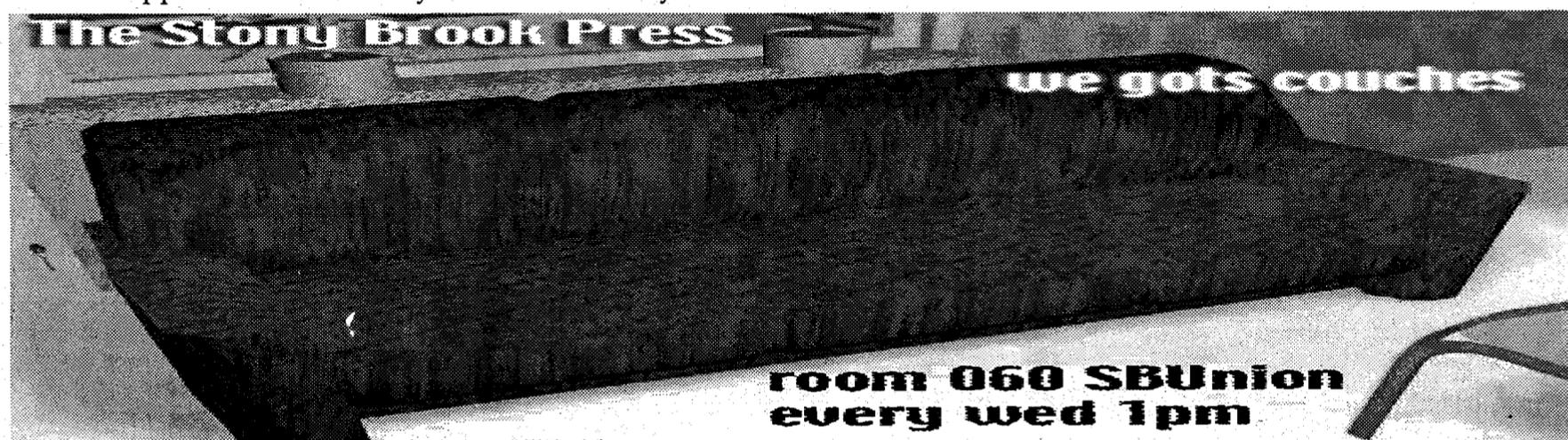
Economics - Libertarian, Liberal, and Conservative

What about the GOWMs (Grumpy Old White Men)?

Taalib-Din Uqdah, a national advocate for the rights of hairbraiders

Who are the GOWM's who want Stony Brook to have a chapter of the NAACP?

For more information email naacpsbu@hotmail.com



By Alex Nikulin

Booya! Finally, a snow blast hit us rather than all of those upstate schools! For a whole day Stony Brook was overtaken by sheets of snow ripping through the air, forcing the administration to proclaim the first official snow day of the year! Students, who had all their classes canceled as of 12:50 that Thursday, found ways to take advantage of the weather. While some slept in their rooms studying for their upcoming finals, other brave souls came outside with their friends to enjoy their day off by engaging in some of the famous Stony Brook winter activities. Based on the occurrences of the first snow day of the season, The Press has compiled a list of special events and locations that are likely to take place the next time Stony Brook is under a foot of snow. These secret archives are now available to the public.

Sledding. Ahhh, the wind in your face, the speed, the awesome crash into a pile of snow at the bottom. Stony Brook offers great sledding facilities, as long as you know what it is you are doing. The place to go sledding on campus is the Tabler Hill, right across from Roth cafeteria. Climb the hill with a bunch of friends and see if you can make it down in one piece. Modes of transportation include the traditional cafeteria trays, garbage bags and the always popular SBU Student Ass. If you want to be more extreme than that, or if you are really drunk, join the Stony Brook bobsled teams! Compared to these guys the Jamaicans from that movie look like spoiled prep school boys. Vehicles of SBU bobsled team include garbage can lids, metal sheets, and waxed 4x10 wooden boards, specifically designed by German engineers to carry a crowd of 10 or more. In terms of safety it is highly recommend-

ed to ask someone to watch the road, in case any one slides onto it. Feel the rush!

Snowball fights. The cheap and fun way to get back at all your friends and maybe make some new enemies on campus... The best snowball fights this snow day were reported at Roosevelt Hill and Kelly Inner Quad. Start your own snowball fight by summoning some friends and roaming around campus attacking anyone in sight. Take advantage of high vantage points; hills in Rose and Tabler, as well as staircases and balconies serve as perfect camping spots. Bring a pile of snow into the dorm and surprise your roommate, as well as your RA! Safety tips; watch out for cops, professors, bitchy girls ("I have just done my hair, you jerk!!!") and try not to get jumped. Have fun, see how long you can be king of the mountain at Rose and how many head shots from Kelly balconies you can avoid. And remember, it's only a game!

Winter Games. All of a sudden, it does not hurt to fall! Bring out that football or soccer ball, and join in the fun! Games could be found in inner G-Quad, outer Langmuir and behind Stimson college. Most football games played were tackle, yet no serious injuries were reported. Games were generally large and aimed not so much at the game itself and it's rules, but rather they were a way to resurrect that hidden child that most of us tried to kill ever since Freshman year high school, when all of a sudden became all serious. Everyone was welcome to join as long as they did not mind getting stomped into the field by the defending team. So the next time it snows,



don't worry about getting wet, cold or dirty and get you ass out there! It's not like you can go anywhere anyway, and you are only young once, so you might as well have fun. In terms of tips, the only suggestion is to leave your room keys and your wallet in your room, unless of course you want to plant it in the field until springs rolls around. Other than that, there is nothing more to add, just get out there and have fun for once!

There was plenty of other stuff to do around campus, having to do with sculpting, snow angel making, fortress building and other snow-related illnesses. Every one who went outside seemed to find something fun to do on their day off. So, the next time we are under a cover of snow try to make it outside and explore the wonderful world of a Snow Day!

An Art Frahm Moment

By Maury Hirschhorn

One of the more well known pinup artists of the 1950s was the Chicago painter Art Frahm (1907-1981). For those who don't know, a pinup is a painting or photo of a sexually attractive woman, that is often pinned to a wall.

Frahm was particularly known for his "ladies in distress" series, in which a woman participating in a sport or holding groceries was caught in public with her panties falling down to her ankles. These paintings were used for the covers of calendars.

These days, such paintings are tame. But in the 1950s, before the popularity of Playboy and Penthouse, they were the height of eroticism and excitement. They became so popular that people referred to panties falling to a woman's ankles as an Art Frahm Moment.

Have you ever had an Art Frahm Moment? Most women had at least one, but will not admit it nor talk about it. However, the following people wrote about their Art Frahm Moments on the internet at www.greenspun.com/bboard/q-and-a-fetch-msg.tcl?msg_id=003Nz8:

Malanie Miller Fletcher wrote: "I was standing in my manager's office, chatting with her and a financial analyst (we were all friends as well as colleagues -- the analyst and his partner used to have the best damned parties), when John said something [funny] that made me stamp my foot in mock anger."

"Unfortunately, I'd forgotten that I put on my old half-slip with the rotten elastic that morning. When my foot hit the ground, my slip dropped down after it. As Cathy and I giggled down at the white nylon encircling my feet, John started laughing so hard he cried -- after a beat, Cathy and I joined him... (In the aftermath, I

stepped out of the slip and tossed it in the bin, still giggling.)

Susan Vivaldi had a less humorous Art Frahm Moment. She wrote: "It was my friend Jill's twentieth birthday, so she had some of my friends (girls and guys) fly to Montreal, where her dad has a summer home, to celebrate. Silly me, when I got there and opened my suitcase, I realized that I had forgotten to pack my panties (not to mention my toothbrush), so I borrowed clean underwear (gross?) from the birthday girl, Jill, who is quite a bit larger than me. I'm size four and skinny, and she won't tell me what size she is, but she's something like a ten."

"We were dancing on the floor, [and] some of the guys were looking at me because I had really done my makeup right that night; plus I'm a pretty good dancer... We were dancing on the back patio, and we had two big fans on because it was so hot out."

"So I'm dancing (this is after about six margaritas, so I'm kind of out of it and not caring if I look like a dancing freak) when all of a sudden I feel something bunching around my thighs. First, I thought someone had wrapped a towel around me, so I just turned around real fast to see who it was."

"Turning around fast was all the momentum Jill's oversized panties needed to fall the rest of the way down my thighs and to my ankles, in front of everyone. They got tangled in my feet, and in my five-inch heels, I tripped on the panties and crashed to the floor, sending my dress flying up over my hips in the process. I'm lying down face down on the dance floor with my bottom completely exposed! It was so humiliating."

"When I got up, my face totally red with

embarrassment, I was standing right next to a fan, which blew my dress over my hips again, giving everyone (about three guys and five girls) a full view of everything I have to offer. Two of the guys whistled appreciatively, and the third blushed and looked away. Most of the girls just laughed, but Jill accused me of 'doing it on purpose' just to steal attention away from her on her birthday."

"From then on, I became known as 'jungle moss Susan' to my closest friends because the people who saw me frontally nude claimed that I had a curly, tangled mess of back hair between my legs."

David Christian wrote: "[In high school], the whole school came to watch the cheerleader tryouts. The poor girl jumped up and her panties went down. She screamed and got a standing ovation."

Actually the girl did in fact make the list to an outstanding vote.

Someway, I don't think that's how she wanted it." I've never had an Art Frahm Moment. But my father did. He had a large stomach, no buttocks and didn't wear a belt or suspenders. As a result, his pants sometimes fell. Because he didn't like to wear underwear, it was embarrassing for me to watch his private parts exposed. To my concern, it didn't seem to be as embarrassing to him. He said that his pants fell in the presence of his customers (he was an interior decorator), but he quickly pulled them up before they could see what happened.

If you want to share your Art Frahm Moment, the above web site has a space to contribute a story. So write about your experience. I'm sure other visitors to the web site will enjoy reading it.

Insane Snowballing Christmas Party!

By Tim Connors

When the editor e-mails, asking for an article about the diversity of where you live, well how can one pass up such a chance. What's of interest is living in a group home for the mentally ill. Sure I just got section 8 housing and will be moving out in a few months, so there's no time like the present to burn a few bridges.

Let's see, the Christmas party, yeah that was a doozy. There were nine in our party; four pedestrians upon the happy road of psychiatric recovery, two guides / paper pushers, and three alumni from our happy little home. We weren't the whole group; no the Lion's club was packed with all sorts of folks. The great thing about mental illness is that it's so equal opportunity.

Diversity is to be definite in kind, or varied. That's the whole show in a nutshell. The Snowball (yes that was the real name of it, see Clerks for the reference, or I explain it in a while) went from three in the afternoon to seven. The first hour of chitchat was a blast, our little group really bonded, and that's good since one of the guys who spent ten years in a state hospital is into kinky shit, like bondage.

The staff left us to talk amongst ourselves, one of them even sounds like the Saturday Night Live character who does that whole schtick. I sort of got lost in that perpetual conversation of thought insertions, so no conversation details. I told the joke about, "If a couple that gets married in Georgia, moves to West Virginia, and gets a divorce, are they still brother and sister?"

The joke back was about how most preachers don't know their ass from a hole in the ground. That was very risqué for a Jehovah's Witness. Just for the record there is racial and ethnic diversity, but everybody's writing about that these days, so I'll stick to types of mental health issue. So the middle-aged person suffering from depression has quite a sense of humor, and is one of our university educated residents.

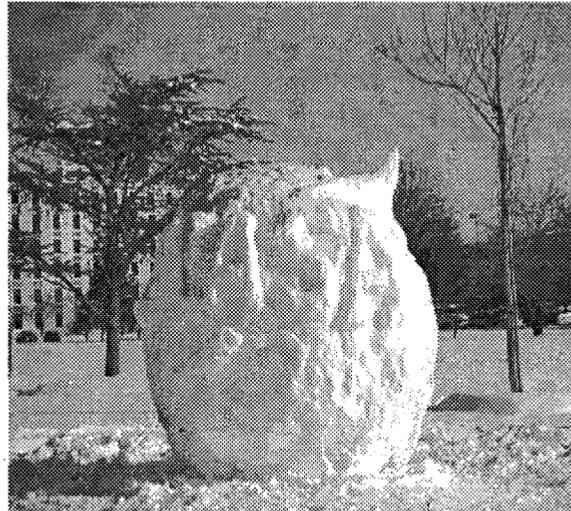
In terms of educational background, our little enclave has a higher educational level than the general societal norm. So we may be crazy, but some of us are still smarter than you. There are two current university students, two trade school grade, Three University Grads, and four other people who are brighter than the average light bulb and I wouldn't be surprised to find out that they have formal educational experience and just don't bother talking about it. So don't confuse those with mental health issues with the developmentally disabled.

There are two female residents, soon to be a third, and the staff is entirely women. So we're a little short on the better sex, however the state hospital guy acts just like a woman so that should count too. That's not really true, and to compare him to a woman is a gross injustice to feminism. His pick up line is "Hey, I've got some money. You wanna go out with me?"

Last time I checked that's soliciting, but hey he might have been in the hospital in a forensic unit. Ya just neva know. Forensic units are for the sex offending mental health people. Yes your parents told

you to be afraid of that kind of character. What scares me is that he kept touching my arm and rubbing himself against my shoulders as he walked by me, pretending he couldn't get by my chair at the "Snowball."

Yep, there's an ugly side to mental health, but compared to the general population it is proportionally smaller. The other ugly thing was watching the dancing after dinner, which is when I hit the road. Later reports indicated that the prevailing trend amongst "Snowball" goers continued for another consecutive year. The guys got fresh during the electric slide, the female staff took off, followed by the old people, and then everybody else headed for the door.



I know not everyone has seen Clerks, so here's the "Snowball" reference: To sum it up, the clerk at the stop and rob store says something about a guy from his school (he knew him, I can't remember how.) His girlfriend says he's gross, because he likes to "Snowball," which meant he liked to get blown and have the woman kiss him afterwards and spit it back into his mouth. Shit that movie is so old it could have been called something else, but that's the way I remember it.

I'd watch it again, but my copy disappeared somewhere along the line of those involuntary moves necessitated by visits to our fine temporary stay over hospital system. I'm a schizophrenic to use popular vernacular. Mental health advocates keep telling me to say I HAVE schizophrenia, but why buck the system. Oh, and it's really Schizoaffective, which means I have mood swings and bug out for no apparent reasons.

So let's talk about relationships. Everyone at the house (there are two of them) I live in has some special, except for one woman and myself. She doesn't talk about her personal life, which is how it should be in a place like this, but she's blessed with a kick ass personality, and looks. So I'd bet she has more offers than she'd like.

As for myself, well it's catch as catch can, or maybe not. I was one to be in a relationship just to be in one, but I found that wasn't all that satisfying. Something about getting my feelings hurt sucks, as

does that whole having women hating my guts thing. Not that I end up being hated, it just seems like it.

Talk about being hated, our resident law school drop out hates my guts, seems he feels the need to make obscene, sexually offensive remarks. Stupid fucking law school dropouts, that song in Grease should have been about law school dropouts... Can you picture a balding fat middle aged with a purple beehive, singing with that beach blanket bingo guy?

So anyway, I ended up burning my bridges when I filed a grievance against the staff for their mishandling of the whole ten-month incident. I really don't like to have a string of profane insults directed my way, or the other alternative line of thought centering on pejorative homosexual comments. It's not that I queer, or that he even thinks I am, but rather that he hates both homosexuals and myself.

So now my placement opportunities are limited to working in the MR field. Which is the lingo used to say mentally retarded and that line of work can involve a certain amount of physical violence towards the employee. Sounds like paybacks are a bitch. Well they can kiss my chewed bubble gum looking ass.

So back to Clerks, and things related to movies. I've gotta figure a way to get paid to watch movies. Try not to blow anyone while you're going through the parking lot, hey where the hell do you think you're going. Really Charles, you ought to say something to that mister Forester. Yes Clerks and Citizen Kane quotes in the same paragraph.

Why do that; well as a comparison of two black and white movies, both classics, yet very different. That's what it's like here. We're all black and white movies in a time of post techni-color, so there a film noir aspect to some of our lives that reflects the aspects of youthful genius with too much control over the project that represents one spectrum of the collective existence here, and on the other spectrum a low budget, low brow gritty underside of society that knows its place and still has a hell of a time.

In the scheme of a whole life this experience is like the movie two lane black top. Little known but it stars James Taylor, and a Beach Boy. It's a car-racing movie that's not about the race but how a group of characters get together for a memorable episode in their lives. Do I have to explain the parallels? Oh and there's a girl involved, and I don't mean any offense by that but it is the characters name, yep it says "girl" in the credits.

That also captures the impersonal, transitory housing that this is. We move on, and are remembered for only a short time, yet that is the best character to be in any story. She ends up dropping her duffel bag on the ground and getting on the back of a bike, off to new adventures. The guys racing go right on racing, and leading the same life over and over again, that reflects the lives of the staffs.

"It's a new dawn, it's a new day, it's a new life for me! Ohh I'm feeling good!" (Nina Simone.)

 **Planned Parenthood®**
Hudson Peconic, Inc

Services:

gyn check-ups
birth control
testing & treatment for STIs
emergency contraception

pregnancy testing
options counseling
surgical & medical abortion
prenatal care

Call
1-800-230-PLAN

to be connected to the center nearest you

Center locations:

Amagansett . Huntington . Patchogue . Riverhead . Smithtown . West Islip

The Scarlet Emoticon

Continued from page 3

Was I flagged? If so, why? Was it my destination—Columbus, Georgia for the annual protest to close the School of assassins at Fort Benning? Have my subversive blatherings finally won me an undesirable form of recognition? Do I subscribe to too many lefty publications? Belong to suspect organizations? Is it because I live mere blocks from a heavily Arab section of Brooklyn? Or because I bear, as I've been told, a less-than-fortuitous resemblance to Saddam Hussein?

And how was I designated? Is there an alphabet soup of letter codes ("Q" for "questioned search," "S" for "subversive," "A" for "Arab," etc.), or is there an all-purpose symbol for any and all who should be pulled aside, perhaps one of those emoticons made up of punctuation marks—one expressing "fear" or "suspicion" or a disapproving scowl. Have a nice day.

Lest any of the above sound too paranoid (and doesn't life lately seem a lot like one of those old Star Trek episodes in which our heroes are on a planet where their deepest, darkest fears become reality?), there have been a number of extremely unsettling developments in the last year or so, and they seem to be escalating. Everyone knows the famous quote by Martin Niemöller, a Protestant pastor in Nazi Germany: "First, they came for the communists, but I wasn't a communist, so I didn't speak up.. Then they came for the Jews, but I wasn't a Jew and so I said nothing..." Niemöller enumerates the various groups targeted and his silence and then, finally, "when they came for me there was no one left to speak up."

Well, in the months after September 11, 2001, over a thousand immigrants, most from Middle Eastern or South Asian countries were detained indefinitely without contact with family or counsel. Many were picked up and held for months merely for minor visa violations. In some cases, they were "disappeared" and the government wouldn't release names to worried relatives. Others have been deported after secret hearings. Attorneys for these defendants have had their privileged communications with their clients monitored, and one attorney, Lynne Stewart, was even arrested.

In the unfriendly skies, Arabs, Muslims and those who resemble them have been subject to extra scrutiny and in some cases have been removed from planes when other passengers (or even crew) have expressed their "discomfort." They've been told they can't fly even if they've been through all the searches and nothing has been found. US officials recently had to apologize to the government of Malaysia. In September, Abdullah Ahmad Badawi, that country's deputy prime minister, was forced to remove his shoes and belt at Los Angeles International Airport as he traveled to New York to address the UN General Assembly.

It hasn't stopped with immigrants or non-citizens. US citizens, such as John Walker Lindh and accused "dirty bomber" José Padilla have been stripped of constitutional rights guaranteed to all citizens, regardless of what they're accused of. This is the beginning of the famous slippery slope—if John Walker Lindh can be deprived of his rights, so can you or I.

Earlier this year, Nancy Oden, an activist with a leadership role in her local Green Party, went to the airport in Portland, Maine for a flight to Chicago to attend a conference. She was "randomly" selected for an additional search and treated very harshly by National Guard personnel, including a pro-war harangue by one of them. After several false starts, and having guns pointed at her, she was told she couldn't fly that day, even though she'd been searched several times and had absolutely no history of violence. Mysteriously, when she phoned her hotel in Chicago to cancel her reservations, she was told that it had already been canceled!

This was the first reported instance of someone being "flagged" by entity or entities unknown for their politics and denied air transportation. In April, a group of activists from the Milwaukee area were on their way to Washington for a weekend of protests and visits to representatives, focusing on Plan Colombia. They were a large group and had reserved a good portion of the flight they were to be on. At the airport, they were told that about half the group was on a "no-fly" list. One was originally from Iran. Another had changed his name "to make it sound more American." Yet another had a name ("Laden") that resembled a more infamous one. All pretty flimsy, but the expectation was that a peace group—even a nonviolent one—warranted such treatment. The entire group decided to wait until all could go and they flew out the next morning. As in Oden's case, they never found out exactly who had ordered their delay.

Doug Stuber, former state chairman and campaign coordinator of the North Carolina Green Party recently spent a grueling 43 hours and \$3,270 attempting to fly to Prague from three different airports in his state. He was interrogated at length, photographed by two Secret Service agents and even shown a Justice Department document that names the Green Party as a likely terrorist organization. Any one familiar with the Green Party knows Revolutionary Workers Party they ain't. What they are is growing in popularity and offering critiques of the sclerotic two-party system. A perfect way to try to shut them down would be to call them a terrorist organization (and remember, in today's 2+2=5 world, a terrorist group is whatever W and the boys say it is) and harass their members by refusing them transportation.

I'd love like anything to phone up the Justice Department and ask to speak to someone who could explain to the reading public why people are being forbidden to fly because of their political affiliations. But would I then really get the scarlet "Q" or some pouty face made out of semicolons next to my name? Would I be grounded for being Green?

Let's not forget all the other wonderful provisions of the grossly misnamed Patriot Act, like the fact that the government can request a list of books you borrow from a library or buy from a bookstore and the librarian or bookseller is not allowed to tell you! (Tip: pay cash).

Big Uncle is also now able to search your premises and monitor your telephone and e-mail communications without a warrant or, again, your knowledge. They want to monitor any and all purchases, to look for "patterns of subversive behav-

ior". Your medical records are now no longer off-limits, either. Here in good old NYC, the police are busy trying to get permission to spy on political and church groups without having to justify such surveillance. Our darling governor, George Pataki, is setting up a snitch line for state residents to turn in their neighbors, co-workers, relatives, etc (See Nat Hentoff in the November 20-26 Village Voice). It seems that all accusations, regardless of their validity or lack thereof, will be cross-indexed with federal, state and local records and perhaps remain on one's record permanently.

The nightmare continues with ugly rumors about forced vaccinations for the entire population. These are already a fact of life in the military, where soldiers are frequently unwilling guinea pigs for experimental drugs.

Those who remember the Cold War may recall all those things we used to hear about the Evil Empire that made it so evil—complete government surveillance of ideas and expression, encouragement for all citizens to inform on others, restrictions on freedom of movement and harassment of those whose political activities the government doesn't like. It's a real queasy feeling to recognize that all that stuff is now becoming an everyday feature of life in the Land of the Free. I mean, this is so, like, NOT the country we're supposed to be living, dude.

One bright spot is that people aren't accepting a lot of this. Even certified conservatives like William Safire have blasted these naked attacks on basic freedoms and a scheme to have your mail carrier, UPS delivery person and meter reader spy on you was shouted out of existence (or at least, out of overt existence). Likewise, a plan for the US government to plant disinformation in foreign (and maybe even domestic) news sources died a well-deserved death by derision.

But one other blast from the past keeps haunting me these days. Back in the 1980s, at the Iran-Contra hearings it out that Ollie North and his cabal had plans for a full-scale war in Central America. They also had a real interesting contingency plan to deal with widespread protest should the proposed adventure have turned unpopular and Vietnam-style mass dissent occurred: the rounding up and detention—in gulags, just to complete the Soviet picture—of thousands of Americans. When this revelation emerged, questioning was stopped and the Senator who had elicited it was barred from further inquiries.

It sure fills me with pride to hear that calls an letters to Congressional offices were ten to one against (and in some districts one hundred to one) against the war on Iraq that Bush & Co. seem determined to wage. What was both instructive and chilling was that our representatives overwhelmingly disregarded the clear wishes of the people and gave W their blighted blessing. Obviously, We the People are simply in the way and need to be controlled, reigned in or anesthetized while the Owners and Operators fulfill what they imagine to be their destiny.

I'd like to see it be our destiny, as the great people we are, to stop them in their tracks.



scared?



alienated?



angry?



sad?



pensive?



cynical?



peeved?



wistful?



lonely?



thirsty?

silly Goth
come to....

the Spot

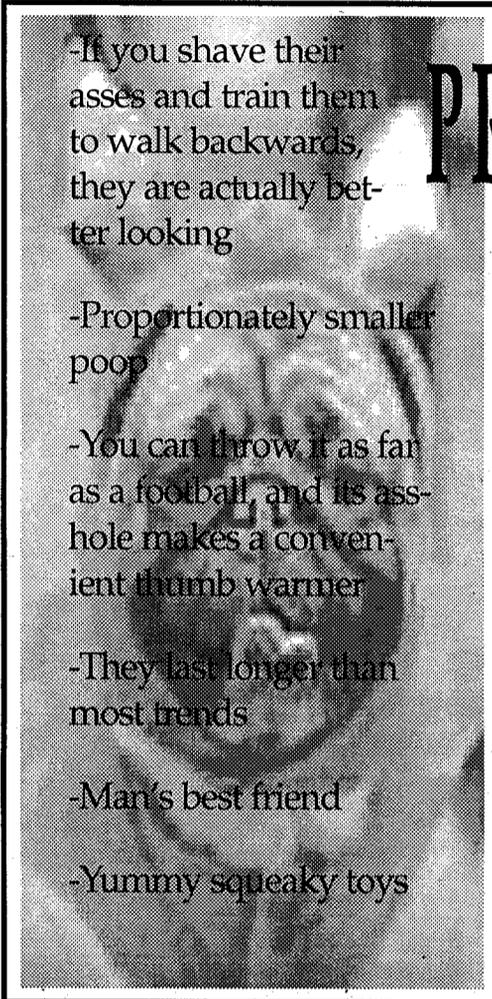
2nd floor
Fannie Brice Thtr.
thurs6to12/fri&sat6to2
Beer/Music/Poetry/Cabaret

Battle of the Century

Pugs VS Pogs

TOP TEN

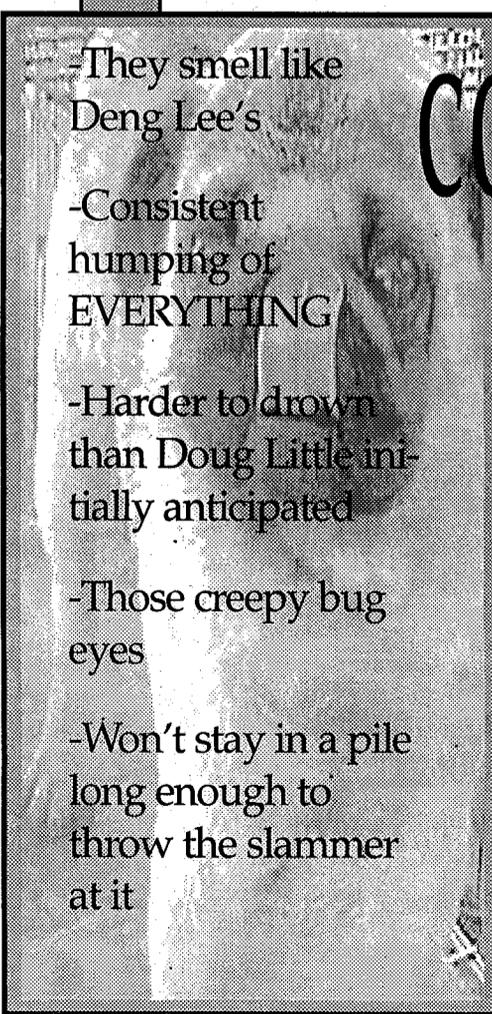
Top Ten Commandments Broken at Beerfest Fall 2002



- If you shave their asses and train them to walk backwards, they are actually better looking
- Proportionately smaller poop
- You can throw it as far as a football, and its asshole makes a convenient thumb warmer
- They last longer than most trends
- Man's best friend
- Yummy squeaky toys

PRO

- Brings you mirth, schoolyard fame and an alternative to suicide
- back in the day, you COULD buy friends, social acceptance, thy name is POG!
- the "O.J. in the slammer" slammer
- Cardboard? In circles? Pure genius!
- Made us forget about snap bracelets
- Boy's best friend
- This summer's pog tube is next summer's bong



- They smell like Deng Lee's
- Consistent humping of EVERYTHING
- Harder to drown than Doug Little initially anticipated
- Those creepy bug eyes
- Won't stay in a pile long enough to throw the slammer at it

CON

- No nipples
- 7th grade
- Like a cross between Tiddlywinks and the marble game my dad played
- Exhausted pimple cream fund
- One good rain and your investment is ruined
- Obsessive Compulsive Disorder catalyst

- 10 Thou shalt not Cockblock Rich Drummond
- 9 Thou shalt not steal oven knobs
- 8 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's Lobster Boy
- 7 Thou shalt not invite the fugly into the "no pants" room
- 6 Thou shalt not participate in an all white guy freestyle rap session
- 5 Thou shalt not commit "masterbating-on-your hosts-bed-ery"
- 4 Thou shalt not make grandiose claims of one's refined beer palate when thou dost award Labatt Blue 5 out of 5 in every category
- 3 Thou shalt not abuse one's position as beer tasting minister by topping off thine participants' cups with thine own "foamy head"
- 2 Thou shalt not assume Nelly is good party music
- 1 MOOSE AND SQUIRREL

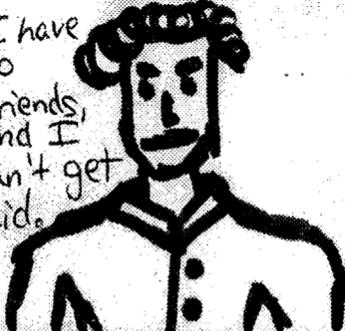
THE COMICS SECTION

RUMINATIONS ON BLANDNESS

by *Sam Gold*
(Sam Goldman)

I'm one bland motherfucker.

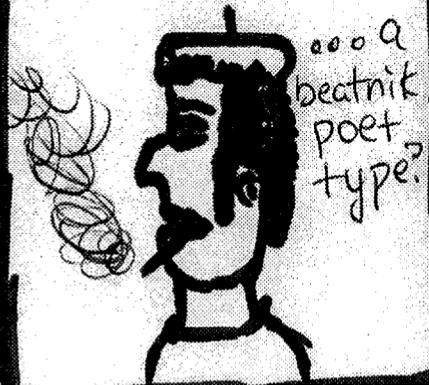
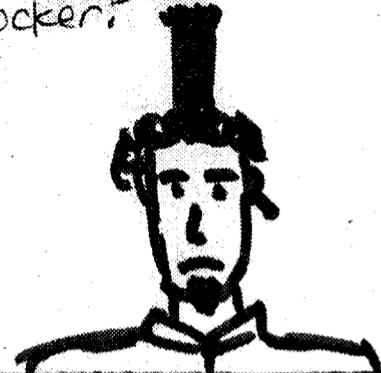
I have no friends, and I can't get laid.



Sometimes I wonder... would I be less bland if...



...I was a punk rocker?



...a beatnik poet type?

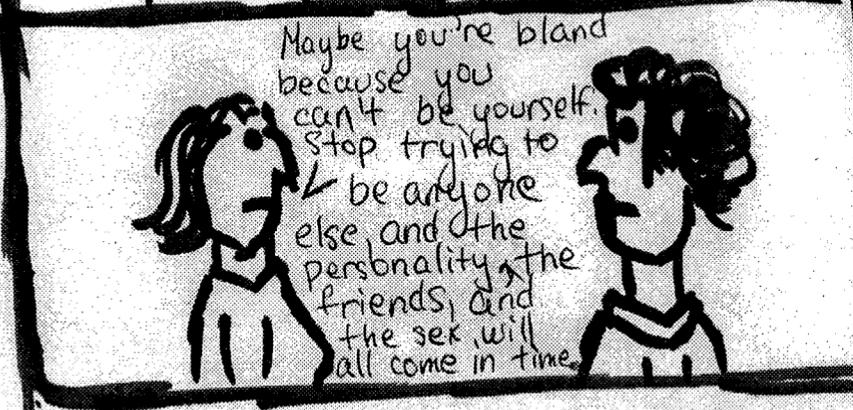
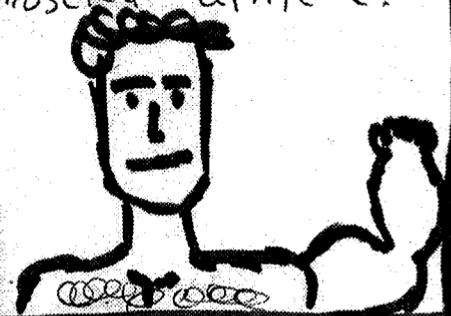
A bearded Phish/DMB pothead hippie



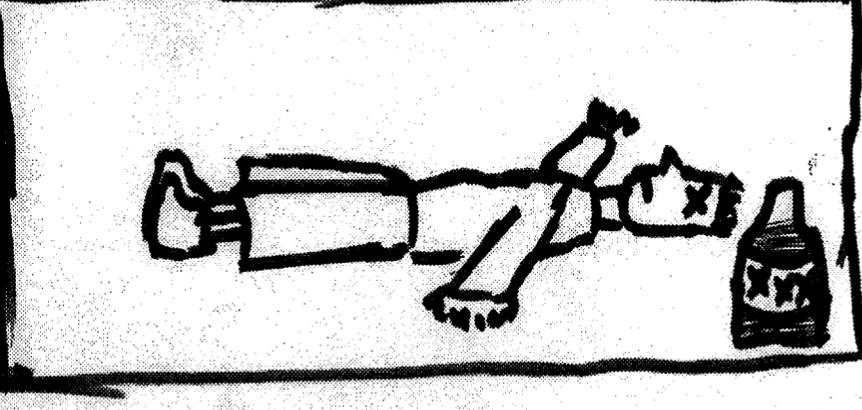
A bald menacing-looking drunken fratboy?



A steroid-enhanced muscled athlete?



Maybe you're bland because you can't be yourself. Stop trying to be anyone else, and the personality, the friends, and the sex will all come in time.



Hey, did you hear about The Press?

The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.

Well?

I heard that they only like people with racoons on their backs.

Really?!?

Word yo. Racoons.

Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

The Press
rm 060 in the student union
www.sbpress.org #2-6451
meetings every wednesday at 1pm

Open Door

pixie



Solve This Mutha Facka
by Jason Amaroso

Let's pretend that below are three equations that are made up of sticks. Apparently, the person who thought of these equations (besides the fact that he or she love sticks) thinks everything is equal to two.

Your objective: Move one of the sticks to make each equation true without moving any other stick. Hopefully, everyone here knows there Roman numerals, but for you math illiterate people, I'll give you the translation for the ones you need to know:

I = 1, V = 5, X = 10, where 'I' represents one stick, 'V' and 'X' represent two sticks.

Each solution is creative in its own way, and yes, the solution is on this issue; I won't leave you hanging till next year. So don't cheat, you fart-knockers! Enjoy!

1. I - III = II
2. IX - IX = II
3. XXIII = II VII

Solution to Last Issue:

JECET = EJECT
REDBOP = PROBED
SLIMES = SMILES
PHYCOP = CHOPPY

What the Campus Dining Services are serving at the Union: SLOPPY JOE

Solution to This Issue:

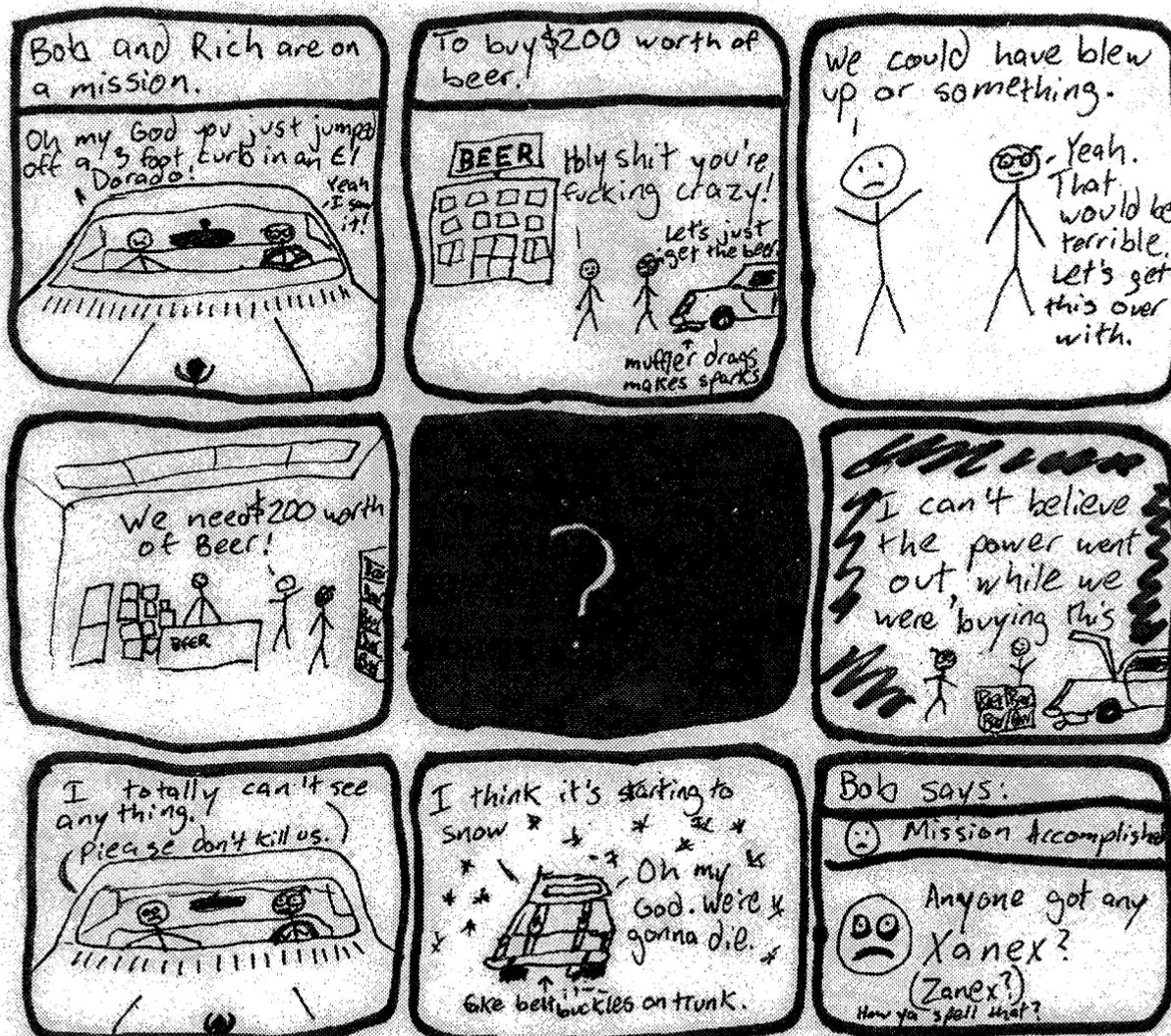
1. I = III - II (Just move it over to the left and you're set)
2. X - IIX = II (This one's tricky. If you turn the equation upside down after moving the stick to the right, it work work out. You're not really moving any other stick; you're just moving the page)

3. XXII = II (pi)

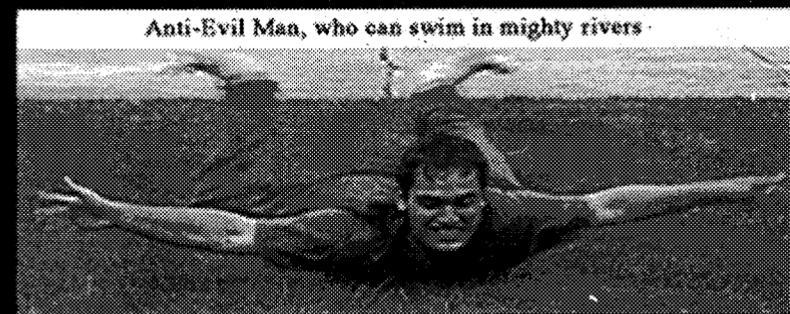
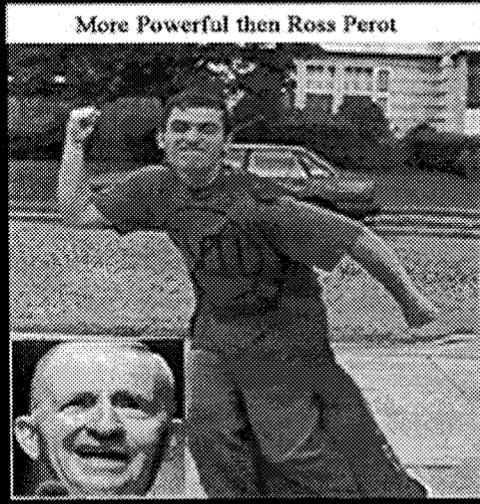
(This equation requires thinking. Take a stick from the top and put it on the right side of the equation. You'll get 22/7 = "pi". This is technically wrong because it's only an approximation, but many mathematicians use this fraction to represent this well-known irrational number)

Bob is Scared

By Jamie Mignone



ANTI-EVIL MAN *By Adam Schlagman* ISSUE #3



Anti-Evil Man, who fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice, and porn worldwide, along with his sidekick Buddy, who is secretly disguised as his nephew Buddy.



An Evening at NorthSix

By Juliet Di Frenza

The Butchies with the Wau Wau Sisters and Trixie Delicious 11/15

When I got to the concert, Trixie Delicious was already playing. They are a "drag-a-billy," southern-glam band hailing from VA and although I only got to hear a handful of their songs, it was a nice little bit of ear candy. Their sound is that of blues, country and "good old fashioned" rock and roll-which sounds a bit frightening but punk was the final ingredient that made it rock. At the end of their set I milled about the room. By the way if you ever have the chance to see a show at NorthSix I highly suggest it. It's a nice spacious venue/bar, where you don't have to get jammed into tight corners just to see the stage. I made my way over to the merch. table where I spotted Kaia Wilson, The Butchies lead. I would have spoken to her but she was caught up in a conversation with a woman who I first thought, was a fan but later realized was Kathleen Hannah. Kathleen is one of three members of an awesome band named Le Tigre, who combine political activism, electro-punk and performance art to create an stellar live show-which is available in a neat CD if you can't get tickets.

I didn't stick around the merch. table long since I'm not down with hovering around band members. So I went over to Melissa York (drums) and Allison Martlew (bass) who are the other two Butchies, to say hello since I had been exchanging many emails with Melissa regarding flyers and the like. I chatted a bit with her and eventually wandered back to Kaia and Kathleen-oh, I mean the merchandice table (haha). Kaia was ending the conversation so I asked if she had a minute, and although she was in a hurry she was willing to stop and listen but I didn't want to keep her so I said that I would talk to her later. When I turned around I was faced with a smiling Kathleen Hannah. We introduced ourselves to each other and hadn't been speaking for long when she invited me to go to the bar with her. Not a problem. After we got the beers and she gave me one she started asking me what sign I was and how old I was. It was the first time in my life where I should have lied about my age..."Why, how old do you

want me to be, Kathleen?" was probably the correct response. Anyway some of her friends came over and after she introduced us, conversation ensued.

The next act was the Wau Wau Sisters, (pronounced "Vow-Vow"-as in va-voom) These "acrobatic country siblings" raised in the circus, took the stage outfitted in hot pink matching outfits. With hot pink ruffled undies, pink sequined Stetsons and pink high heel sandals paired with graying tube socks, they were very eye-catching. But if their frilly undies didn't catch your eye, their suggestive songs filled with sexual innuendos and naughty lyrics would certainly get your attention. Along with their own songs they used covers, by bands such as REO Speedwagon, to whip the audience into a group of cheering, singing and laughing people. Making flexibility an art form, the fit sisters performed gymnastic feats while strumming the guitar and talking dirty into the microphone. Clearly they are masters of multi-tasking and it is said that they can mix martinis in a handstand, while smoking Pall Malls and thinking impure thoughts! What talent!

During the pause after the Wau Wau Sisters left the stage, I chatted some more with the oh-so-friendly people I was surrounded by- some of whom happen to make great music, specifically the fierce members of Le Tigre. But it was the Butchies who ended the evening on an exhilaratingly note. Melissa and Kaia were pleased to be in Brooklyn with all of us. As a matter of fact Kaia felt that she had received a real New York welcome when she found a roach on her guitar case. They

played a full set with songs mostly off their most recent release, "3." They had two encores, both off of their first album, "Are We Not Femme?" Melissa was her loquacious self and talked a lot in between the songs. They were only several songs into the set when clothing started flying. First there was a pair of boxers, belonging to a friend, flung at Melissa. Then there was a bra flung at Kaia that ended up catching on the arm of the random Ken doll strapped to the microphone pole in front of

her. Very amusing... The customary mosh pit was going strong and people were having a good ol' time. Because most of these bands are activists, political statements, whether vocal or otherwise,

aren't unusual to hear. The most striking political statement of the evening was when one of Melissa's friends got up on stage to represent their home state of Jersey, while wearing an "I ♥ Iraq" shirt. In keeping with that idea, some of the lyrics to "Protest Song" were changed from: "we are pro-choice!" to "we're for no war!" I was pleased to hear anti-war sentiments in a society where war is an act of patriotism allegedly used to uphold freedom through violence. All in all, it was a rousing evening where everyone seemed to have a good time. The Butchies will be touring again this spring so if you go for dyke rock, check them out.



UTOPIA

LEAD... DON'T FOLLOW

Gift Certificates Available

- Gothic & Renaissance Clothing
- Punk & Bondage Clothing • Rave • and Clubgear
- Flower Child Tanks & Tees • KIKWEAR
- BC ETHIC • Dancewear/Felish Latex
- Romantic Wrap Skirts • Lingerie

SHOES BY: **Coffins** **UFO** **Therapy**

- Globe • Etnies • Gravis • Grinders
- Airwalk • DC • Naot

- Rock Tees • Posters • Tapestries
- Lavalamps • Blacklights • Strobes
- Aromatherapy • Oils • Incense
- Candles • Full Body Piercing
- Jewelry • Unique Gifflines & Accessories
- Ska, Punk, Hardcore and Goth CD's, EP's, & LP's ...and much more

5% STUDENT DISCOUNT W/AD

3 Newbridge Road Hicksville (516) 935-6680
Mon. thru Sat. 10:30am-9:30pm
Sun. 12noon - 6:00pm

2436 Middle Country Rd. Centereach (631) 467-5463
MON thru Sat. 11:00am-9:00pm
Sun. 12noon - 6:00pm

Winter INTERSESSION 2003

*Two Weeks = Three Credits
Do the Math. Or, better yet,
take a course in Art.*

Earn three undergraduate credits in only two weeks. Enroll in St. John's University's Winter 2003 Intercession. Courses run from January 6-17, 2003.

For more information, call (718) 990-5635, e-mail winsess@stjohns.edu or visit our web site at www.stjohns.edu

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY
FOUNDED 1863

By Ms Margaret

Ah, autumn in New York! The crisp air, the persistent smell of dog urine on the streets, and the annual CMJ Music Marathon. What is CMJ, you ask? Well, CMJ – or the College Music Journal – is to the college radio world what Billboard is to mainstream music. Based on college radio station playlists, CMJ publishes a weekly “Top 30 albums” chart on their webpage and trade magazine. In essence, CMJ acts as both a coordinator and promoter of music in the college radio community.

For several years now, CMJ has hosted a music marathon in New York, featuring daily panels on college radio topics, music-related films, and hundreds of bands. This year’s festival spanned October 30-November 2. Over the course of those four days, New York’s streets, music venues, and the Hilton Hotel convention center remained littered with young college radio DJs from across the country clutching their dorky “CMJ 2002 Music Marathon” tote bags. As one of the many people armed with a CMJ badge – a pass that allows the holder access to any marathon event or concert – I and several other WUSB DJs had the distinct pleasure of taking part in this year’s marathon. Some students attended countless informational sessions, others opted to sleep the day away and descend upon the clubs of New York at night like packs of music-starved vampires. Veering more towards the second category (minus the fangs and thirst for human blood), I saw nearly twenty bands. That’s a lot to remember, so fortunately I took notes.

Day 1 – Two things in life I know for sure: Brooklyn is now The Place to go for indie music, and

emo (aka melodic hardcore) is still quite alive and well. Both of these points were communicated to me loud and clear my first night of CMJ, which I spent at the Jade Tree record label showcase held at the Greenpoint venue Warsaw; the Polish National Home. Jade Tree is perhaps the best-known emo label around, with bands like Jets to Brazil and Promise Ring on its roster. Warsaw is a large Brooklyn venue run by Polish-Americans (two words: “yummy pierogies”). What’s the connection between Poland and indie rock? I don’t know. What I do know is that I almost ended up with a psychic case of whiplash from the evening’s alternation between sensitive folky emo acts like Pedro the Lion and more aggressive bands such as the Explosion. At 9:30 the audience stood quiet and still as Denali soothed the crowd with slow hushed songs. At 10 these same people were violently moshing as Strike Anywhere jumped about the stage criticizing American politics. After six hours of this yin-yanging between sensitivity and angst I felt quite dizzy and ready to take a break from extremes of emotion for a while.

Day 2 – Note to CMJ staff: Please refrain from planning only one big event and many smaller concerts on the most popular night of the marathon. Why? Because you end up with an over-crowded mess that was Thursday night’s Touch & Go label showcase at Irving Plaza. Arriving an hour early for the show, I discovered a line already stretching a block. I did get in, see my favorite bands, and have an absolute blast, but leaving a little early I noticed that there was still a long line shivering in the cold. As my friend and I left, the doorman let in two people. Two

people out of over a hundred.

Day 3 – Friday’s Kill Rock Stars record label showcase at the Knitting Factory was a raucous celebration of post-riot grrrl splendor. The singer from the Gossip performed in her underwear (proving hefty girls are sexy too), while the members of Quix*o*tic played a tight energy-packed set. But let me stop here and use two unnamed bands as examples of what a group should not do at CMJ. First, do not diss the marathon’s corporate sponsors to prove how subversive you are. If one singer hadn’t proclaimed “F*ck AOL and Philips” I swear those names wouldn’t have stuck in my head. Second, if you insult the sound and light operator, expect retaliation. One band ended up spending 10 minutes packing up in the dark. Third, lose your bad attitude at the stage entrance. Another band looked genuinely bored and even rolled their eyes at one another. Maybe they were tired or having a bad day, but now I just think they’re jerks.

Day 4 – After three late nights of traipsing around Manhattan and Brooklyn and inhaling enough smoky bar air to have black-lung for life, one can get a little tired. Maybe I’m a wimp, but rather than painting the town red for one more night I spent the evening at home comatose in front of the TV. There is only so much fun a person can take before passing out from exhaustion.

(Ms Margaret hosts the show “Grrrl Action Plus” alternating Mondays from 2:30-5:30 pm on WUSB 90.1 fm)

CD Reviews

Audioslave-Audioslave

By Daniel Hofer

When I first heard the members of Rage Against The Machine and Chris Cornell were coming together to make an album, I wondered what they would sound like. I needn’t wonder, because they sound exactly like anyone would think; the voice of Soundgarden and the sound of Rage Against The Machine. This album is a merging of two styles nobody ever expected. Their music is almost creepy, like naked-old-man-in-the-YMCA-locker-room creepy. When Cornell is not singing, the average listener would assume they are hearing Rage Against The Machine. His voice sends a strange chill down your spine because the music just seems out of place. Don’t get me wrong, you may like this new sound. Its either that, or you will be running for your Evil Empire CD.



The Coral – Skeleton Key EP

by Sam Goldman

Earlier in the semester, I had the opportunity to go to the Music Library and read the music magazines in the back. Well, along with the usual assortment of high-class orchestral magazines and US standby Rolling Stone, I noticed this loud oversized mag called New Musical Express, or NME for short. It’s apparently Britain’s foremost rock ‘zine, and in it they verbally masturbate over Oasis, Fatboy Slim, the Vines, and several other bands known only in the UK, The Coral being one of them.

After listening to this EP of songs to come on their first US release (due early 2003), I can’t quite figure out why. The songs sound like old pirate drinking songs made with Queens of the Stone Age guitar licks, with a little Pink Floyd added for seasoning. It’s an interesting combination, to say the least.

The results require you to listen to it more

than once. “Skeleton Key” has a weird beat which will flummox some and intrigue others. The more I heard it though, I more I liked it. The third single, “G&D Knows”, is also a keeper. And “Sheriff John Brown” has a great bluesy feel to it, although it’s way too long.

The band may be deserving of NME’s praise – and yours, too. But, ultimately, The Coral’s style may be just too weird for most people.



Primal Scream – Evil Heat

by Sam Goldman

Primal Scream, despite lots of turnover in its membership, has been around since 1984, but this is the first time I’ve heard of them. I wish I had sooner; this may be one of the best records I’ve heard this year.

In “Evil Heat”, the band experiments all over the place in psychedelic fashion...jumping from punk to trance to rock to electronica, all seamlessly and beautifully, while still making each song, in the end, a pop tune. Some highlights are the electronic beat of “Detroit”, the awesome guitar wail of “The Lord Is My Shotgun” with Robert Plant assisting on the harmonica, and “Rise”, which almost sounds like a lost Beatles tune which was warped into something altogether different. My favorite, though, has to be “City”, with its garage rock vibe.

What impresses me about this band is their ability to go so completely in one musical direction and then not just U-turn, but go 60 mph in the other direction. This means, quite simply, that these guys are talented at just about everything under the sun, and are willing to showcase the full breadth of their talents (although their lyrics could use work). After each song they hit you with something completely different, and you end up wondering what is going to come next. Don’t worry. It’s going to be good.

Kelly Osbourne should shut up

By Dustin Herlich

If she won’t shut herself up, I’ll help her. With a crowbar. This album is the sonic equivalent to the Ebola virus. The only good part of this entire CD was watching it burn and sparkle in the Press office microwave. I may take out a bank loan, buy 100 copies of this CD and torch them all in various ways.



From blowtorching, to grinding in blenders. Oh, the excitement will never cease.

Since this is supposed to be a CD review, I’ll tell you a spooky tale of what kind of shit this thing is. To start with, my computer did not play the CD at first; It knew, oh, it knew. I had to restart the computer and take the CD in and out a few times before I got it to play. It’s too bad it played. Right now, because of this album, Baby Jesus is crying, the Dali Lama is getting drunk, and the Pope is molesting Nuns. Wait, no, he’s doing that anyway...

The title track “Shut Up” not only has lame lyrics, but has completely unremarkable music to go with it - So does the rest of the album. I’m trying to find things to say about the album, but there is not much to say at all. The cover art makes her look like a drunk housewife trying to beat her husband to death with a shoe. Someone should get her drunk, and push her down the stairs. I mean, she’s not that bad a person I guess, but as far as artist go, she just should not be allowed to have another album. If you watch The Osbournes you can see she’s kinda bitchy and stuck up, but she has less issues than some of the other members of the family.

The entire family is riding daddy’s coattails to fame. This makes itself completely evident when you go to www.Kellyosbourne.com and watch the

Continued on page 15

10 Bands You've Never Heard Of

By Matthew Salacain

Let me introduce myself. I'm a DJ for WUSB (Stony Brook's radio station). I do a show called Caffeine as Gasoline with my friend Paul on Wednesday Nights at midnight. I'm also a senior in the computer science department. I'd like to offer a few recommendations of some fairly new releases in various types of music. This is music that I find interesting and exciting, and that I feel other people should be exposed to.

Rock:

Pele - Enemies - Polyvinyl

Instrumental rock with some twists. Pele may borrow somewhat from Chicago instrumental greats Tortoise, where they really make songs that thrive on interesting beats, time changes and texture. This record is a bit more ambitious than their previous release introducing a laptop sampler to the mix, and launching into longer songs with far more experimentation. See also: Tortoise, Mice Parade, Tristeza

Bellini - Snowing Sun - Monitor

This record features members of the amazing Italian band Udeza, and the drummer, Damon Che, from the recently broken up Don Caballero. Though to my surprise, they had a falling out on their recent tour, and kicked out Damon Che, and chose the drummer of Girls Against Boys, Alexis Fleisig as his permanent replacement. I recently saw them open for Shellac at North Six, in Williamsburg, and they really rocked. To get an idea of their sound, picture discordant, grating, and complex guitar and bass lines. Sexy and powerful female vocals, and a barrage of complex drum parts. Lots of energy, and plenty of smarts. Keep an eye out for these guys.

Metal / Hard Rock:

Mastadon - Remission - Relapse

This is a great record. Very heavy, but also very orchestrated and mellow at times. Coming from Atlanta, these guys dabble with a sound that borrows equal parts from grindcore, metal, hardcore and classic rock. Those familiar with bands like Dillinger Escape Plan and other metal-hardcore acts would really enjoy this record.

Isis - Oceanic - Ipecac

Dynamic, slow, dense metal. Coming from Boston, these guys put together some really amazing

songs that sway between ambiance and the thickest, heaviest sounds you could imagine. Listening to this album is an experience that will leave you wanting more! If you're into bands like Neurosis, Converge, and Coalesce, you'll really love this record.

Rhapsody - Power of the Dragonflame - LMP [SPV]

I'll admit, I'll probably get a lot of crap for suggesting this record, but in all honesty, I love this band. And not in a "metal is funny" sort of way. The best way to describe Rhapsody is "Epic" metal band from Italy. Taking cues from older metal greats like Iron Maiden, and Manowar, these guys play some of the best ballad-style metal I've ever heard. Imagine a vocal chorus, and a string orchestra on top of your usual metal lineup, songs set in a Tolkien-esque fantasy world, about epic battles, tyrants, dragons. Check it out.

Noise / Experimental:

Black Dice - Oceans & Beaches - DFA

A band made infamous from their rumored violent live performances. Known for chaotic 10 minute sets, their prior recordings usually were only around 15 minutes at the longest, and could probably be classified as grindcore. This new record, however, is nearly an hour long, and only has 5 songs. I really loved this record. The band makes its creativity through the heavy use of delay loops, time changes, and chaotic outbursts like ones might see in Free Jazz. Other artists you might check out include, John Zorn, the Flying Luttenbachers or Bill Laswell.

Ruins - Tzomborgha - Ipecac

Hailing from Japan, these guys are the kings of noise. A two man lineup consisting of a bassist with many effects pedals, and a drummer. Chaotic songs with insane time signatures and time changes, gibberish vocals and creative harmonies. I especially enjoyed the Mahavishnu Orchestra Medley they did at the end of the record.

Hella - Hold Your Horse Is - 5RC

Influenced in part by Ruins, these guys took a more practiced and technical approach to music. Hella is another two piece band, from Sacramento, but this time it features a guitarist and a drummer. The guitarist plays both lead and rhythm guitars on one guitar at the same time, and the drummers' parts are so complex that one could honestly say that he

hits his drums more times in one 3 minute song than you're average drummer hits in an entire album. They put on an amazing live show that really impresses even those unfamiliar with their songs.

Hip Hop / Rap:

MC Paul Barman - Paulellujah! - Coup d'Etat

New Jersey's MC Paul Barman is very perverse, and at the same time extremely intelligent and knowledgeable. Oh yeah, and he's white and Jewish and proud of it. Many of you might have read or heard about the UK's Mike Skinner, and I'm sure you all know Eminem (love him or hate him), but you might not have heard about Paul. He dabbles in politics, ethics, women, activism, and art among many other things. Shooting out obscure references like a lyrical Dennis Miller, the guy really puts together some great songs that make you think.

Dalek - From the Filthy Tongue of Gods and Griots - Ipecac

Another New Jersey native, Dalek creates some of the most interesting underground rap I've ever heard. Really gritty, noisy beats mixed with interesting samples, sometimes a very industrial sound in the background as well. Fans of DJ Shadow, Anti-Pop Consortium, and maybe even OutKast, would probably really enjoy this record. Also, look for his new collective effort with kid606, should be a blast.

WUSB 90.1 FM www.wusb.fm

I also wanted to mention some of the radio programs on WUSB that you'd be likely to hear some of these great releases:

Grrrl Action Plus Mondays - 2:30-5:30pm (Alternate weeks)

The Afterschool Special Mondays - 2:30-5:30pm (Alternate weeks)

Freshbread Radio Monday Nights/Tuesday AM - Midnight-3am (Alternate weeks)

The All Ages Show Wednesdays - 10-Midnight
Caffeine As Gasoline Wednesday Nights/Thursday AM - Midnight-3am

J-Ro's Antique Road Show Thursday Mornings 3-6:30am (Alternate weeks)

D-Kline's Schizophrenia Fridays - 2:30-5:30pm

CD Reviews

Continued from page 14

video for "Shut Up." She bites the head off a chocolate bat lollipop. Yeah, eat up lil' piggy...

The only reason I went to the web site is because apparently, if you put the CD in your computer, and go the web site, there is all this special super secret content or something you can access. I'm kind of curious as to what it is, but I'll never know, as that part of the site completely crashed 3 different computers. Wow. Maybe it's nude pics or something along those lines.

The album is supposed to be punk, so she claims. She's not really anything but bad. The only people who will even bother trying to listen to this CD are the same ones who watch TRL obsessively because it will make them cool and popular and all the guys/girls at spring break will love them. Well, news flash bucko, in 6 years when you're legal to go on spring break, the only way you'll be getting any is after downing copious amounts of alcohol. This is a perfect example of how the consumer culture we live in produces shit, and people buy and "like it," all because they are told they should. If you don't like Kelly Osbourne, you're a communist pinko social deviant who's going to grow up to be a homosexual child molester, right? No, if you don't like Kelly

Osbourne it means you're a sane, good person, who might have good taste in music. Whatever you do, don't let anyone you know listen to this CD, ever. On the other hand, this is an even better spite gift than a lump of coal. Listener beware.

Bleu - Redhead

By Miguel Prazsnatch

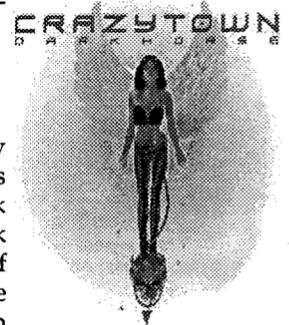
Take the child of Queen, raise it on Ben Folds Five with the lingering presence of an absentee father in the form of the Get Up Kids. That's pretty much the best summation I could come up with while listening to this CD on the drive to work this morning. In a daring, almost intelligent way, Bleu dances along genre lines throughout this entire work. In most cases where they employ this genre bending tactic, they succeed. They'll build an alt-rock anthem into a crescendo which borders on prog-rock pretentiousness, but somehow doesn't cross the line into suck. This, they got from they're listening to Ben Folds Five when growing up.

Unfortunately, the brilliance of these moments is offset by some pretty god-awful college rock, circa 1996. In contrast to the unbridled creativity, these moments of regression act like a cheese grater across your colon. Conversely, the good far outweighs the bad, and gives us a colorful reminder

of why we have skip buttons on CD players.

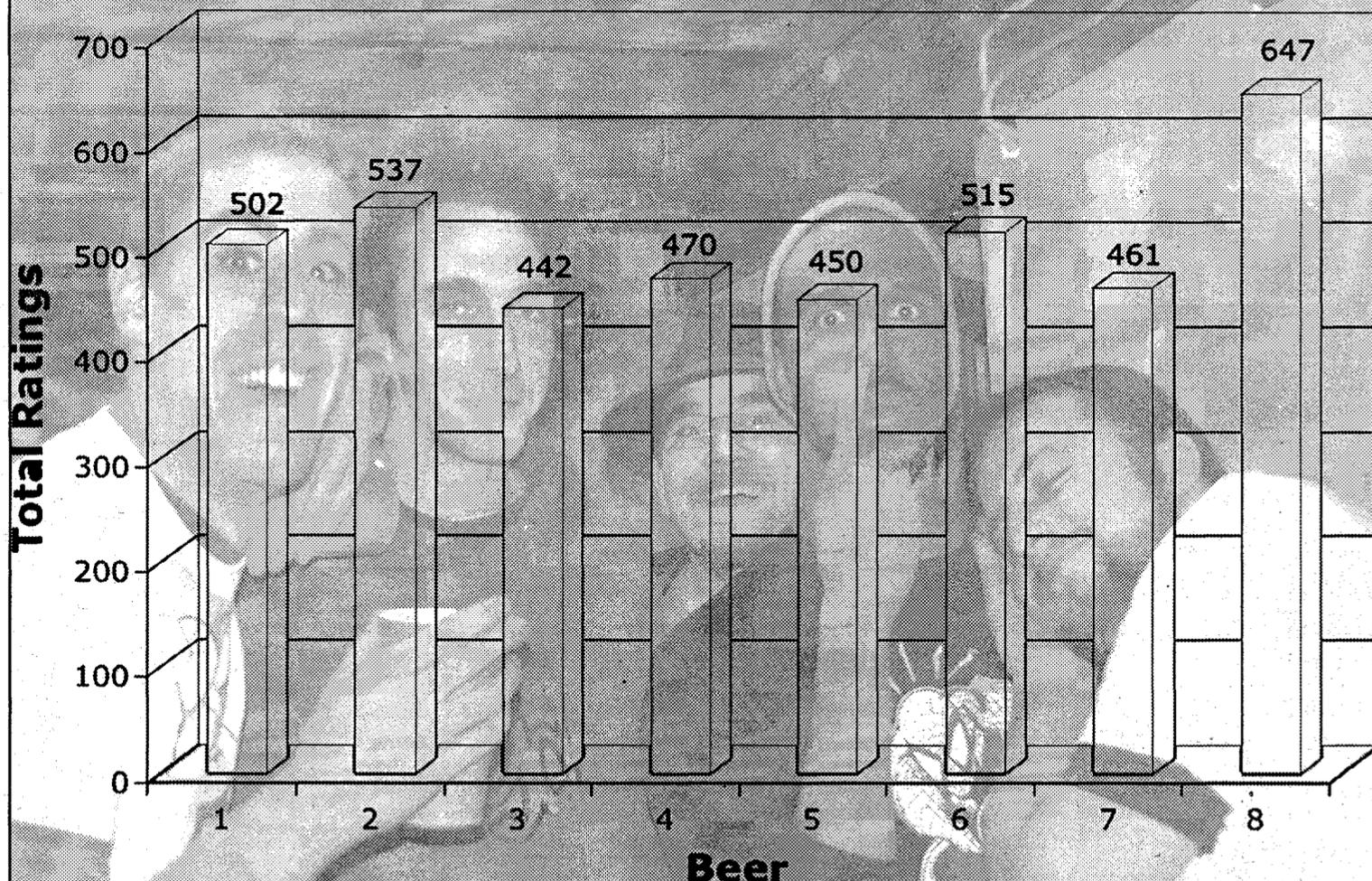
Crazytown - Darkhorse
Diana Post

Hmm, a few words to describe this album. Well, I can think of a few, but I don't think it would be too edifying if I put them all in here, one right after the other. I can only say that I'm glad I didn't make the mistake of buying this CD with money earned through work. God, I picked it out of the pile because I liked the cover art on their previous release. That'll teach me. Well, now for some actual description. Unimaginative lyrics. Repetitive music. Irritating lead vocals on most songs. Well, perhaps I'm being too harsh. I can't even get through the first song on some albums. At least on this one, I managed to listen to the whole thing. Unfortunately, I expect more from my music than Crazytown has to offer. I can only hope that they start taking inspiration from real bands and not this god damn noise that today's producers seem to think passes for art. At least they hired a good artist.



Beerfest Fall '02

Beer Totals



Beerfest. There comes a time every year when the great minds meet and judge the supreme beverage of man, beer. This year's theme: Canada. Oh, our great northern neighbor, the land of moose milk and maple syrup, the birthplace of hockey and Mike Myers, the home of the Mounties and Wolverine... you get the point.

This is the first time in many years Beerfest has fallen on the fall semester, but this is no random occurrence. For the forces at work have decided to turn this congregation of alcoholics into a bi-yearly happening.

The cold of December turned away many potential party goers, but the merry-making commenced with numbers between 75 and 100 people. Pants were lost, oven knobs were stolen, and stairways became sledding grounds. Of course, there was the beer tasting.

For those who don't know, beer is rated in four categories: Flavor, Bite, Aftertaste, and "Iquaqui." Iquaqui is that "Je ne sais quoi" of a beer, the "I don't know why I love/hate it, but I do."

Here we have rated eight Canadian beers. We will show you what place they ranked among their peers, and a few comments. Now, without further ado, the results of Beerfest Fall '02!

Mystery Beer #1: Labatt Blue

Rankings: Flavor- 2nd Bite- 6th Aftertaste- 3rd Iquaqui- 2nd Final Rank- 4th

Comments by Beertesters:

"Not too shabby, if 'shabby is Canadian for 'pudunkadunk.'"

"Soft Canadian, full of Canuckosity."

"This beer is what I imagine Canadian pussy to taste like."

Mystery Beer #2:

Unibroue 10th Anniversary

Rankings: Flavor- 4th Bite- 2nd Aftertaste- 2nd

Iquaqui- 3rd Final Rank- 2nd

Comments by Beertesters:

"Sea monkey water: 1978"

"Yo No tengo pantalones."

"Tastes like beach sand after Spring Break."

Mystery Beer #3: Molson Canadian

Rankings: Flavor- 7th Bite- 7th Aftertaste- 6th

Iquaqui- 8th Final Rank- 8th

Comments by Beertesters:

"Ahh, like sexing a young tree."

"Dasani makes beer now?"

"Ugh, Canadians really are at fault."

Mystery Beer #4: La Fin Du Monde

Rankings: Flavor- 8th Bite- 4th Aftertaste- 7th

Iquaqui- 5th Final Rank- 5th

Comments by Beertesters:

"Strange, but more enjoyable than anal rape."

"Monkies have bananaful sex."

"Ass, liquid ass."

Mystery Beer #5: Labatt Canadian

Rankings: Flavor- 5th Bite- 8th Aftertaste- 8th

Iquaqui- 6th Final Rank- 7th

Comments by Beertesters:

"I like 15 year old girls (don't tell anyone)."

"Professor X wouldn't taste this with his mind."

"Wha, why for I put this in my mouth!"

Mystery Beer #6: Maudite

Rankings: Flavor- 3rd Bite- 3rd Aftertaste- 4th

Iquaqui- 4th Final Rank- 3rd

Comments by Beertesters:

"Tastes like 'Democrats 2002.'"

"Fruity, like the great gays of Canada."

"Anger; like Margaret Sanger sitting on a bloody coat hanger."

Mystery Beer #7: Molson Export

Rankings: Flavor- 6th Bite- 5th Aftertaste- 5th

Iquaqui- 7th Final Rank- 6th

Comments by Beertesters:

"Shit."

"Tastes like my piss after a night of piss water beer."

"I am drunk."

Mystery Beer #8: Trois Pistoles

Rankings: Flavor- 1st Bite- 1st Aftertaste- 1st

Iquaqui- 1st Final Rank- 1st

Comments by Beertesters:

"If Pamela Boobanderson was this beer, I want more."

"Sweet, like midgets."

"The best of the bunch. Seconds, please?"

